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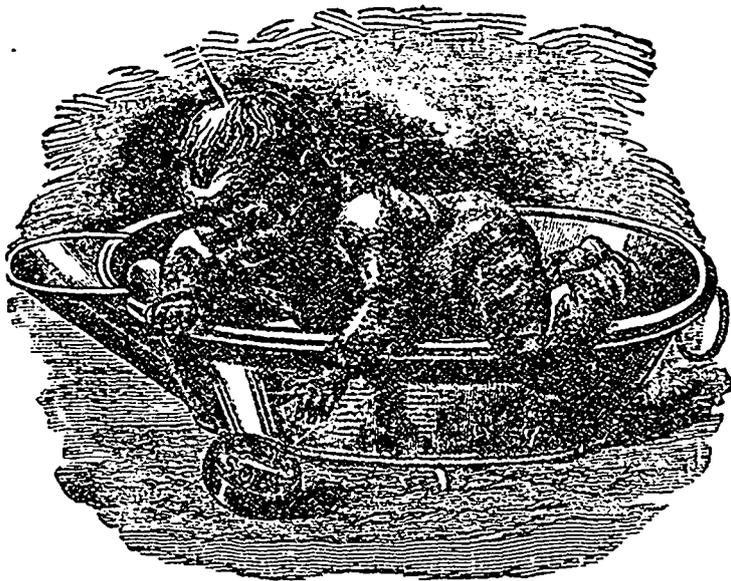
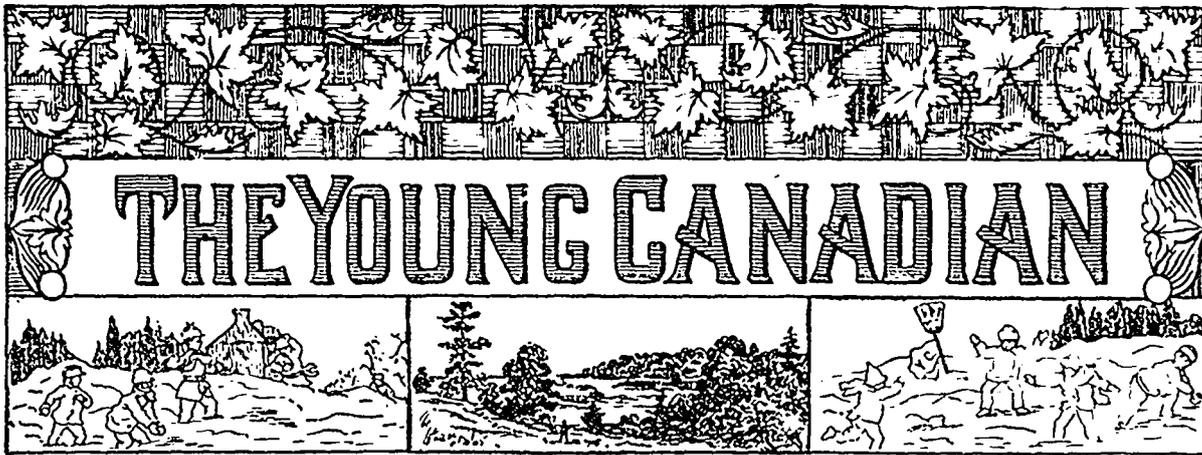
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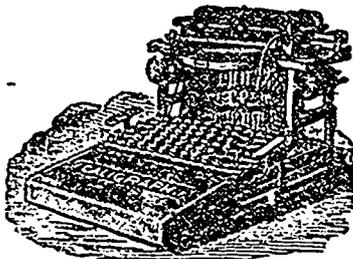
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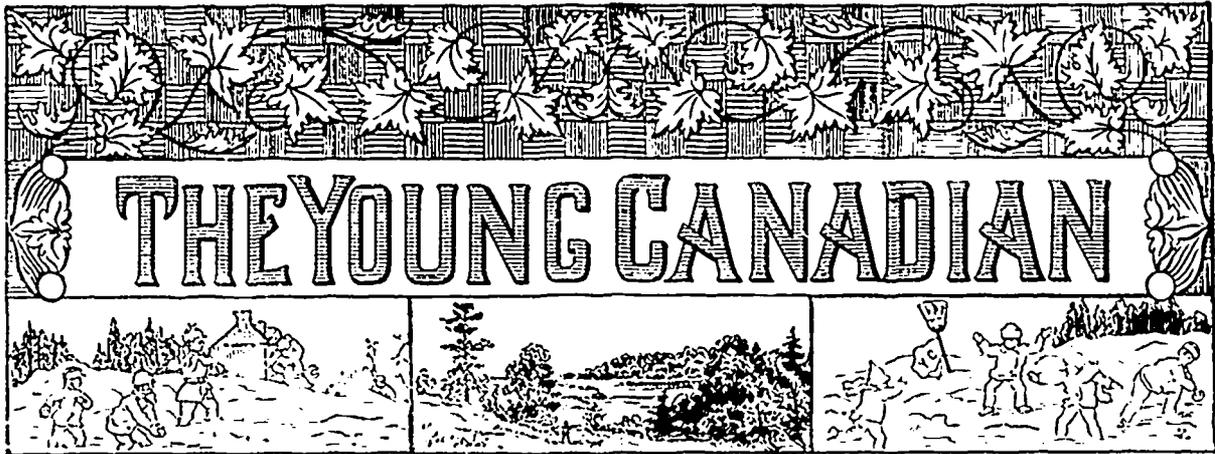
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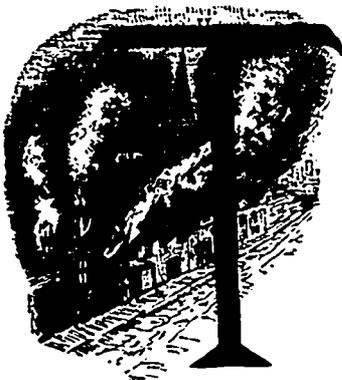
REBEL OR PATRIOT.

BY S. M. BAYLIS.

CHAPTER IV.

“I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano; a stage, where every man must play a part, and mine a sad one.”

—MERCHANT OF VENICE.



HE rising at St. Eustache in December following having been quenched in blood and fire, and the contingent of the captured already in jail having been further augmented by those taken prisoners at that affair with arms in

their hands, and by many others arrested on civil warrants, the government set about restoring quiet in the disturbed districts, and preparing for the trials of those indicted for treason. After months of weary waiting these took place before a court martial, resulting in a number being sentenced to transportation, eleven to execution, the remainder being acquitted.

The deepest sympathy was aroused on behalf of poor Raoul de Bienville, on account of his youth and high connections. The best legal talent was retained for his defence, and every effort made to secure his release, but without effect. The evidence was direct and over

whelming as to his active participation in the revolt; justice demanded her need of satisfaction; the bravest and best are needed for the sacrifice, and Raoul was numbered among those unfortunates whom fate had snatched from death on the field, and, denying even the soldier's consolation, reserved for them to drink the bitter cup on the scaffold of the common criminal.

Father Lebeau put forth strenuous efforts to secure a commutation of the sentence. Petitions for the exercise of the governor's clemency poured in from all quarters. The legal counsel engaged on the case, when all else failed, registered by petition a solemn protest against the judicial murder about to be committed. Evelyn presented herself in person before the Major General who presided at the court, begging him to use his influence in support of the petitions. Surprised at such a request coming from such a quarter, the bewildered officer deemed it his duty to lay the matter before his subordinate and associate in the court martial, Evelyn's father. A stormy interview followed. The stern parent, as the bitter truth dawned upon him, threatened to disown her as his daughter if the "traitor's" name was mentioned again.

"So be it, father," was her answer, "you cannot kill my love as you do its object, and, if my father forsake me, then I must fall back on the Lord's promise to take me up."

"Zounds' girl," he shouted, "what do you mean by

such canting talk? Is this my reward for leaving you so long in the hands of Popish women and meddling priests? Leave me before I forget myself and whip such school-girl nonsense out of you!"

Disheartened and in despair, the poor girl resolved to try one last appeal, and, sitting down to her little desk that had many a time borne the burden thrown from her heart to the paper that should tell it to some one else, she indited a pathetic appeal to the wife of the Governor, begging her motherly heart to open to the sorrow of the poor misguided youth whose life was so soon to be cut short, and asking at her hands the gift of that life that might mean so much to the writer.

All appeals, however, were of no effect, the stereotyped answer being returned in every case: "It was deeply regretted that the demands of justice could not, without danger to the public weal, be sacrificed to the claims of mistaken clemency."

Preparations were made for the final tragedy which, as if in bitter irony, was fixed for the 21st of December—that season commemorative of the birth of Him who came with messages of "peace and good-will to men." Father Lebeau, who had been in constant attendance on the young man, had persuaded him to grant an interview with Evelyn. He was at first loth to meet her.

"Why disturb me, father?" he said; "I have done with the world and its affairs; to see her would do me no good, and but uselessly agitate her."

The curé explained that as Miss Gordon wished it, and had been unremitting in her efforts to secure his release, her desire to say farewell might reasonably be granted.

With heavy heart, the following day, Father Lebeau led the trembling girl along the stone corridor of the jail, and, when the door of the condemned cell was flung open by the turnkey, he silently motioned her in, closed the door, and began pacing up and down the corridor until she should reappear.

Who shall attempt to pry into the scene being enacted behind that oaken door? If the solemnity of such a moment, when two souls, refined by such fiery trials, are parting on the verge of eternity, did not deter us, the bolts and bars and solid masonry shall stand as a barrier against an unhallowed curiosity that would commit such sacrilege.

The curé was almost weary with his lonely pacing of the echoing corridor, when, turning again in his walk, he was brought face to face with the girl standing motionless on the cold stones.

Was this the same Evelyn he had ushered into that cell such a short while ago? surely it was as to form and clothing, but that firm and exalted bearing, the face pale as a marble statue but illumined with a light that seemed an inspiration of some holy spirit breathing over it.



"ZOUNDS! GIRL, WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

In awe-struck tones the curé whispered, solemnly :
 "My child, you wear the look of one inspired by some
 high resolve, or as some sister who has just pronounced
 her vows in the holy sanctuary!"

"I have taken my vows, dear father. Here, in this
 strange cloister, I ask you to redeem your promise and
 help me to keep them. We will speak of this again.
 Come! let us go."



"WHY DISTURB ME, FATHER?"

"HERE, IN THIS STRANGE CLOISTER."

(To be continued.)

THE CANADIAN SONG SPARROW.

From the leafy maple ridges,
 From the thickets of the cedar,
 From the alders by the river,
 From the bending willow branches,
 From the hollows and the hillsides,
 Through the lone Canadian forest,
 Comes the melancholy music,
 Oft repeated,—never changing,—
 "All—is—vanity—vanity—vanity."

Where the farmer ploughs his furrow,
 Sowing seed with hope of harvest
 In the orchard white with blossom,
 In the early field of clover,
 Comes the little brown-clad singer,
 Flitting in and out of bushes,
 Hiding well behind the fences,
 Piping forth his song of sadness,—
 "Poor—hux—manity—manity—manity."

OUR YOUNG CANADIAN NATURAL HISTORY CLUBS.

 UNDER THE DIRECTION OF YOUNG CANADIANS.

How it came about was this. In the midst of all my work in starting our YOUNG CANADIAN, and in trying to make it worthy of our young readers, and of the support of their parents, so many topics accumulated on my table that eventually, after filling drawers full, and stuffing pigeon-holes, I resorted to the much more convenient plan of getting a large book, which I called my Suggestion Book. The topics got classified under different headings, and were entered accordingly on the page bearing at the edge the letter of the alphabet which corresponded to the principal word in the topic.

For example, under the letter

B,

there was put "Birds' Eggs," "Birds' Nests," "Habits of our Birds," "Birds' Songs," etc., etc., etc.; and every time I turned over that page I had the most delicious feeling of pleasure in anticipation, knowing well the lovely subjects and delightful surprises I should have in store for you all.

Under the same letter B, came also "Butterflies" and "Beetles," and a host of things like "Boats," "Bats," and others equally tempting. How my fingers fondled my book! How they groped out for my pen, impatient to dash into the subjects!

But they were not all—those good things, in B, nor even all at the beginning of the alphabet. I turned over to

W,

and there I came upon Wild Flowers. I could go no further. I fell a-dreaming. Visions of rambles over hills, down dales, through thickets, across marshes, in woods, along the roadside, around the farm, came creeping into my soul. Voices that have mingled with mine in praise and adoration of what we saw; hands that have swiftly plucked each new specimen discovered; feet that have nimbly risked their best shoes to save mine in quest of a bright-coloured treasure high up on a bank, or deep down in a gully; chatter by the way-side of the "why" and the "wherefore" that made the rosy sunset come all too soon; and laughing appetites for supper that sent a deeper pathos into our "Heavenly Father, be pleased to grant Thy blessing."

I set down my pen—just there by the ink bottle—and thought, and thought, and thought. Next morning I thought again, and thought, and thought. How to get my young Canadians to know this pleasure, to taste this joy, to secure this education, to love those quiet, simple, beautiful, glorious things that Nature has strewn around our path with such prodigality that we almost despise it for its richness.

In one of our rambles we had a competition. We set out determined to find twenty different specimens of plants. The voices protested. "Twenty! That's a fearful lot." We came home with thirty-five—not bad for a first outing. Next day we spread our booty out on the grass to count. You should have heard the voices and seen the faces as the specimens counted up, and up, and up. When we came to sixty, I could not control the fingers and the feet. Such a wriggling of

excitement as we drew near seventy! But at last, when we concluded at seventy-eight, some people in a canoe out on the lake had good reason to think we had taken leave of our senses. And, strangest of all, the youngest pair of eyes, and hands, and feet, claimed the lion's share of the spoil.

That was her first lesson. Since then you need not try to deceive her about any plant within one hundred any way, and her own age can still be written with one figure.

My thinking and thinking grew, as all thinking should, into acting. I began. I wrote to some. I visited others. I was bold enough to brave the "oaken doors" of many learned men. I *must* have my young Canadians love these things.

Perhaps I may tell you a secret which I am here reminded of. We had much difficulty in choosing the colour of the wrapper of THE YOUNG CANADIAN. Our Royal Canadian Academy gentlemen who were designing the Title Page of course preferred some æsthetic shade—lovely browns, soft greys, even a terra cotta was suggested. We fell upon a plan, a sort of census of opinion. We did not, however, go to the professors' oaken doors this time. We went out to the garden, and called a host of small fry who were pulling roses and swinging in hammocks, and in every way having a good time. We set out before them a varied choice of colours, all the hues of the rainbow.

A few moments' silence ensued. The eyes wandered over every colour, back and forward, and back again. By and bye we could see that opinions were being made up. The eyes left the papers and sought out other eyes, to know whether they too were decided. With one exception, they chose our colour—not the one we wanted them to choose, but the colour we have—that pretty shade of blue, over which I daresay your eyes sometimes wander with pleasure as they pick out the picture that pleases them best. And why?

"It's so like the dear little robin's egg we found yesterday dropped out of its nest."

When I told them the colour was actually called "Robin's Egg Blue," they did not scream. They stared in silent wonder.

So you see there is Canadian Natural History even in the colour of our paper.

But my thinking, and writing, and visits, did not bring me much satisfaction at once. This is months ago, and I almost made up my mind that I should have to become a travelling agent, and go about all our great cities to find someone who could work up for me my favourite subject. Some were too busy. Some too idle. Some knew too much. Some too little.

At length my mail-bag, one fine morning not very long ago, brought me a solution of my difficulty. After opening a pile of letters, I came upon the following:—

"I desire to congratulate you on the tone and object of your undertaking, as well as the superior get up of your journal. I heartily approve of every effort being made to develop a national sentiment in our young people in contradistinction to sectionalism, which, in the past, and even now, causes a friction very undesirable.

The knowledge of Canada, either in its history, resources, beauties, scenery, birds, wild flowers, etc., etc., is ignored in our Public Schools, and the time of the pupils is spent in gaining intimate knowledge of every other country.

I have three boys who have been devoting spare time to the study of Natural History, and have been encouraged to contribute to the pages of two or three juvenile magazines, such as 'School, Work, and Play,' was.

They are very fair botanists, and are great friends of the leading botanist of Canada. One is a fair sketcher with his pencil, and draws outline flowers. The other writes descriptions of them in the untechnical language of boys.

It was thought that if a Botany Column, or a Bird and Egg Column, was to be part of the interesting contents of THE YOUNG CANADIAN, they might be able to assist in developing or sustaining an interest in these columns among the boys and girls who read it.

They could also write about 'pets,' such as guinea pigs, and such like.

I have yearly taken up for their sakes, one subject in Natural History, and encouraged them to write, the aim being to develop their faculties of observation and description—two very needful and enjoyable qualities for anyone to be equipped with.

Should you feel disposed to accept of my suggestion, you may depend on a material supply for these columns. Of its quality you must be the sole judge.

With best wishes for your prosperity.

Sincerely yours,
T. E. W."

Could anything have been nicer? To think of two real young Canadians coming to the rescue in this fashion! And to think of the rescue being in all probability the very happiest solution, as after all, it would lead us into the kind of help that is the surest of all—the help that Providence gives to those who help themselves.

So I wrote at once. I wish I had kept a copy of my letter. It could not have been so kind and delightful as I meant it to be, for I had a hundred and fifty others to write that day, and the mail-bag was waiting. But it was worthy of an answer at least—a sweet answer from my two little boys, and from their kind father. Here is the boys' :—

"Papa read us your very kind letter, and I wish to tell you that my brother Otway and I feel it is quite an honour to assist you in the columns of THE YOUNG CANADIAN.

We have talked it over with papa and mamma, and will do our best to deserve your kindness.

The plan that strikes us as being the best is, to send you every week some clear, plain advice to the boys and girls how to collect and press the flowers, and then before the flowers come, to make it interesting by telling something curious about some flowers—one short story—papa says, that will be like the sugar-coating of the pill.

Every week, through the spring and summer, describe the flowers likely to be found, and anything curious about them. Papa thinks that if we do our best in the wild-flowers we may be satisfied for this year, and the only thing we are afraid of is that our letters will require a good deal of your time to make them good enough. We will try to get some of our friends to take an interest as well.

I am fourteen years old, and go to the Collegiate Institute. My brother Otway is twelve, and goes to the Dufferin School, and Conrad, he is only six, but has his own collection of plants. He is a great boy, and says he is going to write for you when he gets big.

About butterflies, moths, and insects, you ought to get papa at that. I am sure you could get the cuts to borrow from Mr. Fletcher, at Ottawa, or Rev. Mr. Bethune, Port Hope, the editor of the *Entomological Journal*. They are both nice gentlemen, very kind, and wanted Otty to draw some bugs for their paper, but they were too hard for him.

Your letter is very kind, indeed, and we thank you very much for the welcome it gives to us. Will you tell us what day of the week you should have anything that we send, so that we may be regular and punctual.

And oblige,
Your sincere friend,
E. H. W.

P.S.—I send with this letter the first of the series.

E. H. W."

Accompanying this charming epistle, there was one from the boys' father, mentioning points that I had

entered in my Suggestion Book, and putting them so clearly, that I hope the writer will excuse me if I quote them in his own words:—

"Those two verses of Longfellow's address to the great Naturalist Agassiz, on his fiftieth birthday, would make a capital heading to the Wild Flower Column."

"The boys will send you copy every week with instructions for beginners. . . . Along towards Spring they will give some simple key to assist in distinguishing flowers. . . . Then every week they will give half a dozen little illustrations of the flowers expected to appear, briefly describing all in juvenile language. . . . I will take care that, scientifically, there will be no error. . . . Teach the Club to preserve and transplant the flowers. . . . Let Saturday be the outing day, and let a list of all that have been found be sent into the Editor in charge of the Club, with descriptions of those that the little members cannot name. . . . Let us have an Exchange and Identification Bureau for the benefit of the Club. . . . I may tell you that the boys' collection is the only one here with modern names, and many plants are sent to us for identification. If packages are marked *Botanical Specimens*, one or two cents postage is sufficient. . . . I will be very glad to give your readers the proper names for their plants, if mailed to me.

Sincerely yours,
J. E. W."

YOUNG CANADIAN WILD FLOWER CLUB.

AMONG OUR WILD-FLOWERS.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God." —Longfellow.

"DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

Spring will soon be here with its lovely warm days and the singing of birds, the budding of the leaves, and the peeping out of the first little tiny flowers, pure and white as the driven snow, bright and cheerful as the smiling morning.

It is time now, before the first little beauty comes, that all of you will make up your minds to 'ramble, roam, and botanize' this summer, and learn something of our lovely Canadian Wild-flowers, make preparations to preserve them in all their beauty and grace of form, for 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever.'

For those who have never gathered or preserved our wild-flowers, a few directions may not come amiss.

You must know that to preserve wild-flowers it is necessary to take them up by the roots with an old kitchen knife, carrying them home in a tin can made specially for the purpose, called a Botanizing Can.

Our cans cost 50c. each. They are eighteen inches long, with oval ends seven inches by five, with a common pail-handle on the top, and a large door made in the side. This door opens in the top, and is fourteen inches long by five wide.

Into this you carefully put the specimens that you collect during your tramp.

At home, in a spare corner of your room, where the plants are to be pressed, have all the old newspapers you can get. Cut them twelve inches by eighteen. Each plant must have half a dozen of these papers, so that their moisture will be absorbed by the dry paper. Arrange them carefully, spreading out the leaves and flowers gracefully, and put half a dozen sheets between each flower.

Where the flowers are small, several may be put on the one sheet, but never have one leaf touching another if it can be helped. When the flower stem is longer than the paper bend it up.

After you have them all covered, then place a board the same size, or a little larger, and a heavy weight—a big stone—on the top. They need not be changed until the next or second day, when fresh papers must be used and the others spread out to dry.

A slip of paper with the name of flower, the date, and locality where found, should be put along with it in the press. You can exercise your taste very much in pressing your specimens, for whatever form you give them when putting them in the press, they shall have that form when taken out. So be careful you press your flowers neatly.

All those who do not know the names of flowers which they have collected, may mail them to the Editor between two pieces of stiff card-board as soon as they are dry.

There are a number of legends and stories about our wild-flowers that I am sure all of you would be greatly delighted with. When we have space to spare they will be given to you.

We would like all the boys and girls who would go in for the Young Canadian Wild Flower Club, to send their names to the Editor soon. A little club might be formed in each town, and could exchange specimens with everyone.

Yours truly,
E. H. W."

So with great pleasure our Club is begun, and let every young Canadian join hands with us. We shall have a happy summer. Whether we stay at home or go away for our holidays, we shall not forget our Club, or its members, and in the autumn we shall have a grand tea party together, and a valuable prize.

EDITOR.

CLOUDS.

The dew is gleaming in the grass,
The morning hours are seven ;
And I am fain to watch you pass,
Ye soft white clouds of heaven.

Ye stray and gather, part and fold ;
The wind alone can tame you ;
I dream of what in time of old
The poets loved to name you.

They called you sheep, the sky your sward ;
A field, without a reaper ;
They called the shining sun your lord,
The shepherd wind your keeper.

Your sweetest poets I will deem
The men of old for moulding,
In simple beauty, such a dream,—
And I could lie beholding,

Where daisies in the meadow toss,
The wind from morn till even
For ever shepherd you across
The shining field of heaven.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

GRUBBING.

IN THE WOODS IN MARCH.

How charming to feel the icyness gone from the wind !
To smell the first smack of Spring !

The very flies are thinking of trying their wings. You see them stretch their tiny legs and look about them in wonder. Everything is on the alert for the sun, to thaw out the frozen beds.

Larvæ frozen solid all the winter, will come out uninjured. They have chosen the sheltered nooks, so that the heat that was in them when they lay down to sleep might last them as long as possible.

Some have lived on themselves—gone in fat and plump, and come out lean and lanky.

Here is a story an old farmer told me at a railway station, while waiting for a train to take us to town. He was out hunting for moose, and after a long day's watching was rewarded at last. He followed the moose, and chased it into a pond. It went into the water to the middle of the pond, and then—disappeared ! My friend's amazement may be imagined.

He waited. He watched. He sat down and lighted his pipe. Evening came on. No movement in the water. No sign of his moose. Disgusted, he bundled up and went home.

Ten days after a neighbour of my friend went out hunting, and came upon the tracks of a moose. He followed them into the same pond, but as he saw tracks of a man having been there before him, he concluded that the moose must have been taken.

However, he waited and watched a little, and sat down to have his pipe. Perhaps he was more intent on the tobacco than on the moose. When, lo ! there and then the moose rose out of the water in the middle of the lake, and made for the shore. He allowed him to come near, unconscious of any danger, and then shot him.

My friend, of course, believed that the moose had been in the pond all that time, and I think my friend's friend believed it too.

The moose is shy, but vigilant. It is prudent and crafty. Its senses are acute. In the midst of the most fearful noise of wind, thunder and lightning, and falling trees, he will remain undisturbed. But the slightest footfall of man in the forest will not escape his ear.

AN OLD GRUB.

SPECIAL EASTER NUMBER.

THE YOUNG CANADIAN, so new and bright in everything, is preparing a Special Easter Number for March Twenty-Fifth.

Nothing is nice enough for our Young Canadians, and we give our whole minds to please them, and to deserve their high esteem.

Nobody before has thought of an Easter Number, and we have an excusable pride in pointing to our

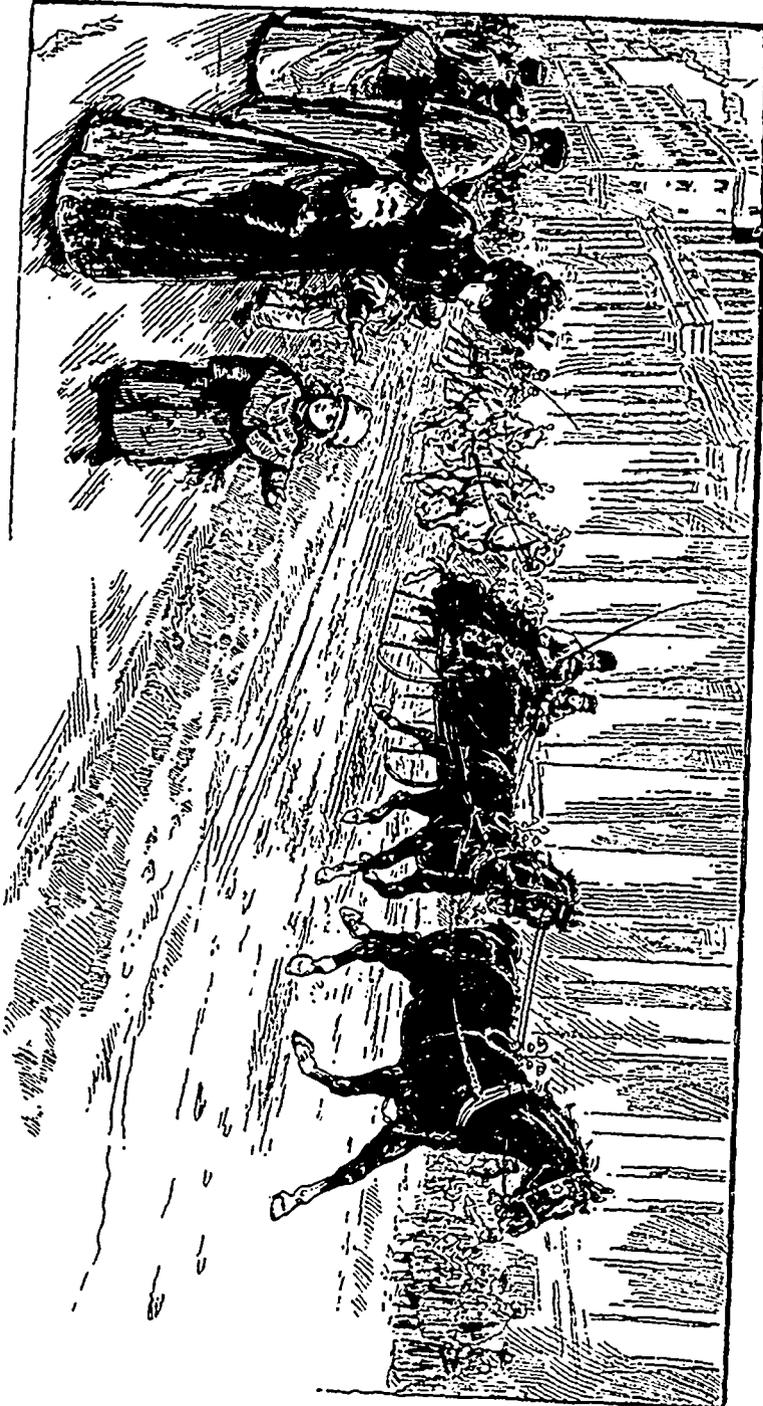
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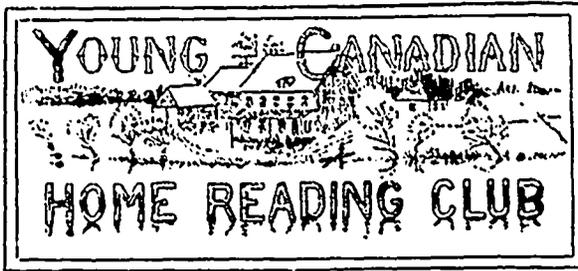
Send in your Special Orders for friends at a distance.

BOX 1896, MONTREAL.

DEDICATED TO THE TANDEN CLIPS OF THE DOMINION, BY THE YOUNG CANADIAN WHO SAID IT.



YOUNG CANADIAN:—Mother, darling, see that one dear little horse trying to catch another dear little horse; but he can't.



You have now got your club well sketched out, and we are ready to set to work. You have chosen your name, motto, day and hour of meeting, and your officers. Perhaps, however, you may have a little difficulty in selecting a subject, and in order to help you I have drafted out a few which you may either accept as they stand, or use merely as a guide for your own choice.

First, you might like a good succession of stories. I want you to be quite frank in expressing your tastes. A good story is a capital thing, and you may as well have your club take up good stories as any other thing. If so, write and tell me. Give me an idea of what you have been reading already in this direction, and if you could also tell me *how* you have been reading them, that would be most useful to me as your reading Pater.

Or you may take up a short course on History, ancient or modern. The History of Rome; of Greece; Europe in the middle ages; of our Mother country; of our own continent; of our own Dominion; of your own Province; perhaps even of the town or township you live in; all these are deliciously tempting. We wish we could take them all up at once. Each of these again admits of being broken up into periods,—a most interesting and instructive reading. Or you could select a period in the history of one country, and work it up in connection with the same period as to time in another

country,—perhaps the most interesting and instructive of all.

Then Literature; how shall we touch it? So many centuries; so many languages; so many styles; so many aspects! How we wish we had six hours a day instead of one! Latin Literature; Greek; Sanskrit for the learned: English, German, French, for us. In poetry and in prose; in religion and in life; in science and in art; in biography and geography; there is no end.

Biography itself is a distinct course, and geography, physics, art, political economy, geology, not to mention social questions, are all waiting with patient invitation. Mythology, too, is a charming subject; while such practical topics as physiology, hygiene, chemistry, composition, swell up the list so that we are lost in an embarrassment of riches. I have by no means exhausted the field that lies waiting for us to cultivate, and as I think of the sheaves of delightful harvest that we shall lay by garnered for future work and future pleasure, I am inclined to regret that our good Editor did not start our YOUNG CANADIAN years ago.

This then is our programme. We shall guide you in text books and in the general management of your subject. All the books you require we shall send you at the lowest possible price. You will commence with enthusiasm. You will read punctually, selecting for your home hour the time most free from interruption. You will meet regularly. You will discuss fully. You will pass over nothing you do not quite understand. Do not be afraid to enquire,—to write to me. You will wear your badge. You will be proud of your motto. Some dexterous fingers may make you a banner if you will. And on all special occasions, such as the anniversary of your club's first meeting, or other important events in connection with your studies, you will have a gala-day, invite your friends to participate in your pleasures, and if possible encourage them to follow your example.

PATER.

A CANADIAN FOLK-SONG.

The doors are shut, the windows fast,
Outside the gust is driving past,
Outside the shivering ivy clings,
While on the hob the kettle sings,—
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The streams are hushed up where they flowed,
The ponds are frozen along the road,
The cattle are housed in shed and byre,
While singeth the kettle on the fire,—
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The fisherman on the bay in his boat
Shivers and buttons up his coat;
The traveller stops at the tavern door,
And the kettle answers the chimney's roar,—
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The firelight dances upon the wall,
Footsteps are heard in the outer hall,
And a kiss and a welcome that fill the room,
And the kettle sings in the glimmer and gloom,—
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

FIRST CALENDAR PRIZE.

BY GERTRUDE WAUD, MONTREAL.

GENERAL WOLFE.

Our hero, James Wolfe, was born at Westerham in Kent in the year 1727. He entered the army at the age of fourteen and distinguished himself at the battle of Minden and at the age of twenty-two was a Lieutenant Colonel. In private life he was esteemed by all who knew him as an upright, religious man, kind and engaging in manner. He was a man of refined and cultivated mind. An anecdote is told of him that while floating down the river to surprise the French at the Heights of Abraham, he repeated in a whisper to his officers a large portion of "Gray's Elegy in a Country Church Yard" then recently published, and ended by saying "Gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem, than have all the glory I feel sure of tomorrow."

He had closely studied his profession and thoroughly understood it, and possessed moreover, activity, enterprise and readiness,—a courage that never quailed before danger nor shrank from responsibility.

Though sickness compelled him to return to England after the Conquest of Cape Breton he lost no time in offering his services to Pitt for the next American Campaign, and was given the command of eight thousand troops employed in the Conquest of Canada. According to the instructions given to him, he embarked on board the fleet of Admiral Saunders, sailed up the St. Lawrence and undertook the task of reducing Quebec, the strongest fortress in America.

He took up his post near the Falls of Montmorency and prepared for the principal attack, aided by a portion of the fleet which had forced its way above the city. The soldiers crossed the river at night and clambering up the steep cliffs, reached the celebrated Heights of Abraham which offered a commanding position for the attack.

Montcalm, the gallant French commander, advanced with all his forces and a general engagement took place. Wolfe was wounded three times; first, in the wrist, but he tied a handkerchief round it and never swerved from his post.

According to his commands, his troops remained immovable until the enemy was within forty yards of them and then a well-aimed volley was poured into them from the whole British line, which caused them to waver. Wolfe darted forward and cheered on his grenadiers to the charge. He was struck a second time but continued to give his orders as before, but a third shot brought him to the ground, and he was carried to the rear, where he gazed on the battle-field till his eyesight began to fail. All at once a cry rose, "See how they run!"

"Who run?" asked the dying hero raising himself on his elbow.

"The enemy," was the reply.

"Then thank God, I die happy." These were his last words, as he again fell back and turning on his side expired at the age of thirty-three amidst the tidings of the victory he had gained, the glories of which hardly compensated to his countrymen for the loss of their hero.

Monuments were erected to his memory, the most enduring of which is West's great picture of the scene of his death, familiar to most of us from the engraving.

SPRING SONG.

I wandered in the well-known path,
The sky was bright and blue,
The trees were clad in freshest green,
The sunlight streaming through.

The nightingales were singing loud
Their love-songs from the vale,
The purling brooklet, as it flowed,
Seemed chanting a sweet tale.

O whence this gladness in the air?
And wherefore do ye sing?
The little birds were answering me:—
"Rejoice, for it is spring!"

Rejoice, for it is spring! I cried;
Rejoice for all the year!
For winter too—there is no death
In Nature—have no fear!

And joying thus for all the year,
More joyful could I sing
Than bird, or brooklet flowing by:
"Rejoice, for it is spring!"

GOWAN LEA.

Topics of the Day

ABROAD.

THE JAMAICA EXHIBITION.

JAMAICA, 23rd January, 1891.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN,—I believe I promised to give you an inkling of my trip to Jamaica to attend The International Exhibition to be opened by His Royal Highness Prince George of Wales, on the 27th instant. The promise was somewhat rash in view of the uncertainty of my condition to write at sea, and under the circumstances much may have escaped my observation which would have been of interest in relation to the passage.

Should I fail therefore in reaching the high standard of excellence to be found in your pages, I trust you will impute the failure rather to want of head than to any lack of interest in the subject, as my whole thought is how to redeem my promise in a handsome and spirited manner.

The good steamer *Hondo*, of the Honduras and Central America Line, on the 17th instant, with steam up and the aid of a tug, put out from her moorings at Brooklyn. Like many steamers on the tropical routes the *Hondo* is enveloped in several coats of white paint, and is a bright and cheerful object to the eye of the voyageur. Not being, as I have indicated, very sea-worthy myself, it was natural that I should feel somewhat anxious to learn the character for good behaviour of the steamer in which I was about to venture to the verge of "earth's central line."

This I found to be all that could be desired. There are larger vessels which sail the northern seas but none more staunch and sea-worthy than the *Hondo*, of sixteen hundred register, Clyde built, and by Duncan, a master hand.

If anything more were needed to ensure safety it soon appeared in the person of Captain Pearson, also of that ilk, the perfect embodiment of a sailor, who greeted me in the kindly Scotch fashion as I stepped on deck from having taken a glance at the great airy saloon, and a peep into the special cabin allotted to me.

A few minutes sufficed to carry us in to mid-stream, when the tug left us, and we held our course down the river in charge of a pilot.

It was growing dusky when Staten Island, which Mr. Erastus Wiman has done so much to popularize as a watering place, was passed on our right, and Coney Island, so long a favourite resort in sunny weather, lay a little further out on our left.

The sun was just dipping below the horizon when, taking a general survey of the surrounding prospect, Liberty Island with Bartholdi's great Statue was seen looming up against the sky. It is certainly a very imposing object, and suitably placed at the gate of the great centre of commerce in the neighbouring Republic: but it has one defect, as seen at a distance at least. The head of the colossal figure, which should be grandly poised, is diminutive and wanting in prominence from the point of view from which I saw the statue in the dusk of evening. The details of the figure could not be defect out. Perhaps on approaching it more nearly, this defect would disappear. Still, in such a statue, the outline however distant should be clear and well proportioned.

Our pilot left us at Sandy Hook, and we were now rapidly running out to sea with a north wind helping us on our way, blowing a little fresh, when five bells struck and we descended the companion way to dinner. An opportunity was thus afforded us to meet the rest of the passengers, and of speculating as to how many of us would be likely to assemble so comfortable in a day or so. I could not but shrewdly suspect that I, for one, should not have the pleasure of counting the absentees.

Meanwhile all were in excellent spirits, or made a show of being so, as we took our allotted places around the well provided table.

Supporting the Captain on his right was the Honorary Commissioner, representing Canada at the Exhibition, Mr. Adam Brown, M. P., massive, genial, and enthusiastic in everything relating to Canada and his mission, a most cheerful and enjoyable companion throughout the voyage, and to whom I shall ever feel indebted for much kind attention under a variety of circumstances.

Sitting next to him myself, our *vis-a-vis* consisted of a very talented young gentleman from Guelph who had made several trips to the islands in connection with insurance, and who contributed a series of able papers to the Canadian press on the occasion of our visit to Jamaica; and a gentleman returning to British Honduras, the president of an English company possessing some sixty thousand acres, of its richest lands, and

carrying on extensive operations in a variety of tropical products, a very tall young man of Yorkshire growth, talented in business, and abounding in wit, for many a joke made he, practical and otherwise, whom to equal in a war of words was a supreme test of ingenuity.

I leave the description of the other passengers for the moment to get on deck and breathe the fresh air, as the steamer has a suspicious motion rather discomposing to my feelings. The seas are moderate. There are white caps, of course, which can be seen through the darkness, but nothing resembling the heavy Atlantic rollers I have met while crossing to England. Indeed during the whole voyage, except when the wind lay across our bows, the vessel rolled but little, and there was nothing more exciting or stormy than a fitful squall or two, which would not last more than ten minutes, and the sun would again shine out in all its wonted brightness.

The wind was mostly from the north, keeping the temperature quite cool till we had swung past Cape Hatten, a usually stormy and foggy point to weather, and we were off the coast of Florida before I had to change part of the winter clothing in which I had left the frozen Northland.

For days we were out of sight of land, and the first met with was one of the Bahamas, Watling Island, near San Salvador, which was the first land touched by Columbus. But even this was passed in the darkness and the bright light that serves to guide the seaman was the only indication that we were in close proximity to such an interesting spot.

Reverting again to my fellow passengers we have a gentleman on his way to Georgetown, Central America, where he is the possessor of an island on which he grows coconuts, and buys many more in the surrounding country, shipping them to New York, a million and a half a season. Like our rollicking Honduras friend he describes the climate as moist and malarious, and even worse than that of Belize.

Then we have a sick man from Jamaica who is returning home from New York. He had contrived to be robbed in a boarding house there, and naturally enough believes all New Yorkers to be thieves and swindlers, the personification of every form of wickedness. One could not but sympathize with him in his mishap.

Then we had two Yankee quack doctors travelling with their nostrums to the sunny isles, in the prospect of making large sales to the negroes, with a troupe of minstrels to draw a crowd and lure them to the bait. Their stock company consisted of two young Mexicans who played on the guitar and the mandolin, and who played well too. They spoke English fluently, were small in stature with the color of the mulatto, but with none of the negro features, theirs being clear cut and sharp. A third performer was an Irish lad from New York with songs and an abundance of mother wit of the coarse and vulgar type.

The doctors told me they had forty-three medical men with as many humorous troupes vending their remedies, in almost every corner of the globe, and a factory at New Haven, Connecticut.

Another passenger was a reverend coloured gentleman of the Church of England returning to his home in Jamaica with his coloured wife, the only lady on board. Every feature of the minister was good and pleasing. He was a fluent talker and very intelligent. From him I learned much that was interesting concerning the island and its inhabitants. He was also a Government school teacher, and was returning to Jamaica from Belize, whither he had gone on a trip for his health.

In one of my talks with him he told me he was the son of a Major-General who was Governor of Belize sixty years ago.

Then in the steerage we had a group of Armenians, a dark and not very well favoured looking set, who were apparently traders in the cheap jewelery of their distant country.

From the above description you can form some idea of the motley character of the passengers met with on a steamer bound for the tropics.

But what shall I say of the restless sea? Very beautiful it now is, sparkling in the sunlight under a cloudless sky. The winds have moderated. The foaming waves have subsided. A vast plain, soft, transparent, intensely blue, is spread on every side to the far away horizon, with just sufficient motion to vary the broad flashes of sunshine on its surface.

Flying fish, pretty silvery creatures, with veritable wings, rise here and there and dart away from our course in straight lines. They vary in length from three or four inches to a foot, flying near the surface, distances of fifty or a hundred feet, when they alight on the crest of a wave and drop into their original element.

A school of porpoises crossed immediately under our bows and were seen to leap forward from the waves in gigantic efforts to get out of our way. Several of these with their peculiar driving motion frisked and gambolled about us, quite close to the hull of the ship, and outstripping it in speed,

A large shark was also seen to be prowling near the ship, his great triangular fin, by which all men may know him, being the part most easily seen as he skimmed the surface of the sea, and searched with his queer little eye for something to eat. Another fish, or a man overboard would have been an equally welcome prey to this guerilla of the deep.

The chilly north wind is tamed. The air is soft and balmy, and it is so pleasant on deck that we pass much of the time there, even far into the night. The skies are clear and stars innumerable scintillate with a living brightness. Constellations invisible in northern latitudes attract the eye and interest the imagination. The Southern Cross, well above the horizon, is particularly noticeable, composed of four stars suggestive of a cross, a perpendicular and transverse line being drawn in imagination between the points.

If you have never seen the sun rise at sea in the tropics it is worthy of description here.

Imagine the eastern sky of the deepest crimson tint which generally precedes the rising in other latitudes. When you watch for his coming he suddenly bounds above the horizon, a dazzling, quivering ball of liquid fire, ruby coloured, flashing his brightness over the sea, giving you the impression that it is not only life giving but a thing of life itself, its splendour far exceeding any sunrise I had ever witnessed elsewhere.

Another phenomenon of these tropical seas is what I will call "cloud pictures." Along the distant horizon on a sunny day, may be seen a range of lofty mountains, grey or purplish in hue, and as you step on deck to see them for the first time you will ask the Captain what beautiful island it is, standing out clear against a cloudless sky. From the level of the sea the graceful swelling curves of majestic hills, with table lands and undulating peaks, shew a serrated outline or sweep down in smooth continuous lines to the sea. Your question evokes a smile and the Captain tells you that this mountain land is mere vapour, and he will explain to you that under this great mass of blueish grey cloud there is almost invariably land in one form or another, but not necessarily mountainous. The vapour floating in the atmosphere is attracted by a shore of some kind and assumes the form of a mountain range just as mist will cling to the hills. Looking to the right or left you will see, widely detached from the central picture, small

islands rising in perpendicular cliffs from the sea, and if it be calm, renewing their facsimiles in shadow, a veritable Isle of Wight in the picturesque.

Such scenes were visible as we drew near the coast of St. Domingo.

We had sailed round the east end of Cuba in the dusk of evening and the darkness of night, and could barely make out its form, excepting that one great swelling mountain stretched for many miles along its coast. Another day's sailing and we should be in view of the blue mountains of Jamaica.

Meanwhile we have concerts in which the musical troupe and our Honduras friend join, and even the Captain lends a hand in some Scottish ditty. We count the hours till we sail into Kingston harbour and we all regret that we may have to anchor off Port Royal and wait for daylight.

In the interim we are planning how to decorate the steamer and make a gallant show of bunting with which to enter port, having on board the Honorary Commissioner representing our great Dominion at the Exhibition.

From the east end of the Island to Kingston is a distance of forty miles, and as we sail this at some distance from the shore a curtain of mist intervenes. Occasionally it lifts at an odd corner and we get a passing glimpse of the grand hills along the coast.

It is clear, however, in the evening, as we bear straight in for shore, and objects become visible. Coconut palms, their tall bare stems crowned with tufts of drooping foliage, dot the long narrow peninsula which forms the harbour of Kingston. Near the western extremity is situated the town of Port Royal, now sparkling with lights, and across the harbour beyond, are the electric lights of Kingston itself.

No pilot came out to us, and as the health officer has to visit us before we can proceed, our anchor is dropped for the night.

As I stepped on deck next morning the clouds had assumed a very grey appearance. Sailing into port with the Union Jack at the bow, the large flag of the Dominion at the main mast head, the American flag on the mizen mast (the Hondo carries the U. S. mails) and the signal flags in two long lines of streamers reaching from the deck to the highest points in the rigging, we made no end of a sensation.

Two Spanish war vessels in white paint, at anchor, hurriedly ran up similar displays of bunting, and a Russian man of war dipped her ensign to us in way of salute, though the cause of our display could hardly have been guessed by the polite foreigners.

The scene is now very beautiful as we round the point on which stands Port Royal. The chief feature is a green level shore which has a gradual ascent from the sea to the mountains, this, in the morning sunlight, forming a magnificent background five or six miles long.

Kingston, at the harbour front, is adorned by a beautiful grove of coconut trees, giving quite a tropical aspect to the wharves and adjacent buildings. The city is built on an inclined plain rising gradually from the waters edge to the mountains behind.

A clean bill of health is shewn and the process of landing is commenced. Luggage is examined by custom's house officers, and we are driven through the city to the open country beyond, arriving at Constant Springs Hotel close to the base of the mountain range.

Having largely encroached on your available space I leave all further description for a future letter.

Your Special Commissioner,



"I SUDDENLY CAME IN SIGHT OF A MOOSE."

RIDING A MOOSE.

BY PROF. C. G. D. ROBERTS, WINDSOR, N.S.

OUR camp was in the heart of that wilderness which occupies the tongue of land between the Bay of Fundy and Minas Basin—a wilderness wherein the moose yet abound, and bears are growing yearly more and more numerous. It was a crisp October night, and the fire burned vigorously in front of our open "lean-to." The tall black birches and maples surrounding the camp were lit up sharply, while the space between them lay in deepest shadow, with here and there a low-swinging branch whose dewy leaves gleamed against the darkness. A smell of broiling steaks was in the air.

We were lounging in various attitudes, according to each man's idea of comfort, upon the heaps of blankets that littered the floor of the camp; and were awaiting in eager expectancy to partake of the first moose-meat of the season.

"How well I remember," I remarked, "the proud moment when I served up to the rest of the boys the steaks that I had sliced from my first moose! They were just such steaks as those which Barney there is cooking with such care. That first moose, how I loved him! And to think that just because I loved him so, I shot him!"

"I remember *my* first moose," said Sam, "with half a feeling of shame."

"How's that?" inquired the Doctor, who was cutting bread in slices an inch thick. "Was it close season?"

"Oh, not quite so bad as that, my dear boy," answered Sam; "but, you see, instead of shooting him, I rode the poor creature to death!"

Here Sam paused, doubtfully, and looked at the steak.

"Let's hear about it, now," I exclaimed. "That steak won't be cooked for seven or eight minutes, and if something isn't done to distract my attention, I shall eat it raw. Never was so hungry in my life."

"All right," said Sam, "it won't take long to tell it. It happened this way. I had gone to Joyce's lumber camp, on the Miramichi, early one winter, just to see what life in the camp was like, and to get a little shooting. I may say, in parenthesis, that I got enough shooting, and too much of life in the camps. Don't get impatient now, there is no hurry! One morning as I was wandering about a mile from the camp, in a direction opposite that in which the choppers were at work, I came upon the fresh tracks of a large moose. My heart beat quicker—a moose was just then my sole ambition. The snow was deep and soft, and I could see that the animal was making slow and laborious progress. I was, of course, on snowshoes. Looking to my rifle to see that there was a cartridge in place, I set off in hot pursuit.

"After tramping about a mile and a half I suddenly came in sight of the moose, a big bull. He was standing on the very brink of a deep ravine, at the bottom of which, as I knew, flowed a shallow river known by the name of Falls Brook. The animal was sniffing the air and looking about apprehensively. I raised my rifle eagerly, took a quick aim, and pulled the trigger. There was no result. The weapon was only at half-cock. Angrily, but noiselessly, I rectified my stupid mistake; but that very instant the creature must either have seen me or winded me, for he disappeared with a plunge down the ravine. I rushed forward, and in my hurry failed to check myself on the edge of the decline. I went rolling and sliding headlong to the bottom, and brought up in the icy current,

at this point about two feet deep. I was drenched to the skin, my cartridges were spoiled, and I was in a fine rage at losing my moose so stupidly.

"Presently there was a wild dashing and splashing, and to my astonishment the animal rushed past me, heading up stream. But he did not go far in that direction. His career was checked by the impassable barrier of a waterfall about twenty feet high, which sent a muffled roar through its cloak of gigantic icicles. Then the animal turned, and dashed wildly down stream before my tantalized eyes; and soon I perceived that he was effectually "corralled." The place we had fallen into was a natural trap for any creature that could not climb like a goat or a monkey. I could emulate either, so felt in no way anxious as to my own exit. Not a hundred yards below the fall the stream was blockaded by the trunks of several large trees, forming a perfect fence.

"The animal, realizing that he was imprisoned with his foe, had worked himself into a frenzy of terror. At first I thought of course he would attack me, after the manner of his kind when brought to bay; and I prepared, with some misgivings, to defend myself as best I might with knife and gun-stock. Then I thought I had better take advantage of his panic and attack him before he should recover.

"There was a long branch of water-ash stretching right across the bed of the stream, and under this the moose had to pass every time he dashed up or down

stream. Dropping my useless rifle on the bank, I swung myself on to the branch, and the next time the animal passed beneath I dropped upon his back and flung my arms round his neck. The animal got frantic at this, and made such fierce leaps and plunges that I don't see how I managed to keep my perch. Presently the moose resumed his wild gallop up and down stream, at a pace which I knew must soon exhaust him. Before I had been on his back two minutes I wished most heartily that I was well out of the scrape. The moose was never built for a saddle-horse, and this fellow's gaunt back-bone was like a knife, on which the working of his tremendously high shoulders ground me as if I was on a rack. I dared not throw myself off, lest he should spring upon me and mangle me with his keen-edged horns. Soon, however, his pace began to flag. Then I spurred him to fresh effort by yelling ferociously, till at length he staggered and fell forward with his nose in the water. I sprang to my feet, drawing my knife as I did so, and——"

"Supper's ready, sir!" interrupted Barney, respectfully, approaching with a tin dish of smoking steak.

"We didn't wait to hear the conclusion, which, indeed, we could readily enough imagine; but, in the course of the meal, Sam soliloquized reflectively"—

"It was my first moose, and I was mighty proud of it at the time. But the way I got it was more like butchery than sport, and I wouldn't do it again for a good deal!"



"I DROPPED UPON HIS BACK, AND FLUNG MY ARMS ROUND HIS NECK."

EVENING IN MUSKOKA.

Like shrouded stars within a shrouded sky
 The lilies lie upon the lonely lake
 And gleam among the rushes. Slowly break
 The last faint dying flashes from on high.
 Around the island lies a purple sheen
 Of mist and twilight folding it from view,
 While far within the narrows, passing through,
 The shadowy glimmer of a sail is seen.

A kingfisher, shrill chattering, swiftly flies
 Far down the lake more lonely haunts to seek ;
 The night winds from the deepening shadows rise,
 And whisper slumber songs that softly creep
 From point to point, until the echo dies
 Far o'er the lake, and night folds all in sleep.

STUART LIVINGSTON.

HOW, WHEN, WHERE, AND WHY WE GOT
OUR BIBLE.

One of those men, who were bitterly opposed to the new law of love to others which Christ had taught, was Valentinus. He seems to have been what we should now call an erratic genius. A *genius* is a man who shews a very special ability in any special work ; and *erratic* means erring or wandering. So that when I say that Valentinus was an erratic genius, I mean that he was a very clever man, but his cleverness was not applied in a direction which would do good to his fellow men.

All men at the time of Christ were expecting the Messiah to appear. When the Messiah did appear upon the earth, very few believed it possible. Valentinus

showed his *cleverness* in working out a great theory or plan of all he considered necessary to happen before the Messiah could appear. He showed his *erring* or *wandering* by taking all that trouble for nothing, for no good to any one. For the Messiah had already appeared. Nevertheless he wrote a remarkable book to explain his ideas of the Messiah he expected. Now when I said last week that we should see how the actions of these men made the Gospels shine brighter and brighter, I just meant that in this book by Valentinus we find such expressions as, "The Word," "The Only Begotten," "The Redeemer," "The Comforter," "The Truth," "Grace." These expressions bear such a striking resemblance to St. John's Gospel that we are forced to believe they must have been copied from it. So that while Valentinus fancied he was going to destroy the new law of love, by building up a very fine dream of what the master of that law should be when he came down to the earth, he added one of the strongest proofs we possess that the Messiah must already have come, when he quoted the expressions which above all others were peculiar to the language of the Messiah. In this way, Valentinus got himself into what we call a *dilemma*. A dilemma is a position from which one can't move either forward or backward without the risk of injuring himself. Valentinus could not go on to prove that the Messiah had not come without admitting that the words he used were the words spoken by the Messiah ; and he could not go back to prove where he had got these words without at the same time giving up forever his fine fanciful theories of the Messiah that he thought was still to come.

SUGARING OUT LONG AGO.

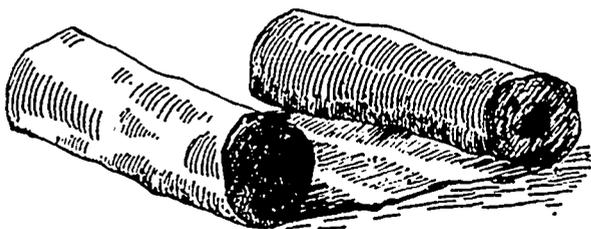
When the spring suns and the mild rains began to tell upon the snow, our farmers took a look through their barns repairing and replacing what was required for the sugar season. The big sleigh, with the favourite horse, was turned out, and all piled in—a large cask to hold the sap ; buckets to hang on the trees ; a tin basin with a long handle to bale in the sap ; another to skim the liquid ; a home-made shovel cut out of a piece of timber ; a long strong poker, made of a piece of beech ; an auger and a large iron gouge, and the never-failing hatchet.

Off they went, the fine fresh air lending a smile to their rosy faces, and the prospect of spring throwing a new life over all nature around.

The weather is just the very thing ; warm sunny days after frosty nights. It is then the sap commences to flow. When the nights are mild the sap stops ; but a sharp frost and a bright sun will keep it running day and night.

The white maple gives more than the black, and there is more sugar in its sap ; but it is not so common in our sugaries. The butternut too will give sugar in its sap, and the birch gives a sap from which we get good vinegar, and possibly sugar if we tried. The sap of the birch has a peculiar characteristic. Wherever it flows it leaves a substance like fungus which is very sticky, and which is a sure resort for insects. Sometimes it may be seen trickling out of trees which have been felled during the winter.

We get sugar from the cane and the beet, as well as from the maple and other trees ; but in itself it is the same in all cases. Indeed sugar may be found in very many members of the vegetable kingdom where it is not suspected to exist, and even in some animal substances.



A VERY ANCIENT BOOK.

In some it requires the chemist to detect its presence ; but in others the taste is easily observed by the senses : in dried fruits, for example, in turnips, parsnips, in the stalk of Indian corn, and even in straw. Who has not seen a farmer wile away the tedium of a long haul by chewing a few blades of straw. I often wonder if he knows he is eating sugar.

Even in very young trees the sap contains sugar ; but it is cruel to interfere with their future beauty and strength, and generally it is better to allow the tree to be at least the thickness of a foot in diameter at the bottom before it is tapped. Old trees give little or none, and they are either preserved for shade or cut down for fuel.

The season lasts for three or four weeks, but there may be many days in that period in which no sugaring can be done. When the spring is late the season may be cut short by the urgency of other farm operations.

The quantity of sap varies very much. A tree may yield one or two gallons in twenty-four hours, and again not a drop. Young trees are better than old ones, and trees do better in clearings than in forests. They are more liable to the influences of the weather.

If a farmer had a few hundred trees near each other, he could attend to them with much less labour and from one camp. But large sugaries of a thousand trees or more required several camps. Many obstacles had to be taken into consideration which depended upon the weather. When the snow was still a foot or two deep, and in sheltered places perhaps more, moving about with buckets of liquid sap became a laborious and difficult process.

When two trees grew close together one tub did for both, but usually each tree had its own.

With his auger the farmer made a hole one inch deep in the tree for the sap to flow out by ; and just beneath this he cut with his gouge another hole in which he inserted a small wooden spout or gutter to catch the sap and run it down into the bucket below. As he gained in worldly possessions he improved his instruments and materials ; but the important idea was to tap the tree, to catch the sap, and to secure the buckets from accidental upset by the cattle.

With a yoke on his shoulders suspending a couple of pails he began his rounds, stopping at every tree, emptying the tree bucket into his shoulder bucket, replacing the former, and carrying the latter when full to the camp where he had provided a large cask. When this cask was full it was time to commence boiling.

This was a process quite as picturesque as the tapping, and one which demanded more skill. As one swallow does not bring the spring, one spring does not make a good boiler. Much care and experience are necessary, and the product of an old hand at sugaring is as unlike that of a raw hand, as any other thing in which practice makes perfection.

Two forked poles were driven into the ground. Into these forks another strong pole was laid. From the centre of this pole a large boiler was suspended by a chain. Beneath this kettle the fire was kindled and the process commenced.

Piles of fuel was required, and many odd hours between the loads of sap were well occupied in felling, chopping and splitting.

Old grandfathers of maples, beeches, birches were used, and those near the camp were the first victims.

The sap was thin and watery when ladled into the boiler, and as it dried up more and more was added from the cask until gradually the whole mass became thicker and sweeter. Suddenly you might have seen the farmer run for a few shovelfuls of snow and throw it on the fire to stop the too rapid boiling ; or again he threw in a piece of fat pork which made a scum rise immediately

to the surface, and as this is composed of impurities from which all good sugar must be free, it was removed with the long handled skimmer. When the liquid was of the consistency of oil, the first part of the work was done. This is syrup.

Then the syrup was set to boil till it crystallized, and here the delicacy of manipulation came in. As it wasted away more and more was added ; another piece of pork performed its duty, and the skimmer was in constant requisition.

The fire had to be kept regular, and the stuff watched carefully. When nearly ready the farmer took a soft twig, and, bending it into a loop, dipped it into the liquid. Lifting it out, he observed a film of sugar on which he blew gently with his breath. If his breath blew through he continued his boiling and skimming, trying his twig again from time to time.

At length when the film did not break with his breath, but blew out into a bell, his sugar was ready. He baled it into buckets to harden ; put out his fire ; gathered up his tools and pails, and his "sugaring out" was over.

There are new fashions in everything, and so there is in "sugaring." Some day I will tell you about them. But I love to dwell on the old scenes, so happy were we, so healthy, so free from care.

And the sugar,—it used to be a daily bread matter with us. We know no other. We should have scorned any other.

Now we are getting so refined (!) that our maple sugar and our maple syrup, like our old china and worn out clocks, is classed among the æsthetic luxuries.

A hard word that. I should not have used it. What does it mean ?

OLD GRUB.



THE CALENDAR PRIZE.

MONTREAL, Feb. 19.

DEAR EDITOR,—Thank you very very much for the extremely pretty pencil which you sent me as a prize for the best essay in the January Calendar competition of THE YOUNG CANADIAN, and also for the kind letter accompanying it.

I like your paper very much, and look forward to its coming.

Yours truly,

G. A. W.

The essays were all remarkably good. They show that our young readers are interesting themselves in these matters, in the events that have been recorded in the history of their native country, and that have made it what it is.

The essays were all well expressed, and most of them were in very good style and said what they had to say in a pleasant young-people's way, not with their teacher at their elbow.

We wish we had had twenty prizes offered instead of

one. As it was, we were compelled to give three, we could not help ourselves. The pleasure of reading so many well written papers on our Calendar prompted us to do so.

It is also most pleasing to us to say that the essays came from every Province in the Dominion, and from city, town, village, and farm.

We are looking forward to our next budget. The Calendar for February has offered a gold pencil as a prize, and the prize for March is a beautiful travelling ink bottle.

ARE YOU FOND OF LITTLE GIRLS?

FREDERICTON, N. B.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN,—I am so glad you have a letter box because now I can write and tell you how much I like your paper.

I take a great many publications,—children's publications, among them St. Nicholas, Wide Awake, Youth's companion, and Harper's Young People. Do you know I think yours is the best. It is our own, our very own, and the pictures are sweet and lovely. I think the answers to the letters are so nice.

I hope you will print this so as to surprise my mama. I am thirteen years old and read in the sixth reader.

Are you fond of little girls?

Goodbye,

B. M.

MY LITTLE DEAR,—There are few things I am so fond of as little girls. They are so sweet and loving, and so full of genuine fun. It is a pleasure for me to do anything for them. So I am very glad, I am clapping my hands with delight to think you like my letters, for I could sit the whole day writing to you.

But, do you know, I have very little time without interruptions. Everybody wants me, -not one after another, but all at the same moment. And the telephone, you should hear it. "Is the Editor there?" "Can I see the Post Bag, please?" "Just a word with the Ed. P. B.," and so on.

When the mail comes in and brings me my budget from my little friends all over the country, do you know what I do? I lay down my pen. I jump into my arm-chair. I put my feet on a nice foot-stool. I say to myself "now for a treat," and as I open your letters and read them, my friend the Editor-in-Chief comes in (she is fearfully busy too, some day I will tell you about her) and she says, "Hello, Post Bag, you look happy."

Sometimes we have fun too in our office, for we could not write things that you would like if we were not like children ourselves.

So we do love little girls. And as for little boys, you may know how much we love them when I tell you that a little boy friend of mine wants to start a vegetable garden, and he has written to me about it.

Well I need not tell you that it is not an easy thing to start, nor is it easy to advise about it. But I have been "all round," hunting up everything, poking here, and poking there, for information for him. There's a man I buy vegetables from, and when I drop in, he smiles and says, "Has your friend started his garden yet?"

Oh! There's the horrid telephone again. Good bye dear.

Your loving friend,

ED. P. B.

A POST-BOX IN THE HALL-DOOR.

MONTREAL, Feb 20.

DEAR POST BAG,—I thought I should like to tell you of a very funny thing that is happening in our house, and we can't make out a single thing about who is doing it.

We live in a very busy street, and people are passing all the time day and night, at least till late in the evening. Our door is just like other doors, except that it is on the level of the street, and there is a small vestibule that has no outer door on it.

Well, once a week or so, when father goes to lock the hall door at night he takes a peep into the letter box. We are getting letter-boxes for ourselves now in our doors in Montreal, for the postman is so busy he can't wait to ring us down. He takes a peep and there he finds a letter addressed and stamped, but not for us, nor for any one in Montreal, nor from our postman at all. It is for an old lady in the Maritime Provinces, and for a long time we have been wondering and wondering how it came and who put it there.

Father always brings it in and puts it in the post-office, and I hope it reaches the dear old lady. But all the same we are curious to know who drops it into, and why our door is like a post-office.

Isn't it funny? I thought the young Canadians,—I mean other young Canadians like myself, would like to hear about it.

Your sincere friend,

B. O.

MY DEAR B. O.—How very strange! Many thanks for telling us about it. It is very odd.

And to think of the writer of the letter all this time getting answers and believing that it is Her Majesty's Royal Mail that she has to thank, instead of your kind and good father.

I fancy I see the person come walking along, take the letter and drop it in, with the same feeling of pleasure that we all have as we post a letter to a friend. I should not be surprised if the old lady is the mother, and the one who drops in the letter is away from home.

How nice of your father so tenderly to keep up the delusion. Think of the unhappiness and misery he has prevented, and of the joy and satisfaction he is perpetuating by his one act of taking the letter to the general office—a real Santa Claus all over again.

It is very odd. It reminds me of something I read a while ago about an old wooden pump that stood in its dotage, unused and neglected. By and bye when some workmen were clearing it away they found it almost full of letters. It had been taken for a letter-box and had evidently been used as such for many months, if not indeed years.

The funny part of this story is that the workmen posted all the contents of the pump there and then, and when they reached their destinations you may imagine the effects. In some cases the people the letters were addressed to were gone long ago, dead, or emigrated. In others the people who wrote them had been dead for years, which made very awkward complications as you may well believe.

These are the incidents that clever people get hold of and work up into stories.

Yours sincerely,

ED. P. B.

ABOUT THE SHORTHAND.

MASSAWIPPI, Q.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN,—I have studied shorthand some, and am ready to commence it again any time now. I think I can get up a club of two boys and two girls and myself to make five.

I expect to get an answer from you pretty soon.

Yours,

P. G. S.

MY DEAR PERCY, That is very nice. There is nothing that sounds so like real work as "clubs," and your club I am sure will like our shorthand. I am glad you have got one up. There are a great many all ready waiting.

We are not quite ready with the shorthand just yet. The plates have to be made in England all for ourselves. We have no shorthand type in Canada, and the Messrs. Pitman are so interested in our YOUNG CANADIAN that they are getting special plates prepared for us.

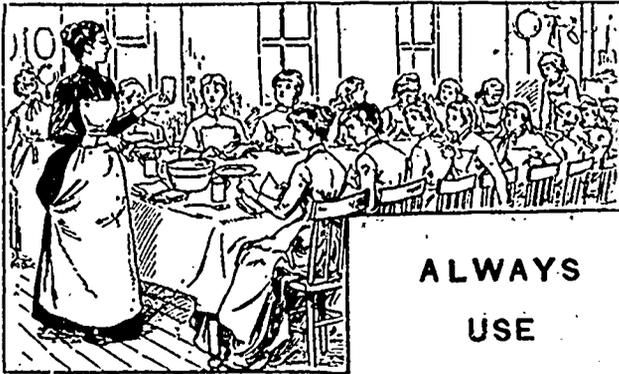
They will be ready very soon now. Meantime I should advise you to go over all you have learned to be in good form for a good start.—ED. P. B.

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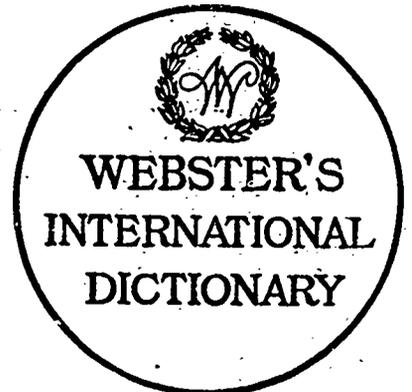
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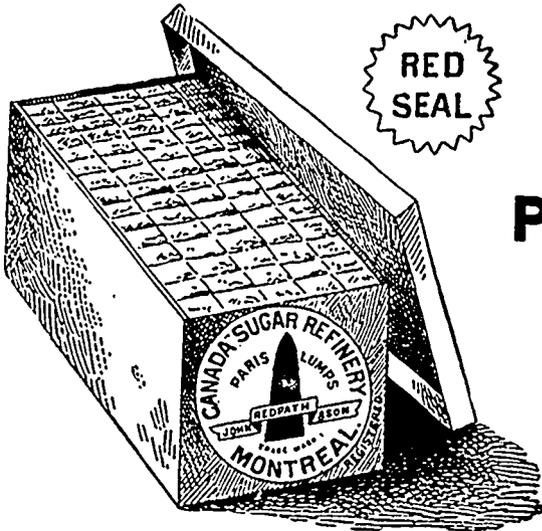
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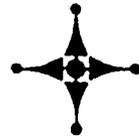
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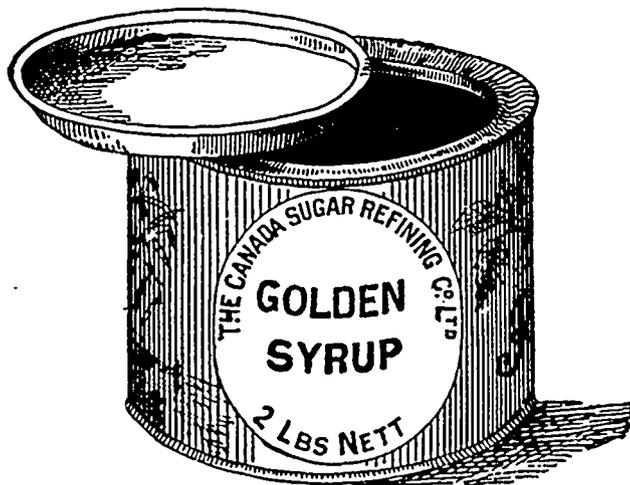
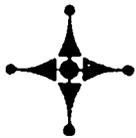
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