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FEBRUARY, 1891.

50 Cents a Year.

Our Contributors.

WINTER-DAWN.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

WHEN clouds are vanishing slowly. Overhead
The stars melt in the wakening sky; and, lo,
Far on the blue band of the eastern snow
Sober and still the morning breaks dull red.
Innumerable smoke wreaths curl and spread
Up from the snow-capped roofs. From the grey north
A little wind that bites like fire creeps forth.
The purple mists along the south hang dead.

Out of the distance eastward frosty, still,
Where soon the gold-shower of the sun shall be,
A file of straggling snow-shoers winds aslant,
Across the dull blue river, up the hill,
Toward the dusk city plodding silently,—
The jaded enders of some midnight jaunt.

Ottawa, Ont.

ON A PERMIT.

WHEN I say that I am intellectually lazy you will see why I never got higher than a "third", but I must make an explanation of my teaching for five whole years on a "permit."

My "room" loved me, for "Mary loved the lamb, you know", and my "discipline" was always pronounced "excellent" by the good inspector, who would shake his grey head and urge upon me the necessity of taking a "second", and also the advantage from a pecuniary point of view.

I would rather have been a "music teacher"—delightful euphemism!—if I could have a secure salary in return for the daily 1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4, and other abominations of elementary instruction, but I knew that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush", and besides Jack Hart used to waste my evenings—the only time I had for practice, etc.

There came a day at length when my good friend, Mr. Trustee Horton, said: "Now *don't*, my dear Miss Weatherbee, *don't* ask for a 'permit' again; take a 'second,' you know we *don't* do it in face of Mr. Inspector's remarks at the last examination."

"I am not going to ask any such favor," I replied, though it had been my fullest intention before he spoke. "I am going to ask you to have me appointed to that school which Mr. Loudly has just vacated." "You don't mean 'No. eleventeen,' at Jig-saw!" exclaimed my trustee in dismay. "I do mean 'No. eleventeen,' if you please." "Why my dear Miss Weatherbee, do you know that the boys there actually thumped Mr. Loudly! They are perfect ruffians, I do assure you. No lady ought to go there." "Oh!" I exclaimed, with a nonchalance I was far from feeling, "I dare say it served Mr. Loudly right. But they will not be so rude to a lady; at any rate I will risk it".

"Well, but really, now! Perhaps we might persuade Mr. Inspector once more. You could not possibly go to Jig-saw." "O yes, I could; and I do not wish to be under any further favour to the Inspector than to be allowed to go where nobody else can do anything. A 'third' is good enough for them, and next year I'll write".

I got the appointment to Jig-saw school, and arrived at the little way station, within five miles of it, one October afternoon.

In reply to enquiries, I learned that Jig-saw school trustees "never sent for no teacher; they al'ayshad to walk."

"And my luggage?"

"O we'll get it to ye in a week or tew."

"Suppose I wait, will a team be likely to come along that will take me there?"

"Mebbe."

I waited, and as the dusk came on I saw I had made a mistake in doing so. How was I to walk five miles on an unknown road in the dark? But fortune favored me. A team came along before it was quite dark, and I agreed to give two dollars to the woman who drove it for the journey, if she would take my trunk too.

"Got ter call fer th' old man at the tavern," she remarked, as we started.

The "tavern" was a mile along the road, and after waiting two mortal hours for "th' old man," he got in, took the reins, and at once shewed he was scarcely fit to drive. After a frightful journey, over corduroy, rock and mud, we reached Jig-saw, and I was allowed to help myself down, and my trunk was swung after me. I had paid the woman at an early stage of the road, and I was left alone.

It was after ten o'clock by this time; the people of the mill, the place where I was to board for the first three months, were all in bed, and the furious barking of a dog at the side of the house did not awaken them. I trembled at the dog, whose chain rattled threateningly, but I could awaken no one by my knocking. After some time, during which I threw bits of wood at windows, and assaulted the door vigorously with my foot, a window opened and a woman enquired what I wanted. I told her, and without a word she shut the window, and immediately opened the door. She said my trunk must "lay" till the morning, and then lighted a smoky lamp, and took me to my bed-room.

I found it a six-by-nine apartment, destitute of carpet, curtain or furniture, save a bed, a chair and an old table, used as a wash-stand. There was a tin basin, a china soap dish, but no towel. The woman, who said she was Mrs. Smith, my hostess, gave me a short "Good night!" and left me.

I should have been thankful for some refreshment, but none was offered. I was glad to put the smoky little lamp out and lie down on the comfortable feather bed.

The loud ringing of a bell awakened me from the shortest night's sleep I had ever known, but I knew that it meant breakfast, and that it was more than likely if I did not have it with the family I should not have it at all; teachers being regarded in the districts I had known with neither fear nor favour. I made a hearty meal, despite the stares of six male men and the furtive sneers of three young women, who retired into privacy the moment the meal was over, and returned to society with their hair a la Weatherbee just as I set off for the school, a mile away, at the back of the mountain.

Such a school-house as it was! A log building surrounded with weeds! The only trace of occupation being its well worn front steps, and a dilapidated swing like a gibbet, on which a little girl of seven, bare footed and uncombed, was swinging. Entering, I found it furnished with high oak benches and double sided desks, a row of ink pots in holes along the partition line. The teacher's desk had no stool, and was flanked by a black-board covered with rude lines. Not a trace of neatness or attractiveness anywhere. No wonder the scholars were rude! I had lunch and a towel with me, and the latter I utilized at once as a duster. Then, as the boys and girls began to "drop in," I entered upon duty. I spoke to those who had entered, asking their names, and getting a giggle or guffaw in reply, and standing by the open door "received" for the next half hour. Thirty boys and girls, from seven to twenty years of age, formed the quota of attendance, apparently, and after closing the door I went to my desk. There was a dreadful din, and when I struck the desk sharply with an old ruler that I found therein, it stopped suddenly, and was resumed immediately, as I supposed it would be.

But I had observed two girls and one boy who seemed

to think a teacher's authority worth regarding, and I had formed a plan.

Obtaining silence. I began exercises by announcing that we should spend the morning singing, and after dinner they would have a holiday lasting two days. Sometimes standing and sometimes seated we sang nearly every hymn known to the average Sunday scholar, and then I announced "God save the Queen". Not one could sing it. Then I told them I would have a melodeon brought to the school, and teach them the National Anthem and a great many more songs. The looks of my scholars were indescribable; smiles, anticipations, sneers, sulks, and in some cases an utter indifference characterised the crowd.

When I dismissed them at noon they would not be dismissed. They had been accustomed to make a rough-and-tumble-play-ground of the school-house, and they began to take the same liberty now. I called them to order, told them to eat their lunch quietly while I ate mine, and that then I should have something to say to them. Sulks again!

Then I began to describe to them the nice school-house I had left, with a few touches of imagination thrown in, and asked them how they would like to make their own school-house look as nice. A few didn't care, but the majority of them—all the girls being of it—did. The school-yard also came in for a share of consideration, particularly when I talked about cricket and foot-ball. The end of it was that the yard was cleared of its weeds that afternoon, and a bonfire made of them. Some of my boys smoked, I was sorry to find, but I did not tell them so on that occasion. Next day the girls cleaned all the windows, the boys patched up the steps and did other odd jobs of carpentering. Lumber was cheap in Jig-saw, and nails could be had for the asking. I set the boys also to making picture frames at home, which some could do very well, and ornaments also, with acorns and pine cones, to be varnished afterwards. The girls asked to be allowed to scrub the desks and floors, and the boys offered to paint the door and window panes. I sent home for a large picture of Her Majesty the Queen, wearing her crown and the broad blue ribbon of the garter, and sundry other pictures, large and bright. I made window curtains of pieces of calico and print the girls begged of their mothers, and when all was done we had a social. But I had made enemies. At the first meeting of the trustees I was hauled over the coals for wasting their childrens' time instead of "makin' of em learn".

After a few weeks some of the bad ones began to try on some of their old tricks. I punished them, and as they did not receive any support from the sympathy of the majority of their companions, they hated me yet the more. One big hulking fellow of twenty dared me to use the "gad" on him, but I had determined from the first never to use corporeal punishment, and I confess to being non-plussed when the wretch actually snapped his fingers in my face, called me "nawthin' but a schule teacher, and only a 'third' at that".

He had learned my certificated standing from his father, who was a trustee, and coolly continued to disobey me. But allies came to my rescue; all the girls, and all but five of the boys—three of whom were little scamps of nine or ten, afraid of the big ones—hissed him. They had learned the meaning of hissing at election meetings. Then I appealed to them to support my authority, asked them if they were so happy at school before, and told them the only way in which they could bring Big Ike to reason was to send him to Coventry. This was a new idea; and when I had explained it to them they took to it most kindly, and for a fortnight, during which he continued to cross me in all conceivable ways, Big Ike was sent to Coventry. Then I said if he would say he was sorry and return to duty I would forgive him, especially as Christmas was coming, when we ought all to be at peace with each other, and I could not have mottoes or evergreens put up unless Peace and Good Will were really existing between us all.

What influence was brought to bear on the culprit I never knew, but a few days after my speech he walked straight up to my desk and said, while his eyes wandered all around, "I didn't mean nawthin'; but I aint uset teu bein' bossed, no woman never bossed me afore".

"You should boss yourself, Ike, and then no one else, neither man nor woman would have to boss you."

He opened his great, blue eyes and stared at me as if I had become an apparition, and then walked to his desk. He was no more trouble.

A great snow fell the second week in December, and as it was impossible for me to make my way through the drifts, I had to stay at home. I learned that most of my scholars would be in the same plight, and would not attempt the journey, and the rest would know it and not go. For three days I killed time as I could. My bedroom had no heat in it, but the snow kept out the drafts, so that I slept fairly warm. The kitchen was the only place where I could be warm, and the mill. Here I spent some of my time, but the freezing of the stream suspended some of the work, and the men went off to lounge at a tavern not far away. The mother and daughters of the house were busy all the time, cooking for ten men, keeping the place clean, and doing the washing and mending. In this last particular I helped a little, and got the kind words of the over-worked, sour-faced, hard-mannered mother, but the daughters had an idea that I thought too much of myself. I was too neat and well-dressed for them, poor girls, and they would not be friends. No letters, no music, no home-freedom! I determined to get my "second" the following year if I studied myself blind.

"Here's a man wants ye!" called Maime, the youngest girl, in at my chamber door on the afternoon of the third day. Wondering who on earth the man might be, and what he wanted of me, I half expected it was a trustee come to dismiss me for breach of contract, I went to the

kitchen. And there stood Jack Hart. I didn't cry, though I felt like throwing myself on his breast, all fleeced with snow as it was, and 'crying my eyes out' as school girls say. And I didn't speak, I couldn't. My throat filled tight with a lump.

But he spoke, very quietly and in a matter of fact way, as before strangers, and in a couple of minutes I was putting on my things to go for a sleigh drive with him.

He was very handsome, was Jack. I always loved to look at him, especially in his fur cap and coat: and I suppose the girls thought so too, for when I returned to the kitchen they were staring at him from various points of vantage round the big stove, and had not so much as asked him to sit down. Their mother was gone to help keep the life in a little baby that was sick a few rods away.

The trustees didn't dismiss me. I gave Jack Hart leave to come for me the night before Christmas Eve, and I led him to believe that there was a probability that I might not refuse him again more than twice before Easter, and that if I did not, he might marry me on Easter Sunday.

S. A. COCHRAN.

Toronto.

EVANGEL.

BY HUGH COCHRANE.

THE world's routine that men despond
Of making bright, that aye has been;
What hand releases from life's bond
The world's routine?

Not earth's. but clouds that roll between
Our sphere and spheres that grow more fond,
Pass, if we say, and leave a scene

Where angels sing and stars respond,
And One who maketh all things clean,
Points out new glories, far beyond
The world's routine.

Montreal, P. Q.

OUR LACK OF LOCAL HISTORIANS.

IT is a common remark that the history of Canada has yet to be written, and, if a book of corresponding literary and historical value to John Richard Green's almost ideal History of the English People is had in mind, one may safely concur without in any wise reflecting upon the character of the work done by Garneau, Miles, Withrow, Bryce and Kingsford. These histories have each their good qualities. Garneau is brilliant, if somewhat unfair; Miles is frank and faithful so far as he goes; Withrow is clear and entertaining; Bryce, compact and comprehensive; and Kingsford, painstaking and minute. Nevertheless a combination of the best qualities of all these our historians would not result in another Green. Therefore, perhaps, to take him as our standard is hardly fair.

Particularly so does this seem in view of the fact that the vast Republic to the south of us has not yet produced a parallel to the London curate who, while not neglecting the duties of a large parish in one of the poorest quarters of the metropolis, somehow managed, amidst failing health, to compass one of the greatest achievements in historical writing in any language, and to give us a book that will live as long as English literature endures. In spite of their Bancrofts, Schuylers, Adams and others, they have not yet a work comparable to Green's, and, until they have, perhaps we may be permitted to leave the task unassayed.

In the meantime, however, there is a line of historical writing that is too scantily followed, and of which the best examples that here suggest themselves are Hannay's *Acadia*, Sellar's *History of the County of Huntingdon and Seadding's Old Toronto*. For the local historian the time has come, and our sincere wish concerning him is "May his tribe increase." The most practical step so far taken towards developing work of this nature is the Aikins Prize for the best history of one of the counties of Nova Scotia, which is awarded annually in connection with King's College, Windsor, and which has been the means of giving us such excellent volumes as Mr. Patterson's "*History of the County of Pictou*" and others.

Confining his efforts to a limited range, as the local historian does, the demand upon his time and resources is not so great as if he took the whole country for his subject. Consequently the field is more widely open to aspirants for literary honours. Furthermore, a very moderate amount of talent is sufficient for the production of a quite satisfactory account of the past of a town or county, whereas nothing short of positive genius will ever meet the demand for a history of Canada thoroughly worthy of its subject; such a history as Parkman might have written had he addressed himself to the task a quarter of a century ago, and been blessed with the superb health that was the possession of George Bancroft lately passed away with but a decade short of the century.

Surely there are many ambitious enough and patriotic enough to win repute as the chroniclers of their own neighbourhood. There is not a settlement which has not its own little store of legend and history, which if carefully garnered would form material of immense value to the general historian of the future. Let there be an awakening of interest in this direction. It is one of the needs of our day, and no doubt it is in part at least to meet such a need that *Canada* has been established.

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

We made a mistake last month in the price of *Stories of New France*, and have sent out several copies at a loss. The price is \$1.50. Every Canadian family should have this book.

YOUTH.

To feel, the joy in the air,
The wind in your face,
The pulses, firm throbbing,
Strong for the race.

To see, the light on the hills
Where the sapphire and gold
Climb up from the purple,
Draping fold upon fold—

Of the mantle the sun god
Has dropped in his flight
To the land of new sunrise
On the skirts of the night.

To catch, 'neath the white sail
The glint of blue seas.
With hand on the rudder
To trim to the breeze

The light bonnie lifeboat
That holleth but two
Where the man and the maiden
Are captain and crew.

IRENE ELDER MORTON.

The Châlet, Wilnot, N. S.

MONTCALM AND FRENCH CANADA.

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

THOUGH a little diminished by the concessions demanded at the time of the peace of Utrecht, our colony in America was still, in the middle of the 18th century, as large as the half of Europe. West and south, Louisiana, that is to say, all the basin of the Mississippi between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains,—to the North, Canada and Labrador, constituted the new French world. To be sure, nothing had yet occurred in our vast southern possessions to foreshadow their marvellous and approaching destinies. Louisiana contained but one town—New Orleans, and, in ascending westward the banks of the Mississippi, one could find only thinly scattered settlements, dim beacons of the future in the middle of the wilderness. A line of military posts, however, united the possessions in the South to those in the North—Louisiana to New France, that the two sister colonies in case of danger might afford a mutual help; but, truth to say, all the civilisation that existed was confined to Canada, the capital of which was Quebec.

Explored in 1535 by "a seeker of worlds", Jacques Cartier, of Saint Malo, colonised in the first years of the 17th century by Samuel de Champlain, Canada had received from Henry IV the name of *New France*. In the reign of Louis XIV, the hand of the great Colbert gave a vigorous impulse to its colonisation, the influence of which was felt fifty years after. Close relations were maintained between

the colony and the metropolis. The custom of Paris became the law of the country. Two new towns—Montreal and Three-Rivers, sprang up along the Saint Lawrence, above Quebec. New France, administered as a province of the kingdom, had then for Governor a lieutenant-general, the valiant Count de Frontenac, and for Intendant an eminent statesman—J. B. Talon, grand-nephew of the celebrated magistrate Omer Talon. In fine, in 1671, an episcopate was created at Quebec, the first incumbent of which was a Montmorency-Laval.

What a beautiful ornament to the crown of France was this Canada, with her three towns and her flourishing villages along the banks of the Saint Lawrence, with her fortresses, her factories, her fleet, her fisheries, her warehouses filled to overflowing by the *pelleteries* of Hudson's Bay, and her zone of friendly or subject tribes. And then what love for the mother country! In this land without historic past, on the virgin soil scarcely touched by the wandering feet of some savage tribes, nothing existed that was not French. Not a house which was not built, not a field which was not cleared by Gallic hands. All took its origin from France, all lived for her. It was less a colony than a province beyond the sea, or rather it was New France.

No sooner was our conquest made than it was disputed by other Europeans, first by the Dutch, then by the English; and the ancient masters of these shores and groves, the avenged savages, beheld with astonishment and joy the "pale faces" coming so far across the "great lake" to slaughter one another under the maples of the American forests. By the treaty of Saint Germain, in 1632, Richelieu obtained the restoration of Acadia and Canada, which England had conquered for the first time. The war of the league of Augsburg stained the territory with blood without changing the delimitations of the frontiers; this is the epoch of the great exploits of the Chevalier d'Yberville, the intrepid sailor, and of the Count de Frontenac, that governor of New France who, summoned, in 1690, to surrender Quebec, responded close after his verbal reply, "by the mouths of his cannon". Unhappily the war of the Spanish succession was followed by the most fatal consequences and deprived us of the circuit of Hudson's Bay, the Island of Newfoundland, and, at the entrance of the St. Lawrence, fertile Acadia. Acadia, what touching memories of fidelity and misfortune its name awakens! It was the oldest of our French colonies in America: its artless people, patriarchal in their manners, culpable only in not hating France, the land of their forefathers, were objects of suspicion to their foreign master. To transport these labourers and pastors did not give sufficient security: it was necessary to disperse them. One day in the year 1755, when for half a century they had been obedient subjects of England, they were assembled by cantons like droves of sheep: as many as could escape fled to the forests, but the rest, to the number of 12,000 men, women, and children, were embarked in English

ships, then cast indiscriminately on the shores of the two Americas: the mother here, the father there, the children anywhere.

Poor Acadia, its very name has disappeared under that of New Brunswick: of its capital, Port Royal, the English, subjects of Queen Anne, have made Annapolis, and the French Bay has become the Bay of Fundy. Thus everything has changed its name, land and water; but the abduction of an innocent people is called and ever will be called the same, for the conscience of humanity speaks but one language.

FROM THE GRAVE OF GRAY.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

HERE lies before me, as I write, a copy of the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, illustrated with pencil drawings of the old Church at Stoke-Pogis and the "Acre of God" that lies under its shadow. With the volume came to me a spray of leaves and grass which was gathered from the mound beneath which has rested, for more than a hundred years, all that was mortal of the poet, Thomas Gray.

It seems singular that the *Elegy* which has brought so much of comfort to the sorrowing hearts of humanity throughout the world, and which in every line is impregnated with the lessons which Nature inculcates in wood and field, should have been written by one who was born and spent so large a portion of his life in cruel and tumultuous London. But the case of Gray has many parallels: Hawthorne wrote many of his breeziest and most delightful stories while chained to a desk in a musty government office; George P. Morris, the greatest of American song-writers and author of "Woodman, spare the tree", had to deny himself some pecuniary comfort whenever he treated himself to an outing among the haunts of the salmon on the Miramichi or those of the wild ducks and geese among the swamps of Virginia; and Bryant, the poet of nature *par excellence*, must have been sorely vexed that so many years of his long life were of necessity spent in the office of a newspaper, where few things were supposed to be thought of or discussed except politics and finance. These examples, and many others might be cited, shew us that the souls of men, if such an expression may be pardoned, are largely uninfluenced by their surroundings; that the trammels and burdens of life are but as gossamer threads when used to fetter the mind.

Blind from birth, there are those who plant the sky with stars, sometimes veiled with a drapery of lace-like clouds,—who people the fields with flowers of unearthly beauty and the woods with birds of radiant plumage; and deaf to the sounds that come to our mortal sense, there are those who hear in the sweep of the wind, the flow of the

rivulet, the swell of the sea and from a thousand sources, bursts of harmony to the like of which we have never listened. It was the soul of Gray that spoke in his poem, as it was the soul of Bryant that spoke to mortals, as it were from another sphere, in the measured and solemn periods of *Thanatopsis*. Though they had been deaf and blind, as we look upon the absence of the faculties of seeing and hearing, they would have seen and heard far more than we, of grosser natures, may ever hope to see or hear.

Gray was born in London in 1716 and died at Cambridge, where he had spent most of his life in lettered ease, in 1771. Looking upon these leaves and grasses from his grave at Stoke, near Eaton, he rises up before me, with his companions of a long buried generation, just as at Annapolis Royal, at Grand Manan, at LaHave, at Louisburg and old Shelburne, I have walked through streets that have an existence no longer in reality, have witnessed pageants that long since became obsolete and talked with men and women who speak no more except to the visionary and the dreamer.

St. John, N. B.

Correspondence.

Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 3rd, '91.

M. R. KNIGHT, *Editor of Canada:*

Editor of CANADA sounds large! When I look over the map I find Canada is a large country. It stretches from sea to sea, and from the Lakes to the North Pole. There is more land and ice and water under that name than under any other on the map of the world. How many brave men are on its soil and beneath it. How many eminent statesmen, heroic soldiers, orators, poets and philosophers can Canada of the past and the present claim as its sons. Aye and what lovely, gracious, elegant and true daughters are proud of being Canadians. What a history belongs to the land first claimed by the courtly sons and daughters of France. What a glow of romance surrounds the names of the old colonists, of priest and prior, count and seigneur, who first ventured to explore its marvellous rivers, its magnificent lakes and its limitless forests. What heroism inspired those self-denying *courriers-de-bois* who explored these forests and laid the foundation of the present great future.

Before me is a picture of Mackinac, (Michillimackinac). The old Fort is on the hill and the bay on which, in 1670, floated only the birch canoe of the stolid Indian, is now crowded with huge steamers, each carrying 2,000 tons of ore, or 100,000 bushels of wheat to eastern markets.

I commenced this letter to acknowledge the receipt of CANADA, and also to say something about Canada in Minneapolis. It is estimated there are fifteen thousand Canadians in this city—the census for 1890, if it is ever printed, will give the exact number. I find them nearly always at the front. They are among the great millers, in the chamber of commerce, in the banks and the newspaper offices, in the professions of law and medicine, and also the most active and intelligent in the churches. In the last State Legislature there were sixteen members who hailed

from Canada. In the present there will probably be twice that number, as there will be a preponderance of farmers, and you cannot pass through a township in the state without encountering Canadians. Usually they are identified by the thrifty appearance of their farm buildings and their superior methods of farming.

In my next I will, if you wish, speak of the Canadian Societies in Minneapolis, and especially tell my N. B. and N. S. friends of the "Canadian Club", of which a Nova Scotian and a New Brunswicker are respectively trustees.

JOHN ALLISON.

Red Pencil and Scissors.

MY OWN CANADIAN HOME.

THOUGH other skies may be as bright,
And other lands as fair;
Though charms of other climes invite
My wandering footsteps there;
Yet there is one, the peer of all
Beneath bright heaven's dome;
Of thee I sing, O happy land,
My own Canadian home!

Did kindly heaven afford to me
The choice where I would dwell,
Fair Canada that choice should be,
The land I love so well.
I love thy hills and valleys wide,
Thy waters' flash and foam;
May God in love o'er thee preside,
My own Canadian home!

E. G. NELSON.

NATIONAL SENTIMENT.

IT is sometimes remarked that there is little in Canada to foster national sentiment. The population of the Dominion is small in comparison with the United States. Adjoining us to the south, along a boundary of 3,000 miles, is the great republic—a nation with vast resources, great ambition and irrepressible energy. The republic is inhabited by people similar to ourselves in race, language and institutions. Under these conditions there was almost more than a possibility that Canada would gravitate toward the United States. But we have lived alongside the republic for more than 100 years and still exist as a separate realm. Indeed, we have made progress in the opposite direction, by uniting together in forming a federal government, which has stood the test of a quarter of a century, while the territory over which the Dominion holds sway has expanded enormously.

There are evidences that national feeling has made marked progress in Canada in recent years. There are two principal causes for this. The first and important reason is plainly traceable to the extension of the boundary of the

Dominion to include the vast region included in what may be geographically described as western and northwestern Canada. The development of this vast territory of illimitable distances and great and varied resources, has inspired a national feeling which could not otherwise have originated. The second cause for the marked growth of national sentiment in Canada of late years, is undoubtedly due to the unfriendly action of the United States towards this country. The unwarranted seizure of our sealers upon the high seas, the repeated threatenings of congress in the passage of what were termed "retaliatory" measures, the placing of a prohibitory tariff upon our exports, have all combined to more firmly establish the Dominion. This feeling has gained such headway in Canada that, outside of certain political circles, the passage of the McKinley bill, instead of staggering the Dominion as was no doubt expected, was looked upon with complacency. While it was recognised that the measure would injure this country, Canadians did not wince, but philosophically decided to endeavor to make up in other directions for what they had lost in being shut out of United States markets.—*The Commercial* (Winnipeg).

ECHOES.

ALASKA is said to be rich in minerals, on the principle that far away cows have long horns, but so far there is nothing discovered in it but desolately sublime scenery and a fine aurora borealis. Canadian territory behind it, on the contrary, is rich and fertile for a considerable extent. Captain Tom Carroll, a leading Alaskan, is now in Washington with an ultimatum to the President which he, with terse alliteration worthy of Julius Cæsar, couches in the words—"Treat, Trade or Travel." Thus the plot thickens, for the people of Alaska—there are people there, it seems—are discontented with the way they are governed, without representation or right of appeal to United States courts, and threaten secession.—*Daily Star*.

THE Dominion of Canada pays to its senators and members of Parliament a good round sum yearly as an indemnity for the private loss their public services may entail upon them, and as no general complaints are heard as to the insufficiency of this indemnity, and there seems to be no trouble in filling all these positions, it is to be presumed that the sum is large enough. Why, then, should these same indemnified legislators get petty John Footman perquisites in the shape of trunks, brushes, mother-of-pearl handled pen-knives and penholders, stationery by the boxful, franking privileges, and other little presents and privileges innumerable. Is it dignified or honorable for men holding such positions to take tips like waiters when they do no worse? These perquisites beget and develop a taste for other and greater pickings, if not stealings.—*Weekly Witness*.

In official circles a new idea has recently been broached to enable the advocates of reciprocity with the British West

Indies to carry out their views without complicating the most favored nation's clause in two or three treaties Great Britain has formed with other nations. This idea embraces the proposal that the British Government should give to Canada the hegemony of all her possessions in North America, exclusive of Newfoundland. This would enable the British Government to cease dealing with each of the West India Islands directly, and would transfer the general management of public affairs from Downing Street to Ottawa. The British Government would thus be relieved of many troublesome questions, which could be relegated to the Canadian Cabinet. In this way closer trade relations would spring up without involving a reference to Great Britain and it would simplify the entire trade question very greatly. This proposition, in view of the large interests of England in Africa constantly requiring attention, is considered to be highly feasible.—*Daily Star*.

SPEAKING of the Canadians, Major Edmond Malet remarked that they made the best soldiers physically that he ever saw. In his company of the 81st New York volunteer infantry, in the late war, he said he had 45 of them, and no hardships could dampen their gay spirits nor toil exhaust their hardy frames. In those terrible forced marches of the Army of Potomac in the Peninsula, with the thermometer far up in the nineties and the dust a foot deep, when thousands of men fell out by the roadside, many of them never to march again, these Canadians trudged along cheerily, beguiling the weary way with joke and song. They could not understand the wastefulness of their American comrades, who would hurl aside overcoats, blankets; and other implements on a hard march without a thought, so they would carefully gather them up, add them to their own load and bring them into camp. "One evening I remember," said the major, "a Canadian soldier came into bivouac, after a fearful march from early dawn, with twelve overcoats piled on his knapsack, which he had carried nearly all day. He sold them back to their original owners for \$1 each."—*N. Y. Sun*

LOYAL Canadians who can afford the outlay will subscribe for *The Week* and *The Dominion Illustrated*; but tens of thousands who cannot afford \$3.00 or \$4.00 a year for a periodical will find in "CANADA" just what they need. And those who can afford to take the higher-priced periodicals can have "CANADA" thrown in by ordering through us.

OUR subscribers will readily see that everyone of them is personally interested in pushing the circulation of our Journal as much as possible. Every additional subscriber obtained will help towards the enlargement and improvement of the Journal. We hope our readers will do what they can in the matter.

CANADA:

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

— OF —

Religion, Patriotism, Science and Literature.

EDITED BY MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

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

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

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

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

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

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The Editor's Portfolio.

AMONG the questions before the country at the present time, none is so vital to its higher interests as the question of prohibition. Men of all shades of religious and political opinion, who have the true weal of their country at heart, are beginning to see that without prohibition we cannot successfully handle the liquor traffic. Every license law has been a failure. The Scott Act has failed to a certain extent, not because it went too far, but because it did not go far enough. If experience has taught us anything, it has taught us this, that the only way to restrict this evil is to annihilate it.

Let us not suppose, however, that the fight for prohibi-

tion will be an easy one. If the opposition to the Scott Act in places like Charlottetown has proved itself strong enough to overthrow it, the opposition to prohibition pure and simple would be stronger still. The traffic would be in the last ditch, fighting with the courage of despair. A desperate, unscrupulous antagonist is a terrible one.

Let us not suppose that the friends of prohibition would gain much additional strength from among those who profess to oppose the Scott Act from temperance motives. It is natural, perfectly natural, that the friends of the liquor traffic should not care to be considered so; that they should cover their motives with a little temperance varnish. But we, who have had experience of such, are not so easily deceived. The men who will put themselves upon the same side with the manufacturer and retailer of intoxicants, with the wholly bestialised drunkard who has no ambition or desire to reform, with the riff-raff of the pothouse and the slum, and make common cause with them, are likely to be the very last who would lift a hand in favour of prohibition.

We trust that the gigantic petitions that will be presented to the House of Commons this winter by the two great protestant churches of Canada—the Presbyterian and Methodist, will at least lead the Government to submit the question in some way to the vote of the people.

WE think that some attention should be given by the Government during the coming session to the amendment and enforcement of our lottery laws. Several publications, in the form of magazines, have achieved a wide circulation in Canada during the last few years by means which, if carried out without fraud, are yet demoralising in the extreme. Under some euphonious title or other, in some deceptive guise or other, to catch the unreasoning and unwary, they are nothing but lotteries, and ought to come within the prohibitions of any properly constructed lottery law. We know, and these adventurers know too, that there are a great many people in the world, even in Canada, that are weak and foolish enough to expect to get a great deal for nothing. It is among this class that these monthlies roll up their circulation. A favourite device of late has been Word Competitions, something decidedly intellectual and literary in appearance, but a lottery just the same. Then a step even higher has been taken, and a great deal of capital made out of Bible Competitions. What a mockery, what an insult to everything sacred! Such journals have not the honesty to acknowledge that they are not worth the paper they are printed on, though such would be a legitimate inference from the desperate and immoral means they employ to extend their circulation.

THE future of Canada is making prophets of a great many who have no special fitness for the prophet's office. As for ourselves, we know nothing about it, and it does not occasion us much anxiety. We feel a deeper interest in our country's present than in its future. Let us be true

Canadians and Christians ; let us set ourselves against the evil and identify ourselves with the good ; let us educate the youth to love God and Canada ; let us build with the best materials upon the right foundation,—and Canada's future will be as it ought to be, whatever that future may be.

Of one thing, however, we are pretty sure, and it needs no prophet's mantle and spirit to make this prediction,—that Canada will never become a part of the United States. The Republic and Canadians have much in common, enough to make them good neighbours and the best of friends, sympathetic within certain limits and mutually helpful ; but the differences of sentiment and opinion in some respects are so great that a political union would not be beneficial to either party, and by one party, at least, would never be seriously entertained. Canadians are British through and through, and are perfectly satisfied with the political relation they sustain to the dear old mother land. England has ever treated the interest of the Dominion with the kindest consideration, and it is extremely improbable that anything will at any time arise to disturb the amity and affection which exists between the Imperial Government and the greatest of the colonies.

But let us take care of to-day, and to-morrow will take care of itself. Let us not forget that we are nation builders. There is a great work for us to do. In the senate and the church, in the workshop and the study, in the field and the factory, let us gather inspiration from the thought that we are building a NATION. Must not that nation be sober, intelligent, moral, God-fearing, reaching after the highest ideals? May not Canada be the model nation, an example to all the rest of the world? Why not? You, Canadians, hold its destiny in your hands.

ONE very important object among those which gave birth to CANADA was to encourage those, whether old or young, who have any literary taste or ambition, to try their hands on Canadian themes, stories, biographical sketches, descriptions of scenery, anything, but always Canadian. Every neighbourhood almost has some legend, some folktale, some mystery, some ghost story, some family romance, which could be woven with a little care into a most interesting short story. Every province has had its men of influence and mark in commerce, statesmanship or professional life, or men of simple and rugged grandeur among its pioneers, who deserve to be enshrined in appreciative monographs. In the history of every province, however uneventful, have been events of special interest, stirring times, worthy of record. Every part of our noble country has its peculiar beauties and features of natural scenery that none can describe so well as they who have lived among them. Let our readers try their hands at some of these sorts of writing, on some of these familiar themes, and submit the result to us. We will deal kindly with it, and where it is at all suited to our purpose or

can be adapted to it will gladly publish it in CANADA. The Canadian stories published in *The Montreal Witness* reveal the fact that there is a great deal of untrained and promising talent for story-writing among the young people of the Dominion.

MEN AND MATTERS CANADIAN.

THE McKinley Bill will have the effect of opening up a profitable trade between Canada and Mexico.

THE event of greatest interest in temperance circles during the month of January was the defeat of the Scott Act in Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

THE highest tide in the history of St. John, N. B., occurred about noon on the 12th ult. and resulted in much damage to the warehouses and wharves.

MONSIEUR LABELLE, for some time Deputy Minister of Agriculture for the Province of Quebec, and an enthusiast in colonisation matters, died at Quebec on the 4th ult.

It has been stated on good authority that nearly 400 families purpose emigrating from Dakota in the spring and settling in Manitoba and the North West of Canada.

A DOMINION Committee on Canadian history is being formed, which is to have in charge the preparation of a text-book on the history of Canada for use in the schools in all the provinces.

BISHOP GRANDIN, of St. Albert, appeals to the parish priests of the Province of Quebec to use their influence with French Canadians who may contemplate emigrating, and persuade them to seek homes in the Canadian North-West instead of in a foreign land.

JUST A WORD.

BE sure to read this number through, advertisements and all, or you will miss something that interests you especially.

OUR table of contents this month presents many attractive features. The number of March will be equally as full and varied.

WE have not more than 100 copies of the January number left. Whoever wants to have CANADA from the first number must send his subscription at once.

THIS month we have added a cover, as our readers will be glad to see, and next month we shall have a beautiful frontispiece. It is now in the engraver's hands.

MOST of our readers have friends in the United States. We want carefully prepared lists of them with present addresses, that we may send them sample copies of CANADA.

WE are very much gratified with the reception "CANADA" has met with on every side. The press has been unanimous in its praise, and the appreciation of

Canadians in general is shewn by the large number of subscriptions already sent in from all over the Dominion.

We slightly modify an offer made last month. If our friends will give us 5,000 subscribers before next Christmas, we will enlarge to 16 pages and cover without raising the price.

If "CANADA" is to do the work we have in view, every subscriber must take a personal interest in its success. It is only a small thing to ask your friends to subscribe, and the monthly is so cheap as well as unique that very few will refuse.

If you have a friend in the United States and want to shew him that he is not forgotten, send 50 cents to us, and we will send him "CANADA" for a year and drop him a card explaining why it is sent. No more acceptable present could be sent.

We feel that the success of "CANADA" is now assured, and this month we enlarge and improve the Journal by the addition of a coloured cover for advertisements and in other ways. We are determined that our readers shall never be disappointed with either its appearance or its contents.

The Editor's Table.

BOOKS.

IDEAL AND OTHER POEMS.—By Hugh Cochrane. Montreal, Drysdale's, 15 cents. This little volume pleases us very much. We like the serious, earnest tone of the ten short poems it contains, and welcome an element that has not, perhaps, been sufficiently emphasised in Canadian poetic production. Mr. Cochrane adds to his pure inspiration an intimate acquaintance with the rules of verse.

MAPLE LEAVES AND HEMLOCK BRANCHES.—A collection of Poems. By Martin Butler, Fredericton, N. B. As Mr. Butler's book of verse makes no pretence of literary art, we forbear to criticise. The verses are chiefly descriptive and narrative, local in their subjects, and shew that in the author's philosophy of things more good than bad is to be found in men and more to be grateful for than to grumble about in life. It is a good philosophy.

POEMS.—By Charles Frederick Hall, Truro, N. S. The Cosmoerat Print. The Cosmoerat Print, whatever it may be, can turn out a handsome book. The volume before us is beautifully printed on a heavy laid and toned paper and bound with a thick pebbled white paper, the whole fastened together with a crimson silk cord. The poems held worthy of such a garb are certainly out of the ordinary; but whether the author was wise to depart so far from the ordinary is open to question. Most of the verses smack to us of what was called in England at one time the Spasmodic School. There are touches of simple truth, touches of power and beauty, touches of real genius, scattered through the book; but the general effect is spoiled by the poet's assumption that poetry is something altogether above the comprehension of any except a very select few. The essence of true poetry is simplicity. We trust that our Canadian poets will give us more than they are giving us yet in the way of Canadian ballads and narrative verse. As for Mr. Hall, we hope to return to him at some other opportunity.

CANADA: A Memorial volume. Maps and illustrations. Montreal: E. B. Biggar. \$3.00.

This portly and handsome book contains a vast amount of information about Canada and is of almost indispensable value as a work of reference.

20TH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF ONTARIO. Toronto: Printed by Warwick & Sons, 1890.

We have found this work very interesting reading. The information it contains, illustrated with cuts, is especially valuable to the farmer and horticulturist.

CANADA AND OTHER POEMS. By J. F. Herbin. Windsor, N. S.: Printed by J. J. Anslow, 1891.

This little volume contains seven poems, entitled Canada, Appeal, Promise, War, Unfinished, Union and Home. All are in a patriotic vein and are much above the ordinary. Such poetry as this is of the sort that Canada wants, and we look with interest for Mr. Herbin's further work.

THE MAGAZINES.

A LARGE part of *The New England Magazine* for January is devoted to Bells. These form the theme of a beautifully illustrated article and several poems. The stories and verses are up to this magazine's usual high mark.

THE Christmas number of *The Owl*, published by the students of Ottawa University, was a pleasant surprise to us. We have not seen all the Canadian Christmas periodicals this year, but among those we have seen we give *The Owl* the palm. Archbishop O'Brien and Mr. Lampman are among the contributors, and altogether both matter and manner are excellent.

THE Christmas number of *The Argosy*, published by the students of Mt. Allison University at Sackville, N. B., is not by any means the least attractive and interesting of the holiday magazines. With tasteful Christmas cover, excellent portraits of the eight professors and reading matter adapted to the season, it should still further increase the pride and deepen the interest of the Methodist Church in this flourishing and efficient institution.

The Methodist Magazine for January has an interesting table of contents. Among the illustrated articles are Canadian Tourist Party in Europe, Memories of the Elk Forest, another instalment of a Voyage of the Sunbeam and Vagabond Vignettes. The first of a series of papers on the Poets and Poetry of Canada, contains a short monograph on Arthur John Lockhart. Several stories and other articles complete an excellent number. Those who order *The Methodist Magazine* through us will receive CANADA free. Two dollars for both.

The Land We Live In, a magazine for the sporting fraternity, though not exclusively so, is now in its third year and is better every month. The January number is full of interesting matter, and is printed on a beautiful soft toned paper. The first article is a biographical sketch, with portrait, of J. M. Lemoine, F. R. S. C., by a fellow member of the Royal Society, W. Kirby. Among the other good things, we notice a patriotic poem by our esteemed contributor, Rev. A. J. Lockhart. We quote from it:—

What gift to thee, O Canada?
A gift of high presaging song;
A gift of loyal hearts and strong;
A gift of manhood, brave and free,
A generous, broad humanity,
Firm faith and honour white as snow:
Such gifts would we bestow.

LITERARY NOTES.

Le Glaneur is the title of a new literary magazine to be published at Levis, P. Q.

The fourth and last volume of Kingsford's History of Canada has recently appeared.

"THE FEAST OF ST. ANNE and other Poems", by P. S. Hamilton, has arrived at the proud distinction of a second edition.

Is *The Youth's Companion* for Jan. 8th is a sketch of adventure by J. Macdonald Oxley, entitled "Forty Miles of Macstrom."

The Manitoba Free Press says that Mr. Grant Allen has won a prize of \$5,000 offered by an English literary journal for the best serial story.

The London (G.B.) firm of Macmillan will publish soon a new work by Prof. Goldwin Smith on "Canada and the Canadian Question".

We are charmed with the prospectus of *The Young Canadian*. We feel sure that thousands of the youth of Canada will greet its appearance with delight.

The Weekly Empire's offer of a Canadian flag to every school that shall send a specified number of subscriptions to the paper is giving an impetus in the same direction.

No cultivated Canadian should be without the regular visits of *The Week*. It does not suffer by comparison with the great literary weeklies of Great Britain and the United States.

Of Canadian poets, W. W. Campbell, Hugh Cochrane, Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Harrison, J. F. Herbin, Archbishop O'Brien, H. L. Spencer, and Arthur Wier have published volumes during 1890.

MISS SARAH JEANETTE DUNCAN, known in literature as "Garth Grafton," was married in Calcutta on Dec. 6th, to Mr. E. C. Cotes, of the Indian Civil Service.

An interesting series of letters, containing pictures of life among the settlers in the North-west and British Columbia, is being contributed to *The Globe*, of Toronto, by Miss Helen E. Gregory.

The Wesleyan, of Halifax, has appeared recently in new type and on new paper, and is now in excellence of matter and mechanical get up, second to none of the Canadian religious weeklies.

The Weekly Witness is doing much by its Canadian stories to develop a national and patriotic spirit. The time is coming when the paper that is not broadly Canadian will have a very limited constituency.

The strong and experienced hand of Mr. John Reade, the editor of *The Dominion Illustrated*, has brought that journal to a position of literary and artistic excellence that should make Canadians proud of it.

Progress (St. John) is unique and indescribable. It certainly has illustrated its name in a wonderful way in the short three years of its history, and now, still true to the name, it is going to enlarge to 16 pages.

The Scottish Canadian is a new weekly of 16 pages, published in Toronto, full of matter of special interest to Sandy and Donald, containing a column or two in Gaelic, but containing as well a good deal to interest every one.

The growing national spirit is manifesting itself in all parts of Canada. Two P. E. Island papers, *The Island Guardian* and *The Summerside Journal*, will have departments this year devoted especially to Canadian literature.

The Methodist is a new weekly paper published in St. John and edited by Rev. Dr. Wilson. The first few numbers are good in matter and appearance; but is there an opening for another denominational weekly among the Methodists of the Maritime Provinces? We think not.

Juvenile Canada.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

As passed the Christ along the way,
The weary way to Calvary,
Bearing in pain the cruel tree,
While on His brow the thorn-crown lay.

A little bird in pity drew
A thorn that pierced His sacred head;
And so the precious blood, 'tis said,
Stained its brown breast a crimson hue.

Since then, to every christian's eye,
Fairest of all the birds and best
Is Robin with the ruddy breast:
This pretty legend tells you why.

A FAVORITE PAPER.

The publishers of *The Youth's Companion* have issued a beautiful Calendar for 1891, unique and convenient, which contains also the Announcements of next year. Among the new names which will grace this model young folks' weekly paper are the Lord Chief-Justice of England—Coleridge, Hon. Seth Low, the venerable Hannibal Hamlin, Camille Flammarion, Sir Norman Lockyer, Gen. O. O. Howard, Rev. Lyman Abbott, Jules Verne, Max O'Rell, Julia Ward Howe, Walter Besant, Benson J. Lossing, the eminent historian, and Carl Lummholtz. Truly a host of names in themselves, sufficient to warrant the success of a paper.

Five serial stories are promised, by Molly E. Seawell, Rebecca Harding Davis, Julie M. Lippman, H. H. Boyeson and Elizabeth W. Bellamy. A popular series on the latest discoveries in science will treat of the stars, the sun, the moon, the earth, the ocean, and the Gulf Stream.

There will be another popular series on music by Mme. Albani, Emma Juch, Mme. Norica, Marie Van Zandt, and Emma Nevada, while Amelia E. Barr, Mary A. Livermore, Jenny June and Marion Harland will tell what a girl of sixteen can do when thrown on her own resources.

Full Prospectus and Specimen Copies sent free, on application. We furnish *The Youth's Companion* to new subscribers and CANADA, both for \$1.75.

QUESTIONS IN CANADIAN HISTORY.

The first to answer these questions correctly each month will receive some recent work in Canadian literature. Answers must be sent to the Editor of CANADA.

9. What French nobleman aspired to rule the lands discovered by Cartier?
10. Who was king of France at that time?
11. What was the fate of the French nobleman's expedition?
12. Who was the second French nobleman to be appointed ruler of Canada?
13. On what island did he land his "Forty Thieves"?
14. What were the leading names in the expedition of Sieur de Monts?
15. Where did they make their settlement?
16. How far south did they cruise the following summer?
17. Whither did they at last transfer their settlement?

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 8 letters.

My 1, 2, 5, 7, 8 is what every good story has.

My 5, 6, 3, 4 is a form of interest.

My 4, 2, 3, 6 is a term in music.

My 1, 2, 7, 3 is an audible expression of grief.

My whole is a city in Canada.

Whoever sends to the Editor the first correct answer to the above enigma will receive, either for himself or friend, a year's subscription to CANADA.

STAMP CHAT.

NEWFOUNDLAND has issued a new three cent stamp.

THE early stamps of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia have been reprinted, so it is said, and collectors will have to be on their guard.

SOME of the values of the Prince Edward Island stamps are almost unobtainable in a used condition.

THE first issues of Canadian, Nova Scotian, New Brunswick and Newfoundland stamps are much prized by collectors all over the world.

A SET of postage due stamps have been issued by Victoria. The values are from one penny to five shillings and the colours red brown and blue.

THE islands of Antigua, Dominica, Montserrat, Nevis, St. Christopher, and the Virgin Isles have discontinued to issue stamps separately, and a common set has been issued for the Leeward Islands.



\$20.00 FOR a Canada 12 pence postage stamp. Others of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, British Columbia and P. E. Island used before 1869, wanted. These are a few of the prices:—

	each.			
New Brunswick 2d	\$0.25	N. Scotia 1d & 6d	\$ 0.50	
" 6d	1.00	N. S. & N. B. 1sh	10.00	
Canada "	6d.	Nfld. 1sh, Vermillion	15.00	
"	7d.	2 60	N. Scotia 3c	35

Please send on the original envelopes—10 per cent extra paid for them. Send what others you may find for prices. All stamps not wanted will be returned. All letters answered. 10 and 1-cent Canada, of the present issue, bought by tens. Reference, publisher of this paper.

(Boots and Shoes.) **H. L. HART,**
71 Gottingen St., HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

Wanted to purchase.
OLD STAMPS.
Issued by Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Newfoundland good prices will be paid.
E. T. PARKER,
Bethlehem, Pa., U. S.

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Greek Stamps for Collectors.

We have the largest stock in America of these beautiful and interesting Stamps. Selections sent on approval to responsible parties. Send for our price list, on orders from which we will give 30% discount until July next.
Address—**BARTLETT & COMPANY,**
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Under this heading advertisements of less than one inch and not less than ten words will be inserted at one cent per word each insertion. Payment can be made in stamps.

Olla Podrida.

The world is like a crowded bus.
A few good men, perhaps,
May find a seat; but most of us
Must hang on by the straps.

—*Chicago Journal.*

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

THE postmaster of a western town came across a letter on which were simply these three words:

hill
John
Mass.

Did he send it to the dead letter office? Not he; it did not take him ten minutes to see the little joke and decide that the letter was for John Underhill, Andover, Mass.

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

A Scotch minister was asked, in a droughty time, to pray for rain. "Weel a weel", he replied, "I'll pray for't to please ye; but feint a drop ye'll get till the change o' the mune".—*Scottish Canadian.*

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

There was a young fellow named Kipling,
Whose thoughts were both merry and rippling;
His work was much sought
By a public that thought
That he did mighty well for a stripling.

—*Puck.*

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

Perkins, (the head waiter, who has dined at home): "A very good dinner, Perkins; here's a dollar for you". Transfers a bill from his right hand to his left. "Thank you, sir. Shall I help you on with your coat?"—*Judge.*

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

"I am perfectly delighted with my dwelling at present I have a dining-room, a reception-room, a working-room, a smoking-room and a sleeping room; and just think how convenient—all in one".—*Fliegende Blätter.*

If you order *The Canada Presbyterian* through us, you get CANADA free. \$2.00 for both.

DIXON scald your mouth wi'ither folks kale".—*Scottish Canadian.*

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

THE world owes every man a living, but most of them must hustle around if they would collect the bill.

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

I asked her boldly for her hand,
So deep her charms had smitten;
She did not seem to understand,
She handed me her mitten.

If you order *The Dominion Illustrated*, our great weekly magazine, through us, you will get CANADA free. \$4.00 for both.

Press Opinions of "Canada."

NUMBER one is attractive, both in matter and appearance. *The Presbyterian Witness*, (Halifax).

A BETTER name could not have been chosen. We wish CANADA every success.—*The Week*, (Toronto).

It has a noble cause for being; and, as its price is only 50 cents per year, it should be popular.—*Manitoba Free Press*, (Winnipeg).

We are sure that CANADA will bring no discredit on its name, if the following issues are of equal merit with the first.—*The Evening Gazette*, (Saint John).

It bears a bright and scholarly impress upon its pages and is full of the aroma and inspiration of the Maple Leaf.—*North Western Witness*, (Duluth, Minn).

As it gives and promises pure Canadian literature, it should receive the support of thousands of our countrymen.—*The Daily British Whig*, (Kingston, Ont.).

It is to be hoped that the journal will be well patronised, for it fills a long felt want in the Maritime Provinces, that of a purely literary journal.—*The Daily Gleaner*, (Fredericton, N. B.).

If the succeeding issues fulfil the promise of the number for January, we have no doubt that it will soon make for itself a place in the advancing literature of our country, and also minister to its growth.—*The Island Guardian*, (Charlottetown, P. E. I.).

THE literary matter of the number before us is of a high order. With its motto "For God and Canada", the new journal should be able to do effective work. There is yet one thing which Canada is in need of in the line of national literature. This is a good magazine.—*The Commercial*, (Winnipeg).

MANY of our readers will, by this time, have seen the initial number of the new literary and patriotic journal, CANADA, and have noticed that it is not only fair to the eye, but congenial to the mind. It is full of hope and promise of literature from the best Canadian sources, and is therefore worthy of patronage; while, from its inexpensiveness, all can the more easily obtain it.—*Progress*, (Saint John).

PREMIUMS.

One year's subscription to **The Dominion Illustrated** will be given to the person who sends us 15 names and \$7.50.

One year's subscription to **The Week** will be given for 10 names and \$5.00.

One year's subscription to **The Young Canadian** will be given for 8 names and \$4.00.

One year's subscription to **Grip** will be given for 6 names and \$3.00.

One year's subscription to **The Cosmopolitan** will be given for 8 names and \$4.00.

Stories of New France will be given for 5 names and \$2.50.

In Divers Tones will be given for 4 names and \$2.00.

Poems of Ten Years will be given for 2 names and \$1.00.

Canada, the large volume advertised on first page of cover, will be given for six names and \$3.00.