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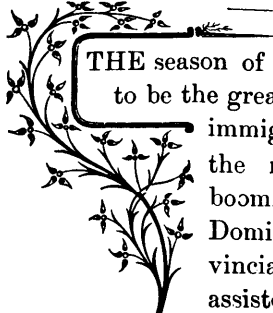
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THE MANITOBAN.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

VOL. I. WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, FEBRUARY, 1892. No. 3.

Notes and Comments.



THE season of 1892 promises to be the greatest for that of immigration since the memorable boom. Both the Dominion and Provincial Governments assisted by the Canadian Pacific Railway, are doing all they can to settle our great Northwest, and it is to be hoped their endeavors will be crowned with success. We have the country, the resources, the means, and in fact everything to make a happy and contented people from the eastern side of the fertile Province of Manitoba to the far west, where the waters of the Pacific beats upon the shore.

* * *

A STRONG convention of temperance workers was recently held in this city, at which some very able addresses were delivered.

All advocated a strong stand being taken by temperance people in fighting for the cause, but as to the manner in which it was to be con-

ducted, there was no one rule of procedure adopted.

While the people as a whole are in sympathy with the temperance cause, there seems to be an apathy, a luke warmness, an antipathy in taking a decided stand and going forth to battle. It is left to a few to carry on the war in the enemy's camp which is generally the case in all works of reform. We believe the temperance cause will before long win against whiskey and rum, but in order to bring about that end, the churches will have to take hold of the rope. It is a tug of war between life and death, and should be started in the Sabbath school and carried on up to manhood, fostered and upheld by the church. Almost every day we read of reports of membership and good standing of our churches, which embraces a large majority of the people. If this report could state as well, that these members were all on the warpath against King Alcohol, we could look forward to the time when Prohibition would be spread throughout the land. Let the Churches and Sabbath schools take up the matter and handle it without

gloves, insisting that every church member should not only be a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, but a temperance man as well.

* * *

WE are pleased to hear that His Honor Lieut.-Governor Schultz has so far recovered from his recent illness as to take a trip to Ottawa. At one time he was so low that it was feared he would not recover, but we are glad to see that he is around and able to attend to his duties again.

* * *

THE directors of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition have finally decided to hold the next Exhibition in July and it is to be hoped the farmers and others interested will strive to make it a success. We have the material and quality for holding a fair second to none and we want the world to know it.

* * *

THE Hon. Wilfred Laurier by his refusal to support Mercier in the Quebec elections has won for himself golden opinions from all classes throughout the Dominion. By this stand he will strengthen his hands and receive a strong support from all those who are independent enough to stick out for right against wrong.

* * *

PREMIER MERCIER'S star, which a short time ago seemed to be in the ascendancy has again set, this time probably to rise no more. Deserted by his party and shunned by all honest people he will doubtless sink into obscurity, there to pass the remainder of his days. If some of the present and coming politicians do not have enough

precept at least they will not want for example.

* * *

It is a gratifying fact that at the sale of school lands held by the Government, the buyers were principally farmers. The prices realized were good, in some cases some very spirited bidding being made. This shows that our farmers have unbounded faith in the future of the country and as they are the people best to judge, their actions speak louder than words.

* * *

ONCE more the electric street railway question is settled, and it is to be hoped this time for good. A strong syndicate are at the back of it and the work of construction is expected to take place as soon as spring opens. The City Council are to be congratulated on the better terms they had conceded to them, and it only remains now for the company to push the work as rapidly as possible.

* * *

THE C P. R. Company, with that enterprising manner in which they generally take hold of things, have issued a number of pamphlets and folders bearing upon the Canadian Northwest. They are replete with information, handsomely illustrated and a complete guide to any one desiring information about this great western empire. Those who have friends abroad cannot do better than procure some from the Passenger Department to send to them along with this Magazine.

* * *

THE results of the different bye-elections held in Ontario seem rather to strengthen Premier Abbott's hands

than otherwise. In nearly every case the Ottawa Government have been upheld, which is probably accounted for by the strong stand, determined and fearless manner in which the Premier and Sir John Thompson have investigated and punished the hoodlums, and by the latest accounts, as published in the *Globe*, their work is not near through yet.

* * *

IN our last issue we referred to what *Truth*, Labouchere's paper, had said in regard to the destiny of Canada, and which the *Winnipeg Free Press* corrected as being an error. In order to place ourselves right before our readers, we ask them to read what *Truth* did say about the matter and compare it with our remarks and they will see that we were not so far *astray* after all. In fact *Truth* puts it very plain and does not hesitate to express itself almost exactly in the way we represented it.

* * *

PREMIER GREENWAY who has just made a trip through the eastern provinces in the interests of immigration has adopted the right plan of pushing the work of immigration. By his personal efforts and presence he has done much to strengthen the hands of the several agents. With the opening of a new office in Montreal, that part of Lower Canada will receive more attention and will doubtless do much towards securing many of the settlers who upon leaving the steamers would otherwise be induced to settle across the line.

* * *

SCARCELY had the new year been

ushered in when all England and her colonies were called upon to mourn the death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, and England's future king. In view of his approaching marriage with the Princess Mary of Teck, which was to have taken place this month, his sad and sudden death was made all the more sorrowful. The great bell of St. Paul's, which is never tolled except on the death of an heir to the throne, broke the stillness of the air for the first time for several years, and as every knell burst from that ponderous dome upon the air, there ran surging through the heart of the nation a feeling of awe and sadness. And as the death knell spread from pole to pole, all kindred and all tongues joined in the nation's grief. Truly is it written, "He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down." "In the midst of life we are in death."

* * *

FOLLOWING close upon the death of the Prince of the Realm, came the death of a Prince of the Church, Cardinal Manning. In him the people lose a champion and friend, especially the working classes who owe much of their present advantages to his efforts, particularly the London dock laborers. His was a brilliant career. From that of curate of the Church of England, thence a Roman Catholic at the age of 43 to that of Archbishop of Westminster was, perhaps, the most notable height to which an ordinary man could hope to obtain. He was a man beloved by all, broad and generous in his views, forgiving by nature and with a heart

full of charity. With the cares of 83 years upon his brow he passed away, his funeral being attended by thousands.

* * *

THE echoes of the bell as tolled for the death of Cardinal Manning had scarcely died away when the news that another great man had been called to join the great majority, filled all the world with grief, especially the city of London. The man who had won for himself a name greater than riches and endeared himself to the people was Charles Spurgeon, the great Baptist divine. Converted at the age of 17 in a Primitive Methodist meeting house in the year 1850, he commenced a life and carved a name which will go living down through the coming centuries in the hearts of all Christian people.

* * *

WE notice by our exchanges, both eastern and western papers, that a great deal is being said and written about Winnipeg, its growth and advancement. We are glad to see them taking up the subject as it is one of importance and cannot be too much made public. The *Chicago Times* was the first to publish several columns of Our Prairie City, the example of which has given other papers the opportunity to publish the same and for which the country will reap the reward. There are many people who are entirely ignorant of our great resources and capabilities and who will be benefitted by what they see in that way.

* * *

ONCE more peace reigns among the nations of the earth. Prince Abbas

has been seated firmly on the Egyptian throne and Chili has apologized to the United States. War and bloodshed has been averted and a feeling of security prevails. But as if to rival the horrors of war, comes the news of a terrible famine in Russia, where hundreds and thousands of people are dying through cold, disease and hunger. With such a scourge as fever and famine in the land, the Czar will find a formidable opponent. If a portion of the money squandered in the preparations for war, were used for the relief of the sick and the dying, what a blessing it would be.

* * *

"TAXES should be graded," is the main contention in a recent sermon by Dr. Wild, of Toronto, on "bearing one another's burdens." This says the *Canadian Churchman*, "is the 'Swiss system,' and is the most feasible and reasonable safety valve against the dangerous accumulation of enormous fortunes, (from 'unearned increment' or 'fortunate speculation,' etc.) and is the best corrective for existing abuses. The more a man has, the larger proportion he can share out of it." This question is one which the Winnipeg City Council and Board of Trade are endeavoring to settle and one that will give rise to considerable discussion. The first principle to obtain is that all pay taxes. There should be no exemptions whatever, either for churches, schools, or any other purposes—whether public or private. The system of allowing institutions to be free from taxation is not equitable. We hope the committee which has the matter in hand will deal intelligently

with the subject and devise some plan for a more equitable distribution of "bearing one another's burdens" than at present exists.

* * *

OWING to the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States against the Louisiana Lottery Company, that institution will have to wind up its affairs, of which intention, we believe, they have given notice to do in 1894. This has been a long and bitter struggle in which hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent by the company in their endeavor to get a new lease of life. They left no stone unturned, not even stopping at creating dissensions in the Democratic ranks thereby endangering that party to no small degree. And not content with carrying on the agitation in Louisiana they attempted to gain a similar footing in Dakota and by their seductive offers almost gained their point when fortunately the newly elected Governor of that State and a few representatives, faithful to themselves and their country, by dint of powerful argument, backed by the clergy and the majority of the press, defeated the scheme. To Postmaster General Wanamaker is due a large proportion of the credit for bringing this about, he having forbid the circulation through the mails of any lottery matter. All honor to such men, who, in the face of the greatest temptation, remained firm to their principles. It is to be hoped that similar institutions operating on a smaller scale will scent the danger and quietly close their doors. In our own country we have the same evil in the Province of Quebec which, as

we pointed out in our last issue, annually took from the people over 3,000,000 dollars. We trust the Dominion authorities will, like the United States, step in and repeal all laws made by Quebec in favor of this gambling scheme. No civilized country should offer or palliate any excuse for this systematic mode of robbery which not only debauches its victims, but creates an appetite like that of rum and whisky which is felt through coming generations.

Publishers Notes.

Readers of the "MANITOBAN" will do well to watch for the March number, when a specially written article on "The Hudson's Bay Railway" and the country through which it will operate, will appear. As this road will open up a large country, any information on that subject will be eagerly looked for.

WE wish to take this opportunity of thanking our exchanges and the editors generally, for the many kind and flattering notices accorded to us. We do not feel that we quite deserve all the good things said about us, but we are pleased to see such a friendly spirit manifest itself. We are "brithers a'," and as such are interested in the same cause.

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IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We are pleased to be able to announce that we have made arrangements with McMillan Bros., publishers of the *English Illustrated Magazine* whereby we can offer their splendid large magazine together with THE MANITOBAN for only *Two Dollars and Ten Cents*. This is an unparalleled offer as the price of the *Illustrated Magazine* alone is \$1.75. Send in your orders early and receive both magazines free for one year—postage paid.

* * *

Or we will send THE MANITOBAN and the *Weekly Tribune*, a large 12 to 16 page paper, together with your choice of a portrait of the late *Hon. Sir John Macdonald* or *Hon. Wilfred Laurier* for One Dollar and fifty cents. Or we will send the three, the *English Illustrated Magazine*, THE MANITOBAN and the *Weekly Tribune*, together with one of the above named portraits, for only \$2.85.

A Talk With Our Readers.

THE MANITOBAN, Winnipeg's new Magazine fills a long felt want. It supplies the readers of our great western country with a paper of their own. It is filled with good reading matter, and of subjects bearing upon the country. It is printed on the best

paper and printed in the neatest and latest style. It has numerous illustrations and is a paper you can send to your friends, and in which they will be interested, because it tells of the country where you live.

It is a Canadian Magazine for Canadians and should be supported by them. Encourage home industry and local talent by subscribing for it. Advertise in it and thus identify yourselves with it. We wish to enlarge to 64 pages just as soon as we can, and to bring this about we want your support. This is destined to be a great country and we all want it to be so. We wish to do our share towards helping our country for by so doing we help ourselves; you are in the same position, if the country prospers you will prosper and if you prosper then we will prosper. When you read this Magazine, do not delay, but send us in your subscription, together with \$1, for one year. If you cannot afford \$1 then send us 50c for a six months trial. If you like the Magazine let us hear from you anyway.

Leaders of Religious Thought in Britain.

BY REV. HUGH PEDLEY.

LET me say, at the outset, that I was asked to say something on the above topic, and that the request was made because of a recent visit to the old land. If, therefore, the personal element is introduced rather freely, if there be a lack of proportion in the attention given to the various leaders, and if a number of names are omitted that in a thoroughly judicial essay would have been included the circumstances and expectation under which this article was written must be the excuse.

In dealing with this subject I wish to make a division that is more convenient than logical, and speak first of those whose leadership is viewed from the purely intellectual and theological point of view and in the second place of those whose fame lies in their ability to apply religious thought to the problems and practical issues of the day. There will be a number of instances in which these divisions will cross each other. Some men are gifted with such potency that their influence is felt in both of these spheres. Nevertheless we will on the whole adhere to the above classification.

In looking into the world of scholarship and intellect applied to religious questions we are not by any means dazzled by the number of great names. There are scholars many, and leaders many, but of great leaders the number is small. Somehow or another there has not been the same attention as formerly given to theological problems. Let me quote from a paper read by Prof. Simon at the International Congregational Council: "During the last thirty-five years only one Systematic Theology has been published by British Congregationalists; out of some 600 registered Congregational publications during say 25 years scarce 50 are scientifically theological; and out of upwards of 450 discourses by Congregational ministers printed during the last five years or thereabouts in the Christian World Pulpit scarcely 30 were properly doctrinal." These statements are made with reference to one denomination, but they are largely true of all sections of the Church. I think that it is safe to say that the great forces moving in the religious world of Great Britain are those of the men who being dead yet speak.

Looking into the Roman Catholic Church we find no thinker whose ideas on the great religious problems are deemed of any special value. Since Newman died there has not been his like; and indeed we may say that it was not in the Roman Catholic Church that his thinking was done. Still it was from that Church, from the oratory at Birmingham that there came upon the world those startling books, "The Apology" and the "Grammar of Assent." No such books are written

now in that Church. No such mind is found within its pale. Cardinal Manning has a certain fame as a controversialist and as a man of affairs, but has made no contribution of any note to the thought of the day.

In the Church of England though there are still some great names, the dead are mightier than the living. Kingsley, Stanley, Maurice, F. W. Robertson, Liddon and Church seem to be without successors. Canon Farrar, the Bishop of Ripon, Prof. Gore and Canon Driver are some of the men who are to the front now. They, in common with the leaders in other denominations, are dealing mainly with the burning questions of Inspiration, the Atonement, and Future Punishment, more especially the first of these. Their leadership is on the whole in the direction of theological breadth, which in some cases is associated with a leaning to Sacramentarianism and a mystical view of the Church. I was not fortunate in personally hearing or seeing any of these leaders. The only Sunday that I was free to hear Canon Farrar was a Sunday when he was not preaching. I had the pleasure of meeting with Canon Freemantle, the breadth of whose sympathies was indicated by his presence and speech that day at the closing exercises of a Nonconformist Grammar School at Bishop Stortford.

Among what are depreciatingly called the Dissenting churches there are a number of well known men. The Methodist churches have a number of scholars of whom they have every reason to be proud. In Dr. Dallinger, Dr. Moulton, Prof. Davidson and Prof. Agar Beet they have an advance guard of scholarly men who will no doubt be followed by rank upon rank of men equally well equipped to think abreast of their age. Among the Presbyterians amidst a host of thinkers and preachers the men that stand out in clearest relief as thought leaders are Dr. Flint, Dr. Stalker, Dr. Marcus Dodds, Prof. Henry Drummond, and Dr. Robertson Smith. These are all in the north. In England the Presbyterian Church is somewhat of an exotic, and has drawn much of its life from Scotland. London Presbyterianism has some strong preachers, Dr. Donald Fraser, now an old

man, Dr. Gibson, who like Dr. Fraser was once a Montreal pastor, and Rev. John McNeil; but none of these men can be called in the higher sense of the term leaders of religious thought. In the Baptist Church there are two sections, a strongly conservative one headed by Mr. Spurgeon, and a very advanced one represented by Dr. Clifford. It was my misfortune that after looking forward for years to hear Mr. Spurgeon I should have made my visit to England at the time when the Christian world was waiting from time to time to hear of his death, which has since occurred. So far as religious thought is concerned his distinction lies not in the discovery of any new system but in the tenacity with which he has clung to the theology of the Puritans. Dr. Clifford represents the broad church element among the Baptists. He is the pastor of a large and very influential church in the north west of London. With him I had the pleasure of meeting on several occasions, the most unique of which was when I met him one Sunday afternoon in a coffee-house on Fleet Street, and went with him to worship in Spurgeon's tabernacle. At first there was some little difficulty in getting a seat, whereupon he whispered facetiously to us that "he used to know his way there pretty well before he fell from grace." He is a plain mannered, clear headed, kind hearted, and I should judge very true hearted man. He has evidently heard voices that Mr. Spurgeon either would not or could not hear. In the Congregational churches there are some men of mark and recognized leadership. If you were to ask a good Congregationalist who are "our leaders" he would probably in the first breath mention Dr. Dale, Dr. Parker and Dr. Fairbairn. There are others but these three are probably to the front now. Dr. Dale is a theologian. His work on the Atonement is a classic. His position is essentially conservative. It is true that he has espoused the Conditional Immortality doctrine in regard to the future state, but otherwise his attitude is cautious. I was told by a young Scotch preacher that his views were much discussed by theological students in Scotland. Dr. Parker's fame—the solid part of it, at least—rests

mainly on the fidelity with which he has stuck to the Bible, and the extraordinary eloquence and dramatic power he has brought to the exposition of the old book. We have no preacher in our ranks in England who has impressed himself more widely on the minds of the people. He possesses to a remarkable degree that hall-mark of genius, originality. When he does anything it is as if it had never been done before. In scholarly circles the name of Dr. Fairbairn would probably rank higher than either of the other two. His studies seem to have been chiefly in the historical and philosophical direction, and have given to his mind a certain massiveness, a breadth and depth which commands your admiration every time his intellect is exposed to view. With the capacity for abstruse thinking he combines a wonderful facility of utterance and a certain Carlylean fervour which often project him into the front rank of orators. Passing from the better known denominations to men in the smaller sects or not very distinctly connected with any sect, the names of James Martineau and George Macdonald should be remembered. Dr. Martineau is a Unitarian of the most spiritual sort, and a writer of wonderful grace and power. No theological library is complete without his thought. George Macdonald was formerly an Independent, and pastor of an Independent church. On account of the bigoted treatment he received he gave up the ministry, and, later on, joined the Church of England as a member. He often, however, takes a pleasant revenge upon his old denomination by preaching in Congregational pulpits. If our steamer had reached Liverpool in time, I should have had the pleasure of hearing him in Union Chapel, Islington, but, alas! we landed on Sunday afternoon instead of Friday. Geo. Macdonald is a prophet. To him God is a great shining reality, and he has the rare faculty of making his hearers feel that reality. He has been, and has not ceased to be, one of the great religious forces of the old land.

In regard to the general tone of religious thought in the old land, I should say that there is far less repression of thought and free speech there than on this side of the Atlantic, and thus it has

come to pass within the last 25 years that young Methodist professors read papers on Biblical criticism, that not long ago would have led to their classification with Colenso, if not, Tom Paine. The heretics of a quarter of a century ago are the leaders of to-day. Says Prof. Simon, "Few things are more significant than the fact that Tennyson's lines, the quotation of which in my student days was almost enough to stamp a man a heretic :

"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be,
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And thou, oh Lord, art more than they."

Now form part of the "New Congregational Hymnal." Still, underneath this appearance of audacious criticism there is a good deal of healthy conservatism and common sense. A man's view of English religious thought will depend largely on the point from which he makes his approach. Let him go to it from Princeton or Hartford Seminary, and he will hold up his hands in horror saying, "Good heavens, is nothing left?" Let him come to it from some of the seats of German scholarship, and he will throw up his hands in ecstasy and say "Thank God, there is nothing lost." Passing on to look for a few moments at the men who come under the second division as leaders in the application of religion, to the questions of the time I shall confine our attention mainly to a group composed of the following men: W. T. Stead, Hugh Price Hughes and General Booth. These stand for the Gospel of Social Reform, by means of the application of religious truth to the actual life of the people. They are often found together on platforms where the moral side of social and political questions is under discussion.

W. T. Stead was famous as editor of the *Pall-Mall Gazette*, and is now more famous as the projector and editor of the *Review of Reviews*. He is a man to whom journalism is a passion. If you accept him as a sincere man he has certainly a very lofty purpose in life. In his sketch of Lowell in the September number of the *Review of Reviews*, he tells of his early ambition and of its threatened blight through blindness. Then he goes

on to speak of the influence that a certain poem "Extreme Unction," had exerted upon his career. "This poem changed my life," he wrote on the margin, so changed it that in his own words "The idea that everything wrong in the world was a divine call to use your life in righting it, sank deep into my soul, and then in the darkness and the gloom of that time of weakness and trial, I put away from me as of the Evil one all dreams of fame and literary ambitions on which I had fed my boyhood, and resolutely set myself there and then to do what little I could, when I was among those that surrounded me to fulfil the trust for such high uses given. It was one of the decisive moments in my life. Since then I can hardly say that I have never regarded literary or journalistic success as worth a straw, excepting in so far as it enabled me to strike a heavier blow in the cause of those for whom I was called upon to fight." Now the man who possessing unquestionable abilities writes in that vein, is either a noble or a scamp, either one of God's elect souls or a magnificent humbug. He leaves you no alternative. I had the pleasure of hearing him speak at a social purity meeting, and must confess that I would rather read his articles than listen to his speeches. His style is somewhat labored. He gives you an idea of striving after an effect, as posing in the attitude of an Elijah or Isaiah of the 19th century. But, from what I have learned from men who know something of his inner life, he is thoroughly honest, a genuine man; and being that he must wield an influence in England both unique and mighty. In almost every line of life there have been cases of divinely consecrated genius. Poetry has had its Lowell and Whittier; the pulpit its Beecher; music has had its Haydn and Jenny Lind; the army has had its Stonewall Jackson and General Gordon. Now what these were in their respective spheres, Stead seems to be in his own sphere of action—a man whose genius is given of God sitting on that throne of modern civilization—the editors chair.

Belonging denominationally to Methodism but becoming more and more the property of the British people at large is Hugh Price Hughes. He is a compara-

tive young man, not much over forty. He is slender of build, has a full beard, the removal of which would, I imagine, reveal a very determined mouth and chin, and dark eyes that have a certain tigerish glitter in them when he is roused by opposition. Some ten or twelve years ago the onward march of Methodism in England seemed to have stopped. The ranks had apparently come to a halt and there were even whispers of a falling back. But now there is a forward movement, and of that movement Price Hughes is the white plumed leader. What his theology is I don't know. So far as I can learn he is on the liberal side, a man with a born distaste and contempt for things that claim attention simply because they are old. But if he is broad he is not latitudinarian. Whatever he believes about heaven or hell, he acts as if they were tremendous realities. Realities, however, of an ethical rather than a topographical character. He looks upon them both as beginning here and now. He preaches with direct reference to the present life. Salvation is salvation from present rascality, cruelty and misery. On all public questions he keeps himself well informed. When Parnell's immorality was brought to light, he was among the first, if not the first, to turn upon the offender the scorching fires of the "Non-conformist Conscience." Of the Dilke case he seems to know quite as much as the lawyers themselves, and has no hesitation in declaring with passionate zeal that Sir Charles must either clear himself or clear out of political life.

There is a cartoon somewhere which represents Gen. Booth saying to Leo XIII, "I'm a bit of a Pope myself," and there is truth in the cartoon. Gen. Booth is to be counted in as one of the great forces in the field of practical Christianity. There is no single man in all Britain, unless it be Gladstone, that can call out such a hurricane of enthusiasm and loyal devotion as Booth. I was in the Crystal Palace at the anniversary of the Salvation Army. Between 60,000 and 70,000 people passed the turnstile that day. Four hundred bands were gathered from different parts of England. About 5,000 instruments were crowded into the Handel orchestra, and yet they seemed only as a

large choir to the vast multitude that had gathered under the rounded roof. There was bustle and confusion for a time; then a growing quietness; then, when on the platform that "good gray head that all men knew" appeared, the myriad eyes were lighted with joyous fire, and from 5,000 instruments and 50,000 human throats, there rolled out a volume of sound compared with which the thunder of Niagara was hushed to a whisper. No doubt this Peter the Hermit of a new crusade against the Turks and Infidels of modern sin and wretchedness, this Gen. Booth is one of the leaders of applied religious thought in England.

I must now close, sorry to seem by my silence contemptuous in reference to other names. In all the unrest and discontent of the old land, all the shifting of old theological landmarks, in all the novelty of method that is elbowing out old customs, a hopeful eye can see hopeful things, and a hopeful heart can believe that He who has come again and again through the centuries with glorious gifts for mankind is drawing near once more with some fresh and startling display of His inexhaustible grace.

Red River Expedition of 1870.

(WRITTEN FOR THE MANITOBAN.)

BY AN OFFICER OF THE FORCE.

(Continued.)

THE morning of the 14th June, 1870, found the 1st Ontario Rifles, 2nd Quebec Battallion and the 60th Rifles, encamped on a nice green plot sloping down to the water's edge, on the shore of the lake, and now the most settled portion of the town of Port Arthur. The morning was beautiful, with a hot sun and clear blue sky. Away across an arm of the lake could be seen Thunder Cape, a large precipice, rising 1,350 feet above the water, and on the southwest, McKay's Mountain, rising majestically above the surrounding country and which appeared to be a few miles distant, but before it could be reached one would have to travel at least seven. The country around Prince Arthur's Landing appeared one scene of desolation, no green

tree appearing in view, nothing but rocks, everlasting rock, and a forest of pine trees burned black by a fire which devastated the whole country some days previously. The Fenians at that time were giving no little trouble to the Canadian Government, and on account of a reported Fenian cruiser on Lake Superior, it was considered necessary to provide against a sudden attack. A stockade for the protection of ammunition and stores was consequently erected on the shore of the lake, and at high water mark. Some 100 men were employed at this work for nine or ten days, and a more nonsensical employment could not be found. Whoever was the author of this work deserves little credit for his judgment and still less for his generalship, for in case of attack, it offered a premium to the enemy to come and take possession. Had it been built 500 yards further up from the water's edge, on the slope of the hill, a few men could have protected it against as many hundreds. The waste of labor of so many men for so many days was apparent to every private in the ranks, and created great dissatisfaction amongst the troops, because every one believed the time and labor wasted on building such a stockade, if used on the Dawson road, would hasten the expedition on its march some eight or ten days.

Here on the Dawson road commenced the first great difficulty of the expedition. The commanding officer, before he left Ottawa, was led to believe that the 46 miles of road between Prince Arthur's Landing and Shebandowan Lake would be ready for the conveyance of troops, stores and boats, but to his great astonishment, when he arrived on 26th of May, he found only some ten or twelve miles passable for horses or wagons, and the bridges of this distance burned down by a fire which raged a short time previously. For the first week the weather was fine. Two companies of the 60th were sent forward to work on the road. On the 28th of May the first wagons loaded with stores were started for Kaministiquia Bridge, and some boats also forwarded by road. So far all was going well until early in June it commenced to rain, and continued rainy for some ten or twelve days. The road became impassable to

empty wagons, the horses began to play out, and to such an extent that before the end of the first week, out of 130 horses only 60 were able to work.

There were some 30 miles of road and bridges to be made through the wilderness of rocks and swamps; the horses fagged out and the rain poured down day after day almost incessantly. All of the bridges that were left by the late fire were carried away by the rapidly swollen torrents. This was rather a blue outlook, seeing that all our stores, ammunition and 120 boats were lying at Prince Arthur's Landing, and no immediate prospect of being able to transfer them to Shebandowan Lake. Rumor has it that at this time Col. Wolseley seriously contemplated advising the Canadian Government to abandon the expedition for the season. After consultation with some of the Hudson's Bay officers and Indians, who had navigated the Kaministiquia in birch bark canoes, it was determined to try the experiment of hauling the boats up that river. The Kaministiquia is about one hundred miles in length, and runs from Shebandowan Lake into Lake Superior at Fort William. It has a fall of some 1,000 feet between the two lakes; and one fall, known as the Kakabeka Falls, is 125 feet in height.

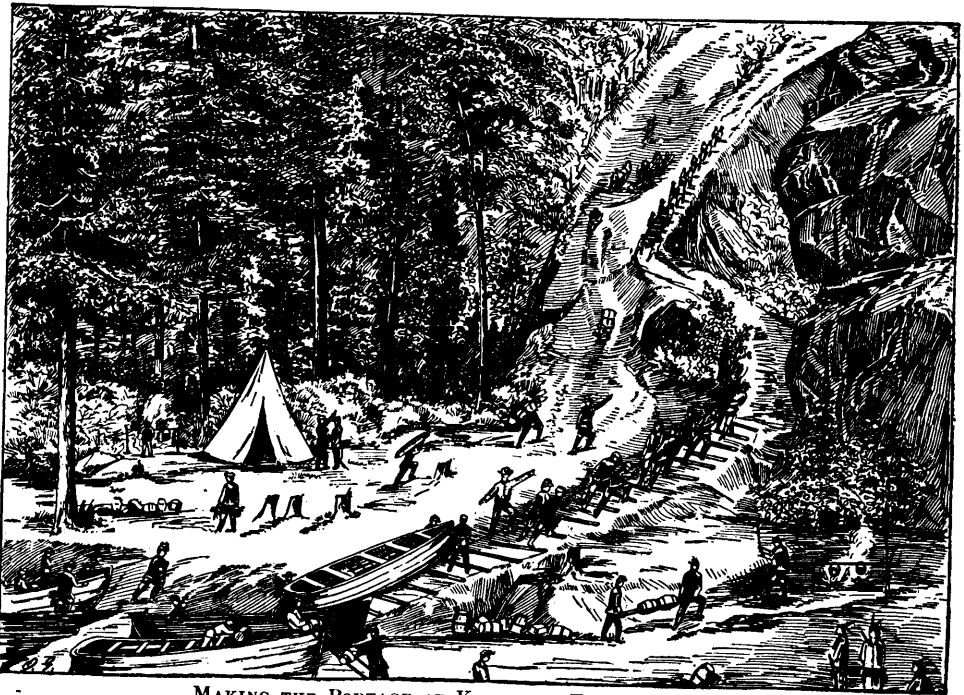
At this place the first portaging of boats occurred. They were taken out of the water on the lower side of the falls, dragged up the precipice on stringers, and again launched in the river at the head of the rapids. The cut on the next page is from a sketch taken at the time by Sergeant Douglass, late of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, and presented to the editor of the MANITOBAN by Capt. Swinford, of the Northern Pacific freight department in this city.

Capt. Young of the 60th, with his company and a sufficient number of voyageurs, was ordered to try the experiment, and after being supplied with a sufficient quantity of provisions for two weeks started on the perilous task. After eight days work of the hardest labor ever experienced by British or Canadian troops, he succeeded in landing safely at the Mattawan bridge his six boats, a distance of forty-five miles by river from the landing and twenty-five miles by road. The ex-

periment of transferring the boats by river proving successful, the troops were mainly engaged in the wearisome task of tracking, hauling, carrying and portaging up the Kaministiquia, until the last of the 150 boats were landed on the 6th of July with comparative safety on the waters of Shebandowan Lake, there to undergo the necessary repairs before embarkation on the amphibious march onward to Fort Garry. All the boats which left Fort William did not reach their destination, for many came to grief on

ed all got a shore, with the exception of the voyageur who steered the boat. The crew took the tow line block and tackle ashore and walked on the river's brink, through brambles and thorny brake, hauling the boat after them. Whenever the strength of the men was insufficient to haul the boat over the rapids, the block was attached to a large tree, and by means of pulleys the boat was hauled to the head of the rapids.

As a general thing where rapids existed the banks of the river were very steep,



MAKING THE PORTAGE AT KAKABEKA FALLS, (SEE PAGE 87.)

the rapids, and it is said that their relics may be seen at this day on the banks of the Kaministiquia near Port Arthur.

Each boat was supplied with 60 fathoms of tow line, and when it was found necessary to track them, which had invariably to be done in rapids, the crew were divided into two parties of five soldiers and one voyageur each. These two parties were to relieve each other every two hours, and each boat was to be in charge of an officer or N. C. officer. While in smooth water all was well, but when rapids were reach-

sometimes extending 100 feet high from the water's edge, and, when a bend in the river took place and the boat caught the rapid current, woe betide the man who was hauling and pulling on the side of the rope next the river. At the straightening of the tow line, I have seen men lifted bodily and thrown full fifty feet into the river, to be picked up by some of the boats bringing up the rear. Where the water was shallow and no danger of drowning, it was very amusing to see some careless young fellow picked up by the

rope and thrown into the river. After the plunge and he appeared at the surface again, it was laughable to perceive the astonished look on his countenance. Scarcely a day passed without a dozen of some such ludicrous disasters, some of which may be related further on. From the first portage at Kakabeka Falls until Shebandowan was reached, the men and officers were most of the time up to their necks in water. After the boats had been landed at the lake the troops again returned to Prince Arthur's Landing to be distributed along the Dawson road to aid in its construction. There were 21 miles west of the Mattawan bridge on which the trees were not even cut down, but the woods in their natural state.

Towards the end of June the Indians around Fort William paid a visit to our camp. As usual, they were accompanied by their band, composed of some seven or eight instruments, including a couple of small drums, a tom-tom and some penny whistles. After entertaining our men with their martial music and grotesque dancing, Col. Wolesey, in response, called out the beautiful band of 60th Rifles, composed of some 30 instruments. When the band struck up the first tune, really the Indians jumped some 12 inches from the ground, and as it was a calm evening and the loud music of the band reverberated from hill to hill, and died away echoing in the valleys, the Indians gazed around in astonishment, uncertain as to whether it was the music of one band or of many. Judging from their fallen and astonished countenances, never in the history of Indian valor and Indian greatness did their band and its members feel so much their own insignificance, as they did on this occasion. Suffice it to say that after the usual presents of tobacco, pork and black tea were dispensed, the Indians took their departure, fully satisfied that the band of 60th Rifles would compare favorably with their own, and if beaten in martial music they certainly came off victorious in the war dance.

First of July, 1870, found the troops and voyageurs scattered along the Dawson road, between the Landing and the Mattawan bridge. Some were engaged in road making, some in the conveyance of stores and some in tracking boats. The

company of the Ontario Rifles, to which the writer belonged, left Prince Arthur's Landing at 3 o'clock a.m., on the morning of Dominion Day. The company was in heavy marching order. Each man carried his knapsack, overcoat, blankets, water bottle and canteen, rifle accoutrements, together with 60 rounds of ammunition and one day's provisions, in all about 70 lbs weight. The day was exceedingly hot, the thermometer ranging about 100° in the shade, and the rays of the sun beaming down perpendicularly upon us. The perspiration rolled off the men to such an extent that the dusty road over which we travelled looked very much as if a small shower had fallen. Having reached our destination for the day (20 miles) at 4 o'clock in the afternoon the bugle sounded its welcome notes for the halt. We unburdened ourselves of our traps, and as the wagons were a long way in the rear with our tents and camp equipage, we stretched ourselves at full length on the roadside to rest our wearied limbs, and some of the more tender to examine their blistered feet and sore shoulders, caused by the chafing of that cumbersome and oft cursed knapsack with which British troops on the march and in the field are uselessly encumbered. Indeed, the following description of the Duke of York's army in Flanders would be very applicable: "They were overloaded with head-gear and heavy accoutrements, and their uniforms were so ill-fitting, tight and stiff, that one might have fancied that they had been dressed on purpose to check all easy motion and to injure health, if not to give the men attacks of apoplexy."

In the neighborhood of Thunder Bay heavy showers are frequent at any hour of the day, and seldom, if ever, give any warning of approach. So we were scarcely seated enjoying a hard earned repose on the road side when suddenly the thunder rolled from hill to hill above our heads, the lightning flashed from rock to rock and the rain poured down in torrents, drenching us completely through to such an extent that the water poured out of our boots. It is no unusual thing in this region of hills and rocks and thunder and desolation to see the sun shining brilliantly around you, and on the next

hundred acres behind the hill, the rain keeps pouring down incessantly. However, far in the night the rain ceased, we lit a fire, made a hot cup of black tea, which was eagerly drank without sugar, wrapping ourselves in wet blankets and on the wet ground for a mattress, and a knapsack for a pillow, we retired not to sleep, but to fight the beastly mosquitoes for the rest of the night. Next morning, at an early hour, we awoke from our disagreeable slumbers, lit a huge fire, made some black tea, dried our clothes and blankets and started in to work on the road.

Each company was divided into two working parties, commanded by the subaltern officers. The road was made by drawing logs about sixteen feet in length and averaging from eight to twelve inches in diameter, out of the woods close by, and depositing them crosswise on the road bed. Another party was engaged in wheeling clay and gravel and depositing it over the logs. When this was done a very fine passable corduroy road was built, and one which became very useful to the Government afterwards, for the conveyance of immigrants to Red River, through what was known as the Dawson route.

Sunday, July 3rd, was ushered in a most beautiful morning, and after breakfast we were ordered to parade for work on the roads. Perhaps, during the whole campaign no order was more reluctantly obeyed than this one, to work on the Sabbath day.

In the company which the writer had under command, there were no less than three Sabbath school superintendents and six Sabbath school teachers. Owing to the logs they were drawing being lately burned, the faces and hands of the men were so blackened that, like the woman of a certain village in Connemara, who had to wash the faces of all the children in town, before she could find her own; non com.'s could not be distinguished from full privates, until all were washed.

While hard at work the conversation generally turned on Sabbath school work, and the propriety of keeping the Lord's day, even on a military campaign, and that the expedition would reach Fort Garry just as soon, if the fourth com-

mandment were scrupulously observed. Some wondered how the Rev'd Chaplains of the different regiments were engaged, when a religiously disposed non-commissioned officer from Toronto, one of the Sabbath school superintendents above referred to, confidently stated that he had observed two of them early that morning fishing in a lonely bend of the Kaministiquia river. Indeed, salmon trout were so numerous in the rivers and streams surrounding Port Arthur twenty years ago, that it is no wonder that preachers of the gospel should be tempted to become fishermen, even on the Lord's day, when in a lonely place.

The mosquitoes and black-flies were terribly bad the whole of the afternoon and evening. Several mosquito stories were told around the camp fire. One told by the correspondent of the *Hamilton Spectator* overshadows them all. He said that while writing a correspondence this afternoon for his paper, in an arbor made of green boughs, situated on the edge of a large swamp, an able bodied mosquito lit upon a vein of his left hand, he laid down his pen and watched its movements. There it remained until it had gorged itself to three times its natural size, when it took its departure towards the swamp. In less than three minutes deponent affirms that the same mosquito returned, followed by about ten millions of others, which completely filled to suffocation the said arbor. This man is a firm believer to this day, that among the mosquito tribes in the neighborhood of the Mattawan, there is some kind of entomological language by which they can communicate to each other the presence of an intended victims, particularly that of newspaper correspondents.

On the 5th July the headquarters were removed to the Mattawan river, to which place the stores were being removed by teams. The road west being still impassable and many miles not even underbrushed, it was considered necessary to make a detour of some seven or eight miles to a place called Brown's Landing, on the Mattawan river, where the stores were being conveyed, filled into boats and tracked up the river to a place 14 miles distant, called Oskondego Bridge. The troops at the time were chiefly employed

in making the road west of Mattawan, in trailing the boats laden with stores up the river to the bridge and opening the road from thence to Shebandowan Lake. The troops were stationed at Brown's or Calder's Landing for several days, during which time we experienced some of the most terrible thunder storms imaginable. We were encamped in a corner of the woods, in the midst of huge pine trees, and about 12 o'clock on the night of July 17th, it rained and thundered incessantly, the lightning shattered the trees in all directions, the crash of falling of which awoke the troops who hurriedly dressed and vacated their tents for places of greater security. Next morning found the river strewn over with fallen trees, and navigation considerably impeded, the woods for miles seemed as if struck with a Dakota cyclone. Luckily, however, no one was injured, and next morning found all engaged in removing the obstacles to navigation of the river, and before 12 o'clock noon the boats were loaded, and the shouts of the men and voyageurs were heard towing them over the dangerous cataract, some miles above the landing. While in camp at Toronto, Thunder Bay and Prince Arthur's Landing the daily rations allowed the troops were not nearly consumed, but when they settled down to hard work on they river, portaging the boats; kept drenching wet during the whole 24 hours of the day; up at 3 o'clock a.m., and working hard sometimes until 12 p.m., the allowance of rations, viz: 1 lb of biscuit, 1 lb of salt pork, 2 oz. of sugar, 1 oz. of tea, $\frac{1}{3}$ pint of beans and one-thirty-sixth oz. of pepper, were consumed by some strong and healthy men before 12 o'clock in the day, and who then had to work and fast until the issue of rations on the following day. Many a time I have known officers to violate the regulations, break in the heads of barrels to procure a biscuit each for some hungry men. I think one of the mistakes of the expedition was the smallness of the rations allowed. It appears the scale allowed to British troops on field service was the one adopted, while those in authority failed to recognise that seldom, if ever, in the history of military expeditions, were men compelled like those on the Red River expedition to work like beasts of burden,

carrying heavy loads, and working by land and water, sometimes twenty hours out of twenty-four.

When the horses reached Thunder Bay they were allowed the rations of horses in the British service, with the result that in less than two weeks, as before stated, one half the number was laid up, unfit for work. There is no doubt where men and horses work 20 hours a day, they will require a far greater quantity of food than when working half the time, and the long hours and hard work seemed to be overlooked, when the military authorities in Toronto, on 14th of May, 1870, after dinner, adopted the daily rations of the men and voyageurs of the Red River expedition.

The first detachment or brigade of boats left McNeill's Landing, Shebandowan Lake, on 16th of July, and from this date up to the 4th of August, embarkation was pushed rapidly ahead day by day, under the command of Col. McNeill, V. C., chief commissariat officer, until the latter date, at 8 o'clock in the evening, the last boat was launched on the placid waters of Shebandowan Lake. The great delay of the expedition took place between Lake Superior and Shebandowan Lake. The men worked willingly and cheerfully during five weeks of as hard labor as was ever performed by British troops; not a solitary case of insubordination during all this time, and no wonder they hailed the arrival at the lake with pleasure, believing, justly, that it was the real starting point of the expedition. The whole number of men embarked at Shebandowan Lake, according to the returns of Deputy Commissary Meyer, was 1,431: including 92 officers, 1,051 non-commissioned officers and men, 274 voyageurs and 14 guides.

(To be continued in April number.)

* In former communication, on page 54, 12th line from top, by some sleight of hand known to compositors, "500 miners" in the manuscript was printed "500 mules," which change considerably affected the sense of the narrative.

AT THE THEATRE—*Young husband* (between the acts)—"Excuse me just a few moments, my dear, I want to go out and see a man."

Young Wife (rising)—"I believe I will do the same."

Young husband sits down.

An Arctic Landscape.

BY ZAN THORNE.

(Concluded.)

NELLIE was accompanied by a brother and sister, pleasing acquaintances, and such as would be well received in any drawing room in New England.

But in my opinion they were in no respect so distinguished as in being closely connected with Nellie Grattan. How the memory of that evening moves me! Blessings on the rare Nellie Grattan. Blessings on thy real loving heart, with warmth enough in its depths to set aglow the soul of the veriest cynic that ever sneered at human affection. During that evening Helen Harper gave herself up to gayety with child-like abandon. Her rippling laughter thrilled me through and through, like a strain of strange music from a master hand, heard unexpectedly, where neither instrument or player is visible. I had never heard her laugh before. I began to comprehend how all this might be, while her heart must have been starving for companionship, for love. Could Mr. Gilroy ever supply this need? He was away from home that day, and I saw the cloud come back upon Helen's face only once; that was when Nellie Grattan inquired when he was expected to return.

He reappeared next morning at the breakfast table, and so did the icy repose of Helen's manner. But Nellie Grattan was not there to see it. Would the change have come if she had been? I think it would. Some days later I was waiting up town for the sorting of the evening mail, and stood before a cheap engraving in the gentleman's parlor of the hotel, when a pair of arms were thrust around me with a bearish grip, and before I could utter a word I was lifted from the floor and placed standing upon a tall office stool, facing my assailant.

"Lieutenant Cafferton!" I exclaimed, surprised. "How are you, my boy?" said the cheery voice of my friend. You know me I suppose, as one would a bear, by the peculiar force of my initiatory hug.

Can you find room in your den to stow away a brother cub for a day or two?"

"For a score of days if you like. Come along and see." He took my arm, and we went out together. As we walked along, talking tumultuously as old friends will, he stopped, with the abruptness that characterized all his movements and said, "St. Joyeuse, I am going to be married." "Very likely. I wonder you never thought of it before." "Perhaps I did. I may have had my romance in real life, and my heart tragedy as well. But now if God wills, I shall be the happiest man alive." "And who will be the happiest woman alive? Who will be Mrs. Cafferton?" "Nellie Grattan." "God bless you, my friend; you would be the veriest ingrate living, if you had won rare Nellie Grattan, and were not the happiest man alive." I had to explain then, of course, how I came to know Nellie Grattan, and with mutual explanations and confidences we prolonged our walk until a late hour.

There was a light in the parlor of Mr. Harper's when we returned, and as we stood in the front door a moment, looking out upon the glory of the moonlit night, we heard the indistinct murmur of voices. Presently the parlor door was opened, and Mr. Gilroy's voice, harsh and angry, arrested Helen Harper as she was about to leave the room. "You shall consent, Helen Harper," said Mr. Gilroy. "You think if you refuse me, that Mark St. Joyeuse will take you for the sake of your property. But I know him better. He has told me himself that I am welcome to you if I like. It would take more than twenty thousand dollars, he said, to reconcile him to union with a snow bank." "You do well to guard your friends' confidence with such chivalric honor, Mr. Gilroy," replied Helen, coldly. "Be as sarcastic as you please, Helen Harper, but I tell you you shall consent. Refuse me, and before one week all whom you value most, Mark St. Joyeuse, Nellie Grattan, your father, proud in the unspotted purity of your family name, shall know that Lucy Harper, later Mrs. Gilroy, was a false wife." "Scoundrel!" cried Cafferton striding into the room hurriedly, "unsay that of Lucy Harper, or never speak again." "Did you know Lucy Harper?" asked Helen, without showing any sur-

prise at the interruption of a stranger at such an hour. "Know her! Yes, and loved her, I should have won her, but this Gilroy came between us." "More, tell me more," said Helen. "Well, it doesn't matter. I will tell you all there is to tell. Mark, I told you to-night that I may have had my romance and my heart tragedy. You shall hear the history now, if you like. I told Nellie it before I asked her to marry me. Lucy Harper was spending a winter with her aunt in Boston. I met her there and loved her. There was no merit in that, for none who knew her could help loving her. We were much together until Mr. Gilroy came, armed with a *brother's* passport to her favor. After that we met but rarely. He married her and removed to Ralston. I had a sister living there.

She became acquainted with Lucy, and loved her, as everybody did who knew her. She often wrote to me about her friend Mrs. Gilroy, not knowing how every word concerning her hurt me. At first her letters were full of her friend's happiness at home and the admiration she obtained in society; then there were glimpses of unhappiness, caused by her husband's injustice and jealousy. Poor Lucy! She could no more help being admired than the sun could help shining. But her husband worried her into believing that every time her sweet beautiful face provoked an admiring smile it left a trace of guilt upon her heart. She abandoned society, hoping to avoid her husband's censure, and secure his confidence. That hope was vain. One day she was left alone at home. Having nothing cheering in the present or hopeful for the future to employ her thoughts, they turned naturally enough, I suppose to the past. She had in her writing-desk a note which I had written her. It had been detained by some means when the others were returned. Her husband came in later and found her asleep with the note lying on her lap. It was written very tenderly, as everybody spoke and wrote to her, to grant me an interview, with a gentle reproach for having disappointed me the previous evening. It was dated with the day of the month, but the year was omitted, and the month and the month and the day were the same as that on which her husband found it open on

her lap. He would not hear her tearful protestations, but struck her in his brutal rage. She fled to my sister. Poor girl! She knew nowhere else to seek a refuge. She could not go home for her father's wife was Mr. Gilroy's mother. Six months afterwards she died, charging my sister to assure the father of her little babe that she was innocent, and died forgiving him. "Anatomy of falsehoods," said Cafferton, abruptly to Mr. Gilroy, "tell me whether this be true?"

"It is," said Gilroy, cowering abjectly. "Enough. Now be gone!"

"One moment, first," I interposed. "Will Mr. Gilroy, tell Miss Harper *when* Mark St. Joyeuse did himself the distinguished honor to express such sentiments as he has this night ascribed to him?"

"I think there must have been some mistake. It must have been someone else." I bowed profoundly, and Mr. Gilroy shied out of the room.

Helen took Lieutenant Cafferton's hands, "Lucy Harper's sister thanks you," she said, with a burst of tears. "I shall be happy, again, now that this cruel falsehood is exposed."

"As the friend of Lucy Harper, you have a double claim upon me. Say the word, and I will immerse that fellow, Gilroy in the nearest pond, until he begs your forgiveness heartily."

"No. If you would do me a favor, will you promise, for Mrs. Harper's sake, that what has passed here to-night shall be known only to us?"

"As you please. I promise. Bah, such cowardly meanness sickens me; I must walk it off in the night air. St. Joyeuse, will you go with me?" "Presently, Miss Harper!" "Oh, yes. And you."

"And I shall devise no more Arctic landscapes."

She laughed, and again, like a strain of mysterious music, her laughter thrilled me through and through. And *you* will promise too? Or rather, I need not exact your promise to be silent about Mr. Gilroy; I may rely upon your honor."

"You may. Miss Harper—Helen— She looked up, wondering.

"Will you rely upon my love as well? Will you let the sunray in my heart expand and glow in the added beam of your own love?"

"Not icicles, then, after all," she said, with another laugh. "Oh Helen. Come."

She has been my wife three years, and my household hearth has never been cold for want of the sunshine of a glad loving heart. Lieutenant, now Colonel Cafferton, is in the army, and his wife is spending the Christmas holidays with us, waiting, in cheerful, holy faith, until the end of the war, shall restore him to her.

[Godey's Lady's Book.]

The Red River Voyageur.

BY HON J. W. TAYLOR, U.S. CONSUL.

(FOR THE MANITOBAN.)

AT midnight with the last stroke of the clock, ushering in the seventeenth day of December, 1891, the eighty-fourth anniversary of the birth of John Greenleaf Whittier, the bells of Saint Boniface commemorated by the American poet in his beautiful lyric of the "Red River Voyageur" rang a joy-peal by direction of His Grace Archbishop Tache. This graceful tribute revives the oft recurring interest in the poem supposed to have been published about the year 1854 and which is here reproduced:—

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

Out and in the river is winding
The links of its long, red chain,
Through belts of dusky pine-land
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only at times, a smoke wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins,—
The smoke of the hunting lodges
Of the wild Assiniboines!

Drearly blows the north-wind
From the land of ice and snow:
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water
And ore upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild gesees
Is it the Indians yell,
That lends to the voice of the north-wind
The tones of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain,
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain!

Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north-winds blow
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching
And our hearts faint at the oar.

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace.

The local color of these lines is so complete (except perhaps the "belts of dusky pine lands") as to suggest the enquiry whether Whittier ever saw the Red River of the north, but it is now understood that like Longfellow with the scenes of Hiawatha there was no personal identity with them by the poets. The Indian lore of Schoolcraft inspired the imagination of Longfellow and Whittier was aided by the vivid memoir of a visit to Selkirk in 1851, by J. W. Bond, published as an appendix to "Minnesota as it is," a volume in the interest of immigration, widely circulated at that period.

Thus the poet alludes to the "turrets twain" of the "Roman Mission" from which the bells of St. Boniface "call to the boatman on the river and the hunter on the plain." Such was the form of the old wooden church of Bishop Provencher, but in the winter of 1860 this humble imitation of Notre Dame was burned and the present cathedral, an edifice of a single tower, was erected.

There is a popular designation—the "Travelling Bells of St. Boniface" which has an interesting significance. When they were first cast in London by instructions from Bishop Provencher they were sent by the usual trip to York Factory, Hudson's Bay, but the packages being bulky the voyageurs of that day declined to carry them over the numerous portages between York Factory and Norway House. The next year the Bishop made a special arrangement with Andrew McDermott for their transportation.

The summer following the destruction of the church and the wreck of the bells Bishop Tache was in London and the bell founder offered to recast them if the broken and melted bell-metal was carefully gathered from the ruins and sent to him. The packages were accordingly sent across the ocean, recast, returned

towards Davis Straits, but the vessel being driven by a storm into St John's, Newfoundland, the bells were forwarded by ship to Portland, Maine, by rail to St. Paul and by ox-cart to St Boniface, thus accomplishing their third Atlantic voyage and for more than twenty years have fulfilled the mission to which they were consecrated more than half a century ago.

In 1851 Alexander Ramsay, first Governor of the Territory of Minnesota, after closing an Indian council at Pembina visited Fort Garry, and I cannot close this article better than by reproducing his picture of the Red River of that day :

"Imagine a river flowing sluggishly northward through a flat alluvial plain, and the west of it lined continuously for over thirty miles with cultivated farms, each presenting those appearances of thrift around them which I mentioned as surrounding the first farms seen by us, each farm with a narrow frontage on the river of only twenty-four rods in width, but extending back for one or two miles, and each of these narrow farms having its dwellings and outbuildings spread all along the river front, with nice lawns sloping to the water's edge, and shrubbery and vines twined around them, and trees intermingled, the whole presenting the appearance of a long suburban village, such as you might see near our eastern seaboard, or such as you find exhibited in pictures of English country villages, with the semblance rendered more striking by the spires of several large churches peeping above the foliage of the trees in the distance. Whitewashed school houses glisten here and there amid sunlight and green, gentlemen's houses of pretentious dimensions, and grassy lawns and elaborate fencing, the seats of retired officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, occasionally interspersed ; here an English bishop's parsonage, with a boarding or high school near by, and over there a Catholic bishop's massive cathedral, with a convent of the Sisters of Charity attached, while the two large stone forts (at which reside the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, or of the colony, one called Upper Fort Garry, and situated at the mouth of the Assiniboine and the other termed Lower Fort Garry, which is twenty miles

further down the river), helped to give additional picturesqueness to the scene."

The Buffalo.

WHERE THEY COULD BE FOUND TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

WHILE a country covered by forests can by no means be rich in incident and adventure the rule does not apply to the great plains of the Northwest, where at one time a region of vast extent, covered by rich grass and drained by rivers hundreds and even thousands of miles long was inhabited only by wandering tribes of Indians who procured nearly all the rudiments of life from the wild herds that inhabited the prairies, enjoying an almost continual holiday, their enjoyment diversified only by the excitement of the chase or the dangers of the battle field. It is to be regretted that so little is known of the strange history of the past. The few who remember the doings of those wild times are fast passing away and the whole savage romance is fading from remembrance.

Twenty-five years ago some large detachments of the great buffalo herds, when on their way north from the plains of the Missouri, wandered into the district enclosed by the great bend of the Pembina, which encircles the country around Pilot Mound. There were hundreds of thousands of the animals ; the plains on every side were black with moving life ; on the shores of Rock and Swan lakes and for about fifteen miles along the Pembina the woods were full of buffaloes. The cows had their calves with them and the active, little red animals, accompanied by their watchful and attentive mothers, gave an additional interest to the wonderful assemblage of wild cattle, while the continued roaring and frequent combat of the bulls, which at that time were unusually ferocious, made a scene never to be forgotten by those who still live to speak of the remarkable appearance. The buffalo seem to have remained for a considerable time in the country along the river and many of the old pathways made to and from

the watering places are still distinctly visible, while huge rocks that stand isolated along the bank of the creek have been almost dislodged from their foundations by the huge bulls boring around the stones with the heads down in rage and excitement, and even yet the old trenches remain, forming a deep hollow round each large stone. No doubt the hundreds of buffalo heads and bones that were everywhere on the plains when the first settlers entered this district were portions of the remains of the great herds that occupied the shores of the lakes and river that summer. When the animals at length moved north, Rock and Swan lakes were seen to be full of swimming buffaloes and although these sheets of water are about a mile wide the buffaloes had no difficulty in crossing and even the calves kept their places midst the shaggy and partly submerged herds. — Pilot Mound *Sentinel*.

British Columbia's Cities.

BY E. A. B.

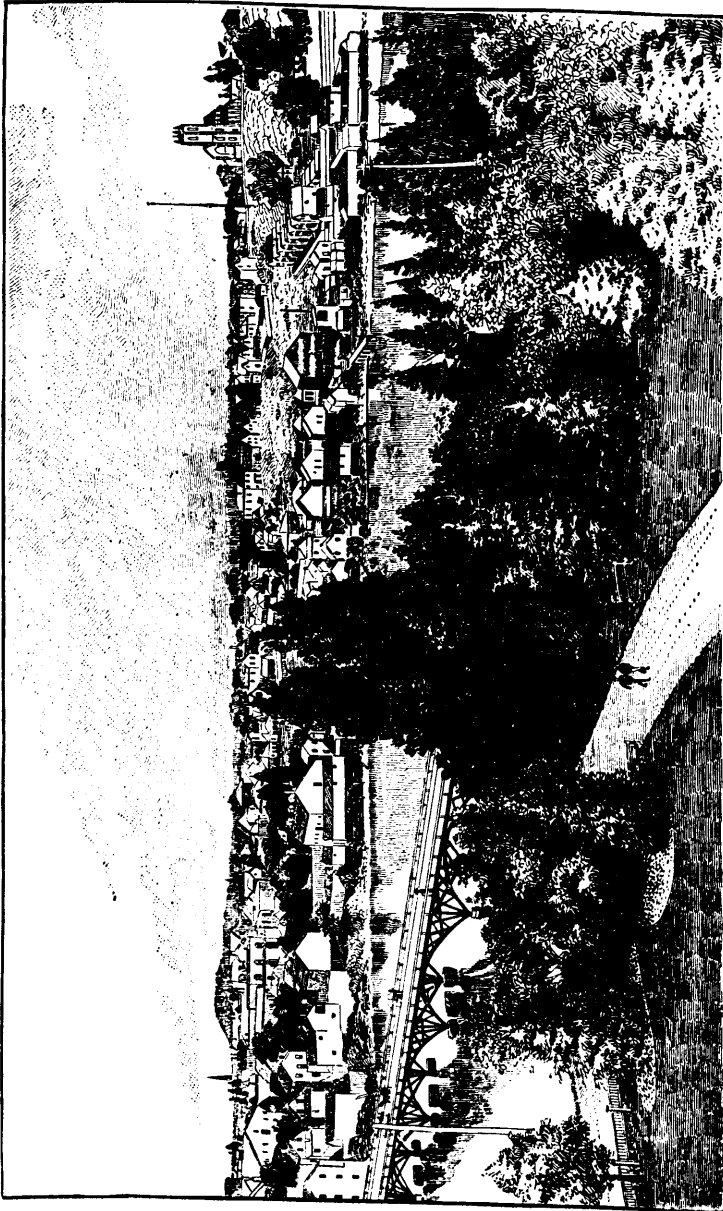
THE cities of British Columbia are Victoria, New Westminster, Vancouver and Nanaimo. Victoria and Nanaimo are on the south-eastern end of Vancouver Island, and the other two are on the mainland. Victoria is the oldest, having been first settled in 1843 by the Hudson's Bay Company, who established a post there in that year. In 1849 Vancouver Island was made a Crown colony and in 1856 the mainland territory was also made a colony with the name of British Columbia. In 1866 the two colonies were united, and in 1871 became a province of the Canadian Confederation, retaining the name of British Columbia. Vancouver Island was discovered by Juan de Fuca in 1592, and that was probably the northern limit of Spanish exploration on the Pacific coast of America. A few Spanish names in the neighborhood still remain as evidence of Spanish discovery and occupation. Until the discovery of gold on the Columbia and Fraser rivers in 1856 by prospectors who wandered northward from California after the great gold fever in that state in '49,

the trade of the British Columbia territory was almost exclusively in furs and no progress had been made in the way of industrial development, but the discovery of gold soon brought in hundreds of people who established themselves in various occupations according to their means, inclinations and opportunities, and towns and settlements quickly sprang into existence. The gold boom, however, was short-lived; partial depression and apathy succeeded, and the prospects for advancement were discouraging—the colonies being separated from the Canadas by four ranges of mountains and 1,300 miles of unoccupied territory on the one hand, and their intercourse with California hampered by national distinctions on the other—when the confederation of the British American colonies, with an invitation to British Columbia to join on terms of unlooked for liberality, opened to the isolated colony a vista of possibilities which have subsequently been in a large measure realized, and which will doubtless fully materialize in due time.

With this brief retrospect of the country's history let us now learn something of her cities.

VICTORIA,

being the oldest, and the capital, and chief commercial centre of the province, is properly entitled to first place. This city has a pleasant situation on a small arm of the sea at the southeastern extremity of Vancouver Island (eighty miles from the mainland), and commands a superb view of the Straits of Georgia and the beautiful Olympian mountains in Washington state to the south. From the little mining supply town in 1858, the place has grown in spite of its isolation for several years to be a city of considerable size and importance. The population is now probably 17,000, including about 5,000 Chinese. The buildings are of a good class, and much wealth is represented in the community. Although there has been a great deal of inter-communication between Victoria and the neighboring states the city is decidedly English, the tastes, methods and habits of the early English settlers having firmly impressed themselves on the character of the buildings and business practices, and have stood



VICTORIA, B.C.

proof against American innovations. It has frequently been said that the people of Victoria are too slow for the times, that they are all asleep. True, the business men do not lay awake all night troubling their brains about the next day's business, nor do they burn two dollars' worth of gas for the sake of selling a spool of thread or yard of cotton; nor does one merchant keep his store open until midnight just because some one else does, but closes up when he feels disposed. Each man conducts his business on his own line of ideas, and takes no notice of his neighbor. He will not try to force goods on you that you do not want; nor will he cut prices to induce you to buy. He will sell you what you want, and you must pay his price. Both the merchants and the purchasers as a rule, have no use for any person who cuts prices. They believe in good prices and good wages. They claim that where wages are high and prices stiff, there will be found good times. That is their motto. They may be asleep, but most of them keep one eye winking fast enough to make money. Eastern Canadians, by their hair-splitting practices have earned the opprobrium of the coast people and are spoken of as "North American Chinamen." Manitobans think five cents is the smallest currency that should be put in circulation; the British Columbians would be glad to do away with all coins less than ten cents, and they would be overjoyed if nothing less than twenty-five cents obtained. As competition grows keener, these ideas will doubtless die out. It is a prevalent opinion among visitors that Victoria people are inhospitable, exclusive and reserved towards strangers. The writer is unable to agree with that opinion, having found them exceedingly sociable and generous, and been the recipient of several invitations to the best homes in the place, though a complete stranger and without a single letter of introduction to anyone.

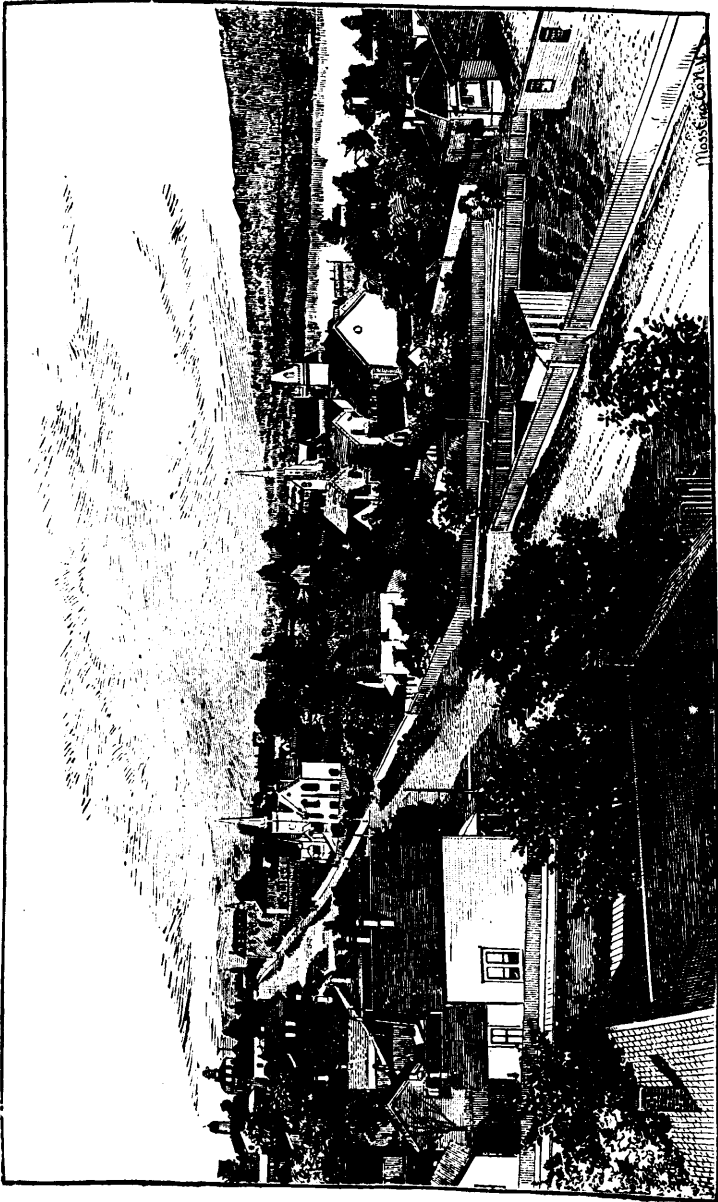
Victoria is justly a popular place with tourists. Its surroundings are beautiful and its drives delightful. The homes nestle among trees and shrubbery and in the midst of orchards and lovely flower gardens. During the summer months and well on to Christmas the gardens and vine clad houses are a mass of bloom of

rich and varied coloring, presenting a most charming sight to the eye. A sense of loveliness and comfort seems to prevail everywhere; and to sit beneath the shade of the trees in any of the well-kept grounds listening to the song of birds and the hum of bees, and drinking in the fragrance of the flowers which permeates the soft and balmy atmosphere one feels that he has at last found an ideal of home life. These things may incline to indolence, but they are certainly worth enjoying and certainly do not degenerate man's better nature. In these environments a man's mind will run to better thoughts than money-making and slavish delving.

The public park is another attractive feature of Victoria. In this park the people find a lovely spot for recreation. On Sunday afternoons it swarms with people of all classes who gather there to stroll or lounge beneath the trees or on the shore of the Gulf of Georgia, and to listen to the lively strains of the city band, or, perhaps, a band from one of the warships stationed at Esquimalt. There is no other city in Canada that has such a Sunday afternoon attraction as this, and which, it may be said, neither detracts from the church attendance or the morals of the people. Everyone seems to enjoy life to its full and the people divide their time pretty equally between work and pleasure, believing in the old adage "all work and no play," etc. In this respect Victorians are much like the Australians.

Prominent among the public buildings which attract the notice and elicit the admiration of visitors is the Provincial Capitol, which form a most imposing group in the midst of tastefully laid out and well cared grounds. The court house, city hall, city and provincial jails, college and school buildings, and some of the churches are also of a substantial and attractive character. The city has ample school and academical facilities and is to have a university. There is also a public library of 10,000 volumes, besides some society libraries. The city also boasts of having the largest iron works on the Pacific coast.

Victoria is also visited by theatrical companies of a higher order than Winnipeg is usually favored with, owing to its proximity to San Francisco, and with all



VANCOUVER, B.C.

things combined life in this Island city is decidedly pleasant. As to climate on Vancouver Island the winter is mild and even, with rain, (the annual rainfall is estimated at 45 inches) and occasionally snow; early spring; a dry, warm summer, and a clear, bright and enjoyable autumn. Sometimes the frost is sufficiently hard to permit of skating, but this is exceptional. As a rule flowers bloom in the gardens of Victoria throughout the year. It is spoken of as England without its east winds; in reality it is Torquay in the Pacific. Fruits of all kinds indigenous to the temperate climates ripen in the open air, and amongst them, some that are in England brought to perfection only under glass. Thunder storms seldom occur. It is this climate, combined with the situation of Victoria, that makes that city such a pleasant abiding place.

NANAIMO.

This place is next in importance to Victoria on the Island, it is situated on a high and hilly site, on the east side of the Island, about seventy miles from Victoria. From the town a charming prospect is had over the harbor; and its inclined streets and hill side houses have just a touch of Alpine character which is not at all unpleasant to the eye. The population of this place is four thousand, and the community is supported chiefly by its coaling and shipping business. Four companies operate coal mines in the immediate vicinity, whose combined annual output at present exceeds over half a million tons, most of which is imported to foreign countries, large quantities going to San Francisco, the Sandwich Islands and China. Nanaimo is also the coaling station for the British squadron in the Pacific. A large number of men find employment in the mines and about the docks, and the town for its size is well supplied with the requirements of a growing population. It has churches, schools, hotels, water-works, telephone, etc., and such industries as a tannery, boot and shoe manufactory, sawmill, shipyard, etc., and weekly and semi-weekly newspapers. The present population of the district of Nanaimo is about 8,000; much of the land is excellent for agricultural purpose. There is a daily train service between Nanaimo and Victoria, and con-

nections by steamers with the different island and mainland ports.

NEW WESTMINSTER.

This prosperous little city is on the mainland, situated on the north bank of the Fraser river, fifteen miles from its mouth, and is accessible for deep water shipping, and it lies in the centre of a tract of country of rich and varied resources. This place was founded in 1888 during the Fraser river gold excitement. It is called the Royal City, the Queen having given it its name in order to settle a dispute as to what the place should be called, which arose at the time the main land was made a Crown colony. The population is about eight thousand, and the chief trade is derived from salmon fishing and lumbering, though the agricultural industry is an important factor in the commercial affairs of the community. The city is nicely situated on a sloping hill with a southern aspect. There are many pretty residences in this place, the trees, orchards and gardens making them very attractive. There are twelve large salmon factories in the neighborhood representing an invested capital of \$500,000. They give employment to over five thousand men during the fishing season, and pay out over \$400,000 a year for supplies, etc. These canneries turn out several hundred thousand cases yearly. The lumbering industry is also extensive and profitable. There are located in the city several Provincial and Dominion Government institutions, such as the jail, the asylum for the insane, the Royal hospital and the provincial penitentiary. All the religious denominations are represented as are also the benevolent and fraternal societies. The place has also good public and private school facilities; also gas and water works. It is connected with the C. P. R. and with a railway reaching all points and Puget Sound, and is connected by an electric tramway, twelve miles long, with Vancouver. The people are animated with the spirit of progress, and during recent years the city has advanced greatly.

VANCOUVER.

Vancouver is the youngest of the British Columbian cities, but has outstripped

all the others in its growth. It was established in 1886, and now has a population of between twelve and fifteen thousand. Its phenomenal development is directly due to the C.P.R., which terminates there. An enormous amount of capital has been invested in business blocks in anticipation of a large shipping trade between oriental countries, Australasia and South America, and the result is wonderful to contemplate. Fancy a modern city standing to-day on a spot where six years ago was an almost impenetrable forest of giant pines. This marvel of city building is unequalled in America's history. Vancouver is no temporary place; it has been built up solidly and permanently and its buildings are of a character that might be pointed to with pride in any city on this continent. It has fifty miles of graded and planked roads and a similar mileage of sidewalks. The taxable valuation of the property is over \$10,000,000. The city has waterworks, gasworks, and electric railway, a shipbuilding yard, sugar and furniture factories, fruit canning factories, saw mills and other industries, which, together with the extensive shipping business, give employment to a large proportion of the population.

In the matter of residences, Vancouver is far ahead of any of its sister cities with respect to architectural designs, but the citizens have not yet begun to pay much attention to their grounds, consequently the homes are not so pretty as those in the other places but will doubtless be so in due time. The population is largely composed of eastern Canadians who seem to have adapted themselves to the spirit of the age in matters of industry and progress. The city has rather a pleasant situation on a gently rising peninsula, having the waters of Coal Harbor on one side and the waters of English Bay on the other. The thickly wooded plateau on the west and the high mountains of the coast on the east make the prospect from the city is striking. The city is sheltered by the islands in the Gulf of Georgia and the high lands about it from cold winds, though it always enjoys a balmy sea breeze. The situation of the city is excellent for drainage purposes and is considered a very healthy place.

So much has been written about this young and thriving city that it is unnecessary to speak further of it at present, excepting to state that with its remarkable material growth all those institutions, religious, educational, fraternal and social, which are considered essential to present day of civilization, have been kept well abreast of the development in other directions, and let us hope that the fondest expectations of her people as to the future destiny of the city will be fully realized.

In the Hyperborean Regions.

A TRIP WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

(By Frederick Schwatka.)

IT was in the Arctic regions, not far from Burk's Great Fish river, when conducting a homeward sledge journey to Hudson's Bay, in the depth of an Arctic winter, that the intense cold set in just before Christmas, the thermometer sinking down to 65 and 68 degrees below zero, and never getting above 60 below. We were having a very hard time with our sleighing along the river, our camps at night almost in sight of those we had left in the morning, so close were they together and so slowly did we labor along. Reindeer on which we were relying for our daily supply of food were not found near the river, but some being seen some ten or fifteen miles back from it, I determined to leave the river and strike straight across country for Hudson's Bay. We had gone but three or four days, and as we ascended the higher levels the thermometer commenced lowering, and on the 3rd of January reached 71 degrees below zero, the coldest we experienced in our sledge journey of nearly a year in length, and the coldest, I believe, ever encountered by white men traveling out of doors; for that day we moved our camp fully twelve miles. The day was not at all unpleasant, either, I must say, until along toward night, when a slight breeze sprang up. It was the merest kind of a zephyr, and would hardly have stirred the leaves on a tree at home, but slight as it was it cut to the bone every part of the body exposed to it. This, fortunately, was

only the face from the eyebrows to chin. We turned our backs to it as much as possible, and especially after we had reached camp and were at work making our snow-houses and digging the thick ice for water. After all, it is not so much the intensity of the cold as expressed in degrees on the thermometer that determines the unpleasantness of an Arctic winter as is the force and direction of the wind, for I have found it far pleasanter with the thermometer at even 70 degrees below zero, with little or no wind blowing, than to face a rather stiff breeze when the little indicator showed even 50 degrees warmer temperature. Even a white man acclimated to Arctic weather, and facing a strong wind at 20 or 30 degrees below zero, is almost sure to freeze the nose and cheeks, and the thermometer does not have to go many degrees lower to induce the Eskimo themselves to keep within their snug snow-house under the same circumstances, unless absolute need of food forces them outside. It is one of the consoling things about Arctic weather that the intensely low temperatures are almost always accompanied by calms, or if there is a breeze it is a very light one. With the exception of a very few quiet days during the warmest summer weather of the polar summer, these clear, quiet cold ones of the Arctic winter are about the only times when the wind is not blowing with great vigor from some point of the compass. Of course there were a few exceptions to this general rule of quiet weather with extreme cold, and when they had to be endured they were simply terrible. Early one morning the thermometer showed us it was 68 degrees below zero, but, as it was calm, we paid no attention to it, but harnessed our dogs and loaded our sledges for the day's journey, which was to be an exceedingly short one in a place where the Eskimo thought they could get food for ourselves and dogs. We were just ready for the start when a sharp wind sprang up, and it felt like a score of razors cutting the face. Had the wind arisen a little sooner we would not have thought of starting, but as we were all ready and the distance short we concluded to go ahead rather than unload and go back into the old camp. We kept the dogs at a good round trot and ran

alongside of the sledges the whole distance, and I can assure my readers that when we reached the snow-house of some Rimrepetro Eskimo it was as welcome a refuge as if it had been a first-class hotel. I was frozen along my left arm from my shoulder to my wrist, and it was quite painful for a number of days, and almost all the others, Eskimo as well as white men, were frozen more or less severely. When we reached the end of our journey I again looked at the thermometer, and found it indicated 55 degrees below zero — that is, it had grown 13 degrees warmer during the time we were out, although it seemed to us it must be at least thirty degrees colder. I told the Eskimo who had been with us that it was much colder, as shown by the instrument, before we started than it was when the wind was at its highest, but from their incredulous glances at each other they wondered how we could be duped by such ideas directly against our common sense and personal observation. They might believe our statements that the world was round and turned over every day, without the polar bears sliding off the slippery icebergs when it was upside down, simply because the white man had told them so, but nothing would persuade them that when they felt perfectly comfortable and warm loading the sledge it was colder than when their arms and legs were frozen and their noses "nipped" by the frost. I tried to explain to them the effect of the wind, but they said they had known the wind to blow them off their feet in summer and not freeze them a particle. They said they knew it seemed colder when the wind blew, but that was because it actually was colder, and here they stood firm in the belief we were wrong. When the thermometer was at 71 deg. below, the cloudless sky in the vicinity of the sun hanging low in the southern horizon assumed a dull leaden hue, tinged with a brownish red, looking something like the skies of cheap chromo lithographs. At night the stars glitter like diamonds, and fairly seem on fire with their unusual brilliancy. Should you pour water on the surface of the ice it greets you with an astonishing crackling noise, and the ice was so clear you felt timid about

putting your foot on it, and turns instantly as white as marble. Many Eskimo children amuse themselves trying this simple experiment, and the white spots on the clear ice give it a moss-mottled look. The iced runners dragging over the fine, gritty snows give forth a clear, musical ring that can be heard many miles in the still cold of the Arctic. Sometimes when breathing this extremely cold air my tongue would feel as if it were freezing in my mouth, but I could readily cure this by breathing through my nose for a few minutes. You will naturally ask, "Why not breathe through the nostrils all the time?" as you have so often heard advocated. The air, however, is so bitter cold that it becomes absolutely necessary to breathe through the mouth. Also the nose is more liable to freeze when breathing through it. These freezings of the nose and cheeks are very common affairs in very low temperatures, especially when the wind blows. The Eskimo cures these frost-bites by simply taking the warm hand from the reindeer mitten and rubbing the affected spot. They know nothing of rubbing frost-bites with snow, and that article could not be used in arctic temperature, where the snow, if it is loose, is like sand, or if in mass, like granite rock. Another thing the Eskimo always used was snow to quench their thirst, which most arctic writers have condemned as hurtful. My Eskimos used it at all temperatures, and I have never seen any bad results from its use.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

PROSEYBOY—"Why didn't you take a wedding trip, Bloodgood?"

BLOODGOOD—"Well, you see my wife and I came to the conclusion it wouldn't be much of a novelty for us. We met first on a steamer on the Atlantic ocean; I proposed in Sweeden; was accepted in Russia; obtained her father's permission in England; the marriage settlement was drawn up in this country, and we were married in Algiers."

February.

The world lies hushed in white,
Field and hollow and hill;
The forest grim hath a purple rim
And the river's heart is still.
Then hey for that dim hour fleet,
Born of the day and the dark,
When the earth-flame red doth leap to meet,
Its far-off phantom spark.

And ho! for who comes nigh,
With his yellow hair ablow!
Is warmth and cheer for the traveller here,
Or wilt thou bid him go?
Nay, for he rideth to win,
With the young year bonny and bold;
Then open thy door, and let love in,
Good neighbor, from out the cold.
—VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD,
in *The Ladies' Home Journal.*

The Cottage on the Moor.

Oh, give me back my native land,
Her "banks and braes" once more,
Her rushing gales,
And sleeping vales,
And the "Cottage on the Moor."

There's many a "boasted land" more fair,
And many a sky is bluer,
But the jolly lad
That wears the plaid,
And the "bonnie lass" are truer.

My native hills! your rugged steep
Are dear in song and story;
The hardy brave,
The rocky cave,
And the tale of blood and glory!

Scotland! I love your heather bells,
Your sea-girth wave-washed shore,
And more I love,
Where'er I rove,
"The cottage on the moor."

'Twas there "my blue-eyed Mary" dwelt,
And there I learned to love her;
But Mary sleeps,
And Allan weeps,
While shadows round him hover.

Oh, give me back my own dear land!
Her "banks and braes" once more,
The trees that wave
O'er Mary's grave,
And "the cottage on the moor."

Thus sang a lonely, wandering Scot
At eve beside my door;
Though years ago,
I love that song—
"The cottage on the moor."
—Mrs. L. A. K. in *Godey's Lady's Book.*

A Valentine.

BY HENRY W. AUSTIN.

Dear maid if I could send to you
This day a carrier pigeon,
He'd bear a letter full of true
Affection, plus religion.

For 'neath his wings I should confess,
With naught of reservation,
The two fair Saints who now possess
My ardent admiration.

I see you start quick to upbraid
At such a queer confession.
A vision of some rival maid
Marring your self-possession.

But, oh! sweet girl your rising force
Of jealous rage pray smother;
Saint Valentine's the one of course
And, can't you guess the other?

You let me whisper one thing more;
A miracle that never
Was dreamed of by the saints of yore
For your sake I'll endeavor.

Two saints in one I will combine
With worship waning never,
If you will be my Valentine
Forever and forever.

—Once a Week.

A Saskatchewan Legend.

(For The Manitoban.)

BY L. A. G.

As I sit 'neath the shade of the poplar, and list
to the musical hum
Of the endless, dripping water, as it falls in
continuous run

From the moss-bound little lakelet, and watch
it bubble past,
I think I hear it sing to me the memory of the
past:—

Many years ago, sang the water, while yet a
little stream,

An Indian maid, from her tepee near, came to
drink in the early spring.

She sang a song of a loved one, who was brave
and true and kind,

For her Lue-Pu was a warrior bold, beloved by
all mankind;

He had gone away on a long, long hunt, where
the elk and bison play,

To gather the skins for a cozy nest, to be back
on a bright May day.

He had said when last she had seen him, good-
bye Minwee, be brave,

I go but to make you happy, for will not I when
away,

Get of otter and beaver plenty and a buck for
my Minwee, fair.

To keep her warm on the cold winter night, as
he fondled her jet black hair.

Only one thing I ask, Minwee, when the stream
begins to run,

And the frog wakes up from its long winter nap,
when the partridge starts to drum,

When the trees begin to bud again, and the
rose is fair to see,

Come to the stream in the early morn, and wait
'till dusk for me,

All the long winter month's she had waited, and
planned how they should meet,

Neath the poplar green, while the little stream
sang musically at their feet.

But the spring had come, and the little stream
sang a song as it gurgled bye,

The robin, too, with its breast of red, had built
for its young a down-lined bed

In a poplar tree—and the squirrel sped o'er the
moss at her feet,

When he ventured forth from his snug retreat—
and still she lingered nigh.

The summer passed, and the fall had come, the
robin had flown, for his was down,

But still she came to the well-known spot
Though no more the stream would reflect her
back,

As she stooped to drink on bended knee,
The form of a maiden fair to see.

Now, the winter had come, and the snow-
covered prairie.

Compelled them to move to the hills far away,
For the storms were more fierce than the oldest
remembered

And to-morrow they'd start on the breaking of
day.

So to-night, in the moonlight, she'd come to
the trysting,

And her heart it was sore, though no word did
she say,

But she lingered for long, and her eyes flashed
with meaning,

She would die at the spot, she could not live
away.

She took from her girdle a last loving token,
And placed it above, in the light of the moon,

To the sapling she hung it, where first 'neath
its branches

Their troth had begun, and had ended so soon.
On the snow, 'neath the emblem, the maiden
now laid her,

Already she felt her blood chilling, and knew,
Ere the dawn she would be, and her heart
swelled with gladness,

Along with her brave one, her loved Lue-Pu

In the morn, ere they started, Minwee's aged
father

In quest of the fairest of all the great tribe
Came down to the snow-covered, frost-burdened

poplars,
His heart it misgave him, for he loved his sweet
child

* * * *

There, dead, she lay, with her eyes upward
 turning
 Still bent on the token, a smile on her lips,
 Her face sweet and still, as if only sleeping.
 Oh! could death come to all in such postures
 as this.

* * * *

They covered her there, 'neath the shade of the
 willow,
 On a platform, with leaves, and her story is
 sung
 By the maids in the spring, as they list to
 the bubble
 Of the love-honored brook, as it gurgles along—
 And the roses that bloom 'neath her bier are
 the fairest:
 That grow on the banks of the Saskatchewan.

Miscellaneous.

GRAVEYARD POETRY.—Nine-tenths of those who think they can write respectable poetry are mistaken, writes T. De Witt Talmadge in the February *Ladies Home Journal*. It is safe to say that most of the home-made poetry of graveyards is an offence to God and man. One would have thought that the New Hampshire village would have risen in mob to prevent the inscription that was really placed on one of its tombstones descriptive of a man who had lost his life at the foot of a vicious mare on the way to the brook:

"As this man was leading her to drink
 She kick'd and kill'd him quicker'n wink."

One would have thought that even conservative New Jersey would have been in rebellion at a child's epitaph which reads thus:

"She was not smart, she was not fair,
 But hearts with grief for her are swellin';
 All empty stands her little chair;
 She died of eatin' watermelon."

Let not such desecrations be allowed in hallowed places. Let not poetizers practice on the tombstone. My uniform advice to all those who want acceptable and suggestive epitaphs is: Take a passage of Scripture. That will never wear out. From generation to generation it will bring down upon all visitors a holy hush; and if before that stone has crumbled the day comes for waking up of all the graveyard sleepers, the very words chiseled on the marble may be the ones that shall ring from the trumpet of the archangel on that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed.

COUNTRY GIRLS IN TOWN.—If you who read this are a brown country lass, and should find that your fate leads you to the city, carry with you all that you have learned in the years of childhood and maidenhood on the old farm, writes Maud Howe in a good article on "Country Maids and City Wives" in the February *Ladies' Home Journal*. You will need it all in the feverish city; the memory of sky and upland, the smell of the clover, the hum of the bees, the taste of the new milk, the breath of the kine, the strength which milking and butter-making have given you, the knowledge of nature's secrets; which lilac leaves out first, which oak is last stripped of its foliage, where the ground-sparrow hides her nest, when the blackberries are fit to make into jam! Bring the simple, healthy habits of early rising, of energetic work, of out-door exercise to your city home, for you will need them now more than ever before. They will help you in gaining an understanding of the best things city life can give you, the broader experience of men and ideas, the love of art, the appreciation of literature. No matter how rich you may become, never be wasteful.

WHY?—He sat in his chamber alone, says the *Detroit Free Press*. The lights burned dim and the fire flickered fitfully. No raven came to flutter its black wings and cast its sombre shadow over the room, but it would scarcely have been out of place. For a long time he sat there, gazing into the fire, the very personification of despair. At last he stirred uneasily, and half rose from his chair. He looked at the clock. It was on the stroke of midnight. "Only an hour ago," he muttered—"only an hour, and it has seemed a year—a hundred years" He sank back listlessly, broken in spirit and crushed in hope. "One word, and a fortune is lost," he sighed despairingly. "One little word of two letters, and a million of dollars has gone glimmering among the things that were." He groaned in his agony, and the lights sank lower and lower and faded away, leaving him in a gloom impenetrable. And, gentle reader, why? Why? Because the wealthy widow without incumbrances had said "No" when he had asked her to be his'n,

EDISON'S LATEST.—TRYING TO HEAR FROM THE SUN BY TELEPHONE.—“I expect to receive telephonic messages from the sun before next Christmas,” said inventor Edison a few days ago. “I don't mean, he continued, “that any son of the sun will do the familiar ‘Hello, hello! Is that you, Tom?’ But do I expect to hear the boom and bang and general hubbub that we know to be constantly going on among the mighty elements there.”

This is the most audacious thing that the wisard of invention ever attempted. It is on a level with the idea of communicating with the supposed inhabitants of Venus and Mars, and the trust bequest of \$20,000 left last summer by a French nun to be given to the person who shall discover such means of communication.

The mountainous regions of New Jersey are rich in iron ore, and Edison is the owner of a peak, about a mile in diameter at the base, which is supposed to be an almost solid mass of iron. For many months the great inventor has been working to convert this mountain into a huge telephone. The common telephone is made by running a wire around the top of a magnetic bar, and this when charged with electricity, enables us to register the sounds that come into contact with it.

Edison has wound many miles of wire around the top of his iron mountain, forming an inductive circuit which will produce powerful electric currents. This is the means by which he expects to hear explosions caused by the gaseous outbursts in the sun, and the gigantic telephone is so nearly completed that it will probably be ready for a test within two or three weeks. Physicists generally have no faith in the practicability of the solar telephone. But Edisen is something of a physicist himself, and his novel experiment will at least be awaited with much interest.

SAMUEL'S SPEECH.—Living in a town which was formerly my home was a half-witted fellow named Samuel Green. Samuel had two hobbies—religion and funerals. There never was a revival meeting which he failed to attend, nor a funeral where he did not weep. No matter how cold or stormy the day, Samuel walked to the graveyard, his hands encased in white cotton gloves. One Sunday

morning the Methodists held an experience meeting. As usual, Samuel was on hand, his shiny silk hat shinier than ever, his gay silk handkerchief peeking just far enough out of his breast pocket, and every article breathing forth the odor of Jocky Club. Never had he said more in meeting than Amen. But towards the close of the meeting a long-faced sanctimonious brother whom Samuel did not like arose. “Dear brothers and sisters,” he said, “the Lord has been very good to me. I want to tell you that he has prospered me more than I deserve. I hope I am a Christian, I try to be a Christian, but I am not sure whether I am a Christian.” While he spoke, Samuel had stirred uneasily, and hardly was the good brother seated till Samuel bounced up. “I am a Christian,” he gasped, “I know I am a Christian, I ain't like that blamed fool Branigan that don't know what he is!” And that was Samuel's first and only speech in meeting. —H. E.

Literary Notes.

We have been favored with a copy of the *Western Law Times*, a monthly journal published at Winnipeg by Archer Martin, barrister-at-law, and judging from its contents it must prove a very valuable acquisition to the legal fraternity and is a decided acquisition to the library. It is nicely printed in neat book form and is worthy of support. Every lawyer, law student, police magistrate and others interested in legal proceedings should possess a copy. Price \$5 per year. Published at Winnipeg by the Western Law Times Pub. Co.

The Announcements of *The Youth's Companion* for 1892, which we have received, seem to touch about all healthy tastes. Its fiction embraces folk-lore, serial, sea, adventure and holiday stories. Frank Stockton, Clark Russell, Will Allen Dromgoole, Mary Catherine Lee are a few of the distinguished story-writers.

Its general articles cover a wide range. Self-Education, Business Success, College Success, Girls who think they can Write, Natural History, Railway Life, Boys and Girls at the World's Fair, Glimpses of Royalty, How to see Great Cities, Practical Advice are some of the lines to be written on by eminent specialists.

Gladstone, De Lesseps, Vasilii Verestchagin, Cyrus W. Field, Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Henry M. Stanley are among the contributors. *The Companion* readers come into personal touch with the people whose greatness makes our age famous. Its 500,000 subscribers show how it is appreciated. \$1.75 a year. Address *The Youth's Companion*, Boston, Mass.

The Delineator for March, 1892, will be a great number, replete with Novelties in every Department of Fashion, and illustrated by from two to three hundred carefully executed engravings. While supplying also the usual articles on dainty Fancy-Work, such as Crocheting, Drawn-Work, Knitting, Lace-Making and Poker Work, it will introduce a highly interesting series on "Physical Culture," and another on "Child Life," each of them to be illustrated as may be required by the text. Articles of the various series now current in the magazine will be found in their regular places, among them a most important one on the making of Boys' Garments. Don't fail to secure a copy of the March Number. It will please you. The Subscription Price of the Magazine is \$1.00 a year. Single Copy 15 cents. Send orders direct to *The Delineator* Publishing Company of Toronto, Limited, 33 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

Of the old magazines *MacMillan's English Illustrated* seems to be as great a favorite as ever. The January number which is to hand is full of interesting subjects profusely illustrated. "Henry the Eighth" on the stage is admirably narrated by Frederick Hawkins. "A Tobacco Factory" by Joseph Hattox gives us a glimpse how that weed is prepared for market from its first inception in the raw state until it is ready for use. Rural Simplicity is a story told in a series of extracts from a diary by Barry Pain, an excellent account of "Wolf hunting in Russia" by Dr. J. E. Dillon. "The sorting of Paupers" by Edith Sellars, while an interesting account of "An old Fife Burgh Town" by David S. Meldrum will be eagerly read by all true Scotsmen. "About Fruit Ranching" by Hugh Marshall will benefit all who have an interest in California. "Village life in the olden Time" by Frederick Gale will prove equally as interesting to old and young. While "A Strange Elopement", a serial by W. Clark Russell, the well known writer, make up the contents, a copy of which everyone should possess. Price \$1.75 per year. MacMillan & Co., publishers, 112 Fourth avenue, New York.

The Eclectic Magazine for January enters upon its fiftieth volume the first number of which contains excellent articles by well-known writers in the leading magazines. Among the literary gems which may be found in it are: "The Applications of Hypnotism" by Charles Lloyd Tuckey, M. D. "The Elegie" a touching story from *Blackwood's Magazine*. "Cosas de Chile," "The Constitution," from the *Saturday Review*. "Towards Arcadie"; a dialogue by Egan Mew in "Temple Bar"; "On Spurious Works of Art" by Sir Charles Robinson; while Rudyard Kipling, the well-known novelist, receives a good deal of attention at the hands of Francis Adams. "Roses" by Doreatha A. Alexander, "Critics and Characteristics of the Fourth Gospel" by Rev. W. W. Peyton, "The Egyptians and the Occupation," "The Decay of Laughter," "Famine in Russia," "Mud," "The Missetoeo Bough" "Lord Lytton," "The Plausible Man,"

"Sparks from a Yule-Log," "Pretty Simpletons" and a "New View of the Surplus of Women" quaintly put by Dr. Arabella Kenealy together with library notices, foreign library notes and miscellaneous matter go to make up a capital number. Published by E. R. Pelton, 144 8th St., New York. Price \$5 per annum.

A most unique magazine is the February *Ladies' Home Journal*, entirely made up, as it is, in prose, verse and fiction by daughters of famous parentage, some of the "daughters" being famed themselves. Thirty "daughters" are represented, each by an article, story or poem, and a more curious and successful innovation in magazine literature has not been made for years. This issue is in every respect a surprise, and is a powerful argument in behalf of hereditary genius. Hawthorne's daughter, Mrs. Lathrop, for example, has an excellent story; Mildred Howells, the novelist's daughter, writes a very sweet poem; the daughters of Charles Dickens, Thackeray and Horace Greeley all write of their famous fathers; President Harrison's daughter, Mrs. McKee, surprises by writing a very strong article on the "The Training of Children"; Gladstone's daughter tells "How a Woman's College began" of which she is Vice-Principal; General Sherman's daughter tells a clever war story; Julia Ward How presents three literary daughters; ex-Senator Ingall's clever daughter, Ethel, sketches Mrs. Leland Stanford; Jefferson Davis's favorite daughter "Winnie," portrays "The American Girl who studies Abroad," from her own experience; and these are followed up by the daughters of Sir Morell Mackenzie, "Mrs Alexander" and Richard Henry Dana; Miss Bradley writes of the "Queens of Westminster Abbey," of which her father is Dean. And as a fitting complement to the fore-part of the issue Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney and other famous mothers tell "How to Train a Daughter." This is, indeed, a curious number, and the most novel ever issued by a magazine. None of the *Journal's* departments are omitted, the "famous daughters" occupying the fore-part of the magazine, while Dr. Talmage, "Bob" Burdette, Margaret Bottomo and all the other *Journal* editors form the rear-guard. Such an issue is worth five times its modest price of ten cents. Published, at one dollar per year, by the Curtis Publishing Company, of Philadelphia.

Canadians everywhere will be delighted with the new magazine, the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*, the first issue of which has just reached us. The publishers in their prospectus declared their intention to make this new magazine, in its literary, artistic and mechanical features, a credit to Canada; and the initial number is a decided proof that they intend to keep their word. The *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*, with an artistic cover, presents a very handsome outward appearance; and the contents of this number, both in literary excellence and artistic illustration, will command the admiration of every reader. "The Raid from Beausejour," by Chas. G. D. Roberts, begun in

this issue, is a powerfully written story, with illustrations by Patterson. As Rugby foot-ball during the last year or so has become the most popular of Autumn games in Canada, the bright and full description of the game written for this number by R. Tait McKenzie, with about a dozen illustrations, will delight every lover of athletics. "Hamilton's Raid on Vincennes," by Douglas Brymner, is a vivid description of an episode of the Revolutionary War. Miss A. M. McLeod, in "Beyond the Pentland Firth," gives a fine description of Kirkwall and other points in the Orkneys, combining Pictish, Roman, Norse and Scottish legend. Duncan Campbell Scott contributes a quaint and interesting character study, styled "John Scantleberry; while Rev. Arthur John Lockhart (Pastor Felix), in the familiar "Red and Blue Pencil," delights his readers, as usual. A splendid portrait of the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale, with a sketch of his life; a delightful children's story, by Miss Marjory MacMurchy, poems by Arthur Weir, S. M. Baylis, Helen Fairbairn and J. T. Burgess; "Modern Instances," by Prof. Roberts, and Book Reviews, by the editor, complete this brilliant number. It is splendidly illustrated throughout, and its distinctively Canadian character is a strong feature and ensures it a hearty welcome from the public. The number is accompanied by a beautiful coloured supplement, "The Cobbler's shop," from the painting by Van Haanan. (A supplement is issued with every number and will prove a most attractive feature). \$1.50 per annum. Address, The Sabiston Litho. & Pub. Co., Montreal.

Musical and Dramatic.

MAX O'RELL will lecture in Winnipeg on the 4th and 5th of March.

"MY Lord in Livery" and "Place aux Dames" were given on Monday evening the 15th inst. for the benefit of All Saints' Church organ fund. Victoria Hall contained a large audience and our amateurs did well.

It appears that the town hall in Portage la Prairie has about outlived its usefulness and for the sake of those who may be forced to use it without an alternative it is hoped the town authorities, or someone else, will take steps to provide a suitable place. Brandon has made a good start and will have a nice hall when completed.

GRACE CHURCH CHOIR concerts at Brandon on the 18th and Portage la

Prairie on the 19th, but owing to the MANITOBAN going to press before these dates, no particulars can be given beyond mentioning that the choir consists of thirty voices and the soloists are Miss Agnes Johnston, Miss Nellie Webster, Mr. Jackson Hanby and Mr. A. E. Ferte. The Hatton Quartette are also with them, and Miss Holmes is the pianiste. Surely, Mr Tees, the conductor, will be able to entertain our friends at the places mentioned in royal manner musically.

CHRIST CHURCH CHOIR are giving a concert on the 16th, but for the same reason given above nothing further can be said.

MR. CHAS. KELLY has written that he contemplates taking a trip to the coast before long with a good soprano, elocutionist and pianist.

CLEVELAND'S minstrels at the Princess Opera House on the 8th, 9th and 10th drew immense audiences. The programmes were made up mainly of variety and specialty acts and good old fashioned minstrelsy was sadly missed. The company does not possess a single voice capable of properly rendering either song or ballad.

THE Fisk Jubilee Singers gave two concerts on the 4th and 5th to crowded houses in Victoria Hall. They are much weaker than on their previous visit some two years ago. They were to have appeared again last Friday, the 12th, but were unable to owing to snow blockades.

AT Portage la Prairie on the evening of the 9th the Choral Union, under the direction of Prof. Wright, gave a concert which it is hoped will be followed by others, in order that the talent of this enterprising place may be encouraged to go on and win success.

NOTES of the principal musical events about the province would be gladly received.