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LIVINGSTONE.

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PART II.

IT would be of course impossible, in a short article, to follow Livingstone in his great journey across Africa, on which his fame as a traveller will most certainly rest. He has given us full details of his discoveries and adventures in his *Travels and Researches in South Africa*—a book which has all the interest of a romance. A few of the more striking incidents and discoveries are all that can be noticed here. Like most men who do a great work, Livingstone was borne to his enterprise on the current of events. While quietly carrying on his mission at Koleheng, he incurred the resentment of the Dutch Boers who were settled there, by denouncing their bloody and lawless deeds, in enslaving the natives. In revenge, they attacked the settlement during his absence, killed many of the men and women, carried off two hundred of the school children into slavery, burned down the mission station, and destroyed all his property. These Boers, who were a race of unmitigated scoundrels and cut-throats, declared that they would never allow Livingstone, or any other white man, to open the interior, which they wanted to keep to themselves, as a hunting-ground for slaves. This brought out the combative tendency of Livingstone's character, of which fortunately he possessed no small share. He was not going to be beaten by these Dutch Boers—these "hyenas on two legs." Southern Africa must not be shut up, his noble work stopped, and the high hopes he cherished for the degraded humanity around him

dashed to the ground by these brutal Boers. So he resolved to cross the great Kalahari desert, which the foot of the white man had never trod, and which the negroes themselves declared to be impassable; and to search for a more favorable field farther north. Carrying wife and children with him, amid many perils and hardships, he succeeded in crossing the desert safely, and was rewarded by the discovery of the great lake Ngami, and was finally enabled to make out the vast river system with which it is connected, especially the Zambesi, into which it pours its waters. His views widened as he advanced; and in 1852, he sent his wife and children home to England, and all alone, turned his face towards these unexplored wilds and commenced his memorable journey across Africa. Four years elapsed before it was completed, during which he was cut off from all communication with the civilized world, and was rarely heard from by his family or friends. Great and important were the fruits of his toil, in opening up rich realms to commerce, in making known tribes of men numerous beyond calculation, destined yet to become useful members of the great family of man, and in exposing the evils of that accursed traffic in human flesh and blood, which, like a cancer, is eating farther and farther into the heart of Africa.

The Africa which Livingstone made know to the civilized world was entirely different from the conceptions of it previously entertained by Europeans. Indeed this ancient continent rather upsets our pre-conceived ideas about the eternal fitness of things, and contradicts our established notions of order and propriety. In Africa, according to Livingstone, it is the men who stay at home and do all the spinning, darning and weaving, and also milk the cows; the women till the land, plant the corn and build the huts. The men generally wear their hair long; the women crop it close—though strictly speaking it is not hair but wool which grows on the heads of men, while hair grows there on the backs of sheep. Some philosophers, in these days, affirm that we are all descended from monkeys; but Livingstone met with tribes of Africans who believe that, at death, the souls of men pass into the bodies of monkeys—a neat way of turning the tables on Darwin. We generally regard the blacks as barbarous savages; the negroes firmly believe that all white men are cannibals. The European Beelzebub is black, the African white. In Africa, money has no direct power of purchasing and may be a useless drug. You go into the market,

for example, to purchase some butter, and if you have only dollars, you must first buy shells with them. With the shells you may buy cotton shirts, and then you may succeed in bartering some of these useful articles for butter. Marketing thus becomes a tedious and complicated affair. Livingstone met with tribes called Batoka who have the singular custom of knocking out the front teeth of both sexes, at the age of puberty, thus causing the upper lip to fall in and the under one to protrude, and so making the smile anything but fascinating. A Batoka belle would not for worlds appear in public with her upper incisors. The same tribes have a singular mode of salutation, by throwing themselves on their backs, rolling in the dust and slapping their thighs. In one respect, Livingstone found some tribes resembling ourselves, in the desire to give their friends an expensive funeral. When a negro is asked to sell a pig, he will reply, "I am keeping it in case of the death of any of my friends"—a pig being usually slaughtered and eaten on the last day of the ceremonies. A native will sometimes appear intoxicated on these occasions, and if remonstrated with on his intemperance will reply, "Why, my mother is dead," as if he thought that a sufficient justification. Livingstone tells us of an African chief, who became a convert to christianity. He was an assiduous reader of the Bible, and specially admired the eloquence of Isaiah, remarking frequently, "he was a fine man, that Isaiah—he knew how to speak." His subjects were not so easily converted, and the chief calmly proposed that they should be flogged into the new faith. "Do you imagine" he said "these people will ever believe by your merely talking to them? I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them, and if you like, I will call my head men and with our rhinoceros-hide whips, we will soon make them believe altogether." He was quite astonished when Livingstone declined this short and easy method of conversion. A number of the Makalolo tribe accompanied Livingstone in his great journey, and were his most faithful and devoted followers. At St. Paul de Loando they saw the sea for the first time. On their return home they described to their countrymen what they had seen. "We have been to the end of the world," they said, "and we have come back safely. We marched along with our father, believing that what the ancients had always told us was true—that the world had no end; but all at once the world said to us, 'I am clean gone—dead—I am finished—there is no

more of me—there is nothing left but water.’” They told too how they had gone to church with Livingstone, and had seen, in the Cathedral at Loando, “The white men charming their demons”—for so did they describe the religious ceremonies they witnessed.

Strange and wonderful too, he found the development of animal life in Africa, in its teeming abundance, from the lordly elephant, the huge hippopotamus, the stately eland, the nimble giraffe, and the “silvery-footed antelope,” to the curious little bird called the honey-guide, which conducts the traveller, flying slowly before him, till it settles upon some tree, in the hollow of which are delicious stores of honey, laid up by the wild bee. It never fails to guide correctly; and while the natives bear off the dripping combs, the little honey-guide picks up the detached portions for its share. Some of the insect tribes in Africa are peculiar in their deadly endowments. The tsetse fly, for example, is no bigger than a house fly, but its tiny jaws bring more certain death to ox, horse, dog, or other domestic animal, than even the bite of a lion. The unfortunate animal on which it fastens seems smitten by a combination of catarrh, paralysis and consumption, the whole body becoming a mass of disease, and a miserable death ensuing. Whole districts are ravaged by this venomous wretch, which happily has no power to injure man or any wild animal. But Livingstone speaks of another insect which attacks man, selecting the inner parts of the toe or finger for the infliction of its bite. The pain which follows it is almost intolerable, and is attended by violent retching and sometimes by fever and death. There is yet another creature which takes up its abode in the little toe, and eats it gradually away, beginning at the joint. Few persons have more than four toes on each foot in the districts where this lively fellow practices surgery. One comfort is, he declines to operate on any toe but the little one, for some mysterious reason which he keeps to himself.

As an instance of the strange forms of vegetable life met with, we may take the Baobab tree, which seems the nearest approach to indestructibility yet discovered. The natives make a strong cord from the fibres of the bark of this tree, consequently the whole of the trunk, as high as they can reach, is often quite stripped. With any other tree this would be inevitable destruction, but on the Baobab it has no other effect than to make it throw out a new bark, which is done in the way of granulation.

"No external injury," says Livingstone, "not even a fire, can destroy this tree from without; nor can any injury be done from within, as it is quite common to find it hollow; and I have seen one in which thirty or forty men could lie down and sleep as in a hut. Nor does cutting down exterminate it, for I saw instances in Angola in which it continued to grow in length after it was lying on the ground." "Each of eighty-four concentric rings had, in the case mentioned, grown an inch after the tree had been blown over. The roots, which may often be observed extending along the surface of the ground forty or fifty yards from the trunk, also retain their vitality, after the tree is laid low; and the Portuguese now know that the best way to treat them is to let them alone, for they occupy much more room when cut down than when growing." Compare this with the ephemeral existence of the Kolomo snow-drop, described by Livingstone, which suddenly starts into life and whitens the whole sward for a few hours. Every morning a fresh crop appears, and when the day is cloudy, they do not expand till the afternoon. In an hour or so they droop and die.

One of Livingstone's greatest discoveries was the magnificent Falls on the Zambesi, to which he gave the name of the Victoria Falls. They are larger and more magnificent than those of Niagara, and are caused by a deep fissure in the hard, black basaltic rock which forms the bed of the river, into which the mighty volume of water suddenly leaps down a sheer descent of unknown depth, with a tremendous sound and a shaking of the earth which can be heard and felt many miles away. To obtain some idea of the Victoria Falls, we must picture to ourselves a river nearly a mile in width flowing calmly onward; suddenly it comes to a huge chasm eighty yards wide, caused by some awful convulsion of nature, the crack extending right across the bed of the stream. Into this awful gulf, which has been plumbed to twice the depth of Niagara without touching the bottom, the mile-wide sheet of water leaps. Perhaps on this wide earth there is not another scene so grand and awful. Curiously enough, just as at Niagara, the river is divided into two equal streams, on the very verge of the awful precipice, by an island, which has been named Garden Island, and which Livingstone reached by skilful paddling in a canoe. Standing here a sublime spectacle met his eyes. On each hand a crystal wall of water plunged into the chasm, the two streams meeting midway in a boiling whirlpool,

and dashing off foaming through a rocky fissure, to be precipitated down a second, third, fourth and fifth chasm, in its further course. We can fancy the feelings with which the daring traveller—the first white man who ever gazed on the sublime spectacle—stood on Garden Island, where the whole body of water rolls clean over, assuming as it falls the appearance of a mighty snowdrift, portions of it, like comets with streaming tails, leaping off in every direction and rushing up, in columns of steam, to the height of three hundred feet. Double and treble rainbows play around the smoke-like columns, when the sun shines on the scene. The natives call these falls by a name which signifies “smoke-resounding”—a name at once poetic and descriptive.

Livingstone returned to England, after his great journey, in 1856. His fame had preceded him, and his reception was most enthusiastic. The simple-minded, modest man had, however, no taste for being lionised, and as much as possible avoided all public displays. He devoted his time mainly to the preparation of his book and a map of the new regions he had explored. Without his seeking, however, honors poured in upon him. The Queen testified her regard for the veteran traveller by giving him an audience; great cities presented him with their freedom; learned societies elected him to their membership; and when, after a stay of two years, he was again about to set out for Africa, in 1858, the Royal Geographical Society invited him to a banquet, at which three hundred gentlemen, the most illustrious in rank, science and art, assembled to do him honor. Foremost among these was Sir Roderick Murchison, whose enthusiastic admiration for Livingstone was one of the most marked features of the latter part of his life. Indeed there was something very beautiful and touching in the cordial friendship of these two eminent men.

Of the “Zambesi Expedition,” on which Livingstone started, in 1858, I have not space, in this brief paper, to say anything, as his last great journey must be glanced at. On the whole, though far from being a failure, it may be described as the least successful of his undertakings. His wife, the daughter of the distinguished missionary Moffat, joined him, but soon after her arrival on the banks of the Zambesi, she sank under an attack of fever. This was a terrible blow to her husband. The death of Bishop MacKenzie, with whom Livingstone was co-operating in the establishment of a mission in Southern Africa, and the failure of his

undertaking by the deadly influence of the climate on his little band, added to the gloom which clouded the enterprise.

In 1864, Livingstone once more returned to England, and was encouraged by Sir Roderick Murchison and the Geographical Society to undertake another exploration, with the view of examining the neighborhood of the still shadowy Lake Tanganyika. Accordingly in April 1866, he left Zanzibar on what proved to be his last great journey which ended in his death, seven years afterwards, on the 1st of May 1873. How he was employed during those seven years—what discoveries he made, what fearful hardships and dangers he passed through, what geographical puzzles he solved, and what additional light he threw on the inhabitants and resources of Africa—of all these we have a record in his "journals," which fortunately for the world have been preserved, and are now published, without the omission or addition of a line, just as the great traveller left them. The "journals" are among the most extraordinary and precious records of travel ever given to the world.

At the very outset of this journey he had to encounter difficulties and disappointments which would have driven back ordinary men. He had with him thirteen Sepoys from Bombay who turned out to be so utterly worthless that he had to send them back to the coast. Then his camels and all his cattle died by the poisonous bite of the tsetse fly; and to crown all, thirty Johanna men, from the Comoro Islands, whom he had taken with him as an escort, deserted in a body, and on their arrival at the coast, in order to cover their own baseness and cowardice, they spread a lying report of his death by an attack of one of the savage tribes. Still the lion-hearted old man pressed on, nothing daunted. Of all his escort only two—Chumah and Susi—proved faithful, and they clung to him to the last. Food was scarce; the country was devastated by the raids of the atrocious slave-hunters, and horrors of all kinds beset his path. A negro, to whom he had intrusted his medicine chest, disappeared with it. This disaster was severely felt, as he had now nothing to counteract the frequent attacks of fever which began to tell heavily on his iron frame. Onward, onward still, through forest and jungle, hungry, worn, weary, sick—wading through swamps and rivers—scorched at times by the blazing sun, then drenched with heavy rains—no longer has he the great firm stride for which he was noted, but weak and

exhausted, though still with the same unconquerable will, the veteran still forced his way onward. He was cheered by the discovery of a long chain of lakes—chief among them Bangueolo—connected by streams hitherto unknown; and he took fresh courage at the thought that his toils were not in vain. For two years and a half nothing was heard of him; but at length, in his weary wanderings, he reached Ujiji, on the shores of Tanganyika, expecting to find there the stores he needed so sorely. To his dismay, he found that the wretched Arabs to whom these supplies had been intrusted, had concluded he was dead and had sold everything.

It was at this moment of utmost need that Stanley appeared, and brought the welcome succour. Every one knows the almost romantic story—how the brave envoy of Mr. Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, despising all timid counsels, forced his way through warring tribes, found the lost traveller, on the 28th October, 1871, and brought him relief at the critical moment. England and the world owe a debt of gratitude to the generous men who planned and carried to a successful issue the relief expedition.

In vain, however, did Stanley endeavour to induce the weary wanderer to return. He must complete his task. He must find the "Fountains of Herodotus," and so crown his work by discovering the true sources of the Nile. Once more, and alone, he plunges into the trackless wastes on his last crusade. The season is unfavorable. Through swamps and floods and pitiless pelting showers—"a world of water and ant-hills," as he describes it—through stiff grassy prairies four feet deep in water, he slowly rounds the southern shore of Lake Bangweolo. It is the 10th of April, 1873, and his trembling hand writes in his journal: "I am pale, bloodless and weak from bleeding profusely; ever since the 31st of March last an artery gives off a copious stream and takes away my strength. O how I long to be permitted by the Over Power to finish my work." Rest for the weary one is near. Ten days more and the strong man is no longer able to walk. He is borne through the flooded wastes, first on the shoulders of the faithful Susie, then, when he could bear this no longer, in a sort of extemporized palanquin. Tenderly and lovingly these poor negroes carry their beloved "father," his strength now sinking rapidly, consciousness almost gone. It is the evening of the 30th of April, and the sad caravan reaches a little village, outside of

which a hut is hastily built for his shelter. Gently the wasted form is laid on the poor couch of sticks and grass, and he revives a little and speaks a few words to his attendants. Slowly the weary hours of the night steal on. At length a streak of dawn lights up the eastern sky, and one of the attendants approaches the bed to see how the sufferer fares. He finds him kneeling by the side of the couch, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon his pillow, his spirit at rest. He has entered the still country where the weary are at rest, and where grander discoveries await him than any which he had made in all his wanderings:—

“Most mournful his dying seems,
Yet glorious and good his death:
For meanings and hopes beyond our dreams,
Breathe from his dying breath.

“Dying, the world he moved,
As he crept along through the land;
By tens of thousands the race he loved
Were saved from the spoiler's hand.

“Who would not die in the dark
And the loneliness as he died,
To help the world on to its noblest mark
And stem as he stemmed the tide!”

Livingstone spent the greater part of two years among a great tribe called the Manyema, of whom he wrote in his journal: “They are the most bloody, callous savages I know. One puts a scarlet feather from a parrot's tail on the ground, and challenges those near to stick it in the hair; he who does so must kill a man or a woman. Another custom is that none dare wear the skin of the musk-cat, unless he has murdered somebody; guns alone prevent them from killing us all, and for no reason either.” In another portion of his journal he wrote: “I am heart-sore and sick of human blood.” And again: “A stranger in the market had ten human under-jaw bones hung by a string over his shoulder; on inquiry, he professed to have killed and eaten the owners, and showed with his knife how he cut up his victims. When I expressed my disgust, he and others laughed.” “They seem to eat their foes to inspire courage, or in revenge.” One fastidious person told him: “The meat is not nice; it makes one dream of the dead man.” “All agree, however, that human flesh is saltish,

and needs but little condiment." The horror of living, for nearly two years, among such a race of brutal savages, gives us a wonderful insight into the courage and patient endurance of Livingstone, who could, for the sake of doing good, bear to spend his days in such a hell. The Arab slave-dealers with whom he was obliged to consort, plundered, enslaved, and slaughtered these degraded specimens of humanity, while the natives were, if possible, worse than the slave-dealers. Of course Livingstone was utterly powerless for good among them, and had to look helplessly upon the revolting cruelties and murders going on around him. But even among these brutal tribes, his gentleness and patience had such influence that they did not harm him, and the Arab traders, on many occasions, showed him no little kindness.

It was among the Monyuema that Livingstone became acquainted with a new species of gorilla, called the Soko, and a most interesting one it seems to be—more desirable as a companion, in some respects, than the human beings he met with, for while the latter will kill and devour you without scruple, the Soko will only bite off the toes and fingers of his human assailants, when he can catch them, and then leaves them. He is known at times to run away with children, but only to play with them or give them a scratch or pinch if they squall; and he is exceedingly gallant for "he never catches women and never molests them. He is very strong and fears guns but not spears." Some particulars furnished by Livingstone of this extraordinary creature are very interesting. He writes: "The Sokos often go erect, but place the hand on the head, as if to steady the body. When seen thus the Soko is an ungainly beast. The most sentimental young lady would not call him a 'dear,' but a bandy-legged, pot-bellied, low-looking vagabond, without a particle of the gentleman in him. Other animals, especially the antelopes, are graceful, and it is pleasant to see them, either at rest or in motion; the natives also are well made, lithe and comely to behold; but the Soko if large would do well to stand for a picture of the devil. He takes away my appetite by his disgusting bestiality of appearance. His light-yellow face shows off his ugly whiskers and faint apology for a beard; the forehead villainously low with high ears, is well in the background of the great dog-mouth; the teeth are slightly human, but the canines show the beast by their large development. The hands, or rather the fingers are like those of the natives. The

flesh of the feet is yellow, and the eagerness with which the Manyema devour it, leaves the impression that eating Sokos was the first stage by which they arrived at being cannibals; they say the flesh is delicious. The Soko is represented by some to be extremely knowing, successfully stalking men and women while at their work, kidnapping children and running up trees with them—he seems to be amused by the sight of the young native in his arms, but comes down when tempted by a bunch of bananas, and as he lifts that, drops the child." "Sokos collect together and make a drumming noise, some say with hollow trees, then burst forth into loud yells which are well imitated by the natives' embryotic music. If a man has no spear, the Soko goes away satisfied, but if wounded he seizes the wrist, lops off the fingers, and spits them out, slaps the cheeks of his victim, and bites without breaking the skin. He draws out a spear but never uses it, and takes some leaves and stuffs them into his wound to staunch it; he does not wish an encounter with an armed man. He sees women do him no harm and never molests them: a man without a spear is nearly safe from him. They beat hollow trees as drums with their hands, and then scream as music to it; when men hear them they go to the Sokos, but Sokos never go to men with hostility. Manyema say, 'Soko is a man and nothing bad in him.' They live in communities of about ten, each having his own female. An intruder from another camp is beaten off with their fists and loud yells. If one tries to seize the female of another, he is caught on the ground, and all unite in boxing and biting the offender. A male often carries a child, especially if they are passing from one patch of forest to another, over a grassy space; he then gives it to the mother."

Of the splendid nobility of Livingstone's character much might be written. It shines conspicuous even more than the greatness of his work. That quality which raises him far above ordinary workers, and formed the real mainspring of his whole life, was his noble spirit of self-sacrifice. This prompted all along those deeds of heroic daring and endurance which have ranked him among the greatest and worthiest of our race. His firmness was so wonderfully tempered with gentleness that he was able to win his way among the rudest tribes, charming away their ferocity and awakening their affection. The reverence he kindled in the hearts of some of Africa's children was wonderfully exemplified in the

fact that a small band of youths bore the remains of their departed master for six months, across half a continent, from the spot where he breathed his last to Zanzibar, and this in spite of their superstitious fears and inborn prejudices. "It is impossible," says a writer in the *London Times*, "to close the last volume of his journals without a feeling of sincerer admiration than ever for the simple, faithful and noble character of the traveller, who never once pulled a trigger in anger on a human being, who reproached himself with temper because he once chastised unruly servants with a rod, and who, by the mere force of gentleness, exercised a sort of charm over the cruel savages in whose wilds he fearlessly wandered." Not less conspicuous, throughout his whole career, were his manly frankness, his simplicity and single-mindedness, his keen sagacity and wonderful intellectual force and energy, his patience under hardships and disappointments, his large toleration and unflinching charity to all mankind. His faith in humanity and in a better future for Africa's poor children, was never overthrown by all the brutalities he was forced to witness and the falsehoods and treacheries he had to encounter. How great was the work done by that stout-hearted, strong-willed Scotchman—once a factory boy—in opening a pathway for the missionary and the merchant among Africa's dusky millions! Generations yet unborn will reverence his name as the man who led the way in redeeming a whole continent and race of mankind from the curse of barbarism and heathenism, and who struck the heaviest and most fatal blow against the cruel, deadly slave-trade, the prevailing cause of African misery and degradation.

It is beautiful to find men of the highest standing, both in the realms of thought and action, coming forward, now that he is "gone over to the great majority," to testify their admiration for Livingstone. The Secretary of the Berlin Geographical Society said of him lately: "The importance of his discoveries, and the perseverance of his labors, have placed him in the rank of the most remarkable travellers of all times and all nations. England may be proud of having given birth to Livingstone, and of having supported him in his labors." Mr. Henry Rowley says: "As a missionary he did much to rescue from popular mockery and ribaldry a profession which, rightly viewed and worthily undertaken, is perhaps the noblest to which a man can devote himself. As a large-hearted champion of the Africans, and a true friend of

liberty, he dealt a blow at the African slave-trade from which it will never recover." England is proud, and justly proud, of the man who has set forth to the world one of the great features which constitute our national strength; and when his body found its last resting-place in Westminster Abbey—that splendid sepulchre for all that is mortal of her greatest sons—England, with one voice, said "it is well done." Sir Samuel Baker, writing in *Macmillan's Magazine*, says: "There is no British name more widely known or more universally respected than that of Livingstone. The greatest among African travellers, he has shown a persistence and devotion to his work which has not only upheld the reputation of his country throughout the world, but has infused a new spirit into African exploration; and by his high example he has stimulated others to follow upon the same course, which will eventually result in the opening of that hitherto mysterious region." "I feel sure that all African travellers will unite in the admission, that whatever their individual energies may have accomplished, in the arduous task of African research, they are only as the sheep compared to the shepherd in comparison with the great chief whose loss they still lament."

This is nobly and truly said by one of the most daring of African travellers. Sir Bartle Frere says: "The great Scotch traveller has made himself the benefactor of the world at large, and all mankind who cared to know the doings of civilized nations, were interested in his fate." "The periods of Milton or of Dryden are not too stately to chronicle what Livingstone had done for mankind, and no poet's fancy could imagine deeds more fitted to be sung in heroic verse." "Any five years of his life might, in any other occupation, have established a character, and raised for him a fortune, such as none but the most energetic of our race can realize. His powers of observation and practical sagacity I have never seen exceeded. Both possibly were rendered more acute by the life he led; but he had the quickness of eye and the power of judging of forces and results which belong only to the great organizer, politician and general. Equally remarkable was his knowledge of character and penetration. No flattery could blind him, no allurements could lead him aside: his estimate of men was unflinching." "Westminster Abbey," he adds, "is the only fitting resting-place for him who has opened to the English nation and to all mankind a quarter of the globe which had for thousands

of years remained practically a closed country, more jealously shut up from the eye of foreign intruder, by nature and the evil passions of man, than China or Japan."

I shall close these tributes of admiration by a quotation from Dean Stanley's sermon on his death: "We should miss one of the chief lessons of the Wanderer's course, if we did not in few words indicate his peculiar place in the glorious company of those who have devoted their lives to the spread of the Christian faith. It was his peculiar place. He was a missionary, not only as ordained for that work by the hands of a small group of faithful ministers, some of whom yet live to see how he followed out the charge which they entrusted to him, but as fashioned for the work by special gifts of the Creator. Preacher he was not,—teacher he was not; his was not the eloquence of tongue or pen. His calling was different from this, and by that difference singularly instructive. He brought with him to his task an absolute conviction not only of the common elements of humanity, shared alike by heathen and Christian, but of the common elements of Christianity shared by all Christians. Himself born and bred in one of the seceding communions of Scotland, allied by the nearest domestic ties, and by his own missionary vocation, to one of the chief Nonconformist Churches of England, he yet held himself free to join heart and soul with all others. For the venerable Established Church of his native land—for the ancient Church and Liturgy of his country, with one of whose bishops he labored, as with a brother, through good report and evil; even for the Roman Church of Portugal, and the disciples of Loyola, from whom, in theological sentiment, he was the furthest removed, he had his good word of commendation. If he freely blamed, he also freely praised. He remained faithful to the generous motto of the Society which sent him forth. "I never," he said—strange and rare confession—"I never, as a missionary, felt myself to be either Presbyterian, Episcopalian, or Independent, or called upon, in any way, to love one denomination less than another." Followed to his grave by the leading Nonconformists of England and the staunchest Presbyterians of Scotland, yet we feel that all the Churches may claim him as their own; that all English-speaking races may regard him as their son; not only those who nurtured his childhood and his youth, but those who, beyond the Atlantic, strove, in his later days, with characteristic energy, and with

marvellous success, to search out the clue of his wanderings, and to bring back the latest assurance of his lost existence." "He leaves it for you," adds the eloquent preacher, "statesmen and merchants, explorers and missionaries, to work out the wise fulfilment of these designs. He leaves it to you, adventurous spirits of the rising generation, to spend your energies in enterprises as noble as his; not less noble because they were useful; not less chivalrous and courageous because they were undertaken for the glory of God and the good of man."

Who is there indeed among us all that may not be inspired, by his lofty example, to deeds of mercy, and self-sacrifice, and to the faithful performance of duties high and low:—

"And we may not mourn the end
 That fitly closed so grand a life—
 Nor begrudge him rest so welcome,
 Wearied with a glorious strife—
 He has fallen as falls the soldier,
 Scorning to the last to yield,
 Sternly fighting still unconquered,
 Prone upon the battle field.
 Not for him the gradual failing
 That the feebler nature knows;
 Not for him the slow decadence
 Which from meaner purpose flows.
 His to labor ever onward
 In humanity's just cause,
 His to stride the lonely path where
 Duty led, without a pause:
 His amid the forest wilds
 To dare an ever-present death;
 For the welfare of his fellows
 To expend his latest breath.
 Never in the blaze of battle
 Was a truer hero seen,
 'Mid the swoop of hostile squadrons
 And the sabre's blinding sheen.
 Such a life and such a death
 Shall wreath a glory round his name
 That shall heighten unborn ages
 And illumine the scroll of fame."

A TROUBADOUR STORY.

FAIR ladies! all too poor the boon
 You ask,—to hear my humble lute!
 Though sad and sorrowful its tune,
 When you demand can it be mute?
 I rede to you a truthful rhyme
 • That happened once upon a time.

A knight dwelt by a river's side,—
 Not great in state nor much in fame,
 Though poor in lands yet rich in pride,
 He from his homestead took his name,—
 (Half grange, half keep, as such holds are
 Upon the marches,) Chateauvar.

The hills rose blue on either hand,
 The thick pinewoods stretched dark and far
 Beyond the swell of brown moor land,—
 And from the keep of Chateauvar
 Rising among the trees was seen
 The moated towers of Earl's Dene.

His son was taken from the peel
 In dark days when men stood aloof,
 (For ill fell on the brave and leal,)
 And reared beneath the earl's roof;
 The stripling knew nor guile nor peril,
 And loved the daughter of the earl.

Blame not this lady, fair douzelles!
 Her pity for a froward child,
 "Love is anear to pity" tells
 The sage's word, and it beguiled
 The heart that was old for its age
 In bosom of this froward page.

They met within the pleasaunce, she
 The daughter of a haughty race,
 He was a squire of low degree
 Who had aspired beyond his place,—
 They met there by the river's strand,
 And she reached out to him her hand,—

With manly warmth and boyish tears
He pressed it to his throbbing heart,
With kindness, as became her years,
With woman's witchery and art.
"Go, page, and be a worthy knight!"
Thus to him said that lady bright.

Then from her twines of golden hair
She severed, with his poignard's blade,
A curling tress so rich and rare
It seemed a gleam of sun, and laid
It gently on his jacket-sleeve,—
If not love-gift a make-believe.

Soon to the wars in far countrie
The page went with his feudal lord,
Full well and faithful served, till he
Was dubbed good knight, and soon with sword
From prince's thigh, in armor bright,
Had accolade of belted knight.

What time the challenge trumpet rung,
Wherever chance of high career
Was he,—wherever gage was flung,
Wherever knight might break a spear
His full heart hungered after fame
To win a proud and honored name.

Companion then of prince and lord
He bravely bore him under shield,
Where blows fell thickest there his sword
In many a fiercely foughten field,
And high and noble dames, I wis,
Turned, at the lists, their looks to his.

But aye he said: "Come loves, come wars,
My heart is not a changeful sea
To take the impress of all stars
That look down from their place on me,
My star shines over Earl's Dene,
And my star's name is star Elene."

On Ascalon's disastrous day
 His trusty squire his body bore
 Back to the camp, and there he lay
 With fevered frame, and wounded sore;—
 Just then there came to Syria's strand
 A messenger from fair England :

“What news from England, courier, tell?”
 “Why, nought hath happed. Yes—let me see—
 That ever lovely, bright douzelle,
 Elene, hath wed Lord Tenterley,—
 I heard it as I left the shore;
 That is my budget, and no more.”

The page, now knight, turned on his bed
 And to his leech said, “Let me die,
 The world hath all grown dark and dead,
 My star hath gone from out the sky,
 My love I dreamed as pure as pearl,
 Is wed to Tenterley's dark earl.”

The patient leech, with words of cheer,
 Cried, “Courage, knight! you yet will couch
 Your ever-trusty ashen spear
 In joist at Asheby-de-la-Zouche.”
 “Nay,” said the knight, “my course is run,
 This hand of mine with lance hath done.”

Long time he lay a-nigh to death,
 For very low his life-sands ran,
 Till slowly came returning breath,
 And he arose an altered man,
 His hurt was worse than wound of spears—
 He had grown old beyond his years.

He loosed his steed upon the plain,
 With gold he paid the leech's care,
 His mail gave to his squire Sylvain,
 And kept nought but the golden hair;
 And then he took the scallop shell,
 And trod more lands than I can tell.

He strayed in many orient lands,—
What need to tell the where and when,—
'Mong shepherd folks and Arab bands,
And wandering tribes of savage men,
In Asian and in Afric climes,
And lived with them and learned their rhymes.

And then the minstrel's garb he took
And bent his home-returning way,
And for all men, from boor to duke,
He sang the rhyme and roundelay,—
His worldly wealth a lute, no less,
And one still treasured golden tress.

Till once at merry monarch's court
He saw Elene on festal day,
When she, with other dames, in sport
Bade him to sing some merry lay,
And he obeyed; *and told them true*
The tale that I have told to you.

HUNTER DUVAR.

THE VALLEY OF THE PLATTE.

BY GEO. J. FORBES, KOUCHIBOUGUAC, N. B.

No. VII.

(Concluded.)

The Buffalo as he was and is—*Dance a la compagnie* on the Cutoff—The Rattlesnake.

THERE has been a great deal written about the buffalo; much that is sentimental and nonsensical, with enough of the practical to justify us in passing him by altogether. This we do not feel inclined to do, as, according to the cruel and suicidal policy pursued by the denizens of the West, he will soon be one of the animals that *was*, and we wish to say something about him ere he ceases to be mentioned in connection with the American continent. We are well aware that it is no use for us to enter our feeble plea against his extermination. If the amateur hunter did us the honor of perusing our pages, he would probably rise from their

perusal with the fixed determination of having his name mentioned in connection with the death of the last of the species. From the Grand Duke Alexis down to the most illiterate frontiersman, all seem to vie in their eagerness in sweeping this harmless and useful animal from the face of creation. Why, it will be asked, is this? Is man by nature so cruel that he cannot suffer that which is harmless, and at the same time useful, to live, or does the desire of immediate and inordinate gain induce him to kill the goose which lays the golden egg. We are sorry to say that both of these questions must be answered in the affirmative, although they expose much that is degrading to human nature. There are more annually slain by those who hunt for "sport" than by the scattered army of pelt gatherers. He is dogged and followed in his semi-annual peregrinations with a pertinacity that speedily thins the ranks of the herd, unless it comprises vast numbers, and this is the more indefensible, inasmuch as scarcely any portion of the animal thus slain is utilized. The aristocratic hunter disdains to make use of more than the daintiest morsel which can be cut from the haunch, thus destroying the life of a valuable animal for no useful end. The numbers thus slain are far in excess of what can be devoured by the many packs of wolves, so that we find the plains dotted and strewn with dried and fur-covered frames, still bearing so close a resemblance to the living that we cannot help entertaining a feeling of profound detestation for the human butchers and commiseration for the hapless animal. At every turn, from the Brazos on the south to the Yellowstone on the north, he is harrassed, pursued and slain with an energy and singleness of purpose which would leave its mark on the pages of history if turned against many of the vices of the day. If left to the Indian, the buffalo would steadily increase in numbers. The necessities of the red man would determine the number to be killed, and this the annual increase would much more than cover. As far as we could learn, a due regard for his preservation was the only point of agreement between the many tribes who occupied this vast buffalo range. We can well conceive the apprehension with which the blood-covered track of the white man was viewed by these bronzed savages. The people who would sweep over our wheat or potato field like a besom of destruction would not be likely to find any great amount of favor in our eyes. We would speedily be obliged

to act on the defensive if these articles happened to be the staples or prime necessities of life. The knowledge of the fact that the Greenlander lives on fish, the Lapp on the milk and flesh of the reindeer, and the South Sea Islander on the spontaneous productions of the earth, would be a poor source of consolation. The majority of us would have serious objections in the matter of swapping the hereditary "flesh pot" for untried and unpalatable edibles. The traditionary food which, in imagination at least, had elevated us so far above other people's—which was a household word throughout the land, and a theme from which orators descanted—being about to be swept forever from our eyes, would rouse our ire in a manner of which we never even dreamed. Such was the standpoint from which the Indian viewed the destroyer of his favorite and principal game. By way of a mild punishment to the intruder, and as a caution to those who might have a hankering after unlawful and savory steaks, he surprised the former whenever an opportunity offered; tortured him as long as body or nerve showed any trace of a feeling of pain, and then burned him alive, having first taken care to protect from injury the much-coveted scalp. When the hunter, armed and vigilant, was not to be taken, and showed no signs of abating his inroads, then the Indian committed his first grave mistake. His interpretation in regard to the extent to which the community becomes responsible for the acts of individuals was not such as entitle him to our respect. He must have somehow heard how infants, and even unoffending animals were ordered to be pitilessly slain for the sins of adult man, and copied after it with a ruthlessness which was as pitiable as it was barbarous. If he had contented himself with destroying the marauder who killed his buffalo, a certain amount of sympathy would have gone with him, although many would have considered the act indefensible—the punishment being greater than the offence. According to Indian jurisprudence, some one must be punished for each crime, and if he cannot secure the perpetrator thereof, he is not over-particular as to whom he will select. That the frontier settler had no act or part in the transaction is no reason why himself, wife and family should not be signally punished. His color and language are the same, so if he does not punish the individual he will the same great family. Having an overweening conceit in the strength of his tribe, he fondly hopes he will, on his own soil, be able to cope with any

expedition which may be sent against him, and he finds when too late that the fiendish outrages in which he has been concerned have recoiled with terrible and irresistible force on himself. His land is gone, his game slain and destroyed before his eyes, and himself and family left a kind of licensed paupers on the bounty of the people that he despised. Having now no object in preserving the buffalo, he assists the hunter in the capacity of a hanger-on, with all the craft and experience of centuries, in their extermination, so that it is no wonder they are vanishing as a rainbow before our eyes.

We will not attempt to give a description of the buffalo. A thousand writers, assisted by illustrations, have already covered the whole field of buffalo literature. No pencil can however depict the ferocity of his appearance. His shaggy main falling over his forehead; his wild and flaming eyes, seen at intervals through masses of tangled hair, and muzzle stubbed and savage in outline, forms a whole which, recalled to the mind, conveys anything but pleasing sensations. This is all that can be said against him. His habits do not conflict with the interests and pursuits of man, nor is he an invader of the rights of any of the brute creation, while his care of the young and helpless members of the community—a care vigilant and unceasing—has justly earned for him our respect. It was our good fortune once, and once only, to see one of the immense droves which annually travel north and south. We had previous to this time seen small detached parties of from four to a dozen, and in every case found them to be wild and unapproachable. We had camped on the Platte, about two hundred miles from the base of the Rocky Mountains, and being tired had slept the dreamless sleep from which it is exceedingly difficult to awaken. We are dimly conscious of something unusual. We seem to be jarred and shaken as if we were on a railroad train, and we waken with a start as we imagine the whistle sounds its shrill note of warning. It is just grey dawn. The sound which we had mistaken in our sleepy lethargy for that of the whistle turns out to be the sonorous and stentorian bellowing of many excited animals. With all due diligence we hurry on our clothes, being informed by the night watch, that a drove of buffalo are crossing the Platte on their way south. The river is three-fourths of a mile wide. On the opposite side we can see a dense, black, moving mass extending back for more than a mile from the bank,

while the front rank is just emerging from the river. The noise is fearful. The earth vibrates, trembles and rings as if it were a shell, and all within a huge cavern. The bottom of the Platte is evidently unsatisfactory to the buffalo mind. Ever and anon, some huge fellow disappears in one of the many holes where he had fondly hoped to find a continuation of his favorite depth, and before he secures a footing he has a practical demonstration of the weight of the animal who follows. This causes a great commotion, as each animal in the line of this treacherous hole is well aware he will have to pass through it, being unable to turn to the right or the left. He bellows instinctively; his neighbors to the right and left, who have to pass through the waters of affliction, do the same. By this he does not mean to insinuate that he will not pass through the ordeal in the same manner as those who preceded him, but he wants time to do it. This is only reasonable, as the animals who have the honor of forming a bridge on which the others may cross one of these holes dry shod, cannot be supposed to look back on the occurrence with anything approaching to feelings of complacency. After a time there is a halt, extending to the rear, when the unfortunates are fished and helped out, and having shaken themselves as much as possible that they may get rid of the sand and gravel, they proceed forlornly on their way. In another place a young and hopeful scion of the buffalo family has got fastened in the treacherous quicksand. He is hooked and assisted out, and if the exertion put forth was at all equal to the noise, his extrication must have been a tough job. We are inclined to think that it is with buffalo as with men; where there is much noise the work is in an inverse ratio. At length the rear rank has crossed the river and the whole herd march majestically onward. Nothing which is surmountable will turn them aside. The emigrant train will have to halt or it will be trampled under by sheer animal force and weight. On every side we are faced by old and sagacious veterans, the defenders of the young and helpless, who are congregated in the centre. They are not disposed to break line, being evidently intent on accomplishing as long a journey as possible towards the haven of grass. We see no attempts at feeding, but this is evidently owing to the paucity of herbage. Our hunter sachems hold a consultation. They have before this secured a full supply of buffalo steaks, under circumstances by no means as favorable, and why not now? Having the fear of the bacon which

we had for supper before our eyes, we say amen to the suggestion. We are not seized with a sudden and ferocious fit. That which a man actually needs, and which he intends to use, it is lawful to kill. Two veteran hunters, flanked and supported by two amateurs, will soon supply all that is needed. We watch them with great interest. The pursuit does not last long, for the herd are proceeding at a steady and demure walk, befitting the dignity of this vast body. While they are on the way, we enquire as to their probable number. From five to ten thousand is the variable answer, the latter figure being announced by a sallow individual, who, as a guarantee of its correctness, gravely informs us, that he had once taken the census in a county in Mississippi, whose horrible name we happily do not now remember. Having now an undoubted estimate of the herd, we give the hunters our attention. They direct their efforts to the left flank, and each two single out one particular animal. It is a most uncertain affair apparently. The ponies are not very desirous to approach closely to the main body. We can soon see that some of the shots have taken effect, and this makes things lively for the hunters. The wounded animals do not believe in leaving all the pursuit to their foes. With tail erect, head levelled and eyes fiery with rage and pain, he makes a "bee line" for his tormentors, who had till now but a faint idea of their (the hunters) proficiency in equestrian science. The buffalo is terribly in earnest, and if only properly supported by his fellows, would make a short shrift of his tormentors. The rapidity of his passes are frightful, and we can see that the ill trained ponies and excited men are in a situation of some peril. Just as one of them appears about to be gored and run down, a flash, a puff of smoke, and the sudden fall of the infuriated animal shows us that a well directed shot has been the cause of the death of one buffalo, and the release of a man from a situation of great peril. The two hunters who lag behind, with the experience of those before them, might be supposed to avoid many of the dangers incident to buffalo hunting, and this would no doubt be so, if the animal presented no new phases of defence. The scene in advance has maddened those who come behind. A body of a hundred or more charge directly on our adventurous brethren, who quickly discharge their rifles, and have the satisfaction of seeing one of their foes fall. This does not stay their progress in the least; the onset is furious and relentless, and—we should be glad to add that the man who

would sooner die than flee was there, but candour compels us to say that he was not. The flight, compared with the prospectus issued in the morning, is a most ignominious one, and we can see from the heartfelt sorrow exhibited by these individuals, that they have little reason to hope this hunting episode will be forgotten. The pugnacious buffalo soon return to the herd; the black, howling, excitable mass moves on, and within the space of two hours disappear from sight, on their way to the Red River and Ozark Hills. It is not often that such an immense herd as this is seen. Many old hunters have not seen such more than once or twice in their lives, and some not at all. Some undefinable instinct, in regard to a scarcity of food in the regions which they were leaving, was supposed to be the cause. The previous summer the drought in Kansas and Nebraska had been excessive, and three-fourths of all domestic animals starved to death, lying down to die by the running stream, whose moist banks had furnished them with the last miserable and insufficient morsel. Were the buffalo warned of this, and to avoid its consequences had they penetrated as far as the Yellowstone or Saskatchewan? We leave the answering of this query for some person more conversant with this branch of natural history. We skinned the defunct bovines, and the fact that we were unable to utilize the hide caused many twinges of remorse to such of us as came from a cold climate. The animals were not large; under four hundred pounds in weight, and we cannot say much in favor of the flesh as a delicacy. It is coarse and has all the toughness of fibre which is supposed to constitute a prime article of lacing leather. The animals were not, of course, in good order, being seemingly jaded by a long and toilsome march, and reduced in flesh from an insufficient quantity of food. The buffalo meat was the occasion of some fun. It was positively awful to watch the contortions of countenance exhibited by the gourmand of our party in his futile efforts at mastication. His relish for fresh meat was keen, and his impatience induced him to resort to means of overcoming the tenacity of fibre and cohesion of particles not sanctioned by refined table etiquette. The knife was discarded with contempt, and hands and teeth were substituted. Pieces were thus separated, whose possession would gladden the heart of many a small family. Without further separation, this was subjected to treatment which forcibly brought to mind the spasmodic efforts of a snake, which we, in our youth, saw trying to swallow a

toad, who was much too large. His eyes glare hideously and his mouth is a picture of sensuousness and ferocity. The mass, by great muscular effort, is at length forced down his throat, when his features seem to collapse and reunite in as undefinable a manner as the black cloud in a thunder squall. He is joked unmercifully on his stowing capacity, and the remark from one of the party, that a railroad which ran by his father's farm was obliged to make a detour to avoid his mouth, caused much merriment. Having killed, skinned and eaten the buffalo we can now turn to something else.

In this world of trouble—if man is left as a free moral agent—he is apt to differ from his fellow as to the manner in which any object is to be attained. This is fully exemplified in a small way amongst our party. There are two roads by which we can travel to Denver, one being long and the other marvellously short. By following the Platte, the distance is fully two hundred miles, while by what is appropriately denominated the Cutoff, it is less than one hundred and sixty; but water is scarce, and sandy wastes, tenanted by numerous reptiles, give variety to the face of Dame Nature. We separate; the larger party taking "the long way round," which they emphatically assert is "the short way across." Before separating, it may be forever, we agree to bid each other farewell, and celebrate the event through the medium of a general dance or "break-down." It is the occasion of much talk during the afternoon. We encamp about five p. m., and immediately after supper fancy dresses, and articles supposed to be ornamental, are donned by the ladies. A nice piece of green sward in front of the principal tent is chosen for a display of the "light fantastic" art. There is consultation in regard to the selection of a fiddler. We have before now waited patiently while a party travelled ten miles for this important functionary, but it is now quite the reverse. At least three-fourths of the male members of our party apparently are professional musicians, and the trouble seems to be the selection of one without mortally offending all the rest. A pleasant looking young fellow, whose claims to a shade of superiority is generally admitted, mounts the rostrum. We are to have a cotillion, and a dancing master (so he said) from Dubuque, Iowa, agrees to call the figures. The music starts, and "first couple forward and back" is shouted in a voice which had evidently been pitted against and cultivated amidst the din of noisy machinery. Not

being a dancer, we have ample leisure to note what is going on. The sward appears to be even, but observation soon informs us that such is far from being the case. A figure—which is nearly completed, and which one of the party is about to finish with a flourish which is grace, dexterity and time combined—is abruptly brought to a close by his toe coming in contact with an unexpected protuberance, when his centre of gravity is destroyed, bringing his nose in a forcible and abrupt manner against the heel of his neighbor's boot. He is demoralized for a time, and gives place to a fresh adventurer. Just now we are visited by a number of Indians, who are evidently puzzled to account for the unusual fits of insanity which has seized the white brother. He certainly fatigues himself greatly, and for no useful purpose. If his dance was the representation of any of his daily pursuits, such as chopping or ploughing, or any light amusement as scalping, he could see some utility in the performance. There is, however, none of this, and when a man will so far prostitute what ought to be a noble amusement as to associate the "squaw" with its evolutions and complications, he cannot conceal a look of disgust. Then the music is far from being satisfactory to the savage mind. He can neither discern time nor harmony, beginning nor end, in its mazy and intricate measures. How superior, in every way, is his national instrument, the "Tom-tom." This, by the way, is either a piece of buckskin, stretched over a strong hoop, or a thick plank, hollowed out to a certain thinness. If the dance is a representation of a stirring theme or scene, then the operator works like a mad man, and inspires the dancer in a manner not calculated to raise the violin in his estimation. He eyes the violinist with mingled pity and contempt. Does the man expect to inspire his auditors, by such a performance, with animation? The idea is preposterous. When he strips to his breech-cloth, and the perspiration streams from every pore, then, and not till then, can we hope for anything like amusement. The red brother is politely asked by the males, and solicited by the females, to have a dance, but without effect. If those who give the invitation can see prospective fun in a display of Indian nudity, the savage can see none in their lethargic motions. There is nothing to which he can keep time. As well might he dance to the aurora borealis, or the voice of the torrent as it rushes madly onward. Meanwhile the dance goes on. The "dancing-master" has proved his unfitness for the

high and honorable post which he occupies, by prematurely ending a favorite dance in chaos, and his place is taken by another, much to his (the former) chagrin. The ladies we find to be really good dancers, graceful in figure and motion, and having a knowledge of the technicalities, which, if possessed by their partners, would leave the office of "caller" a sinecure. We would wish for their sakes that the sward was more even in its character, as it would obviate many mishaps. A couple who get "up" to dance, too often go "down" before its completion, and this is hailed by the savage brother with a broad grin of delight. He is, evidently, instituting comparisons not at all favorable to the execution of the "white brother," without taking into consideration the difficulties of his position. There is nothing like perseverance. After a time they become accustomed to the uneven surface, and by ample practice and adroit calculation obviate further mishaps, thus robbing the red brother of much fun. A long and a short leg is not considered as being in any way necessary or desirable in a dancer, and yet we cannot help thinking that in some situations it would be anything but an impediment, and would obviate the difficulties presented by an even floor, after a night's vigorous practice on such a site as we have chosen. At midnight the dance begins to fag; at one a. m., it is closed, and we roll ourselves in our blanket on mother earth, and in sleep soon forget all the events and scenes in an amusing and pleasant evening's recreation.

Having, in several instances, adverted to the rattlesnake, we think we may be pardoned if we devote a paragraph exclusively to him. His very name has an ominous sound. To those who have not had the pleasure of his acquaintance, it is indicative of reptile venom, terrible in its powers of destruction, and fascinating because of the many accounts—often exaggerated—which are extant concerning his powers for evil. Many are disposed to allow him a length and thickness, which, if he could comprehend, would no doubt surprise him, while others suppose that he cannot be approached within five to ten yards with anything like safety. He is not large. Among the rank vegetation of Mississippi and Southern Missouri, he may probably attain a length of six to seven feet; but on the plains of Kansas and Nebraska, he rarely attains even four. We failed, after close inspection, to detect anything peculiar in his general appearance. He is credited with an expression of eye which is peculiarly devilish. We thought

so too, but have since had good reason to consider it all imaginary. The harmless swift, which makes his home on the sandy prairie, was, on first acquaintance, supposed to be venomous in the extreme, and his eye lighted on us with inexpressible malignity; but with the knowledge of his separation from poisonous qualities a new light dawned on us. When we were told—with how much truth we cannot say—that the weary traveller, who sank exhausted on the prairie, was warned of the approach of dangerous reptiles by this harmless creature; its eye seemed to beam on us with a concentration of good-will and benevolent intentions, such as might be supposed to emanate from some great philanthropist. From these premises and our experience we have been led to the conclusion that the malignant expression attributed to the eye of this reptile has no foundation in fact. That he is possessed of a poison, only rivalled in deadliness by that of the cobra, is a fact only too apparent to those who live in a region which he infests. Still he is entitled to at least a portion of our respect. He, in every case, gives warning of his evil intentions, and those who approach do so at their peril. The position at once shows us that he intends to act only on the defensive. His head rises from the centre of the coil, which he has instantaneously formed, to the height of nine or more inches, while the tail, with its horny rattle, the latter also elevated, occupies the outside. While we listen to the music which emanates from his tail, and which has many points in common with the buzz of the locust, let us pass some remarks on him. Every lineament seems to be convulsed with rage; the yellow, black and brown spots seem fairly to stand out from his tawny skin, while the rattle quivers before our eyes in a manner that would speedily make us dizzy if it was of sufficient magnitude. The eye seems to glare on us with fiendish malignity; the upper jaw is thrown back, exposing the deadly fangs, and the tongue darts out with lightning-like rapidity. Seeing that we do not approach, he uncoils himself and leisurely departs, making frequent halts for the purpose of observing us. On the slightest intention of following him being exhibited, he again assumes a defensive position. Seeing that he invariably gives a warning, which may be heard with ease thirty to forty feet, it may be asked, how it is that persons get bitten by him? Often the mind is so preoccupied that the warning note is not heard; while on the other hand, an occupation, attended by much noise, may

be fatal to the well-being of the industrious worker. In many instances the tail of the snake is trodden upon, so, under these circumstances, we can hardly blame him if he fails to give warning of his deadly intentions.

We will now suppose all his warnings to pass unheeded. Many persons have asked us how far the rattlesnake can *jump* when in a hostile mood. To such as are of like mind, we can only say that he cannot jump at all. He can strike an object a distance equal to one-half his length, and nothing more. There are two fangs in the upper jaw—one under each eye—which are hollow, and from these the deadly poison is forced by the action of striking. If blood is not drawn, then no harm ensues; but if there is, then, unless means speedy and efficacious are resorted to, the unfortunate person, within eight hours, lies a discolored, bloated and hideous corpse. This is sufficiently terrible, but when we come to the details, it is still more so. For a time the man or woman, as the case may be, suffers extreme pain, and finally becomes delirious, being, in imagination, assailed by the whole snake tribe, with every additional enemy to man which can possibly be conceived, and finally dies without a lucid interval. No wonder the rattlesnake is detested and feared.

It is said that there is not any ailment for which there is not a cure, and the bite of this snake is no exception to the rule. There is a weed, bearing the name of the reptile, that grows on the prairie which is a sovereign cure if applied in time, but the trouble is, that in all cases it is not to be found when required. The same may be said of whiskey, but if the poison gets a certain start, then no earthly power will avail. We have seen the poison; a sticky blue mass, which is perfectly harmless unless brought in contact with the blood. This latter dissolves it immediately, when it courses through the veins with lightning-like rapidity. There are some curious features in the application of whiskey which deserve mention. We were one day sitting in our hotel enjoying a sociable game at cards, when a man of our acquaintance rushed in, pale and excited, declaring he had been bitten by a rattlesnake. The landlord, to whom the case was by no means new, produced an unlimited quantity of proof brandy, which the wounded man proceeded to swallow without realizing that it was stronger than water. Tumbler after tumbler, and bottle after bottle, is swallowed to our intense amazement. As the first glass from the fourth bottle is swallowed, he ventures the opinion that the liquor

is strong, when the landlord, who is much interested, brightens up and declares he is safe. The wound, which is on the calf, is washed with strong waters, and the patient soon sinks into a quiet slumber, from which he awakes weak and dizzy, but much better than could be expected. To conclude, on the third day he is at work as usual, though feeling a trifle weak and languid. If the poison has had a certain start, the patient may be *filled* with liquor without producing any effect, and the time is shortened in proportion to the exertion which may be undergone in endeavoring to reach a remedy. Such is—life.

In concluding our sketches of the Valley of the Platte, we have no apology to make to the reader. We have endeavoured to avoid repetition, and our pen has inscribed the impression conveyed to us at the time. When it is understood that we have now traversed and pictured some seven hundred miles of this Valley—a valley teeming with animal life, and presenting scenes strange, sometimes wierd and altogether foreign to civilized life, we think we may be pardoned if we have prolonged them to article the *seventh*. We hope at an early date to produce some articles under the heading of “Denver City and the Rocky Mountains”—a region in regard to which we have faint hopes of doing justice.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

BY MARY BARRY.

ITALIA boasts her sunny skies,
 Her tropic fruits and flowers,
 Her summer birds whose varied dyes
 Make rainbows in her bowers;
 Give me New Brunswick's vales and hills,
 Her meadows and her springs,
 Give me the sparkle of her rills,
 The song her linnet sings!

France with her gardens and her courts,
 Her clustering grapes and vines,
 Might envy us our northern groves
 Of maples, firs and pines;
 Her flashing fountains joyously
 Their sparkling waters pour,
 But oh, the fairest spot to me,
 Is dear New Brunswick's shore!

The giant of the West may wave
 The "Stars and Stripes" on high,
 And in his own proud greatness say
 "Our freedom cannot die!"
 All noble things to do and dare,
 New Brunswick's sons are free,
 Where is a lordier freedom? where
 A holier liberty?

And even England's sea-girt isle
 May boast in vain her power,
 May point to many an ivied pile
 And many a gray old tower;
 England, the gem of ocean isles,
 Our mother land confest,
 But still, of every shore we love
 Our own New Brunswick best!

We love her skies, we love her woods,
 Her keenest wind that blows,
 We love her mayflower's blushing buds,
 Close to her winter snows.
 We love, when all her storms are out,
 Her hearth-fires blazing clear,
 We love her school-boy's merry shout,
 Her woodman's ringing cheer.

We love her honored names and deeds,
 And in the years to be,
 We look for harvests from the seeds
 Of Peace and Industry.
 For growths of Joy and Honor, bound
 With Plenty's ripened sheaves,
 For Strength, with Culture's graces crowned,
 Her fair acanthus leaves.
 We look for glories wrought in stone,
 For pictured beauty's glow,
 For minds to fullest stature grown,
 For names the world shall know!

Then here's to fair New Brunswick's health,—
May smiling Fortune bring,
More gifts of gladness and of wealth
Than all the bards can sing!
Her hardy sons and blooming maids,
Here's to their love and worth,—
And may they make New Brunswick homes
The happiest homes on Earth!

St. John, N. B.

A STORY OF A LOST BRACELET.

BY CORINNE.

CHAPTER V.

(Continued)

“**W**HAT have you been sowing these three years, Howard?” asked Joe, the next morning, when, by Howard’s help, he was dressed and established comfortably in the only easy-chair the house contained. “Not wild oats, I see; and I should like to know what?”

“How do you know it’s not wild oats?”

“Well, if you have,” said Joe, evading the question for a moment, “I suppose you know you must reap the same; but truly, you don’t look like a sower of that kind of grain, and another thing is, that they are generally sown in cities, and here you are in the country.”

“I don’t know that I have been sowing anything,” said Howard, thoughtfully.

“That’s an impossibility,” said Joe, decidedly; “you are bound to sow something.”

“Well, yes; now I think of it. I think I have sown something in the way of money: sown silver and reaped gold: sown dimes and reaped dollars.”

Joe was silent. There was something in Howard’s manner that drove him back from the point he wanted to reach. He did not know that it was Howard’s feeling of dissatisfaction with himself that made him seem so hard to approach; still less did he know how impatiently he was waiting for his next words.

"No harvest is fully reaped in this world," he said quietly, after a long pause; "we all sow more or less for eternity, whether we are conscious of it or not, but some in particular will see little fruit of their labors until the last great Harvest Festival reveals it."

And that ended the subject, but it left the question in Howard's mind: "What am I sowing for eternity?"

"You haven't found country life as easy and pleasant as you expected!" he said, making an effort to change the subject.

"I don't know that I expected to find it easy," said Joe, smiling; "at any rate, not here in a new settlement. If I had chosen it for the sake of ease, I should not have come all the way out here, but have chosen a place nearer one of the cities. I may be flattering myself, Howard, but I don't think I should ever choose the easiest path *because* it was the easiest. No; I had some idea that I might do more good here than in the city. Perhaps I was mistaken. I am not much good to any one at present, that's certain; but Winnie is. Did she tell you—no, of course she wouldn't speak of it—but every man, woman and child in the settlement comes to her in all kinds of trouble, for help, and sympathy, and advice. She's a shining little woman, Howard."

"I know she is," said Howard, earnestly. "But, Joe," he added after a pause, "do you think it's a man's duty to choose the hardest path he can find?"

"Not *because* it's the hardest," said Joe, earnestly, "by no means. Sometimes the easiest is the path of duty; but I think a man should look to it, and see whether he is going right when all is smooth and fair with him."

"Well, what is he to do if all is smooth and fair? He may not be able to help it."

"Well, he should ask himself whether he is doing his duty to his fellow man; or whether, while he is at ease, his neighbor is in trouble, and his time of ease and comfort is sent to him to give him a chance of comforting his neighbour."

"But suppose he knows of no such case, must he go out of his way to look for it?"

"Yes, I think so, because he knows there are such cases. But he is sure to know of some such case if he keeps his eyes open. Let us suppose a case now that comes to his very door. Just place yourself in imagination, in a comfortable easy chair, before a bright fire, on a miserable cold snowy day. A man comes to your

door begging; a man out of work, badly clothed, badly shod, and nearly starved. You have just finished breakfast, and have turned round to the fire to read the newspaper, and the remains of the meal are on the table. Suppose the man in his desperation to have forced his way right into the room, and you are too good-natured and too lazy to punish his audacity or send him away empty. Now, take the easiest path and see where it will lead you."

"Well," said Howard laughing, "you have made me feel so very lazy and comfortable that I think I should tell him to help himself and come and have a warm; perhaps I should send the servant to get him an old pair of boots that were no use to me, and if I had any loose money in my pocket that I didn't particularly want, I should give it to him, and go on reading my paper in peace."

"Yes, and in nine cases out of ten, the man takes the whole loaf, or at least twice as much as he knows you would give him yourself, and if he doesn't pocket one of your silver forks at the same time it's a wonder; then he goes away, pawns the things you give him, and spends the money in some warm, bright tavern that opens its doors invitingly to him, and where he knows he is free to sit as long as his money lasts, and the next day he is worse off than ever."

"Why Joe!" said Howard, looking at him in astonishment, "is that the way you look upon giving to the poor?"

"That's the way I look upon that kind of giving, but that's a very extreme case, and you wouldn't do like that; but you might give him a meal and some old clothes, and even some loose money, and perhaps in a week's time he would be worse off than when he came to you, and worse for your charity, strange as it may appear."

"Well then," said Howard, "what is the good of helping them?"

"Well, suppose we draw another picture, and that, instead of giving a little present relief, and sending the man away to see no more of him, you go—after warming, and feeding, and giving him some clothes—out into the storm that beats no more pitilessly on your well-protected form, remember, than on his, you accompany him to his wretched house, and do for his family what you have done for him, giving them, not money that may be spent in drink, but food and fuel, and then you go and find work for the man if possible, if not, you seek some means of keeping him from perishing until work can be found; and by going to the heart of the matter like that, you save yourself from being imposed upon, and from encouraging an imposter, and from putting temptation in a

weak brother's way; and if the man be deserving of your aid, perhaps you save him body and soul."

"Hem," said Howard; "yes, I suppose that's the right way to do in cases that are thrust before your eyes in that manner, but I don't think they are, very often."

"Not so plainly as that, perhaps," said Joe, "but there are multitudes of cases needing our sympathy and help if we open our eyes to see them; they are all around us; they are close at our hand if we want to find them, and it is not, half the time, money or money's worth that they want, so much as a word or two, a bit of information kindly given, a little encouragement, or perhaps even a look of trust, that raises their sinking hopes and failing confidence."

Howard was silent. His thoughts had flown back to the day of his arrival in Cincinnati. "Yes," he thought, "you gave all that, and more, to one ungrateful wretch, and got no return; but you shall, you noble-hearted old Christian. I see a little clearer into things now than I did a week ago, and when I find a way to pay back some of your goodness to me, I'm going to do it."

"Howard," said the unconscious Joe, "what makes you think you are not rich enough to be married? Will the young lady expect such a great establishment, or rather, will her friends expect it for her?"

Howard smiled at the idea of Ruth's simple-hearted parents, with their open-handed, free generosity, and absence of worldly knowledge, entertaining an ambitious thought about their children's prospects beyond a natural desire to see them in comfortable circumstances, as he answered: "No, indeed; I think they expect nothing less than to see *me* a rich man, but of course I should like my wife to have an establishment equal to that of my partner's wife; and at the rate he spends and I save, I shall soon be the richer man of the two."

"Well, do you think that will make her happier than a simpler mode of living? Don't misunderstand me, Howard, or think I mean any disparagement of her when I say that from the impression you gave me of her, I should imagine her scarcely fitted for such a position as your partner's wife occupies."

Howard did not answer immediately. He perfectly understood that, from Joe's point of view, such an opinion was the reverse of disparagement, and for a moment he seemed to see that his Ruth

of the present day was not the Ruth of former days, and truly she was not, for, in the lowering of his nature, his ideal was lowered too. In the purity of his boyish heart, the image enshrined there had been in his estimation of the purest metal; but now, standing for a moment out of himself, as it were, and taking an observation, he detected it to be of very common clay. Whether either valuation was anywhere near the true value mattered little. His wife would be to him pretty much what he imagined her to be.

"You are not offended with me, Howard?" asked Joe, when the silence had lasted some time.

"No, indeed," said Howard, starting. "I wasn't thinking of such a thing. I was considering the question that your words raised in my mind as to whether Ruth would be fit for such a position. I feel that, looking at it from your point of view, it is not such a very enviable one; and yet, I don't know, you don't despise money?"

"No," said Joe decidedly, "I don't. I value money for money's worth; but the question is, Will it be doing her any real good, or showing her any of the real devotion that you feel for her, to place her where for every additional dollar she would have an additional need. You know, people are not any richer in reality now than they were years ago, although there's so much more wealth in the world, because they have to manage well to keep up with the extravagant spirit of the age."

Howard was bound to acknowledge the truth of this, but he was so much in love with his dreams of prosperity that he could not give them up all at once.

"But you mustn't think too much of what I say," said Joe. "Remember, I don't know the young lady, excepting what I have heard from you about her, and that was the impression you gave me of her long ago."

"Yes, and that is the right impression," said the true Howard of long ago, speaking from his heart. "I have changed since then, and all my impressions have changed; but now, in this purer atmosphere, I seem to see her as she was when I left her, my simple-hearted, quiet, loving Ruth, an earnest, true, sensible girl, no more like my partner's wife than a bee is like a butterfly."

"Don't lower your ideal," said Joe earnestly; "keep her up on that pedestal of truth, and sense, and earnestness, and simplicity or guilelessness."

Howard sighed, "I wish I could see you, and talk to you constantly, Joe. There is something refreshing in talking to you and Mrs Gardiner. You seem to see things so clearly. I always had a sort of feeling about you two, that you lived above the common world in a purer air, and the things of the common world were so far off that they looked very trifling to you. I wish you were living in Cincinnati, that I might breathe the same pure air."

Joe shook his head. "There is a place of purity Howard, a height from which the world looks small, where you can see things as they are, and feel safe and sheltered too, but it is not human companionship that can give it. It is the presence of God on the 'mountain-top.'"

There was a solemn pause, broken at last by Howard, saying softly, "I don't know much about that."

Joe stretched out his thin hand and laid it on his shoulder. "May He soon reveal Himself to you," he breathed softly, his eyes shining with love, and speaking even more earnestly than his lips the prayer that he uttered; and then the door opened and Winnie came in with his lunch, and with her, a sort of brisk, breezy airiness that seemed to scatter all clouds without dispelling the refreshing drops that fell from them.

"Now, Howard," she said, "you have been a very good boy, and have taken nice care of your patient, so you and Georgie may go out to play. He is waiting downstairs to have the honor of conducting you for a walk. Will you gratify him?"

"Yes, certainly, unless I could do anything for Joe?"

"No, thank you, Howard. I am very comfortable, and I should like you to go out and look about you. I wish I could take you myself."

"I wish you could, old fellow," said Howard heartily, as he left the room to join his youthful escort. They left the house, and turning to the left, crossed a field and climbed over a fence that divided it from the woods, Georgie chattering all the way, to Howard's great amusement.

"Now, which way shall we go?" asked Howard, when they were in the wood.

"It's nice down there Mr.—," said Georgie, pointing down a narrow path that branched off to the right.

"I think you had better call me uncle," said Howard, smiling at the way Georgie stumbled at his name.

The boy looked up at him in some doubt, and seemed to think that was a matter that required thinking over. They wandered about for sometime, climbing over stumps and rocks and fallen trees, Georgie's tongue and Howard's eyes being equally busy. Howard's compelled attention to his own farm during his sojourn with his uncle had given him an insight into agricultural processes.

"It is splendid soil here and would pay well for cultivation, if a man could content himself to live in such a place," thought the man of business. "And, it's a beautiful spot too," added the artist, as his delighted eyes caught a glimpse between the trees of the smiling valley, and noted the luxuriant vegetation and wild beauty of the spot where they were standing. "One could be very happy here if he could be satisfied to get the necessaries of life without the agency of the 'Almighty dollar.' There is more beauty scattered about in these woods than Mrs. Harding ever imagined, much less saw, with all her raptures about the beautiful in art and nature, and the comfort and essentials of life might be obtained I suppose."

Georgie broke in upon his meditations by saying that he thought it was time for them to go home to dinner, and on consulting his watch Howard found it was very near the hour that Mrs. Gardiner had named for their return; so, perching his little entertainer, who seemed tired, on his shoulder, he soon deposited him at home.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

TO MAE.

THE fairies, round a new-born infant's pillow,
 Were met in close conclave, to test their power
 In rendering lovelier still this lovely flower.
 Duties assigned, each fairy with a will, oh!
 Sped to her task on some ærial billow.
 All came together at the appointed hour,—
 Each with her contribution to the dower,
 Pluckt from the valley, gathered from the hill, oh!

With magic herbs and still more magic action,
 They beautified the form and e'en the nature,
 And made the maiden perfect to a fraction,
 So that the world ne'er saw so sweet a creature.
 In chorus, then, they begged the royal fairy
 To name the child; she smiled, and called her *Mary*.

HARRY HALIFAX.

TRUTH VERSUS SECTARIANISM.

HE asserts what may be called a self-evident truism who says that "error is opposed to truth." When we think then what truth is, that it is the opposite of error, which is the cause of a great part of the mistakes and evil, and consequently misery of the world; that its perfection is, or can be found only in the Almighty Himself, we would naturally expect to find the whole civilized world in pursuit of it. And so mankind has been after a fashion, from the earlist times down to the present. Thousands too in all ages, not considering how little of absolute truth there is in man's discoveries, believed themselves so far advanced that it would be impossible for succeeding ages to improve on them. Succeeding ages however, not only advanced upon them; but have proved that in many cases when men thought they had sounded the bottom, there were depths far more profound than had even been "dreamed of in their philosophy." So it will be with ourselves, and the vaunted progress of the nineteenth century. Could we glance by the eye of prophecy into the future, we should see that our conclusions were in hundreds of cases not more absolute than those which had preceded them. That we had only advanced upon what had been given us, as our descendants had with what had been given them; and that we had only added a few more rounds to the ladder which approaches the illimitable height of truth—God. But because we cannot attain to truth in the absolute, is no reason why we should not strive after it; any more than because we cannot be almighty, we should not try to acquire the perfection of Him who is; or because we cannot live on earth forever, we should destroy ourselves. The very endeavour to possess it, raises us above what we were before; and has consequently given us the advantages we have over our forefathers, as

it gave them advantages over theirs. Those who have believed longest that what they possessed could not be improved upon, and therefore shut themselves up from the rest of the world, lest the world should attain their height, have found to their amazement when brought in contact with christianised civilization, that while they had been scraping the earth with the apology for a plough their ancestors had bequeathed them as a priceless treasure, others had cultivated the soil and gathered in their crops with the help of implements, brought to a state of perfection of which they had never even suspected the possibility.

The greater part of mankind then, as being willing to accept more light upon every subject when it is offered to them, prove that, whether consciously or otherwise, they are seekers for truth. And speaking generally, they do accept advance. They do more, they welcome it with pleasure. Even those who most bitterly opposed the introduction of labor-saving machinery, on the plea that it would ruin the working man, have seen that it was a great improvement on the old system; and begun to see that they can live in spite of it. When we go higher in the scale, we find, if possible, still more activity. In the sciences and arts every newly discovered truth is hailed with unbounded delight. Never too in the world's history has there been a time when the foundations of everything we hold have been more carefully or critically examined, to see if they were really as sure as they professed to be, than in the present. This is particularly the case with religious truth. In former times men were content to leave religion in the hands of its professed teachers. They may have had as a whole more faith in Christianity than we; they certainly had more in their spiritual leaders. This was no doubt because education was not so general then as now. People were obliged to have faith in their religious teachers, when they could not help themselves. But now it is different. Laymen are as well educated as clergymen—thousands of them better than many of the clergy. These men, then, are not going to swallow everything their minister tells them, whether correct or not, simply because he is their minister. For they are able to test his conclusions for themselves, and if convinced they are false will not accept them for anybody.

Though there is then so much examination in religion and writing upon it, as upon many other things, it is yet a fact, though at first sight it may seem a strange one, that all men

believe it is an easy thing to arrive at absolute truth in religion, though they would be slow to think the same of anything else. Take the trades. Go to a carpenter, who has been using a certain set of tools, and tell him you can furnish him with some of a different sort he knows nothing about, you will in nearly all cases find him open to conviction. He asks you to let him see them work, and when he finds they are superior to his, he will usually acknowledge it. So with the agriculturalist. He would be surprised as a sensible man if you told him that machine he used was perfection. He would say that it is hard to arrive at the very best, and that it would be scarcely right to think he had it. That a neighbor of his had one of a different kind, which he said worked better than his; and that perhaps if he were to try it, he must confess he might like it better. So it is in the sciences. Sir W. Thompson, e. g., advances a theory upon what produces the heat of the sun. But he holds, and feels he holds, it relatively. That there may be certain things, which he has not discovered, and which if known, would overthrow his theory by going perhaps a step further. And he would be perfectly ready to drop his theory if one were to prove that another is nearer right than his; since he is in search of truth, and is quite willing when his conclusions are not the best, that they should make way for those that are. But ask any one of them about the church he attended—if he thought that better than his neighbor's—and in every case where there was not indifference, the reply would be that he certainly did. That the church he was in was nearest the truth, or he would not be there.

Now, if we ask the reason for this, we shall find that it is always, even if unconsciously, based upon the belief that *the truths of God's word are absolute*. Such, as Christians, we must believe them to be. *Our interpretation of them* may be, and in many cases is *relative*, as were many of those of our predecessors. Hence it comes that theology, as a science, is said to be progressive. That truths may be gathered from passages of Scripture, when additional light is thrown upon them, that centuries ago men would have said it was an utter impossibility they could contain. But the trouble is, that men forget this statement of the absoluteness of *God's truths*. They think it applies to *their interpretation of them*, and once thinking this, it is of course an utter impossibility for them to think that either they, or their denomination,

can be mistaken. Hence arise errors in religion, while the origin will also account for the errors being held so firmly. For let men once be fully persuaded of the truth of the doctrines they hold—that they embrace all the truth, and cannot be improved upon—and it would be impossible ever to turn them without shaking this conviction.

When we enquire whence have arisen denominations in religion, though many of them are sadly in error, we must reply that they sprang out of the Reformation. All true protestants believe that great event to be second in importance only to christianity. And they are right, as it may be called the foundation of the greatest blessings we possess. The religious liberty, progress, enlightenment and power of the great nations of the world would not be what they are now, but for the Reformation. Yet it was not an unmixed good; it would scarcely be of the earth if it were, and so we have the evil with us also which is an indirect result of it. But it is not fair, as so many do, to charge the Reformation directly with the evil which has indirectly sprung out of it; any more than it would have been fair for the earlier christians to have held the Divine Founder of their belief responsible for the heresies that sprang out of it. No one would find faults with the Almighty for giving us powers of calculation, because some men are extortioners; or powers of mastication, and digestion, because some are gluttons. Jesus Christ taught by example and precept, the highest and purest religion it is possible for man to receive, yet seventy years had not passed after its first promulgation before it was distorted with error. So the Reformation was scarcely an accomplished fact, when wide divergencies of belief appeared among the reformed. But the Reformation is not to be blamed for this; we must look for the fault, if fault there is, in human nature. The familiar remark then that "schism is a many headed hydra," (though many will not allow the Reformation *in England* to be schism) does not prove that schism is necessarily wrong. It is merely useful as showing that in religion, as in all things else, there are unthinking men enough in the world to carry what may be a good, forward so far, that it becomes an evil. Now this has been done with the Reformation, because religious liberty once introduced, men have not known how to use it. Glimmerings of this liberty had appeared before in the world. The followers of Waldo had deemed it a treasure not beyond their reach, but they

paid the penalty of death in hundreds for their presumption. The great Wickliffe convinced also that liberty was the right of every man, dared to preach openly against the corruptions of the papacy and its adherents. He escaped the usual fate of "heretics," it is believed through the connivance of John of Gaunt. If he was buried in peace however, his bones did not long remain so, being actually dug up and burned by order of a council, ostensibly assembled to promote the glory of God, and the reform of His church. To the same council, and for the same reason, belongs the odium of consigning John Huss and his disciple Jerome of Prague to the flames. It would have been strange then, when this liberty was once introduced, if many had not been found to teach and preach what they individually conceived to be the truth. From among their followers, as well as from the Establishment, sprang others as years progressed—until we have the present great variety of the denominations of christendom—so great that no one cares to enquire into all the different doctrines that are taught, or even to burden his memory with their names.

One would be surprised that so many denominations can continue to exist, did not a little consideration make the matter plain enough. No unmixed error can live long. All men are agreed upon its extermination. The good will have none of it, as they cannot tolerate what is false; while all others shun it, as something to accept which would bring discredit upon themselves. The only reason any denomination lives, is because there are some truths at the bottom of it. Rome would not be the power she is to-day, if what Protestants consider her error were not underlaid by a great substratum of truth. Mormonism would not have succeeded even as it has, were not some truths mixed up with its gross errors, and did not its teachers claim more and so deceive their followers. It seems too, to be a law that the greater amount of truth a denomination contains, the greater the probability, not only of its continuance, but of its ultimate success. Time, however, will bring the right to the surface, and though it is impossible now to predict when or how it will come, there will undoubtedly come a day, when, as a reaction to the present manifold divisions of Christendom, there will be a drawing together of those who hold the most of God's truth to the absorption or utter exclusion from the faithful, of those who hold less; in short, when there will be, if not perfect unity, at least much more of it than we have at present.

Now, there is one fault common to all denominations. Some members however, in nearly all, we must believe to be free from it; but it is undoubtedly common to the mass in all. This is to put it briefly, that men adopt their creed first, and prove it afterwards. This may seem a strong assertion when we consider the thousands in the different denominations who are living in the faith of their fathers; but it is none the less true. We have nearly all done it. Which of us has taken down our Bibles at any time, procured all the works we could get *opposed* to the church in which we live, and calmly sat down to prove that our fathers were wrong in their religious views? Not many certainly. On the contrary, a great majority of mankind would look upon such a proposition with horror were it offered to them. And yet what is the philosophical way to arrive at truth in religion, as in all things else? Is it not to lay aside all prejudices of former training, or of surroundings past or present, and calmly comparing the different theories advanced by mankind (*i. e.*, man's relative interpretation of God's word), accept that which agrees best with God's word! In other words, take that which has the most of the absolute truth of the Bible in it? There is no doubt that it is, but the generality of Christians, far from doing this, are without question in the position represented by one or two typical individuals, a description of whom it may be well to consider.

Let us think of an acquaintance who has never changed his religion, and as Dr. Johnson says in his "Rambler," it is fair to judge others by ourselves—judge of his experience by our own. He was born, and perhaps baptized in a certain church. He grew up in it, and by his parents and Sunday-school teachers was taught the Bible as it is read through the spectacles of their denomination. Of course the Bible taught only what that denomination believed it to teach, and all this was unquestioningly accepted by the scholar. All the religious literature of the Sunday-school, or the church, or what he finds upon his father's book-shelves, corroborate this teaching, give their own version of the arguments of opponents, and demolish them as Samson smote the Philistines, hip and thigh, with great slaughter; this being all the easier to do, as the opponents are not there to answer for themselves. The acquaintances of the family usually belong to the same denomination, so that whenever the conversation turns upon religion, there is exact agreement upon the main doctrinal points, and upon the

sweeping denunciations of adversaries. Under such influences the youth becomes an adult. In six cases out of ten, his parents desire him to unite himself with their church. If he is religiously inclined, in nine cases out of ten he does this simply because he knows nothing whatever of any other. In a few instances the father says, thinking himself the most liberal-minded of mortals: "Now I have brought you up to our religion, but far be it from me to force you to join it; you can look about and choose for yourself." With equal consistency, if they lived in a country where English and French were spoken, he might say: "Now, my son, I have brought you up to speak English at home; you may have picked up a little French, but far be it from me to force you to speak English; you can choose for yourself." Just as if a young man, especially one engaged in business, after having his head filled with one set of theological ideas for twenty-one years, is going to throw them all aside, and join another church; give up one set of notions, and accept a complete set of new ones about which he knows nothing, unless strongly impelled to do so by some ulterior consideration. The result can easily be foreseen; he concludes to worship God as his fathers have done.

When he has come to this very natural determination, or perhaps before, he finds there is a good deal of religious discussion going on in the world. He sees other denominations around him, the members of which hold their opinions as firmly as he does his own. He meets them in his business, at the council boards, and in society. Religious discussions arise in which he takes part, but finding in some instances his own inadequacy, or in others, questions presented to his mind in a new light, he determines to read further. He does this, but not most generally by procuring the ablest works against his own side. He rather does his very best to prove the truth of his preconceived notions, never for a moment assuming the possibility of their being wrong. In other words, he has adopted his creed and now seeks to prove it. And yet such a man will enlarge upon the beauty of truth, and proclaim loudly that it is the first duty of every man to seek it. When you ask him, however, what religious truth is, he will gravely and sincerely inform you, that it is religion as taught and practised by the denomination to which he belongs.

Another man also adopts his creed and proves afterwards. This man has more regard for his worldly interests than anything else.

He sees there are some three or four so-called orthodox denominations, and he believes that out of them, all will be saved who do right. He wants to identify himself with one of them, and entirely irrespective of what any of them believes, begins to consider the momentous question. His cogitations will take something like the following form. That he was brought up to believe one thing at home, but he is no longer surrounded by the members of that church. Indeed there are not many of them in the place where he now lives, and such as are there, are not the most influential either in business or society. Clearly then, if he call himself one of them, it will be a losing speculation in many ways; so that one is disposed of. One other body he cannot and will not like, from early and deep-seated prejudice. There remain then two, and here some nice discrimination is necessary, for he does not wish to lose the countenance of either. But he must decide, finally does, and joins one of them. He now begins to fortify his mind with the opinions of the church of his adoption. He attends its worship and is pleased, or tries to be, with everything, because it is his interest to be so. He reads the works of their authors, and finds their arguments based upon the most irrefragable testimony, and the strongest principles of common sense. He wonders that he did not see this before, but does not consider that his interest has so opened his mind, that he could see it only now. And as in the other case, all this may be done with the utmost sincerity. For these typical representatives are not to be taken as designing hypocrites, who acted in this way knowingly: who coolly considered all the *pros* and *cons* of the question, knowing all the time what they were about. They are only men like the great mass of mankind, who do ten thousand things, without—not analyzing their motives—but without ever thinking of such a thing. We all know how hard it is to judge impartially of our own acts. We all know how rarely, in the course of a lifetime, before we act wrongly to attain a desired object, we say to ourselves plainly: "I am deliberately going to do wrong;" because a thing is so often not wrong if we do it ourselves, while it is plainly enough so when done by our neighbour. We can easily persuade ourselves that *we* were justified; but no amount of persuasion can ever make us believe our neighbour was. And consequently, if a man reason in the above manner, it does not appear the same to him as it would to another, calmly considering whether he was right

or wrong to reason in that way. Further, such thoughts are a man's most secret ones, which he would not intend his bosom friend to know, much less the world; while lastly, some men's minds could go through the whole process, and they would never be conscious of it at all. We have all met men who at first stoutly denied the fact of having an imputed thought in their minds, until driven in a corner by circumstantial evidence, when they allowed, since they believe the conclusion, that their minds must have passed through the only process which could have got them there, though they were not conscious of it at the time.

Now, as we have seen, these two are representative men. The first describes the great body of people in the world, who have never thought of changing their faith; the second, those who changed by interest, or simply yielded to the circumstances by which they were surrounded. There have been, and are, thousands of others who have changed from interested motives, as e. g. from marriage, a desire to form new associations, etc., etc.; but whatever the motive was, the truth is exemplified in them all: that they adopted their creed first and proved it afterwards. Even if at first, as we might naturally expect, they did not like much of what they saw, they brought themselves at least to tolerate it until habituated by use, they came to like it.

As a set-off to the great majority made up of the classes described above, we have a small minority. This is composed of two classes, the first of which are those who are in a denomination, because, after separating themselves from their prejudices as completely as possible, and comparing the best evidence against what they hold, with the best for it, and both of course with the Bible, they were fairly confirmed in their position. The second embraces those, who, after a fair and unprejudiced examination, and comparison of the doctrines of their denomination with others, came to the conclusion that theirs was not the one nearest the truth, and joined the one they thought was. Now, both of these are sincere seekers of the truth, and as such, if men of good judgment and philosophical temperament, are usually the most useful members a denomination can have. They are rooted and grounded in their faith, and as such, able to give an answer to every man that asks the reason of the hope that is in them. But how does a great part of the world look upon the latter of these classes? Either with a sneer for their instability, or with the enmity of

soldiers for deserters. Yet what a short-sighted judgment. But if such a man change, he must, and does do it regardless of the world's opinion. He will have the courage too, to face the opinion of the world, or the opposition of his friends, though he may do it with sorrow, and perhaps trembles to count the cost. And no charge is more frequently brought against such a one, than that of gross inconsistency, while no charge could be more unfounded. If all men were to be obliged to think in the future as they do to-day, with reference to relative knowledge, what becomes of progress and enlightenment. If we take an apt laborer from the street, and educate him, shall we blame him for giving up some or all of his former notions? Sincere seekers for truth then, we all ought to be, and not sincerely anxious to see our own denomination prevail without questioning whether it is right or wrong, simply because it is our denomination. And if one wished to discover whether he is in religion a bigot or a truth-seeker, let him ask himself directly this question: If future years prove that my denomination is not nearest the truth, would I be willing to see it sink into nothing that truth might prevail? If he cannot give this an affirmative answer, he would stand by what was proved to be error, because wedded to it, which is bigotry pure and simple. What are names in comparison with truth? What are Unitarianism, Methodism, Episcopalianism, Roman Catholicism, Presbyterianism or any other "ism," in comparison with truth. They are of man's devising, while truth is of God, and will remain when names are sunk in utter oblivion. And it may be repeated, that if it could be conclusively proved the whole truth could be found in any one of these, or by a fusion of several into one—a much more likely thing by the way—the man who would be unwilling to see the name of his particular church float away as a thing of the past, that this might be, would more than any other deserve to be called bigoted, and narrow-minded.

Here, then, we return to our former statement, that the evil common to all, is the adopting of our creed and the proving of it afterwards, instead of going directly to the Bible—as has been suggested—to learn what truth is, independently of former prejudices, and accepting that. Not an easy thing perhaps now; but is it affirming too much to say, that sooner or later, mankind must and will come to it? It is not a new thing either to propose. Thinking men have long ago seen that it would be the only

method to bring all to anything like agreement upon religious truth. And though it could not very well be done by the masses for various causes, it would yet be sufficient if done by their leaders, and those who have sufficient education to do it, as in time the great majority would of necessity follow. Those who are familiar with Locke will remember that this is much the same as he proposes in his "Conduct of the Understanding." He says* under the head of "Indifferency": "I have said above that we should keep a perfect indifferency for all opinions—not wish any of them true, or try to make them appear so—but being indifferent, receive and embrace them according as evidence, and that alone, gives the attestation of truth. They that do thus (*i. e.*, keep their minds indifferent to opinions, to be determined only by evidence) will always find the understanding has perception enough to distinguish between evidence and no evidence, betwixt plain and doubtful; and if they neither give nor refuse their assent but by that measure, they will be safe in the opinions they have. Which being perhaps but few, this caution will have also this good in it, that it will put them upon considering, and teach them the necessity of examining more than they do; without which the mind is but a receptacle of inconsistencies, not the store-house of truths. They that do not keep up this indifferency in themselves for all but truth—not supposed, but evidenced in themselves—put colored spectacles before their eyes, and look on things through false glasses, and then think themselves excused in following the false appearances which they themselves put upon them. I do not expect that by this way the assent should in every one be proportioned to the grounds and clearness wherewith every truth is capable to be made out, or that men should be perfectly kept from error; that is more than human nature can, by any means, be advanced to; I aim at no such unattainable privilege; I am only speaking of what they should do, who would deal fairly with their own minds, and make a right use of their faculties in the pursuit of truth; we fail them a great deal more than they fail us. It is mismanagement more than want of abilities that men have reason to complain of, and which they actually do complain of in those that differ from them. He that—by indifferency for all truth—suffers not his assent to go faster than his evidence, nor beyond it, will learn to examine, and examine

* Philosophical Works, Vol. I., p. 89.

fairly, instead of presuming, and nobody will be at a loss or in danger for want of embracing those truths which are necessary in his station and circumstances. In any other way but this, all the world are born to orthodoxy; they imbibe at first the allowed opinions of their country and party, and so never questioning their truth, not one of a hundred ever examines. *They are applauded for presuming they are in the right. He that considers is a foe to orthodoxy, because possibly he may deviate from some of the received doctrines there.* And thus men, without any industry or acquisition of their own, inherit local truths (for it is not the same everywhere), and are inured to assent without evidence. This influences further than is thought, for what one of a hundred of the zealous bigots, in all parties, ever examined the tenets he is so stiff in, or ever thought it his business or duty so to do? *It is suspected of lukewarmness to suppose it necessary, and a tendency to apostacy to go about it.* And if a man can bring his mind once to be positive and fierce for positions whose evidence he has never once examined, and that in matters of greatest concernment to him, what shall keep him from this short and easy way of being in the right in cases of less moment? Thus we are taught to clothe our minds as we do our bodies, after the fashion in vogue, and it is accounted fantasticalness, or something worse, not to do so. This custom (which, who dares oppose?) makes the short-sighted bigots, and the warier sceptics, as far as it prevails; and those that break from it are in danger of heresy, for, taking the whole world, how much of it doth truth and orthodoxy possess together? Though it is by the last alone (which has the good luck to be everywhere) that error and heresy are judged of; for argument and evidence signify nothing in the case, and excuse nowhere, but are sure to be borne down in all societies by the infallible orthodoxy of the place. "Whether this be the way to truth and right assent, let the opinions that take place, and prescribe in the several habitable parts of the earth, declare. I never saw any reason yet why truth might not be trusted on its own evidence: I am sure if that be not able to support it, there is no fence against error, and then truth and falsehood are but names that stand for the same things." But perhaps it may be objected that to follow this advice would disintegrate all denominations, and send men running about from one to another, as all cannot form correct judgments. It may be replied that to seek truth for

its own sake, is not proposed to the masses, but to their leaders, who would in time take the masses with them. And suppose it did disintegrate denominations, no matter whose, ours or anybody else's, what difference would that make? Is their peace or safety of more value than truth? Is it to be kept down that this or that "ism" may not be disturbed? Or suppose it made thousands give up the religion of their fathers! This would be a positive blessing if it brought them nearer the truth than their fathers were. Our ancestors thought the world was flat. Are we to hold this, and stick to it because they thought so? Or are we not much better off in being nearer the truth, although we have done violence to their fond notion? Our ancestors, too, were subject to the Church of Rome. Ought we to have had no Reformation, lest men did violence to the teachings of their fathers? Let truth then prevail though the heavens fall.

But others may object to the proposal as too radical, or too protestant for men to examine denominational religious truth for themselves, and form a dispassionate judgment. They may say: "Ours is *the church*; hear it. Men have no right to form judgments for themselves upon such matters." But this is just the difficulty. All denominations say, either explicitly or implicitly: "We are the church, or at least a part of it; hear us." And in saying this, they tell all men only what the claimants for highest church authority must do in the end, to exercise their own judgments. For if a man tells us to hear the Church, or submit our judgment to the church, he asks us, only not in plain terms, to *exercise our judgment* to determine that his is the church, and then submit to it. But this is plainly exercising our own right of judgment—the very thing we are arguing for—only in another way. We say, seek or determine first, not the church, but truth; for when a man has determined that, he will have found the church to which mankind must ultimately turn, the church Christ intended when he founded His kingdom upon earth.

But can we expect any practical results from this proposal to seek truth independently of consequences? Most certainly. In the first place, men, instead of endeavoring to build up sectarianism, on the principle that their denomination is nearest the truth, and so submitting to, and being influenced by little sectarian feelings, would become searchers for truth, endeavoring to get at that, and therefore influenced by the great, broad feelings such a

search would inevitably engender. And it would certainly be better for all of us, if, instead of being so certain that all the religious truth to be possessed is already in our denomination, whatever it may be—in short, that we are absolutely right and all others wrong—we were not only better acquainted with the foundations upon which we have built this belief, but also with those upon which others, not agreeing with us, have built a belief exactly similar.

In the second place, were this proposal acted upon more generally than now, it would inevitably *tend* towards the unity or fusion of the christian denominations. We have seen that sects have increased to such an extent as to cause the most liberal minded to ask where it is to end. We know too that it is a common sneer with infidels, as well as intelligent heathens, that when Christendom is so divided, which section holds the truth, or the greatest part of it, which all alike claim to do. We may say also *en passant*, that the evil will be complete when each denomination undertakes to translate the Bible (as one has done already) in such a way, that it will express their peculiar tenets. Now the query is, which is the church? Then it will be which is the Bible. As we value God's Truth, let all denominations set their faces against such an attempt to undermine the very foundation of christendom, which would also separate them more widely from others than they were before, and make it more difficult to ever unite in the future. But men have grown tired of division. For a long time the tide has been ebbing, but the reaction has at last set in, and it has begun to flow. They have come to understand that we have already quite a sufficient number of denominations to regenerate the whole of Christendom, and heathendom too, for that matter, without any more being added. Years ago, when, for various causes, feelings ran high, as e. g. between Episcopalians and Presbyterians in the time of Laud, or the former and Wesleyans at the commencement of the present century; any one who spoke openly of union would have been pilloried or mobbed. Now there is a tolerably general desire for unity in all denominations. Maternal Rome, sighing for the good old days, is calling upon all her recreant children to return to the protection of her aged, but still vigorous arms. High churchmen, Romans, and Greeks, are praying for the reunion of the three great branches of the church Catholic. Churchmen high, low, and

broad, are hoping for unity with Nonconformists and Wesleyans. Evangelical Alliances, and Union Prayer Meetings look for greater unity as a result of their labors. Signs of it too have already appeared in the drawing together of the parts into wholes of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Episcopal Churches of the Dominion. And we may confidently expect greater results than these, though how they will come, it is impossible now to predict. One thing however is certain. If all could be brought to see the importance of truth over sectarianism, and impartially, and faithfully to seek it; a long step would be taken towards this desired union of Christendom.

A third result would be, that until this unity came, as it could never be the work of a day, such a search would broaden the views and increase the charity of all for each other. We often hear men, and educated men too, in speaking of this or that denomination, express their surprise at its existence, as they say, it has not an argumentative leg to stand upon. Depend upon it, if there was not a great deal of God's truth in them all, or most of them, especially in the so-called evangelical ones, they would not be what they are to-day. But men do not sufficiently believe this of each other, simply because they never try to act upon the advice of the familiar proverb: Put yourself in his place, and try to see how the truth appears from the standpoint of a neighbor. They hear, see, read, and think of their own side, and live and die in the fond belief, that if everybody who did not agree with them was not wilfully deceiving themselves, they certainly were very far astray.

In conclusion, it is not to be expected that the suggestion embodied in this article will be very generally taken up. It will reach but a limited number of readers. Indeed, if it came from the highest source, and was spread broadcast over the world, it could not be universally carried out in a given time. It would have to work its way slowly, as all truths have to do which conflict with long cherished notions, or old established customs. As Locke says also in the passage quoted above, it is scarcely to be expected that men will ever be perfectly kept free from error in this world. It embodies, however, matter for thought, and for action too, with the impartial aspirant for truth in religion as in all things else. Such, we have seen, all ought to be, and till men become such, the outlook for unity, in a human point of view, is but dark indeed.

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SONNET.

LEANDER o'er the billows nightly sped
That he might win a smile from Hero's eyes,
And when the waters closed above his head
She mourned his fate with pity's fondest sighs.
The roses on her cheek for sorrow fled—
A glory vanished from the earth and skies—
He nobly died to win a noble prize,
And long his fame has triumphed o'er the dead.
As he braved death to win his lady's smile,
I too would brave it for a smile from thee;
Were I to perish, wouldst't thou weep a while,
And sometimes heave a passing sigh for me,
Would fancy e'er present me to thy view,
And shade in my behalf thine eyes of blue.

JAMES YOUNG.

UNIVERSITY CONSOLIDATION.

SINCE the publication of our article on *University Education* in the *MARITIME MONTHLY* in July last, much has been said and written upon the subject. As a matter of course, great diversity of opinion has been expressed as to the practicability of the plan proposed. It is not our purpose in this article to notice, even in general terms, all the objections that have been raised to our proposed scheme of University Reform. All parties appear unanimous in the opinion that Collegiate education in these Maritime Provinces is capable of vast improvement. But the mode of accomplishing the desired object seems to be "an apple of discord" of no mean dimensions. The scheme sketched by us, and for which we claim no originality, has been entirely misapprehended in some quarters. This is cause for regret. For the purpose of explanation, and in consideration of the increased importance of the subject by reason of Mr. Goldwin Smith's recent utterances, we again venture before the public. Our friends in Ontario, or some of them at least, are looking forward to the time when all the Universities and Colleges of that Province shall be governed by a central authority.

Such a change we require in these Lower Provinces. We desire to see the power of conferring degrees, the regulation of matriculation and graduation, and the prescribing courses of study, now possessed in common by the various Colleges, placed in the hands and under the exclusive control of a central University Board. In other words, we would adopt the system of the University of London, and apply it, in all its essential integrity, in the administration of Collegiate instruction in these Provinces. The chief features of this plan we have already outlined, and it is unnecessary to reproduce them again. A critic in the *Halifax Herald* newspaper in January last takes strong ground against such a scheme of University Reform. We will allow the writer to speak for himself. He says:—

Let us suppose that the proper men have been selected, the board completely constituted, and in working order. As a matter of course, the standard of examination is higher than in any of our present Colleges. Well, we think we may predict that if the first examination were rigidly conducted, at least, one half the candidates would fail to pass, and this prediction we base upon statistics furnished by the University of London, the first board so constituted. The more efficient and thorough the working of the scheme, the larger would be the per centage of unsuccessful competitors. Yet this result would not necessarily prove the inefficiency of our College instruction. Does it not rather clearly lead to the conclusion that you cannot separate examination, except of the most general character, from class drill and method. When all our Colleges adopt a uniform curriculum of studies, then will the result be different, and a fair trial of strength and efficiency be expected. As we stand at present, each College laying down its curriculum, prescribing different textbooks, and adopting peculiar modes of instruction, an examining board which shall give general satisfaction, is impossible, and candidates could only hope for success when they had prepared themselves by special study outside their College course. Many other objections might be advanced against this scheme; the College sending the largest per centage of successful candidates would, in course of time, drain the weaker Colleges of their attendance; that the only ground for the degree of the Central Board possessing any more value than the College degree would be supposed impartiality, and this being continually assailed would give rise to great discontent: that the expense of maintaining the machinery would be a needless one, when existing Collegiate boards could perform its office just as well, but we have not space to enlarge upon these. The scheme, we are of opinion, is wholly impracticable, and would afford no relief from our present difficulty.

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No doubt the writer of the above quotation imagined he was arguing on sound premisses, and had reached a conclusion wholly unassailable. As a fancy sketch it is unique of its kind. We supposed the desire among the friends of higher education was to elevate the standard of Collegiate training. Can it therefore be a valid argument against the scheme, that "if the first examination were rigidly conducted, at least one-half the candidates would fail to pass?" Herein we have a powerful argument for the immediate acceptance of this reform. It clearly shows that while some Colleges may be rigid in examination and drill, others are lax, and that the same degree from our Provincial Colleges, as at present existing, may mean very different things. No one proposes to "separate examination," in the new order of things, "from class drill and method." The University Senate would prescribe a common curriculum, and as in the case of the University of London, the students from all the Colleges would undergo precisely the same examination. The text books as a matter of course, in a common curriculum, would be the same. Candidates under such circumstances "could only hope for success" when they deserved it; and in such a "fair trial of strength," the public could judge of the relative merits of the different Colleges. The "other objections" urged against this proposed reform are of the most novel character. Why should not the "College sending the largest per centage of successful candidates" stand the highest in the public estimation? Must we continue our present system, or some other akin to it, to protract the feeble existence of an inefficient College? Such a rivalry would, on the contrary, infuse fresh life into the entire Collegiate system of our Provinces. The great schools of England—Winchester, Eton and Rugby—the nurseries of the Universities—plainly teach us that honorable rivalry is a spur to effective effort. The University of Oxford is nothing but a Federation of Colleges. We quote from one who was at one time a distinguished Professor there—Goldwin Smith. He says: "Each College is a separate institution for the purposes of instruction and discipline, has its own governing body, consisting of a Head (variously styled President, Principal, Warden, Provost, Master—and in the case of Christchurch—Dean) and Fellows; its own endowments, its own library, lecture rooms, and dining-hall; its own domestic chapel, where service is performed by its own domestic chaplains. Each has its own code of Statutes, and

the power subject to those Statutes, of making laws for itself. The College instructors, called Tutors, are generally chosen from the number of the Fellows, as are also the administrators of College discipline, called Deans and Censors. All the members of the Colleges are members of the University, and subject to University government and laws. The University holds the public examinations and confers the degrees." We want a Federal system in these Provinces, and we want all the examinations conducted, and all the degrees conferred, by the central authority. We do not believe the calamities predicted from the inauguration of such a system would ever be experienced. Benefits instead of drawbacks—sound and enthusiastic scholarship instead of indifferentism and smattering would assuredly flow from the new system. All the Colleges at Oxford—and there are we believe twenty-four—after centuries of experience, still continue to instruct students, notwithstanding the rivalries among them, and notwithstanding the grave assurances of the critic of the *Herald* newspaper to the contrary. The writer however proposes a different plan. He concisely states it in the following terms:—

What we want is not such a nondescript thing as this paper University, but a well-endowed, thoroughly equipped and ably-officered institution, a University non-sectarian and free from all theological teaching, to which all classes and religions might flock, and of which every man of education in the Provinces might be proud; one embodying the broad and catholic spirit of the higher education, and such a University we hope yet to see, although, we fear, much time may elapse before the fulfilment of our hopes.

We think the writer has scarcely done justice to his "broad and catholic spirit" in the manner he has written. All the friends of the higher education have a common object—the advancement of Collegiate culture. All plans of reform should be considered attentively, and discussed calmly and dispassionately. We are told somewhere in classic fable, that Jupiter's irate nod struck terror into the hearts of all the other Olympic Gods. Under such circumstances it was cruel for Jove to nod, except for good cause shewn. We likewise think it unfair in a controversy of this kind for this writer to hurl at his opponents' heads such intimidating and keen-edged epithets as "nondescript thing" and "paper university." It is consolatory however to know that these polished shafts, by frequent use, have become much blunted and broken. They have been used indiscriminately

by the rank that now t opinion as Pyrrhus.

But what possess over inference from raise the star ment, if rig the candidat unless it giv more compr jealous watch the Federal materially up kind we mus affairs as we can be accom out the syst them, and ex be compelled Those power America Act, them of such ing with this antagonism Such a Colle denomination

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by the rank and file of the opponents of the Federal system, so that now they make about as much impression upon public opinion as did the spear of the aged Priam upon the shield of Pyrrhus.

But what advantages will a centralized, teaching University possess over one similar to the London University? The fair inference from our friend's remarks is, that it is not intended to raise the standard of matriculation or graduation, as such a movement, if rigidly carried out, would cause about fifty per cent. of the candidates to be "plucked." We want no University reform unless it gives the country a higher standard of matriculation—a more comprehensive and enlarged course of study, and more jealous watchfulness in awarding degrees. All this can be had by the Federal system, at a trifling expense, and without trenching materially upon chartered rights. In advocating measures of this kind we must look facts square in the face. We must deal with affairs as we find them. We believe more real Collegiate work can be accomplished by adopting present Colleges, and by working out the system by their hearty co-operation, than by ignoring them, and erecting a central College. Existing Colleges cannot be compelled to give up the University powers they now possess. Those powers are guaranteed to them under the British North America Act, and nothing less than an Imperial Act can deprive them of such powers. It is well to remember these facts in dealing with this question. The erection of a central University in antagonism to present Colleges would only meet with disaster. Such a College should have the hearty support of the religious denominations to be a success.

We have referred to these matters, and the observations of the writer in the *Herald* newspaper, at length, because they cover the whole field of discussion, and are identical with those used by all the advocates of a central teaching University. The first quotation from his letter shows plainly that he has not properly understood the Federal system. A more intimate and intelligent acquaintance will, we hope, commend it to his favorable consideration.

Thus far but little has been done towards effecting any reforms in University matters. Each College has been content to move along in its own way, unmindful of the existence of kindred corporations. Not only so, but in some quarters it appears to be

fashionable for friends and officials in referring to sister Colleges, to do so in terms of unmerited disparagement. Such an indulgence should be deprecated by all right thinking friends of higher education. An effort was made last year on the part of Dalhousie College, at Halifax to assemble a convention of Committees from all the Colleges of Nova Scotia, and from Sackville, N. B., to take such steps as would be necessary "to form one general University for education in the Arts by the concentration of the talents of the different Faculties, and its invariable results the gathering together of students in large numbers." That our readers may clearly understand the full scope of the question we give the circular entire. It is as follows:—

To the Board of Governors of Mount Allison College:

GENTLEMEN—The Governors of Dalhousie College being convinced that your honorable Board is as deeply interested in the subject of University Education, and in the condition of the several Colleges in this Province as themselves, have thought that a conference of Committees appointed by each Board might bring about valuable results. It has therefore been proposed to ask the several Boards of the different College corporations if they would kindly nominate some of the gentlemen composing such Boards to meet and confer on the advisability of endeavoring to form one general University for education in the Arts, by the concentration of the talents of the different Faculties, and its invariable results the gathering together of students in large numbers. The Governors of Dalhousie, in making the proposal, are firmly persuaded that a frank discussion of this important question by those most deeply interested and best qualified to judge of the present state and efficiency of our existing Colleges, and also to suggest improvements, would tend to produce some useful measure; and they now respectfully invite your Board to name a Committee of six for the purpose above mentioned, and further request that a reply be sent as soon as convenient, in order that if favorable a day may be named for such meeting.

We have the honor to be,

Yours respectfully,

W. YOUNG, *Chairman.*

GEO. THOMSON, *Secretary to the Governors of Dalhousie College.*
Halifax, May 14th, 1874.

This circular was, we believe, addressed to all the Nova Scotia Colleges, and also to the Mount Allison College. Acadia College, Wolfville, N. S., declined to enter into any discussion of the question, and refused to meet in convention. The Board of

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Governors of Mount Allison College, while willing to meet in convention to discuss "*all questions connected with the subject of University Education, with a view to secure what no doubt both Boards equally desire, true University Reform,*" refused to meet to discuss simply the best means of establishing a central teaching University. The reply from their Board to the Dalhousie circular will best explain the position assumed by them. It reads as follows:—

To the Board of Governors of Dalhousie College:

GENTLEMEN—The Board of Governors and Trustees of Mount Allison Wesleyan College, beg to acknowledge the receipt of your esteemed communication of 14th inst., and to assure your honorable Board that the suggestion therein made of a Conference of Committees, representing the governing bodies of our various Colleges, has received the attentive consideration of this Board. The Governors of Dalhousie College have formed a correct judgment of the interest taken by this Board in the subject of University education, and may ever rely on its willingness to co-operate with kindred corporations in measures designed to place such education on a firmer and broader basis. Appreciating the advantages likely to flow from a frank interchange of opinions among those to whom the guardianship of the interests of the different Colleges of our country has been committed, this Board cannot withhold an expression of its regret that the proposition emanating from your honorable Board does not seem to provide on impartial grounds for such conference and deliberation. The only question submitted by the Governors of Dalhousie College for consideration at the proposed Convention of Committees, is "the advisability of endeavoring to form one general University for Education in the Arts." This Board would carefully refrain from drawing an illegitimate inference from the phraseology herein employed, but simply interpreting it by the public utterances and published writings of distinguished and official members of your honorable Board, it would respectfully decline as inconsistent with its own honor, to approach under invidious circumstances the discussion of such a question. This Board would venture to suggest that the subject indicated for discussion by your honorable Board, seems to presuppose the settlement in a manner adverse to the views of the friends of Mount Allison College, of a question which has elicited much discussion among the friends of advanced Education in our country, namely, that as to the comparative merits, as schemes of University Reform of a supreme degree, conferring University with affiliated branches on the one hand, and such a centralized College as that sketched in the proposal of your honorable Board on the other. Believing, as this Board does, that the former would work a vast improvement in our Educational system,

invigorating the various affiliated Colleges, and regulating by impartial examinations and common standards the entire higher education of the country, and believing that so far from the question being settled in the public mind prejudicially to the views entertained by this Board, the plan recommended by your honorable Board is regarded by the great majority of the friends of Collegiate Education as impolitic, if not impracticable, it finds herein another insuperable objection to the proposed Conference.

Should your honorable Board see fit to enlarge and generalize the sphere of discussion, so as to embrace all questions connected with the subject of University Education, with a view to secure what no doubt both Boards equally desire, true University Reform, your honorable Board may be assured of the cordial concurrence and co-operation of the Board of Trustees and Governors of Mount Allison Wesleyan College.

Signed on behalf of the Board.

Sackville, May 29th, 1874.

We think the Board of Governors of Mount Allison College could not consistently have pursued any other course. The friends of the College had previously expressed a preference for the Federal system, and it could hardly be expected they would, without deliberation and discussion, abandon what they believed to be correct views. The Governors of Dalhousie should not have expected it. If a convention of the Collegiate authorities of the Provinces is to be held, the field of discussion should not be circumscribed; the settlement of no question should be presupposed; the amplest and most unrestricted latitude should be allowed. A convention, upon a narrow or sectional basis, would prove worthless. The very object of a convention is to glean from the conflicting views of the many a scheme satisfactory, at least, to the majority. It is therefore a matter of regret that the Dalhousie circular of May, 1874, did not ask for a convention to discuss this question of reform in the most enlarged and comprehensive manner. At the convocation of Dalhousie College, held at Argyle Hall, in the City of Halifax, on Tuesday, November 2nd, 1874, Prof. Lyall and Sir William Young, Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, were the principal speakers. For the purpose we have in hand, it is not necessary to refer to Prof. Lyall's address on that occasion, except it be to notice a very remarkable conclusion arrived at by the learned Professor, from exceedingly curious data. He says: "In looking over the calendar of King's College, Windsor, I find no place assigned to the mental sciences, except it be logic, and the same,

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I believe, is the case, even without this exception, with other Colleges as well." How Prof. Lyall reached such a conclusion after "looking over the calendar of King's College, Windsor," is beyond our comprehension. The utterances of College Professors, upon educational subjects, are supposed to be founded upon something more reliable than illogical inferences. We do not refer to this matter in any captious or carping spirit; not for the purpose of wounding any person's feelings, for "Homer sometimes nods;" but for the purpose of pointing out the pressing need of public educators becoming better acquainted with each other, and better acquainted with the work and progress of the various Colleges of the country. We wish more particularly to note some of the observations of His Lordship, the learned Chief Justice of Nova Scotia. After referring to the depreciated value of degrees, and the unsatisfactory state of Collegiate education, Sir William Young says:—

"Such being the state of affairs, the Governors at the instance of one of their own body, not a Presbyterian, but with their unanimous approval, addressed a circular in May last to the other five institutions, suggesting the advisability of endeavoring to form one general University for education in the Arts, by the concentration of the talents of the different faculties, and the gathering together of large numbers of students, and respectfully inviting the several Boards to name a Committee of six to meet a similar Committee from our Board, and to enter on a frank discussion of this important question, and an enquiry into the present state and efficiency of the present Colleges as they now exist. * * * * Yet none of the other bodies would move, and no conference as yet has been held. The causes of this apparent apathy I shall not enquire into; they lie in fact upon the surface, and nothing but an enlightened public opinion will sweep them away. But I thought it necessary to vindicate the good faith of Dalhousie, and justify our move, as a move in the right direction."

Sir William Young, on that occasion, no doubt by his acknowledged powers of oratory and classic diction, produced a powerful impression in favor of the progressive spirit of Dalhousie. We think however he should have given both sides of the question with judicial exactness. We assure the learned Chief Justice, that we mean no offence, but we cannot forbear remarking, that in our opinion, he has not stated the case as fairly as the facts warrant. As Chairman of the Board of Governors of Dalhousie College the entire correspondence must have been before him. No man knows

better than he, the nature and the sources of the differences of opinion upon University Reform. The fair inference from his remark "Yet none of the other bodies would move," surely is, that none of the other Colleges would meet in convention to discuss this question. He should have told his audience that the "frank discussion" was not to deliberate upon the whole "situation" of Collegiate training—a thing desired by Mount Allison College—but was merely to devise means of carrying out the scheme outlined in the Dalhousie circular, and previously concluded upon by its Board of Governors. When one reads the circular and the reply together it becomes apparent that there are others beyond Dalhousie who are eager for reform. The assertion therefore that "none of the other bodies would move," is erroneous, so far at least as *one* of the Colleges is concerned. We cannot understand why Chief Justice Young should state that the University of London is a "splendid failure." Is it to discourage the attempt to introduce a similar system of University administration into the Maritime Provinces? Wherein is it a splendid failure? Not certainly in its great schools of Medicine, Law and Arts. The University of London had enrolled upon its Register in 1874, fully *three thousand students*. A splendid failure, certainly! The Chief Justice hopes, ere he dies, (which we sincerely trust may be a long distance in the future) "to see a University suitably endowed and equipped, not for this Province (Nova Scotia) alone, but for the united Maritime Provinces, which may bear some comparison with the splendid structure at Toronto, and the eminent success which McGill College at Montreal owes in great measure to the reputation and talents of our distinguished countryman, Dr. Dawson."

It does not appear to have occurred to Chief Justice Young that "the splendid structure at Toronto" is *one* of the Institutions in connexion with the University of London as to degrees in Arts and Laws; and that McGill College is *one* of the Institutions from which that University receives certificates for degrees in medicine. If all these facts had been stated to those assembled in Argyle Hall on the occasion in question, in that happy and forcible way, peculiar to Chief Justice Young, and which we despair of imitating, we think the majority would have differed from His Lordship as to the merits of the University of London.

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and ably officered University. A country, to possess distinguished seats of learning, must be populous and wealthy. The Universities of Great Britain have grown from small beginnings.

Harvard College began its existence with the foundation of the colony of Massachusetts Bay. Originally founded by the Rev. John Harvard, who came over from England, and who gave one half his fortune—about £700—to start the College, its struggles were great, but it surmounted them all. If old President Dunster could look upon the Harvard of to-day, and compare it with that of his own time, great indeed would be his surprise and delight. It has required nearly two centuries and a half to bring Harvard up to its present standard, and it has grown with the wealth and population of the country. Population and wealth are necessary forces in founding and maintaining great and efficient seats of learning. Our Maritime Provinces are confessedly too poor and too sparsely populated to rival older and wealthier countries in University standing. Thus far our young country has fairly met the educational requirements of those of our people disposed to patronize them. It is true we are demanding every year greater efficiency, especially in the scientific and mechanical departments. But this restless eagerness to belittle existing Colleges—to ignore the work they have and are doing—is both ungenerous and impolitic. In this country we have as yet no class devoted exclusively to literary pursuits. History informs us that people first provide for physical wants, and after these are supplied, or the means acquired for supplying them, the mental wants are attended to. We are not defending the policy, but merely stating the fact. It is our custom to cherish and venerate anything and everything connected with the motherland. In referring to her Universities, we do so with a kind of reverential awe, and we had almost written, with bated breath.

We have, however, the authority of Dr. McCosh for the assertion that the average American student is quite equal to the "pass" men of the English Universities. The prize men of course study longer, have greater advantages, and necessarily should be finer scholars than our own. This remark only applies to the period of graduation, not subsequently to that time. It is now for us to try and meet the growing educational wants of our Provinces, and by a proper system of University Reform make provision for those students who wish to pursue special courses of study.

At the same time, in attempting this, we must be practical, not visionary. We must adopt a system that will be indefinitely expansive, and capable of adapting itself to the growing wants and population of our country; a system that will bring Collegiate training within the reach of the greatest possible number. We believe the Federal system will best meet these requirements. But we do not wish to conclude the question without discussion. A "frank discussion" of this question in Convention, representing all the Colleges, or as many as would consent to be represented, would be the best means of arriving at a conclusion. We would suggest the advisability of Dalhousie issuing another circular to all the other Colleges, enlarging the basis of discussion. Nothing can better advance the cause of University reform than a friendly interchange of sentiment between the different Collegiate authorities. A spirit of antagonism can only result in injury to all concerned. Friendly co-operation would be more consistent with an enlarged and enlightened sentiment, and more in keeping with the great object of the higher education. We are content for the present to leave the solution of the problem of University Reform in the hands of the officials and friends of the different Colleges, feeling assured that by united effort, guided by intelligent counsels, the conclusions arrived at will be generally beneficial and satisfactory.

A. A. STOCKTON.

St. John, N. B., 27th April, 1875.

A VISIT TO LONGFELLOW.

BY ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

(Continued.)

LOWELL, in that commemorative poem of his, (you will say I borrow a good deal, reader,) which was sent home from Italy after the death of Agassiz, makes such mention of Hawthorne as, at this point, I have no heart to disregard. After enriching his canvass, so to speak, with portraits to the life of several literary lights, wont to club at Boston, he dips his pencil in the colors once more, and with a few master strokes the departed is before us:—

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And seen as clear, albeit with dimmer eyes ;
First he from sympathy still held apart
By shrinking over-eagerness of heart,
Cloud charged with searching fire, whose shadow's sweeps
Heightened mean things with sense of brooding ill,
And steeped in doom familiar field and hill,—
New England's poet, soul reserved and deep,
November's nature with a name of May,
Whom high o'er Concord's plains we laid to sleep,
While orchards mocked us in their white array
And building robins wondered at our tears,
Snatched in his prime, the shape august
That should have stood unbent 'neath fourscore years,
The noble head, the eyes of furtive trust,
All gone to speechless dust.”

And Bryant,—the hale and white haired man of fourscore winters, whose song is yet unbroken,—we spoke of him; and I found that he holds the same high place in his brother poet's affections that he does in almost everybody's. No critic dare deny the beauty of his verse. He is, as he has been justly termed, the Wordsworth of America; but with golden secrets, stolen from Nature that the bard of Cumberland never knew.

Not only has Longfellow chosen his friends from among the ablest and noblest men of his own country; but he has a high and warm regard for many representative writers in other lands. Not only is he familiar with the “Home of the Free”—its dark and teeming forests, its lofty hills, its noble rivers, its boundless lakes, its sweeping plains, its dusky races, its traditions, its histories, its customs and laws; but he is broadly and thoroughly acquainted with the climes beyond the sea. He is not a travelled fop, just back from Paris; but a cosmopolite in experience, a genius in power, a scholar in culture, a gentleman in finish and bearing, a patriot in native sympathy, and withal, a true American man, venerating and conserving the institutions of his fathers.

Mind may go anywhere; and, without any dangerous conjuring, it may transport us to the world beyond the ocean, while we go with our poet on some of his classic pilgrimages. He will be like the migrating birds,—here for a season and then away; so if we cannot endure the fatigue of journeying, we may have the shorter distance to go. We may espy him at some Swedish inn, amid the long, beautiful northern twilight, lighting his pipe, or imbibing

with the nut-brown ale the rich aroma of old Norse legends. Or we may come suddenly upon him over in a neighboring province—it may be in Andersen's home, listening, with growing rapture, to some new poem or story recited in the Danish tongue. Or we may see him far away, walking by the silvery marge of the "castled Rhine," amid the soft enchantment of a shadowy evening-tide; or gazing up at the awful forms of Blanc and Jura from the sheltered bosom of Lake Lemman. Again we may find him, in a mood of rapturous wakefulness, in some upper chamber of the Fleur-de-Blé, of the old Flemish city of Bruges, listening to the sound of tramping feet on the pavement below, and the bells in the market-place belfry, pealing a musical carillon into the "drowsy ear of night." At another time, in the venerable city of Nuremberg, we may see him pacing its streets and court-yards, reading the rich histories of departing greatness; or gazing beyond in the direction of "the blue Franconian mountains," musing upon the untravelled leagues lying beyond them. Ah! where has he been, on this fair earth, that we should want to go? Well may he say in his little song from the German:

"A youth, light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world;
Here, Arab-like is pitched my tent,
And straight again is furled."

And his Oriental travels and acquirements have been no less varied and extensive. The language and literature of the East are as familiar to him as are the countries to which they belong. If you must have it, take it in the language of the Quaker poet. In his verse, our traveller is spoken of as one

"Whose Arab face was tanned
By tropic sun, and boreal frost,
So travelled, there was scarce a land
Or people left him to exhaust;
In idling mood had from him hurled
The poor squeezed orange of the world,
And in the tent-shade, as beneath a palm,
Smoked cross-legged like a Turk, in Oriental calm.

"The very waves that washed the sand
Below him, he had seen before
Whitening the Scandinavian strand
And sultry Mauritanian shore.
From ice-rimmed isles, from summer seas,
Palm-fringed, they bore him messages;
He heard the plaintive Nubian songs again,
And mule-bells tinkling down the mountain paths of Spain.

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“His memory round the ransacked earth
On Ariel's girdle slid at ease;
And, instant, to the valley's girth
Of mountains, spice-isles of the seas,
Faith flowered in minster stones, Art's guess
At truth and beauty, found access;
Yet loved the while, that free cosmopolite,
—Old friends, old ways, and kept his boyhood's dreams in sight.”

And what food for reflection must these varied and comprehensive experiences yield to his contemplative hours; since he has come to the time when memory waits on man with her richest treasures! Verily, though indeed “out of humanity's reach,” he could not feel alone; for his isle of banishment would become peopled with the great of every nation and clime. How can he, with genius for the adornment of any theme, want the germ of a book or poem? It must be time and inclination, and not memory, that would fail him. And what a biography may hereafter be written of him, by one competent! A biography replete with incident and adventure, as well as personal and literary interest.

He had, during his last visit to England, been at Farringford, and had spent a memorable week with Tennyson. He told me that the Laureate had a delightful home; and that, when he was pleased, he could be a very agreeable companion, and that he enjoyed his society. Tennyson does not lavish his sentimentalities upon every one who may put himself into his company, nor does he on all occasions give evidence of the warmth that is in his nature; but when the sunny summer spirit that our Western Singer brings with him, came breathing around him, the ice gave way, and it was in his soul, as it is with one of his own island dells when the brooks begin to ripple and the birds to sing. Some have spoken slightly of Tennyson's social qualities, and have gone out of their way to lead us into the feeling that he is a boorish, bigoted, self-centred, repellant person. When we are reading such accounts we need to reserve our own opinion; and, since the Devil himself, it is said, is not so black as he is painted, we may justly make a slight allowance for other people. There is another chapter of the story, which somebody with tender corns was not dispassionate enough to relate. Every man has his moods, so we cannot refuse to expect them in one of fine tastes and exquisite sensibilities. And when an author's privacy is invaded, at a time when his brains are upon the rack—particu-

larly when he is such an inveterate worker as Tennyson—the intruder should be sparing of his complaints, though he be not received very sweetly. I have read an account of this kind, claiming to be authentic, of an interview between Charles Sumner and the English bard, which was not of the pleasantest nature. But Sumner should have surveyed his idol at a distance. They were both lions,—self-poised and unyieldingly positive,—and were sure to put one or the other shamefully out of countenance. This is one of the disadvantages of paying visits to the great.

I remember how I advanced the ill-grounded opinion that the literature of the previous age was richer than that of our own—not only in the number of authors, but in the quality of what they wrote; and that I should have been delighted to have been alive in that halcyon era, when anybody, who wrote verses could be a poet. The indulgent Professor smiled at my wisdom, and replied in his placid way that it was natural for us, without proper inquiry, to esteem the past as more valuable, or as more favorable to one's self than the present. It was an instance in which "Distance lends enchantment to the view." He thought that one of the representative poets would hereafter be cited, as belonging to this age; and that we undoubtedly had, in its broadest scope, as pure, as healthy, as life-ennobling a literature as could be found in any age of the world's history.

Longfellow became acquainted with the later works of many of the great writers of the past century at the time of their first appearance; particularly the marvellous creations of the "Wizard of the North." He read them, one by one, as they appeared, with supreme delight; and he professes the highest veneration for their famous author. I dare say he has been at Abbotsford, to forget himself among the relics and domains which are hallowed by the memory of Scott; and that his feet have trodden among the sacred shades of Dryburgh, where the Scottish master is buried. The books in which we trace the lives of Moore, and Wilson, and Wordsworth, and Rogers, and Campbell have a pleasant familiarity to his mind; and I doubt not he may have seen some of these authors in their later years.

Of course he delights in Shakespeare—and does not think, as did the old Cokermonth poet, that he can rival Nature's royal bard. He spoke with unwonted interest about that splendid genius of which a world is proud. He remarked, as I have often

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heard others do, upon those portions in which the dramatist is observed to nod—which, in comparison to other noble periods, are as gold to dross. He was given to indulge the fancy that Shakespeare never wrote them; but that they had been born of the beggarly brains of some kindred play-wright. He does not think that praise can be too extravagant—that admiration can yield too much—that greatness will ever eclipse him. He is ready to respond to the apostrophe of De Quincy:—"O mighty poet!—Thy works are not as those of other men; simply and merely great works of art; but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers—like frost and snow, rain and dew, hail-storm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert—but that, the further we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident!"

Our poet is not an irresistible wit, yet some times a gleam of humor will lighten his eye, and surround it with merry wrinkles; for he is cheery-hearted, and loves, now and then to season his conversation with a little pleasantry. I recollect we were talking about the art, and traditional mystery of typography, and the mistakes of frequent occurrence, by accident; sometimes escaping the eye of the most practised proof-reader. He thought we printers had, now and then, been secretly guilty of perpetrating such mistakes, as were laid on the shoulders of chance, especially when a happy opportunity occurred to make them appear amusing; and he mentioned several that he had observed, which were very ridiculous. You want to hear them, do you? Well, I should be sorry to have my statements doubted, but I have so much upon my mind, that I shall not be able to oblige you with them now.

Longfellow has, likewise, just enough of the antiquarian, or the archæologist, about him to inspire a taste and veneration for old classical manuscripts, ancient books, rare specimens of printing and binding,—aye, start not reader,—it may be even the *black letter* volumes of baleful, mystical lore! The Germans and Italians, you well know, are *par excellence*, the artists in typography. He brought out of their hermetic seclusion several dark, broad, massive, portfolio-like volumes, the work of a noted Italian

printer, which he said were some of his most valued treasures. One, which contained the Lord's Prayer in a most incredible number of languages, I examined quite closely, and with interest. As an exhibit of typographical skill, I had seen nothing like it before, and I have seen nothing since. The paper was of the most substantial texture and the most exquisite finish. The prayer, in each respective language, was printed in the centre of the page, from a richly beautiful black-faced letter, leaving more than half the page in margin, the satin-white purity of which it were shame to tarnish with pen or pencil. These books, from the nature of the case, must have been expensive, being printed as curiosities (showing the perfection of the art) and in limited numbers.

At this juncture supper was announced, and after having declined, protested, and made suitable excuses, I followed my host to the table.

(To be continued.)

ORIGIN OF THE ACADIANS.

BY P. S. POIRIER, OTTAWA.

[TRANSLATED FOR THE MARITIME MONTHLY.]

(Continued)

THE ninth of August, 1689, the siege of Pemaquid, a very important fort of New England, began. The besiegers were Abenakis, headed, doubtless, by the Baron St. Castin. Before the battle they all prepared themselves for death. Two leagues from Pemaquid they all fell on their knees, prayed a short time, and, then rising, made the forest ring with their wild war-whoop. Nothing could resist their fury. Immediately twelve stone houses were taken, and the governor, seeing no other means of safety, asked to surrender. The chiefs granted the besieged their lives, and promised that no one would be molested. That they might not forget their word of honor, they opened a barrel of brandy and allowed the contents to drench the soil, the old men of the tribe having warned their enemies that if their young warriors should taste the liquor, there would be no means of restraining them.* These were the Indians with whom St. Castin spent his life.

* Ferland, Vol. II., pp. 191-2.

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§ Shea, Catholic

Are more formal proofs of St. Castin's purity of intention needed? "M. de St. Castin asks for a missionary for Pentagoët, where he resides. He is of a very good disposition, and is deserving of all aid. We are under great obligations to him here. As he is well off* and generous, he often gives considerable alms to our church, which, without his aid, would be very poor. I never enter it without thinking of him. When he comes here, as he usually does twice a year, it affords him much pleasure to assist at Mass."† Is it necessary to produce proofs from his enemies to be convinced of the example of integrity and charity our young hero offered his adopted tribe? Let us listen to Joseph Williams, who thus writes in a memoir: "St. Castin has caused a chapel to be built within his fort itself. To his exertions must be attributed the implantation of Catholicism in the midst of the Terratins,"‡ or Abenakis, near Pentagoët.

This apostleship, in St. Castin's case, did not, doubtless, consist in his personal preaching; but in the care he took to procure constantly missionaries for the Indians of his tribe, and to prepare them by his example to receive the light of the Gospel. It was only at his repeated demand, that Mgr. Laval gave the Pentagoët mission permanent missionaries. Father Thury, during the twelve years he spent amongst this tribe, made their faith and their submission remarkable throughout the whole of North America. Their manners were as pure as their faith was unchangeable, and the English did not succeed any better in detaching them from their religious belief than from the cause of France. At the death of Father Thury, in 1699, St. Castin obtained two other missionaries to take his place, Fathers Gaulin and Rageot. They remained at Pentagoët until 1703, when the Jesuits took charge of the mission. It was Father Rasle, "The greatest of the Abenakis missionaries," to use Shea's§ words, who came to continue Father Thury's work. He died a martyr to his zeal and devotion to his flock, in 1724; and his executioners were the murderers of Fathers Garreau and Breboeuf—a few Iroquois, aided by a large number of English. ||

* "I am assured that he has become heir to a fortune of five thousand livres annually in France," A. D. 1686.—*Letter of Denonville, Governor of Canada, to the Minister*, 2nd Series, Vol. V., pp. 297-8.

† *Letter of the Priest of Port Royal to the Bishop of Quebec, dated 22nd Oct., 1685.*

‡ Joseph Williams, *Maine Historical Society*, Vol. V., p. 111.

§ Shea, *Catholic Missions*, p. 157. || *Idem*, pp. 149-501, and all the historians.

Such were the spiritual and temporal guides of the Abenakis at Pentagoët: the missionaries and St. Castin. With leaders, whose ambition was so generous, whose severity with regard to the manner of living was so rigid, who shall dare maintain that a single Frenchman of Pentagoët led a licentious life—a life so much opposed to their habits? It may be true, as Rameau asserts, that one of St. Castin's followers married an Indian woman; but assuredly none of them renewed the adventure of Robert Gravé. The punishment Poutrincourt inflicted mercilessly on the young offender, would also have been meted out to evil-doers by the chief, St. Castin.*

His French followers were not as numerous as is generally supposed. Usually they joined his ranks to take part in an expedition or ambush, and as soon as the work was done they returned to their agricultural labors. Moreover, none of them were killed by the bullets of the English. The English took and pillaged his fort in 1688. "Church killed or took prisoners all the inhabitants of Pentagoët French and Indians, in 1704, so that not one, to his knowledge, escaped." Among the prisoners "was a daughter of St. Castin."

The fate of this captive shows us what must have been the lot of the other children of the Baron. They all perished during war, were led into captivity when they had no longer their brave father to protect them, and the English had become too powerful, or they went to Canada with the Abenakis in 1723-4, where they formed the missions of Beçancourt and St. François. It is, however, probable that some remained at Pentagoët, where neither proscription nor the sword of the enemy could reach them, young saplings growing amidst the ruins of the fort, whilst the great oaks had been felled by the storm. We find, in the office of the Secretary of State of Massachusetts, letters from Pentagoët, written by Joseph Dabidis de St. Castin, dated 1754;† and the Abbé Maurault says that about 1840, there arrived at the village of St. François (Canada), an Abenakis from Penobscot, whose name was St. Castin.‡ This corresponds very well with another more important fact: when Governor Pownal, in the year 1759, came to take possession of St. Castin's fort, he found it deserted and in

* Maine Historical Society, Vol. VI., p. 113.

† Maine Historical Society, Vol. VI., p. 113.

‡ Histoire des Abenakis, p. 150. "Penobscot or Pentagoët, now called Old Town."

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* One of St. Vaudeuil, after married the day 275. It is prob

† St. Castin w part of the Depa

‡ Garneau (Vo (p. 301) and Ma

ruins. This would seem to prove that the Baron's descendants had become entirely Abenakis, and were French only in name. However this may be, neither the father nor children were united to the French of Acadie by marriage,* as they only knew them on the battle-field, and were as much strangers to them as the inhabitants of Canada or of the Basses Pyrénées.† They possessed in common with the Acadians only the love of the same country, the same missionaries, the same interests to defend, and the same enemies to battle with. But their manner of living and their habits were as theirs as those of the Béarnais.

The Baron St. Castin's oldest son (Anselme) went to France in 1722 to secure the property of his father, who had just died, but, being unable to accommodate himself to the demands of a civilization to which he was not accustomed, and which was too confined for his aspirations, he returned to Pentagoët to live with his brethren the life of the forest.‡ Such was the lineage of the only Acadian French who married Indian women—Martin Lejeune, whose family became extinct without exercising any influence on the Acadians of Port Royal, Beaubassin, Minas and Baie Verte, who were the ancestors of the present race; Enaud, who was childless; St. Castin, of whom descendants are only to be found among the Abenakis; and Pierre Martin, mentioned in the census of 1671. These marriages, which, at first sight, promised a considerable blending of the Acadians and Abenakis, and, to a large extent, the falsification of the blood of the former, in the end, do not bring about any alteration. M. Rameau, in his genealogical researches, was, doubtless, convinced of this important fact, and, therefore, very prudently abstained from giving these marriages as the basis of the fusion of the two races, which he supposes to have taken place.

* One of St. Castin's sons, who afterwards became lieutenant in Acadie, under Vaudeuil, after the English had taken possession of it in 1710, according to Shea, married the daughter of a French officer.—*Shea*, note to Charlevoix, Book XX., p. 275. It is probable that this French officer was from Canada.

† St. Castin was a native of Oléron, in the ancient province of Bearn, now forming part of the Department of the Basse Pyrénées.

‡ Garneau (Vol. II., p. 109) says that he did not return to America, but Moreau (p. 301) and Maurault (p. 170) seem to me to be better informed.

X.—*From 1671 to 1713.*

STATE OF ACADIE—ENGLISH PIRATES—INDIANS—DIVERSE ACCUSATIONS—MISSIONARIES.

ALTHOUGH the French government had, in 1670-1, done something for Acadie, which was abandoned for nearly thirty years, the condition of the country was not much changed for the better, and the immigration from Europe did not contribute greatly to its developement. From 1686 to 1689, a considerable decrease took place. Port Royal, which at the former date had a population of five hundred and ninety-two souls, numbered only four hundred and sixty-one in 1689 and four hundred and eighty-five in 1703. We must, however, take into account the emigration from this place to the new French settlements of the Bay of Fundy, Cobeguit (Cobequid), Beaubassin and especially of Minas. Nothing could be more miserable than the state of Port Royal at this time. A garrison composed of thirty soldiers, huts of mean appearance, a church, a priest and a governor constituted the capital of Acadie at the end of the seventeenth century.* And the Bishop of Quebec, who made a short visit to these provinces in 1686, was not very favorably impressed with what he saw. Denonville, governor of Canada, writing shortly after to the Minister of Louis XIV., made use of the report of the Bishop, Mgr. de St. Valier, or rather changed the nature of it in order to make it agree with his plans for the amelioration of the country. "His Lordship," he writes, "has returned from Acadie . . . He will give you an account of the great disorders caused in the woods by the unfortunate libertines, who for a long time, have lived like the Indians, without doing anything towards cultivating the land.† I am informed there are hardly any Indians left, they having killed

* "Je reconnus des bords de l'onde
Que ce Port n'était pas le mieux nommé du monde."

Dierreville, Voyage en Acadie, 1699.

† At this same period the Acadians were, however, nearly as far advanced in agriculture as the Canadians, although they had yet hardly recovered from the consequences of English domination. The eight hundred and eighty-five individuals who formed the total population of the country had eight hundred and ninety-six acres of land cleared, nine hundred and eighty-six horned cattle, seven hundred and fifty-nine sheep, six hundred and eight pigs, etc; in Canada, where times were relatively good, there were twenty-four thousand four hundred and twenty-seven acres of land tilled, and only six hundred sheep, six thousand nine hundred and thirty-six horned cattle to a population of nine thousand seven hundred and ten.

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themselves by drinking brandy."* Besides the palpable exaggeration of this account, it is evident that Denonville confounds with the colonists of Acadie the fishermen wintering on the coasts and the traders of the southern coast, from Cape Sable to Chedabuctou;† and even then he is far from being exact. We will now quote the Bishop's account, based on the report of M. Petit, the priest then stationed at Port Royal. It is dated 1686, and reads thus: "The Acadians are a people of a peaceable character and inclined to piety, among whom swearing, drunkenness and immoral conduct are not to be remarked. I found them so on arriving here, (shortly after 1671), and still they had been fifteen or sixteen years without a priest under English rule."‡ Denonville's testimony is less valid, as, on the authority of its author himself, we are informed that it is based on the Bishop's report. That the Indians of Acadie were almost entirely exterminated at the time the governor writes, is in accordance with historical truth; that the Acadians, those of Port Royal especially, often lived in the woods, and neglected, at least a great number of them, the cultivation of the soil, is not so very surprising; but what is false, is that these same Indians *killed themselves with brandy*, and that the Acadians lived *like the Indians*.

Dierreville relates that, on arriving at Port Royal in 1699, the vessel in which he was, was taken by the inhabitants for a pirate. "Immediately every one of them retreated to the woods with their most precious effects." This is "the life of Indians," which the unfortunate Acadians led for two centuries in the land which they called their loved Acadie. Constantly exposed to the incursions of the Bostonians, to the reprisals of the English pirates, they were compelled to be ever on the watch, and always ready to seek safety in the woods at the approach of danger.§

* 2nd Series, Vol. V., pp. 259-60.—*Letter of Denonville to the Minister.*

† Near the Straits of Canso, to the East of Nova Scotia.

‡ Quoted by Ferland, Vol. VI., p. 152, etc.

§ The memory of these days of danger still survives among the Acadians. Often, during the long winter evenings, the children and grandchildren form a circle around the fire, and the grandfather, seated in their midst, relates to them, not without emotion, some episode of the times of misfortune and distress; the sudden arrival of an English pirate at a village, the women and children retreating to the woods with their valuables, the men remaining in the village to fight, and often obliged in their turn to seek the safety of the forest, where they remained a week, or a month, until the pirates, having destroyed what they could not carry away with them, had finally weighed anchor and disappeared.

We have already seen how, in 1674, a Flemish freebooter pillaged Pentagoët, making a prisoner of Chambly, and taking with them to Boston, Marson, whom they attacked and captured in his fort on the St. John. In consequence of this piratical act the whole of Acadie came into the hands of the English: Pentagoët then was the capital and the residence of the commander. Six years later, in 1680, Acadie was again subject to the Bostonians, who ravaged Pentagoët, St. John and Port Royal at the moment when Chambly had assumed the government of Canada. Andros and Randolph, during a pleasure excursion, surprised and sacked Pentagoët, in 1688. Two years later Phipps took possession of Acadie; Chedabouctou and Isle Percée were pillaged and burnt. At Port Royal the Indians had given the alarm, and the inhabitants were enabled to save themselves, with a portion of their effects, before the arrival of the English fleet. After two weeks, two freebooters suddenly fell upon the dismantled city, destroying or carrying away whatever had escaped Phipps' soldiers.

These piratical acts were not accomplished without a stout resistance on the part of the Acadians. A great many of their opponents fell each time under the fire of their muskets or the blows of their axes. They, too, were swept away by the bullets of their enemies. This will explain why Port Royal, which possessed five hundred and ninety-two inhabitants in 1686, only numbered four hundred and sixty-one in 1689. For their part, the Indians, in order to avenge their friends, went with St. Castin to carry death to the very heart of New England. The 13th and 14th of August, 1676, Pemaquid, New Harbor, Corbin's Sound and Widgins, very important forts and villages in the County of Devonshire, were devastated and burnt. Nothing could appease these redoubtable avengers, and the English of Sagadahock only obtained a truce on condition of paying them annual tribute.

Fresh incursions only occasioned fresh reprisals. The taking and sacking of Pentagoët by Andros, in 1688, was followed by the burning and destruction of Fort Charles and Jamestown by the Abenakis, and their chiefs, in the delirium of vengeance, exclaimed: "Give us two hundred French, and we will burn Boston." To recompense themselves for not burning the capital of New England, for want of the two hundred French, they attacked fourteen other forts of less importance, which they destroyed, and returned after making a frightful massacre of the English. Some

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* Brouillau to in nearly the same

years later, Chubb, another English governor, ordered some of their chiefs to be thrown into chains and slaughtered during a truce. They immediately dug up the hatchet with terrible fury, and carried death and destruction to Grotton, under the walls of Boston.

But these expeditions cost the lives of many of their warriors; and the English, better armed and more numerous, sometimes fearfully avenged themselves for their losses. Wallis and Bradford, with six companies of soldiers, exterminated in a single battle fought in 1799 on the banks of the Kennebec, seven hundred Abenakis. In another sense, they were not more spared by the French authorities, who lost no opportunity of inciting them to fight, and always placing them in the front ranks, thinking themselves justified in thus sacrificing them because they sent them periodically a few presents, which, for the most part, consisted of guns, powder and ball. The Abenakis took part in all their public and private quarrels; they were in all their expeditions, battles and assaults in Acadie, New England, Canada and Newfoundland. These endless wars of every description had so decimated them that, in 1703, Brouillau, Governor of Acadie, wrote to the French government, always prodigal of the blood of these devoted tribes: "It must not be supposed that the Indians can be assembled as you desire, in case of an attack by the English; they are scattered in places too diverse and distant to have them in two months."* Such was the real brandy, which killed the faithful allies of France—brandy, of which alas! they too often drank, owing to the egotism of the government.

Denonville's report had produced its effect at Court, not, it is true, by inducing the Grand Monarque to send soldiers, or even colonists, to Acadie, but it had alarmed the soul of the old man, or, according to the expression of his biographers, the sun at his setting.

There is one remarkable circumstance in connection with Acadie in its relations to France. It would seem that the kings, foreseeing the misfortunes of the unhappy colony, only thought of preparing a race of martyrs, whilst it would have been so easy to raise up a nation of conquerors; and, to justify themselves for shedding on every occasion the blood of the aborigines, they imagined they did enough when they furnished them with mis-

* Brouillau to the Minister, 3rd Series, Vol. II., p. 606. Governor Philipps wrote in nearly the same sense to Craggs in 1720: Nova Scotia Archives, p. 32.

sionaries, who had them always ready to die as well as to fight. We already know with what care priests and religions were sent to the first colonists to instruct them and evangelize the Indians; we know, too, what a careful choice was made not only of colonists, but also of Governors Poutrincourt and Biencourt, his son translating for the Indians the prayers and religious instructions of the missionaries; La Saussaye, Madame de Guercheville and the Jesuits jointly forming a settlement at St. Sauveur. When the Company of the Hundred Associates decided, in 1632, to form new settlements in Acadie, the governor sent out with a "chosen" colony was a saintly man, Razilly, Chevalier of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, as pious as he was a skilful sailor and an intrepid soldier.

We have seen how Latour was deprived of his rights and property in Acadie for pretended immoral conduct, and afterward reinstated when he had proved these accusations to be false. We have also said that the king in all his edicts, commissions, letters and notes to the governors recommended to them, more than all else, to work for the salvation of souls, for the conversion of the Indians, to see that the French gave them good example in every thing; we will now see, in answer to Denonville's report, the same orders and recommendations repeated.

(To be continued.)

Current Events.

A FRIEND, whose opinions we hold in high respect, suggested to us, after the publication of our April number, that we had, by our criticisms, laid ourselves open to the charge of unprovoked hostility to the Church of England. We cannot too emphatically disavow any such intention. We believe in free discussion, and candid criticism can do no harm. We have nothing to say against the Church of England, as a church. Our remarks have been aimed against her, as an Established Church, and against the Romish tendencies and exclusiveness sought to be imported within her pale by some of her officered members. Instead of cherishing feelings of hostility, we entertain feelings of high regard. The

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history and traditions of the Church are of an ennobling kind. She valiantly stood in the breach and fearlessly presented her breast as a bulwark against the flood of Romanism and despotism, which threatened, three centuries ago, to overwhelm in England, liberty of conscience and constitutional right. Her sons fought nobly and well against the tyranny of ecclesiastical and civil power. When we remember these things our heart warms towards the old Church. But our indignation cannot be repressed when we reflect that to-day she has traitors within her borders who would willingly lead her back to the iron despotism of Rome. Her innovations began over forty years ago, with Dr. Newman and the Oxford Tractmen. Sacredotalism, auricular confession and other Anti-Protestant doctrines and practices are we fear creeping into the Church and sapping her vitality. Against such doctrines, new in the creed of the Church, we intended to write, not against the Church herself.

THE Labor question is one which recently has forced itself prominently upon the notice of the people of St. John. Capitalists and employees of labor are deeply interested in this question. The Dominion of Canada has thus far been comparatively free from "strikes" and collisions between capital and labor. It is quite natural that such should be the case in this young country of ours. We look to the great centres of population and wealth, where large and varied manufacturing interests and industries exist, and have been long established, for Labor Unions and "lock-outs." We are all deeply interested in movements of this nature. The relation which should exist between capital and labor is a most delicate problem to determine. To adopt the phrase of Thomas Carlyle, "it is a thing of teeth and claws;" and we may rest assured that any contest between capital and labor will not only seriously interfere with the progress and prosperity of the locality in which it may happen, but will even have a sensible influence far beyond its borders. There is to-day a close inter-dependence between the commercial affairs of the nations. The world's commerce may be compared to a piece of delicate and highly polished machinery. A "lock-out" or a "strike," like a displaced cog, is sensibly felt throughout the entire system. Capital and labor should never be at enmity, one is entirely dependant upon the other. We have no sympathy with these

movements among various classes of laborers to form themselves into Protective Associations and Labor Unions. The result is the subjection of capital to the unjust and tyrannical demands of a few turbulent spirits, who manipulate and govern such organizations for selfish ends. We deem "free trade" in labor, as in merchandize, the only correct principle. The Laborers of St. John and throughout the Dominion may rely upon it, such a course will prove most prejudicial to themselves. * * *

Since penning the above remarks upon the Labor question, a most dastardly and malicious assault has been committed upon one of the merchants of the city of St. John. The firm of which the gentleman is a member, has been employing "rebels," so called, in loading and discharging vessels. This has created some irritation on the part of the Labor Union. Naturally, the public point to some members of the Union, as the parties concerned in the outrage. This charge has been indignantly denied by the Union.

We can only regret the occurrence, and happening as it does, it must cast considerable odium, unjustly it may be, upon a body of men banded together to control the labor market. Monopolies of all kinds and descriptions are contrary to the spirit of the age, they are opposed to progress, and should be put down with a strong hand.

A COPY of Mr. Jenkins's address before the Manchester Reform Club of England, upon The Great Dominion lies before us. It is a neatly printed pamphlet of thirty pages, from the press of Dawson Bros. of Montreal. Mr. Jenkins on the occasion of his address informed his hearers that the Dominion is within 150,000 square miles as large as the whole of Europe—and in extent of territory exceeding the United States, exclusive of Alaska by more than 400,000 square miles. Canada is the greatest colony in the world. Her three Maritime Provinces—P. E. Island, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—have a united area of 32,140,173 acres or more than 50,000 square miles with a population of 767,415, being only an average of 15½ persons to the square mile. Of the entire acreage, 25,500,000 acres are good for settlement, distributed as follows: New Brunswick 14,000,000; Nova Scotia 10,000,000; and P. E. Island 1,500,000. It is stated that 29,000,000 acres are yet forest lands, shewing the verge for immigration and development. The value of lumber exports for fiscal year

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ending June 1873, from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia was \$5,328,954. St. John, N. B. had 347,181 tons of shipping employed in carrying its export of wood. The shipping list of these Provinces is something to be proud of. Nova Scotia owns 430,000 tons; New Brunswick 300,000 tons; P. E. Island 40,000 tons, or about a ton of shipping for every inhabitant. St. John has the proud distinction of being the fourth ship owning town in the British Empire—surpassed only by London, Liverpool and Glasgow, and surpassing New York or Philadelphia. For the year 1873 the fish products amounted to \$9,060,000. The mineral wealth of the Provinces is large. Nearly 1,000 miles of railway are in operation and 545 miles more are in course of construction.

The Province of Quebec has an area of 193,355 square miles, or nearly 124,000,000 acres, with a population of only 1,191,500.

Ontario has a population of 1,620,850. In both of these great Provinces minerals abound.

Manitoba has an area of some 9,177,600 acres, all lying south of the latitude of London.

British Columbia, on the Pacific slope, is the last link in this chain of Provinces. Some of these links have yet to be forged out of the heart of the magnificent prairie lands west of Manitoba. A new Province was organized during the last session of the Dominion Parliament. It is stated that the Canadian Pacific Railway will bring New Westminster, in British Columbia, 500 miles nearer to London than San Francisco is now. The harbors of the last named Province are superior to any on the Pacific coast. In four years—from 1869 to 1873—the trade of the Dominion expanded from \$128,000,000 to \$217,304,516. In 1873, the total value of exports was \$90,610,573, and of imports \$126,586,523. Mr. Jenkins deals with political and other facts in a lucid and masterly manner. His little pamphlet must do good among the English people. The vast area of territory, the wonderful resources of the country, and the opportunity of honest industry securing independent fortunes, are handled in a manner that must astonish our English friends. The very fact that Canada is the greatest colony in the world is significant. Can young Canadians be blamed if their hopes beat high, and if their aspirations sometimes almost carry them in desire beyond the tutelage of mere colonists? We utter no disloyalty to the mother-

land. Whatever may betide, we will always love and venerate the old land, but surely the love for the old cannot chill our affection for the new. We have a magnificent country, we are inheritors of the traditions and forms of constitutional government given us by England. It is ours to preserve to Canada, at least, the proud distinction of being the greatest colony in the world.

Scrapiana.

WEARY.

WEARY, weary, weary,
 Weary, weary, he said!
 Ah, for the dreamless pillow,
 Ah, for the dreamless bed!
 Weary, weary, weary,
 He sighed as my path he crost:
 All that I hoped for is vanished,
 And all that I loved is lost.

I dreamed! but my dreams were ever
 The dreams of a fevered brain,
 I hoped, but my hopes were only
 The hopes that are born of pain!
 Weary, weary, weary!
 The rest that all men dread,
 Were sweet to this throbbing heart of mine,
 And sweet to this aching head.

Weary, weary, weary,
 He said as he passed from my sight:
 Weary, weary, weary!
 Away in the desolate night
 With the wail of the winds that wander,
 With the moan of the moaning sea—
 Came back the sigh of that weary
 And desolate soul to me.

H. L. S.

DR. JAMES P. COLLINS.

If virtue means good works it must always be a pleasing task to the biographer to give a record of it. The whole of the brief career of the subject of our sketch was pre-eminently of the above. The late Dr. Jas. P. Collins, was born in the County of Cork, Ireland, April 23rd, 1824, and came to this Province with his parents when quite a child. From youth he was of a meditative cast of mind and always eager for the acquirement of

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knowledge. In due season he was sent by his father to the St. John Grammar School, where he received his preliminary education, and, before leaving, had acquired, under the tuition of the late Dr. Paterson, a pretty thorough knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages. In accordance with his own desire it was now resolved that he should study for the practice of medicine. With this object in view an arrangement was made with the late Dr. Peters, of Carleton, under whom he passed through the studies necessary, preparatory to going to College. His university career was an eminent success, but after graduating with all the honours, his ambitious mind was not satisfied. He was accordingly sent to Europe where he completed his medical education, under the master minds of that science in London and Paris. On receiving his diploma in both these cities, he turned his face towards the setting sun and again returned to St. John, where he immediately began to practice. Before leaving London the Professors, in the way of acknowledging his merits, offered to procure for him a medical commission in the army. This friendly offer he declined, on account of the delicate condition of his mother's health, whom he could not forsake. His success in business was sufficient, as he thought, to warrant him in entering into the holy state of matrimony. He accordingly married the object of his affections, a Miss Mary Queen, sister to the Fathers Queen, of St. John, and for a few short months enjoyed all the domestic felicity which attends that happy condition of life, with a loving and well assorted youthful couple. It was of short duration, however. In the summer of 1847, that malignant epidemical pestilence, commonly known as the Ship Fever, was conveyed by the emigrant ships to the Quarantine Station at Partridge Island, where its ravages were fearful to contemplate. On this subject we cannot do better than quote a passage from one of Murdoch's poems, descriptive of the sad havoc worked by that destroying angel:

"The silvery rays our Island Lighthouse shed
Hung like a halo o'er the countless dead,
Who, press'd by famine from their native land,
Had sought a home on fair Columbia's strand.
But in their wake from Erin's stricken shore,
Came pestilence across the Ocean's roar;
The ships were smitten by its poisonous breath,
And sharks were fatten'd by the work of Death,
Who on our Island frown'd like an eclipse,
And drew his victim thousands from the ships
Saved from the tempest's wrath and ocean's waves,
To reach the shore, and sink in foreign graves."

During its rage we may state, on the authority of the late Dr. George Harding, the then Medical Superintendent of the Quarantine Station, that not fewer than one thousand found their last resting-place amidst the scanty soil of Partridge Island. The Doctor himself was at length prostrated by the virulent enemy he had so long baffled, and his life for a time was despaired of. In these circumstances a substitute became a necessity. Dr. Collins was the first to volunteer his services, which were accepted, and he made immediate preparations to leave his home and young wife, then in a state of pregnancy, to enter on his dangerous undertaking. On his way down to Reed's Point, to embark for the Island, he was met by a friend who used every argument and persuasive he could command to induce him to relinquish his voluntary task. He refused. "Then," said his friend, "give me your hand, we will never meet again, you are going to your grave." "If," replied the Doctor, "that were within my own knowledge a certainty, I have promised, and I would go." They parted, and he pursued his way to perform those arduous duties which he had undertaken in the cause of humanity. He reached his destination and lost no time in grappling with his responsibilities. Alas! the prediction of his friend proved in the sequel to be but too true. He had only been at his post about two weeks, when he was smitten by the destroyer, and in a few days became his victim. In the poem above quoted, Murdoch pays to his memory the following tribute:

"Next Collins came, whose ardour, zeal and love,
Seemed inspirations from the world above ;
Though young in years, an Amethyst in skill ;
A courage dauntless, an unbending will,
Sustain'd awhile his warm, impulsive heart,
In turning sideways Death's relentless dart ;
But caught amiss, the venom touched his vein,
And rush'd like magic to his master brain ;
Short time the struggle, Death had now the grip,
And blanched the colour from his cheek and lip,
But still while prostrate on his couch he lay,
In physique helpless as his native clay,
His latest blessing to mankind was given,
And breathing love, respired his soul to Heaven."

He died on Partridge Island, July 2nd, 1847. His remains were conveyed from thence to Indiantown, where they were interred. They were afterwards removed to the Burying Ground at Fort Howe, where a small monument marks his last resting place. Thus died at the early age of twenty-three years and three months, one of the most promising Students of Medicine which it has ever been the privilege of New Brunswick to own.

ODE TO MAY.

BY HARRY HALIFAX.

At thy approach the mind of man
Has been refreshed, since time began,
And joyous hails thee, lovely May ;
Throws off the shackles of the year,
And re-begins a bold career.
The poet's soul new force imbues,
Urged by thy rich inspiring hues
To reach the waiting bay.

The new-come birds thine advent sing,
And make the sunny welkin ring
With mingled notes of happiness.
Glad flowers, strewn about thy feet,
Their lovely liberator greet,
Soft-stepping through the orient land ;
Sweet pleasures cluster 'round thy hand,
Or hang upon thy dress.

A flower there is whose beauty's known
In this loved land of ours alone—
A lowly flower ! Let poets say
The rose is queen o'er all the flowers
That bloom in Nature's verdant bowers ;
Let others in the daisy see,
Or lily fair, mute poetry—
Give me the flowers of May !

This newly-wakened melody
That greets thee, May, doth bring to me
Bright visions of thy smiling tour
O'er vine-clad hills, where airy shapes
Light-laughing press the purple grapes ;
O'er classic plains where heroes sleep—
Nor worms disturb their slumbers deep,
Nor men distress them more.

Thou bring'st kind Nature's fav'rite green
To deck the groves with vernal sheen ;
Thou bring'st the honey to the bee ;
The zephyr to the budding rose ;
Thou bring'st to every flower that blows
Its blended tints—that these may prove
Wide-blessing springs of joy and love !
What hast thou brought to me ?

Hast thou not brought a maid forlorn,
On fancy's pinions hither borne,
To bless me with no transient stay ?
Come, loveliest blossom of the year ;
With pink mayflowers trim thy hair ;
Imbreathe the perfumes of the grove,
And quaff the draught of life and love,
Thyself the Flower of May !

AN OBJECT.

This is what we all need placed before us as we enter the great drama of life. How can we do justice to our part of the play unless we have some object in view? something to urge us when fortune frowns, and trials and disappointments obscure the rays of hope? We need to know that the sun is behind the clouds, else dreary would be our condition. "Anticipation is more than realization;" but were there no reality where would be the possibility of an ideal? There must be a little of the real in order that the ideal should be created. It is so much trouble to live, and so much more to die, that one is in duty bound to make something out of his life. A man accomplishes a great deal during the little while he struts upon the stage, and is capable of making the world either better or worse. And often he spends time and talents on worthless objects, which, if concentrated on any subject worthy the attention of a true man, might roll away the stone from the sepulchre of some glorious truth.

Yes, lives as well as fortunes have been squandered, spent for naught; and utterly failing in the accomplishment of one noble act, have sunk into sin and death. And yet in youth there is almost always an object placed before us, either by ourselves or our friends. We intend that something shall be finished before the day ends and the shadows of night deepen around us. But it is too soon lost from sight in the glare and dazzle of the world's temptations. Things which appear for the moment to be of more importance distract our minds, and with perhaps hardly a sigh at parting, we let the secret desire of years slip from our grasp, and vanish from our once eager, now careless glance, forever! no, not forever. It may return; but the eye is dim with unshed tears, the heart is sick with fruitless attempts for happiness in other directions; and we see and know that it is impossible for us to regain slighted opportunities. Hope refuses to bloom when the buds have once been blighted.

The man who feels thus, had never fancied such a thing as this, when, in the spring-time, he looked forward to the future, which appeared so bright and beautiful as it lay spread out before him. But such has been the result of his unsuccessful struggles. He gave up the battle when victory was almost certain. Had he fought bravely on in one place for a little while longer, the enemy would have been vanquished; but he forgot the

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laurel wreath reserved for the conqueror; he forgot the crown awaiting the overcomer; forgot the great purpose of living; and made a failure of his life-work. And why? He had an object in view when he first set out on the journey. He did intend going somewhere: but was that somewhere *anywhere*? Were not his notions of it vague and visionary? There was in his soul a longing for the Infinite which he had sought to satisfy with the finite. He did not stop to examine his heart, to see what was in it, what was not in it, and what was needed there to make him truly happy, so that he might seek that something. No, he felt the thirst of the soul; and instead of seeking the pure, gushing fountain high up on the hill-side, he swallowed the muddy, stagnant waters of some shallow pool; and then, hot and restless with all his burning thirst unquenched and intensified, he cried out in bitter scorning; "There is no *pure* water. What seek ye on the hill-tops? Poor fools, why wander on 'neath this scorching sun! Stop! here is water, though not quite clear and cold, yet you won't find any better; so take the best you can get and be content."

Oh, listen not to his evil words. There are clear deep wells of living water up on the mountain's summit. Higher, higher yet, and you shall drink and thirst no more!

It is not men only, who starting on life's journey lose sight of the green fields and snow-capped peaks, while they toil on in the noonday sun; but women also grow weary. Faint and tired they close their drooping eyelids, while the beautiful reality fades away into a sweet and far distant ideal. In after years they sigh and say—

"It might have been."

But I think the cry, "What wilt thou have me to do?" is as often heard from the lips of women as from those of men. There are so many things for a man to do, that if he fails in one pursuit he can turn his attention to something else and probably succeed; but there are so few paths for a woman to tread, that if she finds these hedged up, she can only struggle through the briars, bruise her feet on the jagged rocks, or give up trying, and turning aside from her grand purposes slip quietly down the sunny fields of nonentity.

The girls of our Province ought to have an object placed before them, an object to be gained by careful intellectual culture. Had every young girl something to be obtained by hard study as those of the opposite sex have, there would be far less trouble in

securing their attention to their books; and fewer complaints from parents and teachers about the want of application in young girls. These girls are expected to remain in the school-room till a suitable age to enter society; and to that period they look forward with delight, as too many instances show them that to mingle in fashionable society needs but little attention to the prosy studies imposed upon them by their masters: a little French, a little music, a glance into the current novels and—but you have heard this a hundred times before. The subject is miserably threadbare; and is it any wonder? People talk and sermonize about young ladies giving so much attention to fashion and fancy; but never do they raise a finger to lighten the burdens of their suffering sisterhood; or point them to a land of freedom from this bondage as they are pleased to call it. How do these eloquent moralists expect them to act differently? Does the archer select his arrow and draw his bow without first seeing the bird at which he aims? Will the hound run all day without once having seen, heard or scented the track of the deer? Does the teacher struggle on with those twenty-six tiresome characters till the urchin has learned them every one, without one thought that this is to enable the child to read? If such labor can be accomplished without an end in view, we will admit that it is possible for a young girl to willingly toil through years of uninteresting study without having some object higher than that of perishable fame as a prize winner, or the pleasing though painful excitement of a public examination, resulting in little more than the exclamation, "very good for a *girl!*" or perhaps a kind friend expresses the hope that she may go to the States and finish her education at Holyoke or Vassar (why have we not a Holyoke or Vassar?); but in the same breath adds, "O you'll never get through though. Before your course is half finished you will be content to give up those musty fusty studies, and open the book of life at the interesting chapter of matrimony. Such is life, my dear." Poor dear! Why do you leave her under the impression that if she does not take a college course and settle down as her mother and grandmother have done before her, she has missed the standard of true womanhood? Why do you not encourage her studies till she has acquired a thorough education which shall be of incalculable service to her in whatever sphere she may move? Show her that if she has talents it is her *duty* to improve them. Let this be the object in her life, and see if she will fail to attain to it. Reader,

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there is an amount of mental muscle in the girls of New Brunswick, which if properly developed, would turn the wheels of intellectual progress faster.

A great many of these girls have to make their living and place in the world by actual work. And just here comes the question, what is there for them to do? One of three things; either go into the kitchen as a common servant, which would be highly commendable if her abilities were suited to such occupation, for

“She that sweeps a room as to God’s law, makes that the action fine.”

or, what is infinitely worse, into one of our factories, with the buzz, buzz, buzz of machinery steaming into heart and brain from sunrise to sunset; or last but not least, *teach*. Teach the never-failing a, b, c, and one and two, and three and four, and,— which robs so many of good health, good temper, and consequently, good looks. Teaching, though agreeable to some, is not so to all. Indeed, I know there are some, and I think there are many young female teachers in our own Province who are longing and waiting for something else to do. They are bright, intelligent girls, with clear heads and fine minds; but they have no faculty for teaching, and their profession becomes distasteful and positively disagreeable to them. They do not catch the true spirit of their work, and toiling on, they become old in cares while young in years. Oh, it is a painful thought that there is no escape from this drudgery!

For teaching in a primary department, without the power of imparting the necessary instruction, *v. e.*, imparting it with ease and enjoyment both to student and teacher, is drudgery of the most trying nature; and from it there is no escape except idleness or marriage, which is so often mistakenly supposed to be the golden gate to fields of bliss.

You see these girls are happy enough while they are studying, preparatory to teaching, for they have an object in view. But when they gain what they have sought, and find that it is not what they expected, it does not satisfy; then the tired look comes into the eyes, the countenance refuses to beam with hope and good temper; then comes that cross, fretful expression so often seen in the teacher’s face; little frowns form deeper and deeper every day; the voice takes a higher key, and friends smile complacently and tell the weary one that teaching is spoiling her temper; and if she continues growing sour, why, she’ll *never get married*,—

this never getting married being the most terrible consequence they can possibly imagine. That she should seek to improve herself more than she has already done; that she should want to study something which she would be capable of teaching or using to her own advantage, is quite out of the question. They have never *thought* of such a thing. Why, she has a license of the first class; she can teach in any of the common schools, and as there are very few *uncommon* ones—which few are already supplied with efficient teachers—what more can she want or expect to get? Oh, she does expect more! She wants a clearer knowledge of everything. The eager faces raised to hers every morning shake her confidence and unnerve her for the day's duties. She must be taught instead of teach. "She can take, but she cannot give."

Now, we would have no one think for one moment that we do not consider the profession of teaching sufficiently elevating; on the contrary, we think if a young lady has abilities and taste for the work, she ought to be happy in it; but it is those who have neither faculty nor liking for their profession we are thinking of, and our thoughts are pitying prayers.

And yet there is a better way. A man can make anything out of his life; and so can a woman, only it is infinitely harder; yet you can, my sister, fear not. Set your mark high, and if you fail in reaching it, you will undoubtedly strike higher than those who aim low, if they stop to aim at all. We must have a purpose in living. We must have an object in view if we expect to make anything noble out of our lives; and it is needless to add that the object must be exalted. Can we willingly spend our lives for fame or riches? Oh, ought there not to be something on which the *soul* of man may rest, and working for which, be satisfied? Yes; there has been given to every man and woman an object worthy their every energy, which they may take into their actual living, and work out in every act of life. It is *the glory of God!* On our banners, as we march through life's great battle, should those words be written. As we struggle through the thorny pathway, over the cutting stones, and up the hill of earthly, yea, and heavenly knowledge; as we toil on 'neath the burning sun of middle life, when the stream of time monotonously plashes over the commonalities of every-day existence, and as we draw towards the end—"The glorious consummation of design"—those words should be graven on heart and brain. A friend, writing to me on

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one occasion, said: "I design hereafter to have God's glory my supreme object, and to work for what will conduce to the highest good and true prosperity of my fellow-men." Reader, is this your life object.

Fredericton, March 19th, 1875.

CECIL.

THE SWORD OF THE CID.*

The wizards up among the granite,
 Lava, trap and arraganite—
 (Basis of this planet Terra,)
 In Calatayud's snow sierra,
 Went about with mineral rods
 And lodestones hung on spiders' threads,—
 Along the dried-up torrents' beds,
 Aslant the slopes of hummock sods,
 Up through the shelving glens of mist
 Bestrewn with sharp-edged slates and schist,—
 Across the sward where grey backbones
 Crop out and show where arteries are
 Of molten metal, prism and spar,
 And dykes of metal-bearing stones;
 And underneath the combs and cliffs
 Of jutting rocks with oxides tipped;
 And through the canons' walls and rifts,
 Until the rods and magnets dipped,—
 Then cried the wizards: "Here is enough
 Of fibrous iron, light and tough,
 For the forging of Tisona."

From the holes where were their homes
 Out there came the mountain gnomes,
 And went to work upon the ledge
 With spade and crow, and chisel and sledge,
 And all night long rang "click,—click,—
 Click!"
 Said the peasants of Guadalaxera,
 And the burghers of Alcantera,
 And the monks in Albuera,
 "Something is going on in the hills."
 For the sound of blows rang fast and thick,
 Like rocs rock-tapping with their bills,
 When the gnomes were at work with hammer and pick
 To dig the fibrous iron-stick
 For the forging of Tisona.

High the mounds of dirt were thrown
 Till out-cropped the nut-brown stone,
 This with mauls they cracked and seamed
 Till the steel-blue crystals gleamed.
 Then the gnomes lit up the pyre,
 And heaved the pot with "yo! heave O!"
 Into the roaring furnace glow,

* The sword of the Cid was named Tisona. It was forged A. D. 1002 but did not come into possession of Rodriguez Diaz de Vivar till long afterwards. Balmung the sword of the Niebelungen, Arthur's blade Excalibur, Charlemagne's Joyeuse and Roland's Durindale had all more or less of magical origin. I have no particular authority for the legend rhymed above.

LINES.

WHAT is Fame? 'tis but a phantom,
Holding in her shadowy hand
The trumpet which has called so many
Forth to join her warlike band.

What is Friendship? but a pass-word
Just to enter in your heart,
But when Fortune frowns upon you,
Friendship surely will depart.

What is Love? 'tis but a sunbeam,
Short and transient is its stay,
Leaving darker the soul behind it
For the short bright glimpse of day.

What is Faith? 'tis all that's left us
As a guide to yonder shore;
As we toss upon Life's Ocean
Let us firmly grasp this oar.

M. McG.

KIND YOUNG FRED AND NICE DOG TRAY.

A POEM IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

BY MAUD S. WENTWORTH.

Kind young Fred and nice dog Tray,
Went out to take a walk one day.
In the bye streets, the boys at play
Cried "here comes Fred and nice dog Tray!"
Tray shook his fur, and seemed quite pleased,
The ball he caught, the boys he teased,
Yet still they laughed, and still they cried,
Three cheers! for Tray, Fred's joy and pride.
They left their play; down by the sea
They thought that they could be more free;
And off they went with good dog Tray,
Down to a cot, thatched, old, and grey.
They tossed a rope, a log to catch,
They took it to the cot of thatch,
Where the poor *Mere* did knit, that day,
And asked the boys if they would stay.
"God bless ye, dears, God keep and guide,
Of nice warm homes ye are the pride;
Yet still a poor lone soul like me
Can pray to God, can pray for ye.
This log will bring me best of cheer,
In its bright blaze so warm and clear.
Come sit ye down, and I will tell
Of my best days when all was well;
My fair-haired boy, just ten years old,
Was two years then, and stout and bold;
I took him, loved him, he'd no home;
His hair was soft, like gold it shone."
"Had he no ma?" said kind young Fred.
"No ma, my child, no pa—both dead."
The tears coursed down young Fred's brown cheek
And all the boys looked sad and meek,
As on their eyes their cuffs they drew,
And in the fire stout chips they threw.

Tray pawed, and whined, and on Fred's knee
 Poised his cold nose the *Mere* to see.
 "Good dog!" she said, "good dog, nice dog!
 Did you help them to get the log?
 My fair-haired boy has gone to-day
 To get me chips, he would not play;
 Ah, if he'd come how glad I'd be,
 For he is all the world to me."
 "Come Tray!" said Fred, "let's hunt for Bob!"
 And off they went, the boys and dog;
 Tray barked and ran, they reached the hill,
 And rushed pell mell down to the mill.
 The men at work said they had seen
 A fair-haired boy just at the green.
 Not on the hill, not on the lea,—
 With a fierce bark Tray sought the sea.
 A shriek, a splash, help! was the cry,
 And two small hands were tossed on high;
 The hair looked on the wave like gold,
 But the young heart beat stout and bold;
 For quick as thought, Tray reached the pier,
 And wild and loud the boys did cheer,
 "Good Tray! good Tray! nice dog! nice dog!
 Cling to the chips, we'll save you, Bob!"
 "Help off my boots! toss me a limb!
 I'll save poor Bob, for I can swim."
 And kind young Fred and nice dog Tray
 Saved fair-haired Bob from death that day.

WHY.

Dost thou ask the reason why,
 Wondering that there's no reply?
 Standest thou in shadow deep,
 Longing for death's dreamless sleep?
 Walking silently and sad,
 Vainly hoping to be glad,
 Art thou seeking through the gloom
 To discern love's flowers in bloom?
 Tears of anguish hotly fall;
 Bitter words of grief recall
 Plighted faiths of long ago
 In the restless ebb and flow
 Of youth's wild, impulsive sea,
 Gliding now so peacefully.
 Troubled soul, with pain oppressed,
 Struggling for thy freedom blessed;
 Hush thy plaint, for God is nigh,
 He will tell the reason why;
 Patient wait and trust His grace
 Till you meet Him face to face,
 Till His voice in accents sweet
 Fill thy soul with joy complete;
 And thou learn'st above the sky—
 Joyful thought!—*the reason why.*

CROILL.