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MEN OF THE DAY



A. B. ROUTHIER.

## A. B. ROUTHIER

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Should any of our men of letters undertake to write the history of our political struggles, Kamouraska certainly would deserve a large share of attention. It was therefore that, from generation to generation, the fight between the Conservatives and *Rouges* was carried on with the greatest keenness and acrimony. Both sides were ever busy preparing for the fray, or rather, they were always ready, as continuous skirmishing filled the interval between one general engagement and another. There were two leaders, one in each camp, who truly reflected the intensity of political passions then raging in every breast,—Letellier and Chapais. They were men possessed of high intellectual gifts and the idols of their respective partizans. But, at the period under review, both had been "invalided,"—both had withdrawn within the peaceful sanctuary of the Senate, bequeathing to their followers their ancient feuds which nothing could appease for long.

It was this very field of battle, still reeking with the smoke and powder of the strife, that the eminent magistrate, peerless writer, the orator of our grand national festivals, whose portrait I am about to sketch,—selected as the arena of his political career. Nor can it be said that he ventured on this step with timidity, or with the expectation of finding ready access to a House of Commons prepared to receive him. He who aspired to wear the mantle of Mr. Chapais, and to accept the heritage which he left behind him—a heritage of hatred and angry feelings, the growth of a half century,—needed to be a man of extraordinary fortitude. And the result was what might have been expected; he was soon made to feel the consequences of his laudable hardihood, and his friends, to witness, with regret, his fall on the field of honour,—the fall of one whose name and reputation as a polemical writer was already known and established throughout our province.

This blow was generally felt and deplored by the Conservatives of Quebec, who had reason to indulge in the brightest hopes for their candidate, Mr. Routhier. For ourselves, we consider that the electors of Kamouraska, in withholding their confidence from this gentleman, rendered, unwittingly, a signal service to the cause of Canadian literature. No one doubts but that Mr. Routhier was made of the stuff that constitutes statesmen, and had he, like many others, embarked in politics and mastered its subtleties, we might soon behold him in the Ministry, it may be, Premier. But would our Canadian libraries be enriched with the works of his genius,—works that we are so proud to bring under the notice of strangers? On grand occasions, when national sentiments and aspirations sought a worthy interpreter, could we count on the charming eloquence of a voice that wins every heart and stirs every chord in the human breast? It is true we would have one more political orator, capable of moving, of electrifying the masses; but we would have to deplore the loss of an orator classic and polished, whose harmonious periods ravish our senses, whose lofty strains open up profound thoughts that scholars claim for their just inheritance. Or, do we not feel that whom God has dowered with the gift of literary genius should not lose themselves in the vulgar vortex of politics? That they should keep aloof from the surging throng,—far from the noise and clamour of popular commotion?

Like the Chapleaus, the Lauriers, and many others, who have reached the pinnacle of social greatness in a land where conventional barriers are unknown and where merit is the sole passport to eminence,—Mr. Routhier is sprung from the ranks of the people.

He was born in the immediate neighbourhood of the Lake of Two-Mountains. There, were formed those early impressions, which, according as their inspiration is for good or evil, make or mar a man's destiny. I was thinking about asking Mr. Routhier to favour me with some of his juvenile reminiscences, when, fortunately, a friend handed me the very information I needed, taken from one of Mr. Routhier's private letters:

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“You desire me to furnish you with some account of my childhood. Your request exposes me to the temptation of writing a whole volume, for it carries me back to an epoch rich in countless souvenirs that I

would like to preserve. But the narrative might interest nobody but myself. I must, therefore, ruthlessly, but not without regret, dispel those pleasing phantoms that memory conjures up when I think of the home where I first 'saw the light.' Suffice it to say that I was born in a parish that has caused very little noise in the world, and which well deserves its name—St-Placide, in the County of Two-Mountains.

"Should you ever happen to pass in that locality, you can see, at a distance of fifteen acres from the village, on a rocky slope, a white stone house, shaded by large elms, and flanked on either side by an orchard and a garden. In this spot, I first drew the breath of life, on the 8th of May, 1830, and here, too, was my infancy passed.

"To-day, strangers are in possession of this 'homestead,' whilst its former owners are scattered and dispersed. But I still cherish and venerate every stone of the dear old structure,—every tree that embowers it in shadow.

"The site is charming; from every front window are seen the waters of the Ottawa river, at this point swelling into the size and appearance of a beautiful lake embosomed between the mountains of Rigaud and Oka. Its shores are strewn with such favourite stones; clothed in such cherished verdure, and garnished with such well beloved trees, that I never revisit the scene without the tenderest emotions.

"My father, Charles Routhier, although a very intelligent farmer, was unable to write. It was of him that I wrote in my *Echos* :

'Des chrétiens de nos jours il était le modèle,  
Bon père, bon époux et citoyen parfait ;  
A la patrie, à Dieu toujours il fut fidèle ;  
Et ce qu'il devait faire en ce monde, il l'a fait.'

"My mother, Angéline Lafleur, was also possessed of rare intelligence and assiduous in the practice of every Christian virtue. She had twelve children, six of whom are still living.

"One day, when I was about eleven years old, a bailiff entered my father's house to seize the furniture under a writ of execution. Having been informed of the nature of his visit, I began to cry; the bailiff thereupon said to my father: 'The school teacher spoke to me about this child as being talented. Send him to college; he may become a lawyer, perhaps a judge.'



" My father never forgot the bailiff's advice, which he frequently repeated to me ; nor did the bailiff himself think that his prediction was in time to be verified. However, it was decided there and then that I was to go to college, a decision which put an end to my childhood's happy days on the enchanting shores of the Lake of Two-Mountains."

From the foregoing epistolary extracts, it is evident that Mr. Routhier owes his exalted position neither to his birth nor favouritism. He is one of nature's noblemen, sprung from those old but unassuming Canadian families whose force and vitality has long lain fallow, but whence, to-day, are drawn our country's most gifted sons. From this source, too, is incessantly recruited the aristocracy of intelligence which comprises all who are of average talent and ability.

Mr. Routhier made his classic course at the College of Ste-Thérèse.

It is remarked that students ever betray what are one day to be the distinguishing characteristics of their parts. Thus, he who is strong in problems will be an excellent mathematician, but an indifferent philosopher. Should he enter the priesthood, the chances are he will make but a poor casuist ; if called to the world, a distinguished merchant or first-class man of business ; his is a matter-of-fact character.

On the contrary, he who shows an aptitude for *belles-lettres*—who gives a loose to his fancy in compositions embroidered with flowers of rhetoric, will, in the last years of his course, bloom into an eminent philosopher, writer, lawyer or journalist. However this may be, all such prognostications would have been erroneous in the case of young Routhier. For, strange as it may seem, he who, in after years, displayed so vivid an imagination as an orator, was, as a student, noted for his success in the exact sciences. It was only long subsequently that he disclosed a taste for literature.

Having completed his law studies at the Laval University, he took up his residence at Kamouraska, where he practised as a barrister for eleven years. We are free to suppose that, for a while at least, he was not encumbered by professional duties, for he readily found leisure to contribute to the columns of *Le Courrier du Canada* and *Le Nouveau Monde*. It was then that he disclosed the talents of a born writer, the first strokes of his pen resounding like the clashing

of a sword. There was about this time (1871) an army of able writers, trained in the school of polemics and divided between both political camps. Against such expert fencers as Hector Fabre and Louis Fréchettes had our author to enter the lists. We believe that it was in those days that he upheld his pretensions in a controversy which created much noise and excitement in the world of letters at the time.

A number of literary athletes, uniting their efforts, published together in *L'Opinion Publique*, under the pseudonym "Placide Lépine," a series of sketches wherein more than one prominent man of the day was made to cut a sorry figure. Amongst others, the Hon. Mr. Chauveau was taken to task by the famous "Placide," whose words sorely belied his name. These sketches were not conceived in a spirit of benevolence by any means; the purest malice mixed the colours--so much so, that the caricatured could scarcely recognize their own portraits, so grotesque was the limning. This exaggeration of colouring afforded amusement, however, to some whose depraved natures delight in evil-doing. The laugh was all one-sided. Such was the state of affairs when "Jean Piquefort" took a hand in the portraiture. With a firm, unerring touch, he traced the likenesses of the painters hidden behind "Placide Lépine," and made those wince who, thus far, had the ball at their own feet. In fact, he used his brush so effectively, that the laugh was as loud on one side as the other. This little episode ended, everything resumed its normal quietude; no one was disposed to go out of his way to treasure up disagreeable souvenirs of this war in miniature. For, to the credit of both sides, it can be said that, though they gave a license to criticism, they never transgressed the bounds of decency. "Jean Piquefort," who was no other than Mr. Routhier, clearly proved, on this occasion, that, had he chosen journalism as a profession, he would have matured into one of the most brilliant and redoubtable of polemical writers.

Disciple and admirer of Louis Veuillot, and the sworn enemy of liberalism, he fearlessly takes his stand on this ground in politics, literature and religion; and from this triple point of view he is assailed by his adversaries. But, with his face ever to the foe, giving blow for blow, and surrounded by applauding friends and admirers, he gains a decided ascendancy over the minds of the youth. The propelling force of events carries him to the front as chief educator

and party leader. It was in 1873, in the spring-tide of his opening glory, that he was called to the magistracy. Once installed in this position, the most honourable one open to a lawyer's ambition, he abandons politics and aggressive journalism. The zealous and sarcastic champion of polemics is forever merged in the upright and enlightened dignitary of the bench. He continues, however, to apply his mind to the cultivation of letters with redoubled ardour. The judicial functions in a district like Saguenay, where the assizes are short and the litigation unimportant, are not sufficient to give constant occupation to a spirit active as his; he finds plenty of leisure to devote to study. A very short acquaintance with Mr. Routhier's works convinces the reader that he is a man whose attainments are not merely superficial like so many other aspirants to literary fame. He dug beneath the surface of things, made philosophy disclose the relations between cause and effect; ingratiated himself into the secrets of our complex humanity, and emitted, from deep reflection, thoughts and principles at once profound and noble, and well calculated to sustain and animate the spirit of faith and science. The fountains of his inspiration are never troubled by doubts; they ever clearly reflect the soundest orthodoxy. If Corneille and Racine, de Maistre and Veuillot formed his style, the Fathers of the Church furnished him with rich treasures of knowledge.

The first of his published works, in order of date, is called *Causeries du Dimanche*. Every page exhales the essence of religion. It brought down on his devoted head all the venom of his critics. He was accused of monasticism; of a desire to usurp the functions of the clergy; of a design to introduce *Veuillotism* in a small way. The *Causeries* were stigmatized as sermons—as treatises on morals,—and jeering was the order of the day. For ourselves, we dissent from the opinions of these hot-headed critics, who, had they occasion now to speak of this work, would, in all probability, reverse their judgment. We regard it in the light of an attractive lecture. If the *Causeries* are sermons, their sweet austerity charms us.

His subsequent writings, if less tainted than the *Causeries du Dimanche* with religious feeling, bear, as all his productions do, the impress of his predominant habit of mind—the impress of faith.

In the midst of his labours, a dominating thought occupied his mind;—something was wanting to satisfy his active temperament.

Brought up in a young country whose history dated back to but two centuries, and whose heroic record was but faintly traced, he yearned to behold the Old Country with its contemporary monuments of men and events, whose bare mention fires our blood in youth and fascinates us in after life. As with all lovers of the ideal, he was enamoured of the glories of the past. What, then, must have been his enthusiasm when Europe, for the first time, unveiled before his eyes her dazzling treasures! How he must have enjoyed her ever varying charms! And no one was better able to appreciate the artistic wealth of the Old Country. There are who profit little by foreign travel; who return to their native land from abroad as ill-informed as when they left it, only more pretentious; people who witness with indifference the *Comédie-Française* and hail with delight the *Folies-Bergères*. And yet foreign travel is calculated to mould us when young, and perfect us in maturer years, and to enlarge the scope of our ideas at either epoch. The involuntary comparisons which suggest themselves to our minds between our own and distant climes, effectually explode erroneous opinions—circumscribe the boundaries of some things and widen those of others—gauging them all at their proper value. But this appreciation is reached only according to our individual capacities. Some carry home common-place notions, and musty guide-book information. But this is not the only mischief that befalls,—the real misfortune is that these heedless tourists inoculate their untravelled neighbours with their own crude notions of what they have seen abroad.

The rage to publish books of travel has become a virulent epidemic. The press groans every year under the weight of these whimsical productions—the re-hash of previous lucubrations in the same line. Different from trashy works of this description are the narratives of Judge Routhier. They strike you at once as masterpieces of original thought—his lively pages eschewing whatever is trite and uninteresting. The story never drags, but is ever varied and entertaining. Anon he furnishes us with historical souvenirs enlivened by his own comments; then again we are treated to a spicy bit of word painting where the object is to place before us, in life-like colours, delineations of customs and habits. His retrospects are never tiresome or long, and always rendered novel by deductions that connect his narrative with contemporaneous history. Though fond of looking back through

the vistas of time, he never forgets what he owes to the present hour.

After his return from his first trip to Europe, he delivered a course of lectures at the Laval University, which were an unqualified success. In Paris, they would have won him a foremost place as a lecturer, ranking him with such eminent men as La Pommeraye and Sarcey. His old time adversary, M. Hector Fabre, was pleased to pay him a high compliment in an article at once polished and encomiastic. In Quebec, he received the universal acclamations of the press as having brought the art of lecturing to its highest perfection. Ever since, every lecture meant a fresh triumph; people vied in eulogizing the delicacy and eloquence of his language, and the colouring with which he set off the sublimity of his thoughts. Buies, than whom there can be no better judge from his long and varied experience of human nature, and who, at the time, was the antipodes of Mr. Routhier as regards their general views, thus writes of our author in *l'Événement*: "Routhier is an artist in the French tongue; a sculptor like Benvenuto; who charms us in prose as Musset does in verse, the highest evidence of beauty of style, which alone can secure immortality in the world of letters."

But lecturing, restricted as it is, in its range of subjects, embarrasses the speaker by preventing him from bringing into action the full powers of his mind. The lecturer is scarcely other than a professor. Thus, any one who only heard Mr. Routhier in the amphitheatre of the Laval University,—of which he is a Doctor of Literature and in which he is Professor of International Law, would form but an indifferent idea of him in the forum. He must be seen at one of our grand national assemblies in touch with his own ideas, and whose passions have already been stirred by powerful appeals. It is then that he assumes a new rôle—that he enters into the sentiments and feelings of the masses, embodying the sensations that sway them, in language unequalled for nobleness and dignity. Synthetically, he concentrates in his own poetic and eloquent nature the patriotic and religious aspirations breathed by all around him, and pours forth a lava-tide of words burning with enthusiasm, and figurative as few but him can make their words. On occasions of paramount national importance, the solemnity of the ceremony confers on him a representative character and an individuality which combine all the elements that stir to their depths the hearts of all who are Canadians

and Catholics. It has been our author's lot to play this distinguished part both in Canada and Europe. We may be pardoned for feeling proud of our countryman when invited by his admirers in France and Italy to address them, for Canadians could be judged by no better criterion than he who deserves to be called a "representative man."

The discourse which he delivered at the St-Jean-Baptiste celebration, in 1880, placed his reputation as an orator on the highest level. It will be remembered that the celebration in question was conducted with extraordinary pomp and eclat. Never before did the good old city of Champlain witness within its walls such a vast concourse of French-Canadians, gathered from all the towns and villages scattered throughout Canada and the United States. In his dual capacity of president of the Catholic Congress and vice-president of the National Convention, Judge Routhier took a leading part in the celebration, which lasted three days. Those who had the good fortune to hear both his speeches on that occasion will not forget them in a hurry; they were masterpieces of enthusiastic eloquence, whose echos reached even the shores of Europe. Most of the newspapers published complimentary notices. *La Minerve* styled him "the champion of Catholicism." *L'Etendard* pronounced him "the king of our orators," and *Le Courrier du Canada* wrote: "Never before have we beheld such a scene of enthusiasm." These speeches will continue as models of their kind, and bracket Mr. Routhier's name with those of Messrs. Chapeau and Laurier, as a favourite orator at all national festivals.

Judge Routhier was not satisfied with enriching our Canadian libraries—where they should ever be found—with ten volumes of prose; he courted the Muses besides, his acquaintance with these amiable companions being productive of some charming poetry. That Mr. Routhier was born a poet, all his writings, whether in prose or verse, sufficiently testify—the divine afflatus breathes through them all. But, to our mind, he has not studied closely enough the rules of versification. It is with poetry as with music:—practice is absolutely necessary. No man can aspire to excellence as an artist without it. One may be a musician and still be unable to play for want of practice. On the other hand, if deficient in technical knowledge, he has the genuine inspiration of a poet—his ideal visions and striking imagery. He has inventive power, large resources, quick-

ness of apprehension, but, if we might be permitted to remark, we must confess that he does not always seem to be at ease in versifying,—that he labours hard to find suitable rhymes. At the same time, it must be admitted that his verses are not “padded” or empty—you will always find them to contain new thoughts and ideas—a gift which is rare enough, as it is not given to all poets to be interesting at all times.

His published poems are entitled: *Les Echos*. The author gives his reasons for selecting this title in an introduction remarkable for dignity and grace: “Poetry,” he writes, “commonly called harmonized chant, is nothing else than the echo of songs and melodies heard by the poet, wafted to his ear from ideal worlds.” Some of his lines would do honour to the best French poets, and have been very favourably noticed by newspaper critics in France. *La Revue du Monde Catholique*, having reviewed them and quoted largely from them, thus comments: “It is readily seen that Mr. Routhier wields a facile pen; that his sentiments are noble and patriotic and his inspiration truly Christian. He has added a fresh glory to his literary crown, already so brilliant, which will not impair its lustre.”

We offer the following short piece from his published poems: it is from Murray Bay, 1882:

La nuit sur l'horizon étend ses grandes ailes ;  
 Mais, grâce à Dieu, la nuit n'a pas d'ombres, ce soir.  
 La lumière rayonne aux voûtes éternelles  
 Et, sur un pan du ciel, comme un grand ostensor,   
 La lune monte, monte, et de clartés inonde  
 Les montagnes, la mer, les vallons et les bois.  
 La nature se tait : on dirait que le monde,  
 Pour mieux voir ce tableau, retient sa grande voix.

Au firmament d'azur, d'innombrables étoiles  
 Etincellent partout comme des diamants,  
 Pendant qu'à l'Occident, pliant ses sombres voiles,  
 Un lourd nuage fuit leurs rayons éclatants.  
 De célestes lueurs scintillante, embrasée,  
 La mer, en se calmant, semble se réjouir.  
 Le rivage s'endort, et la vague apaisée  
 Ose à peine se plaindre en y venant mourir.

Je chante en contemplant ces scènes toujours belles,  
 Et mon âme vers Dieu se plaît à remonter.  
 Qui sait si cette lune, aux splendeurs immortelles,  
 N'est pas son œil divin, revenant visiter

Notre globe, qu'il aime en dépit de ses fanges ?  
 Et ces astres sans nombre illuminant la nuit,  
 Qui sait s'ils ne sont pas les prunelles des anges  
 Dont la troupe fidèle en l'adorant le suit ?

For fifteen years has Mr. Routhier acted as judge in that immense tract of country which Jacques Cartier called "the Kingdom of Saguenay." Fortunately, the inhabitants are not as litigious as the Normans, otherwise the Judge could never get through with the work. The civil courts were not idle, but there was a dearth of criminal suits. As a rule, the prisons in Charlevoix are untenanted, to the great disgust of the gaolers who would like to have a prisoner from time to time under lock and key, if for no other reason than to have a game of *besigue* during the long winter evenings.

There it was, however, that Judge Routhier presided at a trial which ranks as a *cause célèbre* in Canada. It was the contested election of Charlevoix, where the question of clerical intervention in politics was first brought up. Sir Hector Langevin was the defendant. The petition prayed that the election be declared null and void on the ground that certain *curés* of the county had, it was alleged, exercised undue influence with members of their flock to induce them to vote for Sir Hector. It is not within the scope of this work to give the details of the trial, which secured Judge Routhier the plaudits of some and the envenomed criticism of others, amongst the latter, of Laurent, the Voltairan author of the *Cours de Droit Civil*,—an author of questionable authority, who, in our opinion, is more esteemed in Canada than he deserves. In this place, we need merely state that Judge Routhier brought to bear on the examination of the law issues raised before him, that legal acumen, that apprehension enlightened by sound philosophy, that know of the law and jurisprudence, which characterize eminent members of the bench.

It has been the cause of much surprise that a judge of such eminence and learning should be relegated so long to a rural district. It is certainly to be deplored that, despite the best intentions of the government, his promotion has not been commensurate with his talents. Unfortunately, owing to political exigencies, we have seen lawyers of inferior merit pass before him. When the ranks of the judiciary have to be recruited,—the solicitations of office-seekers have more weight than the claims of an incumbent to promotion, be they ever so



well-founded. This arises from the fact that, in all countries like ours, where democratic administrations prevail, the government is subject to the pressure of parties,—of individuals and exigencies of every kind; the consequence is that justice succumbs to intrigue. We overheard once a rather singular remark made in reference to Judge Routhier. A man, otherwise possessed of good understanding, which will not be borne out, however, by his language on this occasion, in answer to a gentleman who expressed his astonishment that Judge Routhier should have been so long debarred from promotion, replied: "Oh! Judge Routhier is too clever a writer to be a good judge." As if a judgment of the court were less valuable for being rendered in good French! as if such eminent men as d'Aguesseau, Montesquieu and many others, the first literary men of the age, were not also in the front rank of the magistrats of France! In our own day, is the distinguished statesman, Mr. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, the Attorney-General of the Republic, who so summarily disposed of the Boulangist embroglio, not also a shining light in the world of letters? And if Mr. de Beaurepaire has climbed the highest steepes of social distinction, he was enabled to do so, in a great measure, by the aid of his works of fiction published under the pseudonyms of "Gaston de Glouvet," and of "Lucie Herpin."

Besides being a polished scholar and occupying the first place in our little republic of letters, formerly held by the Hon. Mr. Chauveau, Judge Routhier has social qualities that endear him to his friends as a born champion. Those who have been happy enough to form his acquaintance esteem him highly. How charmingly he converses! When he begins to speak, we lose consciousness of the fleeting hours. His words are seasoned with attic salt, scintillate with coruscations of wit, and overflow with gaiety of spirits. Apart from this, he is the equal of Legouvé as a reader, and soliloquizes in a way to excite the envy of professional actors.

*Madame* Routhier, (*née* Clorinde Mondelet), is a woman of keen intellect, who is animated by the same lively feelings of faith as her husband,—a faith that has led her to consecrate herself to works of charity. The numbers who frequent La Malbaie as a summer resort, can vouch for her piety; she is frequently seen occupied with her religious devotions in the pretty little chapel which she succeeded, not without experiencing those difficulties which lie in the way of all who

labour for the Church, in erecting. Some philosophers in our days contend that everything in the moral world is inherited, especially our bad qualities. It is a dangerous and debatable doctrine. However, that may be, intercourse with the charming daughters of Judge Routhier even inclines ourselves to believe in the heresy of heritage,—that is in the heritage of talent and intelligence. One excels at the easel; another, by means of the piano, interprets to perfection the deathless music of Rossini and Wagner; whilst it is at the option of the third to become famous in letters. They are all three noted for their sweetness and amiability.

The only son of Judge Routhier, who has special talents for literature, music and drawing, has shown no disposition to gratify his father's wish to see him enter the legal profession. His adventurous character has led him to the North-West, where he is now engaged in the free and hardy life of a *ranchero*, at the foot of the Rockies, between Fort McLeod and Calgary.

It was for Charlevoix that Judge Routhier was first appointed to the Bench. It is also in the enchanting spot of Murray Bay that he passes the summer months in the midst of his family, who cheer and comfort him. His white villa stands out in bold relief from the clustering foliage of the green trees. From the verandah, where, in the open air, under a sky whose smiles are seldom clouded, he drinks in the health-giving breezes, his gaze rests with tranquil bliss on the ravishing panorama spread out before him. The truncated cones of the Laurentian Mountains rise boldly defined against the azure sky, and then descend by steep proclivities to the river below, forming a succession of promontories that excite the tourist's wonder. In front, the river is seen to line the boundless horizon, infinite as the ocean. On the right, in a sort of twilight, loom up the hills that spread along the southern shore of the stream, often veiled by mists, and sometimes, by the curious effect of a mirage, brought within full view of La Malbaie. The foreground of this picture is occupied by the expanding sea. Here the poet's soul goes out to Nature, and here, no doubt, to the pleasing sound of the surging surf, were composed the most harmonious of his numbers.

A. D. DECELLES.

Ottawa, 15th April, 1891.

(Translated by W. O. Farmer, B.C.L.)





## Au Colisée.

On dit que le boa, le grand serpent d'Afrique,  
— Quand il est bien repu de chair crue & de saie,  
Se recourbe & s'endort d'un sommeil létargique,  
En serrant les anneaux de son orbe impuissant;

Quand je te vois gisant sur ton lit de poussière,  
Immense Colisée aux arceaux surannés,  
Je me dis que sans doute, ô grand monstre de fièvre,  
Tu eues les festins que César t'a donnés!

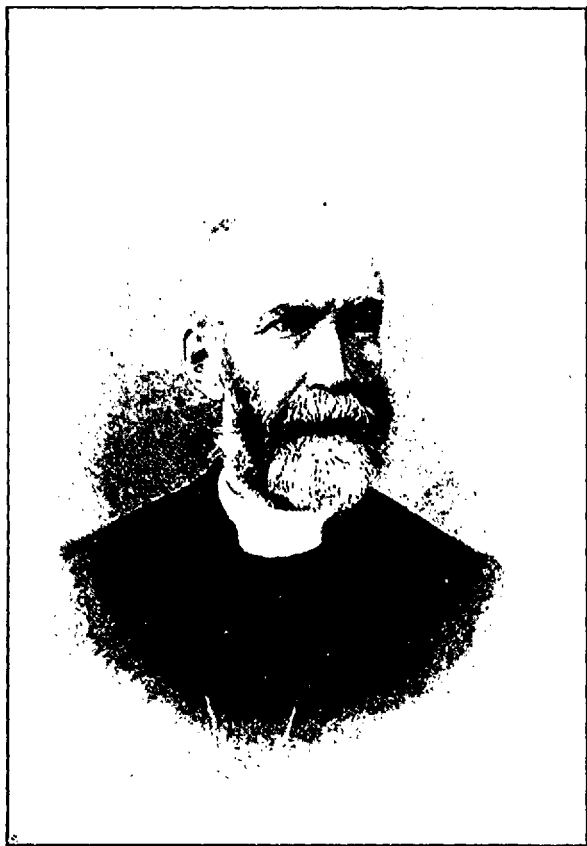
Hélas! il t'a servi tant de chair virgine,  
Versé tant de sang pur pour apaiser ta faim,  
Que tu n'as pu succumbere à l'orgue infernale,  
Et que ton lourd sommeil n'aura jamais de fin!

Eternel monument de haine & de luxure,  
Je suis à ton aspect tenté de t'exécquer;  
Mais le sang des martyrs a lûné ta souillure,  
Et, quand je me suis à toi, c'est pour te révoquer!

Je le haïsses en pleurant ton marbre séculaire,  
Et, tremblant de respect d'amour & de terreur,  
Je pétrirais mon poeu de ta sainte poussière,  
Si tu n'y peuvais sur sang qui me rendrait meilleur.

A. P. Roussier

Rome, 1 Novembre 1875



PRINCIPAL GRANT.

## PRINCIPAL GRANT

This gallery of the makers and moulders of public opinion in Canada will contain the portrait of no one to whom the title "a man of the day" more accurately applies than the Principal of Queen's University. In the highest and best sense, Dr. Grant believes in living for the present. He is neither an old-time Conservative, moving primly from precedent to precedent, nor a hare-brained Radical, to whom a precedent is as a red rag to a bull. He neither despises nor neglects the lessons of the past, nor is oblivious of the present while gazing into the future far as human eye can see.

Nay more, Principal Grant has faith in the present. He believes the nineteenth century to be the best this world has ever known, and that, if only we to ourselves are true, the twentieth century will be better and brighter still. There is not a drop of the pessimist's numbing poison in his veins. His cry ever is: "Not in vain the distant beacons—Forward! Forward! let us range." His sympathy with every sign and symbol of progress is hearty and inspiring. There are none of the higher activities of life with which he is not in touch. By profession a minister of the Gospel, literature, education and politics have all had the benefit of his amazing energy, his contagious zeal, and his thrilling eloquence, and it may, without undue eulogium, be said of him: "*Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.*"

As is so often the case with leaders of men, the Principal owes little to the accident of birth, his father having been simply a country schoolmaster in the county of Pictou, Nova Scotia. A cottage on the bank of the East River, opposite Stellarton, a grimy mining village, was the place of George Grant's birth, and the date the 22nd of December, 1835. The physical activity of his boyhood was a fitting prelude to and preparation for the intellectual activity of maturer years. He took the lead among his companions at the start,

and there were few feats of daring that could daunt him, or pranks of harmless mischief he could not compass. No one who knew him then would have imagined that this romping lad, who sought his books in running brooks and preferred to take his sermons from stones, would, ere long, win renown as a student and, a little later, wide reputation as a preacher. It may be indeed that an accident, which was due in large part to his rashness, providentially determined his future. With some of his playmates he undertook to run a hay-cutting machine, and the old adage that children should not play with sharp-edged tools found a painful fulfilment. Young Grant's right hand in some way got under the cutter and was sliced off near the wrist. Thus placed *hors de combat* in so far as games and sports were concerned, his energies found vent in another line of work, and the boy of larks and romps became the boy of books and studies.

The removal of his family to Pictou, the county town, enabled him to attend the excellent academy which was the pride of the place, and he did not fail to make good use of his opportunities, winning the Primrose medal and other important prizes. Thence he proceeded to the West River Seminary, a kind of college in a small way, sustained by the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, and there made such rapid advance in classics and philosophy that, two years later, he was chosen by the Church of Scotland in the county one of four bursars to be sent to the University of Glasgow to study for the ministry. He was then just eighteen years of age, and his course of study abroad was very thorough, extending over eight years. It was also one of marked brilliancy, among the honours won being first prizes in classics, moral philosophy, and chemistry, and—chiefest of all—the Lord Rector's prize of thirty guineas for the best essay on Hindoo literature and philosophy.

Moreover, despite his loss of the right hand, he managed to take an active part in athletic exercises, and thus, entering into all phases of student life, became exceedingly popular among his fellows, taking leadership among them just as he had done among his playmates at Pictou, and exerting an influence that was always on the side of manly rectitude.

On the other hand he was himself strongly influenced by the high-souled and large-hearted Norman McLeod, then at the height of his fame; and in his eagerness to be at service to humanity, embraced



the opportunity to take part in the city mission work, penetrating fearlessly into the squalid wynds and closes where fellow beings in the lowest stages of degradation herded together like beasts.

At the conclusion of his college course, he received ordination from the Church of Scotland and had flattering inducements held out to him to remain in Scotland. But his heart was far across the Atlantic. He loved the land of the Bluenoses, and thither he betook himself ready for any field of labour that might be opened to him. His first appointment naturally enough was to missionary work, and in his native county. Presently a large sphere of action was offered him in the pleasant village of Georgetown and the rural districts of St-Peter's and Brackly Point Roads, Prince Edward Island. Then in the year 1863 came the call to St-Matthew's Church, Halifax, one of the most important and influential charges in the province of Nova Scotia.

His position as pastor of St-Matthew's gave him full scope for the exercise of those rare talents, both in and out of the pulpit, which lifted him above so many of his contemporaries. His preaching drew together congregations that over-crowded the church,—one of the best specimens of gothic architecture in Canada,—from whose pulpit came sermons that stirred the people as the wind stirs the leaves. No dry theological discourses, delivered in lifeless tones, nor dilettante essays on righteousness lispily drawled out were these, but earnest, eloquent, practical, inspiring expositions of the teachings of the Bible as applied to the affairs of the day, given without fear and without favour: The preacher's maxim seemed to be: "Hew to the line,—let the chips fall where they may."

Yet nothing could be farther from Mr. Grant's character than rigid puritanism or narrow sectarianism. He was a devout Christian and a loyal Presbyterian, but he was as absolutely free from bigotry in the one direction as in the other. His charity for sinners was no less wide than his sympathy with fellow-Christians,—Methodist, Baptist, Anglican or Roman Catholic. He took especial interest in institutions that brought the different sects together for the common good, as the Young Men's Christian Association, the Evangelical Alliance, the Association for the Relief of the Poor, and similar religious or benevolent enterprises.

For the young men his preaching had a particular attraction. It

was scholarly, liberal, loving, and manly, and he had probably more of that class as regular listeners than any other minister in the city at the time. It was this characteristic of his work, combined with the remarkable aptitude for organization and re-organization which he had displayed in connection with various institutions, that, no doubt, marked him out as the man best qualified to grapple with the crisis in which the University of Queen's found herself in the year 1877.

The invitation to the Principalship of the only Presbyterian University in the Dominion was undoubtedly an honour; but its acceptance demanded no small measure of self-denial on the part of the pastor of St-Matthew's.

Beloved and revered by his congregation; supplied with a comfortable manse and a liberal salary; but recently connected by marriage with one of the leading families of the city; popular among all creeds and classes; looked up to as one to whom a foremost place fell by natural selection in all movements of a general philanthropic or religious nature; a Governor of Dalhousie University; the moderator of the Church of Scotland in the Maritime Provinces during the critical period of the Union:—every consideration of personal pleasure and comfort argued for a declination of the summons.

But just as when, twenty odd years before, the solicitations to remain in the Old Country were put aside because a sense of duty called him back to the New World, so now that same sense of duty to his church and his country impelled to forget himself and undertake the heroic task of relieving Queen's University from the difficulties which threatened her very existence and of placing the institution upon a secure basis with an equipment commensurate to her opportunities. The fact that Queen's was autonomous,—the highest University type, as he believed,—decided him; for at the head of such an institution he would be untrammelled by party or denominational considerations.

Throwing himself into the work with characteristic energy and most persuasive eloquence, he first of all made the good people of Kingston understand that charity must needs begin at home,—promising them that, if they would provide a fitting home for the University, he would secure an endowment from the country at large. The Kingstonians, appreciating the situation, responded with a will. Ample grounds and a stately pile of buildings were quickly provided,

and then the campaign was opened upon the country. With tireless zeal, the Principal traversed the Dominion, presenting the claims of Queen's with a success that can be best illustrated by the following figures :

YEAR :	STUDENTS :	REVENUE :	CAPITAL :
1877-78	172	\$15,263	\$111,350
1878-79	170	17,247	153,440
1879-80	194	19,375	152,147
1880-81	202	16,562	154,655
1881-82	221	20,904	175,178
1882-83	253	22,586	185,692
1883-84	279	29,859	205,282
1884-85	320	29,521	211,156
1885-86	356	29,387	214,294
1886-87	373	30,395	222,094
1887-88	382	31,000	250,000
1889-90	431	32,500	450,000

But Principal Grant is by no means content, even with this remarkable record. He modestly asks for at least half-a-million more. Thanks to his wonderful tact and energy, the English, Classical, Mathematical and Philosophical departments may now be considered complete. The Modern Language and Natural History departments require to be put on the same footing ; and that this will be done ere long there is not the least reason to doubt.

While the financial side of Principal Grant's work, however, is apt to attract most attention in this Gradgrind age of ours, which is so "prone to value none but paying facts," it would be doing him a serious injustice to emphasize it unduly, for, after all, his influence has been even stronger in the intellectual and moral spheres than in the financial. As Miss Machar has said in her graceful and sympathetic sketch, published some years ago in the *Week*, (to which the present writer would here make his acknowledgment), the gifts that Dr. Grant secured for the treasury of the University were of no less account than the stimulus imparted to the college life by his overflowing vitality and enthusiasm—a stimulus felt by professors and students alike. As has been shown above, the attendance upon the classes largely increased, and the high aims and ideals of the head of the

head of the University could not fail to have their due influence upon all. His rule is to treat the students not as boys, but as *gentlemen*. He seeks to be a leader to them, not a taskmaster; and under his sagacious sway there is no need of formal discipline.

Although the duties connected with the Principalship are onerous enough to content any ordinary man, Dr. Grant, since his appointment, has filled the chair of Divinity, and his lectures are highly appreciated by the theological students. It need hardly be said that there is nothing of the dry-as-dust quality about them, but, on the contrary, a breadth of thought, catholicity of sympathy, and vividness of presentation, that cause them to be considered among the most attractive in the *curriculum*. Neither has he laid aside the preacher's gown and bands. His voice is often heard in Kingston and in other places, speaking the truth with unswerving sincerity, and demanding nothing less than vital practical religion, which outlives and outlasts all creeds and conditions of theology.

On two important questions connected with the University system of this country, Principal Grant has taken a stand that is thoroughly characteristic. When the young ladies applied for admission to the halls of Queen's upon the same footing as the young men, he granted their request promptly and readily,—not because he was especially interested in the higher education of women, but because he believed that public educational institutions were for the meeting of the needs of the community as a whole, not for the exclusive benefit of a particular class, and therefore should not be limited in their usefulness by any consideration of sex. He would never have felt it his duty to go out into the high-ways and bye-ways, so to speak, and entreat the young women to come in. But when they came to him saying: "We want the same education as our brothers, and are willing to work for it," then he had only words of welcome and kindly encouragement for them.

The other great question was that of University Federation, the movement for which proposed nothing less than the federating of all the Universities in Ontario, each removing to Toronto and surrendering its degree-conferring power, and thenceforth sending its students to be examined by a central board, which alone would possess the power of conferring degrees. Against this movement Principal Grant opposed a sturdy front. He believed Ontario to be too great a

province to have only one University, and as might be naturally expected in the graduate of a Scottish University, he deemed the historic individuality of Queen's an important factor in its vital power and influence. The value of that accumulated wealth of tradition which can come only through long-continued separate existence he fully realized, and he could not be brought to see that in centralisation, whereby all these things would be lost, there was sufficient gain to compensate for their surrender. He pointed out, too, among other objections to the proposed Federation, that, according to it, all the patronage of the one University in Ontario would be in the hands of a party politician, and he declined to give up the self-government of Queen's for such a consummation. Accordingly his answer to the advocates of University Federation was a still more vigorous campaign on behalf of Queen's, and, heartily sustained as he has been by those to whom he appealed, there is no doubt that his attitude will remain unchanged throughout the future.

Glancing back over the foregoing, one might well imagine that the limits of Dr. Grant's activities had been indicated. As principal, professor, preacher and financial organizer, his hands should surely be more than full, and it could hardly be possible for him to concern himself with any other sphere of thought or action; and yet, in spite of all these varied and important responsibilities, he does somehow find time to take no small part in public affairs. He keeps himself thoroughly *au courant* with the leading questions of the day. He forms his own opinions upon them, and not only so, but is ready to give these opinions utterance if the time be appropriate; in fact, his voice is one of the most influential to be heard in Canada to-day. He scorns the idea that the preacher has no place in politics. That the preacher should not be a partisan he is quite ready to admit; but that his tongue should be tied when subjects of vital concern to the present and future of the country are under discussion, he flatly denies and that he does not lack the courage of his convictions is sufficiently shown by the hearty interest he takes in the questions of the day, and his readiness to discuss them upon fitting occasions.

Again and again the whole country has been stirred by an oration from his lips that at once set editorial pens a-scratching and tongues a-wagging in approval or censure; for when the Principal speaks on the public platform, it is with the same fearless freedom that character-

izes his utterances from the pulpit. He never hesitates to denounce iniquity in high places as well as in low. Senator Ingall's to the contrary, he firmly believes that the Decalogue and the Golden Rule *have* a place in the political sphere. He abhors that conception of practical politics which may be expressed in the saying: "All's fair so long as you get there." He is always on the side of the generous and unselfish policy, as against that of mere expediency, and pleads for the pursuit of a noble ideal in preference to mere material success. Above all things he is loyal and patriotic. He has absolute faith in the future of his country, if only his fellow countrymen bear themselves as they should.

"Duty demands that we shall be true to our history," he cries. "Duty also demands that we shall be true to our home. All of us must be 'Canada first men'. Oh! for something of the spirit that has animated the sons of Scotland for centuries, and that breathes in the fervent prayer 'God Save Ireland' uttered by the poorest peasants and by the servant girl far away from green Erin. Think what a home we have. Every province is fair to see. Its sons and daughters are proud of their natal soil. Why then should not all, taken together, inspire loyalty in souls least capable of patriotic emotion? I have sat on blocks of coal in the Pictou mines, wandered through the glens of Cape Breton, and around Cape North, and driven for a hundred miles under apple blossoms in the Cornwallis and Annapolis valleys. I have seen the glory of our western mountains, and toiled through passes where the great cedars and Douglas pines of the Pacific slope hid sun and sky at noonday, and I say that in the four thousand miles that extend between there is every thing that man can desire, and the promise of a mighty future. If we cannot make a country out of such materials, it is because we are not true to ourselves, and if we are not, be sure our sins will find us out."

In October of last year, Principal Grant delivered an oration before the National Club of Toronto, upon the subject of "Canada, her Position, Aims and Destiny," which at once took rank as one of the most notable public utterances in the history of the Dominion. In this oration, Dr. Grant's qualities as a speaker upon public affairs are most happily illustrated, and somewhat extended extracts will therefore be made in order that his views may not be inadequately presented.

Referring to the question of the ultimate destiny of Canada, he said :

" In considering the position of Canada, my first question is whether ground can be found on which men of different views will consent to stand. There is such ground. Whether we separate from the Empire to form an independent State, or remain in the Empire, gradually evolving into a position of closer union and equality of constitutional privilege and responsibility, it is equally a matter of the first importance that Canada be united and strong. No matter then which of the two destinies we believe the future to have in store for us, our duty is to be *Canada first men*. This is ground that both unionist and separatist can take honestly. If a man professes independence with the intention of immediately breaking Canada up and handing it over in pieces to another power, he, of course, cannot take this common ground. But it is quite needless to say that there are no such men in Canada. I may pause a little here to point out the difference between the policies of the honest unionist and the honest separatist. The policy of the former preserves our historical continuity and promises peaceful development ; that of the latter means a revolution to begin with, and weakness forever afterwards. Grown-up men know that revolutions are not to be played with, and that national weakness is always next door to national humiliation."

The Principal's predilection for Imperial Federation clearly reveals itself in the foregoing passage. With reference to the annexationist, he went on to say, smiting straight from the shoulder as is his wont when deeply stirred :

" The annexationist at the outset surrenders the name of Canada, with all that it involves,—its history, its constitution, its past struggles, its present life, its hopes and aims,—as things absolutely worthless. *Of course, to some men and all cattle these things are worthless.*"

After touching upon the Jesuit agitation and the bad blood it had engendered, he proceeded to plead for the exercise of a wider charity and more steadfast patience in these eloquent terms :

" We must agree to differ, with the prayer and hope the Head of the Church will find a way of uniting the two great historic confessions of Christianity, that have so long stood face to face as enemies, in a church of the future, grander than any existing church. In the

meantime, peace between them is the attitude incumbent on all of us as patriots and Christians. In the past, though we did not understand one another as we ought, there was a general spirit of moderation, and therefore hope for the future. The progress of material civilization and the leaven of modern ideas might be trusted to do the rest. 'He that believeth doth not make haste.' The province of Quebec could not stand permanently aloof from the Maritime Provinces on one side, and Ontario on the other, when all were united in one political organism. Not that the responsibility for past isolation is to be laid at the door of one race only. We were as ignorant of and indifferent to the good qualities of the *habitants* as they could be with regard to us. How much that is excellent in them are we still blind to! As a people, they are to a great extent an unknown quality. We need some one to reveal them as Charles Egbert Craddock has interpreted the people of the Tennessee Mountains, and Cable the Creoles of Louisiana, and Rudyard Kipling the Anglo-Indian Empire, and Tolstoi and his brother novelists the Russian peasant and Russian society. Who that has once sailed up the St-Lawrence from Quebec, in the daylight, can help having it borne in upon him that there is there, in the very centre of our country, a Christian civilization that is not of our type, but that is altogether beautiful from some points of view?"

Commenting upon this large-souled utterance, Mr. L. H. Taché, the editor of this gallery, has appositely written: "Behold how Principal Grant preaches tolerance towards a Province whose co-operation is as necessary to the life of the Dominion as air is necessary for the lungs. Second in point of population, but first in historic tradition, the province of Quebec enjoys a geographical position superior to any of the others. Her population is peace-loving, obedient to the laws, tolerant and cultivated. Her public men advantageously bear comparison with those of the other provinces, and she has produced orators who are masters of eloquence not only in their mother tongue, but in the English language also. Nearly all her business men and public men speak English fluently. The French race professes an unalterable attachment for British institutions, and, on several critical occasions, has given unequivocal proofs of its fidelity to the British crown. What then are the causes of divergence between this province and the others? There are none, but the ignor-



ance possessed by so many Canadians of any other province than their own. It is this fact which Principal Grant has particularly realized, and he has undertaken the mission of causing the other portions of the Dominion to be rightly understood in Ontario. This is a mission of enlightened patriotism, and the country cannot fail to grow greater and more prosperous so long as it possesses such men. In times of crisis, it often suffices for an appeal from so authoritative and sympathetic a voice to be made in order to restore calm."

But to revert to the speech from which we have been quoting :

Referring to the need of selecting the best men to represent the people in the House of Commons, he continued in stirring language :

"I am proud of the present House of Commons. It is the best, because the most independent, that we have had. But we can make the next better ; and it is time for us to be preparing to do our duty in this all important matter. Of course, it is hard to find the right men, but they are to be found. In the search for them, however, the old adage, that "One volunteer is worth two pressed men," must be rigorously reversed. It is harder still to get constituencies to elect the right men, but the day is coming when constituencies will canvass their wisest man to accept the nomination instead of expecting him to canvass them, and when all entrusted with votes shall be required by law to go to the polls on penalty of being disfranchised. That is the kind of penalty that nature inflicts for neglect of trust. What an inspiration there is in having a share in the making of a nation, and what a position Canada is in to become a great nation ! I do not refer to greatness in area or wealth or population. These are the lowest standards. It is lunacy for men to talk of Canada having a larger area than the United States, if they mean to imply that Canada has anything like the same extraordinary variety or boundless extent of natural resources. In making the boast, too, they add : 'If we exclude Alaska,' as if Alaska did not belong to the republic, or as if it were not worth a million or two of our frozen square miles between the north pole and Labrador. Canada is never likely to have more than a tenth of the population of the United States ; but five millions, growing gradually to ten within the lifetime of some of us, are as many as one can get his arms round, and enough certainly to make a nation ; as many as England had in the great days of Elizabeth ; far more than Athens had in the century after Marathon, when she

bore the statesmen, poets, philosophers, historians, mathematicians, men of science, artists and teachers, at whose feet the students of the world have sat for more than two thousand years; far more than Judea had in the golden age of that prophetic literature which is still so largely our guide and our inspiration to righteousness; far more than Rome had when her sun was at the zenith,—for the glory of Rome was not when she held the east and west in fee, and Christian emperors like Constantin and Theodosius the Great ruled the world, but when, defeated at Trebia, Thrasymene and Cannæ, her fields wasted, her veteran legions annihilated, her young men slain or prisoners, scarce freemen enough left in Rome to form one legion more, she still wavered not an inch, but closed her gates, forbade mothers and wives to ransom their captive sons and husbands, and refused to discuss terms of peace while Hannibal remained in Italy. Oh! for something of that proud consciousness of national dignity and of that stern public virtue which is the strength of states!”

Having considered at length the question of the relation of Canada to the United States, Principal Grant concluded with the following eloquent peroration:

“ But while we may not agree upon details, let us be at one upon fundamental principles. There are matters of unspeakably greater importance to a people than the volume of its imports and exports, or anything that can be tabulated in the most roseate-coloured and most carefully prepared statistics. Not by these things does a country live. A country lives, and lives in history, by what its people are. Very little thought did the men who made Canada give to tariff questions. They were men who lived simple lives, and no privations shook their hearts of oak. Everything we have we owe to them, and the more firmly we stand on their foundations and get back to their simpler manners, robust faith, and sincere patriotism, the better for us. We are living in a critical period. We need strong and true men. These will be given us if we are worthy of them. Let us take our stand on what is right, without any fear of the consequences. All sorts of bogeys will be used to frighten us, all sorts of temptations to allure us from the path of honour. Against all these stand fast. Remember how the spirit of our fathers shone out again and again like a pillar of fire when the night was darkest. Oh! yes,—we come of good stock. Men emigrated to this new world, who knew

how to endure. They hoped to found in the forests of the West a State in which there would be justice for all, free scope for all, fair reward for labour, a new home for freedom; freedom from grinding poverty, freedom from the galling chain of ancient feuds, mutual confidence and righteousness between man and man, flowing from trust in God. They knew that there was no other sure foundation, no other permanent cohesion, for the social fabric. These men yearned and prayed for the country. They were poor, yet they made rich all who came into contact with them. Some of them are still with us in the flesh, for Canada is only in her infancy. Let the knowledge that such men laid our foundations hallow our aims and give us faith in the country's future. *I never despair.*"

It is by such inspiring appeals to all that is best and noblest in our nature, that Principal Grant is exercising an influence surpassed by none of his contemporaries. He is an ardent advocate of Imperial Federation. He regards it as the solution of all the difficulties that seem to darken the future of Canada and the British Empire. Three years ago, the state of his health rendered a long holiday imperative. He accordingly set out to make a tour of the British colonies that belt the globe, and spent a year in the undertaking, returning to Canada, thoroughly recuperated and a more enthusiastic federationist than ever. He found the colonies at South Africa and upon the island continent of Australia rife with discussion as to the advantage of following the example set by the provinces of Canada in 1867. If federation be so good in part, must it not be better if made to embrace the whole? Accordingly, since his return, with both tongue and pen he has been pleading the cause of Imperial Federation. If ever the vast and splendid scheme does become a reality, so far, at least, as Canada is concerned, the name of George Munro Grant must be indissolubly connected with it.

Principal Grant's life has been too strenuous and crowded with competing duties to give much opportunity for literary work, and it is to be feared that he may go from us without leaving behind a monument of that kind commensurate with his fame. His only book is "From Ocean to Ocean," a graphic, interesting and instructive record of the experiences of the Sandford Fleming surveying expedition which determined the route of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Although marked by signs of haste in composition, the story is exceed-

ingly well told, and fills a place no other book can take. His next most important literary task was the editing of that superb publication, "Picturesque Canada." He has also contributed articles on Canadian topics to the *Century*, *Contemporary Review*, *Good Words*, and other periodicals, in which he has shown himself a graceful and vigorous writer.

Principal Grant's home occupies a sunny slope, close beside the University Building. Some years before leaving Halifax, he was married to the eldest daughter of the late William Lawson, one of the Bluenose capital's merchant princes. He has one son living, to whom he devotes as much time as his multifarious duties permit. Still in the prime of life and at the height of his fame, one cannot close this brief biography without expressing the hope that Providence may have in store for him many years yet of activity, beneficence and happiness.

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

Ottawa, 15th March, 1891



Southerly again, represents the  
Convicts at Port Arthur, as going to  
their huts, at nightfall, trembling  
lest they should be devoured by the  
wild beasts. This in a Country where  
there are only poor timid  
Marsupials, like the Kangaroo  
& Opossum! Is it much  
wonder that we do not know  
whether Queensland or Victoria  
is the greater Colony, or whether  
Mr Dibbs or Mr Service is  
the greater Statesman?

Yours sincerely

G. Monro Grant.

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