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THE LATE HON. JOSEPH HOWE.

BY THE REV. G. M. GRANT,

Author of "Ocean to Ocean."

PART I.

IN the naval and military annals of the Empire the name of Howe has no mean place; and it is not least prominent in the history of British struggles in America. "In the old French wars for the possession of this continent, one Howe fell at Ticonderoga, another was killed on the Nova Scotia frontier;" and a third led up the British forces at the battle of Bunker Hill. But when the name is referred to anywhere throughout the Maritime Provinces of our Dominion, no one remembers these, nor the hero of the battle of the first of June, nor any other of the stout warriors who carried the Red Cross flag by land or sea, nor John Howe, the Puritan divine, a greater hero, perhaps, than any of them. Every body thinks of the late Governor of Nova Scotia, and must think of him with a strange blending of love and anger; for

> " to be wroth with one we love,
> Doth work like madness on the brain."

It is not, however, the Governor that is recalled to memory, though with his name begins the new line of Governors—those who are sons of the soil; who are appointed from Ottawa, not from Downing Street. Not the member of the Cabinet, not the Governor, but Howe of the olden days, "Joe Howe," as he was universally called, the man of the people, for many years the idol of Nova Scotians, comes up before them all.

Emerson has made us so familiar with the phrase, "representative men," that it is now used to denote not only men who "consume their own times," and who are types forever of all the great aspects in which humanity expresses itself, but also the representative men of particular nations and provinces. In this sense William Wallace, John Knox, Robert Burns, and, perhaps, also Walter Scott, are representatives of Scotland; and Luther, Frederick the Great, Goethe, and Bismarck, representatives of

Germany. Nova Scotia is only a small and comparatively young country, and critics may be inclined to question whether she has people worth being represented. But, that being conceded in a Canadian periodical, she is able to present Joe Howe as one in whom her every feature was reflected, in whom her defects and excellencies, such as they are, could be seen in bold outline; one who knew and loved her with unswerving love; who caught any little inspiration there may be about her woods, streams, and shores—woods without fauns, and graveyards without ghosts; and who gave it back in verses not unmeet, in a thousand stirring appeals to her people, and in civic action and life-service that is always more heroic than verses or sentences. Joe Howe was Nova Scotia incarnate. And as excessive modesty is not one of the defects of our Nova Scotian character, the height of the pinnacle *on which some people set him*, when they declare that he was the first of Nova Scotians, may be estimated after the fashion in which Themistocles argued that his little boy was the most powerful personage in the world, or in which the great clockmaker argued the eminence of Mr. Samuel Slick with regard to creation generally.

On one of the occasions on which Howe visited England, a ministerial crisis occurred there. I was a little boy at the time, and remember overhearing two of our farmers talking about him in connection with the resignation of the Ministry. One gravely suggested that the Queen would likely send for Joe to be her Prime Minister. The other seemed to think it not at all unlikely, and to me the matter appeared a foregone conclusion.

The popular form that his name assumed, so generally that it is difficult to speak of him to this day save as Joe Howe, indicates the close relationship in which the people felt that he stood to them. The present generation is, perhaps, scarcely aware how thoroughly identified he was at one time with popular feeling throughout the Province. Sabine* thus describes Nova Scotia as it was in 1846:—"It was 'Jo Howe' by day and by night. The Yankee pedlar drove good bargains in Jo Howe clocks. In the coal-mine, in the plaster-quarry, in the ship-yard, in the forest, on board the fishing pogy, the jigger, and the pinkey, it was still 'Jo Howe.' Ships and babies were named 'Jo Howe.' The loafers of the shops and taverns swore great oaths about 'Jo Howe.' The young men and maidens flirted and courted in 'Jo Howe' badges, and played and sang 'Jo Howe' glees. It was 'Jo Howe' everywhere." He himself welcomed instead of repelling the familiarity, for he felt that in it was the secret of much of his power. On resuming the editorial chair in 1844, which he had vacated three years before, to taste for the first time the sweets of power as a member of the Government, he takes his *readers into a personal confidence that* I know no other example of in British or American journalism. Freed from the restraints of office, he feels like a boy escaped from school, and bursts out with a joyous *camaraderie* to the people generally:—†"Henceforth we can commune with our countrymen as we were wont to do in times of old, and never ask Governors or colleagues what we shall feel and think and say . . This, thank Providence, is an advantage that the editorial chair has over any of those in which we have sat of late. . . And, hardly had we taken our seat upon our old acquaintance, when we fancied that ten thousand ties which formerly linked our name and daily labours with the household thoughts and fireside amusements of our countrymen, aye, and countrywomen, were revived as if by magic. We stepped across their thresholds, mingled in their social circles, went with them to the woods to enliven their labours, or to the field to shed a salu-

* Loyalists of the American Revolution, p. 133.
† Speeches and Public Letters, Vol. I. p. 417.

tary influence over their mid-day meal. And we had the vanity to believe that we should be everywhere a welcome guest; that the people would say, 'Why here is Howe amongst us again; not Mr. Speaker Howe, nor the Hon. Mr. Howe, but Joe Howe, as he used to be sitting in his editorial chair and talking to us about politics, and trade, and agriculture; about our own country and other countries; making us laugh a good deal, but think a good deal more even while we were laughing?' Such is the reception we anticipate, homely but hearty; and we can assure our countrymen that we fall back among them, conscious that there is no name by which we have been known of late years among the dignitaries of the land, that we prize so highly as the old familiar abbreviation." In such an editorial greeting there may be egotism, and a craving for the sweet voices of the multitude. Restlesness or impatience of the shackles of official life there certainly is; but there was no hypocrisy about him when he intimated that he loved best the common people, and that, therefore, he valued the popular abbreviation of his name as a sign of popular love and confidence. He never desired to be other than a tribune of the people; though, like most tribunes, he could be and often was more tyrannical than if he had been born in the purple. And as he grew older, he became more familiar instead of more reserved in manner. Most men become conservative as they grow old. In his case the reverse was the fact—all his life he seemed to be progressing or degenerating—let each of my readers take the word he likes—from Toryism to Radicalism. When at the height of his power, his perfect openness and unreserve of manner constituted his greatest charm. As the Hon. Edward Chandler, of New Brunswick, who knew him well, said of him in 1851:—"We all feel Mr. Howe's greatness, but what I admire is the simplicity of his manners, combined with such high intellectual resources. Negotiating with Ministers of State, at the Governor-General's Council Board, or even in presence of his Sovereign, as beneath the lowly roof of the humblest farmer of the land, he is ever the same—Joe Howe."

Who was this Joe Howe? Some sketch of his life-work, some insight into his inner-man, we should have. Our soil has not produced so many sons of his quality that we can afford to pass him by without notice. But no one, so far as I am aware, proposes to write his life, and a new generation is rising up that knows neither him nor his work. The old state of things against which he had to contend in bitterest strife has passed away so completely, that it is remembered even by old men only as a dream. Few in the Upper Provinces probably think of him save as the leader of the Nova Scotia Anti-Confederates. Yet for nigh forty years he was the central figure in the political life of his own Province. He made his name known and felt also beyond Nova Scotia, but no Scot nor Swiss ever kept his heart truer to his native land, and none, when far away, longed more earnestly for home. As editor, orator, politician, pamphleteer; in Government or in Opposition; he was generally to be found in the front; and even among his equals intellectually and his superiors in scholarship, he was pretty sure to be first. During all that time few measures were passed in Nova Scotia without his mark on them. His notch, too, was generally unmistakeable. Five years ago, he left Halifax to live as a Cabinet Minister in Ottawa, amid misunderstandings and heats that made many say that he had shaken off the dust of his feet in departing, and that the ties which had bound the people to him had been finally broken; but three years after, his County of Hants re-elected him in his absence without opposition. The year following he came back to die; and at this day, I believe, there is no name so powerful to conjure with in half the counties of Nova Scotia as the old name of Joe Howe.

He was born in December, 1804, in an old-fashioned cottage on the steep hill that rises up from the city side of the North-west Arm, a beautiful inlet of the sea that steals up from the entrance of the harbour for three or four miles into the land behind the city of Halifax. Burns tells us concerning his birth, that—

> "a blast o' Jan'war win'
> Blew hansel in on Robin."

Howe says of his first birthday, in poetry scarcely equal to that of Burns, even Nova Scotians being judges,—

> "My first was stormy, wind north-west
> The gathering snow-drifts piled;
> But cosy was the mother's breast
> Where lay the new-born child."

A "lawn with oak-trees round the edges," a little garden and orchard with apple and cherry trees, surrounded the home. Behind, sombre pine-groves shut it out from the world, and in front, at the foot of the hill-side, the cheery waters of the "Arm" ebbed and flowed in beauty. On the other side of the water, which is not much more than a quarter of a mile wide, rose knolls clothed with almost every variety of wood, and bare rocky hills, beautiful little bays sweeping round their feet, and quiet coves eating in here and there; while a vast country, covered with boulders and dotted with lovely lakes, stretched far beyond. Though the cottage was only two miles from Halifax, you might have fancied it "a lodge in some vast wilderness." Here was "meet nurse" and food convenient for a poet. Amid these surroundings the boy grew up, and a love of nature grew with his growth. In after years he was never tired of praising the "Arm's enchanted ground," while for the Arm itself, his feelings were those of a lover for his mistress. Here's a little picture he recalls to his sister Jane's memory in after days—

> "Not a cove but still retaineth
> Wavelets that we loved of yore,
> Lightly up the rock-weeds lifting,
> Gently murmuring o'er the sand;
> Like romping girls each other chasing,
> Ever brilliant, ever shifting,
> Interlaced and interlacing,
> Till they sink upon the strand."

In his boyish days he haunted these shores, giving to them every hour he could snatch from school or work. He became as fond of the water, and as much at home in it, as a fish. He loved the trees and the flowers, but naturally enough, as a healthy boy should, he loved swimming, rowing, skating, lobster-spearing by torch-light, or fishing, much more He himself describes these years—

> "The rod, the gun, the spear, the oar,
> I plied by lake and sea—
> Happy to swim from shore to shore,
> Or rove the woodlands free."

In the summer months he went to a school in the city, taught by a Mr. Bromley on Lancaster's system. Boys and girls attended the same school, as I believe they always should, or why does nature put them together in families; and, very properly, the girls were taught every kind of needle-work, instead of the 'ologies. "What kind of a boy was Joe," I asked an old lady who went to school with him sixty years ago. "Why, he was a regular dunce; he had a big nose, a big mouth, and a great big ugly head; and he used to chase me to death on my way home from school," was her ready answer. It is easy to picture the eager, ugly, bright-eyed boy, fonder of a frolic with the girls than of Dilworth's spelling-book. He never had a very handsome face; his features were not chiselled, and the mould was not Grecian. Face and features were Saxon; the eyes light blue, and full of kindly fun. In after years, when he filled and rounded out, he had a manly, open look, illumined always by sunlight for his friends, and a well-proportioned burly form, that well entitled him to the name of a man in Queen Elizabeth's full sense of the word. And when his face glowed with the inspira-

tion that burning thoughts and words impart, and his great deep chest swelled and broadened, he looked positively noble and kingly. I don't wonder, therefore, that his old friends describe him as having been a splendid-looking fellow in his best days; while old foes just as honestly assure you that he always had a "common" look. It is easy to understand that both impressions of him could be justifiably entertained. Very decided merits of expression were needed to compensate for his total absence of beard, and for his white face, into which only strong excitement brought any glow of colour.

From a school point of view, his education was ridiculously defective. He could not attend regularly in summer, on account of the distance, and in winter not at all; and at thirteen years of age he was taken from school and sent to the *Gazette* office, under his half-brother, to learn the printing business. To ninety-nine boys out of a hundred, this would have been death to all hopes of scholarship; but Joe was not an ordinary boy, and, besides, he had advantages in his home that few are blessed with. His father was one of those simple, heroic, God-fearing men of whom the world is not worthy; one of those Loyalists who left country and sacrificed everything for what he believed to be principle. Of such Tories may we always have a few, were it only to steady the State Coach! With such a father, Joe could by nature be nothing but a Tory, though that was the last thing that he was generally regarded as being. His Toryism was always in him, the deepest thing in him, and giving colour to many of his views and tastes; but on account of the hard facts that surrounded him, he himself, perhaps, scarcely knew that it was there. There is scarcely one of the many reforms with which his name is most intimately associated, that he was not forced into agitating for against his own predispositions. To him his native city is indebted for the municipal institutions which it now enjoys; but the very year previous to his attack on the magistrates, on occasion of the outbreak of cholera in Halifax, he wrote in the *Nova Scotian*, "We have ever been, and are yet not a little averse to turning this town into a corporation, because we have no taste for the constant canvassings, the petty intrigues, and dirty little factions they engender; nor have we ever before felt the want of that efficient and combined action, which, on trying occasions, organized and responsible city officers could afford." His great work as a politician was the destruction of the old Council of twelve, which combined in itself supreme legislative, executive, and judicial functions, and the introduction of responsible government in its place. But in his first editorial years, up to 1830, he was actually the advocate and defender of the Council. The Province seemed to be fairly well governed, and he always thought it wiser to—

> " bear those ills we have,
> Than fly to others that we know not of."

When, however, the Council, by its arbitrary action in connection with a revenue dispute, well known in the history of the Province as the brandy tax question, caused a stoppage of the supplies, his eyes began to be opened to the danger of allowing an irresponsible body to hold overwhelming power, a power that might be used wantonly or wisely at its own sovereign will and pleasure, without loss—perhaps with profit—to its own members, but with utter confusion to every interest of the country. He began then to apprehend the grand principles that form the basis of the British constitution, and to scout the plea that colonists were unfit to be intrusted with the rights and liberties that the best blood of their fathers had been spent to establish. From that time he took the British constitution as his model and political ideal. He clung to British precedents, he gloried in the empire, and, like a true Tory, gave a dozen fond

looks back to the past for one that he turned onwards to the future. He resisted making the Législative Council elective, in opposition to his great opponent, the leader of the Conservative party; he detested Maine Liquor and all sumptuary laws, even when the current of public opinion ran strongly in their favour, and though he lost votes by speaking against them; he disliked universal suffrage, and defined "governing according to the well understood wishes of the people," as meaning "the well understood wishes of the intelligent;" he preferred the English sovereign to the dollar as a standard of value; and while opposed to mere fancy schemes, he contended for the construction honestly, at public cost, of all necessary public works. He loved country and home as only your thorough-bred Tory loves them, acknowledging that the root of much of the sentiment was in self-esteem. "Next to himself, his wife, his child, or his horse, the prettiest thing at which a man can look is his country. Vanity is not more natural to an individual than national pride is to a body of men," was the way he put it. He did not pretend to be what is called a cosmopolitan. He was prejudiced in favour of Nova Scotia, as much as the traditional John Bull is in favour of old England, and did not care how loudly he avowed his prejudices. Our Agent-General can speak in glowing language about Canada, but his rhetoric is not so sparkling as Howe's was. Once, at a banquet somewhere in England, when responding to the toast of the Colonies, he painted the little Province he represented with such tints, that the chairman at the close announced, in half-fun, half-earnest, that he intended to pack up his portmanteau that night and start for Nova Scotia, and he advised all present to do the same. "You boast of the fertility and beauty of England," said Howe, in a tone of calm superiority; "why there's one valley in Nova Scotia where you can ride for fifty miles under apple blossoms." And, again, "Talk of the value of land, I know an acre of rocks near Halifax worth more than an acre in London. Scores of hardy fishermen catch their breakfasts there in five minutes, all the year round, and no tillage is needed to make the production continue equally good for a thousand years to come." In a speech at Southampton, his description of our climate, which had been so much abused by Cobbett, was a terse, off-hand statement of facts, true, doubtless, but scarcely the whole truth. "I rarely wear an overcoat," said he, "except when it rains; an old Chief Justice died recently in Nova Scotia at one hundred and three years of age, who never wore one in his life. Sick regiments invalided to our garrison, recover their health and vigour immediately, and yellow fever patients coming home from the West Indies walk about in a few days." At the first Great Exhibition held in London, the Nova Scotian court was admirably well filled. Howe was there as a Commissioner, I think. One day two ladies entered, and began to inspect our products and curiosities. Howe heard a whisper that one was Miss Burdett Coutts, and he at once went up and introduced himself to her. A conversation on Nova Scotia ensued, and an invitation to Howe to visit her followed quickly. One result of the visit was an expenditure by the lady of several thousand pounds to pay the passages of some hundreds of boys and girls of the unowned classes to Nova Scotia, after the manner in which Miss Macpherson has since sent out thousands to Ontario, and her sister, Mrs. Birt, two or three hundred to Nova Scotia. Howe felt and believed with such intensity, that he generally impressed himself with astonishing force on others. In his public speaking, there was always something of the mesmerism of the orator, and on no subject did he feel so warmly, and expatiate so eloquently as on the wonders of Nova Scotia. I remember how, on one occasion, he convulsed a Halifax audience by telling them always to

stand up for their country, especially when not in it. "When I'm abroad," said he, "I brag of everything that Nova Scotia is, has, or can produce; and when they beat me at everything else, I turn round on them, and say, 'how high does your tide rise?'" He always had them there. No other country could match the tides of the Bay of Fundy. When living in Ottawa, he took a long walk one day by the Rideau Canal, near some magnificent maples, a tree far superior to the Nova Scotian maple, and as if for the first time awakened to a sense of their surpassing beauty, he turned round to his wife, and half-reluctantly, but determined to be honest, said, "I th-think they are rather finer than ours."

This insular-like prejudice in favour of his own tight little Province, combined with his deep-seated healthy conservatism of feeling, came to him by right. His father was a Puritan, descended, not only after the flesh but in spirit, from one of those stout Englishmen of the middle-class who left their native country and settled in New England, between 1630 and 1637, not because they loved old England less, but because they loved freedom more. Even as they then left home and country in obedience to conscience, so, likewise, in obedience to principle did John Howe seek a new home for himself and his young wife in the 18th century. And no English squire of the 17th century was truer in heart to England and to God, than was John Howe when he turned his back on Boston and on rebellion, and sailed for Nova Scotia. The picture drawn by Carlyle of the English squire describes the young Yankee printer. "He clearly appears," declares the Chelsea seer, "to have believed in God, not as a figure of speech but as a very fact, very awful to the heart of the English squire. He wore his Bible doctrine round him as our squire wears his shot-belt; went abroad with it, nothing doubting." So too lived John Howe; so he always went abroad, Bible under his arm. His son tried hard, more than once, to trace him back to that John Howe who was chaplain to Oliver Cromwell. Whether he succeeded or not I do not know. At any rate the loyalist printer was not unworthy of the grand old Puritan. The well-known story that illustrates the chaplain's unselfishness could be matched by many a similar one in the printer's long and holy life. On one occasion, the chaplain was soliciting pardon or patronage for some person, when Cromwell turned sharply round and said, "John, you are always asking something for some poor fellow; why do you never ask anything for yourself?"

Whether descended from so illustrious a forefather or not, John Howe was a Puritan, and a right noble one. No matter how early in the morning his son might get up, if there was any light in the eastern sky, there was the old gentleman sitting at the window, the Bible on his knee. On Sunday mornings he would start early to meet the little flock of Sandemanians to whom he preached in an upper room for many years, not as an ordained minister, but as a brother who had gifts—who could expound the Word in a strain of simple eloquence that a high salary does not ensure. Puritan in character, in faith, and in the ritual he loved, there were signs that neither was the Puritan organ of combativeness undeveloped in him. As a magistrate, also, he doubtless believed that the sword should not be borne in vain; and being an unusually tall, stately man, possessed of immense physical strength, he could not have been pleasant in the eyes of law-breakers, of whom Halifax contained not a few in those days, according to the testimony of his son. He declared that "there was no town elsewhere of the size and respectability of Halifax where the peace was worse preserved. Scarcely a night passes that there are not cries of murder in the upper streets; scarcely a day that there are not two or

three fights upon the wharves. When I lived further to the south, a Sunday seldom went by without two or three pitched battles at the foot of the street, but a police officer or a magistrate was rarely to be seen. . . . Boys are playing marbles and pitch and toss all over the streets on Sunday, without anybody to check them." Quite a land of liberty; but the rowdies could hardly help having a wholesome respect for at least one of the magistrates, who was able to exercise his powers after the following fashion:—One Sunday afternoon when Mr. Howe was wending his way homewards, Bible under his arm, Joe trotting by his side, they came upon two men fighting out their little differences. The old gentleman sternly commanded them to desist, but, very naturally, they only paused long enough to answer him with cheek. "Hold my Bible, Joe," said his father; and taking hold of each of the bruisers by the head, and swinging them to and fro as if they were a couple of noisy newspaper boys, he bumped their heads together for a few minutes; then, with a lunge from the left shoulder, followed by another from the right, he sent them staggering off, till brought up by the ground some twenty or thirty feet apart. "Now lads," calmly remarked the mighty magistrate to the prostrate twain, "let this be a lesson to you not to break the Sabbath in future;" and, taking his Bible under his arm, he and Joe resumed their walk homewards, the little fellow gazing up with a new admiration on the slightly flushed but always beautiful face of his father. As boy or man, the son never wrote or spoke of him but with reverence. "For thirty years," he once said, "he was my instructor, my playfellow, almost my daily companion. To him I owe my fondness for reading, my familiarity with the Bible, my knowledge of old Colonial and American incidents and characteristics. He left me nothing but his example and the memory of his many virtues, for all that he ever earned was given to the poor. He was too good for this world; but the remembrance of his high principles, his cheerfulness, his childlike simplicity and truly Christian character is never absent from my mind." Oh, rich inheritance, that all parents might leave to their children! It was his practice for years "to take his Bible under his arm every Sunday afternoon, and assembling around him in the large room all the prisoners in the Bridewell, to read and explain to them the Word of God. . . Many were softened by his advice and won by his example; and I have known him to have them, when their time had expired, sleeping unsuspected beneath his roof, until they could get employment in the country." So testified his son concerning him in Halifax. When too old to do any regular work, he often visited the houses of the poor and infirm in the city and beyond Dartmouth, filling his pockets at a grocery-store with packages of tea and sugar before starting on any of his expeditions. The owner of the store told me that Joe had given orders to supply him with whatever he asked for in that line. When nearly eighty years of age his philanthropy took a peculiar turn. He was greatly afflicted at the number of old maids in Halifax. Making a minute calculation, he declared that there were five hundred of them actually living between Freshwater on the South and Cunard's Wharf on the North of the City; and believing marriage to be the greatest boon that could be bestowed on woman, he took an office and announced that he would give a lot of land up the country, at Shubenacadie, to every young fellow that married one of them and settled down to country life. The amount of business done in this Shubenacadie office I have not been able to find out.

Joe's mother—his father's second wife—was a sensible, practical Bluenose widow, a fit helpmeet for her unworldly husband. Her son describes her lovingly and well in

his lines to his half-sister Jane, after speaking in his usual way about their father :—

> " Oh how we loved him, love him now,
> Our noble father ! By his side
> My mother, who my faults would chide ;
> With cares domestic on her brow,
> More wayward, and of sterner mood,
> But ever provident and good ;
> Hating all shams, and looking through
> The Beautiful, to find the True."

I have spoken of his father and mother, because surely the one question to be asked concerning any man who is considered worth describing should be, " What was the real heart of the man, what the real fibre of which he was made?" And the child is to an awfully absolute extent what his parents were. The great heart and open hand of Joe Howe; that milk of human kindness in him which no opposition could permanently sour; his poetic nature, which if it inclined him to be visionary at times, was yet at the bottom of his statesmanship; his reverence for the past; and many other of his best qualities he inherited from his father. His methodical habits, and his shrewd native common-sense came from his mother. His inexhaustible humour and sound physical constitution he owed to the blending in him of the qualities of both.

Old Mr. Howe was King's Printer, and Postmaster-General of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward's Island, New Brunswick, and the Bermudas. He resigned his offices in favour of his eldest son, and to him Joe, when thirteen years of age was entrusted, that he might be made a printer, and fitted perhaps for some snug berth in connection with the Post Office. Such a respectable position he was sure of, for in those days offices continued in families as streams run in the channels they have once scooped out for themselves. But the prospect of being Postmaster of the Bermudas, or even of Prince Edward's Island, had no charms for him. The boy was made of quite different mettle. True, there was nothing to fire his ambition in the start that was given him. He began at the lowest rung in the ladder, learned his trade from the bottom upwards, sweeping out the office, delivering the *Gazette*, and doing all the multitudinous errands and jobs of printer's boy before he attained to the dignity of setting up type and working as a mechanic. "So, you're the devil," said the Judge to him on one occasion when the boy was called on as a witness. " Yes sir, in the office, but not in the Court House," he at once answered, with a look and gesture that threw the name back on his lordship to the great amusement of all present. He had his wits about him and was seldom caught napping as boy or man.

His education went on while he learned his trade. The study of books, talks in the long evenings with his father, and intimate loving communion with nature, all contributed to build up his inner man. While he read everything he could get hold of, the Bible and Shakespeare were his great teachers. He knew these thoroughly, and as his memory was like sticking-plaster he often astonished people in after days with his knowledge. To his thorough acquaintance with them, he owed that pure well of English undefiled he was master of, and which streamed with equal readiness from his lips and his pen. His taste was formed on English classics not on dime novels. His knowledge, not only of the great highways of English literature, but of its nooks, corners, and by-ways, was singularly thorough. It could easily be seen in his speeches in after years that his knowledge was not of the kind that is got up for the occasion. It exuded from him without effort, and gave a charm to his ordinary conversation. Though living in the city during his teens, he spent as much of his time at home as he possibly could. He loved the woods, and as he seldom got away from work, he often spent Sundays in them in preference to attending the terribly long-drawn-out Sandemanian ser-

vice. "What kind of a service was it," I asked one who had been a member? "Well," said he, "when they met in the upper room they first greeted each other with a holy kiss." He was profanely interrupted by a friend remarking that it was a wonder the introductory part of the service had not drawn Joe there regularly, but my informant shook his head and gravely observed that "most of the sisters were elderly."

His apprenticeship itself was a process of self-education. He "worked the press from morn till night," and found in the dull metal the knowledge and the power he loved. One lady—a relative—taught him French. With other ladies, who were attracted by his brightness, he read the early English dramatists, and the more modern poets, especially Campbell, Mrs. Hemans, and Byron. He delighted in fun, and frolic, and sports of all kinds, and was at the head of everything. But amid all his reading elsewhere, and his companionships, he never forgot home. He would go out in the evening, as often as he could, and after a long swim in the *Arm* would spend the night with his father. One evening his love for home saved him from drowning. Running out from town and down to the shore below the house, he went in as usual to swim, but when a little distance out, was seized with cramp. The remedies in such a case—to kick vigorously or throw yourself on your back and float—are just the remedies you feel utterly unable at the time to try. He was alone and drowning, when at the moment his eye being turned to the cottage upon the hill-side, he saw the candle for the night just being placed on the window-sill. The light arrested him, and "there will be sorrow there to-morrow when I'm missed," passed through his mind. The thought made him give so fierce a kick that he fairly kicked the cramp out of his leg. A few strokes brought him to the shore, where he sank down utterly exhausted with excitement.

Had he been anything of a coward, this would have kept him from solitary swims for the rest of his life. But he was too fond of the water to give it up so easily. When working in after years at his own paper, midnight often found him at the desk. After such toil, most young men would have gone up-stairs, for he lived above his office then, and thrown themselves on their beds, all tired and soiled with ink; but for six or seven months in the year his practice was to throw off his apron, run down to the market slip, and soon the moon or the stars saw him bobbing like a wild duck in the harbour. Cleaned, braced in nerve, and all aglow, he would run back again, and be sleeping the sleep of the just in ten minutes after. When tired with literary or political work, a game of rackets always revived him. There was not a better player in Halifax, civilian or military. To his latest days he urged boys to practise manly sports and exercises of all kinds.

When a mere boy he would string rhymes together on the slightest provocation, and declaim them to his companions, who never knew what was his own and what was not; and at the age of seventeen he wrote his first connected poem, entitled Melville Island. When it was published no one knew who the author was, and one morning walking into town with his father, the lad enjoyed the pleasure—surely the most exquisite that a young author can enjoy—of hearing a gentleman, whose opinion he valued, praise the poem highly. The secret was not kept long, and then praises were showered on him. One evening the Chief Justice met him, and spoke some kinds words about the poem, and advised him to cultivate his powers. The boy heard with a beating heart. His father had taught him to respect all who were above him in station. He was then, as Burns describes himself to have been in his plough-boy days—thanks also to a wise father. "I remember," says he, "that I could not conceive it possible that

a noble lord could be a fool, or a godly man a knave." More correct information on such subjects comes to us all soon enough. The Chief Justice was a man deservedly venerated for his personal character, as well as his station, and when he walked away, the boy reasoned out his position. "The Chief Justice," argued he, "must have meant what he said or he only intended to flatter me. But such a man would not stoop to flattery. He therefore was in earnest. And he is a competent judge. Therefore I must be a poet." Day dreams had chased each other through his brain before, but now he resolved to cast away trifles, and try to make himself a name. He continued to contribute pieces in prose and verse to the newspapers of the day; before he was twenty-three years old, he and another youth bought a weekly newspaper; and as if that was not enterprise enough, at the close of the year he sold out to his partner, and bought the *Nova Scotian*, at his own risk, from George R. Young, one of the great names of the past generation in Nova Scotia—a name that still recalls to those who knew him a singularly vigorous and untiring intellect, high patriotic aims, and, alas! a career cut short at noon. And now as sole editor and proprietor of the *Nova Scotian*, Joe Howe offered himself to be the guide, philosopher, and friend of his countrymen.

(To be continued.)

FOR A DAY AND FOR EVER.

WAS it real love, do you think?—
  Knowing little of your love-lore,
I called it a flitting fancy,
  A liking perhaps—no more.

A boy-like worship of form,
  Enslaved by a girlish grace,
And anointed eyes that saw not
  What lacked to the girlish face;—

The apple-face, fair and round,
  The shallow, shadowless eyes;
The rosebud mouth whose prattle
  Was pretty, but so unwise!

The brow that never had frowned,
  The eyes that hardly had cried,—
Like lakes without waves or deeps,
  Untossed and unbeautified.

He dreamed of no better bliss,
  He knew of no truer grace:
And the even years ran on,
  Till he saw another face.

Why do you ask me of her,
  Was she fair? I do not know;—
Must Love be the abject slave
  Of Beauty,—whether or no?

Her spirit to his breathed life,
  As the wind breathes life to the lake;
He awaked from his dreamless sleep,
  As those that have slept awake.

O brow, O lips, O eyes,
  O changing, eloquent looks,—
A soul could be satisfied with you,
  As the hart with the water-brooks.

If souls could be satisfied—souls—
  Where all is passing and vain!
Where we drink, and thirst, and drink,
  But only to thirst again.

Where God makes the gladness short,
  And the lamentation long,
And brief the interludes
  For laughter in life's sad song;

Lest, haply, Earth's blinded ones
  Should mistake their heaven for His,
And forego the world to come
  For a little joy in this.

* * * * *

Just as the meeting streams
  Leap up to join for ever,
One streamlet is turned aside,
  And gathered to the river—

To Death—the dark, cold river,
  Who hurries on with his prize;
Cry Alas! for all earth's longings,
  That cannot enter the skies!

Cry Alas! for divided hearts,
  For the dreams that are only dreams;
"One taken, the other left,"—
  Ah, saddest of human themes!

"Equal unto the angels!"
  Let us keep our human pain,
If joys of humanity
  Can never be felt again.

I hear a spirit wailing:
  "Heaven is no heaven to me,
While I strain my eyes with gazing
  O'er the parapets for thee;

"'Mid the holy Hallelujahs
  I stand at the golden gate,
And listen for my earth-lover,
  Who must come at last—though late.

"And the love of the Archangels
  Cannot wean my soul from him,
Who was mine in a world of shadows,
  Where all love and light are dim."

ALICE HORTON.

LOST AND WON:

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

By the author of "For King and Country."

CHAPTER XII.

A DEPARTURE.

"And, young or old, on land or sea,
One guiding memory I will take,
Of what she prayed that I might be,
And what I will be, for her sake!"

IT was long before daylight one morning, a few days after that, when Dan quietly rose, dressed, lighted his candle, and crept down stairs, careful not to rouse any one but Ben, whom he quietly asked to dress and follow him, as he wanted his assistance. There was nothing remarkable in Dan's getting up before daylight. He often did so when he went out shooting, or to some distant fishing-ground. But there was something unusual in his manner—in the grave determined look on the boy's usually bright face, in the lingering glances he cast around him at all the familiar objects about him. As he passed his mother's half-open door, too—strange that she did not wake and hear the stealthy footfall,—he lingered and hesitated, as if he would fain have gone in. But with a gesture as if of determination to some decisive and important step, he seemed to collect his resolution, and passed out of the house, carrying with him the saddle and bridle, and went to the field where Beauty was still quietly dozing on the grass, already whitened by a slight hoar frost. She rose instantly at her master's step, shook her head, and neighed; while he, going quickly up to her, had her saddled and bridled in a few moments. Then he led her towards the front of the house, and tying her to the fence, went in to summon Ben very quietly and cautiously, and to take a small bundle which he had left in the porch. Everything was still dark and indistinct in the dim grey half light, but Dan knew well how to trace out each familiar outline, and as he went out he half turned back, and leaning his head against the side of the porch, sobbed audibly. With the sob, did there not rise an incoherent, unuttered prayer, that God would bless and keep the dear ones who lay unsuspectingly asleep?

Then, followed by Ben, whose swift feet trotted along by Beauty's side, accompanying Dan in silent unquestioning compliance, he mounted his mare, and quietly rode down the avenue. At the turning into the woods, Dan took one more long look at the dear old house—dim and shadowy among dim and shadowy trees, against the sombre grey sky—and then dashing onward, galloped for a mile without drawing rein, till he bethought himself of waiting for Ben. When the latter came up with him the two went at a more moderate pace, along the road to Dunn's Corners.

When the family rose to their usual morning's occupations, the absence of neither Dan nor Ben caused for some time any uneasiness. It was so common a thing for them both to be missing on some sudden expedition that no one regarded it as anything remarkable. But when the day passed away, and evening came, and still no trace of the missing ones appeared, even when tea-time arrived, Mrs. Campbell and Jeanie, as well as Alan, became anxious and uneasy.

"I can't think where he could have gone," his mother said; "he said nothing about it, and I can't see that he can have taken anything with him to eat."

"Oh! he'll turn up all right," said Alan, wishing to hide from her the anxiety he was beginning to feel.

It was more than an hour after that when Ben's light step was heard without, and he entered alone, looking a little moved out of his usual imperturbability, and a little doubtful as to the reception he might meet with. He delayed answering the enquiries for Dan with which he was assailed, until he had carefully drawn from the depths of an inner pocket a sealed packet addressed to Mr. Campbell, in Dan's well-known, irregular, boyish hand. Then he replied to his startled questioners that Dan had called him early in the morning to go out with him, he knew not where or wherefore; that at Dunn's Corners they had met Ned Lindsay and Vannecker, the horse dealer who had returned to the neighbourhood a few days before. That they had all had a talk together about Beauty and the American army; that the boys appeared rather to waver till Vannecker had "treated" them to something to drink; and that then they had all started together for Carrington in Vannecker's waggon. Dan alone riding, while the rest drove; and that in Carrington Dan had given him the sealed packet, and had bidden him goodbye, telling him he was going a long journey, and would not be home for a very long time. That was all Ben knew; he had returned as Dan had charged him, carrying the packet; and his own sorrow at Dan's departure was evidently complicated by misgivings as to how far he might be considered as an aider and abettor of a step that would of course bring grief and consternation into the family.

The story was told laconically, and giving the barest outlines of it, which some at least of his hearers could easily fill up. The packet was eagerly opened and was found to contain bank bills to the amount of two hundred and fifty dollars, together with the following letter:—

"DEAR FATHER,—I hope you and mother won't be very angry with me, but I couldn't stand having Beauty sold away, and Vannecker says, if I go into the American Cavalry, I can have her to ride, so I send you the money he has given me for her, and I'm going with him to take care of Beauty and join the army. Tell mother and Alan there wasn't nothing else I was fit for, and I couldn't stand working at a desk, and ask her to forgive me, and I'll try and be a good soldier and do credit to the family, with best love to all, no more at present.

"Your affectionate son,

"DANIEL.

"P.S.—You know I had a right to sell Beauty, for she wasn't yours, for you gave her to me when a little colt, but I only wanted the money to give you, and I'll send my bounty money and write soon again. He gave me a little more for Beauty, but I kept it for fear I might want it for something. Tell mother I brought away the little Testament she gave me.—D."

Poor Dan! How many tears, after the first shock and consternation were over, were shed over the scrawled, unpunctuated, unscholarly-looking letter, so characteristic of the rash, generous, loving heart that dictated it. But at first, as they eagerly and silently bent over it, they could hardly take in the meaning, and when they did, the shock was too great for the relief of tears. They looked at each other in blank consternation till Mrs. Campbell, with a cry of alarm, sprang to her husband's side. He had tried to rise, but speech and movement seemed to fail him. His frame wavered, and he sank heavily back in his chair, his lips making an ineffectual, pitiful attempt to form articulate sounds. The shock had been too much for him. Dan had always been his favourite son, having many points of resemblance to himself, and his undermined constitution, shaken still farther by his recent troubles, could not stand the blow. He had had a stroke of paralysis.

It is easy to imagine the days of sad watching and sad work that followed—sick-room

attendance alternating with the painful preparations for the departure, which now seemed the lightest of their trials, and which could not be delayed, even by sickness. The doctor who had been called in pronounced Mr. Campbell's seizure a not very severe one, though it had a serious aspect in view of future possibilities; and even Mrs. Campbell felt that it was the "beginning of the end." But, in the meantime, the prompt remedies had their effect, and to the relief of all, the doctor was soon able to assure them that, by the time at which it was necessary to leave the house, they would be able to remove him carefully, without danger.

The morning after his seizure, as soon as it was decidedly seen that he was in no immediate danger, Alan had gone to Carrington, to try to discover some traces of the fugitive, but in vain. Sandy McAlpine had seen nothing of him, neither had the landlord of the "British Lion." He must have gone directly on with the horse-dealer by train. The station-master had observed a man—evidently an American—depart on the previous day with several horses, and he thought that two lads accompanied him. To follow Dan farther would be useless, and he was much needed at home, so he had reluctantly to return, without accomplishing anything; only hoping that the vocation which Dan had thus abruptly marked out for himself, might turn out better than their fears at present foreboded. After all, as the landlord at Dunn's Corners replied to Alan's reproachful enquiry, why he did not insist on Dan's returning home—a question which he at first met with the very natural one, how *he* could have compelled the boy against his will—after all, soldiering did seem the thing Dan was most fitted for, and he might distinguish himself in it when he would in nothing else. But still his heart sank when he thought of his bright young brother exposed to all the privations and vicissitudes of a new recruit's life; and then of all the sad possibilities of war—possibilities he could not bear to contemplate. And if he felt thus, how felt the mother? Mrs. Campbell's burden was a heavy one in those dark days.

Miss Hepzibah Honeydew came to stay a few days with them, to give them her efficient aid, both in the sick-room, and in the preparations for the removal. There was much to be done—more, they found, as the days passed on, than they had at all realized—and the energies of all were taxed to the utmost, deprived as they were of both Dan's and Mr. Campbell's aid. But Miss Honeydew was a host in herself, and seemed ubiquitous; now carrying into the invalid's room, with softest footsteps and cheery smiles, some delicacy to tempt him to try to swallow necessary nourishment; now diving into packing-cases and chests, stowing things, as if by magic, into incredibly small spaces, whisking miscellaneous articles out of Jeanie's inexperienced hands, and disposing of them utterly, before Jeanie, new to this sort of work, could decide where they were to go; and now cheering up Mrs. Campbell's depression, or Alan's drooping spirits, when, weary with labours that pained as much as they tired him, he would come in and sit down for a rest—watching Miss Hepzibah's expert movements with a half-smile stealing over his grave face.

"'Taint no manner of use fretting, Mr. Alan, my dear, about what we can't help if we fret ever so! Only, if there's anything as *can* be helped, just go right straight at it, and *keep* at it. There's nothing half so good for trouble as havin' lots of chores to do, even if they ain't just what you like best! So you may just be thankful you've got to do 'em. The Lord sometimes cures pains with blisters, as well as poor human doctors."

And Alan would listen to her homely philosophy, both amused and instructed, and would go out again refreshed by her cheery voice and brisk talk, as by a drink of cold water.

Mrs. Ward had been neighbourly too, according to her light—perhaps it would be more appropriate to say, her darkness. *She* had not time to offer *personal* help. "All very well for a lone woman like Miss Hepzibah, who was glad of something to do!" But she came and condoled with Mrs. Campbell on her new troubles, and asked her if there was anything she could do, and on receiving, to her relief, a reply in the negative, invited Alan to come and stay at their house the night that would intervene between the departure and the sale.

"I suppose he'll want to attend and see how the things go off," she said.

Mrs. Campbell thanked her, but privately thought it probable that Alan would not like to attend the sale.

Miss Honeydew did not like openly to express her opinion of Mrs. Ward or Lottie in the family they were to be so nearly connected with, but she internally soliloquised respecting the extent of Mrs. Ward's helpfulness and sympathy with her distressed neighbours. "She's a first-rate worker," she thought, "for herself—but as to helping other people!—" and Miss Hepzibah came to a full stop, more expressive than words. "And Miss Lottie—I'd like to know what's to hinder her coming over to help her friends—but that girl's as full of her own airs and freaks, she hain't no room for nothing else. Poor dear Mr. Alan! I only wish I could open his eyes! She ain't no sort of wife for him, no nor ever will be!" For Alan's infatuation—as she considered it—for Lottie, had been a source of wonder and vexation to her ever since she had heard of it. But she was far too wise to say a word to him against her.

At length the last days came, as all last days will. They were to leave the farm finally on Monday, the last day of September; and by the Saturday evening, the packing was almost completed, and most of the heavy articles and cases already removed to Mapleford, where the superfluous furniture—of which there was not a great deal—was to be stowed away in a convenient out-house of Miss Hepzibah's. Miss Hepzibah herself had gone home, to prepare for their hospitable reception on the Monday, having seen the preparations for removal through, as far as was possible, while they still remained in the house. So the family were left by themselves to spend the Sunday in a sad, silent leave-taking of the scenes and objects which, by long familiarity, had become a part of their very lives.

It was an exquisite day, that last Sunday in September. Indeed it seemed almost like a summer-day which had become hazy and confused, and so lost its way and strayed by mistake into the autumn. And yet the sunshine, though as warm as that of many summer-days, seemed to possess a character of its own, a sweet pensive languor, that seemed to mark it as a last effort of the fading year. The sky was of a soft, delicate blue, partially veiled by a faint white haze, not pronounced enough to be a cloud. The golden sunbeams seemed to rest upon and kiss the flowers more gently than the fervid sun of summer, and the asters and nasturtiums and phloxes opened their brilliant petals to meet them, almost as if they were conscious of the coming frosts that would so soon nip and scatter them, and were anxious to make the most of the present brightness. The faint wind hardly stirred the trees, though it now and then wafted a bright gold or crimson leaf to its resting place on the green luxuriant grass, and the air had the heavy, though sweet autumnal fragrance, that seems to tell of ripened fruits, and garnered sheaves, and fading vegetation. It was a day for enjoying the sunshine and the sweet air; a day for aimless, dreamy wanderings and quiet pensive thought; and notwithstanding the painful circumstances in which they were placed, the Campbell family seemed to feel its tranquillizing, soothing, almost comforting influence.

None of them went to church that day.

They were very tired with the hard work of the previous week, as were the horses with the heavy loads they had been drawing, over a rather rough road. And they clung to the dear old place, now that the last parting was so near. It would have seemed almost like leaving a dying friend to leave it for an hour; and even Mrs. Campbell, for once, did not urge any one's going to church. Mr. Campbell had been lifted into a chair and wheeled to the door, where he lay looking out into the sunshine through the tangle of golden leaves, and seeming to enjoy the balmy air. The shock to his physical frame seemed to have very much deadened his mental emotions, and Mrs. Campbell almost rejoiced to think that he, at least, would not feel any intense pain at leaving the old home. She herself sat by his side, her large Bible on her knee, now and then reading some comforting verse, but as often letting her eyes stray thoughtfully over the fair, familiar landscape before her—the sunlit fields, the little orchard, the shady winding lane that led to the road, which was soon lost in the still green woods.

Alan and Jeanie wandered about together, visiting dear old haunts, sacred now—many of them—by the sorrow that seemed to have cut off Dan so suddenly and so completely from among them; talking sadly over old days as they sat under the old butternut tree, whose spoils they had so often secured with childish glee, and heard the soft fall of the dropping nuts, which now they did not seem to care to touch. How often they had carried their treasure-heaps to a large stone near, and broken them with another, laughingly grumbling at the very small though rich kernel that the great rough brown shells enclosed. Then there was the little copse by the "burn," where the basket-willows grew, where they had so often hunted for the blue "flags" that grew in early summer on its banks, and the bright yellow "impatiens," or wild balsam, that came out later; and then they sat for a while on a large mossy stone under a spreading sumach, many of whose leaves already bore their deep blood-red livery of approaching autumn. From their seat, on a little knoll, they could overlook the sloping yellow fields that lay between them and the house—the brown old house with its glossy drapery of Virginia creeper, now glowing in crimson, and russet, and purple; and the porch with the still green and luxuriant foliage of the wild vine—only a yellowing leaf here and there, showing the touch of autumn; and the two familiar figures in the porch, with Hugh sitting near absorbed in a book, and the old grey cat contentedly basking on the warm flower-bed. Ponto lay at their feet, his nose resting on his fore-paws, and his eyes every now and then seeking his master's face. For days he had lain watching the unusual preparations with the bewildered, uneasy look with which pet animals regard the displacement of familiar things, and the confusion that precedes a departure. And now he followed his master more closely than ever, not caring to lose sight of him for a moment, as if he dreaded lest, in the general overturning of things, a separation from him should be included.

Alan threw himself down beside Jeanie, and lay on the grass, watching the soft, flickering, chequered shadows on the green turf, and thinking many things. He had not cared even to go over to see Lottie that day. He felt so depressed that he could not even make an effort to be cheerful, and he knew Lottie and he never "got on" when he was in that mood—it seemed to annoy and alienate her. Lottie certainly was not born to be "a daughter of consolation."

"Alan," said Jeanie, with a sigh, as, after a long silence, they rose to go, for the sun was almost down, in a flood of yellow radiance, gleaming through the trees and tingeing the trunks and boughs with crimson light, "No place will ever seem like home again—will it?"

"No," said Allan, gravely, "not like this, at least!" For those bright visions which he had been indulging in but a few weeks ago, had become very faint of late, and the future home to which he had been looking forward seemed very far away indeed.

And then quietly and thoughtfully, knowing well the thoughts that lay unspoken in each other's minds, they walked back to the house through the soft evening light across the fields where the tame sheep and the placid cattle were quietly grazing, all happily unconscious of the change which awaited them.

Mrs. Campbell still sat at the door beside her husband, both of them silent too. The eyes that had shed so many tears of late for her wandering boy, had been shedding now a few quiet ones for the dear home she was leaving in circumstances so sadly different from anything she could have expected but a short time before. Perhaps, too, in those quiet hours, her thoughts had been travelling back on her life-journey, and she had been reviewing the memories, tender and sad, yet not without their sweetness, of the chequered, often sorely-tried, but still on the whole, peaceful years that had glided rapidly away since, a young wife and mother, brave, devoted, and hopeful, she had first come to live at Braeburn Farm. And those years of hard toil and incessant care which had ended for Archibald Campbell in what was little better than total ruin, how infinitely different they might have been, both to himself and his family but for that demon of "strong drink" which had seized his weak nature in its toils and wrecked his life and his fortunes! But when Mrs. Campbell looked at her poor helpless husband—a fond and tender husband he had always been—she put away from her all thoughts that seemed to reproach him, and only said to herself, with tears that would force their way: "Poor Archie!"

It was a sorrowful evening meal to which the family, seeming so few now, sat down. Ben, who had stuck manfully by them in their time of trouble, giving them much valuable assistance, and who was for the present going to work with a neighbouring farmer, seemed to feel the parting as much as any of them, if one could judge by the intensely saddened expression of his grave Indian face. Hugh, who was somewhat excited by the prospect of having regular lessons from good Mr. Abernethy, to fit him for college, was the most cheerful of the party, and Jeanie and he made an effort to cheer up the others, but it was rather an unsuccessful attempt, for they were all thinking of Dan, the invariable brightener of any family gloom.

Before they separated for the night, Alan, at his mother's request, read aloud the sublime and comforting psalm whose opening words, "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations," have so often comforted those who have been made to feel the unstable nature of all earthly homes.

CHAPTER XIII.

FAREWELL.

"I prize the instinct that can turn
From vain pretence with proud disdain;
Yet more I prize a simple heart,
Paying credulity with pain."

CAREFULLY and tenderly—next day—poor Archibald Campbell was lifted into the easiest waggon that could be procured, and driven slowly away from the place which had been his home so long, and past Hollingsby's tavern, which he had said so truly he would never enter again.

They were all gone at last; all but Alan, who stood alone by the gate, late the next afternoon, after watching Jeanie drive off with Ben, who was to bring back the buggy after taking her to Mapleford. As he watched them disappear in the cloud of dust they carried behind them, an almost overwhelm-

ing sense of desolation came over him while he walked slowly back to the house, to attend to the animals and see that all was left in good order for the sale next day. It was a sorrowful task in his present mood. The very eyes of the poor dumb beasts, to whose comfort he was attending for the last time, seemed to look at him with a sad, wistful expression, as if they foreboded evil; and Ponto, catching instinctively his master's mood, walked soberly at his heels with drooping head and tail, ever and anon looking up wistfully into Alan's face. Alan went about the work of tending the animals very slowly, as if it was some relief to protract this last farm work of his as long as possible, fondling the poor dumb beasts, every one of which knew and loved him, with a lingering touch. Even the stupid calves and yearling cattle seemed to him like old friends, in whose steady gaze an unconscious, wistful pathos seemed to lie. The daylight had all faded away by the time his work was done, but the moonlight lay white and silvery on fields and trees, revealing every object with almost the distinctness of day, glistening on the glossy leaves of the Virginia Creeper, and throwing all the projections of the log walls of the house into picturesque relief. Alan stood leaning against the garden fence taking a farewell look at all the familiar objects around, which had been interwoven with his life so long that it seemed impossible they were to cease to belong to it. There was the old pump with the cattle-trough beside it, which he had so often filled, the tree with the swing in which he had so often swung his brothers and sister and Lottie, into whose branches Dan used to love to climb unperceived and shout down to them, half hidden among the leaves. Everything about him had its history and its associations, in which latter Lottie, too, had her share, though more as a child than a maiden. He was debating with himself whether or not he should go for the night to Blackwater Mill. On the one hand, there was the attraction of Lottie's presence; on the other, his dislike to just then encountering Mrs. Ward's fluent tongue, that sometimes touched sore places roughly. While he was considering the alternatives, Ben returned, and he went to help him to unharness and put up the horse. Presently Ben said, in his usual laconic manner "That Sharpley's at Blackwater Mill."

"How do you know?" Alan asked.

"Met him going down from Hollingsby's with Mr. Ward. Heard him tell Hollingsby he'd be at Ward's all night."

That decided Alan's course. It would be only torture for him, in his present mood, to be at the Mill along with Sharpley, and listen to his silky speeches and insinuating compliments to Lottie, which always jarred upon Alan the more that he saw how well they seemed to please her. But a feeling of anger, nay, of bitter hatred, rose in his heart, displacing the tenderer thoughts that had reigned there so lately; while he said to himself that a bed on the cold dewy grass under the moonlight would be better than sharing the same roof with one whom he had come to consider his enemy. What right had this man to come between him and all he held dear; to sow trouble and pain in his life, and then cross his path at every turning? If he must come out to attend the sale, why could he not drive out in the morning? And what had he been doing at Hollingsby's? Another proof of the latter's perfidy! What schemes were they concocting now? As thoughts like these passed through his mind, he walked up and down before the house with compressed lips, and pale face, and contracted brow; all gentler feelings for the time put aside, and his heart given up to passion, nay, even a burning desire for revenge.

"What are you going to do to-night, Ben?" he asked, as Ben came up after leading the horse to its field.

"Stay here," said Ben. "Sleep on a buffalo robe."

"Well, I'll share your bed, Ben," said Alan; "but have you had any supper?"

"Here," replied Ben, pointing to a pan of milk—part of Jeanie's last milking—and to a loaf of bread that had been left behind.

So the two sat down together to their simple repast; and then Ben brought in the robes from the sleigh, which was placed all ready for the sale, and spreading them on the floor made a not uncomfortable bed. But had it been much more comfortable, Alan could not soon have been beguiled to repose. Long after Ben was fast asleep, he lay watching through the uncurtained window the low descending moon—silvery white against the deep blue sky—and resisting its soothing influence, while he nourished his hatred, and wondered whether a time would ever come for "settling scores."

Long as it had been before Alan had sunk to sleep, he awoke with the daylight. He had been dreaming of some boyish expedition with Dan, in the old, happy time gone by, and woke with a sense of something uncomfortable and unusual about to happen. Then came the realization of what it was, but he did not allow himself time to think of that. Ben and he made their rounds once more, and the former milked the cows, while Alan once again watered the animals. Then they had their simple breakfast, and Alan prepared to go; gathering before he went, a bouquet of the bright asters and nasturtiums and mignonette, that still brightened the flower-beds, notwithstanding a slight frost, which would, he knew, be an acceptable gift to his mother—the last relic from her beloved flower-garden. He set his bouquet in a cluster of brilliant leaves from the Virginia Creeper, and carried it carefully, to keep it in its first freshness, while he hastened his departure. People were beginning to come already to inspect the stock, &c., and he did not wish to run the risk of encountering Sharpley. So leaving Ben, who installed himself in a corner of the porch, to wait and see what would betide, he walked rapidly away to Mapleford, not daring to trust himself with another farewell look.

There is no need to chronicle the sale—more or less like all auction sales—the lounging groups of idlers, who came to look on; the keen group of buyers; the auctioneer, trying to enliven the tedium of "going, going, gone," with a few poor jokes; and the wondering looks of the animals as they were brought up, one by one, to be exhibited and endowed with every conceivable excellence by the imaginative auctioneer.

There were but few bidders for the land. One or two knowing old farmers observed to each other that the sale had not been sufficiently advertised. The result was that the land was knocked down at a very low figure to Mr. Hollingsby, who was, however, said to have bought it, not for himself, but for some unknown party. The loss of the low price must fall, of course, on Mr. Campbell, for Mr. Leggatt's claim was considerably more than covered by the amount realized.

Alan found his family as comfortably settled at Miss Honeydew's as it was in that lady's power to make them. His father was in his invalid chair by the sunny end window, which looked out on the outskirts of Mapleford, and on the blue winding Arqua, looking bluer than ever beside the yellowing woods on its margin. Opposite the window, the river swept round a sharp point where one graceful elm, all golden now, stood sharply out against the more shadowy background, and here and there the pale yellow birches, with their silver stems, gleamed out among the deeper-tinted foliage, keeping up the airy character of the graceful trees.

The view from that pleasant window was tolerably familiar to the young Campbells. Their visits to Miss Hepzibah had always

been regarded as treats since the days when they used to come to be regaled with fruit and sweets, and would afterwards sit, eagerly listening to her stories of the old times when she was young, of the "roughing it" of the first settlers, and of the Indians, who, in those times were much more formidable than a tribe of gipsy wanderers. Ben, in particular, used to listen to these stories, sometimes, with unspoken, unfathomable thoughts lying back in the depths of his deep lustreless eyes.

Hugh had already got out his books, and had gone off to Mrs. Abernethy's for a lesson, and Mrs. Campbell and Jeanie were at work doing some necessary sewing in preparation for Alan's departure. Miss Hepzibah was busy stitching away too, at what she would insist on calling her "*trousseau*," the few very modest preparations she was making for her Boston visit, and which had been rather neglected while she was helping the Campbells. She was to go into Carrington with Alan, who would see her on the train for her long journey. But Miss Hepzibah was a tolerably experienced traveller, and pretty independent in that, as in most other things.

The next day or two were cold, cloudy, and ungenial, with keen frosts at night, which made Miss Hepzibah's flower-borders look blank and dreary with blackened, blighted blossoms. Alan had various little pieces of business to settle for his father before his departure, including some formalities to be gone through with Mr. Sharpley, relating to the balance which came to his father after the debt was liquidated. This balance was larger than it would have been, had Sharpley not known that Mr. Dunbar was watching the case. But this Alan, happily, did not know. It was hard enough for him, as it was, to get through his business with Mr. Sharpley without any ebullition of the feelings whose outward manifestation he was striving to suppress. And he was naturally indignant at the comparatively low price for which the land had been sold, and inclined, though he had no proof, to set it down in some way to Mr. Sharpley's machinations.

At last, however, all was settled,—Alan's trunk, filled with his little possessions, packed by loving hands; and the last tea partaken of together, for which occasion Miss Hepzibah had provided all the delicacies she could collect, including a steaming "Johnny-cake," for making which in perfection Miss Honeydew was renowned.

After tea Alan went out "to see what sort of night it was." He reappeared, however, directly, eagerly exclaiming: "Oh mother, Miss Honeydew, just look out at the aurora! Jeanie, throw on a shawl and come out. You'll see it twice as well." The two ladies hurried to the window, while Hugh threw down his books and followed them, and Jeanie was soon standing with Alan at the garden gate, from which they could see the beautiful phenomenon on all sides of them. From the zenith diverged in all directions, white, quivering, dissolving, disappearing, and reappearing lines of light, looking like a transparent curtain of light hung over the sky—a curtain, however, that was changing its aspect every second. Behind this confused, ever-shifting dome of light, glimmered a deep rose-red glow, which also was ever trembling and quivering. Sometimes, too, the white rays for a moment assumed irridescent hues, adding greatly to the splendour of the effect, which was even awe-inspiring in its unearthly beauty.

"Oh Alan!" said Jeanie, after they had looked at it for some time in silent, breathless admiration—"isn't it grand? Doesn't it make one think of the great white throne we read about in Revelations?" she added, reverently.

"Yes it is grand, indeed," replied Alan. But he did not altogether like to think of "the great white throne." Perhaps it was the feeling of hatred that rankled in his heart that rose up against the thought of

the white purity of Eternal Love. But Jeanie had no such feeling. She had long since come to know by experience the Divine Reconciler, and her sweetest hours were those of communion with that unseen Eternal Love.

"How I shall miss you, Alan, dear!" she said, leaning affectionately on his arm. It was not in Jeanie's nature to talk much about her deepest feelings, but when she did give any expression, it was evident she meant it.

"Say rather how I shall miss you, all of you, and home," Alan replied, with a heavy sigh. "You must write to me soon and often, Jeanie, and tell me everything about every body."

"And about one body in particular," said Jeanie, smiling. "Only, of course, she'll write for herself."

"Oh, well, you can tell me all about her, too. Of course she will write, but I don't fancy she'll write very long letters. You know she's never been in the way of writing letters much, and I don't suppose it'll come very easy to her."

"Well, it won't be hard for her to write letters that will please you, Alan," replied Jeanie. "However, I'll write you all the news I can about her and every body else."

"And about Robert Warwick, too," suggested Alan, rather mischievously. "I shall want to know that the poor fellow has not broken his heart. Is that over altogether, Jeanie?"

"Alan!" said Jeanie, in a tone that convinced him that the subject really annoyed her. Presently she continued, "I mean to set to work now to study hard; and Mr. Abernethy thinks if I do, I may be ready to pass an examination at Christmas, and then I shall be able to apply for the first vacancy I hear of. How I do wish I could get one within walking distance of this place, like Mary Burridge's. It would be such a comfort not to have to leave father and mother and 'board round,' as they say most of the teachers in the country have to do. Fancy if I had to board in a house like the Lindsays."

"Indeed I hope you won't do any such thing," said Alan, energetically. "By the way, how are the Lindsays feeling about Ned's going away?"

"Oh, poor Mrs. Lindsay's been ill almost ever since, but the others don't seem to mind it much. I saw Kate yesterday in Mr. Meadows's shop, and when I spoke about it, she only laughed and said, "Oh, mother takes on dreadfully, but I say it's a great deal better the boy should go, and sow his wild oats."

"Just like Kate Lindsay," said Alan. "What a hard, reckless set they are! I'm just as sorry as I can be that she is coming to settle in Carrington, and has asked Lottie to stay with her. Much as I'd like to see Lottie there, I don't want her to be with *her*."

"No indeed," said Jeanie. "I'll try and persuade her not to go. I wonder, Alan, when we shall hear again from poor Dan. I can see mother's watching for a letter every day."

"Soon, I hope. He wouldn't probably have much opportunity of writing till he got to head-quarters, and then letters take a good while to come from there. As soon as ever you hear, you must write and let me know."

"Oh, yes," said Jeanie, "you may be sure of that. Now, Alan, the aurora is beginning to fade, and the air really is frosty. Look how the stars are shining out, where the light is waning; and poor Ponto is looking up at us to see if you aren't coming in. Poor fellow. I'm afraid he'll break his heart if you leave him."

"I'm afraid I must, though," Alan replied, as they went in. "I don't know whether I should be able to keep him, and I'm afraid he'd get lost, or be in the way. So, Ponto, poor fellow, you must reconcile yourself to your fate, and cultivate Cleo, and keep the peace with Tabitha."

For Cleo and Tabitha had both manifested very strongly that they considered Ponto as an intruder on their absolute and indefeasible right of possession. Cleo, after barking incessantly, with various melancholy and upbraiding whines interjected, had agreed to tolerate Ponto; but Tabby had kept him in a state of constant perturbation, growling ominously at him whenever he came in sight, and occasionally making sudden sallies upon him from her ambuscade under some convenient chair or sofa.

Next morning rose warm, soft, mellow, and hazy, an Indian summer day, breaking in upon the frosty, ungenial weather of the two or three previous ones. Miss Hepzibah had been up long before the sun, seeing to the packing of bandboxes, packages, and parcels, and to the giving of all manner of directions about her plants and her animals. Alan, too, had been up quite as early, and after a hastily snatched breakfast, had started off to walk to Blackwater Mill, to have a few farewell words with Lottie before he went. Miss Hepzibah, with the luggage, was to follow in the tri-weekly stage from Mapleford, which would pick up Alan as it passed Blackwater Mill.

Miss Hepzibah could not forbear stopping in the midst of her own busy preparations, to stand and watch Alan walking off, with hasty strides, after the trying family farewells had been hurried over; and she even stood for a few moments idle, ruminating on what she, with elderly, spinsterly eyes, unbiassed by Lottie's radiant, youthful, blooming beauty, considered his unfortunate delusion.

"There he goes, poor boy," she internally soliloquised, "right straight along to make a fool of himself with that heartless chit of a girl, that would as soon throw him over as not, if she saw anything that suited her better; and will, may be, and it would be better for him, poor fellow, than being tied to her for life. There's poor little quiet Mary Burridge now, would have made him a ten times better wife; but he wouldn't look at her, all along of her being plain. Well, it's just like them all, to be caught by a pretty face. Men are just so stupid."

But even while Miss Honeydew thus indulged in reflections, which are probably as old as the world itself, as to the want of discrimination of the male sex in fixing their affections on external charms, her face softened a little, as she remembered the time when she had been a far from uncomely maiden, and when she had been told so, too, by one who—well, that was long ago now, and the grass had been green on his grave for many a year. But he was not forgotten for all that.

At last Miss Hepzibah's possessions were all safely stowed away, even to the last bandbox and satchel, in the little leather-curtained stage that was drawn up at the gate, and herself stowed in also, wedged in between a slim young commercial traveller and a fat old farmer's wife, with a vacant place opposite for Alan. And then, after numberless grateful good-byes and good wishes, from the friends she was leaving with such good reason to remember her lovingly, the stage rolled away, and poor Cleo was left loudly lamenting.

Alan meantime had made good use of his time, and was within a short distance of Blackwater Mill. He had taken a short cut through the woods, one which did not bring him within sight of Braeburn, for he did not want to re-open that wound by another look. It was a morning in itself to cheat him to more peaceful and happy thoughts, so soft and balmy was the still, sunny air, so lovely the delicate haze which, subduing the sky to the most ethereal tints, spread over the landscape and the distant woods a delicious softness and an idealizing tender grace, very unusual in the clear Canadian atmosphere. The woods were almost dazzlingly glorious in the rich gold and crimson hues which the late frosts had deepened.

Every variety of tint, from the delicate purples and faint crimsons of the distant woods, and the deep russets and browns of the oak and ash, to the light glowing gold of the hard maples and airy birches, whose silver stems peeped out from foliage that seemed to suggest the idea of a golden fleece. Here and there the general brilliancy of the colour was varied by the intermingling of the sombre green of the pines, and the arching, graceful foliage of an elm, not yet touched with autumn colouring.

Under foot, the yellowing brackens crackled and rustled, bounteous red berries glowed on the underbrush, and deep blood-dyed leaves of young sumachs flashed crimson in the shade. The stillness was perfect, only broken by the hum of insects not yet silenced by the frost, by the occasional rumble of distant wheels, and now and then, by the far-away discharge of a sportsman's gun, telling of some animal life destroyed for human gratification.

Alan walked rapidly on, however, hardly stopping to note the manifold beauties of the way, till he had reached the edge of the woods nearest the mill, and had only the yellow stubble fields between him and the river, with the mill and the house in full view opposite. He crossed the river by the little brown bridge of roughly-fastened boards, which ran across the edge of the mill dam, and from which you could look down on the snowy foaming waters that frothed down below upon the glistening black rocks. Just as he reached it, he heard a light bounding noise behind him, and, looking back, saw poor Ponto already at his heels, having, by force or strategem, escaped from captivity, and tracked his master through the woods. Poor fellow; how he jumped and fawned upon Alan, who could not turn away unmoved from his caresses.

"Why, Ponto, poor fellow! so you circumvented us, did you? Well, I suppose you must come to town and try your fortune with your master. Unless ——"

And he stopped short, as if considering a new idea.

He soon made his way to the house door, which he found open, but no sign of any of the inhabitants visible, only the representatives of three generations of Maltese cats, basking in the sun, which quickly put themselves in various belligerent attitudes at Ponto's approach. Even Cæsar was not to be seen, being at the time engaged in propelling the churn in the dairy, whence Mrs. Ward at length appeared in response to Alan's repeated knock.

"So you're going, are you?" she said, wiping her hands on her checked apron. "Well, it all does seem so sudden-like, after all, I can hardly believe it. We'll miss you dreadful! Lottie? I guess she's out in the barn-yard, watching the threshing machine at work. Collins came along yesterday, and he's just got his traps set up and the horses started. But, I say, Alan," she went on to say, with the air of one who has deferred an unpleasant communication as long as possible, and lowering her voice a little, "you see, her father and me's been thinking that it would be better for you and her both not to have anything binding on you—either of you—just now, when things is all so uncertain. You see, you can't tell when you'll be able to marry, with your family to help and all; and so I think you'd better, both of you, leave it an open question for the present."

Alan looked very blank. This was a blow he had not expected, and he hardly knew how to meet it; indeed, he hardly took in Mrs. Ward's meaning.

"But if Lottie's willing to wait?" he said presently, glancing enquiringly at Mrs. Ward.

"Oh, I don't suppose she's in any hurry to leave a good home," said Mrs. Ward. "But that's one thing, and it's another for a girl to be kept waiting on from one year's end to another, till she's lost her youth and her good looks, and her best chances; and

may be something comes over the thing in the end. No, I can't have Lottie hanging on like that. If you come back when you can marry her right off out of hand, and you and she are of the same mind then, why, neither her father nor me'll have a word against it; but the way things is now, it mustn't be left binding on the child."

Alan did not know what to say. There was a good deal in what Mrs. Ward said, and he felt that the matter was not one for him to urge. If Lottie felt towards him as he did towards her, she would insist on standing by him, with or without a binding engagement. If not, what would be the use of trying to bind her? What would be the use of anything?

"Well, I must be seeing about the dinner," said busy Mrs. Ward, "for I've got all the threshing men to dinner, of course, as well as our own, and they do be pretty hungry when they come in, and can't be kept waiting. You go and see Lottie; you'll find her in the barn-yard, but don't be trying to persuade her to go against what her father and me told her when we was talking it over t'other night. She's a sensible girl, Lottie, and she sees it just as we do. Good-bye, Alan, and don't be downhearted; 'taint that we don't think just as much of you as ever; and if you was only able to do well for Lottie, I'd as soon you should have her as any one I know. And there's nobody wishes you better than I do."

Which was all quite true. Mrs. Ward had a considerable regard for the good-looking, obliging young man, who had grown up under her eye, and whom she had looked upon almost as a son-in-law already, and she was as sorry for him as was possible for one whose mental horizon was so completely bounded by personal interests that it was difficult for her in any degree to realize the feelings or circumstances of others. But though she wished well to Alan, and was sorry for his misfortunes, she must look out for Lottie's "chances" first of all, she thought. And with her idea of marriage, as being principally a comfortable settlement for life, she was certainly acting according to her light. The close and tender union of hearts for weal or woe, outlasting all trials and dividing circumstances, even though never ratified by the solemn seal of outward union, was a thing which had never yet been "dreamt of in her philosophy."

Alan went to find Lottie in the great wide barn-yard, where the threshing-machine was hard at work. He could hear its whizzing noise as he approached, and separate it from blended sounds of the mill machinery and the rushing water, with which, at a distance, he had confounded it. It was a busy, merry autumnal scene that was before him, when he reached the entrance of the barn-yard. There stood the great, tall machine, gaily painted in red and blue, wedged into the wide barn door, within which stood the yellow stack of wheat which its labours were rapidly diminishing. In front, the eight strong horses were pacing steadily their monotonous round, moving the revolving platform, under which were the iron wheels, which, attached to the machine by a chain of revolving rods, were its moving power. A lad sat perched up at the top of the machine, deftly cutting the twisted straw-bands that confined the sheaves, while another shoved them into the orifice for receiving them. Behind the machine, in the midst of the whirl of dust, bits of straw, &c., a man was busy fastening empty sacks, and removing full ones from the opening at which the clear grain issued, while another shovelled away the piles of husks and straw, and another carried away, one by one, the filled sacks to the granary. The "boss," or owner of the machine, a man with a sponge over his mouth, and green goggles over his eyes, to protect them from the chaff that filled the air, superintended the working of the machinery, and kept all hands to their proper work.

Lottie, with a pretty bright scarf thrown

over her shoulders, more for effect than because she needed it, and a few scarlet leaves coquettishly twisted into her brown hair, stood leaning against the fence, making a bright spot of colour where she stood, and keeping up a light bantering conversation with the young teamster, a ruddy-cheeked, bright-eyed young fellow, in a gay striped shirt, corduroy breeches, and top boots, who stood on the moving platform, cracking his whip at the horses, and smiling across at Lottie. Some pigeons were sunning themselves on the ground, and picking up stray grains of wheat, their glancing, changing tints gleaming in the soft warm sunshine, and a large representation from Mrs. Ward's poultry-yard — Dorkings, Brahmapootras, puffy white Friesland fowls, and pugnacious young turkeys—had also found their way thither, and were busy foraging and squabbling over the golden grain.

Alan was close to Lottie before she was aware of his presence. As she turned and met his sorrowful glance, the smile faded quickly from her face. She knew why he had come, and she almost wished he had gone without saying good-bye. She did not like to face disagreeable things, and good-byes were always disagreeable, especially when people were expected to feel them.

"I'm going, Lottie!" he said, "will you walk up to the gate with me? The stage is to pick me up as it passes, and I want to have a last talk before I go."

Lottie turned, and walked away with him, after he had exchanged a few farewell salutations with the men, all of whom he knew as old neighbours. The Radnor people were very neighbourly in turning out to help their neighbours at threshing, or ploughing, or logging "bees." As Lottie and he disappeared, the teamster and the "boss" had their inevitable joke over it.

"Ah! lad, you're cut out, you see there. Pity you've got to stay and mind your horses, and see another fellow carry her off right before your eyes!"

"Never mind, I'll have my chance when he's gone! There's this evening to come, and all the fun and the singing—Lottie's the girl to go on with a fellow. She won't be weeping for him!"

Whereat the men all laughed heartily; for at threshing times, very small jokes will go a long way. It was as well, however, for the young teamster that Alan was out of hearing.

"So you've got Ponto with you!" said Lottie, as they walked on together, rather silently, for the first few minutes.

"Yes, poor fellow! I left him at home, shut up. But he's managed to give them the slip; so I suppose I must give him his own way, and take him with me. Unless, Lottie, you'd like to keep him for my sake. I'd like to think he was with you."

"Oh, I don't know! I don't think mother would care about having him round. She thinks old Cæsar's enough, and I don't believe she'd have him if it wasn't for his churning," Lottie replied evasively.

"Oh well, it doesn't matter," Alan answered quickly; "I'd like to have him with me if I can keep him. I only thought you might like to have him about, to put you in mind of me. Oh, Lottie dear, I hope, when I am away, you'll be as faithful to me as poor Ponto is!

Lottie made no reply, only kept pulling to pieces a long yellow plume of golden rod, which she held in her hand.

Alan went on to tell her about his conversation with her mother, and to say that, while he could not of course insist on holding the engagement binding against her parents' wishes, he hoped that would make no real difference, but that she would still be true to him as he would to her, without any formal engagement.

"And you'll think of me always, and write to me sometimes, won't you, Lottie dear?" he said, as they saw the stage and its team of white horses appearing in the distance. "And the thought of you will be always

with me, spurring me on to work harder, till the time comes when I can come back and claim you for my own dear wife!"

Lottie said she would write; but she did not answer Alan's tender assurance with any reciprocal one. She felt embarrassed and awkward, and wished the parting were over.

"Well, good-bye, Lottie! good-bye till Christmas, dear," said Alan, at last, clasping her closely in a tender embrace, before springing across the fence to hail the fast approaching stage. It stopped a moment; the next, Alan was in his place, bending forward to get one more look at Lottie, and wave a last farewell. Lottie walked back very slowly through the warm golden sunshine—dashing away a few instinctive tears. She was fond of Alan, in a way, and she would miss his constant devoted attentions, much as one misses the companionship of a faithful dog. But the transient sorrow did not last long, and the evening quite realized the young teamster's prediction.

Meanwhile Miss Honeydew was doing her best to cheer up Alan with lively amusing talk, as the stage rattled on across corduroy bridges, and through deep, gorgeously tinted woods; past old brown stumps, wreathed with bright crimson Virginia creeper or poison ivy, its close imitation; past bits of marsh streaked with lines of rich colour from the wild-flowers still blooming in them; past yellow fields bounded by the inevitable rail fences, on which a stray "chipmunk" or squirrel sat, cracking nuts, scuttling away in haste as the stage clattered up; past fallows, where horses were slowly dragging the plough; past comfortable white farmhouses and steadings, with their clustering orchards, the rosy apples still hanging on the trees.

As the day wore on to afternoon, in the second stage of their journey, the sunshine was clouded over, and heavy grey clouds spread themselves over the sky, looking watery and ominous. The rain held off, however, and the setting sun appeared through the broken masses of confused rose-red and purple in the west, shedding ruddy lights on the tree-stems, and on the distant houses of Carrington, and rosy gleams on the grey river that wound between them and the town.

At last they were across the bridge and rattling over the hard pavement, and past the shops, where lights were glimmering here and there, as the early twilight came on. Alan helped down Miss Hepzibah at the door of the "British Lion," where they were to spend the night, and gathered together all their various belongings, including Ponto, and then betook himself to the cheerless little room assigned him; the light rain that had begun to fall, seeming quite in unison with his own feelings at the final closing of one chapter in his life, and the opening of another, as yet untried and uncertain.

(To be continued.)

THE HERALDS OF THE SPRING.

"For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come; and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

LONG hath the dreary winter's chilling hand
Been laid upon our frost-imprisoned land,
And long the North-wind's keen and bitter blast
Hath swept the fleecy snow-flakes wildly past
In powdery drifts and gusts of icy spray,
Whirling in clouds that darken all the day;
Or calm and still, the snow, with noiseless fall,
Sank down on tree and bush, enfolding all
In a soft, fragile foliage that might seem
The passing vision of a fairy dream,
And draped the earth in mantle fair and white
Crusted with diamonds glittering in the light;
Drift piled on drift oppressed the buried ground,
An Arctic landscape seemed to stretch around.
Too long our land lay bound in frozen chains,
And blank and dreary seemed the snow-clad plains,
For coldly fair such wintry glories show,
To eyes grown weary of perpetual snow!

But now, a gentler breath pervades the air,
The opening skies a softer azure wear;
The snow has vanished at the South-wind's breath,
And Nature wakens from her seeming death;
The lakes and streams, set free from icy chain,
Flash their blue waters to the sun again;
We hear once more the rushing torrent's flow,
The fragrance of the "unbound earth" we know;
The soft, sweet tinkle of the streamlet seems
To lull our senses to delicious dreams;
More soft and sweet the light of evening lies
On quiet fields, beneath the sunset skies.
She comes! Although we chide her tardy wing,
We hail the welcome advent of the Spring,
And through our memory breathes the sacred strain,
So often heard, yet gladly heard again:—
"The Winter's past and gone! the flowers appear,
The time of singing of the birds is here!"

Already, by our gladdened ears is heard,
The welcome warbling of the early bird;
And, ere the winter blasts are wholly fled,
The Sanguinaria lifts her gentle head—
Half shrinking from the rude, ungenial air,
It bends to earth its petals snowy fair,
As if afraid to find itself alone
On the bleak threshold of the winter thrown,
Yet, in its fragile beauty faithful still,
And firm its welcome errand to fulfil—
To glad our longing eyes with promise true
Of all the beauty soon to burst to view.

Ere yet the tardy snow the woods has left,
But lingers late in many a rocky cleft,
The tiny ferns their spiral fronds uncoil,
And the green moss o'erspreads the spongy soil,
While yet her glossy leaves are hardly green,
The fair Hepatica, from downy screen,
Opens her soft-hued cups in lonely bloom,
Breathing the spring's most delicate perfume;
Wood-violets follow, opening to the light
Their varied tints of yellow, blue, and white;
And Trilliums waving in the shadowy dells,
The bright Dicentra with its clustered bells,
The white May-apple 'neath broad shield of green—
Meet canopy of state for fairy queen!
With the striped Arum and the Orchis fair,
And Convallaria's waxen clusters fair,
The small Mitella's feathery shaft appears,
Piercing the withered leaves of by-gone years;
In the dark cleft of some old rugged pine,
Wave the bright blossoms of the Columbine,
While woodland boughs a snowy burden bear,
Breathing sweet incense on the balmy air;
The summer hours more gorgeous blossoms bring,
But none more dear than ye—sweet heralds of the Spring!

Kingston. FIDELIS.

IMPERIAL AND COLONIAL CONFEDERATION.

BY A. T. DRUMMOND, MONTREAL.

AN Imperial Confederation has recently formed the subject of discussion both in this country and in Great Britain. Some writers have thought that the Home Rule agitation in Ireland may yet possibly result in the British Ministry taking into consideration a more comprehensive confederation than even Home Rulers have entertained. Mr. Blake a few months since took occasion publicly to suggest the reorganization of the empire on this basis, and within the past few weeks our Agent General has discussed the question in Manchester. That the subject has received the attention it recently has is, no doubt, one of the results of our Colonial Confederation. The country has made rapid progress since the consummation of Union; a national spirit has been aroused, and the people have now awakened to find that, though they have in domestic affairs a national status, yet in their relations with the other colonies and with foreign powers—relations which may affect their gravest interests—they have not the smallest voice unless by the direct authorization of the Home Government; and though entirely disinterested, and desirous of peace, they are at any moment liable to be plunged into a foreign war, imperilling their resources, and perhaps sacrificing many lives among them. This political situation, and the concurrent strong desire to perpetuate the connection with the empire, seem to have suggested here an Imperial Confederation in some form, as a political change under which the Colonies would be represented at Westminster, and thus acquire some control over their foreign relations, as well as those of the empire.

Mr. Blake appears to think that the time may be at hand when the people of this country will be called upon to discuss their relations to the empire, and Mr. Jenkins goes even farther in regarding the political outlook as of such gravity, that it must be a question with us of Imperial Confederation or Imperial disintegration. That we are gradually approaching our political manhood, and that our relative position as a section of the empire must, as years go on, increasingly form the subject of thought among us, must be apparent to every one who has given attention to public affairs. An Imperial Confederation is a political change, which, could it be placed on a basis satisfactory to the contracting parties, might take effect at once. Questions of policy, however, frequently find their solution, even in the present enlightened age, rather through considerations of national glory than of national advantage, and it would seem as if, in this question of an Imperial Confederation, its commercial and financial aspects had been largely overlooked. No doubt it would tend to the national glory and prestige to further consolidate the empire, to more closely identify each member of it with the common interests, and thus to increase its power. Even to colonials like ourselves, with some national aspirations, there would be something fascinating in the very thought of what would thus, in the truest sense of the word, be a great Britannic Empire, and in the reflection that the name of colonial dependency would then be done away with, and that the colonists would not only have the opportunity of constantly presenting, in the General Parlia-

ment, the wants of their own sections, on both their home and their foreign relations, but would also rise one degree higher in the political scale, and become possessed, equally with Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen, of rights in the government of the empire at large. There are, however, grave difficulties in the way, arising from conflicting commercial and financial interests, from diverse elements in the population, and from the distance of the different sections of the empire from one another and from the seat of the central government.

It is true that the world has before witnessed confederations; but they were of communities contiguous to each other, whose commercial and political requirements were more or less identical. Circumstances are different in the case of Great Britain and its colonies. The industrial products of countries may vary largely with their climates and geological structures, and where in the world would there be found, under one Government, such individually large, and yet diverse commercial interests, as those presented by England and Scotland, with their iron and coal; India, with its cotton and rice; Australia, with its wool and wheat; the West Indies, with their sugar; and Canada, with its timber, grain, and dairy products? It is, however, just possible that such a confederation might largely change the current of trade. Sections of the empire exist in every quarter of the globe, and under every climate, and produce, or can produce, more or less, nearly every known industrial product. The Confederation could thus impose heavy customs dues on nearly every article imported from foreign countries, and yet, the people might have those very articles at the very cheapest prices, because produced within the Confederation itself. Still, years must elapse after the union had been effected before such a change could be completely brought about, and under any circumstances—quality as well as cheapness being an element in the selection of merchandise, and every market being subject to fluctuations in value—foreign importations would necessarily continue. There is, indeed, hardly a question that, as a result of long-established commercial intercourse, this difficulty would present itself—whatever the nature of the tariff: that each section of the empire, before considering the interests of other distant sections, would naturally desire the general commercial policy to suit itself in its relations with any foreign power contiguous to it, and with which it had large intercourse. Thus Canadians would consider the effect of such a policy upon their trade with the United States, before giving a thought to Australia or New Zealand; and Australians, in turn, would probably in this connection give their attention to China and Japan, before heeding the interests of the West Indies or Canada. This difficulty would, with even greater force, apply in Canada if Free Trade were proposed to be the policy of the empire. It is an axiom in mercantile business that the larger the market, the greater the probable demand for each article of manufacture, and with the larger production, the more cheaply each article can be produced. This, to some extent, accounts for this market being at present successfully inundated with American goods, even in the face of duties. It is thus quite apparent that with a limited home market, the United States closed by an almost prohibitory tariff, and the demand for their products in this way greatly circumscribed, the manufacturers of Canada could not for a moment entertain the idea of Free Trade.

The arrangement of the finances would also present serious obstacles. Those who have had to deal with the debts of the different Provinces forming the Dominion can readily believe that the adjustment of the Imperial and Colonial debts, and of the proportion of the expenses of diplomacy, defence, and war, to be borne by each section of the empire, would form the most difficult

problem ever submitted to a financier. Even if each section of the Confederation assumed its own debts, the present foreign policy of Great Britain, and the existing treaties to which it is a party, not only result in heavy present outlay, but might at any time lead to difficulties with other powers, involving large expenditures, in the incurring of which the different colonies could have no interest except that of sympathy with the mother country. Again, should the revenues of the Confederation be distributed according to population, what small shares would fall to the lot of Australia and Canada, enterprising and relatively rich in comparison with some other colonies! And even were financial arrangements arrived at before Union, would not the ever-changing circumstances of such differently situated sections of the empire give rise to constant agitation for alterations? It does not seem possible that a mutually satisfactory financial basis could be arrived at.

The formation of the Imperial Councils and Representation in the general Parliament would form another difficult problem. Is population the true basis of representation? Then India, with a race inferior, and yet improving to some extent in energy and intelligence, would have an undue preponderance; or would India still be regarded as a conquered empire? Similar questions would arise in others of the dependencies.

These are some of the difficulties which suggest themselves as standing in the way of the consolidation of the empire under an Imperial Confederation in its pure and simple form. Modifications of the idea have been suggested, but they all have some one or other of the obstacles above referred to. The least objectionable form, were it in the present temperament of the colonies feasible, would be that of a General Council sitting at Westminster, in which the United Kingdom and the colonies would be represented, each section retaining its present constitution practically unaltered, and imposing its own customs' dues, and appropriating its own revenues; and the Council having only powers affecting the general interests of the different sections in their relations to one another and to the empire, and the interests of the empire in its relations to foreign powers. Were the Home Government a consenting party to even this scheme, it would not be without the proviso that the colonies should bear their share thereafter of the general expenses of the empire in peace and war; and then would arise the difficult problems of what these shares should be, and whether the colonies are at present able, and, if able, would they be willing to undertake them. Should, however, a General Council be satisfactory to the colonies, and could an adjustment of the finances be arrived at, there would still remain the grave doubt whether Great Britain, so long accustomed to retain the power itself, and to regard the colonies as mere dependencies, would be, at present, willing to admit them as equals in the administration of the affairs of the empire.

Quite apart from the difficulties thus in the way of carrying out the idea of an Imperial Confederation, it may with reason be questioned whether the causes which have suggested it here, have, in reality, such force as has been claimed for them. Since the Union has taken place, the Home Government has shown a desire to avoid the diplomatic blunders of years ago, and to give the Dominion a direct voice in negotiations with foreign powers, where Canadian interests were involved; and two well known Canadian leaders have on separate occasions been appointed Commissioners on behalf of Great Britain in negotiating treaties with the United States. There is no doubt that Great Britain appreciates the situation, and that every reasonable wish of Canada in this respect would be promptly met. If our representatives receiving such appointments are untrammelled by limiting instructions

from the Colonial Office, and fulfil the trust reposed in them of furthering the interests of this country, what more need the people of the Dominion desire? If, on the other hand, these representatives fail to fulfil their trust, the existing political situation cannot be blamed for it. As to the liability of being drawn, through connection with Great Britain, into a foreign war in which Canada might have no interest, we may at present dismiss the thought. The power the most likely to menace Canada would be the United States; and that country has at last found its own territories quite large enough, and the South quite difficult enough to manage, without adding to their difficulties by attempting to coerce a strong and much more inimical people to the north of it; and, at the same time, it would have, through differences of origin and more limited commercial relations, a far greater objection to any other European power than Great Britain obtaining a foothold in British America.

In view of all the circumstances of the case, we may well let the question of seeking any political change in our relations to the Empire rest for a time, and devote ourselves more closely to developing the resources of the Dominion, and elevating the character of its people under a Colonial Confederation. We are not yet prepared for any revolutionary changes; and the advantages which would result from them, if they were at once brought about, are hardly clear. It is, however, the opinion of not a few of those who have given attention to the current of events of the past few years, that the onward progress of the country and the higher intelligence of the people will themselves develop in the course of time a change, and one which may be in the direction of a distinct national existence. It will not be sought for by us, such is our loyalty to the throne. It is just possible indeed that the course of the mother country towards us may suggest it; and under any circumstances, we shall probably, on adopting it, carry with us Great Britain's good will and friendly alliance. That it is even now the desire of some in England that there should be this change in the relations of the Colonies, is well known. However, the constitution, as well as the present wishes of the people, are opposed to it. In the Confederation resolutions adopted by the conference at Quebec, upon which our present constitution is founded, there were notably two leading principles laid down: that the executive authority or government should be vested in the Sovereign of Great Britain; and that in framing the constitution, the British model should be followed with a view to perpetuating the connection with the Empire. It was thus we affirmed to the people of Great Britain, and particularly to that party which desired colonial severance, that here there existed the wish to perpetuate colonial alliance. It was a happy result of Confederation that the mere proposal to adopt it should have elicited this expression of the popular will; and this expression of the popular will inspires confidence in us now, and in the future will bear its fruit in friendly and permanent alliance, whatever that future may be. Some few may think that the choice lies between Imperial Confederation and Imperial disintegration, and, inferentially, we may draw the conclusion that, in their opinion, a Colonial Confederation is not the phase of connection with the Throne best suited to our own and to Imperial interests. Such is not the opinion generally entertained here. We have deliberately cast our lot in a Colonial Confederation; and the time which has since elapsed has been too short, and the results, even in that short time, too satisfactory to make us long for any change. In the distant future, however, should there be fulfilled the bright visions which we now entertain of the western territories teeming with population alike with the eastern provinces,—the whole country from Vancouver to Nova Scotia thickly scattered with manufacturing

enterprises; our merchant marine, already large, still further increased; our foreign relations requiring more constant attention; and our people alive to their position and appreciative of the duties it imposes upon them,—then will have arrived the time when, in the interests both of ourselves and of Great Britain, we must study deeply and decide on our relations to the Empire. Then will come a time when we may be brought face to face with Independence, not through our own seeking, but in the ordinary course of events as they are now happening. With the vast natural resources which we have of ocean and inland seas, of fields, and forests, and mines, and with a high-spirited population already large, and yearly increasing in numbers, enterprise, and intelligence, it must be apparent to every one who has given thought to the subject that a period will come when the relations of parent and offspring, however kindly they may remain, will of necessity, with such a breadth of ocean between them, be of a different type from those of early years. Maturity of years and self-consciousness of ability give a man an independence of spirit and a self-reliance which prompt him to cast aside the timidity of youth, and to cope with the world himself. It is much the same with colonies with energy equal to our own. They pass through similar phases, from colonial birth to colonial manhood, when national duties and national privileges are appreciated. That the attainment of this manhood may culminate in Independence is not a mere chimera. "I believe," said the Minister of Finance on the floor of the House of Commons but a few weeks since, "that every man who has paid any considerable attention to the question of the future of Canada is prepared to admit that, with us, it is a struggle for the possibility of carrying out a distinct national existence. This object, which we may sacrifice something for, if necessary, it will be the aim and the interest of the Government to see that we shall prepare to attain without making the sacrifice unreasonable and not beyond due bounds. Perhaps it is as well that we should be thus called upon peaceably to do what other nations have had to do by means of wasting war." We are, however, far from having yet attained colonial manhood, and are quite unprepared at present to assume the responsibilities attending an independent existence, even if that existence presented any immediate advantages; but every year of progress is leading us one step onward in national thought, in self-confidence, and in command of resources. The present constitution has unquestionably given a stimulus to progress. Canada may not, however, be the first to definitely raise the question of its relations to the empire. When the country has largely increased in wealth and population, is it to be expected that the Home Government will continue to maintain diplomatic relations with foreign courts and to bear the burdens of defence, without calling on the wealthy colonies to contribute a share of the expense?

This political manhood, which must result in a change of our relations with the Empire, may be in the far distant or nearer future; but let us educate ourselves into that high standard of citizenship that when it does come we shall be found prepared, as a people, to assume all its responsibilities. There is great room for improvement in the internal machinery of the Dominion. We want the right development of the national character, and to this end we must have the infusion of a high-toned *morale* among the people, freedom of thought and action, and the spread of education. Not least among the characteristics of the people, we need the infusion of a national sentiment through the breadth of the land, which will find expression in a love of our country, in a healthy pride in its institutions, and an earnest endeavour to maintain and improve them. The internal economy of the Dominion and the fitting of ourselves for a

higher national position, will for the present, furnish ample national interests to attend to. In the future before us there is work for every man to do. Each one will exercise some influence in giving shape to the course of that future and force to its current. We must not forget that we have a country to live for as well as a country to live in. There is here no long historic record from which to glean examples which we might emulate; but each man may himself be an example to those with whom he associates. There is here no aristocracy but that of ability and intelligence, to which every man can aspire. Here there is no dense population, no overcrowding of the spheres of labour, and position is only to be gained by hard, unsparing work. "Surely," says the Hon. Alexander Morris,* "it is a noble destiny that is before us; and who, as he reflects upon all these things, does not feel an honest pride as he thinks that he too may, in however humble a sphere, or by however feeble an effort, aid in urging on that great destiny."

* Nova Britannia.

ANTEROS—LOVE THE AVENGER.

LIKE the soft summer rain on cold, hard rock they fell—
Her words—"I love you, darling, how, you cannot tell.
"Ah! if you knew!
"The forest mother, yearning, sees the young she bore,
"All safely gathered in her tawny bosom, lie,
"Where gaunt, grim roots of hemlock close the sky,
"With lonely sound of winds in tree-tops evermore,
"And rests content to live apart with them alone.
"Content to live with love; athirst, a-hungered, spent,
"Sick, weak, and dying, still, with those she loves, content;
"Content to see, and press, and feel them hers, *her own.*
"So I love you!
"The world might come and go, and wealth and beauty fly,
"Were I as she, and you as they, and no one by.
"I would care nought but for your love, sweet, no, not I!
"Ah! if you knew!"
As the cold, senseless rock heeds neither dew nor rain,
So, wondering, I but saw, nor understood her pain,
All sorrow for the bitter hurt I could not heal,
All pity for the tender love I could not feel.

Like the soft summer rain upon cold rock they fell—
My words—"I love you, darling, how, you cannot tell,
"Ah! if you knew!"
And one, with upturned wondering face, and loveless eye,
Cold, save for touch of kindly woman's sympathy,
With formal phrase, and carven words, made me reply.

F. A. D.

Ottawa.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS.

BY THE REV. T. G. PORTER, GEORGETOWN.

IN the North Pacific Ocean, about 5 or 6 days' sail N.N.W. from Vancouver Island, lies the group called Queen Charlotte Islands. In 1787 Captain Dixon sailed around them, gave them their present name, and took possession of them in the name of King George. It is now 88 years since these Islands have had a place upon our maps, yet no attempt has been made to colonize them, or to make their vast resources available. Why this has been so we cannot say. Surely it must be because their value and importance have not been properly understood or appreciated.

The group is composed of two large islands, two small ones, and a number of islets; and in extent of territory is about equal to the two-thirds of Ireland. The climate is never extreme, the snow melting soon after falling, even on the coldest days, "while the sun sheds its effulgence, but not its glare, during much the greater portion of the year the whole of the livelong day upon that virgin country." Thus it unites the charm of the tropics to the salubrity of the temperate zone, without the evils of either. Neither rat, reptile, nor noxious insect has as yet found a home there. The surface is varied and picturesque, the coast generally low-lying and timber-clad. Pines and cedars of immense proportions, oaks and other hardwoods, crowd every available portion, especially of the small island of "Skincattle," which has also a magnificent harbour on its south-west coast. The woods swarm with animals, and the rivers and bays with fish. Fogs are rare; and storms, if sometimes severe, invariably follow a law, being sea-storms; nor do they ever last long.

The agricultural and mineral resources of these islands are undeniable; fruit is abundant, and potatoes grow in large quantities. The stock of game is remarkably varied, and is in such profusion that, in the words of Mr. Poole, C.E., the only educated Englishman who has ever dwelt in these islands, "for twenty years to come no colonist need starve if he only carries a gun and can hit a haystack." There are enough bears, seals, martens and other fur-bearing animals on these islands "to make the fortune of half a dozen fur companies," while whales and porpoises make these waters a playground, so that with a colony of energetic and enterprizing men, a trade of great importance might be built up in a few years, and even from the very first year they might have a large export of skins, furs, &c., to say nothing of what could be produced by the farming portion of the colony.

It will be perceived also, by referring to the map, that these islands lie in the great highway of commerce which at no distant day will be established; when the Canadian Pacific Railway will give an unbroken rail and ocean communication with the Pacific, China, and Japan.

Therefore, if the advantageous position of these islands, their beautiful and healthy climate, the extent and value of their fisheries, and the magnitude of their mineral as well as their agricultural and pastural resources, are properly considered and weighed, their prosperity will be fully secured, and earnest efforts made to bring these almost inexhaustible resources into practical use. "Truly," says Mr. Poole, in his work, "it is a land of enchantment. One can

hardly feel melancholy living on these beauteous uninhabited shores. Such varied and magnificent landscapes, such matchless timber, such a wealth of vegetation, such verdure and leafage up to the very crests of the highest hills."

As to the Indians who inhabit these islands, they are in number about 5,000, and are physically, morally, and intellectually superior to the other tribes of the North Pacific. They are also exceptionally well-disposed to the whites. They are a well-made race of people, good-looking, and of rather fair complexion. They have their usual Indian ideas of a Great Spirit, and of their happy hunting grounds in a future state. Polygamy is unknown among them, nor have they, it must be confessed, any ideas of marriage. While they are addicted to gambling, and are also thievish and fond of drink, yet they are not cruel nor revengeful, and their feasts, of which they have a great number, are conducted innocently enough, being very free from the abominable practices which characterize those of the other North American tribes. They are fond of forms and ceremonies, and have an extraordinary veneration for writing, and are said to possess an intelligence superior to illiterate whites.

It is sad to think that nothing has as yet been done towards their civilization, and that no clergyman has offered himself as a missionary to these poor people. Much might and ought to be done for them by the civilizing and enlightening influences of Christian instruction, by wise and firm legislation; and more than all ought they to be protected by strict precautionary measures against the contaminating influences too often to be met with in the traders of the North Pacific, many of whom have a lower moral status than the savages themselves.

May we not ask, how much longer shall this beautiful portion of the Dominion of Canada—nay, I may say its fairest and most productive portion—be allowed to lie fallow and almost worse than useless? Are its undoubted advantages to be thrown aside simply because other parts of the Dominion, which do not possess half the resources of these islands, require filling up with settlers? We do not seek to detract from any of the advantages presented by Manitoba. We know they are many; but can it present a tithe of the opportunities of making, not merely a living, but a good living, from the very first time of settlement, that these islands do? Is its climate at all to be compared with theirs? Is it as close or as easy of access to a market for the produce of its fisheries, its forests, or its fields, whether used agriculturally or pastorally, as they are? We know the advantages which Manitoba presents, and we know also that it has some disadvantages; yet sinking all the disadvantages, even and adding to the advantages, it would still fall far short of the privileges and resources held out to the colonist, by these beautiful and fertile islands of the sea.

Another reason why these islands should be taken possession of at once—and no small one we think—is that in many of the maps published in the United States, they are placed *within the boundaries of and in the same colour as their* late purchase from Russia. We know that it was to prevent its annexation to the United States that the island of Vancouver was settled, and unless something be done, and that soon, our enterprising and not over-scrupulous neighbours will endeavour to colonize these islands and afterwards claim them as their own.

It cost the Government nearly £162,-100 for the colonization of Vancouver Island, which colony numbered only 500 souls—men, women, and children. For less than that many dollars, double that number of colonists could be placed on Queen Charlotte Islands, with seeds to plant, implements to work, food to eat, and clothing to cover them for a year, supposing each started with nothing of his or her own.

We may say, that we know of many persons, most of them heads of families, who would gladly go there as colonists, could they procure a passage there in whole or in part. They are in different walks in life—farmers, mechanics, and labourers, who would be the very class of men for such an enterprise. Cannot some means be used to assist in this undertaking, as one which would strengthen and increase the influence of the British Crown and the resources of this Dominion?

LIVINGSTONE.

Obiit May 1st, 1873.

SLEEP now and take thy rest, thou mighty dead,
Thy work is done—thy grand and glorious work!
Not "Caput Nili" shall thy trophy be,
But broken slave-sticks and a riven chain.
As the man, Moses, thy great prototype,
Snatched, by the hand of God, his groaning millions
From out the greedy clutch of Egypt's despot;
So hast thou done for Afric's toiling sons;
Hast snatched its people from the poisonous fangs
Of hissing Satan.
For this thy name shall ring, for this thy praise
Shall be in every mouth for ever. Ay,
Thy true human heart hath *here* its guerdon—
A continent redeemed from slavery!
To this how small the other! Yet 'twas great.
Ah! not in vain those long delays, those groans
Wrung from thy patient soul by obstacle,
The work of peevish man: these were the checks
From that Hand guiding, that led thee all the way.
He willed thy soul should vex at tyranny,
Thine ear should ring with murdered women's shrieks,
That torturing famine should thy footsteps clog,
That captives' broken hearts should pierce thine own;
And slavery—that villain plausible!
That thief Gehazi!—He stripped before thine eyes,
And showed him there a leper, foul, accursed!
He touched thy lips, and every word of thine
Vibrates on chords whose deep electric thrill
Shall never cease till that wide wound be healed.
And then He took thee home. Ay, home, great heart!
Home to *His* home, where never envious tongue,
Nor vile detraction, nor base ingratitude,
Nor cold neglect, shall sting the quiv'ring heart.
Thou endedst well! One step from earth to heaven,
When His voice called, "Friend, come up higher."

THISTLETON, ONT. AURORA.

PRAYER FOR DAILY BREAD.*

WHEN Sir Henry Thompson, with the endorsation of Professor Tyndall, made, through the *Contemporary Review*, his celebrated "Prayer-gauge" proposal that the Christian world should unite in praying for one ward of a certain hospital, in order to measure the efficacy of Prayer *as a physical force*, the audacious proposal naturally startled those whose appreciation of the nature of Prayer and its results was very different from that of the physicist. But the circumstance that a mere physicist, more familiar with the relations of physical forces than with those which exist between the human soul and its Divine Author, and unaccustomed to the Christian's view of prayer, should make so grave a mistake, was not by any means so surprising as that a Christian apologist should adopt so singular a line of argument as was chosen by Mr. Knight in his discussion of the subject. Those who call themselves by the name of Him who taught His disciples to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," and whose professed rule of life tells them that, while they are to "be careful for nothing," they are, "in *everything*, by prayer and supplication to let their requests be made known to God," could not but feel the most intense surprise that any one professing the same fundamental beliefs with themselves, should, while rightly denying that the true Christian idea of prayer is that of a physical force, attempt to maintain the position that the region of physical occurrences lies outside the legitimate sphere of prayer. For—Mr. Knight argued—"inasmuch as a Christian would deem it irrational or irreverent to pray for physical immortality, or for an alteration of the course of the seasons, knowing that this would be contrary to the will of God as revealed in the laws of external nature;" it is equally inadmissible to pray for the gratification of our desires, even in such matters as the fall of a shower, or the cessation of a pestilence, which, accidental and variable as they seem, have yet a sequence of their own, as unalterable, though not as clearly understood, as the motions of the planets and the rotation of the seasons. Therefore, he maintained that, as every passing cloud and breath of air has its appointed place and office inevitably prearranged in the general economy of nature, it is unworthy of Christians to offer up petitions, the fulfilment of which, if possible, might produce a disturbance of the general order thus pre-determined by God for the good of the whole.

To those who, believing in the inspiration of Scripture, admit its undoubted authority as a Divine Revelation, such a passage as the following is a conclusive answer to speculations like these, and it is not easy to see how any man, holding the professed views of a Christian minister, can get over so decisive a statement on this very point: "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain, and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months; and he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth fruit." Humble, simple-minded Christians will need no other warrant than this, together with the fact that the prayer which Christ taught His disciples includes

* Christian Prayer and General Laws. Being the Burney Prize Essay for the year 1873; with an Appendix—The Physical Efficacy of Prayer. By George J. Romanes, M.A. Macmillan & Co.

the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread," to set their minds quite at ease as to the rightfulness of taking to Him who cares for the sparrows and for the fowls of the air, their *physical*, as well as their spiritual wants.

But, even without the appeal to the authority of Revelation, it may be shown that Mr. Knight's position is untenable and inconsistent; that it substitutes assumption and supposition for assured principles; that it involves dogmatism in regard to matters which no human intellect is competent to grasp; and that, logically carried out, it would exclude prayer altogether—from the spiritual as well as the physical sphere. For the physicist's objection to prayer for physical benefits is but the thin end of the wedge which would destroy belief in the efficacy of *any* prayer—the

> "little rift within the lute,
> That by and by will make the music mute;"

the crevice which, under the persevering and relentless hands of the scientific "sappers and miners" of our religious belief, would soon open the way for the whole flood of Necessitarianism, Materialism, Atomism; would exclude the supposition of an intelligent First Cause; and, in a universe composed entirely of "atoms and ether," would leave no room for any spiritual agency whatsoever—certainly not for the

> "Divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

Appended to the very able and profoundly-argued Burney Prize Essay on "Christian Prayer and General Laws," which has already received notice in this magazine, is an interesting Essay on "The Physical Efficacy of Prayer, deductively and inductively considered;" being an examination of the objections and arguments of Messrs. Knight, Robertson, Brooks, Tyndall, and Galton. As the Prize Essay itself is an elaborate and exhaustive argument, founded on human ignorance, against the position that the scientific conception of law interposes an obstacle to our belief in answers to prayer, Mr. Romanes does not, of course, enter again into the discussion of this question, further than to point out how great is the assumption that Natural Law—which is, after all, only our expression for the ordinarily uniform working of the Creative Mind as observed by us—must necessarily be everywhere and always such as we know it; that it must be absolutely what we see it to be relatively; and that there is no rational probability that, in its relation to the Deity, it differs widely from that which we perceive it to be in its relation to us. The consideration of these points being referred back to the Prize Essay, in which they are fully discussed, Mr. Romanes proceeds to examine the arguments of Mr. Knight, whose articles in the *Contemporary Review* excited more attention and comment than anything else that has been written on the subject, save the original proposition of the prayer-test itself.

Now Mr. Knight himself, as Mr. Romanes shows, neutralizes any argument he may found upon the rigidity of natural law by the following admission: "The plasticity of nature is conceded the moment you admit the agency of a living spirit within the whole, (which of course Mr. Knight does admit), and interpret its laws as the mere indices of his activity." This admission makes such expressions as "the rigour of adamantine law," applicable to "law" only in its relation to *us*—in which relation no one disputes it,—and leaves it clear that these "indices of the activity of a living spirit within the whole" can offer no obstacle to his ability to answer prayer, supposing it to be his will to do so. Moreover, Mr. Knight's admission that the speciality which we see in events that *we* call "extraordinary" or "miraculous," is owing merely to the imperfection of our vision—that "were our vision perfect, we should discern speciality in all;" and that even "a miracle involves neither

the violation of natural order nor the uprooting of existing agencies," shows that he does not attempt to maintain the position of the mere physicist. With these admissions, Mr. Romanes truly says, "all difficulties attaching to the belief in the physical efficacy of prayer (so far as natural law is concerned) immediately vanish; for no one who asks the Deity to effect a physical change expects to receive more than a miracle in reply.

Mr. Knight's objection to the efficacy of prayer, that the whole course of natural events has been pre-arranged by Infinite Wisdom for the greatest good of the whole, is, as thus applied, rather the objection of the fatalist than of the Christian philosopher, and applies far beyond the physical sphere of prayer, and to much besides prayer. Used as he uses it, he either pushes it much too far or not far enough. The "inevitable sequence of events" has been held to include far more than the phenomena of *physical* nature. A good many years ago, one of our own poets wrote, in a volume* which foreshadowed the doctrine of evolution, before Darwin had been heard of:—

> "Effects spring from cause,
> Defects have their laws,
> No *lusus naturæ* is known.
> From adequate force
> All follows of course,
> The fall of leaf or a throne."

And who shall say, knowing how event is linked to event in interminable sequence so that the alteration of a single link in the chain might alter the direction of the whole, that from the human stand-point he was wrong! But the "adequate force" that causes the "fall of a throne," extends far beyond the sphere of the physical. There is no difficulty in granting that the "history of every organic atom" may have been determined beforehand by the all-comprehending Intelligence which saw the end from the beginning. But the Omniscient Ruler of the Universe is certainly not in the position of a man who sets in motion a complicated machine, whose proceedings he may afterwards desire to alter, but cannot do so without serious interference with his original design. For what *are* "natural forces," so far as we know them, but modes in which the Divine thought and will are presented to our senses? To Him, who saw the end from the beginning, time, as a limitation of knowledge, has no existence. Therefore, if we believe in a Divine Prescience at all, we must believe that every development of the remotest future has been foreseen and provided for—whether it be the action of a physical force, or the craving of a human soul. Why, then, is it not quite reasonable to suppose that the two spheres of His spiritual and physical government have been adjusted to each other, just as, to compare small things with great, a skilful mechanician can adjust to each other the different "actions" of the same machine? Christians, and indeed all who believe in the existence of an all-wise and eternal ruler of the universe, believe that absolutely no contingency, spiritual or temporal, can occur which has not been foreseen "from the beginning." Why, then, should there be any difficulty in supposing that every prayer has been foreseen, and its answer provided for, whether that answer lie in the material or the spiritual world—whether it be the fulfilment of the expressed desire of the heart, or whether it come in a way which Infinite Wisdom may see to be better for the suppliant? When, for instance, the little girl who went to the prayer-meeting for rain, took with her the umbrella that she shared with the minister in returning home, why may we not believe that He who justified the simple faith of the Syro-Phœnician woman would care to provide for the justification of the simple faith of a little child? The centurion, whose servant was sick, did not stop to philosophize

* A small volume of Poems, entitled "Day Dreams," by J. A. Allen. Published at Kingston, in 1854.

on the "impossibility of arresting the course of physical disease one iota," when he exclaimed: "But say in a word, and my servant shall be healed." If he had, would he have won from Divine lips the commendation that followed: "I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." And though, in this instance, the cure was miraculous, the principle of the prayer is the same that guides every Christian prayer for the preservation of a beloved life struggling with disease. And the Christian prays, leaving the petition and the answer in the hands of his wise and loving Father, leaving it to Him who knows best whether it is to be answered in the manner he longs for; leaving to Him also the method—whether the recovery he desires is to be brought about by "darting a suggestion into the mind of a physician," or by "altering the course of the disease itself,"—as a very trivial external circumstance will frequently do.

No one, save perhaps a fanatic or a fool, would be so presumptuous as to pray for the reversal, in his particular case, of those conditions of our mortal life which are clearly a revelation of God's will, on the uniform action of which all human calculations depend, and a want of confidence in which would paralyse all human energy. To do this would be as clearly contrary to the will of God as to pray for success in a course of action known to be morally wrong. But in all things wherein His will is unknown to us, we clearly may avail ourselves of the right to lay the strong desires of our hearts before "a Father able and willing to help us"—the right to obey His own command: "In everything, by prayer and supplication, make your requests known unto God." There will always, of course, be the reservation which Mr. Knight most truly calls the "undertone of all Christian prayer, 'Thy will be done.'" And, in the certainty that whatever that will may be, it will be what is absolutely best both for us and for others, we shall realize the promise which so beautifully follows the welcome command: "And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus."

Mr. Romanes' Essay, above referred to, states what we may call the philosophy of this matter so reasonably and clearly, that we may quote a few paragraphs of his comments on Mr. Knight's view, which he thus discusses:—

"Mr. Knight proceeds:—'Suppose the petitioner knew the entire course which the disease was *certain* to take, his request would simply be, "Thy will be done;" but, inasmuch as he cannot know its course with certainty, he is tempted to ask that it may be as he wishes it to be, hoping that his request may be helpful toward the desired result.' Now this is a perfectly accurate statement of the case. If we are able to foresee the result with *certainty*, then we *know* that nothing short of a visible manifestation of Divine power could alter it; and feeling that we have no right to expect miraculous interference, we accept the inevitable result as the expression of the Divine Will. The case thus resembles, as Mr. Knight points out, that of an event already past, we perceive that it has been thus fore-ordained. But when the result is *uncertain*, who is to know the Divine Will *before the event?* To assume that prayer in this case can be of no avail, is merely to assume that prayer has had no place assigned to it in the pre-arrangement of all things—that is, to assume the whole question in dispute. Such an assumption, whether or not it represents the truth, is, of course, as an argument, fallacious; but Mr. Knight, in the next sentence, strangely concedes that it is itself untrue:—'I have already indicated how it may be so in the subjective reign of our own personality; how a suggestion darted into the mind of a physician may be the direct cause of the use of a remedy which results in the preservation of life.' Now this suggestion must in all its relations have been fore-or-

dained; otherwise the physical results to which it gave rise would escape altogether from the domain of the pre-established. But if all the relations of this 'suggestion' were thus fore-ordained, its relation to the 'request' that 'darted it into the mind of the physician' must also have been fore-ordained; and this is all that is required by the prayer-theory. In other words, once admit that a petition to the Deity is capable of 'darting a suggestion' into a human mind—whether of the petitioner himself or of another—which suggestion is in turn capable of effecting a physical change, and any theory of fore-ordination we can rationally frame must suppose the influence of prayer to have been so pre-related to physical forces that its exercise by man is a mean to the accomplishment of physical results."

Mr. Romanes further thus reasonably defines the position of those who feel warranted in praying for physical benefits, as, for instance, for "such weather as that we may receive the fruits of the earth in due season," which, of course, is only an expanded form of the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread:" "Some physical changes we do not ask for, because we see that to do so would be manifestly unreasonable; others we do ask for, because we cannot see this. Yet we doubt not that if we could see further, we should perceive that many petitions which we now place in the second class should be assigned to the first: we therefore pray with reference to this section of the doubtful class, 'Thy will be done.' But in the case of any particular request, we cannot tell whether or not a literal fulfilment would be expedient, or even possible—*i. e.* to which section of the doubtful class it belongs; therefore, in every case we pray, 'Thy will be done,' but this 'rational prayer of the devout mind' is a widely different thing from assuming that in no case is it expedient that the Divine will should be influenced by ours."

It would take far too much space to follow out the details of the excellent and sound reasoning with which Mr. Romanes meets the various positions of Mr. Knight, and exposes their fallacy. One or two points, however, may be noted. In answer to Mr. Knight's rather remarkable argument against prayer for physical benefits, that "we can never be certain that, if we receive any particular physical blessing, others who have a better right to it than we have, may not be deprived of it;" Mr. Romanes observes that it would be a valid objection to prayer for such blessings, were it not that the true definition of prayer includes, besides the "felt wants of the suppliant," the addition, "together with his belief in the power and wisdom of God." "Now this addition destroys the force of the above objection; for it expresses the fact that the petitioner, in detailing his 'felt wants,' does not do so unconditionally—feels that to do this 'would be to invade and not to pray.' Consequently, if the interests of the two petitioners clash, in so far as they are petitioners, there is no difficulty, for each requests that what upon the whole is best may be that which his petitions shall effect. They both express their desires, yet both agree in leaving the disposition of results to the 'wisdom of God,'—pray in the sense previously explained, 'Thy will be done.'"

And in answer to Mr. Knight's statement that, in praying "Thy will be done," "our request is substantially, though indirectly, met by whatsoever comes to pass," and that a "special request for rain, or an abundant harvest, may be responded to by the descent of the former, or the ingathering of the latter, *anywhere over the whole area of the globe,*" Mr. Romanes truly remarks, that "if the element of relation is not satisfied by answers to prayer, it is only by the most violent of metaphors that such answers can be said to be given at all. To tell an agonized farmer that his often and earnestly-repeated prayer for rain has been answered by the merciful Jehovah in the form of a copious descent

among the barren steppes of the Andes, will convey the impression to his unsophisticated mind, either that his request has been strangely misunderstood, or that he might as well have addressed himself to Baal and Ashtaroth."

We can imagine even such an "agonized farmer" led to acquiesce in the withholding of the object of his petition, on the ground that such withholding may be seen by Infinite Wisdom to be a greater good than its bestowal would be; but to try to persuade him that his prayer was answered by a shower at sea, would surely seem to him the bitterest of mockeries! The Christian principle of the ultimate reference to the wise and holy will of God in prayer is the true answer, both to such writers as Mr. Robertson, also noticed by Mr. Romanes, who seem to consider that prayer for physical blessings is an attempt to make "the wish of man determine the will of God," and to the scientific objectors whose idea of Christian prayer appears to be that it is regarded as a physical force. The originators of the "prayer-gauge" proposition seem to think that Christians consider themselves in possession of a sort of unseen spring, resembling what used to be believed to be the magical incantations of witchcraft, by means of which they can, at their pleasure, secure such physical changes as are desired. Now, prayer can never partake, in the least, of the nature of a physical force, which must be necessary and uniform in its operation; for the simple reason that all true prayer must be the filial request of children trusting in an all-wise Father, and leaving their petition with Him to answer in the way that He sees best. This is the answer, also, to one of the objections of Mr. Brooks, to prayer for physical effects, in a reference to "the tremendous reponsibilities involved." Who, indeed, with any sense of our human short-sightedness, of the unseen results that may hang on the slightest incident, would dare to ask unconditionally, even for the results that we most desire? Notwithstanding our belief that all things are fore-ordained, we use such lawful means as God places in our power; and among them we use prayer, sure that prayer, in a right spirit, will prove a blessing, not a curse. Mrs. Browning's beautiful poem of "Isabel's Child" conveys a lesson, often impressively taught by events, of the danger of imperious and self-willed prayer, determined, at all hazards, to have the special object of its desire. How often do after-events teach us that the withholding of some seeming blessing—passionately desired—was infinitely more for our good and real happiness than would have been its bestowal according to our prayer. How often do we find even Christian people praying for things which, were their information or their mental vision a little more extended, would be the very thing they would least desire! And what an inestimable blessing it should be felt to be, whether in regard to our own inconsiderate prayers or those of others, that we may safely take to our Father, our longings and desires, blind and unintelligent as they often are, sure that He will sift the grain from the chaff, and that, by virtue both of His love and of His wisdom, He will fulfil our desires and petitions, as "may be most expedient" for us, and in no other way.

And, as Mr. Romanes most truly observes in the last chapter of his Prize Essay, this ultimate reference to God's will is by no means restricted to prayer for physical effects, but is the principle of all prayer. "Not only in things physical do we ask that our prayer, if ineffectual, may 'return unto our own bosom;' in things affecting our moral and religious welfare, our supplications are no less contingent. Nay, our ignorance in this life is such, that 'we dare not ask' for any benefits unconditionally, save two; 'in this world knowledge of Thy truth and in the world to come, life everlasting.' But in all cases we rest confident that the God who remembers even a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple, and who

cannot forget one even of our 'idle words,' is not a God who fails to be 'attentive unto the voice of' our supplications—that even though the agony be not removed, He will send us His angels of blessing;—that, cast upon the waters of His boundless providence, prayer shall return, although it may be after many days."

And it is only prayer in this filial and submissive spirit that conforms to the condition of our Lord's promise; "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you." The "in My name" implies much more than merely the use of a certain formula. When we undertake to speak in the name of another, we endeavour, if we are honest, to speak in the spirit and according to the mind of him whose name we use. And just in proportion as we seek to be conformed to His mind and spirit—which we may be by asking for it—shall we find Christ's blessed promise verified in our own experience.

This consideration extends as far as does our knowledge of the Divine will in all its manifestations, as revealed in external nature, as well as in the sphere of the moral and spiritual, and disposes of such objections as those expressed in a recent letter to the *Times* by Mr. Auberon Herbert, who seems to think that Christians desire to make prayer a warrant for neglecting or dispensing with the physical laws which are as clearly the will of God as His moral ones. Christians have no desire to prove natural phenomena uncertain. They reverently accept and conform to the uniformity of natural laws, in so far as these can be known; they have no thought of securing "perturbations by prayer which would unhinge the industry of the world, make calculation useless, and change us from a nation of workers into a congregation of monks." That same Divine revelation in which they believe, says not only "Ask and it shall be given you," but also, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." They do not leave their fields unsown, and expect to reap miraculous harvests, or set sanitary laws at defiance, and expect that prayer will avert the natural consequences. They are at least as anxious, according to their intelligence, to act out God's will as shown in Nature, as any sceptical physicist. But when they have done all that human knowledge and skill can do, they feel that there is still a region of uncertainty which human calculation cannot fathom, a region in which they gladly trust to that unseen Will whose love and care they have already seen revealed in the provisions of nature; and casting their burden in filial dependence upon their Invisible Father, they know a peace and rest which those who are trusting simply to what we may call fortuitous results, cannot possibly know.

Another remark of Mr. Herbert's, to the effect that "men in their relations with each other will not, if possessed of any independence, consent to live by petition," shows a still greater misconception of the Christian idea of prayer. Yet the principle of prayer, or request, really does run through our human relations. Not one of us is practically independent of his fellows; we are all constantly needing what others can supply, and our forms of speech bear evidence enough how great a part the idea of prayer or request holds in our daily life. We are not meant to be independent of each other, and it may well be questioned whether we should be the gainers for being so.

There is no possible analogy between our relations with each other, and with God, who, according to the Christian, or even the Deistic hypothesis, is the Universal Father, "in Whom we live and move and have our being;" of Whom, even a heathen poet had said, "We are also His offspring." Would any one say that it would be well that children should grow up with a feeling of independence of their father; that they should take as a right every comfort and pleasure he provided for them, without a thought of gratitude or dependence? Nay,

we can easily see that in such a case a kind and wise father would—for the sake of his children's real welfare—sometimes withhold his ordinary gifts, to teach them that they *were* gifts, to lead them to refer to the giver, and to awaken those emotions of love and gratitude, the absence of which must destroy all true filial life.

Such an analogy, Christians reverently trace in the dealings of God with man. We learn from His revealed Word that He has often seen fit to visit determined ingratitude and disobedience with natural physical judgments, such as famine and pestilence; and that, on a national repentance and confession of sin, it was equally His will to remove them, nay, that He promised such removal, on the condition of repentance and humiliation. It interposes no difficulty to say that both the visitation and its removal had physical causes in nature. That is only to say, that God produces physical results by physical causes, which we admit at once, while at the same time we believe Him able to adapt His physical to His moral government of the Universe. It is quite true that God is as truly present in the still, small voice of ordinary nature, as in the crash of the storm or the scourge of the pestilence. But then, man's natural tendency is to rest in the outward and visible, and in a course of unvaryingly prosperous seasons, to take God's gifts as a matter of course—to think and speak only of "Nature," and forget its unseen Designer and Controller. Bulwer Lytton, in one of his "Lost Tales of Miletus," depicts vividly a condition in which men should have no death to fear—no check upon their evil dispositions—nothing to dread or to pray for—a state in which Zeus is represented as saying—

> "Alas for men if Death has this repose,
> I could not smite them with a direr curse
> Than their own wishes—evil without end,
> And sorrow without prayer!"

Even a superficial observer can see how, in a season of drought or pestilence, the most careless are startled out of their trust in outward things, and impressed with a new sense of their dependence on the Lord and Giver of Life—a new susceptibility to unseen and eternal realities. Why then should it be unworthy of them to whom we believe the moral welfare of His creatures is the most important consideration, to include in His "chain of sequences," such a temporary withdrawal of His ordinary gifts as may bring arrogant men face to face with the fact, that they are gifts—not rights—in order to draw their hearts towards Him, even if it be at first only in a selfish cry for help? Pestilences and storms have their appointed sanitary effects, in the moral as well as the physical world. Even in the experience of private individuals, how often does it happen that a blessing temporarily withheld, a calamity feared but averted, is the means of producing such an increase of love and gratitude towards God, such a quickening of the life of faith which is at the root of all spiritual growth, as to prove indeed a blessing in disguise!

One of the most interesting parts of Mr. Romanes' essay, is that wherein the author deals with the statistics collected by Mr. Galton. While pointing out the futility of the proposed appeal to direct experiment which was contained in the "prayer-test," Mr. Romanes admits that, with adequate means of investigation, the physical results of prayer, if present, should be apparent. But he adduces good reasons to show that Mr. Galton's statistics, carefully as they have been drawn up, do not afford adequate means of investigation; for which reasons the reader must be referred to the book itself. Perhaps, after all, the truest and most accessible appeal to fact in this matter would be in the history of undertakings originated and carried on for the good of man; inasmuch as the prayers offered for the success of these may be assumed to be more free from selfish and impure motives than petitions for individual benefits, while the objects themselves

might also be assumed to be more clearly beneficial than individual longevity, wealth, or success. Now, those who have had most means of knowing, from both experience and observation, would not think it too much to assert that, just in proportion as such undertakings have been conceived and maintained in dependence upon the Divine blessing, in the same proportion has been their success. Of course they would admit that undertakings so carried on would be more likely be such as a Wise and Holy Power would bless, but this also is a result of prayer. Take a few well known instances, in which the results have been vastly disproportionate to the apparent means. A poor German pastor, young and earnest, and full of faith and prayer, but not brilliant as regards mere intellect, settles in an obscure parish, among peasants far from rich and by no means enthusiastic. In a few years, he and his flock become the centre of wide-spreading missionary agencies, carrying Christianity and civilization to the remotest regions of Heathenism. Another German pastor, with facilities as humble, becomes the organizer of an extensive training-school for Christian nurses, or "deaconesses," the originator of a movement whose usefulness has become world-wide. Müller, of Bristol, resolves to found an orphan-asylum on the principle of prayer, and the magnificent result hardly needs to be described. On a similar principle, Dr. Cullis, of Boston, founds his hospital for consumptive patients, and the results, both curative and financial, have more than realized his hopes—the means being always provided, though often not before it is actually needed.

And to take an instance of a slightly different kind, Professor Morse, in finally perfecting his idea of the electric telegraph, during a voyage from Europe to America, reverently believed that the mental illumination which at last solved his difficulties was a direct inspiration in response to prayer—an instance which, owing to the connexion of mind with matter, is by no means out of the line of physical answers to prayer. Again, as an instance somewhat different from all these, it will be remembered that it was on the Sunday on which all over the British possessions earnest prayers were being offered up for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, that the malady which had seemed all but hopeless was stayed, and the tide of life was turned.* Are such things merely coincidences, to be referred to simple natural causes, because, undoubtedly, a chain of subordinate causation can usually be traced?

Such cases as these are only a specimen of the numberless instances that might be adduced, if the private history of some of the most successful of public and private efforts for the good of man could be laid open to view. And the experience of private Christians affords examples innumerable, though generally but little known, of prayers answered by help sent literally in the time of need. A Christian woman, invalid and helpless, and not knowing where to procure the wherewithal to provide the absolute necessaries of life, spends the night in earnest prayer. In the morning an unknown friend sends her a sum sufficient to provide for all her immediate needs. Another invalid, lonely, sick, and suffering, longs and prays for a cheering Christian visit, and soon a visitor comes, the very one who seems the most needed. Whence came the impulse in both cases? Were these mere coincidences? Many who have been called, either by out-

* It may be objected that prayer was also offered up for the recovery of the Prince Consort, who did not recover. But, in the first place, owing to the suddenness with which Prince Albert's malady took a fatal turn, and to the then imperfect means of communication, prayer for his recovery was far from being so general; and, in the second place, in offering such prayers we must always remember that there may be reasons unknown to us why our petition should not be literally granted; so that we must always leave it with the reservation—"Thy will be done."

ward circumstances or by the inner "calling," which is often a very imperative command, to some work that seemed beyond their powers, or rendered almost hopeless by opposing circumstances, have found their way unexpectedly opened, obstacles remarkably removed, or their own powers endowed with an added strength, which they have gratefully acknowledged as given in answer to prayer. To such it would seem both ungrateful and presumptuous to ignore what is as clearly to their consciousness a gift, as any gift from an earthly friend. Are they to suppress the evidence of their own consciousness, because the consciousness of others, who do *not* use the means of prayer, does not include anything higher than the operations of natural law?

Another test might be appealed to—that of the inward blessedness which comes to the praying Christian, *with* the gift if the prayer is literally answered, or instead of it, if it is not. So great a boon is this inward blessedness, that many have been able to say of it, in the absence of the gift they had desired, perhaps with passionate longing, "Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time when the corn and the wine increased."

They who have known the "horror of great darkness," in which the audacious assumptions of some positive physicists have seemed for the moment to have swallowed up all they held dearest and most sacred, have felt the relief of turning to some humble scene of patient suffering, where, amid poverty, severe sickness, and the shadows of approaching death—certainly in the absence of all the conditions that could on any natural principles produce happiness—the sufferer is yet happy in the consciousness of the felt presence and support of the unseen Friend, at rest in the "peace that passeth all understanding;" a state of mind thus beautifully expressed by the noblest of American poets:

> "And so, beside the silent sea,
> I wait the muffled oar,
> No harm from Him can come to me
> On ocean or on shore.
>
> "I know not where His islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air;
> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond His love and care."

But they know even more than this. They know that "in their Father's house are many mansions," and that the Friend they love has gone "to prepare a place for them, that where He is they shall be also."

The spiritual uses of prayer have hardly been touched upon, as not coming precisely within the scope of this paper. But these involve greater results still, and belong to a sphere in which science is altogether helpless. Her own most enthusiastic followers confess that when Science attempts to sound the mysteries of the Ultimate and the Absolute, she lands in utter darkness, and is obliged, admittedly, to "rear her altar to an unknown god." The little light she can throw over a small area seems only to make the surrounding darkness visible. In the language of Mr. Mill, whose words seem to re-echo Sir Isaac Newton's saying that "he felt like a child picking up shells on the shore of a boundless ocean," "human existence is girt round with mystery: the narrow region of our experience is a small island in the midst of a boundless sea, which at once awes our feelings and stimulates our imagination by its vastness and obscurity." The vital problems of our existence, "How, Whence, and Whither," Science can do nothing to solve. In the words of the poet already quoted:

> "Death comes, life goes: the asking eye
> And ear are answerless;
> The grave is dumb—the hollow sky
> Is deaf to our distress."

But through the darkness, has come a Form at once human and divine, to reveal to us that Unseen and Invisible God who cannot be found out "by searching," and to answer authoritatively the questions that are

of such vital importance to those who are so rapidly passing—they know not whither.

"As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday sun,

"So to our human sight subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We see in Him the Fatherhood
And love of God revealed.

"No fable old, no mythic lore,
No dream of bards or seers;
No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the forgotten years,—

"But warm, sweet, tender, even yet,
A present help is He;
And Love hath still its Olivet,
And Faith its Galilee.

"The presence of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

"We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing words we pray;
But dim or clear, we own in Thee,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!"

Some positivists say that they feel no need of prayer, or of anything beyond the phenomena of external life. It may be that, owing possibly to the contracting influence of purely physical study, some may feel no such need. Yet even to such there must, one would think, come times when material nature fails to satisfy the soul, when life seems arid and vain, when men and women, even the best, seem limited and disappointing, and when even the assurance that humanity is progressing towards some unknown goal, fails to meet the longings and aspirations of the individual soul that beats vainly against the self-imposed bars of iron positivism. One of the greatest of our scientific men has but lately recorded the interesting fact that, in his best hours, he has forced upon his mind the conviction that there was some mind far greater, and power more powerful, than any human mind, before which all these truths which he was feebly groping after were clear and plain. Why should such turn away from a means which has brought spiritual light and peace and joy alike to some of the greatest as well as the humblest of the human race, who, by taking God's appointed way, have gratefully rejoiced in a communion with the Father of their spirits, which must necessarily be "hidden from the wise and prudent and self-reliant?" The spiritual sphere has its laws, from the very nature of the case more irreversible than material laws. We are told to "taste and see that the Lord is good." But if men will not taste, how can they see?

FIDELIS.

HOW WE ENTERED SAN JUAN HARBOUR.

A LEAF FROM THE DIARY OF A SAILOR.

IT was growing dark, and with the little breeze then blowing, there was but small chance of reaching San Juan that night. It was my trick at the wheel from six to eight, and as there was nothing to do, all hands were below except myself. The long dark line, first ahead, then behind, and again abreast, as the vessel swung round with the cats-paws, showed in what direction we should steer; and presently out shone the clear bright light of San Juan.

The sails flapped against the masts with such violence that the captain came up several times, cursing his luck and looking anxiously round for some sign of wind; and as the brig rolled, the water dripped from her side with a dismal sound, heightened by the slamming of the yards and the creaking of the masts.

About six bells (7 o'clock) there seemed to be a dark curtain of clouds rising up in the east; and as it continued rising slowly, I went down and called the captain. He came up and looking around, said to me, taking the wheel: "Call the mate, and then go forward and bring out all hands." I did as told. First we furled the light sails which had been clewed up to stop the excessive wear and tear of the flapping, and then reefed the foresail and foretopsail, and double-reefed the mainsail. All hands went below again to put on their oilskins and sea-boots, except myself who took the wheel, and the captain who walked up and down the deck anxiously looking first at the advancing clouds and then at San Juan light. "Its a thundering shame for this wind to have died out and left us here only four miles from San Juan, and a West India hurricane coming down on us, and that too when we're on a lee-shore;" said he. As I did not reply, he continued, "There isn't the ghost of a chance of running into the bay with a sneezer like this coming on one's quarter; and the next place is Arecibo, the worst harbour in Porto Rico, as every one knows."

Meanwhile, the clouds kept rising up gradually until at last they covered half the heavens; and now all hands had gathered in a group on the main hatch, listening to stories told by an old sailor of hurricanes, and typhoons, and vessels wrecked or never heard of after leaving port. The captain took the wheel, and I stood by the mainsheet ready for the gale. The mate went forward to his post by the forestaysail sheet; while the men clewed up the foresail, and then stood, two by the mainsail halyards, and the remaining two, one at the topsail and the other at the mainstaysail halyards.

We could now hear the moan of the distant wind, and see the long line of white foam which the storm drove before it. There was an unnatural coldness in the air, and little puffs of wind icily cold, came sweeping past. All was pitchy dark, the only things in sight being the line of foam approaching, the light away behind seeming to mock us with the hope of safety, and the dim darkness of cliffs above the town, upon which we expected soon to be driven to meet our doom. Every one held his breath and instinctively seized hold of some rope or stay to steady himself, as the roar and hiss of the wind and rain grew louder and louder, rushing down upon us as if it had been pent up for years in some reservoir, and

had burst its bounds and were now careering along in its might and power to overwhelm us.

The captain in his cheery voice sang out, "Stand by, boys."

The line of foam advanced till almost within reach, but still with only puffs of wind. Then, with a terrific roar and crash the hurricane struck the brig; and as she heeled over almost on her beam ends, the men to leeward scrambled hastily up the almost perpendicular deck on hands and knees to escape the water rushing in over the lee bulwarks. The captain yelled, "Slack off the main-sheet there, let go, let go;" but before the words were out of his mouth a heavy shiver running through the mainsail shook the brig, and the next instant flying pieces of the torn sail snapped and cracked over our heads, tearing themselves into ribbons. Immediately the foresail followed suit. The brig, eased by this, righted somewhat; and shortly, rising above the roar and shriek of the storm through the rigging, could be heard the hoarse shouts of the men endeavouring to haul down the mainstaysail. This was soon given up in despair. With great trouble we managed to secure the few remaining fragments of the mainsail, and bring the brig's head to with the staysail. The rain was blinding, and the wind sent the spray with cutting fury into our faces if we dared to look to windward; and what made it still worse, the whole sky was now so covered with clouds that it was impossible to see the length of the brig.

Meanwhile the sea began to rise; the brig strained heavily as she pitched, and the mainmast showed signs of weakness at the head. We dared not take the mainstaysail down, and it was utterly impossible to get up a preventer stay. We did not wait long in suspense, for in a very few minutes a heavier sea than usual struck the brig, and with a crashing and splintering of wood, a ripping and tearing of sails, and snapping of ropes, the mast fell heavily to port. We had all gone forward to avoid the falling fragments, and we hurried to cut away the foremast to keep the brig in equilibrium. There was but one axe to be found, and this, together with the roll of the vessel and the swash of the water over her, made it very slow work; but at last it followed its predecessor. Meanwhile, however, the mainmast, held fast by the lee shrouds, kept banging against the side in a manner that threatened soon to stave it in. One of the men took the axe and went to cut it clear of the vessel; but he had hardly reached the lee side when a sea sent him over among the floating fragments of mast and rope and sail. He laid hold of something and supported himself until we rescued him, by throwing him a rope with which we hauled him on board. But he had dropped the axe, and with every wave the mainmast crashed up against the side, making the brig tremble like a leaf. Something must be done. At last two men volunteered to try to cut the wire stays by using their knives as chisels, and pounding with iron bolts. This was finally accomplished with great labour.

All this time the brig was drifting slowly but surely towards the rocks, which now loomed up before us, dimly seen, yet harsh and forbidding. The light could also now be seen glimmering faintly almost straight ahead, and hope sprung up in some of the men's breasts that she might drift upon the harbour bar, and then there would be a chance of swimming for our lives.

The wind kept blowing continuously, so that it was dangerous to stand without shelter, lest it should carry us off. The rain fell with blinding force, soaking through the best of the boasted Cape Ann oilskins on board; and as one felt the cold water trickling down his back, he could not help thinking of the home he had left behind, perhaps never to see again. During the excitement, while the masts were going by the board, no one thought about the wet, but now there was

nothing to do but squat in the lee of the cabin and look at the growing cliffs, and feel the water soaking one more thoroughly, if possible, than before. Some sat in brooding silence, only moving enough to keep themselves from going overboard, as the brig rolled and lurched in the seas. Others kept calculating on the chances of escape, and tried, by pulling the remnants of the mainsail over them, to shelter themselves in some degree.

Little by little we drew in toward the shore, and the roaring of the long line of breakers came booming out to us, as if in warning, at every lull in the wind and rain.

Another long half-hour of suspense, and we seemed right under the cliffs. The light shone dimly down upon us, seeming almost like a star, so high and distant did it appear; and as the great waves rolled onward to the shore they lifted the little brig up and carried her forward, tossing her round as if at play; and as they passed her the undercurrent snatched her back to be overwhelmed by the next huge breaker rolling in. We had tied ourselves by ropes to the stump of the mainmast, and as a sea would break over the brig, we were raised from the deck and dashed the length of our tether with a force that threatened to cut us in two.

But we have not yet touched ground, and it must be that we are in the channel; and as we roll quickly on we know it is so. Yes, we have drifted right into the channel, and as the thought breaks upon us, one and all raise a shout of joy. The great dark walls are on either side and no more in front, and here and there a faint glimmer from the town shows itself to our longing eyes. The dark avenue by which we came seems to close up, pursuing us as if loth to let us pass its greedy jaws unharmed. Suddenly, a shock like an earthquake throws us down and we know that she has struck the bar; but quickly her bows swing round into the channel and we glide into the harbour, for only the stern touched bottom as she drifted in, broadside to the shore. It was comparatively calm inside, yet the wind swept us on towards the flats ahead. We tried to get out the anchors, but before it was done we drifted past a vessel in the harbour, tearing away her bowsprit and jib-boom, on to the flats, where we grounded in the mud; and getting out the anchors there, we went with our wet clothes down into the wet cabin to snatch a little sleep before daylight.

RUFUS A. COLEMAN.

Cobourg.

THE ROMANCE OF A BACK STREET.*

A NOVELETTE: IN THREE PARTS.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

Author of "Little Kate Kirby;" "Second-Cousin Sarah," &c. &c.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CRUEL TRUTH.

MARY MORISON'S avowal was a revelation unlooked for by John Dax, but he bore it with equanimity. He was startled, even thunderstruck for an instant by the confession of the sick girl, but not a muscle of his countenance betrayed him.

"Is that all?" he said cheerfully; "why it *was* yours!—it was always intended for you, Mary."

For him and her if they should ever marry—for her if he should die: for her at any time even, if distress were near and money wanted; and surely it had been wanted at a time of need, for her hands to touch it without consulting him. He could not blame her; could not express even surprise lest she should think he was sorry; and if it would make her happy, or set her mind at rest to say that it was freely hers, why let him say it readily. He did not grudge her the possession of it.

"For me—that money?" she said wonderingly.

"Yes, for you. What did I want with it, when you were struggling on here?"

"You did not say so."

"I thought you understood it."

"If I had it might have saved me many weeks of mental torture, John," she said; "and—why should I have had the money?"

"You were kind to me in the old days."

"Ah! so was Ellen."

"But not with your kindness. There—say no more about it," he urged, "your cheeks are red—this is putting you out, I won't listen."

"John, I must tell you all," she cried, "I shall never rest till you know my miserable story."

"Cannot your sister Ellen tell me as well as you?" asked John.

"Yes—presently; part of the story, not all. She does not know about the money."

"We have explained all that, Mary."

"Not why I took it—why I robbed you."

"It was not robbery; but go on, my poor girl."

"Why Ellen and I for years have stood apart, she will tell you in good time; what a cruel jealousy arose—what bitter quarrels—misunderstandings—for we were both in love with him."

"With *him!*" repeated John in his amazement.

"But I loved him best though latest—I did not know, to begin with, that I was breaking Ellen's heart to love him, and to let him love me back; but I think it broke when he liked me," Mary continued. "She turned upon us then—she separated us—she set my poor father and mother against him—even me, for a while; and in despair he enlisted for a soldier. Then my heart broke, too, I think sometimes."

"This is the story your sister should tell me, not you," said John Dax, very moodily: "for God's sake spare yourself."

"And me," he might have added, in that hour of his bitterest discomfiture.

"Well, well, you guess now why Ellen and I can never speak. When I discovered

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it was by her means he had been led to doubt me, I swore to Heaven that I would not speak to her in all my life again, till he came back to me. It was wrong, but I have kept my word; I may die keeping it. It is best perhaps to face my Maker without a lie upon my lips."

"You will live; don't talk like this," said John Dax.

"I may live if he comes back to me. Oh! John, I love him so dearly—he is the one hope of my life. He is true to me still. I would be at peace with Ellen; and for this, and more than this, I have been working on for years, with Ellen aiding me, in silence."

"I do not make out——" he began in his old confused manner, when she commenced anew—

"Let me finish, please, before my voice gives way," she entreated.

"Yes, Ellen and I have been working on for years to purchase his discharge; and we have been always balked at the eleventh hour. It has been impossible to save; we have tried hard, and we have been always poor. He seemed beyond all hope when the regiment was ordered to India, until the discovery and the temptation of your money came to me—not Ellen—never to her, who had outlived all love for him. I schemed on; I wrote to the Commander-in-chief's office; I studied all the rules by which he might be rescued; finally, in desperation, with your money, John—forgive me once again—I bought his liberty—his passage home—and he is on his way to me at last."

She had forgotten her fault in the thought of his return. John Dax could see that by the light upon her face. Ah! Woman is weak.

"When will he return?" asked John, in a hoarse voice.

"Soon, I hope," she whispered, "very soon."

There was a long pause; the confession had been made, and John had offered all the absolution in his power. But he did not move away at once from the bedside; he sat there like a man stupefied by the revelation which had been made, and which had cut down every fair green shoot of promise his own folly had allowed to spring up. He had served long, and waited long—and failed. There are some men who seem born to wait always and to fail in everything on which their hearts are set; and John Dax was one of these.

"You have not told me again, I am forgiven," said Mary, faintly, at last.

"I have nothing to forgive," replied John, as he rose, "always believe I meant the money for you. I never thought of it for myself."

He wished that he could have spent the money in her cause, as she had spent it—that was the one regret he had concerning it. And it was of the man who had been saved, and not of the money which had saved him, that kept him very thoughtful.

"You say this to set my mind at ease," she added.

"Don't think that."

"Presently we shall pay you back; when Alec——"

"Don't say anything more to me now, please. You are very weak still. Good bye."

He rested his thin hand upon hers again for an instant, and then passed out of the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

ELLEN IS GRATEFUL.

IT was thus that the idol fell which John Dax had worshipped. A wild fancy had given way to reality, and Mary Morison, of Gibbon Street, was a poor, weak mortal after all. In her passion and despair, she had betrayed the trust which John had placed in her, and taken his money to restore a lover to her side. The man's legacy had been the means of destroying the one hope

that he had ever had; he had shut himself out of the daylight for good. He understood now why Mary had blushed and trembled of late days, and before her illness, at meeting him occasionally—it was remorse. There was no wild thrill of pleasure at that recollection now. His romance was at an end. After all, it was only the romance of a back street, and what could such a hero as John Dax have expected?

He went downstairs into the parlour, where Ellen awaited him. She looked anxiously into his face, and said, reprovingly—

"You have let her talk too much. You have been inconsiderate."

He was always in the wrong, poor fellow.

"I have been as careful as I could," he said, by way of excuse, "but your sister had a great deal to tell me."

"Of our long quarrel?" she inquired, moodily. "Ah, it was hardly necessary you should know it."

"I think it was," he answered, thoughtfully.

"And yet she was anxious about you of late days. There was a reason for it, I suppose?" she asked, a little curiously.

John Dax saw his opportunity here. Even in his disappointment, he was considerate for the woman he loved.

"Yes, Miss Ellen, there was a reason. The money upstairs—you remember?"

"What of that?" was the quick inquiry. "She—she—never——"

"It was lent to her to buy Alec's discharge, to pay his passage back to England; to help him in any way upon his journey," said John Dax, coolly and firmly.

"Lent by you—for her sake!" exclaimed Eilen.

"What use was the money to me, when she was fretting for the soldier?"

"You can never be repaid," said Ellen.

"I don't care to be," answered John, "though I am not so sure of it, for all that."

"John," said Ellen, seizing his hands in her's, "I did not think you could be so kind and generous. Why did you not tell me before?"

"It was a little surprise of mine," he said, with a short laugh.

"A surprise, indeed; and you have known Mary's love story all this while, and sympathized with her, and helped her, and forgotten your own poor foolish dreams. And yet——"

John interrupted her second train of thought.

"I have not known everything very clearly until to-day," he said. "There was a little mystery—not much—and Miss Mary has set that right at last. As for Alec—" he spoke as if he had known his rival, and been interested in him for years, and his manner of recital helped to deceive his listener, "although I shall be glad to see him back for your sister's sake, I think I shall be gladder for yours."

"What do you mean?"

"His coming will end the long quarrel, won't it?"

She flushed crimson, and wrung her hands together.

"She was never to speak to me till he came back again," she murmured, "and he is on his way. Yes," she added, gravely, "for that one reason I shall be glad to see him."

"I thought you would. You don't bear malice now?"

"Malice!" she repeated, quickly, "do you think I——" then she paused and looked at John, attentively, and substituted another question for the one that remained half-finished on her lips. "Has Mary related the story of our quarrel?"

"Most of it. She said you would tell me the rest."

"How I loved Alec Williamson first, and how she came between us?"

"Yes; and how you contrived to separate them, until——"

"Until, in the bitterness of his disappointment, he enlisted for a soldier, poor martyr," she said, sadly, rather than bitterly. "Well,

well, John, let her version of the story stand. It is not deserving further explanation, and I am too proud to offer it."

She looked a very proud woman at that moment, John thought, and he regarded her as an enigma very difficult to solve. For an instant there flitted across the dull mind of this one-idead man the suspicion that it was Ellen Morison who had been injured and cast down, and who was deserving of all kindly consideration from the early days of a cruel disappointment until now; and then he thought of Mary, lying ill upstairs, and his charity sided with his pity of her. Mary had been deceived, and her unforgiving sister, Ellen, was the evil genius of her life; that was how he read the legend to the last.

"There is one more favour I want to ask you before I go away this morning," John said, after a long silence between them. It had been in his mind ever since Mary's revelation, and he had not found the courage to mention it till he was standing at the door ready to depart.

"You cannot ask a favour of us that will be refused, if it lie in our power to grant it," she answered, readily.

"It is in your power only."

"What is it?"

"When I first came back, I spoke of my foolish love for the poor girl upstairs."

"Yes."

"It died out, of course—that is, any hope I had died off clean when I heard about the soldier, and when we were arranging our plans to buy him off, and so on."

"I am glad you did not brood upon it at all," said Ellen.

"And my only trouble now is that Mary—Miss Mary as I ought to call her still," he added, apologetically, "should ever hear of my silly fancy for her. I don't want anybody to know this. I wish I'd never told you a word about it now."

"It might do her good to hear the story some day," mused Ellen.

"No, it wouldn't," John said, flatly contradicting her, "and it makes me look soft and stupid. I'm both—I know that. You know it too, and are smiling at me, though you try hard to look serious; but I couldn't help liking her a great deal once. But don't tell her so—ever—will you?"

"I will not," Ellen Morison promised.

"That's right," said John, evidently relieved in his mind. "I can go back to my work now, jolly. It seems all squaring round so well. Miss Mary getting strong, forgetting and forgiving everything you have done to her, and her young man coming back to make her heart light for ever and ever. Why, this is capital."

"And all this your doing," said Ellen, gratefully, and her hands were extended towards him again. "It is from your sacrifice that the happiness will spring. What have we done to deserve it?"

"You were kind to me in the old days," he stammered forth; "I can't forget it."

"And, John, we will never forget you."

"Thank'ee—thank'ee," he said twice.

"Our only friend—our best friend. God bless you!" she said, gratefully; then she released his hands and let him go away, standing and watching his thoughtful progress down the street, and whispering her blessing after him again.

He was not deserving of it—he had not acted as she thought he had. Mary had not left him the chance of being worthy of one poor woman's gratitude. Of these three shadowy characters of Gibbon Street, not one fairly understood the other to the end of time.

CHAPTER IX.

HAPPY TOGETHER.

JOHN DAX had become a hero in spite of himself, and there was no dropping the character. There were two young women grateful to him: Mary, for his forgiveness,

his warm-heartedness, and all he had said to assure her that the money was her own, to dispose of as best pleased herself; and Ellen, because he had done so much to bring happiness to the repository. It had not come yet, but he was none the less a hero. Heroism had been thrust upon him, and it did not seem, at first glance, as though it was agreeing with him. A good action had scarcely been its own reward, and he was dull and grave until the question came uppermost one day—Did he regret all that he had done to help them?

No, no, he did not regret it. He was not sorry he had parted with his money to bring back Alec Williamson. He was glad of it; but he should not be truly happy until the lover's return.

This, or something like this, was his reply. He was only thoughtful for fear that his efforts had been in vain, and that the better times would never come.

For these assurances he was always welcome to Gibbon Street. Mary knew why he talked in this strain, and took the task on himself to screen her from suspicion. Ellen only read a noble and disinterested nature in the man who had done so much for them. There were bright smiles and friendly pressures of the hand for John Dax now—the shadow of his past estate did not fall upon him. They had forgotten their rescue of him from the streets in the winter's snow; they respected him—nay, reverenced him—as a man who had done much to clear away the clouds about their lives.

He came every day till Mary was downstairs again, and Ellen at her old post behind the counter. Here was the same situation as of old, but they were waiting for the change to it. There was a shimmer of happiness already about the house; there were smiles between the sisters; there was no bitter wrong between them, only the affliction of a rash vow which both were sorry for, and of which both were longing to see the end.

And the beginning of the end came, when Mary had been downstairs a fortnight.

John Dax was proceeding at his usual slow rate down Gibbon Street one evening, when Ellen, cloaked and bonneted, met him on his way to the repository. He would have passed without seeing her, had she not caught him by the arm.

"Ah! Ellen, is that you? There's nothing the matter I hope," he added, as he became aware that she was paler than usual.

"There is nothing wrong—but there is something the matter, John," said Ellen. "Can't you guess what it is?"

"Yes; I think I can," he answered.

They walked on in silence for a few steps, then John said—

"He has come back?"

"Yes."

"He is at the repository?"

"Yes."

"Was Mary very pleased to see him?" was the third question.

"Very pleased," answered Ellen. "I did not hear what she said. I came into the street and left them together. I could not stop."

"Not to speak a word to Mary, after all these awful years?" he exclaimed.

"I shall see her presently," replied Ellen, becoming a shade paler beneath his sharp reproof. "I did not wish to mar the first moments of their meeting by my interference. They will not miss me, and I thought I would come and meet you."

John did not thank her for the trouble she had taken—did not think of thanking her. It did not strike him that she had left her work and come out of her way to spare him the sting of the first shock—to prepare him for the fact of Alec Williamson's return. He did not even know that he needed preparation; but Ellen Morison did. She had watched him closely of late days, and knew how weak he was, for all his air of self-command.

"The happiness has come at last. I am

glad," he said, in a low tone, as Ellen turned and walked back with him in the direction of home.

"Very glad?" she asked, curiously.

"Yes," he answered, with more firmness than she had anticipated, "it settles the matter, you see."

"I think I see more than this," she said.

"What's that?" he asked, with cogency.

"That you are the most unselfish man whom I have ever met."

"Oh! nonsense."

"The one unselfish man, I might have said, more truly," she added dryly; "and yet there was a time when Mary and I looked down upon you—pitied you and patronized you."

"And if it had not been for your pity and your patronage—"

"Pray, don't be grateful to us any more," said Ellen, shivering; "the times are changed, and we have changed places with them. Here is home."

"It will be like home at last, I hope," said John.

"Amen. I hope so," answered Ellen Morison, fervently.

They walked into the shop together. John hung back, and took a long deep breath as they approached the parlour, but Ellen Morison went in with unflinching gaze, and a step that faltered not. She had the courage to face the old love boldly; but then the love had died out, and was past any chance of revival. She went towards her sister, sitting by her lover's side, with her hand in his, and said—

"Mary."

The younger sister was weak still; she rose, trembling in every limb, and put her wasted arms round Ellen's neck.

"At last," she whispered; then both women were unnerved for a little while.

Ellen was the first to recover. She turned to John and confronted him with Alec, a tawny-haired and handsome Scotchman, for ever on the smile; as well he might be at that early stage of his return.

"This is the best friend we have ever had in our lives," said Ellen; "your best friend too, Alec, for it was his sovereigns that saved you."

"Sir, I thank ye," said Alec, in a broad accent, as he rose and crushed our hero's fingers somewhat remorselessly in his own; "I am prood to make yeer acquaintance. A freend of my Mary's is a freend of mine for life, sir—for life."

"You are very good," said John, when he had got his hand out of the vice.

"You will be glad to hear, John," said Mary, "that Alec has seen some of his relations, and he is likely to obtain a situation almost at once."

"Yes; I am glad of that," echoed John.

"In a wholesale warehouse—somewhere. Then we shall begin saving for you," cried Mary; "putting by something every week—"

"If ever so little," added Alec cautiously.

"—— to pay off the debt we owe you."

"You need not trouble about that for a year or two," answered John.

"Sit ye down, mon—sit ye down. Ye hae been a guid freend to us," cried Alec heartily; and John sat down for a few minutes, and stared at the fire, and thought himself very much in the way of all this happiness, which had come in a great rush to Gibbon Street at last.

He was uncomfortably conscious, too, that Ellen Morison watched him more furtively than he watched the lovers, and he resented this in his heart. He did not like to meet her eyes—to see in them a concern for him—a fear lest he should break down and make a scene there; as if he were not above that kind of thing, and strong as a lion! He had accomplished his task, and every one was content, and it would soon be time for him to leave these lovers to themselves, although it was difficult to quit them in the face of their united protestations for him to remain.

Presently they seemed to forget him more, and to talk in a lower tone of the past and the future, without much respect for the "proprieties." Alec put his arm round Mary's waist, and drew her closely to his side, whilst the fair young head drooped trustfully and affectionately upon the shoulder of her lover. Now and then Alec addressed the company generally—talked a great deal of his chances in the world, and a great deal more about himself, allowing his listeners to see, if they cared to see, that he had a very strong idea in his mind that he was a clever sort of fellow. He was hardly the hero whom John had pictured claiming Mary Morison—he was too big and boisterous and beefy; but he loved the little dressmaker very much, and Mary was very fond of him, and they would live happily for ever afterwards.

John Dax was interested in his conversation. "I should think soldiering not a bad idea for a man, take it altogether," he observed.

"Ay, for a mon wha goes awa' to serve his countrie honestly," cried Alec; "for there's glory in it. But its vera ill soldiering with a trooble or a wrang at the heart."

"Ay—but for a fellow with no ties, no wrongs, no troubles—nothing to keep him at a trade, and only an empty top room that he can call home—I should say the army was the thing, now."

"Why, *you* are not thinking of the army, John?" said Mary, with a merry little laugh at the idea.

"Why should I?" rejoined John, laughing too for a minute, and whilst Mary was looking at him; and then the subject was dismissed, and the lovers began to whisper together again.

John Dax was sure that he must be considerably in the way; he was quite sure of it when Alec and Mary forgot him altogether, and Alec's big red whisker—the left one—was crushed against the cheek of his betrothed, and Alec looked down into her eyes, and once kissed her unblushingly before company. There was no particular etiquette about this kind of thing in Gibbon Street, and John was not shocked at the demonstration. He was only certain that it would be perfectly advisable to get away from it all, and when a chance customer took Ellen away, he seized the opportunity of the door being ajar, to walk softly from the parlour, too. He was right. Alec and Mary did not know that he had gone, that he was passing cautiously, almost on tip-toe, across the step towards the fresh air beyond. He looked at Ellen, and nodded a good night, and, from her post behind the counter, she said:—

"Wait an instant, John."

He waited at her request, till the customer was served, standing at the door, and looking dreamily down the ill-lighted street. Ellen Morison startled him at last, by her hand upon his shoulder.

"Have you bidden them good-bye?" she asked.

"N—no. They were busy."

"Busy?"

"That is, they were very happy, sweethearting," he said, "and it was a pity to disturb them."

"But you are going away for a long while?"

"How do you know?" asked John, surprised at this exhibition of clear-sightedness.

"I read it in your face to night. Is it not true?"

"Well—yes, for——."

"For what?"

"For it's no use coming to trouble either of you again. I—I shan't want to come now."

"They will be glad to see you at the wedding."

"Oh! no," cried John; "no, thank you!"

"You are her friend, and mine, and we are short of friends. Mary will go soon to her new home, and I shall be very lonely here, if even *you* will not look in to say 'Good evening' sometimes."

Her voice faltered, but he did not perceive it. If she were making love to him, he

never knew it—never took the hint conveyed by Ellen's manner—never thought it possible to be loved, even by a good-looking girl a little older than himself. He had sketched forth his future, too, and he went away that night in search of it.

He bade Ellen good-bye. He desired her to remember him kindly—most kindly, to Mary and to Alec. He promised to write some day soon, so that they might know where to send the money to him when they wanted; and then Ellen Morison watched him out of her sight into the night-mists, that were thick in Gibbon Street, and through which the lonely man was never seen returning to a woman still more lonely than himself.

John Dax enlisted for a soldier, and died of fever on the Gold Coast, before he had ever smelt powder. Even in the pursuit of glory, it was his ill-fortune to meet Yellow Jack instead. He was one of the many who are for ever out of luck's way.

THE END.

CENTRAL AMERICAN SKETCHES.

BY H. H.

III.

Reach Tactic—Change of climate—Arrival at San Geromino—Historical Sketch—The Spanish Conquest—Dominican Missionaries—Slavery—Separation from Spain—Expulsion of Religious Orders—Confiscation of their Property—Indian converts to Christianity—Their attachment to the Church of Rome—Honours to Patron Saints—Usury—Religious Dances and Masquerades—Prayer Days and Feasts—Musical Instruments—The Marimba—Native Tunes—Kissing Images of Saints—Drunkenness and Bloodshed—Christmas Celebration—Procession of the Virgin and the child Jesus.

SHORTLY after leaving our resting place, we arrived at the town of San Miguel Tucuru, where the climate becomes more temperate, and the population increases. At nightfall we reached the town of Tactic, containing about 10,000 inhabitants, all pure Indians, excepting about a dozen families of "ladinos," or half-whites. The town is in the middle of a narrow valley, about 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, shut in on each side by high mountains.

The change in the temperature, from the heat of the coast to the damp, chilly weather of Tactic, is a great trial to the traveller, especially when his bed consists of a tall dining table, with saddle clothes for mattress, and a saddle for a pillow. Our party was here augmented by the arrival from Coban of a young English naturalist, who has since then become one of the leading ornithologists of Europe.

We left Tactic, on our last day's ride, in a thick fog, which continued as long as we remained on the watershed of the Polichic. After riding about four leagues, we cross a low hill into the watershed of the Rio de la Pasion, and there is at once a total and complete change in soil, climate, and every other natural feature. We were now in the region of pine and oak forests on the mountain sides, and arid, bare valleys. The luxuriant vegetation and constant rainfall of the Polichic district give way to burnt-up plains and mountains, and to the short periodical rainy season from June to October, known as the winter. After a day's ride, we arrived at the summit of a mountain called Cachil, about 5 p.m., and had

the first sight of the extensive plain of Salamá, at one end of which was our destination. The setting sun was just lighting up, with its last glow, the surrounding mountains, of which we could see chain upon chain, forming a magnificent panorama.

The history of San Geromino, where I lived for many years, is almost contemporary with that of the country, from its first occupation by the Spaniards. It was owned by the Dominican Order of Friars for two centuries, during which time it was their principal residence in the country, although they had other estates and convents, both in the capital and in outlying districts.

The occupation of Guatemala by the Spaniards was effected shortly after the conquest of Mexico, by a band of Spaniards and friendly Indians, under Alvarado, who, in bravery and the characteristic adventurous spirit of the times, was second only to Cortez. On leaving Mexico he followed a south-easterly course through Chiapas, Suconusco, and Quesaltenango, to what was then the capital of the country of Qualitemallán (the place of decayed wood). Some old Spanish writers claim that its inhabitants, being tributary to the Mexican Indians, who had been conquered by the Spaniards, owed their allegiance to Cortez, and that Alvarado was sent to claim their submission.

He had to fight his way from town to town, until his arrival at the capital of the Utátlán Indians, supposed by some to have been where now the village of Tecpán, Guatemala, lies, and by others Quiché, where there are still traces of the existence of a large city.

This large and populous district subdued, he proceeded, until he reached what is now the plain of the Antigua (old) Guatemala, situated at the foot of the volcano of "Agua," and between that and the volcano of "Fuégo" (water and fire). It was at the foot of Agua that he founded the first Spanish capital, which he called Santiago de Guatemala, now known as Ciudad Vieja (old city). Hither he was followed by a multitude of priests and friars, who founded convents, and converted the inhabitants in a body, baptizing them first by having them driven into the water by soldiers, and instructing them afterwards in the doctrines of their new religion.

There was a district to the north of the new city, called Tuzulutlán, which the Spaniards were unable to conquer. It is separated from the conquered portion by a large extent of broken country, and by a chain of high mountains, which at that time must have been covered by thick and almost impenetrable forests, owing to which it is probable that the Spaniards could not reach it with their horses, which formed such an important feature in all their battles with the Indians. It soon became known as pre-eminently the "Land of war," and its inhabitants were feared by all the other tribes in the country.

The missionary spirit of the Dominican friars prompted them to attempt a peaceful conquest of this wild district. They were so uniformly favoured by circumstances that, without the loss of a life, or the aid of the military authorities, they secured the submission of the two principal tribes, the Coban and Rabuial Indians, and the whole of this "Land of war" was converted to Christianity, at the same time that it acknowledged itself subject to Spanish rule. The name of the district was then changed from "La Tierra de Guerra," to "Vera Paz" (True Peace), which it retains at the present day.

The individual members of the order were (and still are) compelled to vow the most complete renunciation of earthly possessions; but the rule does not apply in any way to them in their collective capacity, and such great service as they rendered to the Spanish Government, in assisting in the subjugation of the natives, was amply rewarded.

It was decreed that whatever towns were, or might subsequently be, established in

Vera Paz, should be exclusively under the ecclesiastical rule of the Dominicans, and that the parish priests should belong to that order. In 1872, they were still in possession of this privilege, which they had retained, with only a slight break, from the time it was first granted; they have thus been the only spiritual guides the Department has known, and whatever customs exist have been established and sanctioned by them.

They were also given a large tract of country in Lower or Southern Vera Paz, and to this they added, from time to time, until they were the proprietors of all the land from the Rio Motagua to near Tactic (with the exception of the land upon which the town of Salamá is built), a distance of about thirty miles, and varying in breadth from five to twenty miles.

In the early days of Spanish conquest in America, the settlers practised great cruelty amongst the natives, and but for the work of many of the friars, their extermination by their new masters would have been complete. It was at this time that Las Casas, a Dominican friar, commenced his labours in favour of the Indians, by visiting the conquered countries in succession, and preaching to his countrymen more humane treatment of their slaves. Failing to make much impression, he returned to Spain, to make the Government of the day acquainted with the barbarous cruelty by means of which the Indians were being killed off.

When we consider the enormous extent of territory which the conquests of Spain covered; the difficulties of travel from one to another, and the primitive condition of the navigation; the travels and labours of this good man in pursuance of the object of his life, must excite our admiration. The opposition he encountered and overcame from the adventurers, whose interest it was to enslave the conquered people, and the fact that he was successful in obtaining a royal decree to secure the perpetual liberty of the Indian tribes, make him worthy to hold a high place amongst the Christian heroes of the world.

But, by a strange anomaly, the great work done by the Dominican order was nullified by their introduction of another kind of slavery. While they considered it a crime to enslave the Indians, it was no sin to possess negro slaves; and, wherever they held property, it was worked by slave labour, and they, more than any other body, were responsible for the existence of slavery in Guatemala.

On the declaration of separation from Spain by the Central American States, in 1821, slavery was at the same time abolished, and shortly afterwards all the property owned by religious bodies was confiscated by the State, and the members of the orders expelled. The Act of Confiscation obtained the approval of the Papal See, and although the Friars returned, they were unable to recover their property; but the ecclesiastical rights they had enjoyed in Vera Paz were restored to them in 1840.

On the introduction of Christianity, the priest found it necessary to combine with it many of the superstitions and ceremonies of the Indians, and as no efforts have been made to civilize them beyond the point obtained at the outset, the purely Indian towns retain, at the present day, the same customs which existed in the sixteenth century.

Every feast, and every pleasure which the Indians know, is connected with their religion, and their attachment to the Roman church is unbounded. The greatest stimulant to work which they know is to obtain the money due to their patron Saint, and the tithes to be paid to the priest. Their towns are divided into Cofradias, a kind of religious society, dedicated to the service of some Saint. In the town of Coban, the capital of Upper Vera Paz, there were, in 1872, 22 Cofradias, each employing from 20 to 60 men. More than 1,000 men were constantly employed to further the Saints' interests.

Each saint has a house, in which he is supposed to live: a life-sized image occupies an altar in the middle of the principal room in the house, and, when at home, it is dressed in a white linen garment, with a strap round the waist; his holiday clothes, consisting of velvet dresses, with gold and silver ornaments and the other insignia of the Cofradia, being locked up in a box. At one side of the court-yard there is a smaller dwelling, inhabited by the person whose duty it is to take care of the saint, to keep the house clean, and do all the menial offices of the residence.

The patron saint of the town is St. Domingo, and the customs of all the others being the same, with the exception of a few details, his cofradia forms a good example of all. The day after his natal feast, there is a meeting of his devotees, to elect the officers for the year, to whom the funds belonging to the saint are handed. The majordomo, or head officer, is compelled to make these funds produce an interest of not less than 24 per cent. during the year; and if he cannot lend the money at that rate, he has to trade it through some of the members of the Cofradia.

Attached to the Cofradia there is a company of dancers, who meet at stated periods at the residence, to practise the baile, a masquerade, representing the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, one part representing Montezúma and his Court, and the other the Spaniards. What they consider appropriate dresses and masks, are worn, which are paid for out of the Saint's revenue. There are also days set apart for the Rezo, or prayer, when the devotees kneel before the Saint, praying a full rosary, in the intervals of which there are hired musicians playing lively music, polkas, waltzes, &c., but no music of a religious character. This over, rum is distributed, but not in any great quantity. At the celebration of the principal feasts of the church, or those of the other saints, the Saint is dressed in his robes, and, accompanied by the officers carrying tall wands surmounted by plates of embossed silver, he is carried to church, his entrance to which is greeted by bell-ringing and firing off rockets. After taking part in the procession customary on the day celebrated, he is again carried home, disrobed, and placed on his altar.

On the approach of his own feast day, a general meeting of the devotees is called, and each one is given some particular task to assist in the celebration. Some are sent to collect timber for the erection of an arch at the entrance to the house, others for pine leaves, with which to strew the floor of the whole house and yard, and others to whitewash the building. Nine days previous to the feast there is a novéna (a daily prayer, or saying of prayers before the Saint), after which chocolate is distributed. The day before the feast is called the Vispera, and at 4 a.m. a rocket is fired, and two Indians, seated at the door of the house, commence playing an unmeaning and monotonous strain on a big drum and a whistle. The Saint is dressed at daylight, a rocket being sent off on the adjustment of every article of clothing; then the masquers assemble in the court-yard, and begin their dance with a slow, simple step, accompanying it by raising first one arm and then the other, and at intervals setting up a barking kind of howl at each other.

The musical instruments used at these feasts are of native manufacture. The principal one is called the "marimba," and is the national instrument of the Indians. It is an oblong frame, raised about a foot from the ground; across this frame are nailed strips of cedar, about two inches wide; fastened below each strip there is a long, hollow gourd, each one being in regular diminution from the first, which is about eight inches long, to the smallest, which is not more than one inch. The performer sits in front of this instrument, having in each hand a rod, which is fastened round the end with

india-rubber, with which he beats the instrument, thus producing a tone very much like that of the rock harmonium, which was probably copied from the marimba. In addition to this, the band consists of a violin of native manufacture ; a guitar, the back of which is formed out of a gourd ; a rude kind of drum ; and a harp. The tunes they play, called "Sones," are mostly native in their composition, and some of them are surprisingly pretty,—many of them resembling the old-fashioned English country-dance tunes.

After playing at the Saint's house whilst he is properly adorned, a procession is formed, and he is taken to church. The masquers precede him, and the musicians follow them. The entrance to church is announced by a discharge of rockets and the ringing of the church bells, which serve as a signal to the other Saints to join him. The musicians sit at the church door, and the masquers finish the day dancing in front of the church, which they scarcely leave so long as the Saint is inside.

The mass on the morning of the Saint's day is the usual high mass of the Roman Catholic Church, but for several hours before, the marimba, drum, and whistle have been playing.

On the elevation of the Host, dozens of rockets are let off in front of the church, and on the conclusion of the mass there is a procession of all the saints and their attendants, the priest following St. Domingo ; after passing through the principal streets of the town, they re-enter the church, more rockets are fired, and about mid-day the Saint is taken to his home. On his arrival he is again placed on the altar, which is profusely decorated. The musicians seat themselves on a bench at one end of the room, and play whilst the devotees are paying their visit to the Saint.

Every Indian, on entering the room, takes off his hat and goes to the Saint, with folded arms, and after kissing the feet of the image, he puts on his hat, throws his handkerchief over his shoulder, and begins to dance in front of the Saint, after which he deposits a small coin on a plate, and receives a glass of rum. Males and females go through the same ceremony, all dance and all drink, and during the rest of the day the people in and around the place give themselves up to excessive drinking of neat white rum, until the floor of the room and ground outside are covered with Indians, men and women. I have seen the musicians seated at their instruments with the head drooping, but the hands and body stiff and cold, the counterpart of death. Quarrels occur not unfrequently, and men who, a few moments before, have been kneeling with solemn reverence before the Saint, will draw their knives on each other, and there are few feasts in which blood is not shed. Thus invariably ends a religious feast of the Indians of Vera Paz. The scandal is tolerated by the priests, though they do not join in them ; but I never knew one bold enough to try to prevent this horrible depravity on the part of the poor people whose souls he had in his keeping.

The only town in Vera Paz where the Indian population does not predominate is San Geromino. The place was originally the convent of the Dominicans, who, from a very early time, kept cattle and horses, and subsequently cultivated the sugar cane. In the English Legation there is a copy of a rare and curious work, written by Friar Thomas Gage (an English Dominican, who visited the country in the reign of Queen Elizabeth), in which he speaks of his visit to San Geromino, which was then famous for its breed of horses; and it is undoubtedly the oldest worked estate in the country. Negro slaves appear to have been introduced by the friars from a very early day, and were augmented from time to time by some of the brethren going to Cuba or St. Domingo to buy them, male and female.

In this manner, a town grew up round the

convent, of a people, distinct in many respects from any other in the country. Religious celebrations, together with cock-fighting, were the only pleasures which the slaves knew; and the monks having adapted some of the processions to the love of fun and humour of the negro race, there are some curious customs amongst them.

What we call old Christmas-Day, or the Epiphany, is known in the Church of Rome in Guatemala as "El dia de los Reyes," (the day of the kings). It ends a series of celebrations, in honour of the birth of Christ, which begin on Christmas Eve, at which time the image of the Virgin is taken to church. At the head of the procession there are a number of boys, each wearing a hideous mask, and having a whip in one hand and a rattle in the other. They accompany the procession to the church-door, shouting, and cracking their whips. On arriving at the church they close in a body, and are supposed to represent evil spirits trying to prevent the Virgin from entering the church. The bearers of the image press through them, on which they give a howl of disappointment and retire. On the night of Christmas-Day there is another procession, this time of the child Jesus; lanterns are hung outside the houses, from all of which rockets are fired as the procession passes. From thenceforward there are daily processions until the afternoon of January 6th, when the Cortesias or Salutations of the kings take place.

Where the A. V. version of the Bible speaks of the visit to the young child Jesus as being made by wise men, who fell down and worshipped him, after which they presented their offerings, the Church of Rome interprets "the wise men" into "kings," and Paul Veronese, in his picture of the "Adoration of the Magi," follows the same idea, and makes the magi to be kings—two being white men and one black, evidently making them representatives of the whole human family.

The Cortesias of San Géronimo are a wild burlesque of this picture. An image of the child Jesus is brought out of the church under a velvet canopy, accompanied by one of the Virgin-mother similarly honoured. On emerging from the church they are met by the three kings, mounted on untamed donkeys, one with his black face blackened still more with charcoal; all are dressed in rags and tatters; perhaps one will have nothing on but a covering of grey moss from head to foot. Each one has saddle-bags, containing his offerings, consisting of gourds, ears of maize, and other absurd matters. The followers of the kings are quite as absurdly equipped; one goes limping along, leading an old blind lame horse, both being in the last stage of fatigue from the journey they are supposed to have made. Others supposed not to have come so far are dressed more sprucely, and bear themselves accordingly—there will be a man and woman under an umbrella, arm in arm, the woman having her dress fastened over the rims of a large basket, to represent crinoline. In the midst of all this caricature are a number of children prettily dressed as Indians, carrying fruit and leading lambs as their offerings.

A procession is formed by this bustling mass of people, and after many mad antics on their way through the town, they again reach the square in front of the church, where something like order takes place. At one side of the square the Virgin is placed, and opposite to her on the farther side is the child Jesus. The children are then taken up to the child to present their offerings, and afterwards the images are raised by their bearers and made to approach each other; as they approach, the child is lowered to represent him making obeisance to his mother, and the salutation is repeated until the figures are quite close to each other, when they again mutually salute, the people all kneeling on the ground. They are then taken side by side into the church, their entrance into which the maskers (as devils)

make their final but ineffectual effort to prevent. The bells clang out a noisy clamour and the people then all disperse as their desires lead them.

(To be continued.)

TO THE MAYFLOWER OF NOVA SCOTIA.

THOU tender, fragrant thing,
Child of the early May,
Born where the wild birds sing,
And the trees' dark shadows play.

Hid in thy mossy lair,
'Neath the white snow-drift pressed,
Thou sighest to be by the gentle air
Of thy mother Spring caressed.

And when the April shower
Bears the soft snow away,
Forth peeps thy nascent flower,
Sweet daughter of the May.

Far on the genial air
Thy fragrant perfume steals,
And to the wanderer there,
Thy Maker's love reveals.

Fair among flowers art thou,
Dear Nova Scotia's pride ;
Well might'st thou deck the brow
Of Cupid's choicest bride.

Dear to my childhood's days,
Loved flower thou ever art ;
Warmed by fond memory's rays,
Come ! bloom within my heart.

Oh ! had I voice to sing
Thy praises as I long ;
My country's hills and vales would ring
With echoes of my song.

Welcome, dear flower of May,
Fair sprite of gentle Spring,
Full sweet thy balmy odors play,
Whilst I thy praises sing.

T. E. MOBERLY

Toronto.

CURRENT EVENTS.

AT this late day, we have no intention of adding another to the reviews of the Session, with which the reading public has been already bored. After the lapse of nearly a month, there would be no excuse for such an infliction, unless the trial of their patience would have a salutary effect on our subscribers' mental and moral natures. The Session was rather a dreary one after all, notwithstanding that some substantial work was done. The members of the Senate were put on their mettle, and threatened at one time to have a wholesale "slaughter of the innocents" to themselves. As it was, they made short work of one or two bantlings; yet, on the whole, they were not entirely given over to a reprobate mind. The Supreme Court Bill had a narrow escape, and the Vancouver Railway Bill perished miserably. The calmness of age, and, let us hope, the maturity of mind which is supposed to attend upon age, made them placable. They were not as vindictive as they might have been, considering the provocation they received from Mr. Mills and the House of Commons. So far as the Railway Bill is concerned, there is, perhaps, no great damage done. The Premier, as we understand the matter, was not in strictness bound to submit the Columbian agreement to Parliament at all. At any rate, it is not likely that the work on Vancouver Island would have been commenced this year, even if the Bill had not miscarried.

Its fate had one good effect, from our point of view. It forced the *Globe*, in a moment of pique, to inveigh against "party and party spirit." As long as everything goes on with unperturbed tranquillity and smoothness, no one is so easily pleased as our contemporary. That is only, however, when he is going with the tide. If you be gliding down when he is working his painful way up, or if you and he occupy the reverse positions respectively, depend upon it you will hear of something not to your advantage. Now in this particular instance, why should the Senate be taken to task? Unless it be that the *Globe* had Mr. Blake and some of his friends in view, who took the same course in the Commons. In any event, the question was not a party one, and, therefore, "party spirit," which has suddenly gone out of favour in some quarters, was not chargeable with the disaster.

An article appeared in the London *Spectator* a few weeks ago, on the Canadian Constitution. So far as a rather inadequate range of information extended, its view of our party system was correct. We shall venture to quote a sentence or two :—"The politics of the colonies are rendered both perplexing and tiresome to English observers by the absence of any clearly-marked boundary lines between political parties. There are no test questions by reference to which you can pronounce out of hand, this man to be a Liberal, and that man to be a Conservative, for there are hardly any differences of opinion as to political measures coincident with divergences of principle. The forms of party government are maintained, but the motives of action are personal or traditional. The Administration is simply the party of the 'Ins,' the Opposition the party of the 'Outs,'" &c. This has been our contention all along. Remove a few loyal flourishes from the later debates, and what was there to hinder the leader of the Opposition taking his seat beside the Premier? Certain frivolous party punctilios apart, absolutely nothing. Sir John was

forced to be critical or cease to occupy his position on the Speaker's left, but he performed his duty with dove-like softness. There were some questions of a purely administrative character, on which they disagreed; but their differences were such as might have been arranged at the Council Board as well as, and perhaps better than, in the House. They were in accord on most of the principal measures of the Session—all in fact which did not involve the ripping up of old sores. As for the Amnesty question, which must be placed in the latter category, it was a matter on which each party was divided, not to speak of the prejudices of nationality and religion. Even memories of fierce contests on the Pacific Scandal were powerless to disturb the sweetness of the new-formed friendship.

There are no parties here at present, and there ought to be none, so long as there are no dividing principles on which to found them. Until these are devised, the names of Reformer and Conservative are destitute of meaning, and it is mere *niaiserie* to cling to the one or to the other. The *Spectator* sees that, but as it is attached to a party in search of a policy, it thinks that the sooner Canadians discover something to fight about the better. "Political stagnation" has become oppressive in England no doubt; but it does not follow that the party-system would be advantageous here. We know, by painful experience, its inherent disadvantages; we have had a full measure of them in the past, and could be content with a much smaller measure in the future. We have no material for "honest political quarrels;" if Canadian parties fight, it will assuredly be by "waging an irregular warfare with the weapons of slander, intrigue, and espionage." The party spirit lives on defamation; it is the atmosphere in which it moves and breathes. Why should Canadians set themselves to invent a cause of quarrel when none exists, in order that two mutually-besmirched factions may continue to ply their trade? They have a vast and wealthy heritage, stretching from ocean to ocean, to subdue and to possess; they have great public enterprises by land and water to complete; they have a Union to consolidate, and the culture of a growing population to care for; why should the curse of party divert them from their duty, why should it endanger the safety of our political system, or deprave the morals of a vast number of our people?

Party has never conferred a single benefit upon the country. Every measure of utility, every scheme to conciliate estranged and hostile nationalities and creeds, was obtained only when men had cast the fetters of party behind them. On the other hand, there has never been a job perpetrated, a slander uttered, or a scandal unveiled, that did not owe its origin, purely, simply, and entirely, to the party spirit. Canadians ought to be a united people. Their interests are everywhere identical. No privileged classes trample upon their neighbours; we have no constitutional questions to divide us; and there would be no sectionalism to encounter, if politicians did not play off one province against another for sinister ends. The only question likely to cause division would be the Senate, and that will fortunately cleave the parties themselves. If the reconstruction of the Senate were effected on the best of systems, parties would deprave and degrade it as they did the elective Council of the old Province of Canada. The less they have to do with any important institution, or any great national enterprise, the better. The argument from English practice is delusive. The party system may suit the mother country—though that is open to question—in Canada and in the United States, in Mexico and in the South American republics, it is an unmitigated curse. Why then grasp at the shadow of old party names, when the substance has no place behind it. When factions exist where they have no *raison d'être*, no basis of honest

conviction and sound principle, they will do harm, whether they pronounce historic and traditional shibboleths or not. When mere badges, such as names, have lost their significance, and begin to be cherished for their own sakes, they are capable of working serious injury. For good, they are wofully impotent. That is the case with us, and it makes one chafe with impatience when we hear it urged, as if it were a cogent and irrefutable argument, that Canada should divide her pecple into two hostile camps and play at political soldiery. because it is the *mode* across the ocean, three thousand miles away. Of all the senseless notions promulgated by so-called political thinkers, the most inept is the one so often proclaimed with confidence, and too often acted upon with deadly results—that the institutions, the customs, or the traditions of the old world can be successfully transplanted in their entirety to the new. This is especially true of the system we are deprecating. In the earlier stages of colonial history, parties are the ready instruments of irresponsible and tyrannical rulers, and as the country advances in wealth, the fertile parents of corruption, calumny, and fraud. It is not the man who cherishes the warmest love and the deepest reverence for the ancestral land, who consents to perpetuate a feature in old-land politics which can work little else but mischief to the land in which he lives.

The few political incidents of the month will not occupy us long. Since the prorogation there has been an election petition or two against returns to the Dominion Parliament before the courts, and there are a few yet to come. The Ontario local elections promise a sheaf of cases; but there is a limit to the interest taken in these contests. The gloss is worn off the public curiosity, the law has made an impression upon the delinquents, and the proceedings, in most of the cases still *sub judice*, will cease to attract the attention of any but the lawyers and local politicians. Several of the Dominion cases are important for various reasons. The case of Centre Toronto was decided, as many others have been, by the surrender of the sitting member, after the proof of a single case of corruption on the part of an agent. We are not sure that this practice should be encouraged by the judiciary. In the English Divorce Court it has been found that collusive frauds on the law are often attempted by couples mutually desirous of being freed from the matrimonial bond. When any collusion is suspected there, the Queen's Proctor intervenes in the interest of law and morality. In our election cases no such officer discharges analogous functions; and the lawyers and candidates on each side may apparently do as they like with the court and the law. Against corrupt compromises the judge is absolutely defenceless. More than that, he is compelled to make returns of facts, regarding which no evidence has been adduced before him. The law expects him to report whether the sitting member has, or has not, been guilty of personal bribery, and, in the next place, whether corruption has, or has not, prevailed extensively during the particular election. Now, of the latter fact he can have no knowledge whatever, because the trial has been arrested at the outset, with only one case established. So far again as personal bribery is concerned, he has no legal evidence. He may, it is true, accept the assertion, if tendered, of the petitioner's counsel, that he does not think he can establish personal bribery. But how is the Cou : to know that this assertion is not part and parcel of an improper bargain between the parties? Moreover, it often happens that no such assertion is made, counsel merely announcing—as if it were a thing depending on his pleasure—that he intends to abandon the personal charges. It has happened more than once that the

promoters of a petition have been heard to boast, after judgment, that they could have disqualified the respondent if they had been inclined to be hard upon him. Is this a state of things the law should allow? It ought to be remembered that the cases are very few in which a petitioner would have any motive for pressing the personal charges to the point of disqualification. He knows that in such an event there would be a fresh opponent, perhaps a more popular one, and his chances might be injured rather than improved. Again, he may feel every confidence in his case, yet, in legal as in other matters, slips between cup and lip are not infrequent, and it may be as well to be good-natured, and "have another try at it" on easy terms. There is yet another motive to deter a petitioner from proceeding to extremities. He knows that such a course would savour of vindictiveness to his prejudice. The crowds that follow Dr. Kenealy and clamour for the release of Orton are not the only people who denounce the exemplary infliction of deserved punishment, and fling abuse at judges who do their duty. But whatever motives prompt election compromises, the result must sometimes be that justice is baulked, and the law made of none effect by them. It is urged that bargains of this sort are made to save costs. All we have to say to that plea is simply this—if the bargains be corrupt and shield offenders from justice, it only makes matters worse. There are things more worthy of consideration than costs, and amongst them is the faithful and unfailing enforcement of legal penalties whenever and by whomsoever they have been incurred. We need scarcely say that we are not alluding to the Centre Toronto case in particular, but to a vicious practice which has become increasingly prevalent of late.

The East Toronto petition met with a different fate. Mr. Platt had taken the precaution of warning his agents against doing anything which might void his election. No act of corruption was proved against principal or agent, and Mr. Platt's return was confirmed. At the same time, he had a number of injudicious friends, whose discretion certainly did not save the seat. People who go about recklessly treating and, at the same time, clamouring for a particular candidate, will in future understand, if they are capable of understanding, that if they continue such practices, they may seriously injure the cause they desire, in their foolish way, to serve. Still the fact remains unimpeached, even by the petitioner's counsel, that no evidence was adduced to show that any case of treating, in its technical sense, occurred. What was the reason that Mr. Platt found himself able to restrain these wild spirits? Simply this: that they had acquired a lesson of self-control from experience. Mr. Wilkes was returned at the general election, when agents had not realized the extent of the mischief they were doing by their exploits. Mr. O'Donohoe's fall, however, had warned them of the danger in East Toronto, and they took care to obey Mr. Platt—or at least to keep on the shady side of law—at the subsequent election. The result was that Mr. Platt took Mr. O'Donohoe's place and kept it; but if he had been returned at the general election, he would probably have shared Mr. Wilkes' fate, in spite of all his efforts. So that we may conclude that, if the drafts upon their memories be not long-time drafts, *even the residuum* is not impervious to the propriety of self-control. How it will be at the probably distant period of a renewed appeal to their wisdom, it is useless to speculate; but we may hope that the public determination to ensure purity of election, will infiltrate to the lowest stratum of the constituency, by which we mean, not the poor who are honest, but the corrupt, whether rich or poor. It may be hoped too, that Mr. Blake's valuable addition (sec. 4), to the amending Act of last Session, by which agents, who bribe, may be made to pay the piper, will make an appeal

to the pocket, where the understanding or the conscience is inaccessible.

Perhaps it is because the rural, and especially the sparsely settled, constituencies require a larger number of impressions on the cerebrum to produce an effect, that the lesson of the law must be instilled into their crassness more than once. The fault may of course be a moral, rather than an intellectual one; the fact is, that in North Victoria, for instance, after considerable experience in the matter within a brief period, we find an agent imperilling his candidate's election by issuing dinner-tickets to favourite voters. This might be attributed to ignorance of the law—though that is, of course, no excuse—but it appears that he had been specially warned against it, as an illegal practice by Mr. Hector Cameron. Perhaps he thought that the election law did not extend to the frontier of civilization. The case is yet in court, so far as the legal liability of the parties is concerned, and we only notice it to protest against the course taken by the *Globe* a few days ago. It is a deliberate attempt to prejudge an election case, reserved for judicial decision. We have *Globe* law laid down, with journalistic infallibility, as if the Judge needed *ex cathedrâ* instruction from the editor. The facts are distorted wofully—as for instance, where it states that Mr. Cameron knew that the act contemplated by Peters was illegal, and yet suppresses the fact, that he told Peters it was illegal. He prefers giving the exculpatory version of Peters, who by this time is aware that he is probably obnoxious to a heavy penalty. The editor of the *Globe* is not very kind to his friends, as Messrs. Mills and Blake can testify, but specially unscrupulous in dealing with his opponents, of whom Mr. Cameron is one. Why does he make a parade of law in a case *sub judice?* Does he hope to bias the Judge's mind, by expressing a hope that he will decide in favour of a good Reformer? No; he is not fatuous enough for that. His hope is to prejudice—to poison the public mind in advance, on a matter with which he has no legitimate concern. He cannot expect to hold his whip *in terrorem* over the bench; but it is evident that he designs another Kenealy howl against it, should it dare to differ from him. The comments might as well have appeared after judgment as before it, but that would not suit him: the object being to popularize law of the *ex parte* kind, and snatch a hasty verdict from a promiscuous public. If Osgoode Hall law and *Globe* law agree, so much the better for the former; if not, then will follow in turn, surprise, grief, anger, and invective degenerating into vulgar abuse. In all civilized countries, it is considered improper in a respectful journal, to anticipate a judicial decision; but it becomes in the highest degree disgraceful, when its object is to prejudice a political opponent, and to influence popular passion, where the case demands the patient calmness of a judicial mind.

The failure of the Government to carry through the Civil Service Bill, which they introduced early in the session, was a cause of no little disappointment to their employés, and may be considered in some measure a matter for public regret. Two years ago it became evident that the scale of salaries established many years since was quite unadapted to the existing prices of commodities, and, as a temporary measure of relief, a sum was voted sufficient to enable the Government to supplement the salaries of the civil servants by a bonus of about 15 per cent. The present Government not being prepared, in the first session after their advent to power, to attempt anything like a general and definitive readjustment of salaries, followed the example of their predecessors, and took a vote of about the same amount as the previous one for the same purpose. This year, it appeared as if they had made up their minds to give the service their attention and to organize it in a satisfactory manner; but again the whole thing has been thrown over, and we are not

sure whether provision has even been made for continuing the bonus to which a prescription of two years would seem to have given the employés a kind of equitable, if not legal, title. The Bill that was withdrawn provided for a permanent advance of the salary limits of the several classes into which the service was divided, and would certainly have placed the whole service on a materially better footing. Its failure was due partly to the fact that the session was a very busy one, and partly, it would appear, to the objections expressed by certain prominent members of the House at finding the Deputy Heads of Departments, who two years ago had received a permanent increase of $400 to their salaries, or 23 per cent.—the rest of the service receiving by way of bonus only 15—included in the new Bill for a further increase of equal amount. Whatever the reason was, there is no doubt the Bill was coldly received by the House, and the Government not feeling deeply interested in it themselves, and, having plenty of important work on hand, allowed it quietly to fall through.

There is only too much reason to believe that the House of Commons does not fully realize the nature of the tasks which the conduct of official business involves, or the impossibility of securing the amount of education, ability and zeal, absolutely required in the higher posts of the civil service, without paying salaries which, compared with those ordinarily given in commercial employments, must appear high. A little more or less of trained judgment, or of attention to duty on the part of an official may make a very important difference to public interests. In order that there may be a trained judgment there must, in the first instance, be a judgment to train, and, in the second place, a more or less prolonged experience; and when a man of superior natural abilities, has by length of service, acquired a store of special knowledge qualifying him for the discharge of important duties, it is only right that he should be compensated in proportion to his usefulness. At best, the emoluments of such men in the Civil Service fall very far short of what it is fair to suppose they would have earned in any other suitable career. A country barrister in this Province thinks but poorly of his luck if, after a few years practice, he does not earn from $2,000 to $2,500 or $3,000 per annum, an income which few Civil Servants can ever attain, and those only after an average service of, perhaps, twenty-five years.

If greater confidence were felt in the administration of the service, if the public and the House of Commons were satisfied that merit was consistently rewarded, and inefficiency or idleness treated as they would be in private establishments, there probably would be no backwardness in making sufficiently liberal provision for the deserving. But this confidence is felt nowhere, and the House of Commons knows only too well the reason why. Ministers are less to blame in this matter than their supporters: left to themselves, they would, for the most part, deal fairly enough; for is it not to their interest to put efficient men into the best positions, and, generally, to satisfy all reasonable claims? The real trouble is that members of the House want to be able to use their political influence now and then in securing appointments, and in forwarding the interests of their friends; and knowing this, and knowing that others are animated by the same views, and that in consequence of this interference the Civil Service is not what it ought to be, they have pious scruples as to establishing too high a scale of salaries. If their piety would take the form of abstaining from what, in the eye of the law, is "undue influence," it would command very much more respect.

We are strongly of opinion that one of the most important duties which the Government has now to perform is to organise the Civil Service on some sound, rational, and just basis. The country wants efficient ser-

vice more and more, as its population increases, and as its interests become of greater magnitude. Thoroughly efficient service can only be had when political influence has ceased to have anything to do with the fortunes of public employés, and each man feels that he has only his own merit to rely on to push him forward. We were glad to see Mr. Casey, member for East Elgin, attempting to grapple with this subject, in the House. His proposition, that the competitive system should be introduced into this country, is one that should receive early and earnest consideration, and we trust he will return to the subject next session.

Mr. Mackenzie's resolutions of last Session have been answered by a Royal grant of Amnesty. The only alteration concerns Riel and Lepine alone, and it takes the shape of addition, involving forfeiture of civil rights during their five years' exile. There is a great objection to this new condition. In the first place we think the Crown is hardly justified in depriving any man of his civil rights, except by sanctioning a bill of attainder. It has doubtless a right to annex any conditions it pleases to a pardon; but these conditions should not be of dubious constitutionality. Besides, if they are to absent themselves from the Dominion for five years, how can they possibly exercise and enjoy their "civil rights *therein?*" The enforced exile covers the exercise of every right, civil or social, within the forbidden limits, and this new condition is therefore superfluous verbiage—a crotchet, in fact, of Earl Carnarvon's.

The question of consolidating our Universities into one great national University, worthy of the Province, is too important to be discussed in a paragraph. We desire, however, to commend to all our collegiate institutions the practical suggestion of Mr. Goldwin Smith. It is evident from the comments which have already appeared that the plan is opposed, in a great measure, because it is not understood. The opposition is based upon a variety of reasons irreconcilable with one another, and all chiefly founded upon misapprehension. Now, it is evident that these misapprehensions ought to be cleared away as soon as possible. The longer they exist the more inveterate they will grow, until they appear unassailable arguments. When they are removed out of the way, we shall be able to measure intelligibly the merits of the plan. The legislature has been far too lavish in bestowing University powers; not because they have been unworthily bestowed, but because the division of our intellectual strength into five or six parts, places it at a disadvantage—transmutes it, in fact, into weakness. Now, in order that the consolidation may be properly understood, it is necessary in the first place that the institutions interested should confer upon it. The suggestion is that a convention of representatives from all our Universities and Colleges should be held, at as early a date as possible, to consider the question. There is nothing which commits any one to the decision arrived at by the convention which, of course, could claim no legal *status*. Indeed it would be merely a deliberative body of men assembled to exchange views, and to gain information on a most important subject. It could be easily and speedily organised, and its consultations would certainly be, in any case, of great advantage to the interests of higher education. Moreover, a convention would be, in every way, more satisfactory than a Parliamentary Committee or a Governmental Commission,

The man who suggested the Shakspearean ter-centennial of 1864 has much to answer for. He may not have anticipated the full extent of the evil he was entailing upon the world, any more than did Pandora, when a fatal curiosity led her to open the mischief-bearing box. Of course he did not foresee it all in its hideous proportions, for even

now no one can predict the end. Perhaps, like other fashions, it will pass away and be succeeded by some more rational and abiding evidence of our appreciation of literary worth. Be that as it may, it is certain that ever since that luckless twenty-third of April we have been fairly pestered with Centennial celebrations, at which men improvise their knowledge of a genius, and work up a factitious enthusiasm for him, both of which endure, like Jonah's gourd, for a night. Our American cousin has had no special mine of Centennial Brummagem to work; but in Britain and on the Continent there is no lack of material, malleable or ductile to any degree of tenuity. The time of Brother Jonathan, for which he waited with exemplary patience, has now come round, and if any one can sicken the world of Centennials, he is the man to do it. The Philadelphia celebration of next year, coupled with an International Exhibition, is perhaps an allowable form of the fever. The American's knowledge of his country's history, though imperfect and one-sided, is something real, and his patriotic enthusiasm has the ring of the true metal about it. Englishmen, who are the only people who might be supposed to take umbrage at so ostentatious a glorification of Yorktown or Saratoga, are quite prepared to take part in the Exhibition. They have long since recognised the truth, that Adams and Jefferson, Franklin and Washington were in the right, and that Grenville, North, and George III. were terribly in the wrong. It is perhaps hard that the sins of the fathers should be visited upon the children in the shape of 4th July orations, but they must resignedly submit themselves to an universal law without murmur and without grimace. There is no fear but the Englishman will take his punishment in good part, he is sure to "come up smiling" after every round; it is the Frenchman, the German, the Russian, or the Italian who will shrug the shoulder, shudder at, and then unmercifully satirize, the rampant spread-eagleism he is compelled to witness.

At the same time the energy and zeal of the Americans in urging forward the preparations for the Exhibition deserve success, and we hope they will obtain it. It would be a subject of deep regret everywhere—and no where to a greater degree than in Britain and her Colonies, if it should be otherwise. Though Americans do not always give us credit for it, we have a real and sincere attachment to our kinsmen of the American Union—an honest admiration and pride in all that is really good and great in their character; and we wish them the highest measure of national prosperity. *Au reste*, we can afford to pass lightly over the follies and foibles of the young giant, who has achieved so much of which he has a right to be proud within the narrow limits of a century. Certainly Canada will cheerfully take her part in the Centennial, and in doing so will perform faithfully, to the extent of her power, a duty which good neighbourhood and close intercourse impose upon her.

Now if the Americans would be content with the great Centennial all would be well; but unfortunately there are a lot of little Centennials. They surround the great one, as his satellites surround Jupiter; would, that like him, they were content with four. There are seven years in which to work up a host of Centennials. It may be that the patient will mend after '76, but for the next eighteen months or so, he is sure to suffer from the hecatostic fever which has laid its heavy hand upon him. First in the list was the 19th ultimo, when "the shot heard round the world" was fired, and the first blood spilt in the revolutionary struggle. The battle, or skirmish as we should call it, took place partly at Concord and partly at Lexington, Mass., and hence has arisen a controversy which affords the *Herald* an opening for a vast display of erudition. Concord and Lexington both claim the honours. The matter seems to stand in this way:—a squad

of soldiers fired on a group of militia gathered at Lexington at one in the morning; the crucial question is, did the latter return the fire? If they did not, then Lexington must give way to Concord. The weight of authority seems to show that a few did fire at random, contrary to orders, but "there was nobody hurt." The real "battle" began at Concord, at half-past nine, when a small body of troops, passing through the town, suddenly encountered a superior force, and had to endure besides a fusillade fire from the houses. Finding it impossible to make headway, the regulars retired "in the same order as they had advanced," whilst the Americans advanced in "independent" form. A series of running skirmishes went on, the British falling back on their supports. At Lexington was Lord Hugh Percy, with two small field-pieces and a force variously stated. The field-pieces finished the business and ended the day, Percy and force retiring to Bunker Hill. Such was the famous battle of Concord and Lexington, which is described in a "sentiment" for the Centennial, as "like the majestic Union which it brought into existence, now and for ever, one and indivisible." It seems to us, and we have followed the American authorities, that it is clearly divisible into two parts, of which the latter was a clear defeat and not a victory. We need not detail the glories of the Centennial. How "orations" were delivered, "acres" of bunting displayed, toasts and sentiments drunk, bonfires and fireworks consumed, all in the august presence of Gen. Grant, Cabinet, and suite.

On the 20th May is to be held another Centennial at Mecklenburgh, N.C. It arises from the fact that that State declared its independence over a year in advance of the national declaration. Gen. Grant was invited, but ungraciously declined, administering what the *Herald* calls an "imperial snub." 17th June we may be sure of a Bunker Hill Centennial, and so on *ad libitum*. What astonishes us is that our neighbours did not begin, ten years ago, at the beginning, by celebrating the Centennial of the passing of the Grenville Stamp Act. We observe that even the Spanish residents in New York have caught the contagion, although they seem obliged to content themselves with a paltry anniversary, that of the death of Cervantes, which was commemorated *suo more* wtth religious ceremony.

Great importance was attached to the result of the Connecticut election, owing to the defeat of the Democracy in New Hampshire. In the latter State the Republicans repudiated the idea of a third Presidential term, and triumphed; in the former they approved of it, and have been defeated. It is generally admitted that this virtually settles the question. Gen. Grant appears to be reconstructing his Cabinet in an odd way. His Attorney-General and one Secretary at least are going out, and it has been hinted that he purposes, by degrees, to have an entirely new set. If this be true, the idea of keeping the politicians anxious and subservient, by dismissing his advisers in squads of two, is at least an ingenious one.

The New York Legislature is extremely active at present. Gov. Tilden has certainly discharged his duty faithfully in the matter of the canal frauds. What was supposed to be merely a bid for political capital, has turned out to be an honest effort to expose and punish a series of gigantic peculations. The investigation is still in progress, and the exposure of downright robbery on a grander scale than that of Tweed & Co., is scarcely credible to an outsider. In order to have more effective control over all the State officers, the Governor proposed that an Act should be passed giving him power to remove, for cause, any official. The Removal Bill passed the Assembly, but was amended in the Senate, by

providing that the Governor should merely have the power of submitting a complaint in such cases to the courts. This, of course, seems the opener and fairer way, particularly when the inculpated officer has been elected by the people. But it must not be lost sight of, that in American courts an accused person has tremendous advantages, and that the Governor would be weighted in any such contest. Besides, he has the best opportunity of judging the characters of his subordinates. There may be many points taken together, and observed in constant intercourse, which could hardly be substantiated in court, or might not impress the judge as they ought. However, the Senate Bill passed. The attitude of the Governor has alarmed the municipal rings of New York, and their trepidation has not been allayed by the debates on the City Charter Bill. The Mayor, with Tammany Hall at his back, is making open war on Tilden. All the leading ward-politicians have been at Albany, including "Boss" Kelly and ex-pugilist and gambler Morrissey. They cannot effect much, however, because the Assembly supports the Governor; but it is possible that a permanent division in the Democracy may occur, such as took place between Tammany and Mozart Halls, in the time of Fernando Wood.

All these, and other exciting topics have been thrown into the shade by the enthronement of Cardinal McCloskey, on the 27th ult. The *Herald* has been unusually active, and its power of invention taxed to its utmost limit. The publication of the Allocution before its delivery to the Sacred College; the page upon page of dissertation on the nature of the Cardinal's office, whether he be Cardinal Bishop, Priest, Deacon, or *in petto;* the biographies of Cardinals, past and present; and all else that could be copied, gleaned, or invented, must have wearied even one of the devout. This went on for some time, and we thought the theme had been exhausted. But the resources of the *Herald* are practically illimitable. It began again a few days before the "imposing" ceremony, with a full-page biography of the New York Cardinal, and went on with perilous ease till, on the momentous Tuesday, it launched into music, publishing what it calls selections, in full score, of a *Te Deum* specially composed for the occasion—in its own phrase, "The sublime verses of SS. Ambrose and Augustine, illustrated by the Divine Art." Of this "noble pæan of triumph," as the *Herald* gives it, it is difficult to make out head or tail —or rather these are the only things we can make out. In the final invocation, for instance, "*In te Domine speravi* &c., No. 6 ends with *sper*, and No. 7 begins with the syllable *ter* of *æternum*," "*ne confundar in*" being missing entirely. However, the "selections" are quite as intelligible as a good deal of other music that has been performed and published. All this is very edifying, but the climax is reached in the publication of an interview between a *Herald* reporter and the Pope. There is of course, a long and tedious description of the Vatican, and the Vatican Gardens and of the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli, both of whom were characteristically affable. The interview, and all that happened, expanded by judicious padding, fill a page. Ah! we have indeed fallen on evil days, when Infallibility consents to be "interviewed" by an agent of James Gordon Bennett. The dialogue is of the most paltry and jejune character. We have read many graphic accounts of the conversational powers and many pleasing sketches of the benign and and pious character of the Pontiff; but this is a sad falling off. No doubt, both His Holiness and Mr. Bennett know on which side their bread is buttered, and have a substantial reason for cultivating the favour of large masses of the American population. But if the former desires to appear in a better light than a hero is said to appear to his valet, he ought never again to permit a *Herald* reporter to cross the threshold of the Vatican.

In Great Britain, Mr. Disraeli's Government continues its policy of quiescence, varied by wearying discussions on half-way measures. The Premier promised a great deal, but the performances are sufficient evidence of the equivocal nature of the promises. The measures have been introduced, and nearly all of them will be passed, if necessary, by sweeping majorities, but they satisfy no one interested in effective legislation on the various subjects to which they refer Perhaps the greatest disappointment of the Session took place just before the Easter holidays, when Lord Cairns, suddenly and for no obvious reason, withdrew the Supreme Court of Appeal Bill. It was not because the measure was ill-considered, since it had been manipulated successively by Lords Hatherly and Selborne, as well as by Lord Cairns himself. The Bill pleased the Bench and the profession, and yet it was burked without warning, to please the Conservative committee—a sort of esoteric body, who are supposed to look after the dignities and privileges of the Lords. It did not appear necessary, since the reaction, to give up the appellate jurisdiction; they were willing to surrender it during the Gladstone administration, but now, although every one knows it to be a farce, they found themselves reluctant to part with it, and so the bill went by the board or rather, was strangled by its author.

Again Mr. Disraeli promised that his Government should shine out with unusual effulgence on social questions. Other governments might take pleasure in "harassing and unsettling questions," it was his function to look after the poor and socially disabled. A number of such bills have been introduced, it is true, but none of them touches the core of its subject-matter. The Tenant-Right Bill which was to do such great things for the farmers, and to promote which, Mr. Clare-Read himself, one of their number, took office, is repudiated as worse than useless. The bill is in fact a bill to grant tenant compensation for unexhausted improvements, if the landlord chooses to give it him. The Registration of Deeds Bill is optional in its effect; all the measures offer a series of options and unfortunately the option is always given to the wrong party. Now this method of legislation may suit the time, but it will not suit all times; and the mischief is that at a season when one party is nearly annihilated and the other unquestionably dominant, and therefore a season peculiarly adapted for considering and maturing effective social legislation, the milk-and-water policy is deliberately adopted. Mr. Disraeli's talents we admire, and we are not very sorry that he succeeded as he did, but his success should be used to some purpose. As it is, he is enacting in Parliament the fable of the old man, his son, and the ass—trying to please everyone and pleasing none. A little of the policy of "Thorough" would not be amiss at present, though not in the Laudian sense.

On the appearance of Mr. Gladstone in his place, on two or three occasions, he was received with sincere applause. Without assuming his old post as liberal leader—although he virtually did so on one occasion—he certainly occupied it in the opinion of the House. Lord Hartington is a respectable stop-gap who does very well as leader, when there is very little to do and nobody else available to do it. Mr. Lowe, who always shows to better advantage in Opposition than in place, because he has no power to worry anyone or any class, has done well—much better, though with less brilliancy, than when he opposed the Liberal Reform Bill as a member of the Cave. Mr. Bright does not appear inclined to waste his strength for nought, and has, therefore, preserved an almost unbroken silence. Mr. Göschen has principally distinguished himself by an unsuccessful attempt to take away the peculiar advantages enjoyed by the Scotch banks. The rest of the party have

worked on as best they could under sufficiently dispiriting circumstances.

One of the occasions on which Mr. Bright addressed the House was in opposition to Dr. Kenealy's ridiculous motion for a Royal Commission to inquire into the management of the Tichborne trial. He agreed with the Government and the Opposition in concurring with the verdict of the jury and in opposing the issue of a Commission. It is difficult to see what object Dr. Kenealy could have had in occupying three hours of the House's time, for it was not his, and keeping up a futile and senseless agitation out of doors, unless a purely selfish object. His present position is no doubt a painful one, but he deliberately chose it for himself. His "Magna Charta" agitation, though comparatively harmless, is none the less criminal on his part. No man of education has a right to offer to an ignorant mob the pretext for noisy assembling with no rational purpose. His mob is not so formidable as the Chartist mob of 1848, because it is not half as intelligent. The Orton mania, as it is called, is only one of the safety-valves of popular passion and unreason, which blow off steam at intervals, but it is not the less disgraceful to Dr. Kenealy that he should have opened it. As for his motion, it was rejected by 433 to 1. As the tellers Kenealy and Whalley would not be counted, there must be one other mad constituency besides Stoke and Peterborough.

The affairs of France have been exceedingly dull since the Assembly adjourned. The quiet may be merely on the surface; yet the Republic seems to have got into partial working order with admirable ease. Yet the Left are not entirely at rest. The extreme Conservative tone of M. Buffet and the Imperialist machinations trouble them, and it is possible that when the elections for the Senate and the question of dissolution come up in the Assembly, there may be serious dissension amongst the allied parties. The Duc Decazes, Foreign Minister, is one of the firmest friends of peace, and yet the Berlin *Post*, in an article sent to London on good authority as the expression of Bismarck's views, insinuates that Marshal McMahon and his army, prompted by the Orleanists, are trying to hurry France into war. There can be no truth in such a story, and the article has perhaps been disavowed. Still it shows that a dangerous and malignant spirit possesses Germany, which may at any moment break out in mischief.

The visit of the Emperor Francis Joseph to Venice, as a friend and ally of Victor Emmanuel, must have gratified both potentates. To the former especially, his enthusiastic reception by his former subjects—the people who so heartily abhorred the Tedeschi while under their galling yoke—could not fail to be agreeable, and perhaps affecting. Whether the visit had any political significance, either in relation to Germany or the Pope, may be doubted. In all probability, it only indicated a desire on the Emperor's part, to show that the last drop of bitterness, left by the memories of Magenta and Solferino, had evaporated. As for Spain, there is little to be said, except that she continues in a deplorable condition. Alfonso XII. does not get on as well as he appeared to promise. The unhappy country is loaded with debt, harassed by conscriptions and military requisitions, and yet the Carlists are unconquered. The stories of wholesale desertion from their camp are probably, to a great extent, invented at Madrid. Moreover, Cabrera, who went over to the young monarch, has not done as much as was expected of him, principally, no doubt, because nobody believes in him.

Bismarck seems determined to keep Europe in hot water. The rumour of his pressure upon Italy to induce her to repeal the Papal Guarantees Bill, and compel the Pontiff to behave better to Germany, is

questionable. At the same time, Germany feels sore at the non-success of her ecclesiastical policy, perhaps not the less because Austria has been equally a sinner, without bringing the hierarchy down upon her. This may be what is meant in the Berlin *Post*, when it asserts that the friendly relations existing between Berlin and Vienna will continue, while Count Andrassy remains in power at the latter capital, and no longer.

But, not to speak of France, there is a speck of war in a north-easterly direction. Bismarck has sent a letter peremptory, if not positively menacing, to Belgium, and it is said to the Hague, demanding repressive legislation, so as to silence Ultramontane sympathizers, and to protect himself from assassination. Now the pleas urged for this course are founded on certain addresses of the Roman Catholic Bishops to the German Bishops, as far back as the commencement of the struggle between the Pope and Bismarck; on another address of sympathy to the Bishop of Paderborn; and thirdly, on the so-called Duchesne plot against the Chancellor's life. It has been well remarked, that so far as the addresses are concerned, Bismarck might, with equal propriety, have written to England, and, we may add, the United States on the subject. It surely is the very madness of an unruly and unreasonable nature to entertain the idea that any State, ruled by constitutional principles, would yield to the demand made upon Belgium. The assassination plot seems a more serious matter, but in reality, it affords much less ground for the imperious letter. The Duchesne plot, so called, has been under investigation for some time, and the case is still pending, so that German interference was at least indecorous. Besides, it appears probable that the plot is no plot at all. An English journal observes that, "it is pretty certain that the Duchesne plot consisted merely of the ravings of a drunken artizan, ravings which never grew into any sort of true conspiracy." Here then are the paltry pretexts on which Bismarck tried the bullying system on the little kingdom of Belgium. The reader will readily call to mind the celebrated Benedetti treaty of 1870, purporting to be a secret compact between France and Prussia, by which, amongst other provisions, it was stipulated that Prussia should aid France to take possession of Belgium, and to hold it against any other power. Now, whether Napoleon drafted the paper, or whether, as France alleged, it was dictated to Benedetti by Bismarck, is now of little consequence. The result of its publication was, that a fresh guarantee of Belgian independence was entered into by the Powers, which is still binding. The consequence is that Belgium, naturally plucky, has felt inspired to greater boldness, by her knowledge that the big boys are behind her. The reply was spirited, dignified, and conclusive. Another case, that of an Ultramontane editor in Bavaria, is reported. He was sentenced to ten months' imprisonment for *writing* against Bismarck, but escaped into Austria, and now his extradition has been demanded, not by Bavaria, but by Bismarck. Such are the petty acts, by which the Chancellor is destroying all confidence in the permanence of peace. The name of Bismarck will always be associated with much that is great and glorious; for the unification of Germany would immortalise any name. Let us hope that it will not also be remembered as that of "the disturber of the peace of Europe."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE *Fortnightly* of the month does not possess its usual interest for Canadian readers, because several of its articles are on purely English subjects. The opening paper, on "The First and Last Catastrophe," by Prof. Clifford, is a very striking one. The writer's style is remarkably lucid; his confidence in his conclusions always strong; and his zeal to impress them indelibly on his readers' minds seems to increase in proportion as the prospect he unfolds to humanity grows drearier. The object of the lecture, for such it originally was, is "to consider speculations of quite recent days about the beginning and the end of the world." The first step is a thorough exposition of the molecular theory of matter, which is based on the speculations of Prof. Clerk Maxwell. The hearer or reader is warned that although Democritus believed in the Atomic theory, it was a mere guess. As taught by modern science, on the contrary, it is a theory only to this extent—that it accounts systematically and consistently for ascertained facts, and that no other theory does so. It is evident that the negatives clause of this definition is its weak point, because we can predicate nothing about future theories. We have then an elaborate and interesting description of the molecules, their properties and their motions, which well deserve attentive perusal. On one point, Prof. Clifford is at issue with Prof. Clerk Maxwell, for whom he entertains the deepest respect. "Now Prof. Clerk Maxwell argues," says the writer, "that things which are unalterable, and are exactly alike, cannot have been formed by any natural process. Moreover, being exactly alike, they cannot have existed forever, and, therefore, they must have been made. As Sir John Herschel said, they bear the stamp of the manufactured article?" This, of course involves the idea of creation and consequently the belief in a Creator. To this, of course, Prof. Clifford at once demurs, as he is compelled to do, because in a previous lecture he had declared, "that to assert that mind can influence matter, is neither true nor untrue, but nonsense." He, therefore, falls back upon the evolution theory to account for the existence of the molecules. The description of the evidence by which the proximate equality in weight and rates of vibration of the molecules is established, affords an excellent example of scientific method; but space forbids further reference to it here. To come to the final catastrophe, here is the result:—"In any case, all we know is that the sun is going out. If we fall into the sun, we shall be fried; if we go away from the sun, or the sun goes out, we shall be frozen . . . one of these two things must take place in time." On the whole, the Professor inclines to the freezing theory. We can only give now his concluding words. He is referring to the distaste many will feel for his doctrines:—"Our interest, it seems to me, lies with so much of the past as may seem to guide our actions in the present, and to intensify our pious allegiance to the fathers who have gone before us, and the brethren who are with us; and our interest lies with so much of the future, as we may hope will be appreciably affected by our good actions now. Beyond that, as it seems to me, we do not know, and we ought not to care. Do I seem to say, 'Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die?' Far from it; on the contrary, I say, 'Let us take hands and help, for this day we are alive together.'" And this is the gospel according to Clifford.

We have dwelt upon this paper at some length, because the subject is of absorbing interest, especially in these transitional times; our references to the other portions of the number must, therefore, be brief. Mr. Morley concludes his monogram on "Diderot." As this instalment occupies twenty pages, any adequate account of it is out of the question. Of its ability there can be no question and, we may add, of its value. To those who shrink from the great Encyclopædist's Atheism, and can feel little of Mr. Morley's sympathy with him, it is a serviceable record, graphically and faithfully given, of the successive steps by which a man of distinguished ability—setting out with hatred for the Roman Church, may pass through the varied phases of doubt, until he lands at last in blank Atheism. One sentence quoted by the writer from Meister may be given, "When I recall Diderot, the immense variety of his ideas, the amazing multiplicity of his knowledge, the rapid flight, the warmth, the impetuous tumult of his imagination, all the charm and all the disorder of his conversation, I venture to liken his character to Nature herself as he used to conceive her—rich, fertile, abounding in germs of every sort, gentle and fierce, simple and majestic, worthy and sublime, without any dominating principle, without master and without a God."

Mr. Swinburne's poem, entitled "A Vision of Spring in Winter," is an exceedingly pleasing example of its author's peculiar style, but it is marred occasionally by affected forms of diction. Mr. Roberts's able paper on "The Poor

Law and the Peasantry," is a protest against the present system of out-door relief. He asserts that it "has had a most potent effect in keeping down the wages of the farm-labourer, in destroying his self-reliance and independence of character, in training him in the use of subterfuge and deceit, and in deadening, to an appalling extent, his natural affections." All these assertions are proved by facts of a most astonishing character, arranged in a series of sketches illustrating the habits, not of the born-pauper, but of the tolerably well-to-do labourer during his life from marriage to death

"Isaac Casaubon" is a very flattering criticism of the Rev. Mark Pattison's biography of the great scholar, the laborious annotator of Athenæus and Polybius. Mr. Pattison is principally, if not entirely, known to the general public, as the author of one of the ablest, and at the same time, least alarming of the celebrated "Essays and Reviews," entitled, "Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688–1750." The controversy over that collection of papers is almost forgotten; people have got far beyond their comparatively mild infusion of German rationalism, and the writer of the first of them is now Bishop of Exeter. We hear a great deal more about Mr. Pattison than Casaubon in Mr. Morison's paper. Perhaps this is as it should be, since Casaubon seems, in reality, to be only a peg on which an admirable style and a clear and vigorous insight into character and opinion have hung a finely-wrought product of their own.

Mr. Torrance's paper on "Tenant Right," is an elaborate account of its character, its divisions, and the distinction between them. Clearly the Duke of Richmond's bill, which leans to the landlord, and makes the succour permissive, finds no favour in the writer's eyes. Mr. Thornton, the well-known economist writes on "The Economical Definition of Wealth." His principal aim is to insist that wealth has two senses—in one of which it is confined to material wealth, and in the other, includes immaterial wealth. He shows that national wealth only consists of the former, and that many fallacies such as that national debts are parts of the national riches, and that an inflated currency is wealth, have arisen from not observing the distinction. The paper should be read, perhaps, more attentively on this side the water than on the other. We regret that we cannot find room for a notice of Mr. Lang's striking article on "Homer and his Critics." It is a fine specimen of what might be called slashing, but certainly is not offensive, criticism on Mr. Paley's recent attempt to out-do Wolf in Homeric criticism. The paper is well worth attentive perusal, and we commend it to all classical students.

The *Contemporary* opens with a contribution to the Gladstone controversy, entitled, "A Jesuit Father on Papal Infallibility." The work cited is only valuable for the facts and arguments it contains, since its author was expelled from the Order for its publication. Louis Maimbourg was a Jesuit, in Louis XIV's reign, of fifty-six years' standing. He had entered the order at the age of sixteen, for no other reason apparently than because his father had endowed the seminary of his native place. He appears to have been a theological free-lance, for he had assailed Calvinists and Jansenists, and then wound up with a fierce onslaught on the Ultramontanes. For writing his work on Papal Infallibility, Innocent XI. expelled him from the order. Mr. Baverstock, in the paper before us, adds no arguments of his own, but gives many copious extracts from Maimbourg's scarce work. They are extremely valuable for their strong array of facts against Infallibility, many of which are new to us, accustomed though we have been of late to see the precedents arrayed on both sides of the controversy.

Mr. Peter Bayne's paper on "The Covenanters, Charles II., and Argyle," is lengthy, but exceedingly interesting. As a matter of course, because it is a matter of patriotism, the writer sympathises strongly with "the persecuted remnant." But he is not blind to their faults, which he exposes freely. He even apologises for Charles's breach of his oath in favour of the Covenant, on the ground of his youth at the time the oath was taken He eulogises the Westminster Assembly, and regrets that Presbyterianism was not firmly established in England. Perhaps, from a national bias, of which we do not seriously complain, he gives more credit to his countrymen in the fight with the First Charles, than is their due. He defends the "sale" of the first Charles to the Parliament on the ground that the money was a debt which ought to have been paid long ago, and that it was by chance that its payment and the giving up of Charles occurred at the same time. We should like to ask Mr. Bayne one question, which will shed light on the matter:—Suppose A owes B a large sum of money, and B despairs of getting it, finally accepting a note, which is discounted at a heavy rate; does it matter much whether the shave is a deduction from the face value of the note, or the surrender of the person of a king?

Of Professor Whitney, of Yale, we have heard before, as the author of much intemperate criticism in a work reviewed in our pages more than a year ago—"Oriental and Linguistic Studies." In that volume he assailed, with almost personal rancour, Prof. Max Müller's Vedic History and his works on Language, and also the works of Schleicher and Steinthal. His present paper, "Are Languages Institutions?" is, as far as the first part is concerned, a tolerably good-tempered argument in favour of a theory of language. But in the second, he launches out in the old style of peevish and petulant criticism against the Oxford professor, partly because he has ignored the Yale profes-

sor, and partly because he has opposed his theory without studying his books.

Mr. Davies's genial and appreciative paper on "Thomas Love Peacock," chiefly known as a memorialist of Shelley, will certainly have the effect he designs of inducing many to read the now collected edition of that writer's works. The specimens and general sketches given of "Headlong Hall," "Crochet Castle," "Nightmare Abbey," "Maid Marian," and finally "Gryll Grange," disclose a fund of delicate humour and a wealth of description, both of character and scenery, certainly unique of their kind. The author's classical and fastidious taste had chastened his style to a degree of refinement we look for in vain, as the writer says, "in Sterne, in Swift, or even in Fielding." Mr. St.George Mivart's paper, on "Instinct and Reason," is another that we regret being unable to favour with a lengthened notice. Like Dr. Carpenter, he believes that there is an impassable gulf fixed between instinct and reason, and this he essays to prove from the side of instinct. We need not inform those who have read "The Genesis of Species," that Mr. Mivart is not a Darwinian.

The Earl of Pembroke contributes a short paper on "The Bogeys of the Day." They are such as these: the irreconciliable difference between the logical doctrine of fatalism and the conscious conviction of free-will, and between the hard doctrines of political economy and the natural instinct of benevolence. He complains that these "Bogeys" and others are reducing every thing to uncertainty, paralyzing action and making life miserable. Mr. Julian Hawthorne continues his graphic, but miserably cynical "Saxon Studies,"—the current instalment being on, "Dresden Diversions." The sketch on the Dresden Gallery is finely drawn, but the caricature is too broad. Diogenes speaks, and we hear the echo of the tub. The description of the various dancing establishments, and the strange student-duel at the end are all good, especially the episode of Anna. What we cannot understand is why Mr. Hawthorne should tax the Saxons with faults he may just as well tax the English with, and, to a much greater degree, his own countrymen. Such are the inspection of art galleries by the vulgar and listless; the discomforts of a crowded and heated ball-room, and strangest of all, the wearing of evening dress by the solo singers at an oratorio. He carries us through the performers in "The Creation," and ridicules their dress. Surely he would not have Adam and Eve in the costume of Eden, and as for the supernatural *personæ*, they could not be represented adequately by humanity at all, or in any dress of man's devising.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA. By A. W. Kinglake. Vol. III. New York: Harper Brothers; Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

The day has come—a day which twenty, or fifteen years ago, not one Englishman in a thousand but would have thought it disloyal as well as foolish to expect—when the national mind has succumbed to a pretty general conviction that the Russian war was, to say the least, a mistake. The machinations by which England was made to play the cat for somebody's else's hot chestnuts, the subtle political schemes which brought about hostilities, the mania, carefully fostered and sedulously developed, which seized upon the English public, the "blood and thunder" declamations of the press—all these things we have now learnt to understand, and to see calmly in the same light as bystanders saw them, when our own heads were turned, our wits had strayed far off, and our habitual cold prudence was warmed up to fever heat. Although, however, we may not feel perfectly satisfied now with the policy adopted by our rulers, or the exhibition which, as a people, we made of ourselves twenty years ago, our interest in the events of the war is but little slackened, and the appreciative pride with which we read and think of the brave deeds of arms of which the Crimea was the scene, is as genuine as ever. The third volume, long waited for, of Mr. Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea," is very welcome, even after so long an interval as that which separates it from its predecessor, and from the events of which it relates the history.

It is not for us to comment upon the delay which has occurred in sending this volume to press; but, whatever the reason may have been, the result is that we obtain a most gra-

phic description, a most accurate analysis, a most careful compilation and weighing of the incidents of that which is at the same time one of the most wonderful, and one of the most muddled of modern battles. Inkerman has always been described as preeminently the battle of the private soldier; and Mr. Kinglake makes us fully to understand how singularly appropriate is that definition. If one rises from the reading of this volume with the conviction that a French or Prussian General would probably have adopted tactics very different from the plan of action carried out by General Pennefather, still we cannot but feel confident that neither French nor Prussian soldiers, nor any other soldiers in the world, would, considering the odds against them, have remained in undisputed possession of the Inkerman heights at two o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, November 5th, 1854. Those of us who followed, with the intense interest of contemporary eye-witnesses, the struggle in the Crimea necessarily had impressed upon their minds a more or less vivid and accurate idea of the lie of those bleak uplands of the Chersonese, on which the attention of Europe was for so many months riveted; but we are confident that the younger generation, whose acquaintance with the battles of 1854-55, is more general than particular, will be easily able intelligently to comphehend all the features of the most complicated of modern battles, if it once gets interested in this "Inkerman volume." Taking up the narrative of the war, where his previous volumes had left it, Mr. Kinglake shews us first the danger which still menaced all the allied right from the sea to the works opposite the Malakoff, on the morrow of the fight of Balaclava, and gives us the details of the attack, sometimes called the battle of the Lesser Inkerman, for which on the 26th of October, the Russian leaders utilized the enthusiasm which had been evoked in their army by the somewhat highly drawn accounts, which had circulated in the garrison, of the losses suffered by the English on the previous day. The attack which Colonel Federoff led against the now celebrated Inkerman Heights, was made partly as a reconnaissance, with a view to future movements on the same ground, and partly to prevent the English from supposing that their foes were disheartened by the result of the previous day's fighting. This encounter, which has been so eclipsed by the greater fight of ten days later as to have been almost forgotten, was exceedingly interesting, theoretically and practically, both as shewing the successful carrying out of tactics diametrically the opposite of those also successfully adopted in the subsequent battle, and as giving to the individual English soldier that confidence in himself, and that contempt for his adversaries which alone carried him through the "Gunpowder Day," which was so soon to test his powers. When the pickets of the 2nd Division began to give way before the overwhelming masses which Col. Federoff moved against them, Sir De Lacy Evans refused to support them. "Not a man," was his decisive reply to an urgent appeal by a staff officer for leave to throw forward a battalion. Knowing the strength of his own position, and the superiority of his artillery, he declined to waste his men in a useless attempt to stop the enemy's advance; but when his pickets had fallen back in obedience to orders, and the Russian exultingly threw forward his columns in support of his first line, Evans opened upon the masses with his well-posted artillery, and crushed the advance at once, and in a few minutes completed their discomfiture. There was, as Kinglake says, "an easy and masterful grace in Evans's way of repulsing his assailants, which could not but give confidence to his troops;" but before Guy Fawkes' day was ushered in by Russian musketry, Sir De Lacy was invalided on board ship, and General Pennefather commanded on the heights of Inkerman.

Now Pennefather's idea of the best plan for defending the lines entrusted to him, was the very reverse of Evans's, and consisted simply in contesting the ground inch by inch. As depicted by Kinglake, we see in him the fit leader and typical representative of the English fighting soldier. "Being of such temperament as to become quickly heated in battle by his inborn passion for fighting, he inclined to dispute with the enemy for every step of ground, and so to keep the strife raging, however unequally, on ground more or less in advance of his own heights. * * Fired by the sight of the incipient battle) and enchanted with the evident tenacity of resistance, Pennefather began to push forward little bodies of troops in order—for so he expressed it—to feed the pickets." And the pursuance of this policy resulted in all his division, and many other battalions besides, being scattered over the plateau, fighting independent fights, executing charge after charge with the bayonet, and displaying an amount of individual prowess and heroism, such as has rarely been equalled. Whilst delineating and lovingly dwelling on several of the most conspicuous instances of personal bravery and heroic devotion, which characterized the fighting during the early hours of that raw misty November morning, Kinglake does not hesitate to expose the mistakes which seem to have been made. The greater part of our loss was sustained on the obstinate defence of a spur of land and a trifling breast-work, the possession of which was of not the slightest real importance to the issue of the day. The regimental officers and the men were all impressed with the belief that the little bank known as the Sandbag Battery, was a thing to be defended at all hazards and against all odds, whereas it really lay out of the direct line of attack and

defence. It was in this direction that the Guards drifted; it was down the ravine on this side, that they poured in that reckless pursuit of the flying enemy, and it was while watching this fatal little Battery that the Duke of Cambridge and the colours were all but cut off by a Russian column. It is impossible, without making long extracts, to give a fair idea of Mr. Kinglake's style, or to bring home to our readers, his graphic sketches of thrilling incidents; nor without going into detailed and lengthy criticism, can we thoroughly review his volume. We must content ourselves with advising every one to read it; and cold indeed must that man's temperament be, whose pulse does not beat more quickly, when he reads of actions like Lieut. Miller's charge in front of his guns; of Hugh Clifford, followed by a score of men, riding straight at a dense column of the enemy; of Burnaby's gallant fight on the Ledgeway, and of scores of other instances of personal heroism, with which these pages are rife. The days are over when it was thought necessary to sacrifice truth to the exigency of maintaining international *entente cordiale*, and Kinglake deals very frankly with the shortcomings of the French on that memorable day. In one or two instances he seems to betray a little unnecessary feeling, but it cannot be denied that the assistance, valuable as it was, which was given by Canrobert, was given in a hesitating and unsatisfactory manner. The brunt of the fighting fell entirely on the English, and one cannot but feel that the dearly won victory might have been turned to better account, had the supreme power been vested in one man's hands, and that man the English General.

We will only say in conclusion, that this volume is plentifully furnished with maps, illustrating each phase of the ever-varying contest, and that as the writing is vigorous, terse and graphic, so the reading is easy, agreeable, and intensely exciting.

THE MAID OF KILLEENA AND OTHER STORIES. By William Black. Harper & Brothers.

Although George McDonald and William Black have some points in common, such as their power of vivid word-painting, and their love for the pale glories of northern sea and sky and the primitive simplicity of northern life and language, they are a striking contrast in some other respects. While George Macdonald's works are full of a sense of the problems that touch the inner, spiritual life of man, Mr. Black seems quite contented with the outward beauty of a transient life, without any seeming recognition of its spiritual counterpart, of an unkown goal, or of the spiritual aspirations and yearnings and problems which, in this age, one would think, could hardly fail to touch the most careless thinker. To judge by his late stories, he seems quite satisfied with the mere sensuous enjoyment of nature and life, without troubling himself about the purposes which our life here may be working out. But the volume of stories published under the above title, is a degeneration even from the not too highly pitched strain of his other works. Any one who expects to find in "The Maid of Killeena" a repetition of the fascinating and beautiful story of the "Princess of Thule," will be disappointed; for though it carries us again to those northern seas and grey islands among which the steamer *Clansman* pursues her way —and we even hear the familiar name of our friend Sheila Mackenzie—the story, which begins well, seems to come to a premature end, and gives the impression of being fragmentary and unfinished. One is tempted to think that it was intended to be worked out on a larger plan, but for some reason or other, was cut short. Still, as far as it goes, it is a pretty pastoral story of the primitive life of the grey north. But the other stories of which the volume is composed are so slight—not to say trashy—as to be quite unworthy of Mr. Black's reputation. They are evidently mere magazine stories—*pot-boilers*, as painters call pictures painted merely for sale. Though some of our old friends of the "English Phæton" are resuscitated to figure in them, and though the descriptions are of course pretty, even these merits cannot overcome the strong sense of defect. They are barely *entertaining*, and sometimes not even that. And the tendency to exaggeration, which rather spoils some of his other stories as pictures from life, grows here absolutely tiresome. Certainly, unless Mr. Black is more careful to maintain the success he has already won, by worthier work than this, even his great pictorial gifts will not give him a place among the writers who will live.

English Statesmen is the initial volume of a series of "Brief Biographies," Edited by Mr. T. W. HIGGINSON, (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS), which is intended to meet the popular clamour for biographical and personal gossip regarding the leaders of political action in England and on the Continent. The issue before us contains the portraiture of a group of prominent English Statesmen, both Liberals and Conservatives, presented in a graphic, chatty, way, and conveying much interesting information, useful to political students, and the general reader. Though the series will consist largely of compilations, still the present volume gives promise of containing many facts which one cannot easily lay one's hand upon when the information is wanted, and that in a handy and popular form. The volume is handsomely issued,

and is supplied with that indispensable requisite, an ample index.

Amongst the most gratifying evidences of the growth of a national spirit and sentiment in Canada, is the character and variety of the literature it has recently evoked. True, it has but found expression in the form of articles written for the newspapers, in material issued in pamphlet form, and in contributions to this magazine. Still, these have been so numerous of late, so patriotic, and so full of the promise of the future, that their appearance may be hailed as indicating the dawn of a new and more robust era in the national life of the country. Whether, besides its extent, its tone, and its promise, it has other acceptable features, we shall not dare to say. Doubtless much of it is crude theory, and "vain imaginings." But it is something gained to have their subjects discussed, and to find a public opinion formed in regard to them. Notable among the topics to which attention has been recently directed, are the questions of National Defence, and the Relations to the Mother Country. Both of these topics have formed the burden of innumerable *brochures.* The latest to hand, in the former subject, is a volume by Capt. R. J. Wicksteed, of Ottawa, on "The Canadian Militia," and in the latter, Mr. Wm. Norris's pamphlet on "The Canadian Question." We have no space at command to notice either at any length, though their subjects call for much and deliberate thought. The question of Canadian defence, has always been governed by considerations of its expense. How far it may be safe now to allow mere monetary considerations to have weight with us against the necessity for organization, preparedness, and the ability to defend our territory from aggression, may be questioned. Trade and commerce, in these material times, it is true, exercise no little influence in favour of international amity and concord, but, in assuming the responsibilities, and urging recognition of our national manhood, is it well that we should wholly neglect those provisions which best secure to us the rights and privileges that manhood confers? Capt. Wicksteed deals very exhaustively with his subject, though he states some unpleasant, but we fear credible, facts in regard to the state of our Militia force which it will be well for the Government to take cognizance of. There is too much reason to fear that the amount annually expended on our Militia —not too much for an effective and adequate system of defence—is, considering the results hitherto achieved, a reckless and useless waste of money. Who may be responsible for this— whether, as the author hints, it is the Horse Guards' appointees to whom we have been too much in the habit of giving control of our Militia affairs in the past, or not—is a matter of no present concern. The subject, however, should now be actively and intelligibly grappled with; and an efficient, yet inexpensive system should not be above Canadian talent to originate, or departmental administration to maintain. Mr. Norris' subject, on the other hand, is one, which is not so easy to deal with, though its present discussion is not so much a matter of immediate concern to the country. The author, it must be acknowledged, makes out a good case for Independence, and his pamphlet throughout is exhaustive, thoughtful, and able. No one, whatever may be his own views or sentiments in regard to the question, should be deterred from reading those of Mr. Norris. The perusal of the pamphlet will give him a more intelligent idea of the arguments in favour of a separate national existence for Canada—than he is likely to get from any other source. But our own conviction is that there is quite time enough to think of a change in the direction Mr. Norris indicates; and those who may be disturbed by agitations on this question, such as Mr. Norris's, will do well to read Mr. Drummond's paper in the present number on our relations with the Empire. Mr. Norris' contribution to the literature of the subject is nevertheless a service to the country, for which we give him our individual thanks.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE performance by the Philharmonic Society of the Dramatic Cantata *Fridolin* is an incident in the social history of Canada, which has not been recognised in its full significance; it is clear that the managers of that body are in advance both of the press and public. We have no [illegible]r of being corrected in stating that no musical enterprise was ever entered upon, on this continent, comparable with this performance, as a test of the executive ability of a musical society; and that our amateurs passed triumphantly through so severe an ordeal, is a demonstration that the common reproach of a colony, defective art culture, cannot justly be levied against the Western Capital of the Dominion. We have not space here to discuss the relation of art to social life, as an element of "sweetness and light," but we

may remark, *en passant*, that in a community like ours, in which a strong feeling exists in a large class against the stage, it is a happy circumstance to find opportunities provided, such as are the mission of the Philharmonic Society to create, for those enjoyments which are at once artistically educating, unobjectionable, and appreciable by all classes. Music, even more surely than sleep, "knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care," and more, it protects the religious sentiment, from degenerating into a morbid, gloomy fanaticism, the strain of which is so galling on socioty as to tend to excite a violent detestation of the religion which is caricatured by so unsocial a spirit. As a stimulant of art culture, as a provider of delightful entertainments, the Philharmonic Society is worthy of most liberal support, but he is a novice in "social science" who does not recognise in it a healthy feature in our civilisation. The rendering of *Fridolin* was then a crucial experiment for such a body, having accomplished that work, a work wholly new, wholly without traditions, and to the executants wholly without memoric aids, the Society may proudly claim to rank with the choral organizations of the old country. The Cantata is based on Schiller's well-known romance "Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer," which has been adapted to musical forms by Madame Rudersdorff, the eminent dramatic vocalist. The libretto is a masterpiece of arrangement, while the precision, variety, and vigour of the versification reveal the authoress to be as gifted an artist with her pen as with her voice.

The subject had been already treated by Mr. Frank Mori and Mr. Romer, but it was reserved for the author of "Ben è riducolo" and "I Naviganti," to give the poem a musical interpretation worthy the genius of Schiller.

Fridolin was composed by Signor Randegger for and produced at the Birmingham Triennial Festival, on August 28th, 1873. The audience was the largest ever known at these Festivals, the number present being 2,425, and the recepts $8,030 at the one performance. We commend these facts to those who indulged in carping and cynical pseudo-criticisms of the cantata when given here, and the facts are the more weighty when it is remembered that these Festival audiences are made up of professional musicians and connoisseurs from all parts of Great Britain and the continent, who greeted the composer at its close "with loud and enthusiastic applause, in which the band and chorus heartily joined." We have had placed in our hands a copy of every criticism which has yet appeared on this work, and the verdict of the first audience is without exception cordially supported—with the exception of our local ones, which are in the unlucky position of running counter to the judgment of the most cultivated musical circles and best critics of Europe.

Our readers need not to be reminded that this story relates how Fridolin and Hubert are pages to a Countess, the latter being an Iago in nature, who loves his mistress, and accuses his fellow to the Count, in order to get him away. The Count arranges for Fridolin's death, by instructing his peasant-smiths to cast into their furnace the bearer of a certain message, which is carried by Fridolin, but delayed delivery by his piety leading him to stay on the road to engage in prayer. His enemy, eager to hear his fate, passes him on the road and unwittingly delivers the fatal message and is cremated, the plot ending with the triumph of innocence in the person of Fridolin, and the death of the wicked—Hubert, the Iago of the story, meeting the fate of Haman. The music ranges from idyllic simplicity, up through the whole gamut of the passions; from the delicate harmony appropriate to a chorus of maidens, to the boisterous glee of revellers at a village feast; and from the roystering shouts of hunters in the chase to the noisier clamour of forgemen dragging a victim to the flames; against all which is set as a contrast, the chanting of worshippers and the solemn peals of the organ at vesper service. The solos are beyond the range of most amateurs, one especially, a *larghetto*, 3-4 in A flat, and *andante* 9-8 in the same key, demanding a dramatic expression and delicacy of execution, which can only be given by artists of the highest culture. That Mrs. Granger Dow succeeded in this so admirably, as throughout the Cantata, is attributable, as she herself will allow, to the privilege she had of Madame Rudersdorff's special assistance in interpreting the difficult role of the Countess. The Hunting Chorus, "Hark the horn, &c.," (in D major) was encored when first heard, as it was here, a compliment, however, very rarely granted at the Birmingham Festivals, and although somewhat reminding in its character of other descriptive chase scenes, is arranged with such great skill, and is so brilliant in the instrumentation, as to merit the highest ecomiums which it has so largely received. We were much pleased with a duet for the Countess and Fridolin, "Above yon sun," the andante movement of which is a canon in the octave, written with scholarly skill and taste, so flowing indeed as not to display the formality of its construction.

The chorus "Gift of Demons," descriptive of a smithy where some forgemen are drinking and shouting, while the anvils of others are ringing with blows, while the forge fires hiss and roar, and the pleadings of Hubert, who is to be cast into the furnace, tip as it were all this tumult of noises with the glare of a despairing shriek for mercy, is a most able specimen of picture music. That it bears some traces of the composer's memory of the chorus, "*Come with torches*," from the *Walpurgis night*, and the finale to *Lorely*, is no depreciation of Sig-

nor Randegger's work, which is scored with masterly skill and richness, the whole effect being highly picturesque and dramatic.

We hope ere long to hear Fridolin again, and next time we trust it may be in the new Music Hall, which is projected. The parts of the Count and Fridolin were taken by Messrs. Baird and Simpson, of New York, and Hubert by Mr. Murray Scott, all of whom sang with the care and zeal of true artists in their respective *roles*.

The local orchestra was supplemented by the Beethoven Quintette Club, of Boston, just as those of the local societies in England are *assisted always* at Concerts by artists from London and elsewhere, the notion that only local talent must be employed being altogether too absurd to be entertained for a moment by any who are experienced in the management of such organizations. We repeat that the performance of Fridolin is a triumph for the Philharmonic Society, and its skilful and much esteemed Conductor, Mr. Torrington, who may boast, with ample reason, that he has a Chorus without a rival on this side the Atlantic, and an orchestra certainly without its equal in the Dominion.

In some respects the advent here of Mrs. Rousby, following so closely upon that of Miss Neilson, and appearing in so many of the characters represented by the latter was unfortunate. So great was the triumph of Miss Neilson, and so thoroughly had she won the hearts of the people that even a great actress, which Mrs. Rousby undoubtedly is, placed herself at very apparent disadvantage in appearing when she did. As a consequence of this, criticism was keener, and contrasts were more readily suggested, and perhaps made a little more invidious to the new comer than might otherwise have been the case—though many of these contrasts were unfairly and thoughtlessly drawn. Comparisons drawn between the two actresses, in any case, seems to us futile ; for a dispassionate critic must have seen, with many parallels of merit, much that was superior in the one to the other as he must have seen the reverse.

We do not, of course place Mrs. Rousby upon the same pedestal of eminence as Miss Neilson, but we have no sympathy with those who would decry her abilities and histrionic talent, and deny her the high place in the dramatic firmament which her genius entitles her to claim. Naturally the two are unlike ; and Miss Neilson has the advantage of her rival in the possession of a more lengthened experience of the stage, and the opportunities for art-education which that length of service has given her. Miss Neilson, too, is more adaptive, more of the student of her profession, and moreover, has more of the winning grace and arts that tell with an audience than her sister artiste is gifted with. But, on the other hand, Mrs. Rousby, in our opinion, is the finer type of true English womanhood ; she has a more rega presence ; and in some representations, her ideal of the character is loftier and truer, and the result more satisfying than that of Miss Neilson. Her acting, though it has not the varied scope of Miss Neilson, yet, is equally painstaking and nearly as perfect. In Historical pieces, where, as in "'Twixt Axe and Crown," she assumes the *role* of a Queen, or a Princess, the representation is superb ; and the seeming inflexbility of her manner adds to the dignity and *empressement* of her acting. In naturalness, moreover, she has the advantage of her senior in the profession ; and in such plays as "The Hunchback" and "The Lady of Lyons," we cannot imagine a more satisfactory conception of the character she assumes in these. In comedy, it must be admitted, however, she falls behind Miss Neilson ; still it ought not to be forgotten that the representation of Rosalind, in "As You Like It," of that lady is a perfection of acting, which we conceive to be quite unapproachable.

But Mrs. Rousby achieved a legitimate triumph here, and though coming a stranger to Toronto boards, before her short engagement was half fulfilled she had won a high place in public favour, and when the closing night came she was received with such enthusiasm as not only marked the signal success of her engagement, but was a proof of the high rank in her profession with which the lady is deservedly credited. We have but space at our disposal to say a word of Mr. Barnes who acted with Mrs. Rousby as he did with Miss Neilson. That gentleman's acting gave evidence of much improvement, and was more finished and impassioned than it had been on his first appearance. We were glad to notice the successive extensions of his engagement, and would be pleased to find him retained here on the stock company of the Opera House, if that were possible. The addition of an actor of his parts, and possessing the bearing and instincts of a gentleman, which characterizes Mr. Barnes, would be a marked gain to the house.

The appearance of such actresses as Miss Neilson and Mrs. Rousby on the boards of a Toronto theatre, not only marks, as we said last month with reference to the former of these artistes, a distinctive phase in the social transition of the city from a provincial town to a metropolis, but also indicates the existence of a recognised intellectual demand for dramatic performances of the highest class, on the part of its inhabitants, which is equally gratifying. The enterprise which has characterised the management of the Grand Opera House since its opening night, in procuring such stars as have appeared on its boards, is as signal as that enterprise has, on the whole, been whole-

some and elevating. Mrs. Morrison may, therefore, at the close of the first winter's season, felicitate herself upon the result, in so far, at least, as having amply satisfied her patrons; and we trust that, financially, she is in a position to congratulate herself and the stockholders that their expectations have been realized, and satisfactory return netted as the deserving reward of their labour and investment. One thing has been achieved, and that patent to every on-looker, and it is a result which the management may pride themselves upon, were there no other feature of success, and that is that the Grand Opera House has thoroughly established itself in the good favour of the community, and won a distinctive claim for patronage that will place it, both in public favour and fashion, above that of any competitor, and this is, of itself, a substantial gain in the past, as it is a hopeful criterion of success in the future.

LITERARY NOTES.

A cheaper edition, (price $2.00) of the admirable "History of the English People," by the Examiner in the School of Modern History, Oxford, Mr. T. R. Green, M. A., has appeared and is having an immense sale on both sides of the Atlantic. The critics are awarding the work the highest praise. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says of it, "We know of no record of the whole drama of English history to be compared with it. We know of none that is so distinctly a work of genius. * * * There is a freshness and originality breathing from one end to the other, a charm of style, and a power, both narrative and descriptive, which lifts it altogether out of the class of books to which at first sight it might seem to belong. The range, too, of the subject, and the capacity which the writer shows of dealing with so many different sides of English history, witness of powers of no common order. Mr. Green has also made himself thoroughly master both of original authorities, and of their modern interpreters."

A reprint of Mr. Leslie Stephens's "Hours in a Library"—a volume of critical essays upon the novelists, Richardson, De Foe, Scott, Balzac, and other writers—has appeared. A re-issue has also been published of Mr. W. F. Rae's Translations from the *Causeries du Lundi* of M. Sainte-Beuve, embracing the following subjects:—Mary, Queen of Scots, Lord Chesterfield, Benjamin Franklin, Edward Gibbon, Cowper, Pope, &c.

A volume of reminiscences of Macready, the actor, with selections from his diaries, has appeared, under the editorial supervision of Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart., one of his executors. It is issued from the press of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., London, who have also published a moderate priced reprint for the American and Canadian market. Few more successful books of dramatic gossip have been issued than the delightful memoir of Charles Mayne Young, issued by the same firm, and doubtless that of Macready will be as favourably received.

Translations of two works of Prof. Ernst Hæckel are announced, one on "The History of the Evolution of Man," and the other, his important work on "The History of Creation." The latter is a popular account of the development of the Earth and its inhabitants, according to the theories of Kant, Laplace, Lamarck, and Darwin.

The forthcoming volume of the International Scientific Series is announced as—a work on "Money, and the Mechanism of Exchange," by Prof. W. Stanley Jevons. A treatise on "Fungi; their nature, influences, uses, &c.," by Dr. M. C. Cooke; "Optics," by Prof. Lommel; and "The Chemical Effects of Light and Photography, in their application to Art, Science and Industry," by Dr. Herman Vogel, are the new volumes just issued.

A new novel, by Mrs. Oliphant, entitled, "The Story of Valentine and his Brother," has just been reprinted by the Messrs. Harper. We understand that Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co. have just published another recent novel by the same authoress, bearing the title of "Whiteladies."

of peace, and proposing an exchange of prisoners. Owing to a misunderstanding which arose, this mission led to a controversy which Count Frontenac did not live to see the end of. Count Frontenac died, after a few days illness, at Quebec, on 28th November; his remains were interred in the Church of the Recollets, at Quebec. On the death of Count Frontenac, he was succeeded by M. Louis Hector de Callière, who was at that time commandant at Montreal.*

1700. M. de Fontenn sent by the King of France to report on the state of affairs in Acadia. He advised the king to abandon the forts on the river St. John, (at Nachouac and St. John) and to make Port Royal the headquarters of the government.—Captain John Alden, in a memorial addressed to his excellency the Earl of Bellamont, then governor of New York, claims the St. Croix River and Passamaquoddy Bay to be the boundary between the French and English possessions.—M. de Villebon,* governor of Acadia, died on 5th July. He was succeeded by M. de Bouillon.—The Governor, de Callière, sent a deputation composed of MM. Bruyas (a priest), de Maricourt, and Joncaire to the Cantons to confer with the Iroquois, and a kind of preliminary treaty was entered into at Montreal on 18th September.—Marguerite de Bourgeois, who founded the Convent de la Congregation (Black Nunnery) at Montreal, died at Montreal on 12th January, in the 80th year of her age.

1701. Towards the end of July, some fifteen hundred Indians assembled at Montreal, including Abenaquis, Hurons, Algonquins, Montagnais, and converted Iroquois, and a grand conference took place, which ended in the conclusion of a general peace on 4th August, 1701. Amongst those who came to attend this gathering, were Nicholas Perrot, and the famous chief Kondiaronk (Le Rat), who has been

* [The following paragraph and notes were inadvertently omitted under their proper dates. It has been thought well to give them place here before proceeding to the next century.]

1635. Christmas Day, 1635, was a dark day in the annals of New France. In a chamber of the fort at Quebec, breathless and cold, lay the hardy frame which war, the wilderness, and the sea had buffeted so long in vain. After two months and a half of illness, Champlain, at the age of sixty-eight, was dead. His last cares were for his colony, and the succour of its suffering families. Jesuits, officers, soldiers, traders, and the few settlers of Quebec, followed his remains to the Church; Le Jeune pronounced his eulogy, and the feeble community built a tomb in his honour.—*Francis Parkman.*

1660. This year should be ever memorable in the history of Canada for the noble act of self-devotion of Adam d'Aulac, Sieur des Ormeaux, and his sixteen brave companions, who met the Iroquois whilst descending the Ottawa on their way to attack the settlements at Montreal. D'Aulac had taken possession of a small palisade fort, and he and his companions, aided by a party of Hurons under Annahotaha (most of whom, however, deserted during the fight and joined the Iroquois) defended the post with such persistent vigor, that when d'Aulac and his companions had all been slain (save five Hurons who escaped to Montreal), the Iroquois, dismayed at their losses, returned home, sullen and dejected.

Note to 1666.—Many of the settlements on the St. Lawrence were named after the officers of the Carignan regiment—for instance, Berthier, Sorel, Chambly, Saint Ours, Contrecœur, Varennes, Vercheres. The greater part of this regiment remained in Canada. Seignories were granted to the officers, and they, in turn, gave lands to their men; and thus a chain of military settlements was formed between Quebec and Montreal.

* M. de Villebon is said, by some wriers, to have been one of the eleven sons of Charles le Moyne, first baron de Longueuil. This, however, can hardly be the case, as Mr. J. M. LeMoine, in "Maple Leaves," says the sons were de Longueuil (the younger), d'Iberville, de Maricourt, de Serigny, de Bienville, de Chateauguay, d'Assigny, Jean Baptiste (de Bienville), and Antoine de St. Helene, all, but one who died young, men of great mark who contributed largely to the advancement of their country.

styled "*an Indian only in name*" by those amongst the French who knew him best.—The Seminary of Quebec was destroyed by fire on the 15th November.—A fort was erected at Detroit this year.—The Earl of Bellamont, governor of New York, died at New York.

1702. King William III. died in March, and Queen Anne ascended the throne. On 4th May, war was declared by Great Britain, Germany, and Holland, against France and Spain.

1703. M. de Callière died at Quebec on 26th May. On the death of M. de Callière, the colonists petitioned the king to appoint as his successor, M. de Vaudreuil, then governor of Montreal, and his Majesty having been pleased to accede to this request, Philippe de Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil, became governor of Canada on 1st August, 1703. —Sir John Leake with an English fleet, destroyed three French men of war, and upwards of thirty merchantmen off the coast of Newfoundland.—A decree was issued at Versailles on 20th March, cancelling previous grants of lands in Nova Scotia, to the duke de Vendôme le Borgne, Latour and others, declaring Acadia reunited to the Royal Domain, and granting lands to Latour and others in lieu of those resumed by the Crown. —A conference was held by Governor Dudley, of Massachusetts, with the Indians of Acadia at Casco, where assurances of peace and friendship were mutually given, but, in less than two months, these same Indians attacked the English settlements all along the frontier, with their usual ferocity.—Francois de Laval de Montmorency, Abbé de Montigny, who was sent to Canada in 1659 to preside over the church in Canada, with the rank of Vicar Apostolic, and who subsequently became Bishop of Petrœa, and later first Bishop of Quebec, which dignity he resigned in 1688, died at Quebec at the advanced age of 86.*—M. de Beauharnois was appointed Royal Intendant in place of M. de Champigny.

1704. In May an expedition left Boston to scour the coasts of the Bay of Fundy and Basin of Mines, under Colonel Benjamin Church, who finished by landing at Beaubassin (Chignecto), which he destroyed.—Peregrine White, the first child born in the Plymouth Colony, died on 20th July, aged 83 years. His descendants are said to have removed with other loyalists to the County of Shelbourne, Nova Scotia. — The Bishop of Quebec, (Jean Baptiste de la Croix de St. Valier), whilst on his way from France to Canada in *La Seine*, a French frigate, was captured by the English, and carried a prisoner to England.

1707. The English Colonies sent a large force to attack Port Royal, (Annapolis), by sea and land ; the attack failed, but the beseiged, commanded by Subercase, assisted by de Castin, were very hard pressed, and had great difficulty in maintaining the place.

1708. Deerfield and Haverhill, in New England, were destroyed by an expedition from Canada, under de Chaillons and Hertel de Rouville, and many of the inhabitants were massacred.

* Francois Xavier de Laval-Montmorency, Abbé de Montigny, born at Laval, Maine, France, 23rd March, 1622—a descendant of the great Constable of France, Anne de Montmorency—trained under the immediate superintendence of Bernieres de Louvigny at the well-known "Hermitage" at Caen, was the man selected by le Jeune as a fit ruler for the Church in Canada, and the choice did credit to the sagacity of the learned Jesuit. Laval was a man born to rule ; his proud, imperious nature could brook no superior (and whilst in Canada he certainly never acknowledged one). He was consecrated Bishop of Petrœa, and appointed Vicar-Apostolic for Canada. M. de Laval was thus the first Bishop sent to Canada.

1709. St. John's, Newfoundland, captured by M. de St. Ovide, who commanded the French post at Placentia. Carbonnear was thus the only place in the Island still occupied by the British.

1710. The New England States again invested Port Royal, which, after holding out for about three weeks, capitulated on 16th October. The name of the place was then changed to Annapolis. Port Royal was defended on this occasion, as in 1707, by Subercase and the Baron de St. Castin; the English were under the command of Francis Nicholson, as general, with Colonel Vetch as adjutant-general. After the surrender, Vetch remained in command with a garrison of marines and New England volunteers.

1711. Sir Hovendon Walker sailed from Boston in command of a large fleet, and numerous transports, having on board 4,000 men, destined to operate against Canada, but owing to the damage sustained by the fleet by a heavy storm at sea, the expedition was abandoned, and General Nicholson, who had left New York at the head of an army intended to co-operate with Admiral Walker, returned to New York without firing a shot.

1712. A rumour having spread abroad that another attack was about to be made on Quebec, the merchants raised a subscription amounting to 50,000 crowns, which sum they presented to the Governor to aid him in his preparations of the defence of the city.—Michel Bégon de la Picardière became Intendant of Canada.

1713. On 11th April, 1713, a treaty of peace was signed at Utrecht, between Queen Anne and Louis XIV., by which the French King surrendered to Great Britain, all claim to Hudson's Bay, Acadia, (Nova Scotia), and Newfoundland. Cape Breton was still to belong to France. General Nicholson* was appointed Governor of Nova Scotia, and Colonel John Moody Governor of Newfoundland.

1714. Queen Anne died on 1st August, and was succeeded by George, Elector of Hanover, who became George I. of England.—M. de Mornay appointed coadjutor to the Bishop of Quebec. —M. de Vaudreuil went to France on leave of absence: M. de Ramezay administered the affairs of the colony during the absence of the governor.

1715. Louis XIV., King of France and Navarre, died 1st September, after a reign of over seventy years, having ascended the throne on the 14th May, 1643. He was succeeded by his grandson Louis XV., born 15th February, 1710.—Phillippe, duke of Orleans, became regent.

1716. M. de Vaudreuil returned to Canada.

1717. An edict was issued by the king on the 12th January, establishing a Court of Admiralty for Canada.—Benjamin Church, who had frequently commanded expeditions against the French settlements in Acadia, died, aged 78.—Colonel Richard Phillipps was appointed Governor of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland; his commission, however, bears date 9th July, 1719.

1718. Ginseng, (*Aralia quinquefolia*), was discovered in Canada by the Jesuit Lafitau. This plant has at times become a valuable export from

* Francis Nicholson who had been Lieutenant-Governor of New York, Virginia and Maryland in succession, and finally Governor in chief of Virginia, subsequently became Governor of Nova Scotia (1713), and South Carolina (1721). It is very doubtful if any other person ever filled the office of governor in so many different places.

Canada, but the distance of the only market (China), and the consequent uncertainty attending the trade, led to its abandonment.

1719. Colonel Gledhill was appointed lieutenant-governor of Placentia in place of Colonel Moody.

1720 Charlevoix visited Canada, and travelled as far as Lake St. Clair; from his glowing description of the climate, the scenery, and the attractions of Canadian society, he would seem to have been highly pleased with his visit.—The fortifications at Louisburg, Cape Breton, were completed at a cost of a million and a half sterling. Louisburg at this time traded largely in coal, fish and lumber with the West Indies.—Improvements were commenced in the fortifications at Montreal and Quebec, under the superintendence of M. Gaspard Chaussegros de Léry, the expense being defrayed by an assessment upon the inhabitants of the two cities. — Governor Phillipps* arrived from Boston at Annapolis Royal, in the middle of April.—Canso attacked and plundered by the Indians on 7th August; loss estimated at £20,000.

1721. Baron de St. Castin, who was recognized by the Abenaquis as their chief, was taken prisoner by an armed vessel from Boston. After being kept for several months in captivity, he was released on the urgent representations of M. de Vaudreuil. The capture of St. Castin was followed by an immediate attack on the New England settlements by the Abenaquis. The Jesuit Père Rasle was killed by the Americans in one of the attacks upon the Abenaquis. —Mails were regularly conveyed between Montreal and Quebec for the first time.

1722. Canada was divided, (with the assent of the duke of Orleans, then regent of France), into eighty-two parishes.—Governor Phillipps writes from Canso to the Board of Trade at Whitehall, that he has been drawn into a war with the Indians.

1723. The duke of Orleans, regent of France, died 22nd November.—As an indication of the great impetus which the long peace had given to the commerce of Canada, it is stated that nineteen vessels cleared from Quebec this year, and eight vessels (including two men-of-war), were built.

1725. Colonel Schuyler, and three deputies from New England, went to Montreal to treat for peace with the Indian chiefs then assembled in that city. The conferences were held under the auspices of M. de Vaudreuil.—The French man-of-war *Le Chameau*, having on board the new Intendant, M. de Chazel, M. de Louvigny, Governor of Three Rivers, and many officers, ecclesiastics and others, was wrecked at Cape Breton, and all on board lost.—M. de Mornay succeeded M. de St. Valier as Bishop of Quebec.—Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence Armstrong appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia on 8th February.—The long and successful administration of the first Marquis de Vaudreuil was terminated by his death on 10th October, an event which caused the deepest sorrow to the Canadians, by whom the marquis was held in the highest esteem. On the death of her husband, Madame de Vaudreuil returned to France.—M. Bégon, who had so ably filled the post of Intendant during the administration of M. de Vaudreuil, returned to France

* The Nova Scotia Archives, (published by the Record Commission, 1869), contain a number of letters from Governor Phillipps to the Right Honorable James Craggs, Secretary of State, in which the affairs of the colony are discussed with great minuteness.

on the death of the marquis.—M. Le Moyne, Baron de Longueuil, (a Canadian), Governor of Montreal, administered the affairs of the colony pending the appointment of a successor to M. de Vaudreuil.

1726. Charles, Marquis de Beauharnois, who had been appointed Governor of Canada on the death of the Marquis de Vaudreuil, arrived in Quebec, accompained by M. Dupuis, who (M. de Chazel who was first named having been lost on his passage to Canada), succeeded M. Bégon as Intendant.—A treaty of peace was made at Boston, (called Dummer's treaty) on 15th December, 1725, between the Indians of Nova Scotia and New England, and the governments of the New England States and Nova Scotia. This treaty was signed by the Nova Scotia Council and the Indian chiefs, at Annapolis, on 4th June, 1726.—John Doucett, Lieutenant-Governor of the fort at Annapolis, died on 19th November.

1727. King George I. died on Sunday, 11th June, and was succeeded by his son, George II.—Lieutenant Otho Hamilton was appointed secretary to the council in Nova Scotia on 28th July.

1728. David Dunbar, surveyor-general of His Majesty's woods in America, was, by commission from the Lords of the Treasury, dated Whitehall, May 9, 1728, appointed surveyor-general of His Majesty's lands within the Province of Nova Scotia, and to mark out and set apart, for masts and timber for the use of the Royal Navy, 200,000 acres.

1729. Governor Phillipps arrived at Annapolis Royal from England, (having spent some weeks at Canso on his way), on 20th November.

1731. Governor Phillipps left Annapolis for England on 27th August, 1731, to arrange certain affairs connected with the regiment of which he was colonel. Lieutenant-Governor Armstrong assumed the government on the departure of General Philipps.—The French erected a strong fort on Lake Champlain,* at a point afterwards known as Crown Point.

1733. M. Pierre Herman Dosquet, Bishop of Samos, coadjutor to the Bishop of Quebec, superseded M. de Mornay in the Bishopric of Quebec.

1734. Bishop Dosquet visited Canada, but returned to France the same year.

1736. Lieutenant-Governor Armstrong, writing from Annapolis in September, says that he has nine effective companies for the defence of Nova Scotia, and that there is one more company stationed at Placentia.—Colonel Gledhill, Lieutenant-Governor of Placentia, Newfoundland, died, and was succeeded by Major Henry Cope.

1737. Isaac Provender, a lad of ten or eleven years of age, was arrested for setting fire, on the 19th of April, to the house of his master, Lieutenant Amherst, at Annapolis ; the house and contents were entirely consumed. The case is mentioned as the deliberations of the Lieutenant-Governor (Armstrong) and his council shew with what care, even in the earliest days of the colony, justice was administered; the decision arrived at being, that as the boy was within the years of discretion, they could not proceed against him.—A commission was appointed by the Board of Trade to settle the boundaries between Massachusetts Bay and New Hampshire; the Nova Scotia members of the commission sailed for Hampton, where the commission was to sit, on 3rd July.

* Fort Frederic, so named in honor of Jean Frederic Phelippeaux, Count de Maurepas, at that time Minister of Marine.

1738. The Lieutenant-Governor and council of Nova Scotia appointed, by an order dated 13th January, four terms annually for the trial of causes, viz., the first Tuesday in March and May, and the last Tuesday in July and November. On 10th June, the council of Nova Scotia addressed a letter of remonstrance to Governor Phillipps (then in England), giving in detail a list of the reasons, which, in their opinion, hindered the advancement of the Province.

1739. On Thursday, 6th December, the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, Lieutenant-Colonel Armstrong,* was found dead in his bed, having five wounds in his breast, his sword lying carelessly by his side. An inquest was held on the 7th, and a verdict of lunacy rendered.—M. Pourray de l'Auberivière was appointed Bishop of Quebec.—On the death of Lieutenant-Governor Armstrong, the government of Nova Scotia was assumed by Mr. John Adams, the senior member of the council.

1740. M. de l'Auberivière, Bishop of Quebec, arrived in Quebec. An epidemic was raging at the time; he caught the infection, and died before he could take up his duties.—Lieutenant-Colonel Paul Mascarene was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia in succession to Lieutenant-Governor Armstrong. Colonel Mascerene was major of General Phillipps' regiment, and had been a member of the Nova Scotia council since 1720.—A formal declaration of war between Great Britian and Spain was made on 14th May at Annapolis.—A royal commission, dated 4th September, 1740, to mark out and settle the boundaries between the Provinces of Massachusetts Bay and the Colony of Rhode Island, was issued, and amongst the members of this commission were included five members of the council of Nova Scotia.

1741. M. Dubreuil de Pontbriant was nominated by Benedict XIV. to succeed M. de l'Auberivière, as Bishop of Quebec.

1742. Lieutenant-Colonel Cosby, who was lieutenant-colonel of General Phillipps regiment, and lieutenant-governor of the fort and garrison at Annapolis, died on 27th December.

1744. M. du Vivier, with a force from Louisburg, surprised and captured Canso on 13th May, carried the small garrison, seventy or eighty men, and the inhabitants to Louisburg. Canso was burned, and an English vessel in port captured.—A proclamation informing the inhabitants of the war between England and France, was published at Annapolis on 15th June.—The Indians attacked Annapolis on 1st July, and on 25th August were joined by Du Vivier with eight hundred men, chiefly Indians and militia. Aid was sent to Annapolis from time to time from Boston, and after failing in all his attempts to take the place, Du Vivier retired on 26th September.—War was declared tween Great Britain and France, by France on 15th March, and by Great Britain on 9th April. From this date such laws only were to have force in Canada, as were duly registered by the superior council at Quebec; hence the French *Code Marchand*, not having been registered, was not in force in Canada.—A shock of earthquake was felt at Quebec on the 16th May.

1745. An expedition for the conquest of Cape Breton, under command of Colonel William Pepperell, sailed from

* Lawrence Armstrong was Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment of General Phillipps, which had been stationed in Nova Scotia for many years. He was appointed a member of the first council of Nova Scotia, called by Governor Phillipps at Annapolis in 1720. He was appointed lieutenant-governor 8th February, 1725.

Nantasket on 24th March, and arrived at Canso on 4th April. The land forces numbered about four thousand men, being militia from New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut; the naval part of the expedition amounted to thirteen armed vessels, carrying two hundred guns. The principal officers who accompanied the force, were Colonel Pepperell, (with local rank of lieutenant-general), in command, Colonels Wolcott, (with local rank of major-general), Samuel Waldo, John Bradstreet, Jeremiah Moulton, Messervé, Gorham, Gridley, and Vaughan, and Captains (naval) Edward Tyng and Rouse. The expedition reached Louisburg on 30th April. On the 18th May, the *Vigilant*, a French ship-of-war of sixty-four guns, commanded by the Marquis de la Maisonforte, and having on board stores for the garrison, was captured by the *Mermaid*, belonging to the fleet of Commodore Warren, which, having followed the expedition to Canso, was then co-operating with the land forces. Louisburg capitulated on 15th June, and the British forces entered the town on the 17th. The garrison, comprising six hundred regular soldiers, and one thousand three hundred militia, together with the inhabitants, about two thousand, were sent to France. The news of the capture of Louisburg was received in London with great rejoicing. Pepperell was made a baronet, and Commodore Warren a rear admiral. Commissions as colonels in the regular service were issued to Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, and Pepperell.

1746. Jacques Pierre de Taffanell, Marquis de la Jonquière, Admiral of France, was appointed to succeed the Marquis de Beauharnois as Governor of Canada, but was taken prisioner (on his voyage from France to Canada), by the British fleet, under Admiral Anson, in action off Cape Finisterre on the 3rd May.—The New England troops, who had been in garrison at Louisburg since its capture in June, 1745, were relieved on 24th May by Fuller's and Warburton's regiments (with part of Frampton's), which had been despatched from England the previous autumn, and had wintered in Virginia. M. de Ramezay arrived at Beaubassin, from Quebec, in June, at the head of six hundred Canadians, with the intention of organizing an attack upon Annapolis. The duke d'Auville, who had command of the expedition despatched from Rochelle on 22nd June for the re-conquest of Cape Breton and Acadia, arrived at Chibouctou, Halifax, on 10th September, and died there on 17th. He was buried on a small island (said to be St. George's Island), at the entrance to the harbour. Vice-Admiral d'Estournelle, who commanded the fleet, desired to return to France, but his views not being acceptable to the council of war, called on the 18th September to determine the course to be pursued, he fell on his sword, and died the next day. The fleet soon afterwards encountered a storm off Cape Sable, and was dispersed, and so eventually returned to France—having suffered great loss by storms and sickness, without effecting anything. Troops were sent from Boston in December to the Basin of Mines, to assist in repelling the expected attack of de Ramezay. Colonel Noble commanded; the force numbered about four hundred and seventy men, and were quartered among the people at Grand Pré.

1747. On the capture of the Marquis de la Jonquière becoming known to the French Government, Roland Michel Barrin, Count de la Galisonnière, was appointed Governor, *ad interim*, and immediately sailed for Quebec, where he arrived on September 19th.—Madame Youville assumed charge of the Grey

Nunnery at Montreal.—M. de Bienville, under the instructions of the governor, defined the boundaries between the French and English possessions, and marked the line by sinking, at proper intervals, leaden plates bearing the Royal Arms of France.—An attack was made by the French, under command of M. Coulon de Villiers, before day-break, on 11th February, upon the English, under Colonel Noble, at Grand Pré (Horton). Colonel Noble was aroused from his sleep and killed, before he had time to dress; four other officers, and a number of men, variously estimated at from seventy to one hundred and forty, were killed, and some fifty or sixty taken prisoners; the remainder of the force, who were entrenched in a stone building, renewed the action the next day, but were compelled to capitulate, being allowed however, to retain their arms and ammunition on condition that they left for Annapolis in forty eight hours.

1748. A proclamation of Governor Shirley of Massachusetts,* dated 21st October, 1747, was received at Annapolis on 12th April, promising the king's protection to the loyal inhabitants of Nova Scotia, proscribing, by name, twelve persons who had been guilty of treason, and offering a reward for their apprehension.—A treaty of peace was signed by France and Great Britain at Aix-la-Chapelle, on 7th October, by which Cape Breton (Isle Royale) was restored to the French Crown. A sum of £235,749 sterling was voted by Parliament to the New England Colonies, to indemnify them for the expenses incurred in the conquest of Louisburg.—Francois Bigot appointed Intendant of Canada.

1749. The Marquis de la Jonquière, who had been set at liberty, sailed for Canada, and relieved the Count de la Galisonnière,* who returned to France, for which he sailed from Quebec on 24th September.—Kalm, the Swedish naturalist, visited Canada during this year.—Colonel the Honorable Edward Cornwallis † was gazetted as Governor of Nova Scotia on 9th May, and sailed on 14th. He reached Chebucto (now Halifax) on 21st June. A large number of settlers came out with Colonel Cornwallis, and early in July the first preparations were made for a permanent settlement. On 14th July the new council was sworn in, and general rejoicing took place. On 18th July, at a council held on board His Majesty's Ship *Beaufort*, the new settlement was named Halifax in honour of the Earl of Halifax,‡ then President of the Board of Trade.—The first trial for murder in Nova Scotia took place at Halifax. One Peter Carteet had stabbed the boatswain's mate of the *Beaufort* man-of-war, Abraham Goodside by name; juries were empanelled on 31st August,

* It may, at first sight, appear strange that a proclamation having reference to the affairs of Nova Scotia, should be issued by the Governor of Massachusetts, but it must be borne in mind, that the possession of Nova Scotia was altogether owing to the constant aid and support derived from the New England States.

* M. de la Galissonniere was charged in 1756 with an expedition to Minorca for the seige of Port Mahon; his fleet, on his return, was met by Admiral Byng's squadron, which he defeated. He died at Nemonis on 26th October, 1756, on his way to Fontainebleau, where Louis XV. then was.

† The Honourable Edward Cornwallis, was the son of Charles, third Baron Cornwallis; he was born in 1712. He was colonel of the 24th foot, was Member of Parliament for Eye in 1749, for Westminster in 1753, afterwards Governor of Gibraltar. His twin brother, Frederick, was Archbishop of Canterbury.

‡ George Dunk Montague, Earl of Halifax, was President of the Board of Trade in 1748, he was subsequently Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, a Lord of the Admiralty and Secre ary of State. Lord Halifax died in 1772, when, having no heirs male, the earldom expired.