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CANADA:

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

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

Vol. I.—No. 3.

MARCH, 1891.

50 Cents a Year.

Our Contributors.

THE POET.

BY BLISS GARMAN.

The chosen one, of angel mien,
Shall swing upon its golden bars
The Aurora for his shifting scene,
And crown his puppets with the stars.

New York, U. S. A.

THE BURNING OF MIRAMICHI.

BY PASTOR FELIX.

From its wilds
Spiced with dark cedars, cried the whip-poor-will.
—*Isabella Vulancy Crawford, "Malcolm's Katie"*.

I saw with fear and awe!
The heavens were all aflame!
I knew the woods must be on fire!
—*Alexander McLachlan, "Fire in the Woods"*.

The flames on forest move and mount
From rank to rank, and loud and louder roll.
—*Lawlor "Gehir"*.

I.

THE year 1825 may be termed the fire-year in Acadian annals; nor will it soon be forgotten how that mad-cap element, which is not less dreadful in its forest career than when, upon city streets, it,

"Commissioned by the winds,
Begins on sheds, but, rolling in a round,
On palaces returns",

made a holocaust of the northern wilderness.

On Nova Scotia's western shore a sort of preliminary torch had been kindled, and a considerable portion of Shelburne was burned over, about five years earlier, but this slight singeing, though memorable in the Province, and notable at the time, was as a few wandering sparks to fiery rain, like that in the vision of Dante.

There rises in Carleton County one of the largest rivers of the Province of New Brunswick, known as the Miramichi. Its noble volume is swelled by numerous tributaries, draining a wide extent of the centre of the Province; and it empties

its waters into a spacious bay, and by a flourishing town, now called Chatham, but then bearing the name of the river. If not so celebrated by sportsmen as the Restigouche or the Metapediac, nor so be praised for spaciousness and varied beauty as the St. John, it is commercially important, and owns in this respect no rival. Far from its debouchment its sources are hidden in woody deeps, where portages connect it with the N. shwaak and the St. John; but for fifty miles inland the white sails can travel from the ocean, and when the vernal or autumnal freshets are on, can go farther still.

Abundant wealth is here, in field, in wave and in forest; and at the time of the event we narrate the native product of river and wilderness was more profuse than now. Salmon and trout, those limber beauties of the fisher, sported in the clear waters; there swam the bass and the little smelt, and in its rocky retreat at the river's mouth crept the lobster; while deer, moose and smaller game abounded in the forest, whose dark palisade skirted a considerable extent of this rich waterway; but the dim tent-branches they sported under, of red and white pine, were being broken into by the lumberman's axe, for they were the fairest prize and richest spoil of the country.

If prosperity invites disaster, the time was ripe, for the lumber trade went flourishingly, and when should the store ever be exhausted? The mills, in goodly and increasing number, moved not lazily; and for some years there had been, in our modern expressive phrase, "a boom" in the business. With not unmusical shriek and clatter the saws were briskly ripping up the huge bulks of primeval timber, and the axes ceased not to wake the echoes among shadowy aisles; for was there not a demand for their products. Rapidly the tide of population was flowing in toward Miramichi, and many a comfortable home sprang suddenly up within its flourishing precinct; while many a hamlet or settler's cabin could be found, sprung mushroom-like, on the river-brink or in forest clearing. Prosperity was indeed here, so cheerfully advertised by the rapidly rising villages, the cottage homes, the snug churches and school houses, alas! a prosperity about to be swept still more suddenly away by an angry besom of fire!

Never within human memory had a summer been more fervid. Over all the great American continent the sun

asserted his dominion with unusual rigor, untempered by any milder ministry of cloud or rain. Down sunk the water in the wells, the streams shrank, and the country was parched by a continuous drouth. Fire, the usual concomitant of such a season, had been abroad in some directions, and already the flames had done some wild, unlicensed work, on rather a broad scale, in Eastern Nova Scotia. But, owing to extensive clearings in the neighborhood of their occurrence, their desolating march was stayed with little of loss or inconvenience to the inhabitants. But Miramichi, facing the waves, and backed by vast forests, had more fuel for the burning, in the most perfect state of preparation; and to her the awful baptism was about to come. The hot, sullenly brooding days succeeded each other, ripening the tinder more and more; Earth seemed meditating some unusual event; a mysterious hush was in the air, like that before the breaking of a tempest. Neighbors who met one another, panting in the road, and who, wiping their sweaty brows and looking over their scorching fields, remarked upon the heat and the doubtful crops, may have wondered what could be the issue; but never could they have predicted the devastation that really and suddenly came.

September dreamed itself out over all the hills, and went its way, as if mournfully. October, that time of freshening airs and coloring woods, succeeded; but no cool winds were there to blow away the furnace heat and smoky haze that spoke of distant fires away northward, at the District of Gaspé and the south side of the Baie de Chaleurs. That smoky pall crept over the face of New Brunswick, the contiguous provinces and the greater portion of Maine.

We look back through the dimness of seventy years to one point luridly distinct; we see the flames darting their fierce tongues above the tops of loftiest cedars and broadest pines, for that deluge of fire came typhoon-like, as wildest storms descend at sea. Yet just before the people dwelt in fancied security; they watched these monitors without serious alarm, dreaming the like had been harmlessly seen before. Why should they quake at what seemed so far away? So, in the prospect of such a disaster as had never visited the land before, they waited. Some might sigh for a breath of the genuine October, for the first day of that month had come and yet the most oppressive, unnatural heat remained, yielding only languor and prostration. Another day—it is still less tolerable! Still another—the fourth—fifth—and matters are growing worse!

Beware, O ye people! nor dream vainly of cooler airs that cannot issue from the bosom of that red-sheeted fury creeping at ye through the woods; no tawny savage, of this his native wilderness, ever so lurking, deadly and ravenous! Does not some sage head among ye shake itself, and declare what must be? This fire is a large one; unmistakably it is approaching and gathering volume over every mile of its path. "Now it wins its widening way".

What is it we begin to see? Are those not distinct

fiery gleams penetrating the forest fitfully, like an instant sword out of heaven, and as quickly withdrawn? And are not such heated breaths something more than the fervors of an autumnal sun, that we faint before them? The sixth day dawns bringing the ashen doom still nearer; there is not an inspiration that is pleasant—nothing but dead air, charged with hot vapor; while over all the predestined waste a strange, pale mist is seen to settle. This is a hopeless symptom. Ah! for a wind of God to blow, and rustle these dead leaves, and beat back the encroaching monster! but there is none. Dark like that pall over unsuspecting Pompeii, the shadow settles on Miramichi. But amid the uncertainty straining the baffled eye, what core of more sombre tint develops itself? What is glooming over the people like a voluminous cloud portentous of thunder, and the bolt that strikes we know not where? Be awakened, ye who sleep, for it is the certain harbinger of such a storm as never bellowed here; and behind it is destruction! Three o'clock has come; it seems like an afternoon in Gehenna; strange if these devoted are not yet alarmed! O what a sweet nest is earth—is home! So will it be at Dooms-day, when fond earthlings will be found so wedded to clay idols, so wrapped in cere cloth of long habit, and judgment flames will despoil them; so was it of old when the floods broke forth momentarily and swept them away.

Hark! There are sounds like the rattle of distant artillery,—dull, dread, ominous, eruptive sounds, in the distant woods, startling the sick air. Now, nearer explosions are heard. Fire is abroad everywhere; we seem suddenly encircled by it; while, as evening draws on, more awful than that over the Arabian desert, which was known for a merciful symbol, a gigantic column of smoke towers aloof towards Newcastle, in the north-west, till a slight breeze dissevers it and scatters the huge fragments away. Night comes, never with more of gloom, nor more glaringly pictured upon the sky by red-flame pencils, writing dreadfully their inscription—their *mene, mene, tekel, upharsin*.

The time has come, and with it the brief alarm. The more fearful pale before these omens; they cower but do not fly, and the story of their alarm fails to arouse the doleful multitude. Nevertheless, this night shall not go over the heads of dwellers in Miramichi scathless. The vesper hour is passed, but that which should be night looks but a lurid day. Eight o'clock,—a broader glare, nearing rapidly. Nine o'clock! and now the bright beast is all ready to spring out of the woods upon them; its dreadful conversation with falling trunks and crackling boughs, as it leaps along, is incessant and it will be here as soon as possible. Rise, O people, from your beds, if any of you slumber! And think not to save your beds or anything that is yours, but your lives, since if you save them you must be counted fortunate; your herds and homes if you succeed in saving, it will be miraculous. Ye do arise! for the awful roar of that fiery tornado is breaking on your ears; and the trampling of its feet on the earth and beating of its wings above in the heavens, is something that pale-faced husbands and mothers, with their trembling children, ask to be spared the hearing.

A NOCTURNE.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE sifers of the amethystine fields,
 Whose far fine sound the night makes musical,
 Now while thou wak'st and longing would'st recall
 Joys that no rapture of remembrance yields,
 Voice to thy soul, lone-sitting deep within
 The still recesses of thine ecstasy,
 My love and my desire, that fain would fly
 With this far-silvering moon and fold thee in.

But not for us the touch, the clasp, the kiss,
 And for our restlessness no rest. In vain
 These aching lips, these hungering hearts that strain
 Toward the denied fruition of our bliss,
 Had love not learned of longing to devise
 Out of desire and dream our paradise.

Kingscroft, Windsor, N. S.

LABOUR.

BY REV. FRED. LLOYD.

IN these days of strikes, organizations and unions, there is a danger of losing sight of the true dignity of labour and of its otherwise vast importance to the human race. That all honest toil is ennobling is a position which cannot be broken, but there are few who will affirm that it is thus universally regarded. And yet the conditions of our lives have been so ordered by a benign Providence that nothing which may contribute to our happiness and general well-being can be procured without it. The soil must be tilled before it yields its increase, and even after the fruit of the field has been gathered in, through how many hands must it pass before it is fit for use! "Manufactures, trade and agriculture," said Addison in the *Spectator*, "naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labour by the condition in which they were born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind unless they indulge in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of exercise." The development of the latent powers of the human mind and body depends altogether upon the amount of labour to which they are severally devoted, which, if properly directed and duly performed cannot fail to produce the *mens sana in corpore sano*.

In addressing a body of English workmen on the dignity of labour, the late Charles Kingsley, himself an indefatigable worker, said:—"Thank God there is no need for me to persuade you to work; for you are all Englishmen, and it has pleased God to put into the hearts of Englishmen a love of work, and a power of work which has helped to make this little island one of the greatest nations upon earth. What

I ask you to do is to look upon your work as an honourable calling, and as a blessing to yourselves, not merely as a hard necessity, a burden which must be borne to keep you from starvation. It is far more than that. All trade, manufacture, tillage is honourable, because all is of use; all helping forward more or less the well-being of God's human creatures and of the whole world." All hard work is a blessing both to the soul and character of him who works, and produces temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, cheerfulness, contentment and a hundred other virtues which the idle man will never know. In regard to the braggart idlers who flourish with so much abundance in the present day a recent elegant essayist writes:—"Civilisation, which has placed everything in the hands of certain people, has freed them from the necessity of working, and they have become do-nothing classes in the worst sense. Nowadays many people are proud of doing nothing, and inflate themselves with the wicked vanity, holding a prescriptive right of being indolent. There has grown up among us a party which brags and vaunts that it does nothing, that it lives at the expense of others, and is yet superior to others". Of this class he rightly adds: "It is not the highest in the truest sense, for among the highest we find ceaseless workers." In olden times it used to be said of the monks that an idle monk's soul was lost; and how true was the legend! Though those good men gave up a large portion of their time to prayer and to worship, yet they found they could not pray aright without work. It is to the work, not to the prayers of the monks of the Middle Ages that English art and literature are so largely indebted.

Regarding the effect of work on the human body and mind the great master of eighteenth century prose, already quoted, says:—"The general idea of a human body, without considering it in the niceties of anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary labour is for the right preservation of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations to mix, digest and separate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that infinitude of pipes and strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid parts a more firm and lasting tone. It keeps the understanding clear," he continues, "the imagination untroubled and refines those spirits that are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties during the present laws of union between soul and body". Concluding, he humourously adds:—"It is to a neglect in this particular that we must ascribe the spleen which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers, as well as the vapours to which those of the other sex are so often subject". "Work is another inevitable condition of human happiness; first the intellectual labour that one is free to choose and loves; secondly, the exercise of physical power that brings a good appetite and tranquil and profound sleep", says Tolstoi, the famous Russian novelist. "All the prosperous people of the world", he continues, "the men of dignity and

wealth, are as completely deprived of the advantages of work as if they were shut up in solitary confinement. They struggle unsuccessfully with the diseases caused by the need of physical exercise, and with the enmity which pursues them—unsuccessfully, because labour is a pleasure only when it is necessary, and they have need of nothing." This celebrated man, though an oddity in some ways, is as accomplished as an agriculturist as he undoubtedly is as a writer, and as familiar with the use of the plough as of the pen.

All great men with a remarkable unanimity ascribe the achievements whereon their claim to greatness rests to hard and incessant toil, one of them declaring true genius to be but the art of taking pains. The famous monuments of art and literature erected by the hands of true genius in a bygone time, which we of the present day inherit, are but the result of hard work; and who can think of Galileo, Raphael, Handel, Newton, Wren, Scott, and many others, even of our own times, without a loving and amazed admiration! "There is no art or science which is too difficult for industry to attain to"; wrote Lord Clarendon, "it is the very gift of tongues, and makes a man understood and valued in all countries".

The world gains by every separate act of honest labour even though it be but the making of a stitch in a shilling-a-dozen shirt by the delicate fingers of a martyr to the sweating system, and it loses in the same proportion by every idle or illspent moment. "A divine benediction attends on true work"; writes the accomplished author of *The Gentle Life*, "its spirit is indeed the little fairy which turns everything into gold; and that man or woman who instils into his or her children habits of industry, who teaches self-dependence, 'to scorn delights and live laborious days,' does much better than they who, after working painfully themselves, leave to their children a future which will corrupt by inducing an indolence that will surely prove a curse".

Life is the sphere of toil, eternity of rest. "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labours until the evening;" "the night cometh when no man can work". In Milton's immortal poem *Paradise Lost* Adam thus addresses Eve as the hour of rest approaches: -

. Fair consort, the hour
Of night and all things now retired to rest
Mind us of like repose, since God has set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive, and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight melms
Our eyelids; other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest; .
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven in all his ways;
While other animals inactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account".

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

SUFFRAGE.

LET all men vote; but lay
The emphasis on *men*!
And soon the perfect day
Will dawn on earth again.

THE INDIVIDUAL CANADIAN.

BY IRENE ELDER MORTON.

"Let God be thanked whenever on the world
There falls the incense of a good man's life".

GIVEN a country broad and fertile, environed by three great oceans, and so productive that its wheat harvest of one year has been sufficient to "feed the world", the question comes to us, "What is the duty of the individual Canadian?" The answer calls in strong and stirring tones: "The children of so royal a heritage owe the tribute of high and loyal service to a land holding such splendid possibilities".

Space would fail us here to tell of our inexhaustible human industries, how wealth floats into the open nets on our shores, while the products of our land and the rare fruitage of our trees are now sought by the first markets of the world; how our mountains wear ribs of iron and our hills hearts of gold, while the voices of the strong, free winds chant through the winding aisles of our Canadian forests, "The Lord has been good to this land". We do not say that every mile of this great country is an inviting spot for human habitation; that there are parts of it adapted only to the personal habits of the polar bear, every school boy knows, but it is broad enough to be all that we claim and leave brim his corner too, from which we have no wish to disturb him—he is picturesque in the distance, if nothing more. We know it is the habit of some good and loyal newspapers to resent any hint of localities in the Dominion where a fan and sunshade are not indispensable for at least half the year, but a good cause and a good country do not need the service of untruth. Untruth never yet served cause or country. "They prove themselves. We want men and women who can stand bravely by their individual duties, and can front the difficulties of the outer and inner life with quick response. We do not claim that it will be easy work: the long strain, the sharp wrench, is what tries the metal of humanity, and the complex mysteries of soul environment require a strength and endurance of faith that perhaps has not been given to the angels, but to him that overcometh in this life, as in the next, much is given. The pure individual life in whose inner shrine sits conscience crowned as king, doing whatever he does, whether setting bricks in a wall or dictating laws for our great country, with the consciousness that he is doing his best, is

the richest gift that can be laid upon the altars of our country.

“All service ranks alike with God,
With Him there is no last or first”.

If we shape our minds to the true conditions of life we find how much that holds the germ of true happiness has been given to each one. If the smallest farm house in Canada does not hold a picture by a great artist, the windows of that house are frames for pictures by the Great Artist, after whom the artists of the world are trying to copy in tint of cloud or blush of bloom, in the opal or carmine of sunset or the golden glory of the breaking day. The every-day gifts of God are His best gifts. The man who wearies of the monotony of home finds, after years of travel, in strange and far less homeless lands, that in the love of wife and child, in the quiet and evening rest of home, God had given him the best gifts he had to bestow.

We have great faith in the future of our country. We are glad it is not an old country, all done and finished, with its strong men crying for work, and its government actively engaged in exporting its surplus population; and also heavy laden with tons of useless “precedents”, which in our blind delight at their antiquity we pass on as heir looms to the coming generations.

We have faith in the men of Canada, that they will prove themselves—whether in the trenches or on the battlements—good men and true. And in its noble and beautiful womanhood we yield the palm to no country, young or old. The blooming faces of its maidenhood are poems and prophecies that may well awaken all that is loyal and best in the heart of the beholder. While to England we owe and joyfully pay our tribute of loving homage, yet we as well as her home-born children, are “heirs of all the ages”, and it is not ours to follow any leader into fogs and obscurities. It is given to us to choose the best, in laws, in culture and in religion. Let us as individuals be careful what we believe and what we reject. If, as leaders, we accept the men who take the grand old faith of the Bible from us, we throw away all the best hopes of humanity, and our leaders have nothing to give in return. The pride of human intellect is boundless. It would tower like the boundless “Son of the Morning above God Himself”. Though He hath made the earth by His power; though He hath stretched out the heavens and balanced the seas; though His words alone, ringing through the awful first silences, crystallised into suns and stars, yet, year after year there are turned out from the oldest of our European colleges—colleges that claim, however justly, the highest status—men who in the face of all this wonderful display of Sovereign power cannot accept the Bible because the miracles of Christ lack “human testimony”. Was it less a miracle to create a world and hang it a blazing star in space until His word should recall it from its orbit, than to turn the water into wine at the marriage feast of Galilee? “Human testimony”, forsooth, what is it? As the

work of an industrious and painstaking mole that burrows its blind way a few inches beneath the surface of its little space of earth and piles up its small particles—fruits of honest industry, and immensely interesting to the mole, also a conclusive proof to himself that he is the mole of the moles—might appear to a man crossing the path of the mole hill, so the feeble results of the most learned researches into the labyrinth of human philosophy or human testimony in search of reasons for God’s “yea” and “nay” must appear to the Sovereign Intelligence of the universe. O vain endeavor to unearth from the past what it never possessed. We and our children are heirs to-day of a broader intelligence than was ever possessed by the most “high toned” of extinct heathen. Does the richest philosophy of the past equal the light of the present? Aching spines are bent to exhume buried cities and enthusiastic students revolve in delight about hideous half brute forms of humanity exhumed in stone or bronze—should it be bronze the delight is doubled. While every town or village in our land holds its students of art who produce work as far above the exhumed treasures, as the subtle, blood-stirring patriotism of the “Marseillaise” is above the war whoop of the son of the forest. We have no buried cities to exhume and, letting the “dead past bury its dead”, let us go forward. To us as Canadians there is given a “noble chance”. Let us prove ourselves worthy of a seat at the white spread round table of the world.

The Chalet, Wilmot, N. S.

THE DIFFERENCE.

SIN is in all,—in this
The difference appears:
Some hold it still for bliss;
To some it brings but tears.

THREE NEW CANADIAN BOOKS.

Williamson & Co., Toronto, have just published three remarkable books.

Canadians in the Imperial Service, Naval and Military, by J. Hampden Burnham, of Osgoode Hall, Barrister-at-Law, and dedicated to Lord Stanley of Preston, Governor-General of Canada, is the initial opening of a mine of interesting record yet unexplored. Few Canadians know that “Williams of Kars” was a Canadian, and fewer still know the full meaning of the title popularly bestowed upon a hero of whom any country might boast. To learn that one small volume contains the names and service records of one hundred and fifty Canadians in the Imperial Service is a further revelation.

The Hittites, by Professor John Campbell of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, is another valuable addition to Canadian literature. The work is illustrated and deals

mainly with the translation of the ten legible Hittite Inscriptions "now read for the first time with grammatical analysis and historical notes". And to this the most important part of the work is added "a connection by means of an ancient Hittite document of sacred and profane history from the dispersion of mankind to the fall of the Kingdom of Israel." And several other historical points of the profoundest interest. Professor Campbell is a member of many learned societies in America, Europe and Asia, and formed one of the trio of eminent men whom Toronto University honoured by bestowing upon them its LL.D. two years ago; the first time in the history of the University it had thus honoured any one.

Some Evidences of Christianity, by Hon. O. Mowat, Premier of Ontario, is a small pamphlet, beautifully got up, and dealing tersely and clearly with the subject matter of its title. It has no denominational bias and may be read with advantage by all alike, professors of christianity or its opponents.

S. A. C.

THE VOICE OF THE SEA. *

BY H. L. SPENCER.

O SEA, that to these grey and solemn shores
 Dost pour thy plaint through all the circling years,
 I would that to my ever anxious ears
 Some spirit might translate thy language. Roars
 The wave that spends its force against the rocks
 That its assault deride: a giant's pain
 Its voices! Soft and low dost thou complain
 By pebbly beach to summer fields and flocks.

Tell'st thou of cities hid beneath thy breast?
 Of proud Atlantis, known in story only?
 Of sepulchres innumerable, where rest
 Men of all ages, peacefully and lonely?
 Tell why thou plainest, melancholy Sea!—
 And the Sea answers, No, it may not be.

St. John, N. B.

MONTCALM AND FRENCH CANADA.

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

THE rebound of a final European conflagration, occasioned by the War of the Austrian succession, had again disturbed the two neighbouring colonies, when, in 1748, the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle intervened, which stipulated that in America everything should be restored to the same footing as before the hostilities.

Each of these struggles, renewed again and again, brought the colonists of the opposing nations into conflict; but apart from these quarrels between the two crowns, the rivalry of races, of religions and commercial interests, especially in the fur-trade, more than sufficed to array the one against the other, Anglo-Americans and Canadians.

With this long-cherished hatred between the two peoples, it was not a matter of doubt to anyone in America that the peace beyond the Atlantic would be only a truce on this side, and that soon or late the English colonies, twenty times more populous, would take advantage of their power to hurl to the bottom of the Saint Lawrence the rival colony. The flame smouldered in America under the European treaties of peace and was soon going to devour them.

Among all the struggles between France and England, the Seven Years' War, of which the conquest of Canada was an episode, presents at its outset a peculiar feature; the governments did not give the signal for hostilities, and the two nations, France at any rate, were led in spite of themselves into the already ensanguined arena. The war sprang up afar by a sort of spontaneous generation; it proceeded from every army on American soil.

We have said above that after the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle things were to be restored in America to the same footing as before the war; in this continent, so vast that no one yet knew its bounds, and of which scarcely a corner was occupied, pretences were found for disputing over a few square leagues. What were the real frontiers of Acadia, ceded to England by the peace of Utrecht? This delimitation was the first pretext for a quarrel between the two colonies. But the burning question was not there; the true game, of which Canada was the stake, was played upon the banks of the Ohio.

The reader knows that the Alleghany or Apalachian chain of mountains was the natural frontier of the English possessions which it separated from ours as clearly as the Pyrenees isolate Spain from France. From the tops of the sterile rocks of their mountains, the Anglo-American colonists had seen at their feet, looking westward, illimitable spaces and an ocean of verdure: this was the West, as it appeared in the glow and freshness of its first awakening "with its virgin prairies, covered with wild rye, with blue herbs and white clover, in the midst of which herds of buffalo were grazing". This was the West "with its open plains, planted with fruit trees and delightfully watered by many streams". Among all the landscapes of this enchanted land, if one may choose a smiling and fertile one, it is the immense valley through which flow, for three hundred leagues, to the Mississippi, the waters of the Ohio, or "la Belle Rivière".

To whom, to France or to England, did this valley belong? It will be necessary, in order to make this point clear, to explain the theory of the principles which, in America, regulated among Europeans the right of sovereignty, and according to which the ownership of a territory resulted from its exploration followed by an effective possession. This was, for seventy years, the case with the French on the banks of the Ohio, and the valley which commenced near Lake Erie and ended at the Mississippi, had become for them the

shortest route of communication between Canada and Louisiana. But under pretext that, in 1496, the Venetian Sebastian Cabot, sailing in the service of Henry VII., King of England, had passed along the eastern coast of America, without even attempting a landing, the English who had never planted a foot beyond the Alleghanies, laid claim, in the middle of the last century, to the ownership of the valley of the Ohio. To speak frankly: the invasion of this territory was not a question of right, but it was perhaps a law of necessity, a condition of life or death to the future United States. Thomas Ponwal, one of the governors of the English colonies, made a candid acknowledgement of it when he said, in a memorable address to his government: "An establishment in the valley of the Ohio will give force and unity to our empire in America and assure us the possession of the country. But at any rate the thing is a necessity: the English plantations are at an end: they are colonized right up to the mountains". The West, this was the future.

The Editor's Table.

THE MAGAZINES.

The Manitoba College Journal is one of the neatest in appearance and best edited of the college monthlies, which are a by no means unimportant feature of Canadian journalism. The January number, in addition to editorial and local departments, contains two poems of more than average merit and a scholarly and interesting article on "The Old Philosophers", the latter by Rev. John Hogg.

The February number of *The Land We Live In* opens with a short sketch, with portrait, of Miss Maud Ogilvy, a promising young Canadian novelist. "Memories of Childhood" by a Kansas Canadian, "A Pleasant Trip near Home" and "Nil Desperandum" with editorial and miscellaneous matter, make up a very interesting number. This lively and popular monthly is clubbed with "Canada" for \$1.00.

The Queen's College Journal does not, perhaps, come exactly under this heading, which is intended for monthlies and quarterlies, as it appears fortnightly during the collegiate year. The number for January 22nd is full of such matter students and alumni like to read. It contains a portrait of Rev. Prof. Ross and a photogravure plate of the First Fifteen of the College Football Club. We notice an amusing typographical error. A book reviewed is represented as being published by Walter Scott at *Soudan*. Civilisation is advancing so rapidly in Africa that this mistake may prove to be prophetic.

The Methodist Magazine for March is a Centennial number. John Wesley died on March 2nd, 1791. With the exception of "Vagabond Vignettes", another illustrated article entitled "Through Hungary" and the continuation of John Habberton's story, "All He Knew", the number is devoted to Wesley and Methodism. Papers on "John Wesley and his Mother", "The Last Days of John Wesley", "Wesley as seen by his Contemporaries", "Epworth", "Wesley and Methodism", "Wesley and his Literature", and "Methodism and the Eighteenth Century" are followed by a "Symposium on Methodism", which contains generous words from such men outside the Methodist Church as Rev. Dr. McMullen, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Rev. John Burton, Rev. G.

M. Milligan, Lieut-Governor Sir S. L. Tilley, Hon. G. W. Allan, Prof. Gregg, and Hon. O. Mowatt. This excellent magazine is clubbed with "Canada" for \$2.00.

LITERARY NOTES.

Harper's Weekly for Nov. 8th has a contribution from Hon. J. W. Longley's pen, entitled "Canada and the Canadians".

Mrs. S. L. ALLISON is contributing a series of interesting letters to *The Week* on Indian Life in British Columbia.

A LATE number of *The Magazine of American History* contains an article by Judge Frasier on "La Salle's Homestead at Lachine".

THE series of biographical sketches of "Prominent Canadians" in *The Week* has reached No. 34. The subject of this sketch is Sir John Thompson.

MR. D. B. READ, Q. C., of Toronto, is at work upon "The Life and Times of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock", and the volume will soon appear.

THE oldest newspaper in Victoria, *The Geelong Advertiser*, celebrated its jubilee in November by a banquet in the town hall. It was started in 1840.

WE hear that Mr. John Reade is no longer at the helm of *The Dominion Illustrated*, and we notice a consequent falling off in the character of its cargo and direction of its voyage.

REV. ARTHUR WESTWORTH EATON, author of "Acadian Legends and Lyrics", together with another Canadian writer, is preparing, we believe, a collection of garrison tales, the scenes to have their centre in Halifax.

THE articles on "Thomas Erskine" contributed to *The Andover Review* by Miss A. Machar, one of the authors of "Stories of New France", have elicited warm praise from such critics as the poet Whittier and Rev. Dr. Munger.

The Canadian Nation is one of our most valued exchanges. Pure and high in tone, independent in politics, well filled with excellent original and selected matter, it is almost an ideal paper for the family.

BLISS CARMAN has been requested by David Nutt & C., (of London, G. B.) to collect a volume of his poems for them. His is one of three or four names that stand highest in Canadian poetry, and a volume from him would be an event in our literature.

WE are sorry to see one of our leading literary journals, which had won for itself so high a place in the esteem of literary men, adopting such a cheap trade method of extending its circulation. What it may gain in that way temporarily, it must lose in literary standing.

WE are indebted to the courtesy of Gilbert Bent & Sons for a copy of the Saint John special number of *The Dominion Illustrated*, dated February 14th, and a royal valentine it makes. It consists of 56 pages of descriptive matter and illustrations. The magnificent public buildings of Saint John are a credit to the city. Among the portraits we notice the thoughtful physiognomies of the editors of the *Gazette*, *Sun* and *Telegraph*. The Bent firm is one of the oldest and most successful in Saint John. The founder of the business came from Nova Scotia in 1843 and has been in business in Saint John for 47 years. The two sons were received into Partnership in 1878. Their fish, flour and general produce and grocery trade, which is wholesale only, extends through all the Maritime Provinces.

WE have reserved 50 copies of the January number of "CANADA", which will be sold at 25 cents each. All new subscriptions must begin with the February number.

CANADA:

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

— OF —

Religion, Patriotism, Science and Literature.

EDITED BY MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

TERMS:—One year, 50 cents; 5 copies to one address, \$2.00; 10 copies, \$3.50; 20 copies, \$6.00; 40 copies, \$10.00. Subscriptions may begin with any number.

A few Advertisements, unexceptionable in character, will be received at \$5.00 per inch per annum; one or two insertions, 50 cents per inch each insertion.

Remittances should be made by post office order or registered letter. Post office orders should be payable to M. R. KNIGHT. One and three cent Canadian stamps and two cent United States stamps will be taken in payment of single subscriptions.

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

All communications should be addressed: "CANADA", Benton, New Brunswick.

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The Editor's Portfolio.

To those who are uninfluenced by the prejudices of partisanship, the political situation in Canada assumes a very different aspect from that which it wears to the ardent Conservative or Liberal. The onlooker from outside sees clearly that the issue between the two parties in the present election contest is no issue at all, that the platform of each, the principal ground on which it seeks the suffrages of the people, is misleading and fallacious. Each offers to the electors of Canada what is as far beyond its power to achieve as it is for the militia of our country to annex the moon and make it one of the provinces of our Dominion.

The Conservative party promises a convention or conference to settle all points of difference between Canada and the United States, and especially to arrange a partial reciprocity treaty which will embrace only natural products or at the most a few manufactured articles, the terms of the treaty, of course, to be very advantageous to this country. This would be very well, if the United States were disposed in the least to consent to a treaty which would be advantageous to Canada. But, if we understand the temper of those who hold the reins of power in the Republic at the present time, no such disposition exists. We think that no treaty of the sort could be arranged without Canada submitting to sacrifice a great deal more than we could possibly gain. Nations, like individuals, are selfish, although it is easier to disguise national selfishness by throwing over it the cloak of patriotism. A people of six millions has a poor chance of success in negotiating with a people of sixty millions. Sir John and his party may mean well,—we believe that they do, and would fulfil their promises if they could; but we do not believe that the United States will consent to meet them half-way.

The Liberal party goes still further, and proceeds on the assumption that when one is promising what he can never perform, he might as well make a promise that will take a man's breath away, and win him over before he can recover himself. At the last general election in Prince Edward Island six Liberals were returned, because the leaders of that party promised the people so emphatically and barefacedly that they would secure a reciprocity treaty in three months after being placed in power. We suppose that the Liberals would do all they could to carry out their programme, that many of them would be prepared to go even the length of annexation for the sake of realising their darling dream; but it is only a dream, as unsubstantial and impossible as the wildest enthusiast could imagine. When people sit down and calmly consider what free trade with the United States must inevitably involve, we shall not have so many listening with patience, and even credulous enthusiasm, to the golden promises of the Liberal leaders. Great Britain sets an example to the rest of the world in the consideration and wisdom with which she governs her colonies, and they are bound to her more by the force of love than by the force of arms. But there is a limit to even Great Britain's toleration, and that limit would certainly be reached when Canada inaugurates a tariff system which makes the United States the favoured nation and discriminates against Great Britain herself. Moreover, the United States will never consent to a reciprocity treaty which shall not be understood as the prelude to annexation. Their leading men have not been careful to conceal that this is the end which they have in view.

We are afraid that there is small hope for Canada in the direction in which both parties seem to be looking just now. Both are following a jack-o'-lantern and might profitably save their speech and energies for something that promises

better results. The time will come by-and-by when the United States may be willing to make concessions instead of demanding them, but that time is not now. We see the glimmer of a light that may soon illuminate the whole horizon in the proposition that has already been made in the British parliament to revise its fiscal relations so as to discriminate in favour of the colonies. Great Britain has the power in that way to strengthen and develop her colonies without injuring herself, and so to bind them more closely together in one great federation of mutual sympathy and common interest. Canada has more to expect a great deal from across the Atlantic than from the overshadowing Republic alongside.

It is a great thing to live in a free country, where men may express their opinions publicly as well as privately without fear of being transported to Siberia; where the press is really an educator and leader of the people, not the mere mouth-piece of a despotism. But true freedom must always have limitations; without them it becomes license and loses altogether its beneficent character. A time of intellectual bondage is bad enough; but a time of intellectual license and anarchy may be much worse. The censorship of the press is an evil; but to permit the press to teach infidelity, immorality or treason is a much greater evil.

No private or journalistic right should protect the man who uses his eloquence, his influence, his opportunities, to demoralise and corrupt the people. We cannot see why the law should not prevent a journal from publishing disgusting details of divorce and immorality cases and the most revolting parts of the evidence given in cases of murder. While the Government is elected by the people and represents the people, it is supposed to be composed of the wisest and ablest of the nation, and the paternal element should never be eliminated from its character. It should be the guardian of the public morals and welfare. Such a censorship of the press and of public addresses as would forbid immoral, infidel, and treasonable doctrine should not only give no cause for complaint, but is an essential part of the highest freedom, freedom by the truth.

The prohibition of the liquor traffic, definitely and absolutely, would be no infringement of private rights; for no society can exist without individuals being compelled to surrender something for the benefit of all. If the Government has licensed the traffic, made it a lawful business, encouraged men to take it up, it is a matter of simple justice that those driven out of the business should receive some compensation for the loss they may sustain, if incapable of earning a competence in any other way; but not many cases would require assistance. It would be a wise exercise of the paternal prerogative on the Government's part, and in Canada it would express the ardent desire of a large majority of the electors, if our Government should during this winter's session enact a thorough, stringent prohibitory law.

We have not been able to find any name for the man who preaches Annexation to Canadians except the unvarnished one of "traitor". What shall we call the man who leagues himself with a foreign government against his own people and counsels the stranger how to sever the tie of allegiance which binds that people to its sovereign? "Traitor" is too mild a word to apply to him. Everlasting shame upon all such! If the preaching of Annexation is not treason in a land which owes allegiance to Great Britain's Queen, will some one learned in such matters tell us what treason is? We think that a freedom of the press which permits such doctrine to be sown in the minds of our people is a little too free.

MEN AND MATTERS CANADIAN.

HON. ROBERT DUNCAN WILMOT, an ex-Senator of the Dominion and an ex-Governor of New Brunswick, died at his residence in Sunbury County on the 12th ult., aged 81 years.

THE Canadian Parliament has been dissolved, and probably the election for a new House, which has been fixed for the 5th inst., will be over before this number reaches our subscribers.

On the 12th ult., there was an explosion at the Quebec Worsted Mills, just outside the city of Quebec, by which 25 persons lost their lives and a number of others were more or less seriously injured.

GREAT BRITAIN imported from Canada in 1890 products to the value of about \$60,000,000; but her imports from Australia were worth \$145,000,000 and those from the East Indies were worth \$205,000,000. If we were true to our opportunities, our trade with Great Britain might be quadrupled.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in Quebec to erect a monument to the memory of Champlain, the founder of that city. The leading spirit in the matter is our esteemed friend, J. M. Lemoine, F.R.S.C. On the 1st ult. \$4,000 had been subscribed. There is a similar movement in Montreal to erect a monument to De Maisonneuve.

A TERRIBLE explosion occurred on the 21st ult. at the Spring Hill Mines, Nova Scotia. About 125 men and boys were killed. Generous contributions have been forwarded from near and far for the families, to the number of 60 or more, left destitute by the disaster. This is the largest colliery in Canada, employing 2000 hands and turning out half a million tons a year.

WE offer "Stories of New France", to our subscribers who have paid for one year in advance at \$1.00. It makes no difference whether they have taken advantage of other premium offers or not.

JUST A WORD.

Boys and girls may always have pocket-money by canvassing for "CANADA".

We have restricted the prize competitions to young people under 18 years, and think the change will be more satisfactory.

We will give special terms to postmasters to canvass for "CANADA". Write us, masters of the post, for information and sample copies.

THE beautiful frontispiece which adorns the first page of cover this month is the work of Progress Engraving Bureau, Saint John, N. B.

A GOOD travelling agent in each province could find profitable employment in canvassing for our new national monthly. Liberal inducements will be granted to qualified persons.

We direct attention to Mr. Jack's advertisement on the third page of cover. We have been using a Remington procured from him for eight months and it has given us perfect satisfaction.

We should like to put a copy of "Stories of New France" in every Canadian home. The book is cheap at \$1.50, and to everyone who orders it a year's subscription to "CANADA" is given free.

THERE is not one of our subscribers but could profitably, both for himself and us, obtain a number of subscribers among his friends and acquaintances without going out of his way at all. Some are doing this. One subscriber has already sent us 17 subscriptions, and he lives in the United States.

By special arrangement we are enabled to offer "The Story of Laura Secord", the well-known Canadian historical tale, by Mrs. S. A. Curzon, price \$1.75, at a reduced rate. Those who order the book through us will receive "CANADA" for one year free. Those who have already subscribed to "CANADA", may obtain the book by sending us \$1.25.

The Cosmopolitan Magazine contains a wonderful variety of articles by the best writers in the world, is richly illustrated and is the cheapest of the American magazines, only \$2.40 a year. By special arrangement with the publishers we are enabled to offer "CANADA" and *The Cosmopolitan* for the price of *The Cosmopolitan* alone.

THE *Scottish Canadian* must find its way ere long into almost every Scotch family in the Dominion, and we are sure that when it enters it will stay. Father, mother and bairns will rather live on two meals a day than be without it. It is the only Scotch paper published in Canada. The price is only \$1.50 a year for this excellent weekly, and if you order the paper through us, we send "CANADA" gratis.

ALL our readers are delighted with the February number. One says: "I am greatly pleased with No. 2 of "CANADA". The cover is much of an improvement. Am

not sure but you will distance all the Canadian magazines. Hope you will". Another says: "It is very neatly gotten up, and its careful, beautiful typography is to me much of an attraction. The contents, short and sweet, as most of the pieces are, linger pleasantly, and may profitably be re-read. I think your readers must like Mrs. Curzon's story, and Lampman's photographic vignette adds another characteristic Canadian picture to my mnemonic gallery".

Juvenile Canada.

THE GULF STREAM.

BY J. E. PILLSBURY, *Lieutenant U. S. Navy.*

WHAT is the Gulf Stream? Whence does it come? Where does it cease to flow? To what cause is it due? These questions have been asked from the time when Columbus made his great voyage of discovery, four hundred years ago, down to the present day, and even now some of them have not been satisfactorily answered.

Lieutenant Maury began his description of this wonderful phenomenon with the expression, "There is a river in the ocean". The phrase explains in few words exactly what the Gulf Stream is. It flows along the coast of North America from the lower extremity of Florida, to Cape Hatteras, and thence crosses the Atlantic toward the shores of Europe. Like land rivers, it has its source, the Gulf of Mexico, which is fed from the Caribbean Sea. This in turn receives its waters from the Eastern Atlantic Ocean, into which the Gulf Stream itself pours its own supply, so that there is in reality a grand circular movement of the whole ocean, of which the Gulf Stream is a portion.

Our ocean river does not run dry, like those on land, nor does it do so much harm when, like the Mississippi, it overflows its banks, because its banks are water, and can be easily pressed aside. It always flows in about the same place over the bottom, too, and when it does change its position it is only in accordance with a law, which makes it return to its original position after a regular time as certain as that spring follows winter. It does not always flow on the surface of the sea, for occasionally it dashes along below the waves; but the same law guides it, and after awhile it is sure to rise again to the light of day.

This river is very warm, because it comes from the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, where the sun has been heating it for a long time. Of course after it has left its southern home and is making its journey across the Atlantic it is gradually becoming cooler; but, nevertheless, it maintains to the shores of Europe, even well up toward the Arctic regions, a much higher temperature than that of the surrounding air or water.

It has its own finny inhabitants and other animal life; curious little fish and crabs that make nests in the floating sea-weed; beautiful little jelly-fish, called thimble-fish, floating or swimming near its surface in such countless numbers that at times the waters are brown with them; and the graceful flying-fish which dart out of the water in schools; and countless myriads of minute animal life floating about, so that, when the sun is shining high in the heavens, the water seems to be filled with motes. These little things, dying, sink to the bottom, and their diminutive skeletons or shells go to form an ooze, which, if exposed to the air and to pressure, resembles chalk.

This ocean river is quite unlike the rivers of the land in point of size. The Mississippi, at a point below its lowest tributary, is about two thousand feet wide and a hundred feet deep. At places it is wider than this, but there it is shallower. The Gulf Stream, at its narrowest point in the Strait of Florida, is more than two thousand feet deep, and over forty miles wide.

In point of speed, but few navigable rivers in the world equal the Gulf Stream. It hurries along three, four, five, and sometimes over six miles an hour. Even three miles is fast enough to delay or assist in a great degree, in the course of twenty-four hours, any vessel which happens to be in its influence.

The water is a beautiful deep blue, and so clear that one may look far into its depths. On the edge nearest the coast, where it presses against the colder shore water, its line of meeting with the shore water is frequently so sharply defined that on one end of the vessel you may have the clear warm water from the south, while at the other end is the cold murky water from the north.

Nature is always wonderful, and one can hardly fail to be impressed by the grandeur of high mountains, lofty precipices, immense forests, glaciers and waterfalls, but the Gulf Stream is the greatest of all of nature's wonders on this earth. It is impossible to realize the immensity of it, because it does not appeal to the eye, and the mind can hardly grasp its magnitude by the aid of an array of figures.

We all know that the sea water is salt. Contained in every thousand pounds of water there are thirty-five pounds of saline matter. Now if you could stand on the shore of Florida, and could take all of this saline matter out of the water of the Gulf Stream as it flowed past, during only one minute of time, all the vessels in the world at the present time would not be enough to carry the load.

* * * * *

Now what is the cause of the Gulf Stream? Some say that the water in the tropics, being heated, and consequently lighter than the cold, heavy polar water, flows northward on the surface, and the other water southward, underneath. Others say that the trade winds, always blowing in one direction toward the west, blow the water along too, and so begin and afterward keep up the movement.

Both are, perhaps, right to a certain extent, as to currents in general, but the Gulf Stream is probably almost wholly due to the wind and the waves alone. The water is pushed by the wind, and thrown by the waves into the Caribbean Sea, from the western end of which the accumulation of water runs into the Gulf of Mexico, and from there it escapes through the Strait of Florida into the Atlantic Ocean.—*The Youth's Companion*.

QUESTIONS IN CANADIAN HISTORY.

18. Who among Poutrincoourt's comrades was the historian of the infant colony of Port Royal?
19. What order of knights was created by Champlain at Port Royal, and for what purpose?
20. What Indian chief was a friend and ally of Poutrincoourt?
21. At what age was this chieftain baptised?
22. How many of his family were included in the baptism?
23. Give the names of the two Jesuit fathers first sent out to Port Royal from France.
24. What new settlement did the Jesuits attempt to make?
25. By whom were that settlement and the one at Port Royal destroyed?

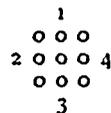
ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN CANADIAN HISTORY.

1. Denis of Honfleur and Aubert of Dieppe.
2. Cartier entered it on St. Lawrence's Day.
3. Hochelaga and Stadacona.
4. From *Kanata* a Mohawk word signifying a cluster of huts.

5. As far as Hochelaga.
6. Donnacona.
7. Three, possibly four.
8. St. Malo.

HIDDEN ORE FOR YOUNG MINERS.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.



- From 1 to 3 is the name of a Canadian poet.
- From 2 to 4 is the name of a Canadian statesman.
- From 1 to 2 is to defraud.
- From 2 to 3 is an insect.
- From 3 to 4 is a woman's name.
- From 4 to 1 is to plough.

CHARADE.

- My first is a vehicle.
- My second is to permit.
- My third is a preposition.
- My whole is a county in Ontario.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A vegetable; a parting salutation; to gather in; something used by housemaids; a lot of land; a conjunction.

The initials spell the name of a Canadian poet, the finals that of a Canadian statesman.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

- I am composed of 19 letters.
- My 18, 7, 15, 6, 5, 11, 4 is a precious stone.
- My 6, 12, 10, 8 is a celestial body.
- My 13, 17, 7, 1, 2 is confidence.
- My 14, 19, 9, 16 is an Old Testament character.
- My 6, 3, 1 is encountered.
- My whole is the name of a country.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

The first among our young readers to answer correctly the Canadian History Questions and Hidden Ore contained in the March, April, May and June numbers of this Journal will receive *The Youth's Companion* for one year, subscription price \$1.75; the second will receive "Stories of New France", price \$1.50; the third will receive a book worth \$1.00.

The answers for the four months must be sent at one time, after the appearance of the June number.

Competitors must be under eighteen years of age.

Some member of the competitor's family must be a subscriber to CANADA, and only one can compete where only one copy of the Journal is taken. The subscriber's name must be sent with the competitor's.

FEBRUARY PRIZE WINNERS.

Canadian History. Mason R. Benn, Debec Junction, N. B.
 Enigma. A. W. Hay, Lower Woodstock, N. B. Answer, Montreal.

STAMP CHAT.

N. B. AND N. S. REPRINTS.—What pur-
ported to be such reprints were exhibited at a
recent meeting of the London Philatelic
Society. They were handled by the members
present, among whom was the writer of these
words, and all agreed in believing them to be
reprints; moreover, they had been sent from
New York, and the original plates are not on
that side of the Atlantic. It now appears
that if they are impressions from those plates,
they have been printed surreptitiously.—
Monthly Journal.



\$40.00 FOR a Canada 12 pence postage
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" 7d.	2.50.	N. Scotia 5c.	.45

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Reference, publisher of this paper.

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Olla Podrida.

Mr. Justmarried: "I've brought you a
glass of milk, dear".

City Bride: "O Jack, it's not good; it's
so white. Haven't they any blue milk, like
we get at home?"

If you order *The Weekly Empire* through
us, you will get CANADA free. \$1.00 for both.

"JOHNNY, you may give me the name of
some wild flower", said the teacher in botany.
Johnny thought a while, and then said:
"Well, I reckon Injun meal comes as near
bein' wild flour as anything I know of."

If you order *The Family Herald and
Weekly Star* through us, you will get CANADA
free. \$1.00 for both.

Mrs. Smith: "John, dear, give me \$10 and
shew that you love me".

Mr. Smith: "Here is \$5, darling. There
is only one V in love".

If you order *The Weekly Witness* through
us, you will get CANADA free. \$1.00 for both.

In a column headed "Gospel Truths", a
country weekly has this paragraph: "This
paper has a larger circulation than all the
papers in the county combined."

If you order *The Weekly Globe* through us,
you will get CANADA free. \$1.00 for both.

"WOULDN'T it be nice, Henry dear", she
whispered, as the sleigh started off, "if we
could always go through life this way?"
"Yes, darling", he answered; "the coal bill
would be small enough; but, great Caesar!
Alice, think of the livery bill".

If you order *The Land We Live In* through
us, you will get CANADA free. \$1.00 for both.

"Now, Willie", said papa, "who was
Adam?" "He was the man that discovered
the world".

If you order *The Canada Presbyterian*
through us, you will get CANADA free. \$2.00
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Mrs. Hardhead: "The *Daily Sweepstake* is
offering a cyclopaedia, ten volumes of poetry
and an atlas four feet square as a premium to
every subscriber".

Mr. Hardhead: "We've got books enough
now. Wait till they offer a horse and buggy".

If you order *Grip*, the great Canadian
comic weekly, through us, you will get
CANADA free. \$2.00 for both.

SCOTCH draper (to new apprentice): "Whaur
do ye come frae?" "Sorn". "Sorn? That's
a healthy place. Folk'll no dee often there?"
"Just aince".

If you order *The Methodist Magazine*
through us, you will get CANADA free. \$2.00
for both.

Be quick to praise; be slow to scorn:
For what the future holds, who knows?
To-day, the vine has but a thorn;
To-morrow brings the rose.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

If you order *The Week*, our great literary
weekly, through us, you will get CANADA
free. \$3.00 for both.

Two boys were bragging of the respective
merits of their elder brothers.

"My brother's doin' a big business. He
makes ten dollars a week by sittin' at his desk
and doin' sums".

"Poh!" returned the other, scornfully;
"my brother writes poetry. He's had two
half-calf books printed already".

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