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THE  
**LAKE**  
MAGAZINE

DEC., 1892.

DEVOTED TO  
POLITICS,  
SCIENCE  
AND GENERAL  
LITERATURE



- Our Strange Guest.** William McDonnell.  
**Poem—Sounds of Home.**  
Iota North.  
**British Columbia Politically.**  
R. E. Gosnell.  
**Poem—My Life Lives in Thine.**  
Nora Laugher.  
**Ontario's New Salt Territory.**  
C. M. Sinclair.  
**Cui Bono ?** H. M. Stromberg.  
**Poem—A Shower.**  
J. F. Herbin.  
**The Canadian Oliver Goldsmith.**  
W. G. MacFarlane.  
**The Rocking Chair.**  
K. A. Chipman.  
**How It Happened.** Mrs. Lawson.  
**Tom's Fortune.** H. Macosquin.  
**The Trade Question.** Douglas Gregory.  
**What Came Out of It.** Ed. P. Slack.  
**Poem—Christmas Eve.**  
Charles Gordon Rogers.  
**The Negro Race in the United States.**  
Chas. Ellis.  
**Home Rule in England.** J. Heighington.  
**Poem—The Dreamer and the Voice**  
Evelyn Durand.  
**A Thought for December.** Charles Walter.  
**Poem—Love's Young Dream.** Miss Davis.

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# THE LAKE MAGAZINE.

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## CONTENTS.

FRONTISPIECE—PORTRAIT SIR JOHN THOMPSON. . . . .	..	..	..	..	..
OUR STRANGE GUEST ..	..	..	..	..	257
POEM—SOUNDS OF HOME ..	BY WILLIAM McDONNELL. . . . .	..	..	..	270
BRITISH COLUMBIA POLITICALLY ..	BY IOTA NORTH. . . . .	..	..	..	271
POEM—MY LIFE LIVES IN THINE ..	BY R. E. GOSNELL, VANCOUVER. . . . .	..	..	..	276
ONTARIO'S NEW SALT TERRITORY ..	BY NORA LAUGHER. . . . .	..	..	..	277
CUI BONO? ..	BY C. M. SINCLAIR. . . . .	..	..	..	280
POEM—A SHOWER ..	BY H. M. STROMBERG, NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C. . . . .	..	..	..	284
THE CANADIAN OLIVER GOLDSMITH ..	BY J. F. HERBIN. . . . .	..	..	..	285
THE ROCKING CHAIR ..	BY W. G. MACFARLANE. . . . .	..	..	..	290
HOW IT HAPPENED ..	BY K. A. CHIPMAN. . . . .	..	..	..	293
TOM'S FORTUNE ..	BY MRS. LAWSON. . . . .	..	..	..	296
THE TRADE QUESTION ..	BY H. MACOSQUIN. . . . .	..	..	..	301
WHAT CAME OUT OF IT ..	BY DOUGLAS GREGORY. . . . .	..	..	..	304
POEM—CHRISTMAS EVE ..	BY EDWARD P. SLACK. . . . .	..	..	..	312
THE NEGRO RACE IN THE UNITED STATES ..	BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS. . . . .	..	..	..	313
HOME RULE IN ENGLAND ..	BY CHARLES ELLIS. . . . .	..	..	..	315
POEM—THE DREAMER AND THE VOICE ..	BY I. HEIGHINGTON. . . . .	..	..	..	317
A THOUGHT FOR DECEMBER ..	BY EVELYN DURAND. . . . .	..	..	..	319
POEM—LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM ..	BY CHARLES WALTER. . . . .	..	..	..	320
	BY MISS FRANK DAVIS. . . . .	..	..	..	

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HON. SIR JOHN S. D. THOMPSON.

# The Lake Magazine.

VOL. I.

DECEMBER, 1892.

No. 5.

## OUR STRANGE GUEST.

BY WILLIAM MC'DONNELL.

*Author of Exeter Hall, &c., &c.*

### CHAPTER I.

Sunday, December 26th, 1875—Christmas Eve. This has been a stormy week, snowing and blowing almost every day. Here from our upper windows I can see the whirling snow clouds rush down along the drifted road, and there must be fully three feet deep of snow in our clearance. The tall pines, thickly draped in white, stand up around like mourners, and when the cold wild wind passes through them, they bend to the rude blast like creatures in adversity. Now and again, as the wintry gale sweeps onward, one might imagine the thousand flakes which fall from the burdened branches, to be almost suddenly whisked into an icy mist or like the frozen tears of bereaved ones who are sorrowing for the flowers, the once beautiful summer flowers, that lie fading and withering under the vast white pall which seems to cover the whole earth. Ah, how often I could wish that some shroud, some dense veil, would hide from my memory the faded flowers of my heart, the once glittering gems of hope which have been lost to me forever.

The church bells are ringing a cheering peal to many—yet the sound in the distance comes to me like a deep, melancholy wail. The faint tinkle of sleigh bells is singularly cheerless, yet many persons are no doubt happy while driving to church beneath the dismal sky, which now makes the steeples of Portville look far away, though that village is little more than a mile distant. This is a joyful season to

many, to almost all, yet its annual return brings but sadness to us here in our lone home, a fresh consciousness of having been left forlorn forever; and the effort we make to hide this feeling from one another, especially from my mother, only serves as it were to bring back a keener recollection of the past and the revival of a parting scene which can never be forgotten. As comets come back at stated periods from immense distances bringing brightness, so in every life, as a contrast, there are memories of the long ago which return to bring but gloom. And now for some dreary time past, before each succeeding year takes its farewell, a shadow falls upon our house and upon our hearts, a deep shade which keeps out the sunlight and hope for the time, and which makes Christmas to us a period of the most painful remembrances.

Let me think—twelve years already gone! Twelve springs, twelve summers, twelve autumns, and nearly twelve winters; almost twelve entire years. How quickly they have passed! What a gloomy gap out of my life-time. Yet, notwithstanding this bleak flight of successive seasons, it seems only yesterday since my younger brother John, everybody's favorite, my mother's idol and Anna Strong's betrothed, came in just after tea, dressed in his uniform as sergeant of a company of Canadian volunteers, to tell my father that he had just received a letter from my brother Thomas in Rochester, which stated that he had been drafted for service in

the Federal army, and that unless he could very soon procure a substitute, or pay about a thousand dollars—this was I think the amount—he would be sent away and have to serve in the army during the war with the South. Nearly three years previous to this my brother Thomas had settled in Rochester and got married there. He was clerk or assistant in a drug store and had but lately lost his wife and his only child. We had of course greatly sympathized with him in his affliction, but when this fresh and unexpected news came it caused the most painful anxiety to us all. What was to be done? There was but little time to lose. It was entirely out of my father's power to send the required amount. Our little farm, if hurriedly sold, would scarcely bring more than fifteen or sixteen hundred dollars, and to sell it, or mortgage it—which might be worse—would in all probability soon leave us homeless. My father was greatly troubled; tears streamed down my mother's cheeks, and we all felt in the most unhappy condition. John alone appeared to think the matter of little consequence; in fact he tried to make us believe that he was pleased with the news. He took delight in military exercises and had joined the village volunteer company, and as this was to be a drill night, he was preparing to go out with his rifle, when the unwelcome letter was handed to him. He read it again and then I noticed that for a few moments his lips were compressed. Then he read it aloud to us, affecting indifference as to its purport, and when he saw our startled faces and the sudden grief it brought my mother, he seized her hands and in a laughing manner told her it was just the kind of message he wanted.

"Goodness gracious" he cried stepping out before us in a comical attitude, "what does it all amount to?—nothing. This kind of thing happens every day now and is in fact only what we might have expected. We are no worse off than many others. Either Tom or I must go or the money must be paid, that's all there's of it; and to be plain," said he, striking his open palm with his fist, "I wouldn't pay half or even quarter of the money to get clear of the matter. You know that Tom is not as rugged as I am, he is six or seven years older than I, and

he has had lots of trouble already while I have had none. They will, I think, prefer me. I want to see something of the world instead of being kept here forever in this backward place. Besides you all must believe that this war is nearly over. The Southern they say are making their last splurge: to be sure they have kept up the contest a little longer than was expected; but you'll find it will be over soon and perhaps if I don't hurry up, I'll be altogether too late: so Christmas and all as it is I shall be off in the morning."

How particularly animated my good natured, generous and loving brother looked as he thus addressed us! There he stood, a noble fellow in full health and vigor, manly and handsome in appearance. His military red coat with blue facings, his belts and straps and bright brass buckles, his well cared for rifle close by, and his sword bayonet by his side—everything so trim—all gave him the smart soldierly bearing of a "regular." I was proud of him at the moment: any good woman might have looked at him with pleasure, and to another pair of eyes which just now made their appearance he was particularly attractive. Anna Strong entered the room just as he had finished speaking. Her smile was first directed to him, and then her cheerful look seemed to bring brightness into the apartment. She had just come to remain and spend Christmas with us. She hesitated a little when she noticed our serious faces: even John's face became grave for an instant when he saw her enter; but I ran forward to bid her welcome. My mother left us for a few moments to hide her emotion, and then John, following me, tried to anticipate any unpleasant explanation of ours by telling Anna about the letter he had received, and apparently with the greatest unconcern making the circumstance of little or no importance.

Anna Strong was considered one of the most clear-headed and intelligent girls in the neighborhood. She and John and I had been schoolfellows. He and she had been, as it is called, "keeping company" for some time, and this resulted in the most tender attachment for each other. Anna as well as my brother seemed to be everybody's favorite;

but no other person could value her as he did. Even when the matter was explained by him as being one of so little consequence she suddenly grew faint and almost dropped into a chair. In a moment he was at her side. Her handsome face became almost suddenly pale. I never saw cheeks blanch so quickly. I never before heard such a faint pitiful sigh, I never saw lips quiver so with mental emotion, and then she muttered scarcely louder than a whisper, "My dream, my last night's dreadful dream."

John's lips were compressed again—this was his peculiar symptom when in trouble or great agitation of mind—and now he was evidently suffering from an emotion which he tried to conceal. Poor fellow! I knew his distress was great at the moment; though it was a struggle for him not only to appear calm, but to seem surprised at the deep concern which we all manifested.

"What's all this for?" cried he, endeavoring to infuse a symptom of annoyance into his words. "Anna, I expected more sense from you, but really, you act like a child."

In spite of his attempt to reproach, there was a tenderness in his accent which touched her—it touched us all—she opened her eyes and tried to smile. The effort, faint as it was, only caused a tear to fall on her cheek: it dropped on his hand which lay on her shoulder, and, as quickly as he saw this fresh evidence of her affectionate heart, he turned from her and looked appealingly at me, and then I saw that his own eyes, like mine, were filled with tears.

He hurriedly left the room, but soon returned, followed by my mother. He had resumed his apparent unconcern and came in smilingly. "Now," said he, turning towards where Anna was sitting, "this is Christmas time, when, according to the good old custom, all should be joyful. Let us have a merry night of it. What's the use in borrowing trouble. Let us tell stories, sing songs, and have a dance if you like—yes, we must have a dance. You can play," pointing to me, "Anna can play, and when you get tired of the piano, I can follow up and scrape a tune or two on the violin. That's it," said he snapping his fingers gleefully, "let

us have a dance and don't bother yourself about dreams or predictions, everything will be all right."

"But my dear," said my mother, "if you are determined to leave us early to-morrow you should go to bed and have a good night's rest."

"I won't have time to sleep much to-night," he replied. "I must leave here at four in the morning to reach Toronto for the early train. I shall have all day to-morrow to rest in the car. It may be a month or two before we meet again, so let us make the most of the time we have, and be merry."

My mother expressed a hope that some arrangement could be made when he got to Rochester so as to get his brother free from liability to service in the Federal Army, and that he and Thomas might return together. My father, too, had hopes in the same direction, and stated his intention of accompanying John as far as Rochester. John made no objection to this, and, under the circumstances, we tried to feel content that they should leave together, hoping for the best.

Shortly after this John went out, in order to see the captain of his company. The captain and most of the men were then assembled in the drill shed, a little distance from where we lived. When John informed them that he had come to take leave of them, perhaps to take service under another government, one and all of his companions expressed the most sincere regret that he had felt obliged to leave home and friends under such short notice; and, to their generosity be it recorded, more than one of the volunteers present offered to take his place, or rather the place of my brother Thomas, who had been drafted. But John would not hear of this; he said that he alone had the best right to go as a substitute for his brother.

It was ten o'clock at night when he returned; he found it so difficult to part with so many of his companions. All had something to say to him and this delayed him longer than he expected. He soon donned his civilian dress and laid his uniform aside. During his absence we had talked the matter over and had agreed among ourselves not to appear

much disconcerted, as it might perhaps have a depressing effect on my noble brother who was to be with us but a few hours longer. What a struggle it was for us all to appear reconciled to have him go away from us on such a mission, and every time that poor Anna Strong tried to smile that night a sigh would accompany the smile, and more than once in the midst of our forced hilarity I saw her turn aside her head to hide a tear which she would quickly brush away.

Ah me! Besides Anna Strong there was another present that night who felt a peculiar pang at the thought of parting with another very dear friend. When my brother came back from the drill shed he was accompanied by William Brightman whom we all had known for many years; he had been the almost constant companion of my brother from boyhood, and he had now resolved to go with him and join the Federal army. He was a fine young man of kind disposition, very intelligent, the pride of his parents and one every way esteemed. How could he be otherwise than interesting to me. If I know my own heart he held a place in it next to my brother. I may confess it now, for the crimson avowal was often seen on my cheek in times long ago when his name was insidiously mentioned by some prying acquaintance. And how could I disbelieve him when he often and often told me that: I was dearer to him than even a sister could be. I believed him, for sincerity was in his eye when he spoke, and—how I remember it!—one pleasant evening late in the autumn, while taking a walk together along the river bank, when he asked me if I would consent to be the mistress of his new house, which was to be finished in a short time, I scarcely hesitated to accept the trust, and oh, what happiness I felt in witnessing the pleasure which my consent gave him and in listening to his plans for the future.

What a task it is to appear happy when your heart is sad. How difficult to wear a smile and appear joyous when tears are ready to start and run down your cheeks. The season was the time when rejoicing was most general, when happy reunions took place, and when friends long separated came back, many

from far distances, to spend one day together, if but one day in the year, to talk of old friends, old times and old places. We had now met, but it was a preliminary to parting, to a parting perhaps forever. And oh how difficult I found it now to seem cheerful, to act as if the scene were one of gladness, to go through the dance without getting astray and confusing others; but, alas, I was not the only one on that occasion who appeared to have forgotten the proper movements and to keep the right place in the quadrille, or to get so bewildered as to be unable to keep time to what sounded to me like the most melancholy music.

We danced for some hours, then we had supper: after that there were songs and duetts, and then a general chorus; and John and William—the two who were about to leave us—told us humorous anecdotes and stories to make us laugh. What hollow laughter that was! and then at the height of our seeming hilarity, long before the dawn, we heard the storm outside, then the sound of sleigh bells, a sound that reached my heart like a knell—no knell could ever be more depressing—and I felt as it were the color steal away from my cheek when, with this, I saw Anna Strong standing, motionless as a statue, listening to the same sound with frightened look and quivering lip again, like one suddenly awakened from a pleasant dream to realize some terrible calamity.

Why was it that the jingle of the sleigh bells at that particular time caused Anna and me to look at each other with such deep meaning? I felt her hand tremble as she suddenly caught my arm. The sound of the bells on other occasions had brought pleasing excitement and there used to be such a glad rush for fur caps, and mittens, and muffs; for shawls and cloaks, and overshoes. Now, how different! no one stirred, but for a few moments there was a solemn stillness, all as if listening to the wind and to the bells like doleful voice calling on us to prepare for a long, long separation.

The bells again gave a hasty ring as if to tell those who were to leave us to get ready and hurry up. We heard the cranch of the sleigh runners on the dry snow: the door opened and in came the



teamster, wrapped and muffled, stamping on the floor as if to make all aware of his arrival. He looked around to see if his passengers were ready. Had he been the driver of a hearse come to remove some beloved form forever from our sight, we could not have felt a greater sinking of the heart. Had we seen such a vehicle at the door with its great black plumes, we could scarcely have had a touch of keener sorrow. How was it that those we cared for so much appeared at the moment to be so indifferent. They had already left the apartment. We could not speak a word to the man who had just come in to take them away in the darkness—for it was yet far from the dawn. There he stood on the bright hearth like some dreadful apparition—how unlike Santa Claus!—now holding his great hands over the fire, as if to hide its light from us; now stamping again and again, knocking off flakes of snow and pieces of ice on the burning logs, as if to extinguish them, and leave us to cold and discomfort and to the unfeeling wintry blast.

Our foreboding thoughts had not time to form themselves into a definite shape before John and William came in, just ready to start. They evidently had things so arranged that they could get away without a long leave-taking. My father was already seated in the sleigh. There were but few words spoken. There was a hurried embrace—oh how my poor mother would have clung to her son!—and out they went into the wintry gloom on that Christmas morning. The driver cracked his whip. The bells gave an ominous ring again. The sleigh started off quickly, and just then a gust laden with snow particles blew out the lamp which I held at the door, and, before it was lighted again, the sound of the bells could be but faintly heard and those upon whom our hearts were fixed had left us, perhaps forever.

## CHAPTER II.

Gone!—I never felt the terribly intense meaning of that word until then. Gone, but when to return? Gone, but not on a holiday excursion at Christmas time, not on an errand of peace and good will towards fellow creatures, for it then

shocked me to think of it, they had almost thoughtlessly left us to engage, if required, in actual hostilities against men towards whom they could not have had any personal grudge, any cause for spite, much less any possible reason for such a feeling as hatred. When, if ever, would they be likely to return? If sent on to meet their so-called enemies what might not be the result? Off they went, I feel alas, how thoughtlessly, to enter the dread arena of deadly strife just with as much indifference as if they had but started out to play a game of cricket. From what I had already heard and read of this dreadful war, I could imagine a thousand fearful things which might happen to them as had happened to so many others, to many who had never anticipated disaster.

The grey dawn at last appeared. We sat silently around the fire each engaged with thoughts which completely banished sleep. There was now a wild storm outside and though we could not yet see the drifting snow-clouds we could hear their dash against the windows as they swept along. And then the almost ceaseless waving of the forest trees caused a wailing, monotonous sound like the suppressed roar of ocean waves at a distance. The lingering gloom, the rough blasts, the rushing gale, and the moaning of the woods, were the precursors of the most melancholy Christmas I ever knew.

The daylight came at last. I think we scarcely welcomed it. The deep snow-drifts on the ground, and the dull leaden sky overhead, seemed to be as cheerless as our own hearts. My poor mother was greatly down cast, and after a little time I prevailed on her to go to her room and try to rest for a few hours. Anna had been dozing for the last few minutes on the sofa. I gently laid a shawl over her, and then, after having added a little fuel to the fire, I stole away to my own apartment, and there in the solitude of that dreadful morning, and while the wind was still turbulent outside. I could control my feelings no longer, I could not think, I could not pray, but with throbbing heart, with trembling limbs, and with grasped hands I sat on the side of my bed and wept.

I must have slept. The house was yet

quite still, as still as if the poor sorrowful souls within it were taking their last long sleep, rid at last of life's sad troubles and misfortunes. Oh how wearied and forlorn I felt. But I must be up and doing. I heard the sound of the distant church-bell, and the jingling bells of sleigh after sleigh, as they passed along the road, reminded me of the day, a happy season to so many. But how different to us! no sound of those familiar voices, and there, staring at me as it were, was my brother's vacant seat by the fire-place.

On coming down stairs, I found Anna as I had left her. How glad I was that sleep had brought her a few hours of forgetfulness. My mother was still in her room, and I went about as quietly as I could to put things in order, and feeling that I ought to get something for my mother and Anna, I laid the table for breakfast—or rather for dinner, as it was now approaching noon. It was nearly two hours after this before our plain and cheerless Christmas dinner was over. We had very little appetite for anything, and merely went through the form of partaking of food for the sake, as it were, of the festive season. We had no visitors that day; everybody seemed to be away. There were family reunions, and meetings of old friends, but no one came to see us, not even a sunbeam made its appearance the whole day, and then when the dismal shades of evening came again and the night followed dark and stormy, we sat around the fire as before thinking; thinking of what might be in the future and communing with our melancholy thoughts.

Four days had now passed since the sad parting on Christmas morning, and no message had come from those who had left us. I called at the post office two or three times, but no letter was received. On the evening of the next day I almost clutched with beating heart two letters which were handed to me. One was from John to my mother; the other was from William Brightman to myself. My mother was so nervous, that I had to read the letter for her. John wrote as if in the best of spirits. Everything had, he said, been arranged. He had been readily accepted as a substitute for Thomas. He and William Brightman were, he said, fortunate enough to get

into the same regiment, even into the same company, and they would be sent to the front together in a few days. He wrote on like one who was about to start on a pleasant excursion through a peaceful country instead of being one to be borne off to "the front," hurried off to the battle-field, to the place of slaughter and death, to shoot down a so-called enemy, or be shot or wounded himself. My father, he said, had taken a cold and would not return for a few days; he would of course stay to see them off.

William, too, was in the best of spirits. They were going to have a fine time. My mother nor I must not be discouraged. He would write often and so would John, and they would be back, safe and sound, much sooner than we expected. This was the tenor of their letters just as they were on the eve of being sent with hundreds of others to "the front."

"To the front!" I never fully understood the dreadful import of these three words until then. To the front, that is to be crowded into the front ranks, in the midst of fire, smoke and thunder, and brought face to face with men arrayed against you, and then and there in the horrid arena of carnage and confusion, be obliged to kill or mutilate fellow-beings placed before you, in order to prevent them from doing so to yourself. Terrible alternative of so-called civilization! We are told with the greatest complacency, even by moralists and philanthropists, that war has been a dire necessity all along from the beginning: the only decisive way of settling disputes among nations. In old times a personal encounter was often the usual method in which individual quarrels were settled, but common sense and the voice of public opinion have now forbidden a resort so barbarous. By means of strength, skill and overwhelming numbers, brutal force and not justice is too often triumphant. Oh, what a fearful curse war has been to the world!

I waited until I had retired to my room that night before I had the courage to look at William's letter. I held it unopened in my hand for some time, guessing at its probable contents, and agitated to some degree by conflicting hopes and fears. There was, however, little in it to

excite or depress. It was much in the same strain as John's letter to my mother. He had succeeded in being enrolled with him in the same regiment; they would leave together in a few days, there being but little expectation of much, if any further hostilities; they were in good spirits and full of hope, and did not expect to be kept very long in the army, as peace would probably be restored in a few weeks or months at furthest.

Oh, how my heart palpitated when I read his tender, delicate words to myself about our marriage, and of our future hopes and happiness; how his fondest thoughts was fixed on me, and how true and faithful he should be forever. Poor fellow! I had little reason to doubt his constant affection, but his renewed protestations were insufficient at the time to lift from my heart the weight that then oppressed it.

Anxious to know whether Anna Strong had received a letter, I called on her the next day. She, too, had heard from John, a communication, no doubt similar to my own. I had a pretty good idea of what he would say to her. She seemed cheerful and more hopeful than I could be, yet I kept my thoughts to myself, and said nothing to discourage her.

In about a week after this my father returned. He said he had seen the boys off with a great number of others who were crowded in the cars, while bands were playing and people shouting and cheering as the long train moved out of the station for Elmira.

With tears in his eyes he spoke of this parting, and perhaps with the same foreboding thoughts that that kept me so unhappy. He said that as soon as Thomas had arranged his affairs in Rochester, he would come and remain with us, at least until John's return from the army.

How we watched the newspapers for the latest accounts from the seat of war! Day after day passed and the slaughter was still going on. Now it was the Confederates who had been routed after a bloody struggle; then we heard of a Federal reverse with great loss of life. Day after day passed and no letter came to lessen our uneasiness, or to quiet our apprehensions. Our suspense at this

time was dreadful, and our misgivings a constant source of mental torture.

At last we had a letter. It had evidently been hurriedly written by John, in Virginia. He wrote to say that they had been greatly knocked about and hurried from place to place, and that sometimes they were obliged to march all night without the chance of an hour's rest, often without a mouthful of food. He stated that they had already had two or three sharp skirmishes with the enemy, and had been in one severe conflict, and that the scenes of hardships, suffering and death which they had witnessed were shocking. So far William and he had escaped without a scratch, but like hundreds of others, they felt dreadfully fatigued by the almost constant movements of the troops from place to place. He said that William and he had written to us previous to their removal from Elmira; but these letters never came to hand. We could afterwards account for this, as we subsequently learned, and as was commonly alleged, that letters to and from the United States and Canada were at that time opened by certain officials, in order, if possible, to detect any improper or traitorous correspondence against the government.

Days, weeks and months passed after this, and not a line was received from either of those who were so constant in our thoughts. Another whole year brought us Christmas again, and no word came from our absent ones. Scarcely a hope now remained that we should ever see them again. About a month previous to this we had heard, indirectly, that John's regiment was one of those which were engaged in the Wilderness, and that William Brightman had been badly wounded. This sad news, though uncertain, was sufficient, in our state of mind, to be accepted as almost reliable, for in our desponding condition we never expected to hear of anything but dread disaster.

Nearly every day we had heard of desperate battles, of hospitals crowded with sick and wounded, of shallow graves being hastily dug here and there, and of hundreds being tumbled into trenches without sufficient earth to cover the dead, without any memento, and without any

record whatever being kept of the names or condition of those who had miserably fallen. How was it possible for us to entertain the least hope, especially as we knew that both John and William—who were well aware of our anxiety concerning them—would not leave even the least opportunity pass without sending us some kind of a communication. Their long continued silence, therefore, told its own sad story, and we believed them to be dead.

My brother Thomas was now with us, and though not very strong, took the management of our little farm, and did the best he could. My father having failed so much during the last few months, was now almost a confirmed invalid. He believed that he had lost his son, and this having preyed so strongly on his mind, brought him at times to a very low condition, leaving but little prospect of his restoration. Anna Strong's health became also very much impaired, and she was urgently advised to leave the neighbourhood for a change of air and scene. She left us to visit some relations more than two hundred miles distant, and though I tried my best to appear calm at the moment of this separation, and to say a few words of hope and encouragement to her, yet how vain were my efforts; for this parting opened as it were an old wound which bled afresh; our tears mingled when we took our affecting farewell; and when this tender, amiable friend departed—it might be forever—I felt as if my cup of sorrow were nearly overflowing, and that I could never be happy again.

But this cup of affliction had yet to receive another bitter drop. In less than six months from the time that Anna went away, another terrible woe came upon us. My poor father, having lingered for some weeks fluctuating between life and death, could stay no longer. His loving heart had ceased to beat, and when he was borne away from us to his place of rest I felt that were it not for the duty I owed to others, and the necessity of my further efforts for the benefit of my remaining parent, I would have been glad to have been laid by his side, my eyes, like his, closed in the last deep sleep.

Such thoughts were, however, useless :

much, I knew, was now depending on me. The health of my brother Thomas was not very good, and not having been accustomed to hard labor—such as was necessary on newly cleared land—he could do little more than superintend work done for us, such as we could hire. Strange to say that the exertion which I and my mother had to make seemed to do us good; our thoughts were perhaps kept from dwelling too long on one sad subject; the activities of every day life scarcely left us time for the continuous depressing thoughts which would have been enervating to body and mind. No, in the busy day time we had to attend to various matters about the place; it was at night, when all was still, that I was often and often left without healthy repose for hours while thinking of the past; and even in my troubled dreams, when they came, there was no genuine ray of hope, while at times, when the necromancer sleep brought back our absent ones, it seemed as if they had but returned to appear as shadowy forms in another leave-taking.

Ah me, what wanderings I have had alone to those spots so often frequented in other days when I had one dear friend by my side who made the world look so beautiful, who made the sternest landscape appear like a portion of paradise and who painted the future in colors so glowing, golden and roseate. In my loneliness of heart I would many a time, when I could find a little leisure, steal away to those places where we often went together and sit thinking of the past, thinking whether *he* still thought of me, and then I would often be suddenly startled by the imagination that both he and my poor brother were among the slain. Still I found much relief in visiting those retreats. The turn in a path, the moss-covered rock, the shadow of a tree, will often bring back some fond remembrance dear to the heart forever.

There was one particular spot on the top of a high hill nearly a mile from our house where I loved to go on quiet Sunday evenings. The summit of this elevation was shaded by a large hemlock tree—one of the original foresters—and beneath this was a large jutting rock almost covered with ferns and mosses, one

side of which made a convenient seat. The view from the hill was very fine. Below lay, apparently, miles of rich plain divided by numerous fences into fields and farm boundaries. On one side were rich green pastures dotted with sheep and grazing cattle, beyond were fields of ripening grain, next the ploughed acres, and, bounding all these, were belts of umbrageous forest trees which seemed to woo the summer wind that at intervals reached the ear with lulling sound. From this spot too could be seen long lines of roads and intersecting highways; here and there a stream sparkled in the sunlight; the river with its shaded margins wound slowly along on its way to the lake beyond, which on clear calm evenings reflected in the distance all the glory of the sunset.

Ah, with what feelings I many and many a time have watched from here the red retiring orb of day sink apparently into the lake, as if to steep his heated brow in the cool crystal water; how many a time have I watched the crimson light and the fading glow, those farewell tokens of a quiet Sabbath eve! How dream-like and visionary everything relating to life would then seem, and how often and often I wished that I could forget my sorrow and take my leave of earth as gradually and peacefully as the declining beams of the setting sun which were then fading away!

While in such mood I could scarcely leave this retired place. I longed to stay. It seemed as if I were in a manner away from the world, and I sat there more than once until the deepening twilight—the shadow of departing day—almost obscured every object. I would sometimes sit there until the black wings of night were spread out wide hiding the entire landscape, and while marking in the silence the faint lights in the scattered dwellings beneath and around me I would fancy that I was like one who had just left the earth, but got up among the clouds waiting as it were for a further transition.

I had no fear at such times. I was near home and could remain up there for hours together dealing with my reveries, and when these would flit away there would come ideas and feelings of increasing wonder when already the soft silvery

sheen of another dawn would be seen—the gentle dawn of the moon-day. A faint gleam would appear above the horizon; then the underlying edge of a cloud would become a luminous fringe, then a glimmer would gradually spread over the water revealing the gentle quivering of the bosom of the lake, then the placid queen of night would slowly ascend, shedding a mild glory over the whole scene, making the beautiful earth appear as the peaceful portal of heaven itself. Oh how exquisite! I could gaze here until midnight, and it was often with reluctance I had to leave such a sight and take my steps homeward and alone.

### CHAPTER III.

We often heard from Anna Strong: she generally wrote to me. We had not seen her for nearly three years. Latterly her health was rather worse and she had to remain confined as an invalid most of the time. From all we could learn we had very little hope that she would ever get better. Poor Anna! I but too well knew the cause of her drooping—the flower was slowly withering; there was a worm gnawing at her heart, which would pierce it through and through. After a period of some months from the time she last wrote—an unusual delay on her part—another letter came. She wrote to tell us that she had a strange visitor. A poor old mutilated war-worn soldier or pensioner whose broken health, scarcely left him an expectation of a much longer stay in this world, had called at the house one cold, dreary evening and enquired for her. After having been invited to enter he hobbled in, breathing hard from the little exertion he had made, and though his condition was pitiful, he looked at her for some moments and seemed to be affected by her emaciated appearance. In consequence of a severe wound in the mouth and jaw his utterance was difficult, and it was hard to make out his words or understand his meaning.

After some time, however, she gathered from what he tried to say, that he had been well acquainted with my poor brother John, and also with William Brightman. He had been in the same regiment with them and had fought along with them in the battles of the Wilderness

in Virginia. John, he said, had been desperately wounded, and as for William Brightman, he had, alas, received more than one mortal wound and died on the field. He said that he was with the poor fellow in his dying moments and received his last message, which was, that if he was ever able, he should call on me and place in my hands his (William's) watch, as a token of his fond remembrance. As for John, he said, he had been taken to the hospital in an unconscious state, and for many months his recovery was considered doubtful. He said he knew that if John ever got able to travel he would return home, if but to die among his friends.

She told us much more of what the old soldier had to communicate. He had called on her first as she was in the way of his line of travel. He had heard of her from William; and as soon as he had rested and gained a little more strength, he intended to visit us also and deliver me William's watch; the token which he had received for me from his dying comrade. Anna also stated, that the poor man's sad story had so overcome her that she had to weep in his presence. Her friends, full of sympathy for the old soldier, would not let him depart then, but insisted on his remaining with them for a time until he got better able to travel. She said he had been with them now for nearly a week, and that she would have written sooner were it not that she had been so overcome by the appearance of this visitor and his mournful tale, as to leave her for some days unable to write a word.

It must have been three weeks from the time I read that terrible letter, before I was able to leave my bed. My mother afterwards told me that I had read the letter through to the end; that then it had dropped from my hand, and that I looked or rather stared at her with an expression of face so woeful as to cause her to imagine the worst concerning my mental condition. Up to the time of my reading that letter, I felt almost positive that both John and William were lost to us forever. But yet, when the blow came, when the dreadful assurance was certain, when the last lingering hope was banished, I must have given way, for I know nothing of what followed. An affection of

the brain deprived me of all sense, leaving me utterly prostrate, and for more than two weeks I remained in this condition—happily without the recurrence, even in a dream, of the calamitous news—and at the end of that period, when my reason was gradually restored, the fearful truth came back to afflict me in another manner, giving my dear mother but little hope that I should ever leave my room alive. The necessities of our condition required, however, that I should make an effort, even while I was in a weak state, to assist my mother in our household duties. There was work to be done, and I must help to do it; we could not afford to pry for the assistance we needed. As it was, the payment of doctors' bills and for such aid as we were obliged to get during my sickness, left our resources very low.

Another month passed and I was almost restored again. I knew not how it was, but believing that the future had no happiness in store for me, I managed to cultivate a feeling of resignation, and went through my daily routine of duties with a placid mind, though bereft of an aspiration for anything beyond that which now seemed allotted to me. I felt quite submissive, a burden of care and sorrow had been laid on me—were there not thousands in the same condition—I cared but little for future consequences. I did not desire to live; I did not wish to die. I simply knew that others were, to a certain extent, depending on me, and out of my love and regard for them I went mechanically as it were, and did what I could at home, ready and willing to lie down and rest when my time came.

About the annual return of Christmas I always felt a recurrence of increased sadness. Whenever Christmas came it always brought back a revival of that parting scene from my brother, and my dearest friend, never to be forgotten. Since that time, Christmas has ever been to us a season for silent sorrow instead of rejoicing. At such periods, instead of being together we generally separated and sat somewhere alone, as if each was desirous of hiding from all others the painful and depressing thoughts which were then sure to be uppermost in our minds.

It was Christmas Eve again. The day

was unusually fine; as soft and warm almost as a day in June. The air was clear and mild. There had already been frost and snow, but these had disappeared for some days. Many were disappointed for there would be no Christmas sleigh rides. In fact it seemed as if winter had taken an early leave, desirous of permitting the virgin spring to bring garlands of real flowers to decorate Christmas trees instead of the artificial ones so often used. As it was, wild flowers could be found here and there in certain spots, and laughing children could be seen gathering little bunches of these, delighted with their occupation.

Early in the afternoon of that day I left the house again, and took my way thoughtfully along until I reached my favorite rock-seat on the hill. I had not been there for some time, and I found this place of retirement now very enjoyable. I was followed as usual by Carlo our trusty dog, who, in his delight, kept running backwards and forwards and up and down the hill while I toiled rather slowly to the summit. I was never more charmed with the scene from this elevation than I was at that time. The air was balmy and refreshing, and there was a quietude which was most soothing. Not a sound could be heard save at times the shouting of boys at play; their light hearts knew nothing of sorrow. Most of them were no doubt anticipating presents from Santa Claus on the morrow; and for days past children had been talking of that quaint little visitor, and watching for his return, as if they soon expected to see him in his furs and vehicle coursing down to them on a moonbeam.

I had sat there for some hours thinking mostly of the past as usual, and was preparing to leave for home, when I heard shouting again, and on looking down I saw a number of little boys run across a field towards the road, for something new had attracted their attention. I watched in that direction and saw an apparently old man on the road below which ran close to the foot of the hill. He was bent and used a crutch. I noticed that he had but one leg, and he went along very slowly. He must have got off the stage at the near cross-roads tavern, or

it might be he had come from there. He wore a broad brimmed hat and a long grey coat, and he had a large bundle strapped on his back which led me to think he was a pedlar. Some of the younger boys may have thought that he was the veritable Santa Claus himself. Indeed at this particular season he might be taken by children to be the effigy of that mythical individual. The older boys went close to him, but I noticed that several of the little lads kept back as if afraid to venture nearer. The old man stopped to rest, and was evidently making some inquiries, and then when I saw two or three of the boys point directly towards our house, it immediately struck me that this was likely Anna Strong's visitor on his way to see us. Deciding to go down and meet him I started at once and got to where he stood looking about him like one pleased with the beautiful landscape spread around. Carlo barked at the stranger before we overtook him, but when the man heard the dog he looked at him for a moment or two, gave a low whistle and patted him on the head, and Carlo, though rather shy towards strangers, wagged his tail, became quite subdued as if in sympathy with the infirm old man, and followed close after him as we went along.

Ah me, what a wreck was this poor creature! This, I thought, is no doubt the old wounded soldier that Anna said would visit us. She had not exaggerated in describing his appearance. To say he was a poor broken soldier would give but a frail idea of what he really was. He had but one leg and one eye, and his left hand was turned inwards, having stiffened in that direction in consequence of a severe wound. His jaw had evidently been broken, his mouth somewhat torn and distorted, and one side of his face was blackened and disfigured as if a whole charge of powder had entered and lodged there, destroying also his eye.

When we met he looked at me intently for some moments, and then without saying a word or asking my name, he handed me a few lines written by Anna. She informed me that the bearer was the person who had been with them for some time, that as his health had improved a little he had decided on paying his

promised visit so as to be with us on Christmas. On reading the note I grasped his hand and told him who I was—that I was John's sister, and poor William Brightman's friend. He said nothing, but when I had done speaking he bent his head, I heard him sigh, and, while leaning on his crutch, he raised his wounded hand to cover his face, evidently affected with pity for me. Poor fellow, he had of course heard something of my history, he knew that I had a great sorrow—but what might not his have been? and how much more than I was he to be pitted, mutilated and disfigured as he was, and with griefs and heart-rending cares and sorrows perhaps far greater than mine.

Ah, how I from my soul felt for him while he still stood bent and silent before me! It was some minutes until he seemed willing to leave the spot. He had not yet spoken a word. I was aware of his impediment of speech, and when I told him that I should carry his bundle, for I was more able to bear it than he was, he made no resistance. I unstrapped it, and placing it on my shoulder we went on at a slow pace thoughtfully together. The walk was evidently too much for him as he appeared to get fatigued before we reached the house. Though scarcely a mile, it had taken us nearly an hour—an hour without a word having been spoken to me by the stranger, yet I had observed that he looked at me very often, as if desirous of saying something. Still on we went in silence, and I saw the last rays of the setting sun sinking behind the hill just as we entered our door-way.

When we got inside he stood like one irresolute whether to take another step in advance. He looked from side to side, then up at the ceiling, then down at the floor. Then his eyes seemed to wander around, scanning every object as if he were for the moment lost or confused. The house was very quiet. My brother was out, and my mother sat sleeping in her rocking chair before the smouldering fire in the next apartment. The fading ray of the sunset rested on her face and glistened in her spectacles, which had partly dropped from her closed eyes. Her favorite cat—the little Maltese which

my brother John had brought to her about a week previous to the time he left us forever—was rolled up asleep in her lap. This picture of domestic peace must have greatly affected the stranger. He stood gazing on the object of veneration before him, and he appeared to be afraid to make the least noise lest it should disturb or awaken my mother. I was going to arouse her gently, when he motioned me back and managed to whisper, "Let her be." These were his first words to me.

The scene before him had perhaps reminded the poor soldier of his own home and his own mother, and when I saw a tear run down his cheek, I understood his feelings. I wished to see him seated, and I placed a chair noiselessly beside him. He quietly took the offered seat, and removed his hat. I then noticed that he had a large scar running from the top of his head towards his forehead, and that the hair on the sides of this cut had for some distance become grey, giving him an older and more worn appearance than was really due to his years. He bent his head again, and I heard another sigh, and then I heard his suppressed sob, and another, and another. What must his emotions have been at the moment, led as he was to think, most likely, of a lost mother, of a lost home, and of kindred and friends lost to him forever.

Just then my brother Thomas entered. The stranger turned towards him, and when he saw Thomas he dropped his head again, and held out his hand, which my brother grasped as if he were some old friend. I sat close to our visitor on the other side. Weak and overcome as he was, he leant upon my shoulder, and while he was in this position he trembled, his sighs became quicker, and unable to restrain himself any longer he wept aloud.

My mother awoke; for a few moments she seemed bewildered. She did not move, but remained seated in her chair. She looked from me to my brother, and then at me again, as if waiting for some explanation of the unusual scene before her. Our strange friend was still weeping, with bent head; but when he raised his pleading, pitiful face, covered with wounds and tears, and looked at her with outstretched arms, she suddenly started up,



raised her hands above her head, ran towards him, stared at him wildly for a moment, fell on her knees, grasped him in her arms, and then cried out, "O God, my son, my son! O God, my son!"

It was her son. While our dear brother remained quite unknown to us—even to Anna Strong during the week he stayed where she was—the maternal instinct penetrated the mournful disguise of his wounds and revealed him to her, to his mother, almost instantaneously.

It was several days after this before he was sufficiently able to give us in his imperfect way a history of his life since he had left us. The hardships and privations which he had endured were dreadful. As his utterance was very difficult it was hard to find out the import of his words, and the effort he was obliged to use to make himself understood was, in his feeble condition, at times rather exhausting. I listened with a kind of dread composure while he told us of the fate of William Brightman—of him who had won my woman's early affection—now lost to me forever. I received from his hand William's watch—his last token to me—and even now I sometimes wonder how reason remains unimpaired while I stand in imagination by the side of the grave—a grave now unknown—into which he was lowered from the field of carnage. Great heavens! think of the madness of men to engage in mutual butchery. O war, with bloody hand, what a curse thou hast been to humanity! Many of the bravest and best have been excited by thy fiendish clamor and deluded by thy garish pomp to destruction. When will rulers and statesmen have sufficient moral courage to decline the arbitrament of the sword? When will preachers of peace throughout the world proclaim more loudly the brotherhood of man, denounce the estrangement caused by nationality, and cease to invoke the god of battles? Alas, so far, many of the influential have been too ready to side with some armed champion and to proclaim naval and military glory as little less than the glory of heaven itself.

In spite of all that the most constant and tender affection could do, my poor brother John remained with us but a few months. He had no desire to live as

confirmed invalid, and as he evidently felt that life had no attractions for him and that he would be only a burden on others he wished for his release. Ah how willingly we would have borne that burden, and how comforting it would have been to us to wait on him and if possible ease his affliction. He left us! His chair by our fireside is vacant, his voice is no longer heard and he comes to us only in our dreams. From where I now sit I can see his grave on the hillside and often at night I can see a moonbeam linger on the white marble slab that marks his resting place. Ah, could I but kneel and drop my tears on that other grave, which alas, like so many on the battle field must forever remain unknown.

In a distant cemetery there is another sleeper, another fond heart stilled in death. That true woman, Anna Strong, when she discovered how she had failed to recognize the one who was dearest to her of all on earth was greatly pained, and when she heard of his death she soon followed him—How I wish they may meet again!

The church bells are now silent, but a hundred sleigh bells are heard around, and people who have been at worship or elsewhere are now on their way to meet friends and relations in happy homes at this festive season. Ah, the sad, sad memories which the day brings: it can never more be but a day of gloom to us. The wind still courses outside and the wintry storm raises its voice. The pine trees bend and the snow-clouds whirl along in a wild chase down the highway; but even in the tumult I hear a little whispering voice—a sound that recalls the voice of one silent in death—the gentle tick, tick, of *his* watch which I hold at my ear—a voice which reminds me that time is passing away, that grey hairs have already come, and that my heart pulsating now like the ticking of this watch must soon cease its throbbing forever. — O War, War, what deep, deep sorrow thou hast brought me! there is no more Christmas for me in the future. Thou hast darkened my path: thou hast left me without a hope, and I must go on my lonely, dreary way to the end with a widowed heart.

## SOUNDS OF HOME.

IOTA NORTH.

A kettle singing on the fire  
 Is one of the things I much admire,  
 A cheerful voice and a happy look  
 And a pair of chairs in a cosy nook ;  
 While the pendulum swings in airy arcs  
 And ticks the clock as the time it marks.  
 " The storm is high ; the ground is white :  
 Home is the place for a winter's night."

A book or two, a magazine,  
 To fill the pauses in between ;  
 But a pleasant fire a happy home  
 Don't need a pen to make a poem.  
 While purrs the cat in her pleasant way  
 And these are the words she seems to say :  
 " The storm is high ; the ground is white :  
 Home is the place for a winter's night."

The snow is whirling round the barn,  
 The ice is thick on the mountain tarn ;  
 So grim and drear is all the wold  
 That earth herself seems blue with cold.  
 But back and forth my rocker creaks,  
 And this is what I think it speaks :  
 " The storm is high ; the ground is white :  
 Home is the place for a winter's night."

The shutters closed and the curtains drawn,  
 Have hid the snow upon the lawn,  
 So high the storm, the blast so keen,  
 That travellers envy me I wean.  
 The wind is loud at the chimney's top,  
 And the fire roars on with never a stop.  
 " Full many things may bid men roam,  
 But what they miss who stay not home."

## BRITISH COLUMBIA POLITICALLY.

BY R. E. GOSNELL, VANCOUVER.

We—I mean you—the people of Eastern Canada—have heard a great deal about material British Columbia. Its “sea of mountains,” big fish, immense trees; its sealers, canned salmon, mineral wealth; its “Chinese question” and the rapid growth of its cities have all been made familiar to you more or less during the past few years. It is beginning to dawn upon the Eastern mind that the “sea of mountains” can grow fruit and that there are “spots” in the valleys where immense yields of vegetables, hay, oats and wheat are possible. It is also being understood that there are great areas of pasture land in the interior capable of sustaining millions of head of stock. You have heard of a Pacific Ocean out this way, on the other side of which is China and Japan. In “picture” books and illustrated works of travel you have seen and read about the caribou, the Rocky mountain goat, the big horned sheep which leaps down precipices to escape the hunter or the grizzly bear, and lights on its head and is unhurt—a very harmless fiction—the antelope, the fur seal, the 75lbs. tyhee salmon of the Fraser river and the 1200lbs. sturgeon. You have an impression, too, that the Indians of the Pacific Coast are in some way different from those of the plains or the Micmacs and Ojibways. It is generally conceded that the climate of British Columbia is mild and salubrious. Many of you,—especially in the Maritime Provinces, and in the counties of Huron and Bruce in Ontario, have relatives and friends out here. It is even becoming fashionable among members of Parliament and others in high places to take a trip to the coast in the summer over the C. P. R., and it ought to be of great advantage to us because these travellers are invariably full of good advice and kind wishes. As a country, I say, this Province is becoming pretty well known in a general way to

Eastern Canadians, as having some points of special interest to tourists, who are cautioned however, to accept *cum grano salis* the Western stories about the number of fish in the Fraser river, the size of our trees and one or two other things, which are supposed to have been created, like the fabled dragon, for a special purpose.

But politically it is conceded there is a form of government consistent with the general federal scheme, a local Parliament, some provision for educating children, administering justice, and one or two other things, and that British Columbia elects a “solid six” to go to Ottawa to support the Government there—but, politically, I say, that about limits the knowledge concerning our affairs. It is also known that in the seventies, the unreasonable people of this Province made a fuss about the terms of entering Confederation not being carried out, and there is a vague impression of something concerning a railway which was to have been built to connect British Columbia with the Canadian system, and of there being threats to secede, annex, and all that, and of Lord Dufferin being sent out to see what the matter was, and administering a dose of his celebrated diplomatic soothing syrup. I remember, for I was one of *you* easterners then—that his mission was regarded in the sense of an official jaunt to an outlying and remote corner of the Dominion to settle some squabble or another among the natives—nothing that was worth while making any special enquiries about. The incident impressed us very much in the same way that an uprising in the Sandwich Islands would impress us, news of which would occupy a small corner of the newspaper, low down and of sufficient importance to call for an editorial comment or two. The matter, we understood at the time, was, in some form or other, satisfactorily settled.

Then, a few years later, we heard about a Chinese agitation on the coast. As to what was wanted there was no clear understanding. Most of us had never seen a "Chineser" and our impressions of his appearance was largely gathered from the picture atlas of our early school days, and from tea boxes; but it appeared that John Chinaman was an objectionable factor of the community. Up to that time even Lovell's Geography had failed to inform us that British Columbia was originally part of the Chinese Empire, and had been peopled with Chinese. It looked at first sight somewhat unreasonable that a lot of mining adventurers in search of gold dust should want to drive out the native population, or tax them \$50 a head, which was suggested as a compromise. A man named Bunster, and one Shakespeare, and one or two other representatives of British Columbia were observed by the proceedings of the House of Commons to have spoken at divers intervals regarding the matter; but it was not until the political phraseology of Eastern Canada had been established by the oft repeated and celebrated mandate of the *Mail*, that "Mowat must go," that it was definitely understood what was wanted. By reversing the proposition the gravamen of the dispute was rendered in "Chinamen can't come."

The turning of the first sod at Victoria of the Vancouver Island Railway by Sir John and Lady Macdonald, and the driving of the final spike in the C. P. R., the great fire of Vancouver, and the Behring Sea seizures of British Columbia sealers, formed intermittent news items that reminded us out of school that there was a part of Canada called British Columbia—because we had long ago forgotten the mining excitement—and that it was one of the Provinces entering Confederation in 1871.

A railroad, telegraphic communication and a daily mail service have to a large extent removed the bane of isolation under which this Province rested. They have made Canada one, have harmonized sectional aspirations, have familiarized the Provinces with the character, resources and institutions of each of the other. But, as I have already remarked, the political *status* and claims of British

Columbia have not generally been fully, or even partially, understood.

There still remains that feeling in the older Provinces that their interests have been sacrificed for the West, that they have been taxed to give this Province and the North-West a railway, that they heavily mortgaged their future in a doubtful asset in the other side of the Rockies, that 4,700,000 odd, men, women and children have accepted a responsibility of about \$25 ahead with interest, for the benefit of a population not exceeding 100,000 men, women and children—Whites, Indians, and Chinese. We have heard of the Ontario cow that has been milked for the other provinces and then undergone the process of "stripping" for the country lying west of the Height of Land.

I would like to consider to what extent this prejudice, may I call it, has been justified; but, first let me go back a little. My object is not altogether pastime.

Politics is a system of wheels within a wheel, the lesser being but miniatures of the larger cycloid. British Columbia has stood very much in the same relation to the rest of Canada as Canada did a few years ago to Great Britain. British statesmen then, whose factotum was the Colonial Secretary and whose mouthpiece was the *London Times*, regarded Canada, in common with the other colonies, as an incubus. We can, they said, do much better without the colonies than the colonies can do without us, and they discussed the advisability in an unofficial way of casting them off. They were restrained from such action, undoubtedly, out of compassion for the helpless infant colonies, who would thus be left in a cold ruthless world, without support. The responsibilities of defence and constitutional care were borne with a sacrificing and paternal fortitude worthy of a great nation. These responsibilities rested however, all too lightly on imperial shoulders, for this indifference and supineness lost to Canada and the Empire a slice of territory which makes every Canadian, upon reflection, tingle to the toes with shame and indignation. John Bright, intoxicated with the glories of Free Trade, could afford to picture a

confederacy on the American continent extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, speaking one tongue, having one sentiment, and owing allegiance to but one flag. But Time, the Avenger, has reversed the verdict of the British people, and to-day Great Britain recognises it, and the Colonies are conscious of it, that they can do without the Mother Country better than she can do without her colonies. Shorn of her colonies and surrounded as she is on every hand by the tariffs of hostile nations, her position would indeed be one that every son of Britain under no matter what sky, would, nursed in the traditions of her greatness, shrink from anticipating.

Similarly, the feeling among certain statesmen of a period almost contemporaneous in our own history, regarded British Columbia as an incubus on the Dominion. They acted, if they did not speak it, as if the terms of Confederation by which this Province was admitted, were a mistake, a bad bargain, and gave the people of British Columbia the impression that they would, if they could, repudiate the arrangement and they proceeded to fulfil the contract only as a matter of constitutional necessity, and in a manner that, to the people of the Pacific Coast, illustrated the truth of the proverb that "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Poor honest Alexander Mackenzie said the building of the C. P. R. would bankrupt the resources of the Dominion, and yet he was willing to make the sacrifice to preserve the public faith that had been pledged. Hon. E. Blake, now of Longford, Ireland, who had misgivings about even the axle-grease being paid for, summed up our worth in the memorable phrase which he was not original enough to coin—"a sea of mountains." Hon. David Mills was willing to allow British Columbia to secede and annex herself to the United States, if the building of a transcontinental railway could be avoided, and, no doubt, considered that such a swap-off would be profitable. These men were honest in their views, and we cannot, must not, censure them for not being wise before the fact, any more than nearly five millions of us deserve

credit for being wise after the fact. British Columbia politically, as everybody knows, has not been lacking in her support of those statesmen who by their works demonstrated their faith and their foresight, and who staked their own political future and the credit of their country on the enterprise.

History has again repeated itself, and the Avenger, Time, has rendered the latter verdict that Canada could less afford to do without British Columbia, and the Provinces west of Lake Superior than the latter without Canada. Without British Columbia and the Prairie Provinces Canada could fulfil no destiny as a nation or part of a great nation. Without the "sea of mountains" and the C. P. R., the possibilities which have been opened up of a trade, a trade route, and an internal development the greatest within the next half century, and the most remarkable the world will have ever known, could never have existed.

With fast Atlantic lines, fast Pacific lines to the Orient and to Australia, and Pacific cables, and a mighty producing population tributary to the line of the speediest and most direct all-British and all-world route, is British Columbia's portion to be deemed a secondary one? or will it be said that Canada or the Empire could have afforded to lose her? Was it not worth while milking some of the older Provincial cows that such a progeny might be reared? Does not and will not the political sequel illustrate the great fact, that the stone which the builders were about to reject, has become the chief of the corner in the structure of Confederation.

It is true, regarding it purely as a bargain and sale transaction, that British Columbia in entering Confederation made a good bargain, her representatives cyclopean-like, having but one eye and that to their own interests. It is only common honesty to say the people of British Columbia at that time cared nothing whatsoever for Eastern Canada—as some of them care very little yet—they had no sentiment about building up and unifying the Canadian Provinces, and the fathers of Confederation might have presented the sentimental aspect of the proposition to them until the crack o' doom,

without any response, if the material advantages had not been embodied as the main setting of the picture. They were entirely barren of fuss, feathers or pyrotechnical display in their notions of affiliation. They wanted a railway and they wanted it on the best possible terms, terms which they obtained and by which they put the obligation all one way and the favor all the other. Like most of the Provinces, British Columbia was paid handsomely to come in. It has proved to be the best bargain either of the contracting parties ever made.

It is true that the railway has made British Columbia what it is to-day; it has opened for her a future to which she otherwise never could aspire. But it is also true that British Columbia is paying a just share, and much more than a just share of all the indebtedness incurred in her behalf. Her exports and imports are double per head those of the average of the people of Canada. Her contributions per head to the Federal coffers, are double those of the average citizen of Canada.

More than that; relatively she is vastly the best market eastern Canada has for manufacturers and farmers. Four-fifths of all that is consumed in British Columbia comes from or through Eastern Canada, while for our own products we have to find a market elsewhere. The eastern Provinces sell to us, but they do not buy from us. Weekly, car loads and car loads of manufactures of all kinds, hardware, dry goods, boots and shoes, machinery, groceries, canned goods, meats, butter, eggs, cheese—millions of dollars worth annually—are shipped in over the C. P. R., and distributed. Of our lumber, fish and other products, only a very insignificant quantity is sent east in return.

Still further, British Columbia has cost the Dominion nothing for rebellions: here is "a people without a grievance."

The Indians of British Columbia, of whom there are about 25,000, are all self-sustaining, and are no burden to Canada, except for the salary of a few Indian agents.

Outside of the main line of the C. P. R., not over 100 miles of railway have been subsidised out of the Dominion treasury, and that only within the past two years,

which is the merest "flea-bite" compared with the mileage of other provinces.

The amount of money expended up to the present date in public buildings, works and improvements, since Confederation, will not exceed half a million dollars all told. In this respect, British Columbia's share of treasury "plums" has been more of the character of the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table, as compared with the general appropriations, although fortunately the other part of the parable does not apply.

British Columbia never demanded "better terms."

On the other hand it is obviously unfair to charge up against British Columbia the cost of the Canadian Pacific Railway, because that has been a national undertaking in the largest sense of the term, without which now Canada could not politically exist, any more than this Province. When it comes to "charging up" these various little bills, for public undertakings to the various Provinces there would be a decidedly good offset in the \$40,000,000 odd loaned to the Grand Trunk and in the construction of the Intercolonial Railway, which unlike the C.P.R., has not the excuse of paying dividends; and last but not least there is no small sum represented in the canal system of Canada.

Therefore, laying aside the natural advantages of this Province to the rest of the Dominion, which alone would sufficiently repay the latter for the responsibilities incurred from a purely business point of view, British Columbia pays a larger dividend to the Dominion than any other Province in Canada, and gets less for it in the shape of public moneys; and her contributions to the trade of Eastern Canada, for which she receives no compensating benefit in the way of a market, are the largest. I am of course, speaking from a *per capita* point of view.

Fortunately, the Province has always been prosperous, especially of late years, and contains few suffering or indigent persons. Population has been coming in steadily: times have been good and money, plentiful. People who do well, rarely find fault or agitate. But for this prosperity, except in so far as the railway

contributed to it, there is no special thanks due to the rest of the Dominion. The representatives of the Province have always given a steady and loyal support to the administration at Ottawa, and unlike some political contingents have not kept the government by the throat as a menace. Affairs, therefore, have gone along quietly. Perhaps too quietly in a political sense we have accepted, be it good or bad, the treatment meted out to us. British Columbians have never played the role of mendicants. If they got not what they asked for, and what was their due, they acted in the dignified and becoming manner of people who could afford to do without it.

Situated as they were, so far from the seat of government, they were not drawn into the current of political partisanship, the waves of which only slightly rippled on our shores. And it is worth many a sacrifice to live away from and above the warfare of bitter partisans. Interest in federal affairs was weakened by distance from the central forces, and a long way off we are not brought in daily touch with officialdom. In Ontario or Quebec a Member of Parliament or a political deputation can go to Ottawa without inconvenience or great loss of time and interview ministers, lobby and pull wires generally, or a letter will reach the capital in a day from the most remote point; but in British Columbia going to Ottawa is a long and expensive journey, similar to, in the East, going to Europe. It takes a letter two weeks to make the round trip. Few of the members of the government or officials ever came to this Province, and then only at long intervals. As a class they were ignorant of the wants and conditions of the Pacific Coast. Being little worried about our affairs they were content, so far as possible, to let us take care of ourselves. Conditions in the East predisposed and prejudged their conclusions regarding our affairs, and it is scarcely necessary to observe that their conclusions were invariably wrong.

In regard to public officials, such as customs, inland revenue, post office, and so forth, it was hard for officialdom to understand that a different scale of prices and rules were necessary, owing to great-

ly increased cost of living and other peculiarities of the country.

In regard to our coast and inland navigation its importance was not properly understood, because judged by the limited development of shipping. It is astonishing, yet true, that the charts of Capt. George Vancouver, of a hundred years ago, are to-day, for a long stretch of the northern coast, the only authentic guide of the navigator. Those with the work performed by the Imperial hydrographers and men-of-war, years ago, are practically the only basis of navigation, which, of course, has been considerably widened by the local knowledge possessed by old coast captains, which, however, dies with them. Then the Fraser and Columbia Rivers, two most important waterways, have long suffered from neglect of their wants. Coasting laws have given the American ships a great advantage in our own waters, whereby development of a mercantile fleet has been slow. The dredging of harbors, the deepening of river mouths, and the protection of water fronts, are all absolutely necessary. Our Douglas fir and cedar industry, a most important element of timber wealth in this Province, has been discriminated against in the arrangement made with the American Government, whereby N. S. pitch pine and California Redwood are allowed free entrance into Canadian markets, while the export duty on our logs has been removed, and Douglas fir lumber pays a duty of \$2.00 per thousand feet going into the United States. So, too, our fishery interests have been directed by a policy, well intentioned, no doubt, but wholly unsuited to the development of the fishery industry. The Superintendent of Fisheries for the Dominion, whose advice governs the Department, is eminent in pisciculture as applied to the east, but has prejudged the conditions here, and established a system founded wholly on empirics. Then, too, consider a Province with such limited facilities for acquiring meteorological data. Up to two years ago in a Province with three distinct zones of climate, and an area of 350,000 square miles, more or less, there was but one meteorological station. In a Province where climate is so conspicuous a

feature, and where a knowledge of its variability according to situation would be of practical value, the injury done by such neglect becomes very apparent. In this way I might proceed to indicate the many and varied respects in which British Columbia has not received the recognition which she deserved.

These things, however, are rather the result of circumstances, the principal of which is our isolated position, than premeditation. I have used the past tense in speaking of our grievances. I might have used the present, but the government cannot be charged with wilful neglect of any part of Canada, and of late there have been evidences of a strong desire on the part of Government to meet our wishes. I speak mainly of the past, when I say that our isolated position has made us the victims of political ignorance of our affairs. It is true, we have not been badly off, but that is an accident of our position and infernal resources

rather than of paternal nursing. When Canada gave us the C. P. R., it seemed to have settled down to the pleasant state of mind, that it had discharged its duty towards us for all time to come. But the important fact has been developed, that in the hands of men like Mr. Van Horne and the directors of the C. P. R., that road has done more for Canada than for any of its individual parts, so much so that the *New York Sun's* reference to it as the "Dominion on wheels," is becoming yearly more manifest, and, therefore Fate has unburdened us of that debt. It was a national necessity. If British Columbia has benefitted, so has all of Canada, and for that benefit we are paying a substantial *quid pro quo*.

This Province demands that fair and just measure of attention to which her population, her natural resources and position in the Federation entitles her, and which has been denied in the past.

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## MY LIFE LIVES IN THINE.

BY NORA LAUGHER.

Mine was a song unsung, a life unlived :  
 I did not live ! Nay, nay, it was not life,  
 Nor was it death, for tho' my heart was cold,  
 I felt within me that I had no soul,  
 Unloving, calm and passionless ; but yet  
 I knew that there did lie, beneath its depths,  
 An unknown world.

And then the sun arose,  
 For thou didst come to set my spirit free :  
 The morn of joy dawned on me from the night :  
 The harp-strings of my heart were sweetly tuned,  
 Responding to thine own, in harmony.  
 Deep, deep within the ocean of my soul  
 Thine own soul dived, in search for happiness,  
 Returning laden with thy golden net  
 O'erflowing with the priceless pearls of love,  
 Seeds sown by God's own hand. This new found world  
 Brought forth the fruits of faith, and hope, and peace :  
 All death and darkness rolled away in space.  
 Now, now I live, for I have found thy life,  
 And my life lives in thine.

TORONTO.



## ONTARIO'S NEW SALT TERRITORY.

BY C. M. SINCLAIR.

I remember reading in my boyhood days a glowing description in *Harper's Magazine*, of a visit paid to the famous salt mines near Cracow, by some traveller whose name I have forgotten long since. My boyish fancy was excited by the romantic narrative of the thrilling descent into the deep, dark mine, the faint light from the few flaming torches only serving to accentuate the darkness, which could almost be felt. Then in fancy I followed the traveller through long, dark corridors of rock-salt, glistening like diamonds with the rays of the torches reflected into noble arched chambers, with canopies of graceful stalactites depending from the ceiling.

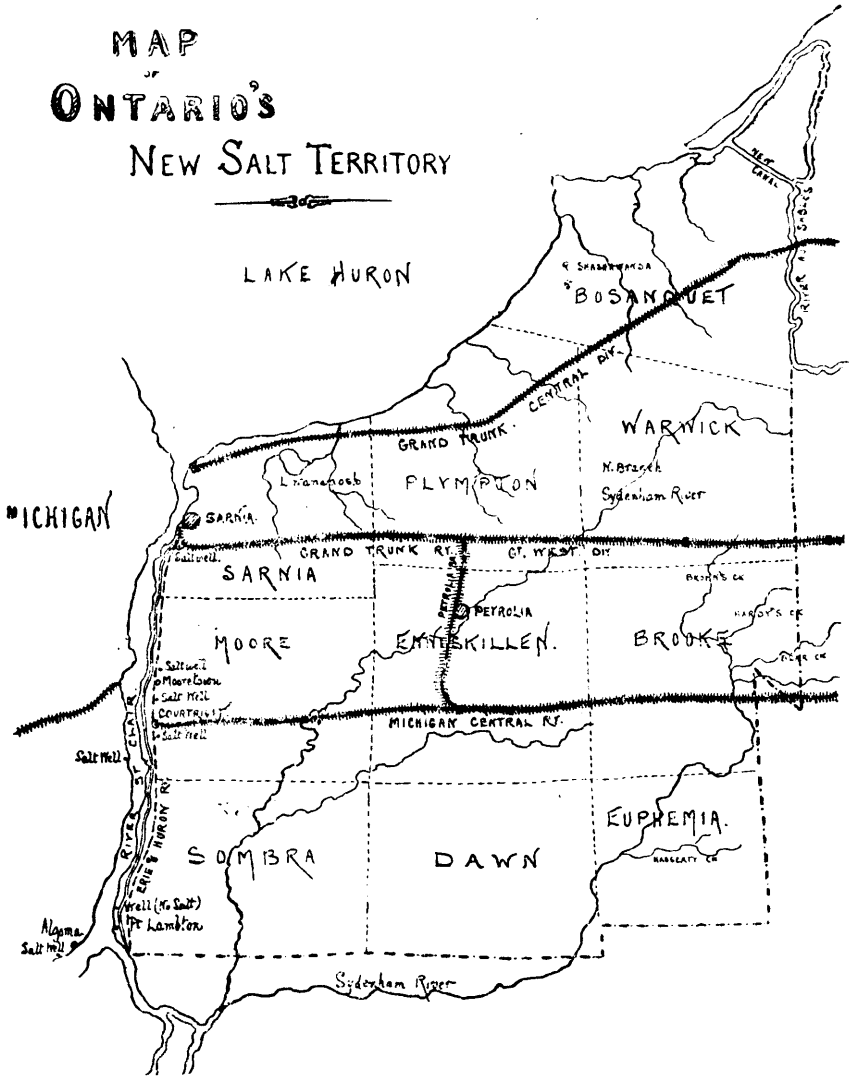
One of these chambers was sometimes used as a ball-room, another formed a theatre, and it needed no vivid imagination to picture the fairy scenes at such times—the musicians half hidden behind huge columns of glistening rock-salt—the many-coloured lights on walls and ceilings flashing and reflecting the surrounding gems, and the brilliant crowd of men and women as a restless panorama in a matchless scene.

A visit to Ontario's new salt territory on that magnificent stream—the St. Clair river—soon dispelled the charming ideal salt-mine of my youthful recollections. There stood a square, business-looking, but decidedly unromantic frame building almost enveloped in steam. There was no thrilling descent, and, indeed, all the mine that was visible was a substantial iron pipe, about four inches in diameter, sticking up out of the well, and encasing another smaller pipe which went down more than sixteen hundred feet—the last fifty or sixty feet being through pure rock salt. Down this larger pipe—which only goes *to* the salt bed, not *into* it—and around the smaller pipe—which goes down *into* the salt fifty or sixty feet—clear, sparkling St. Clair water is forced under great pressure. This dissolves the

salt-rock, and the brine, being heavy, collects around the bottom mouth of the inner pipe, up which it is forced by the artificial water pressure down the larger encasing pipe. Thus the salt-walls are gradually being eaten away, and rising to the surface in the form of brine. On its way to the evaporating pans, after leaving the well proper, the brine-pipe passes through another encasing pipe, into which the exhaust steam is allowed to escape, so that by the time it reaches the pans it is at a high temperature, and consequently less fuel is used in converting it into the salt of commerce. The evaporating pans are simply huge, shallow iron vessels, strongly heated, the salt collecting on the bottom from which it is scraped constantly with long hoe-shaped iron rakes into bins, when it is ready for barreling. The fires are kept constantly going from Monday morning to Saturday night, as a cooling down of the huge pans means hours of loss. Just across the river not even Sunday is allowed to interfere with the work—the chimneys belch forth their black smoke the same as on any other day. Thus the salt-rock instead of being *mined* out, as in the famous Cracow mines, is brought to the surface in the form of artificially produced brine, and then re-converted into salt. In this instance, as in many others, the practical labor-saving ways of these latter times form a striking contrast to the sleepy, but more romantic methods of earlier days.

It was formerly taken for granted that the Goderich district contained all of Ontario's available salt deposits. However, as it was discovered to exist on the Michigan side of the St. Clair river, attention was drawn about 1883, to the Canadian side and the pioneer well was put down at Courtwright, twelve miles down the river from Sarnia, and a fine bed of about fifty feet thickness was struck at a depth of sixteen hundred and thirty feet: this well has been in successful

MAP  
 OF  
**ONTARIO'S**  
 NEW SALT TERRITORY



operation ever since Encouraged by this success, another well was put down at Pt. Lambton, twelve miles farther down this noble river, but it was abandoned after going down about sixteen hundred and eighty feet with no indications of salt. Keen disappointment followed, as the theory was perfect that salt *must* be there—it had already been found at Algonac, Mich., three miles south and at Courtright twelve miles north. A peculiar stratum was reached in this abandoned well—a stratum not found elsewhere in any one of the deep borings of Ontario's western peninsula. This was a pumicestone formation and furnished the clue whereby geologists were enabled to explain why salt was not found.

From the almost uniform depth at which the salt layer is found in widely separated points, it is apparent that this salt was once liquid and therefore found its own level. In the great cooling processes to which mother earth was subjected this liquid was solidified, leaving here and there mountain peaks of different strata, which had been thrust up through the mass by crunching and grinding upheavals. Pt. Lambton seems to be directly over one of those uplifted peaks—the summit of which at least is pumicestone.

Just here it may be interesting to note the different strata passed through in sinking a salt well along the St. Clair river; and in a general way this holds good for the whole peninsula. The following is the log of the first Mooretown well, completed in Oct. 1892, as furnished by the driller, Mr. John Savage, of Petrolea:

Clay and hard pan.....	145	feet.
Gray and black shale.....	355	"
Limestone.....	40	"
Gray shale and lime.....	235	"
Limerock.....	250	"
Gypsum.....	65	"
Quartz rock.....	210	"
First salt.....	3	"
Sand rock.....	30	"

Quartz rock.....	187	feet.
Flint.....	73	"
Gypsum, red shale and salt....	42	"
Black flint.....	8	"
Second salt.....	50	"

Total..... 1,693 feet.

Though the first St. Clair river well (Courtright), continued in successful operation after the non-success at Point Lambton, it was not till 1890 that another trial was made in the territory—this time at Sarnia. Meantime deep borings at Petrolea, and elsewhere in the oil country, had clearly demonstrated that a fine salt-bed—in some places one hundred and fifty feet thick—was underneath the whole district, and so confident were the projectors that it could be obtained at Sarnia that large sums were expended in buildings, evaporating pans, etc., before the well was nearly completed. The event justified their confidence—a fine vein of salt, about fifty feet thick, was struck at the usual depth. In the early part of 1892 operations were commenced at Mooretown—one and a half miles north of Courtright—on two wells, the log of one of which has already been given, and at the present time (November), the other well is down more than a thousand feet with a certainty of striking salt.

These when completed, together with the C. P. Railway well at Windsor, will make five wells along our great water arteries capable of supplying *brine* enough to meet the total Canadian demands if sufficient evaporating facilities be also provided. Indeed, the more sanguine projectors boldly claim that along this peerless river the bulk of Canada's future salt trade will be done, basing their claims on the pure water obtainable, cheap freight on fuel (coal), and ready access by boat and rail. How sound these views are, or in what measure they will eventually be fulfilled, the writer does not feel competent to judge. Time and time alone will settle that debatable question.

## CUI BONO ?

H. M. STROMBERG, NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

A few years ago the greatest scholar in France, a man looked upon by many of his countrymen as the apostle of "sweetness and light," surprised his admirers and literary men in general by declaring that after all that had been said of the noble ends to be attained by culture he had a lurking belief that the voluptuary makes the most of life and comes nearest fulfilling the end of his existence. Such an opinion from one of the most thoughtful, refined and honoured men of the age is not to be treated with indifference or contempt. Thousands have hung with rapture on the words of Ernest Renan. Scholars have extolled his erudition, philosophers have been charmed with his quiet enthusiasm, and courtiers and literary men have alike borne testimony to the grandeur of a character in which gentleness is united to manly strength, womanly tenderness to heroic courage, the simple faith and candor of a child to the wisdom of a sage. Yet this man, the beau ideal of French culture, almost asserts that he has missed the goal, and that his life has been a failure.

Let us, therefore, try if we can discover what reasons may be urged against seeking to unfold the moral and intellectual side of human nature and bring it under the power of spiritual forces.

We live in a rough world. The environments of the actual are crude and harsh, and he who would adjust himself to his surroundings must be no fastidious dilettante. He should be in some measure like to his conditions. Life is a battle with rude enemies, and to contend successfully one must be inured to hardships. Softness and sensibility are qualities of doubtful utility in those who bear the brunt of the battle, and whose business is to fight, not to sit in camp and form plans as to how the victory may be won. It may be true that the ideal touches the actual on every side, and surrounds it with eternal beauty; but

why tear aside the veil that half conceals our vision, that the full blaze of exceeding brightness may beget discontent, and and fill us with divine despair? Why introduce the contented hind into the palace of regal splendour? Why not leave him to dream on the hillside, and drink of the mountain stream, to gaze into the depths of the blue sky and be happier than the over-cultured king or philosopher, whose whole being is keenly alive to every touch of pleasure or pain? Listen to the melodious cursings of a Byron, hear the despairing wail of a Shelley, ever haunted by the presence of an ideal world, and say does not "the humble cottager who steals his sole dominion from the waste" appear to be the more practical sage? Why awaken by education that nameless unrest,

"Those high instincts before which our mortal nature,

Does tremble like a guilty thing surprised."

Why intensify desires that cannot be satisfied, strivings for the perfect amidst imperfection, thoughts that dwell too fondly on the future and condemn the present?

The full and habitual activity of all the faculties tends to make us dissatisfied with the existing state of things. It disposes us too much to prospection and retrospection,

"To look before and after and pine for what is not."

It is said that all the clever young men in the American universities are of the Byronic type—melancholy and moody. The great are always pensive, if not gloomy, and the outward appearance of gaiety they may exhibit never springs from the depths of the soul. Their extraordinary endowments tend to keep them apart from the great mass of mankind, and their keen sensibilities expose them to sufferings which persons of coarser natures never experience. A distinguished American writer says, "Every great passion, sublime purpose, singular

pursuit, or unequalled susceptibility, tends to isolate its subject and make him pine with baffled longings." It is hardly necessary to cite the highly gifted to prove that genius is ever discontented. It is almost impossible to study the biographies of the noblest members of our race and not be led to believe that the history of every extraordinary person is a tragedy. You may admit what I have said to be true, and yet hold that genius is not the result of education, but a product of nature. Such is the popular opinion, but it is not well-founded. As two generations of articulately-speaking men had to pass away before there could be a sweet-voiced Nestor to harangue the Greeks before Troy, so also many generations of cultured men have to become extinct before a Homer or a Shakespeare appears. A Milton is never born in the heart of Africa. He is the flower of an advanced civilization. It is the inherited tendencies of his race and the peculiar mental and moral qualities developed by education in his forefathers which appear in all strength and fulness in the man of genius. The temperament of Byron resembled his mother's, and the cast of mind that coloured all his thoughts and made him famous existed, in a lesser degree, for a long time in her family—the Gordons.

Will education, therefore, produce a highly-sensitive race of men, who will be out of harmony with their surroundings and at enmity with themselves? If such be the case, what advantage is to be derived from it?

It may be also urged that education is a disturbing element in society. Indirectly, it is the cause of socialism and nihilism, as well as all the strife that has arisen between capital and labour. It is the source of infinite mischief. It unfits young men for manual labour and renders them good for nothing except measuring calico or scribbling briefs in a lawyer's office. The servant under its influence fancies herself to be as good as her mistress, and the employee becomes less and less obsequious to his employer, till at last he addresses the vain glorious millionaire as an equal. The peasant in Plato's republic laughs at the King, for he believes that the good and wise alone are happy. Education has been and will

continue to be the cause of premature reformations, political tumults and revolutions. It is not only a power in the physical but it is the greatest moving force in the moral world. The whole human creation groaneth on account of it.

If education tends to disturb the established order in the state, why should we seek to promote it? If the tree of knowledge still bears bitter fruit, why should we eat thereof? These questions are similar, but not identical. An answer to the first and a partial reply to the second can be only obtained by a careful and dispassionate study of society in its varied aspects. Account for it as you may, if you view matters aright you must agree with Tennyson that "all things here are out of joint." Society is still radically wrong; the strong oppress the weak and toiling millions are the slaves of the few; custom holds man in thrall, and ignorance veils his "heaven-erected face." But a fierce light has begun to dispel the darkness of the past and the drowsy millions are awakening and becoming restive. Humanity is like a giant, that in the struggle for liberty has burst some of his chains, and not knowing what to do commits acts fearful to contemplate. What is the meaning of nihilism, socialism and all the conflicts between capital and labour, which have become to shake the social fabric to its centre? What can they mean except that knowledge working upon the hearts of men is making them try to set the world right? The efforts at rectification you will probably think frantic, perhaps fruitless, and the results direful in the extreme. Dreadful they may be, but it is because great evils exist, and those who are trying to destroy them are working half-madly, half-blindly. You remember that in Haggard's wonderful story, She has to bathe in the fire-front before she becomes immortal; and so it may be necessary for nations to pass through baptisms of fire and blood before they are purified. I believe we are on the eve of the mightiest revolution the world has ever seen. The forces at work are almost as imperceptible as the "wind that bloweth where it listeth," but on that account they are not less but more effec-

tive. The superficial observer looks at Europe and he sees nothing but military camps, with monarchs watching one another and millions of soldiers ready to engage in deadly strife. The more thoughtful and far-seeing is not so much attracted by this spectacle, for he is studying forces that are at work to undermine the thrones of all monarchs. He sees the growth of ideas that will at length prove more powerful than the sword or the sceptre. He sees the daily-increasing number of those who have no regard for the trappings, pomp, and circumstance of war, and who think it of little moment who may govern Europe, provided there be no tyranny or oppression. You may say to me that the nihilist is the worst of characters, and the very thought of his teachings and his horrible deeds makes you shudder. Well, I will admit for the sake of argument that he is a guilty wretch, but I would remind you that the causes which produce such a miscreant are the oppression of the lower orders in Russia and the diffusion of knowledge among the people. Of course, I do not believe that the extreme views of anarchists and socialists will ever be accepted by mankind, for common sense will never allow the adoption of theories the most of which are impracticable; but the teachings of these men will stimulate others to think of social problems. Indeed, to such an extent have they done so already, that Europe and America are now in a state of agitation, and there is a growing sentiment, with the growth and diffusion of knowledge, that there must be a radical change in the whole organization of society, no matter how it is to be brought about. The world must advance and no mortal can stay its progress. A mad Czar may play the role of Canute and command the rising tide of knowledge to recede, but he shall speak with no prevailing force. The earth moves and we move with it. We shall never be able to go back where our fathers were. "The old order changeth, yielding to the new." Never again shall we behold the olden time, with its feudal knights, powerful barons and absolute monarchs. The day is coming when we shall no longer stand in awe in the presence of a lord or bow with abject servility before a

king. Virtue and wisdom alone will command our reverence. Blood must give place to brain, fiction to reality, brute force to intellectualism; yea, everything shall change under the resistless force of education. Many will lament the days of the past, and say that honor, reverence and true nobility have departed from the earth. Poets will sing of kings that were and are no more, of haughty dames and aristocratic ladies, of the courtesy and magnanimity of princes, and bright eyes will sparkle and fair cheeks glow; the beautiful and good will listen—not unmoved—but in their heart of hearts they will believe they live in a better time, in a more advanced civilization.

The study of social conditions does not, however, fully enable us to meet the charge that education fosters discontent. The question may still be asked: Does it increase the sum total of happiness, either in the individual or the nation? Sir William Hamilton says that perfection, or the full and harmonious development of all our faculties, comprises happiness, but we know the road to perfection is beset with difficulties at every step. The word "suffering" is deeply engraven on every milestone. I am not inclined to admit that immediate happiness is the chief end in life. Indeed, we instinctively do not believe it is and do not act as if it were. We somehow think the folly of being wise is better than the bliss of ignorance, and that a discontented Socrates is better than a contented Zulu. Like one of old we believe in the excellence of knowledge, even when experience teaches us that "much study is a weariness of the flesh, and he that increaseth in knowledge increaseth sorrow." Education does not strew life's path with flowers. There may be beds of roses to charm with their exquisite beauty, but not to lie on, for they are all thickly set with thorns, and only perchance with bleeding hands and lacerated feet can you come near enough to pluck them. The amaranth that lures you on far beyond your reach, it is more difficult to obtain than the edelweiss on the white, cold Alpine heights. In vain you will seek it here; it has never been transplanted in this ungenial soil. It still blooms only—fadeless and in immortal

beauty—fast by the throne of the Eternal.

Perhaps the most notable example of culture and all that was best in education was Johann Wolfgang Goethe, yet the serene height he attained did not free him from earth-born disquietude. His best interpreter and ardent admirer, who says this man “vanquished the world and shone above it in help like a sun,” also adds that a “nameless unrest, the blind struggle of a soul in bondage, a high longing discontent, almost drove Goethe to despair.” I know not what your opinion may be on this subject, but I frankly admit, that if the present life be the “all and the end all” of our existence, that there was good reason for the great Frenchman, when reviewing the path in which he walked for so many years, to doubt that it was the best. Let me not be misunderstood. What I refer to in this discourse, is education in its most comprehensive sense, involving as it does the development of our whole being. It includes all that pertains to the evolution of character. It is more than religion, for religion is only a part of it. The development of the higher faculties transcends the sphere of the actual, for it can only be the growth or outcome of some faith in the ideal. Deny the objective existence of an ideal world, and education is a poor investment. Why should I live a life of self-denial to form the character of myself and others, while destiny is saying, “Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day. Yet a few days and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court and whistles round thy half worn shield.” Would it not be better to give up such fruitless labour, crush out aspiration, banish dreams of wisdom and virtue, adjust myself to my prison, laugh my bitter laugh, eat, drink, be merry, and await to-morrow” nothingness?

“My own dim life should teach me this,  
That life shall live for evermore,  
Else earth is darkness at the core,  
And dust and ashes all that is.”

If you, therefore, ask me what reason can I give for saying that all men should be educated, my reply is that I believe in the supreme excellence of wisdom and virtue, and have faith in the intrinsic

worth of man and the infinite possibilities of his nature. I think it is Emerson who says that in every noble soul there is a belief that virtue is a sovereign good that should be sought for its own sake. Why does the patriot think that his own life and the lives of thousands of his fellows should be given up for the welfare of his country? Why does the virtuous man prefer death to dishonour? Is it not the conviction that the great end of his existence is to glorify the good? Is it not the belief that the law that maketh for righteousness is of highest importance, and that to be in harmony with it, everything, even life itself, must be given up? Hence the great motive for education is that perfection is an end in itself—the highest good—and that everything must be sacrificed by ourselves and others to attain it. It is a belief in this that makes heroes and martyrs. All actions that do not spring from this motive are more or less selfish. Man when he acts purely from it is God-like. Then, and only then, does the divine shine in the face of the human, illumining it with more than earthly radiance.

If the aim of education is perfection and the motive for it the glorification of good, then of all things it is the most important. You may think that I am asserting too much, but I am not saying more than Milton said. The great English poet, in the language of the old theology, says: “The end of all learning is to repair the ruins of our first-parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him as may be the nearest, by possessing our souls of true virtue, which being united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection.” If you carefully study the meaning of this fine old sentence, you will perceive that it virtually contains all I claim for education. It simply means an imperfect being to be trained to know the good and love it for its own sake, and by the practice of virtue with faith in the unseen, to become perfect.

Leibnitz said, “Give me for a few years the direction of education, and I agree to transform the world.” If my argument is sound, the only hope for

man is to educate him, not simply train him for some particular calling in life, but in such a way as to call into activity all the higher faculties, till whatever is noble or God-like in his nature shall manifest itself and become a ruling principle in his life. Religion alone cannot save the world from hopeless corruption, for faith without knowledge becomes superstition, and we all know what horrible deeds have been committed with the sanction of those who claimed they had heavenly guidance. It was this view of the matter that led Henry Barnard to say, "The cause of education cannot fail, unless all the laws that have hitherto governed the progress of society shall cease to operate, and Christianity shall prove a fable and liberty a dream."

Life to me has no meaning without education. If man has not been cast on this planet by chance, if there is a purpose in his visit to earth, what can that

end be unless it is to increase in knowledge and to bring to fruition all the functions of his being?

"All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players," said Shakespeare. All the world's a school, and all the men and women merely pupils, would be nearer the truth. As John Foster has very truly said, "The whole earth can be but a place of tuition till it becomes either a depopulated ruin or an elysium of perfect and happy beings." I go even farther and assert that wherever man may be in the universe he must be a learner, or he would cease to be a man by becoming either a god or brute. If this life is a school, and if, as Kingsley says, "Every human being brings into the world with him at his birth the indubitable right of being educated," then the most sacred obligation rests on society to educate every rational creature.

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## A SHOWER.

BY J. F. HERBIN.

The morn is moody and the clouds brood low,  
 While a soft expectation fills each place  
 Where grasses lean and flowers droop like lace.  
 The air is vacant, and no breezes blow,  
 The thunder for an hour rolled deep and slow ;  
 Then with the first cool gust that swept my face,  
 From the dim west, with quick increasing pace,  
 The rain fell round me with a rustling flow.  
 Earth sighs as the soft hand of heaven turns  
 The draught upon her lips. Even the calm  
 Blue hills stir musically in the rain :  
 The grass is waving and no flower mourns.  
 From secret places, fresh and fragrant balm  
 Fills every dusty road and hidden lane.



## THE CANADIAN OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

W. G. MACFARLANE.

“Have we not seen at pleasure’s lordly call,  
The smiling long-frequented village fall?  
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay’d,  
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,  
Forc’d from their homes, a melancholy train,  
To traverse climes beyond the western main?”

Thus sang in flowing couplets the immortal “Noll,” and little did he think that the progeny of his beloved brother, to whom the lines were addressed, would cross the western main. Yet he may have suspected that his race would be wanderers, he knew that his family like himself were shifting, shiftless and shattered, and he may with prophetic vision have seen those dear ones hewing out a home in the wilds of the new world. And when he writes the closing lines of the “Deserted Village,” and sees “the rural virtues leave the land,” “contented toil, and hospitable care, and kind conubial tenderness,” “and piety with wishes placed above, and steady loyalty, and faithful love,” and when he perceives amongst them “sweet poetry,” little does he think that another Oliver Goldsmith will accompany the muse to the western land and will try her voice in praise of Acadia’s “rising villages”—the new world Albion, an Albion not proceeding from being into not being, but from not being into being. He did not think that one of his own—not strangers only—would follow the precepts of his apostrophe to the muse and aim with song from the heart to benefit his fellow men.

“And thou, sweet poetry, thou loveliest maid,  
Still first to fly when sensual joys invade;  
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,  
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame:  
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decay’d,  
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride,  
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,  
That found’st me poor at first, and keep’st me so;  
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel;  
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.  
Farewell, and O! where’er thy voice be try’d,  
On Torno’s cliffs, or Pambamarca’s side.  
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,  
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,  
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,  
Redress the rigours of th’ inclement clime;

Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain,  
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;  
Teach him, that states of native strength possess,  
Though very poor, may still be very blest;  
That trade’s proud empire hastes to swift decay,  
As ocean sweeps the labour’d mole away,  
While self-dependent power can time defy,  
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

With fonder pen and fonder heart would the bard have written had he known that a Canadian Oliver would be one of those to read and heed these strong, invigorating lines; with newer interest and with even higher purpose would he have taken up his graceful pen. With fresher interest we, too, read these lines when we know of the Canadian poet; for there is a special delight in reading the words of an author about whom some strange coincidence, unforeseen by him, has woven its web. We seem to feel an enlarged privilege over him: a newer light seems thrown upon his lines: a broader range of view is spread before us. It is with considerable interest, too, we take up the work of the lesser poet to see how are reflected therein the uplifting “let thy’s” of his distinguished relative.

The father of the English Oliver and the great grandfather of the Canadian Oliver was Rev. Chas. Goldsmith, of Pallas, a small hamlet in the County of Longford, Ireland. There were to him five sons and three daughters: the eldest, Henry, born in 1721, the second, Oliver, seven years younger. The eldest son was sent to Dublin University as a pensioner and was winning distinction as a student. He succeeded in carrying off a scholarship: in prospect were a fellowship and other honors, when with the improvidence of the Goldsmiths he fell in love during his vacation and married, relinquishing his bright prospects, and as schoolmaster and poor curate buried himself in an old goblin house at Pallas, which his father had left to take charge of a flock at Lissoy, Westmeath county. And so he lived on forty pounds a year until his death in 1768. And yet, though

fame came not to him, he lived probably as happy a life as poor, ne'er-do-well, wandering Noll. He was "quiet and blameless," says the historian, "fulfilling the duties of village pastor with unaffected piety; conducting the school at Lissoy with a degree of industry and ability that gave it celebrity, and acquitting himself in all the duties of life with undeviating rectitude and the mildest benevolence." Oliver's letters and works show that he had a genuine affection for his elder brother: especially does the *Deserted Village*, wherein he draws the portrait of Henry and his father, for they were much similar in nature, in the character of the village pastor.

"A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year :  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had chang'd nor wish'd to change his  
place :

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;  
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise."

Truly this is poetry welling spontaneously from the pure depths of the heart. In a letter to Henry, he says—"Believe me, my head has no share in all I write: my heart dicates the whole." And so we find his own life reflected in his writings.

Henry had a son who bore his own name, but, like his uncle Oliver, he was more of a wanderer than his sire, who died when Henry was about a dozen years old. A time came when he felt the force of the poet's words—

"Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn!  
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;  
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
And desolation saddens all thy green:

\* \* \*

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall,  
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
Far, far away thy children leave the land."

And so he followed them, and we find him at length settled in New England, far in those "distant climes, where half the convex world intrudes between." But here there was not rest for him: the war of the revolution broke out and his loyalty to the land of his fathers made him an exile. He accompanied the Loyalist band to New Brunswick and settled down in St. Andrews, where he received the appointment of collector of customs.

Again he moved, this time to Annapolis, where he held the position of Deputy Assistant Commissary General, and from there he was transferred to St. John, where he died on June 6th, 1811, aged 56.

At Annapolis, that old historic town, Oliver, Henry's son, grand-nephew of his famous namesake, was born in 1787. He entered the commissariat department as clerk, and eventually obtained the position which his father had held. He took a very warm interest in Free Masonry, and for several years was Worthy Master of Albion Lodge, St. John, where he resided for a long period. He removed, in 1844, to Hong Kong, whence he sent to Albion, with all his grand-uncle's munificence, a set of solid silver lodge jewels. He died in July, 1861, at Liverpool, Eng., at a good age, and Albion held a "Lodge of Sorrow," a ceremony seldom held in St. John.

Oliver was much given to literature, and had collected material, it is said, for a biographical work on distinguished men of his native province. His chief effort, on account of which this article was written, was published in London, in 1825. It is a poem, modelled after "The Deserted Village," entitled, "The Rising Village." In 1834 it was re-published in St. John, in a small silk bound volume of 144 pages.

## THE RISING VILLAGE,

WITH  
OTHER POEMS.

BY

OLIVER GOLDSMITH,

A Descendant of the Author of "The  
Deserted Village."

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Published for the Author, by  
John McMillan.

Printed by Henry Chubb, Market Square.

MDCCLXXXIV.

The book is dedicated to the inhabitants of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The title poem is inscribed to Henry Goldsmith, of Annapolis. His English progenitor had dedicated a poem to a brother Henry, and we find him doing likewise. In his preface he says :

"The celebrated author of 'The Deserted Village' has pathetically displayed the anguish of his countrymen on being forced, from various causes, to quit their native plains, endeared to them by so many delightful recollections; and to seek a refuge in regions at that time unknown, or but little heard of. It would, perhaps, have been a subject of astonishment to him, could he have known that in the course of events some of his own relations were to be natives of such distant countries, and that a grandson of his brother Henry, to whom he dedicated his 'Traveller,' would first draw his breath at no great distance from the spot where

'Wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,  
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound.'

"In the Rising Village I have first endeavored to describe the sufferings which the earlier settlers experienced, the difficulties which they surmounted, the rise and progress of a young country, and the prospects which promise happiness to its future possessors."

The poem is written in the graceful rhyming couplet, which was so popular in the latter part of the eighteenth and early in this century. This form of verse is certainly a fine medium of poetic expression; it has such an easy pleasant swing and its elasticity permits the swelling heart to give utterance to its feelings freely. This is the earliest of Canadian poems, poems written by Canadians, that is, by dwellers in the country now called Canada, and treating of the country—the earliest at least of those poems of special importance. This will add interest to it in the eyes of the bibliophile, and it will have an importance to the student of his country, for it is the sole description in verse by an eye witness of the birth of a settlement in Canada a hundred years ago.

He first addresses a few lines to his brother, and then—

"And thou, dear spirit! whose harmonious lay  
Did'st lovely Auburn's piercing woes display,  
Do thou to thy fond relative impart  
Some portion of thy sweet poetic art;  
Like thine, Oh let my verse as gently flow,  
While truth and virtue in my numbers glow:  
And guide my pen with thy bewitching hand,  
To paint the Rising Village of the land.

What dire distress awaits the hardy bands,

That venture first on bleak and desert lands.  
How great the pain, the danger, and the toil,  
Which mark the first rude culture of the soil.  
When, looking around, the lonely settler sees  
His home amid a wilderness of trees.  
How sinks his heart in those deep solitudes,  
When not a voice upon his ear intrudes;  
When solemn silence all the waste pervades,  
Heightening the horror of its gloomy shades,  
Save when the sturdy woodman's strokes re-  
sound,

That strew the fallen forest on the ground  
See! from their heights the lofty pines descend.  
And crackling down their pond'rous length  
extend.

Soon from their boughs the curling flames arise,  
Mount into air, and redden all the skies;  
And where the forest once its foliage spread,  
The golden corn triumphant waves its head."

The aggressions of the Indians next are described; but with the accumulation of dwellings and the formation of a community the neighborhood became too strong for its foes.

"In some lone spot of consecrated ground,  
Whose silence spreads a holy gloom around,  
The village church in unadorned array,  
Now lifts its turrets to the opening day.  
How sweet to see the villagers repair  
In groups to pay their adoration there;  
To view, in homespun dress, the sacred morn,  
The old and young its hallowed seats adorn,  
While grateful for each blessing God has given,  
In pious strains they waft their thanks to  
Heaven."

The wandering pedlar is metamorphosed into a merchant with goods of all kinds, and then he humorously describes the village quack :

"The half-bred doctor next then settles down,  
And hopes the village soon will prove a town.  
No rival here disputes his doubtful skill,  
He cures, by chance, or ends each human ill;  
By turns he physics, or his patient bleeds,  
Uncertain in what case each best succeeds.  
And if, from friends untimely snatched away,  
Some beauty falls a victim to decay;  
If some fine youth, his parents' fond delight,  
Be early hurried to the shades of night,  
Death bears the blame; 'tis his envenomed dart  
That strikes the suffering mortal to the heart."

And now he describes that all-important personage in the village, the pedagogue. It will be interesting to compare the sketches of this man as they were made by both poets. Thus is he drawn in the Deserted Village :

"Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay;  
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,  
The village master taught his little school.  
A man severe he was, and stern to view:  
I knew him well, and every truant knew:

Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
 The day's disasters in his morning face :  
 Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee  
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;  
 Full well the busy whisper circling round,  
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned ;  
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,  
 The love he bore to learning was in fault.  
 The village all declar'd how much he knew ;  
 'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too :  
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.  
 In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,  
 And e'en though vanquished he could argue still :  
 While words of learned length, and thund'ring  
 sound,  
 Amaz'd, the gazing rustics rang'd around ;  
 And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,  
 That one small head could carry all he knew."

The Rising Village does not paint the  
 the new world pedagogue with as  
 congratulatory a brush. Perhaps the  
 poet had in mind the fact that his grand-  
 father was a school master, and with  
 jealous pen he would not raise that one  
 of his creation to the standard of his  
 ancestor.

"Beneath the shelter of a log-built shed,  
 The country school-house next erects its head,  
 No "man severe" with learning's bright display,  
 Here leads the opening blossoms into day;  
 No master here, in daring art refined,  
 Through fields of science guides the aspiring mind,  
 But some poor wanderer of the human race,  
 Unequal to the task, supplies his place;  
 Whose greatest source of knowledge or of skill  
 Consists in reading, and in writing ill;  
 Whose efforts can no higher merit claim,  
 Than spreading Dilworth's great scholastic fame  
 No modest youths surround his awful chair,  
 His frowns to deprecate or smiles to share,  
 But all the terrors of his lawful sway,  
 The proud despise, the fearless disobey,  
 The rugged urchins spurn at all control,  
 Which cramps the movements of the free born soul  
 Till, in their own conceit so wise they've grown,  
 They think their knowledge far exceeds his own."

The sports of summer and winter,  
 innocent amusements, beneath the spread-  
 ing tree and about the glowing fire, are re-  
 lated. And then he gives answer to the  
 injunction of the great poet to those who  
 should follow him—

"Still let thy voice \* \* \* \*  
 Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain."—

By an invocation to virtue,

"Oh, virtue! that thy powerful charms could bind  
 Each rising impulse of the erring mind;  
 That every heart might own thy sovereign sway,  
 And every bosom fear to disobey:  
 No father's heart would then in anguish trace  
 The sad remembrance of a son's disgrace:  
 No mother's tears for some dear child undone

Would then in streams of poignant sorrow run;  
 Nor could my verse the hapless story tell  
 Of one poor maid who loved—and loved too well

Among the youths that graced their native plains,  
 Albert was foremost of the village train ;  
 The hand of nature had profusely shed  
 Her richest blessings on his youthful head ;  
 His heart seemed generous, noble, kind, and free,  
 Just bursting into manhood's energy.  
 Flora was fair, and blooming as that flower  
 Which spreads its blossoms to the April shower ;  
 Her gentle manners and unstudied grace  
 Still added lustre to her beaming face;  
 While every look, by purity refined,  
 Displayed the lovelier beauties of her mind."

And then is told the old, old tale of  
 wooing, troth and desertion, and on the  
 bridal day, when her lover breaks his  
 vows and appears not, her reason flies.  
 Now follows this pretty picture :

"While time thus rolls his rapid years away,  
 The village rises gently into day.  
 How sweet it is, at first approach of morn,  
 Before the silvery dew has left the lawn,  
 When warring winds are sleeping yet on high,  
 Or breathe as softly as the bosom's sigh,  
 To gain some easy hill's ascending height,  
 Where all the landscape brightens with delight  
 And boundless prospects stretched on every side  
 Proclaim the country's industry and pride.  
 Here the broad marsh extends its open plain,  
 Until its limits touch the distant main ;  
 There verdant meads along the upland spring,  
 And grateful odours to the breezes fling.  
 Here crops of grain in rich luxuriance rise,  
 And wave their golden riches to the skies ;  
 There smiling orchards interrupt the scene,  
 Or gardens bounded by some fence of green:  
 "The farmer's cottage bosomed 'mong the trees,  
 Whose spreading branches shelter from the breeze,  
 The winding stream that turns the busy mill,  
 Whose clacking, echoes o'er the distant hill.  
 The neat, white church, beside whose walls are  
 spread,  
 The grass-clod hillocks of the sacred dead,  
 Where rude-cut stones or painted tablets tell  
 In laboured verse, how youth and beauty fell ;  
 How worth and hope were hurried to the grave,  
 And torn from those who had no power to save.

Dear lovely spot! Oh may such charms as these,  
 Sweet tranquil charms, that cannot fail to please,  
 Forever reign around thee, and impart  
 Joy, peace, and comfort to each native heart.

Those are thy blessings, Scotia, and for these, )  
 For wealth, for freedom, happiness, and ease,  
 Thy grateful thanks to Britain's care are due:  
 Her power protects, her smiles past hopes renew,  
 Her valour guards thee, and her counsels guide,  
 Then, may thy parent ever be thy guide!

The volume contains several other  
 poems, such as New Year's addresses for  
 the years 1826, '27 and '28, written for  
 the Nova Scotian, (Halifax), at the time

owned by Mr. Geo. R. Young. "The Death of Finette:" "The Kiss; or, the Freaks of Christmas Day:" "The Mistake:" and an "Address for the Amateur Theatre," written for the opening of the Halifax Garrison Theatre in 1822. Here is a sweet and fanciful serenade.

Awake, oh wake! the moon is beaming  
Brightly on each rosy flower,  
Though soft thy sleep and sweet thy dreaming,  
Come love to yonder bower.  
The queen of Night, with silvery light,  
Will guide thy steps to me: Oh! wake dear Rosalie

Awake, oh wake! from slumber stealing,  
Share this placid hour with me,  
A heart that beats with tenderest feeling,  
I'll give, dearest maid, to thee.  
The queen of Night, with silvery light,  
Will guide thy steps to me: Oh! wake, dear Rosalie.

Oh, come! From night's dull bosom waking,  
Soon will rise the lord of day:  
Now is the hour that rest forsaking,  
Lovers give their hearts away.  
The queen of Night, with silvery light,  
Will guide thy steps to me: Oh! come, dear Rosalie.

Comparison between the great English poet and the unknown Canadian poet would appear ridiculous, and is certainly impossible. It would be like comparing the master painter and the man who copies his work. He who pictured Lissoy is an originator, an inventor, the instituter of a mode: he who pictured Annapolis is an imitator, one who followed that mode:

the one is a leader, the other is in the ranks. The Goldsmith of the new world is evidently a clever writer and a close copyist of his namesake, but the exactness of his resemblance to his model does not save him from mediocrity: he is but a counterfeiter and a counterfeiter can never be a great poet. Whether the Canadian Oliver was original we cannot tell: he did not show any originality, though it may have lain dormant in his nature. But had he had sufficient constructive skill to write his poem without a model, and had his ancestor never lived, he would perhaps have been the Oliver Goldsmith of the day. For his style is admirable; it has all the grace and beauty, depth of feeling and delicate humour of "poor Noll." There is as much sympathy between his subject, himself and form of verse as was evinced in the case of the other, and he had as skilful and as happy a touch as his ancestor. Had fate interchanged their periods of life, and had the Canadian originative power, which possibly he had, he might now rank among England's great bards, and the Canadian hamlet might have taken the place which the Irish Lissoy now takes in the *locale* of British verse.

ACADIA UNIVERSITY.

## THE ROCKING CHAIR.

BY K. A. CHIPMAN.

As an indispensable cog in the smooth running of domestic wheels, has any one sufficiently considered the Rocking Chair. First as to its genesis

When the Pilgrim fathers and mothers came to the Western hemisphere, their primal discovery was, of necessity chores. And, "it must follow as the night the day," the initial invention of the embryo nation of patentees, was the Rocking Chair.

This distinctly American word, chore, as shown by its derivation from the Saxon *cyrran*, to turn, to return, is intimately connected with our subject, so intimately in fact that it is impossible to discriminate the intertwining filaments; but where the chore ends, there the chair begins. Like Israel of old, in retrospect of pleasures all unparticipated in, upon which they had been forced to turn the back, the Pilgrims kept thinking how many were left in the Old Country comfortably taking their ease, while the scanty crew of the Mayflower did the work of a whole continent.

Then the spirit of emulation rose up within them and said, "I will make me a seat and it shall come to pass, that for every time the princes and nobles of the old land lean back upon their thrones in pride and leisure, my cunningly devised chair shall make me to lean back yet seven times, whence I can survey all this great and goodly land. So shall my contrivance outdo their arrogance."

Whereupon sprang into being one of the most potent influences of modern times. For upon the slightest reflection we must concede that as a motor the Rocking Chair stands unparalleled.

In common with most other forces its influence is dualistic. Also it may be remarked that in a passive direction, this influence is generally beneficial, while the reverse is true of its active operation. For example:—

What better vehicle exists for the

removal of mental worry and nervous irritability? The patient simply sits and rocks to become gradually and surely soothed.

But the disorder is by no means annihilated,—merely transferred, as any one occupying the room at the time can testify. On the same principle that there can be no upheaval of the earth's crust without a corresponding depression.

With each successive wave of the rocking-chair just so much nervous force is thrown off, not to wander and perish in the air but to be absorbed and accumulate in other persons present. A proof of the conservation of energy. There is nothing like personal observation to demonstrate the facts of science.

Try for your self how long you can watch a person steadily rocking without becoming conscious of a growing energy within you, an impelling force toward some kind of action and that *not* of a beneficent nature; unless your "nerves are brass or hammered steel."

On the other hand, noting the ratio of rockers to the other chairs in a room and supposing them all occupied proportionately, what a dissipation of energy may ensue! For the germs of energy may never reproduce like effects in different bodies nor equal force when divided.

The steam which is powerful to move a locomotive may scarcely stir a leaf upon release from the funnel.

And so our propositions seem to clash. Otherwise there were no room for argument. A subject that vibrates with interest and inclines equally to opposite points of the compass requires a suspended judgement. We shall defer a contemplation of its good points until a grouping of its evil tendencies shall afford them a background and throw them in relief. When we reflect on the vast amount of good intentions, noble purposes and valuable information which have been simply rocked away, we may

begin to realize the mischief this latter day invention is destined to work. Among the more serious charges, may we not arraign the rocking chair as the cradle of American revival hymnology; as responsible for the swaying measures that harrow the musician's soul?

What are these but dreamy recollections of negro melodies, snatches of operatic airs heard in the past, and then thrown into new combinations by the motion of the rocking chair, just as each shake of the kaleidoscope forms new prisms from the one collection of glass fragments.

Look at the elders of a church where these tunes obtain, and you may observe during singing the upper part of the body describe the exact curve of the chair rocker in tune to the melody. Thus extremes meet. So motion and emotion are one. A homely union. But an alliance productive of more baneful and wide spread effects is that of the rocking chair with the newspaper paragraph.

Probably when psychic knowledge is more exact and profound, it will be discovered that the average American brain is checked off into compartments, like the squares on a go-bang board, of just sufficient size to contain a paragraph, and that the precise dynamic force requisite for its registration can be supplied only by the *volt sedent*. Sailing through life on a chopping sea and with brain like a fifteen puzzle, what marvel is it if our neighbours over the border be a restless people.

That tendency of the mind whereby it continues to do that which it has been doing, the tendency to repetition, which has been recognized by science as the source of rhyme, music, and crime, is responded to charmingly by the motion of the rocking chair.

It recalls too, the routine and perpetual energy of the universe, at once restful and bracing.

A Poet Laureate has confided to his public that his most propitious moments for prevailing on the muse to bear him company were when he had adjusted the outer man to such a state of ease that it ceased to assert its existence, and so allowed his psyche unrestrained movement.

What medium more conducive to this end than the rocking chair?

Spurning the earth and gently wafted through space you are carried out of yourself. Consider the arc of the globe upon which your throne oscillates. For it is a throne and you a law unto yourself. You merely kiss the earth as the sole acknowledgement of the all dominant law of gravitation.

But yester eve I passed a little cabin. A mature woman of six years was chanting rythmically "Rocked on the cradle of the \* deep oh," (her father is a railway porter) while she wooed the baby to sleep: the mother taking the chance to prepare the father's evening meal. A common picture, yet think of it.

The child had forgotten the fatigue of baby-tending; the infant was oblivious to the bewildering pains of life: the mother assisted in her endless toil: the ideal fabric of home, a web to be fresh spun each new day, awaited the man's return; and the Rocking-chair was the mainspring that set all the cheerful machinery agoing, till the cottage was filled with "peace upon peace like wave on wave."

As the grate fire to England, the opium pipe to the East, so is the Rocking Chair to America, the epitome of comfort. With instinctive respect for ancestresses of the hoop and farthingale, few well bred people but deny this graceful curveteer the dignity of a place in the drawing room.

And yet what room is complete without this article of furniture, although to so name it is all one as if we categorized Juno, Boadicea or Queen Bess as elderly females.

The sentimentality surrounding "The Old Oaken Bucket," or "Grandfather's Clock" must sicken and die, but as long as man is ordained to work, woman to gossip and babies to sleep, the Rocking Chair can never fail of due regard.

It is the friend of reverie and the enemy of thought. Reverie is the frayed edge of a worn out mental web, composed of slender threads of thought in the warp, and of memory in the woof.

Sitting in your rocking chair you care not even to apply the sharp point of the intellect to darn the wasted strands, but are content to caress the soft fringe and

\* The American pronunciation of the word depot.

admire its dim hues. This happy combination of rest and motion concentrates for us the divided rapture of the waltz, the buoyant undulations of a boat, mingled with witcherie of suggested barcarolla.

Other things may illustrate the bland effects of a gentle motion and so help our appreciation of the barque forever moored to home. See how the swaying of fans beneath the pelting shower of the Rev. Boanerges Lowgrave's eloquence dissipates and sprays the heavy drops into a dew. So that the drippings of the sanctuary fall pleasantly as we waft them aside and watch them descend on a neighbour's head, especially if she wear a new bonnet.

The constant careening is favourable to the cogitative habit, as trees are said to strengthen and grow at the root by the swaying of their branches in the wind. When you, my dear madame, after a visit from your friend who passes for a beauty and regales you with anecdotes framed to impress you with the style of her establishment and its importance among the denizens of the upper air; when after

lending a patient ear to such and so forth, you fling you in your faithful rocking chair, I can see the swaying grow less energetic and the shadow on your brow give place to a philosophic calm, and presently you tell me there are no beauties now compared with those of your youth. And you will go on to tell spicy little tales of the charming Lady So-and-So you met as a girl, and descant upon the deplorable lack of manners exhibited in these days; and a vista of glory opens before you, reverse of the natural order of vistas, very narrow and barren of coloring in the foreground; gorgeous, glowing, wide in the distance, and alive with heroic points of interest.

The rocking chair has wrought this magic, and has scattered the clouds on your mental horizon as chaff before the winnowing.

"Man's spirit rends

Its quiet only up against the ends  
Of wants and oppositions, loves and hates—  
Where worked and worn by passionate debates,  
And losing by the loss it apprehends,  
The flesh rocks round, and every breath it sends  
Is ravelled to a sigh."—*E. B. Browning.*





## HOW IT HAPPENED,

BY MRS. LAWSON.

“Were you nervous, grandpapa, when you preached your first sermon?”

The old clergyman looked at his wife with a humorous twinkle in his eye.

“Yes, my young masters; extremely nervous. So much so that I never preached that sermon yet.”

The youngsters looked at their grandfather with delighted curiosity; it was so funny to think of grandpapa; dear, serene-faced, calm-eyed grandpapa, being so nervous as not to be able to preach. Grandmamma smiled.

“And what did you do grandpapa? run away?” “Exactly so, that is exactly what I did do. Ran away—at midnight—some six miles under the moonlight—back to where I came from. Ha! ha! ha!”

Here the gentle old man lay back in his chair and chuckled as he looked back at that remote episode of his youth.

“Tell us about it—how did it happen?”

“Shall I tell them, mamma?” he asked, with an enquiring look at his wife, and a smile the significance of which she seemed to understand.

“I don’t mind—it will amuse them,” she said.

“Well, this is how it happened, my young masters, and I trust you will not withhold your sympathy when I have told you.

I was a very young and downy licentiate when a minister in a neighbouring parish sent his man on horseback with a note to me one Saturday evening, requesting me to come and stay over night, and as a very great favour preach for him on the morrow. He was troubled with a painful throat affection which made it impossible for him to preach when he had a bad cold, such as he had now.

When I was a youngster, I was more a student than anything else. I did not, somehow, lay such stress on the study of the conventionalities as young people seem to do now-a-days; the manners and customs of the ancient Greeks and Romans

were more familiar to me than the manners and customs of the present day; consequently when I received this note I was not a little flurried. Not on account of my speaking capabilities, nor of my ability to hold my own with this clergyman on any learned point whatever, for as I said before, I was first of all a student and had studied to some purpose. I had one or two splendid sermons, too, which I was not ashamed to preach anywhere and I had also that great desideratum, ‘a delivery.’

No; none of these things gave me a thought. But I knew that the wife of this clergyman was a lady who was a stickler for conventionalities; that there were two pretty daughters in the house, and that these daughters were reputed clever and highly accomplished.

Straightway I bethought me of my attire, and my deportment before ladies, which I now for the first time felt I had shamefully neglected. However, I answered the note, saying that I would walk over later on, and would be pleased to preach for him on the morrow. An Established Church minister could not afford to have his pulpit empty even for just cause of sickness then, for the Free was but a new broom yet, and the Auld Kirk men had to mind their p’s and q’s. So I packed what necessaries I required in a small grip-sack, and starting out, arrived at Ferngrove Manse about nine o’clock or so. The minister himself shook hands with me kindly—I had met him before and this put me more at ease—but the ladies! The mother I found to be a most charming lady, perfect in manners and dress, and quite motherly in her kindness. I was introduced to her daughters and felt my face burning at my own awkwardness, and their suave and smiling efforts to put me at my ease. However, I got into an interesting conversation with the father which helped me considerably, and by and by, as Longfellow says—I became calm. Only

when addressed by the young ladies, especially the elder one, a beautiful girl, I always became conscious of an awkward disposition of my hands: place them in whatever way I liked, they still seemed in the way.

Oh! I forgot to mention that I had been shown up, myself and my grip-sack to my bedroom—shortly after coming in, in order to brush the dust off myself after my long walk, and to wash my hands before coming down to supper. Well, after prayers I took my candle and retired to my room, but in opening the door the candle blew out with the draught from the window which was open, and I was left in semi-darkness. I felt terribly annoyed, for I had proposed looking over my sermon before going to bed, and now I was without light, and without courage to go down stairs or ring for a match. I fumbled around the room for my grip-sack in the direction where I had left it, but in so doing upset first one thing and then another, making such a racket that the perspiration fairly broke out all over me. I concluded that I had better get to bed and rise in the morning and look over my sermon. The moon was rising and by her faint light I could see the nice white bed laid ready for me, and into it I got and drew the curtain. They were all curtains in those days; hygiene was not so much the rage then as now, you must know. Well, I lay unable to sleep, thinking of what I had to say on the morrow, and with my head full of many things, but chiefly of my host's eldest daughter who had completely captivated me by her beauty and good sense. While I lay, the moon rose higher and higher, filling the room with soft white light: then I heard my door thrown open and a very sweet voice exclaiming—

'Oh what a lovely moon! Don't bring that candle in here, Lilly—it would be a sin.' And to my astonishment and, I may say, terror, I saw Miss Marion, the eldest, of whom I was so enamoured, reach up two white arms and close the window. Then I heard a candle blown out and Miss Lilly came and stood by her—both admiring the moon.

'A perfect moon!' she exclaimed. 'Just such a moon,' observed her sister looking up with her beautiful profile

between me and the light, 'just such a moon as Moore must have addressed: you remember,' where he says—

Sweet moon! if like Crotona's sage,  
By any spell my hand could dare  
To make thy disc it's ample page,  
And write my thoughts, my feelings there,  
How many a friend whose careless eye  
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,  
Would smile, upon thy face to meet  
The recollection fond and sweet,  
The reveries of fond regret,  
The promise never to forget,  
And all that I could say or send  
To some far distant dear loved friend.

'Beautiful! I love Moore,' said Lily, 'but I say Marion, isn't that young man who come to-night an awful muff.'

Marion laughed.

'He *does* look funny when he sits *so*,' and she sat herself down on a chair and laid her hands awkwardly before her. 'I thought I should have laughed outright at the nervous way he started and blushed when you spoke to him. He certainly is the most delightfully green specimen I ever met. However, papa evidently thinks no end of him. You heard what he said; he hasn't met such a scholarly young man for many a day. I trust he will preach a good sermon, and that he will manipulate his hands in the pulpit with more grace than he did in the drawing room to-night. Oh! oh! good gracious!' and suddenly with loud shrieks both flew out of the room. For breaking the spell which their presence had thrown upon me—in which my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth and I lay speechless and with the perspiration oozing at every pore—I at length managed to cough aloud to make them aware of my presence.

In another moment my host entered, candle in hand, and a most perplexed and confused look upon his face.

'Ah—a-hem!—hem!' he said, holding the candle over me. 'I am sorry to trouble you, Mr. Allen, but I am afraid you have mistaken my daughter's room for your own.'

Which was exactly what I had done, you see. Being a stranger to the house, I had gone into the wrong room, and my candle having been put out, had prevented me from noticing the mistake.'

'Oh, I say! how funny! how very

funny! and what did you do grandpapa?" "Do? Got out of that room and into my own as quickly as possible, you may be sure; and there I found my gripsack all right. I tendered the most profuse apologies for my stupidity, but the clergyman begged me to think no more of it, but to compose myself to sleep."

To sleep? Alas! like Macbeth, I had murdered the innocent sleep. My host had kindly left his candle with me, and with my hands clutching my head I sat staring at it for hours, while I scorched and burned at the thought of my awkward stupidity and what I had heard the ladies say of me.

'A muff! yea, verily, a muff indeed!' I muttered; and as I thought of standing up and preaching, with those bright eyes watching what I should do with my hands, my agony grew unbearable. I felt I should break down if the thought of this miserable mistake should occur to me in the pulpit. Oh! if, instead of dwelling among ancient Greeks so much, I had only studied the art of conducting myself to advantage in society, all this horrible misadventure might have been avoided.

When I looked at my watch it was half past two in the morning, and the moon had worn away round to the west. I had come to a resolution. Preach there tomorrow I could not—that was certain; it was no use attempting it: I could not overcome my nervousness any more than I could overcome the certainty that as soon as I stood up I should hear that sweet voice saying, 'An awful muff!'

I took out my pencil, and on a card wrote a few words, saying that after what had happened it would be impossible for me to preach with acceptance, and begged they would pardon my early departure.

Then I took up my valise, buttoned up my coat, but—where was my hat? It seemed to me, I remembered something of having it in my hand as I sat on the lounge in the parlor when I entered at first—and probably I should find it there. I half thought of going off with-

out it; but I was a young and sensitive man, and the possibility of being seen entering the town, say about four in the morning, with a grip-sack in my hand and my head uncovered, was too much; so as I stealthily slipped out of the house I turned aside into the parlor to find my hat. To my surprise the room was quite dark, the shutters having been shut to keep out the moonlight. I cautiously groped toward the lounge, which stood against the end wall. I could remember that, when suddenly my hand came in contact with a smooth, warm face. A ringing shriek filled the house, and I fled like a murderer. Afterward I learned that the young lady, Miss Marion, seeing that I had monopolized her room, had made up a bed for herself upon the parlor lounge and was lying awake thinking of 'that awful muff' when in search of my hat I passed my cold hand over her face. You see now how it happened, and how I could not possibly preach that first sermon."

"And did you ever meet the young lady again, grandpapa?"

"Oh yes!—frequently. You see she was as good as she was beautiful, and being greatly distressed at having hurt the feelings of such an estimable young man as I was reported to be, she actually came over the next day, Sunday as it was—and—begged me to forget the silly words she and her sister had spoken. and——"

"Now, now grandpapa! that will do," interposed grandmamma with one of her benign protesting smiles.

"I am forbidden to tell you further, you see" observed grandpapa, but there was a droll twinkle in his eye that set the youngsters a-thinking.

They looked at him and they looked at grandmamma, and then they looked at each other with sudden intuition.

"Grandmamma! *your* name is Marion! Was it *you*?—really and truly now?"

"Well my dears, I suppose I must tell the truth—it was."

## TOM'S FORTUNE.

BY H. MACOSQUIN.

"Excuse the question, Harry; but is there any person to whom you feel bound to tell everything you know?"

We were alone, Tom and I, in my bachelor quarters, enjoying a chat and an after-dinner cigar. The talk had fallen away into a dreamy silence for some time, when Tom suddenly straightened up in his chair and, without apparent reference to anything, shot the question at me.

"No," I said, "there is no such person—am I not a lawyer? But why?"

"Well," said Tom, with a little nervous laugh, "who am I?"

I daresay the expression of my face justified Tom's shout of laughter, but I was indignant enough at the moment, and, therefore, distinctly stiff.

"Let me see. Poor Smith introduced you to me at the Club, I believe. Said you were a friend of his, just arrived from Tierra del Fuego, or some place."

"Just so," said Tom, with a very provoking coolness. "But since poor Smith is dead, and beyond cross-examination, and as it is 'some place,' and not Tierra del Fuego, that I hail from, does it not strike you that the information is a trifle vague?"

Tom and I had "taken to" each other from the moment of our first acquaintance, three months before. I had introduced him to my womankind—a lonely aunt and cousin—and between them and myself he divided his time. And a strong suspicion on my part that it there was not an understanding between my chum and my cousin, there very soon would be—and you can easily imagine that the corner into which Tom's cool questions and statements had driven me was anything but comfortable for a young barrister, ambitious to be ranked among the knowing ones.

"Well, well, old fellow," said Tom, "I should not make your kindness to myself an accusation against you; but, you see,

—or you will, when I tell you what I am driving at,—that I am in an awkward position. The fact is, I want to marry your cousin if she will have me, and although I can satisfy you and her mother easily enough as to my means, I am afraid you will have to take me, personally, on trust. Literally, there is not a soul in the world in any better position to vouch for me than you are yourself. All poor Smith knew about me was that I brought a letter of introduction from a friend of his in British Columbia, and all the writer of the letter knew was, that we were in each other's company a good deal during the few months I spent in Victoria, and liked each other. Now I shall tell you my story, and then we can consult as to further revelations."

"Tell it all," I broke in, "and leave nothing for further revelations."

"Of course, I shall tell *you* all; but I'm not clear about telling Mrs. Blanton, or even Grace. You see, it's a queer yarn."

"Fire away, then, and, as you say, we can consult about it."

"Well," said Tom, as I lit a fresh cigar and settled back in my chair, "although my name is Thomas Charles Morton, I was always known as 'Charlie' until I saw fit to drop my second name. My father and I were left alone in the world about six years ago, and shortly after that he brought me out to Canada with him—I am English—but he died in the hotel at Montreal a week after we landed, and as soon as the funeral was over I went on to British Columbia. I had about a thousand dollars, which I thought a fortune; and I suppose all boys want to go west. I—"

"Hold on," I interrupted, "I thought you said six years ago." You must have been a pretty well grown boy then."

"What age am I now?"

"Well," and I paused a moment as I balanced the rather abundant gray threads in his hair against the youthful com-

plexion, "between thirty and thirty-five." "I am not quite twenty-five," said Tom. "Wait till you hear my story."

"In New Westminster—it's a bustling little place now, since railway work began, but it was dull enough then—I picked up a chum, and we started off on a hunting and prospecting trip. It does not take long to get to the back of nowhere in that country if you strike away from the main lines of travel, and we were soon in the wilds. It was August, and the weather was simply glorious. Of course, we stuck to water travel. A greenhorn's outfit is altogether too big to be carried by a greenhorn, if two or three weeks' grub is thrown in for a makeweight. Harry had some little practice in paddling a canoe, and I soon picked up the trick, but you may imagine that our progress was not very rapid. The fifth day out found us sliding along the shore of one of those grand inlets or fjords which pierce the mountainous coast thereabouts for almost any distance inland; and just as we were debating how much farther we should go before camping for the night, we rounded a little point and found ourselves in the mouth of a small creek. Into this we turned, paddling silently along under the shadow of the young alders which lined the bank. At a slight signal from Harry, who was steering, I turned my head, and following the direction of his pointing finger, saw a black bear on the bank, about seventy yards ahead of us. My rifle was in my hand instantly, while Harry kept the canoe moving against the slight breeze by a silent motion of his paddle. So we crept on for about twenty yards, and then Harry stopped paddling and uttered a low 'now.' Ten seconds more and the bear had rolled over on the bank, and both of us were paddling as if a war canoe of Hydahs was after us. But when we reached the spot where the bear had been, and jumped ashore, no bear was to be seen. There was a very plain trail, with a gout of blood here and there, for a hundred yards or so, but after that the trail grew faint to our unpractised eyes and we were fain to turn back, badly disappointed boys. We determined, however, to camp where we were for the night, and renew the chase in the morning.

Behold us, then, shortly after sunrise next morning, our canoe having been cached among the bushes on the bank, starting off up the valley, each man with his rifle and blanket and grub for two or three days.

We saw no more of the bear—at least, I didn't; but just before dark we found ourselves in a curious little valley—a sort of natural amphitheatre, only, as Harry said, one half of it appeared to be cut off. Next morning showed us that the description was accurate. The circular wall of mountains, broken only by the narrow pass through which we had entered, seemed to enclose some six or seven hundred acres, but right across the centre ran a lower range of hills presenting, as far as we could see, a wall of abrupt cliffs. Along the foot of these we went, guided by the sound of rushing water, till we came to a beautiful fall—the source of the stream we had followed all the previous day. Just beyond this, the dividing range, or hog-back, as Harry called it, ran into the side of the main mountain, and down this another and higher fall rushed in a tossing sheet of foam. I declared that the higher fall carried more water than the lower, which seemed a continuation of it. Harry pooh-poohed the idea, and was eager to explore the valley for game. So we parted, agreeing to meet at the exit of the valley at sun-down, if we did not run across each other sooner. I never saw Harry again.

Slinging my rifle across my back, I started up the mountain side, finding the climbing easier than I had expected, and in about half an hour's time I stood at the foot of the higher fall—or at least as near it as it was possible to stand. Below me was a sunless chasm, in which the water boiled and swirled, seeming to rush around and around in a mad effort to find an exit, until it broke away over the lower fall. I was fascinated, as I leaned over the brink, and as I did so the crack of Harry's rifle sounded close and sharp, as if he had been standing beside me. I suppose the 'creepy' character of the place had weakened my nerves—at all events, I lost my balance and went headlong into the chasm. I don't know how many minutes the black horror lasted,

but I do know that I was ten years older when I found myself again.

'Reckon she wants a beau!'

Gradually coming back to consciousness through a succession of horrid dreams in which bears, Indians and waterfalls had been mixed up in a dire and awful confusion, I had wakened to the fact that I was in bed, and that two people were talking together in a language that was strange to me. Just as I took this in, one of the talkers, evidently a woman, had moved away, and then the words I have quoted were uttered.

I opened my eyes then, and found myself in a small, rudely-constructed, but neat room, in the middle of which an old man, whose only visible clothing consisted of a pair of moccasins, buckskin trousers and a red flannel shirt, was standing, his eyes directed towards some object out of doors and beyond my range of vision—doubtless, the woman who had just left him. He was evidently taken up with the silent enjoyment of his joke about someone wanting a beau, and started visibly as my faint question reached him, 'where am I?'

'Hullo, mate! waked up, have ye?' and he stepped to the side of the standing bunk in which I lay; 'how do you feel?'

I told him that I felt like a man of seventy with the rheumatism, and repeated my question: 'where am I?'

'Wall, now, whar 'd ye s'pose ye war, after takin' a header inter that thar devil's hole? Reckon ye struck the happy hunt-in' groun's mate. Did yer mean to do it?'

In answer, I gave him a brief history of my adventures, and learned that he had arrived in a similar way, about twenty years before. He had deserted from a ship, made friends with a tribe of coast Indians, and on a lonely hunting trip, had fallen into the 'devil's hole,' as he called it. It had happened in early spring, when the mountain streams were low, and he was only partially stunned in his trip through the subterranean passage and able to scramble ashore when he came to the surface in the little lake in the valley. Exploring the latter, he found it so pleasantly situated and well endowed by nature, that he decided,

being rather disgusted with life in an Indian village, to make it his home, if he could find a door to it. This he found—a narrow cleft, ending in a sheer drop of a hundred feet into the valley in which Harry and I parted from each other—and here he had lived ever since. He had a difficult job in getting out of his door the first time he went, and nearly broke his neck in getting back again, but a small coil of rope which he had brought from the ship made future trips a good deal easier, and after the settlement of the country he was able to procure tackle and tools, by the aid of which he made himself quite comfortable. On one of his trips to the Indian village, he found an opportunity to aid the escape of a girl belonging to another tribe, whom they had taken prisoner, and her he brought with him. She died about ten years before my arrival, and the feminine voice which had mingled with my dreams was that of their daughter and only child, Lizzie.

"A good deal of this," Tom said, "I did not learn for a day or two, but I had gathered, before I saw Lizzie, that she and her father were the only occupants of the valley; it followed, therefore, that I was the 'beau' she was supposed to want, and I soon knew that the conversation which had disturbed (or, perhaps, created) my troubled dreams, was a discussion between father and daughter as to what was to be done with me. Old Ben—he never told me his surname—wanted to let me down, while still unconscious, into the outer valley, while Lizzie insisted on keeping me till I had recovered my strength, and then offering me a home with them if I would consent to keep the secret of their retreat. I was young, you know, and romantic, and as soon as she came into the house, which she did before Ben and I had finished our first talk, I made up my mind that the 'beau' was willing, if she was. I shan't attempt to describe her, but she was about as handsome a half-caste as I ever saw, and they rather run to good looks when they're young. Old Ben, too, was very neat and orderly—liked to have things ship-shape, as he said—and his daughter resembled him in that

Well, to make a short story, I gave

my word to remain with them and keep faith, and one morning, about two weeks after my arrival, Ben pulled a prayer book out of his cupboard, told us to stand up, read the marriage service to us, and declared us man and wife. Immediately after the ceremony, I pulled out my pocket book and presented him with a couple of \$10 Bank of British Columbia bills, as his parson's fee. Then and always, we were short of flour; the furniture was all home made, and the only stove in the house was a sheet iron affair, but the good supply of articles easily carried had induced me to believe that my friends were anything but hard up; therefore I was surprised at Ben's evident delight in receiving the bills and at his eager enquiry if I had any more. I found afterwards that it was the shape and not the value of the money that pleased him. For nearly three years I was quite contented. English was a foreign language to Lizzie, for her mother had spoken only her own Indian dialect and a little of the Chinook jargon, and the habit of conversing in that way had been continued. She could read, though, after a fashion, and was not more ignorant than many white girls are in the old country. Of course, I began to educate her, and she made wonderful progress. Although I never accompanied Ben on his occasional trips to the 'store,' I always met him at the landing, and between my help in packing in supplies and my bank bills, we had more of the things we were compelled to buy or do without, than had been the rule before my arrival. But with fish and grouse abundant, and a fine garden and chicken yard, we did not suffer much hardship in the eating line.

Towards the end of my third winter—the hardest we had—Ben slipped on an icy spot and broke one of his legs. Then I heard the rest of the story. There had been a row on the ship when Ben ran away, and he thought he had killed the second officer. That was the reason he kept away from civilization at first, and that was why he was afraid to return when he found nuggets enough in a 'pocket' on the mountain to make him a rich man. He had, from time to time, sold enough of the gold to buy such things as they needed, but was always

afraid that some prospector would observe him and follow him up; hence his joy at getting my bills, which he could use without attracting attention.

After that, I had to be buyer for the firm, and then I began to be discontented. On one of my first trips. I visited New Westminster, and making cautious enquiry, found that our canoe had been stolen by somebody before Harry reached it, and as it was afterwards found bottom up with a valuable shot gun lashed to a thwart, it was concluded that I was the thief, and that I had been drowned, as it was argued that Indians would have taken the gun. Poor Harry suffered a good deal in getting back and died of typhoid shortly afterwards. I have been Tom Morton since I heard that.

"The oftener I visited the towns, the more my discontent increased. But I was man enough to resolve that I would keep my word, and that I would stick to my wife, whatever happened, for I held her to be just as much my wife as if we had been married in church. I had, under his own directions, made a tolerable job of setting Ben's leg, and before the next winter set in he was able to get about with the aid of a stick, but he never got over the shock to his system, and when I had been a little more than four years in the valley he died. Lizzie and I then resolved that we would leave the place, but for some months the weather was so tempestuous that we were forced to spend most of our time indoors, and Lizzie's education made rapid progress, for I was anxious that she should pass muster when we returned to civilization. Our plan was that I should transport our gold to Victoria [it was a longer trip than to New Westminster, but I was nervous about going there] carrying each time as much as I conveniently could in the stout 'grip' I had bought for the purpose. My third trip was made early in February. One more I was to make alone, and then Lizzie and I would bid the valley farewell. The keenest frost of the winter set in the day before I got back, and I had quite a job to get my canoe into the little stream which led to our landing, so thickly had the ice formed on it. This kept me behind time, so that I was not surprised, considering how cold

it was, that Lizzie was not at the 'door' to meet me. I remember thinking, as I found the concealed line which we called our latch string, pulled down the knotted rope and went up the cliff, hand over hand, how pleasant our warm house would be after the frosty air. With my grip still strapped on my shoulder, I hurried along the path, turned the corner of the little grove of bushes which hid the house, and saw—a heap of smoking ashes. How it happened, I do not know. Probably the poor girl had put a lot of wood into the miserable sheet-iron stove before going to bed the night before, but it was plain that she had been burned to death in her sleep. I can only hope, and I think it must have been so, that she had been suffocated by the smoke before the flames touched her.

For a few minutes, the horror of it so overcame me that had the fire not destroyed our rifles—had one of them been hanging there before my eyes—I should probably have blown my brains out. There was a revolver in the grip on my shoulders, but I never thought of that—indeed, I was too dazed to think of anything at the time. It was not, of course, that I had ever had more than a boyish fancy for my wife—indeed, before I had been a day away from the sight of the blackened ruins, I am afraid I was beginning to take the 'happy release' view of the matter—but the horror of it!

At last, shivering and miserable, I crawled into a pile of old sacks and shavings in an outhouse, and got through the night as best I could. With daybreak, I was at work digging a deep grave amid the ashes of the house, and into it I lowered as gently as I could all that was left of poor Lizzie's body; and then I made

haste to leave the valley. You may guess that I never returned to it, and there is gold enough under the floor of that old outhouse to make a very fair basis for a bank account, but if you want to get it, you will have to go through the devil's hole, for I rigged a slip knot on our rope ladder, and pulled it down after me with the latch string. I wanted no strange feet on that lonely grave. I had, however, brought away a good deal, and some speculations into which I went for the sake of diverting my mind, have increased the amount considerably. That is my story." And Tom lay back in his chair with a sigh which showed that the telling of it had taken his thoughts back to the lonely grave among the Western mountains.

It is just about three years since that sigh was uttered, and this morning I asked Tom's permission to write out the story for "The Lake." He said he had no objection, provided I would "juggle the names about a bit," which I have done. You will remember that he told me the story originally with a question—Should he tell my aunt and cousin? My advice was, "say nothing about it to Mrs. Blanton, and as for Grace, do as you think best." What he had done, I did not know till last night. He and Grace have just returned from a trip to Muskoka, and last night they were describing to me an incident of their trip. Tom had been caught in a sudden storm in the woods and had lost his way, not getting to camp until midnight. As he painted the pitiful plight he was in just before he heard the shouts and caught sight of the lanterns of his searching friends, Grace said with a ringing laugh, "It was almost as bad as the devil's hole, wasn't it?"



## THE TRADE QUESTION.

BY DOUGLAS GREGORY.

It is certain that during no period of the world's history has the trade question been the subject of so much discussion, or excited such keen interest as at present; it is also certain that the paramount importance of the press as a great educational factor has never been so clearly illustrated. The study and comparisons of discussions in the press, and of writings by prominent men of various countries on the same subject, grouped as Free Traders, Protectionists, and Fair Traders, may be of some interest and value.

The principles of the Free Traders are voiced in the following quotation from Sir Robert Peel:—"The capital of the country is the fund from which the industry of the country is maintained. The industry of the country is promoted in proportion as the capital employed in its maintenance is increased. The augmentation of capital depends upon the saving from annual income. If you give for certain articles produced at home a greater price than that for which you can purchase them from other countries, there is a proportionate diminution in the saving from annual income. The more extensive the system of protection, the greater will be the aggregate loss of national income; the greater will be the check to the augmentation of capital; the greater will be the check to the promotion of industry. Protection itself, the free trader defines as a promise given to dear production to shield it against cheap production, or to dearer production to hold it harmless against cheaper production; to procure for it a market it could not otherwise hold, and to enable it to extort a price from the consumer he would not otherwise pay."

From this definition he draws the conclusions that protection encourages waste by giving the manufacturer a larger margin to work upon than he would otherwise have; that instead of increasing national

wealth, it decreases it, because more capital is required and tied up in production where the prime costs are greater, in the work of distribution, where wholesalers and retailers have to pay the higher price resulting from dearer production; and finally the consumer in his turn has to pay an enhanced price.

Protection is an unjust and criminal form of legislation discriminating in favour of manufacturers; it is not equally distributed all round and cannot be in any country, until a country is discovered that does not find its interest exporting some commodity or other. For the price of that commodity is determined by its price in the foreign or export markets, thus rendering the protective duties useless so far as that particular article is concerned. The grower of cotton, wheat, maize etc., cannot get a cent more than is allowed him in the export markets; if under these circumstances he has to pay the iron master, and manufacturer a price enhanced by protection for machinery and clothing, and is unable to obtain compensation, such extra price is much like robbery perpetrated by law.

Protection engenders labour troubles by disturbing the relations of capital, profits and wages, placing them upon an artificial not a natural basis, and interferes with the law of supply and demand, which is the natural basis of adjustments between the factors above mentioned.

If protection is necessary to capital at home, how is it that the vast amount of capital invested in the production of commodities for the export or free trade markets, does not leave the country?

If protection causes higher wages how is it that wages are better in Great Britain under free trade than they were under protection. Mr. Giffen states that since protective duties were repealed in Britain, the wages of miners in Staffordshire, which is the county of lowest increment, have increased by 50 per cent. In the

manufacturing districts the lowest increments are 20 and 30 per cent, and in some branches they rise to 50, 83, 100, 150 and 160 per cent. The trades of carpenters, bricklayers and masons, in the districts of Glasgow and Manchester show an increase of 63, 65 and 47 per cent, respectively. The lowest weekly wages for an adult is twenty-two shillings as against seventeen in 1853, and the highest thirty-six. The wages of seamen show an increase of 66 per cent in Bristol, 55 per cent in Glasgow, 25 to 70 per cent in Liverpool, 45 to 69 per cent in London. The Free Trader does not hesitate to express a doubt as to whether on the other hand protection is the cause of higher wages in protected countries. He asks whether the wages of those engaged in agriculture, which is not protected, "the free-trade toilers" are not all things considered and taken in proportion, equal to the wages of those engaged in protected industries.

Again he pertinently asks why individual states or provinces are precluded from the application of the principle of protection within their own borders. If such an interference with the natural law of supply and demand would impoverish, not enrich the parts of a country, how can it be claimed that the commonwealth is made not poorer but richer by the same interference?

In replying to their adversary's arguments the Protectionists claim to be guided by facts rather than by theory. Institutions and policies good for one country are not necessarily so efficacious for another country differing greatly perhaps in size, topography, climatic conditions, and natural products; Great Britain and the United States are cited as examples, the one an island of 90,000 square miles, the other a world in itself.

In the limited area of Great Britain natural products vary but little; in the vast area of the States they differ greatly. Britain's commercial life depends upon her having free communication and exchange with the other nations; America may be called self contained with a surplus for export.

Free trade may be good for Britain but not for the U. S. During the period from 1812 to 1861 the low or "free

trade" tariffs were tried three times and each trial was followed by industrial stagnation, financial embarrassment and general distress. Thrice the high protective tariff led to industrial activity, financial ease and general prosperity. Upon the experience gathered and the observations made during this period of fifty years the American protectionist bases his firm belief in the beneficial effects resulting from protection, and which have led to its adoption.

The argument that protection decreases national wealth is met by comparing the increase of the population and wealth, aggregate and per capita, in G. Britain and the United States during the years 1860 to 1880. In 1860 the population of Britain was 29,000,000; that of the States was 31,000,000; in 1880 the former had added 6,000,000, to her population, the latter 18,000,000. In 1860 the aggregate wealth of Britain was sixteen thousand million dollars; that of the States twenty-nine thousand millions of dollars; during the same period Britain increased her wealth by fifteen thousand million, the U. States, by thirty thousand millions, in spite of the fact that she lost nine thousand millions during the war. In 1860 the average wealth per capita was in G. Britain, \$1,000, in the U. States \$450; in 1880 it had risen to \$1,260 and \$870, respectively; thus the former country showed an increase of 23 per cent, the latter 93 per cent, and this in spite of the war.

Protection does not compel the consumer to pay a higher price for his purchases. Manufactured products are now cheaper in the States than when a non-protective tariff enabled foreign importers to hold the market. With steel rails, steel tires, carpets, woollens, cottons, leather fabrics, glass, lead, brass, copper, indeed in the whole round of manufactures it is found that protection has brought down the price lower than the rate charged by the importers before protection intervened and built up the native competing manufactures.

If protection unjustly discriminates in favour of manufacturers and against agriculturists, it naturally follows that the increase in the wealth of the former ought to be greater than the increase in the

wealth of the latter. This is not borne out by the facts, which prove just the contrary. In 1860 the six New England states with New York and Pennsylvania which are manufacturing states, returned an aggregate wealth of \$5,123,000,000; in 1880 they returned \$16,228,000,000 an increase of 216 per cent. In 1860 the Western States of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Nebraska, which are agricultural states returned an aggregate wealth of \$2,271,000,000. In 1880 the return was \$11,268,000,000 an increase of 366 per cent.

Protection certainly keeps capital at home. Since 1870 thousands of miles of railroads have been built in the States for which the greater part of the material, such as rails, locomotives, etc., were manufactured in the country; had it not been for the tariff the national industries supplying them would not have been in existence and the money would have passed into the hands of the importers. Another thing, the sum thus spent was so great that it would have been impossible to raise it in gold for export, and many roads could not have been built.

In considering these opposing views and the accompanying figures, we cannot fail to be struck by the facts, that wealth has increased enormously under both fiscal policies, and that while wealth has shown a greater increase per cent. in protective America, the greatest increase has been in the agricultural or free trade states. The fact that articles are now produced at a lower cost than when trade tariff was in force, is not altogether due to protection; there has been a lowering of prices the whole world over, owing to increased facilities of production. The fact that when the McKinley tariff went into force, the articles affected by it, took a sudden and upward bound, cannot be lost sight of and bears out the argument of those who hold that you cannot legislate for higher prices in behalf of native productions without obtaining them.

We now come to the third group, namely, "Fair Traders" Under this caption, may be ranged those who look upon a tariff as a means of offence as well as defence, which, while it permits the es-

tablishment and prosecution of home industries, also enables the citizens of a protected country to obtain more favorable treatment in the markets of another. Imperial Federationists, United Empire Trade Leaguers, are of this class, and certainly current events point to the fact that there is a great deal of reason in their views. Starting from the axiom that freedom from restriction in commercial matters is necessary for any nation's welfare, it is natural to conclude that it is the duty of all citizens to work for the adoption of a fiscal policy which will obtain for them the greatest freedom of trade possible. A very cursory examination enables us to perceive which policy is obtaining for its advocates, those results which it was intended to bring about. England has so called "free trade," but she is excluded from the markets of the United States, France, Spain and of her own colonies by prohibitory tariffs; in none of these does she obtain preferential treatment, apparently because she has nothing to offer. With regard to the nations forming the commercial league of Central Europe she is on a different footing; twenty articles are on the free list in Belgium, and she has preferential treatment in the markets of Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland. In return for these privileges, England gave something, namely, the "most favored nation treatment in the markets of her own colonies;" that is to say, no colony may lower her duties upon the products of any nation, without granting the same rebate to Belgian and German commodities. On the other hand the United States, by granting concessions, has obtained preferential treatment in the French and Spanish markets. These illustrations most certainly bear out the statement of the Fair Traders, that protection instead of restricting commerce, is on the contrary a most powerful factor in extending it; and there is not the slightest doubt that this view will gain, in weight and adherents just as long as the nations continue to raise tariff walls to decrease imports and then partly throw them down again to enable them to increase their exports.

## WHAT CAME OUT OF IT ?

BY EDWARD P. SLACK.

The stage rattled down the main street of Pochasset with its usual din and clatter and accompaniment of barking dogs, blessed with a rare exercise of vocal powers, and drew up with a greatly exaggerated display of celerity at the door of the Pochasset inn. The loungers in the red cane-bottomed chairs gazed interestedly at the only passenger and the only passenger, conscious of his loneliness, awkwardly returned the stare. He had never been stage-struck before and as he sat on the rear seat of the Pochasset stage, at least in a stage if not upon one, he realized that it was a very unpleasant feeling. He was finding the awkwardness, so suddenly thrust upon him, decidedly embarrassing when one of the occupants of the cane-bottomed chairs, after evidently some effort, rose and approached the stage.

"How-do, stranger," he said, as he rested one foot on the hub of the near hind wheel, "how-do. Going to stop?"

It was only then that his momentary fit of shyness, so unaccountable passed away and he reflected that as he had come a couple of hundred miles for the purpose of stopping it perhaps might be a good idea to begin at once. So he sprang briskly to the verandah.

"Come in, come in," said the man, whom he judged to be Jacob Van Hasset, a gentleman described in the guide book with which he had armed himself, as the sole proprietor of the Pochasset house, "a first-class hotel, with an unapproachable table, mountain air and fishing. Inside the house there were more red chairs, untenanted, however, a counter, and behind that a show-case filled with cigar boxes, mostly empty. "I wonder," thought the passenger, "if he bought those cigars from a Pilgrim Father drummer." He looked at the box closely. "Columbus brand. They are even older than I thought."

Mr. Van Hasset retired behind the

counter and after some trouble succeeded in finding the hotel register beneath it. When he brought it out, covered with dust, the young man shuddered. All the way up from the railway station in the valley below he had been going into ecstasies over the scenery and as the stage tore down the street he had convinced himself that he had found the very thing he wanted, a perfect idling place, where there would be nothing to concern one but the blue sky, the green fields, the frowning mountains, verdant woods, and, chief of all, a good dinner and a good bed. Nature had abundantly satisfied his demands; would the baser, but much more necessary accessories so amply fill his requirements? Truly, the stage-driver had told him that "the 'commodations to Jake Van Hasset's are nigh on perfect," but he found it hard to reconcile this statement and the condition of the register, which shewed that it was some time since it had last been used. Mr. Van Hasset having removed some of the surplus dust and found the proper page, turned the book around and the stranger, glancing at it, saw that the last name had been written under the date of May 14th, while it was now August 3rd. His heart went down another foot nearer his boots and he felt his expectations slowly oozing away. Mr. Van Hasset was then searching for a pen.

"Haven't you had any arrivals since last May," he queried.

"Well," answered Mr. Van Hasset, cheerfully, "travel has not been over and above good this year. But the register don't tell. We only use it for people we don't know. Most folks that stop with us comes from round abouts and as we known 'em they don't need no book."

"So that it is only an introductory medium to the people not known to you?"

"That is 'bout it. Then the law per

vides for keeping a register, otherwise I wouldn't bother."

"But does the law only stipulate the registration of the people whom you do not know?"

"No, oh, no," answered Mr. Van Hasset, shaking his head. "Everybody is alike in the eyes of the law and I s'pose I should have everybody register, but then you see 't'ain't handy and, besides, lots of the folks around here ain't handy with a pen and it would rather seem like showing up their ignorance. I know everybody around here and everybody knows me so they won't make trouble over it. Then I'm the only justice of the peace in these parts and I guess by the time that I had the complaints made out that I could succeed in convincing the man that it was against his best interests to bring it. Strangers from a distance expect to register and so I let them."

A pen, in much the same condition as the register, having been found the stranger inscribed his name and address. Mr. Van Hasset read it slowly and distinctly, "Edward R. Delancy, New York." Then he stretched forth his hand across the counter and grasped that of Delancy.

"How-do, Mr. Delancy," he said. Now we're acquainted my name's Van Hasset, Jacob Van Hasset, Jake, sometimes Van, for short, use either at your discretion. Now, I suppose you would like a wash-up and something to eat. It's a nice long drive from the valley up and kind of makes a man ready for his vittles just about the time that they are ready for him. Come along upstairs and I will show you your room."

He lead the way up a long and broad stairway and at the top threw open a door. Delancy glanced in and a load was taken from his mind. If outward appearances went for anything the bed was all right. The windows, there were two of them, for the room was large, looked out upon the bit of scenery he had particularly admired. A huge bowl of roses standing on the table filled the room with their fragrance.

"Why, this is nice," he exclaimed, almost in astonishment.

"Of course it is," complacently replied his host. "You don't suppose that I

have been running this hotel twenty-three years without learning that you give a man nice fixings and he is easier to get along with. Phyllis, my daughter, fixed it up. Phyllis is a genius at fixing up things."

Delancy agreed with him and thought that if Phyllis and Phyllis' taste were anything alike that both would be charming and he began to think that after all it wouldn't matter so much if the chickens were not quite as well broiled as they should be. He did manage to find fault in the best restaurant in the city and why should he imagine that he was going to find perfection in this out of the way spot.

"I'll send up your trunks at once and if you want anything else just touch this button. It's one of them new fangled electric bells that my son put in last summer when he was home on his vacation. He's in a electricity factory in Springfield. He's got a great head, that boy," and with this exhibition of parental pride Mr. Van Hasset disappeared.

Delancy changed his travelling suit for lighter and more comfortable garments and then found his way downstairs. The landlord met him as he came down and led him into the dining room. As they entered a tall and slim girl in a plainly cut dress of grey came forward.

"My daughter, Mr. Delancy. He's come to spend a couple of weeks with us, Phyllis, and you must fly round and make him as much to home as possible. We don't have many city folks down here and we must make them comfortable when they do come."

Delancy did not feel "to home" at that moment. In a casual glance he had satisfied himself that Phyllis was more than an ordinary pretty girl. The young lady held out her hand and Delancy took it and mumbled a very common-place remark. It appeared common-place to him. "I am sure," she said, "that we will do all we can to make you comfortable."

Then Jacob went away, and Delancy was seated at a little table that stood beside an open window looking out on the great wide verandah and through a wealth of green vines that covered it into the valley far below, now hidden in a faint evening mist. Phyllis brought him his tea and as

he ate he thought that if he had had the ordering of his retreat he would have failed, apparently, to excel Pocohasset. He glanced admiringly at the scenery, gazed in delight about the room, at the oak panellings darkened with age, at the enormous fire-place with its quaintly fashioned and brightly polished brass and irons; the tinkling of a cow-bell came stealing up from the valley below, while the air seemed filled with comfort and rest. He found Phyllis even more pleasing than the scenery and discovered that she had more than a superficial knowledge of some subjects he was interested in. That meal occupied a very long time; in fact he felt he should apologize for having delayed her so long, urging as an excuse that he had enjoyed himself so much that he had taken but little account of the time and was secretly pleased when she told him, without the slightest sign of coquetry, that she was in a similar predicament herself.

Then he strolled out on to the verandah and took possession of one of the big chairs. All the loungers, who had formed such an interested audience upon his arrival, had departed and Mr. Van Hasset, gazing languidly into the distance, was the only occupant.

"Sit down, young tellar," was the cordial greeting he gave Delancy. "I suppose you smoke, all you city tellars do," and he produced a cigar which Delancy accepted and found, to his surprise, that it was better than his own. As Pocohasset was the most natural subject for conversation, Delancy availed himself of it and remarked that it was a very pretty place. Mr. Van Hasset assented to this and plunged at once into the natural advantages of Pocohasset as compared with those of Blinksville, Sandytown and Melissa, from which Delancy inferred that either Pocohasset was a very fortunate village or that the inhabitants of the other places were more accustomed to the sackcloth and ashes of life than to the olive garments.

"I tell you what," said Mr. Van Hasset, giving his chair a hitch nearer Delancy's, "this is a place that could be made the finest summer resort in America."

"There are some nice farms around here, are there not?" enquired Delancy.

"There are;" answered Mr. Van Hasset. "We've some of the best farming land in the country right about Pocohasset. "There's the 'Undivided farm,' just as good a bit of land as there is in this state or any other state."

"'Undivided farm,'" repeated Delancy, "that is a queer name!"

"'Tain't no queerer than its history," replied Mr. Van Hasset. "I'll tell it to you if you like."

"I would like to hear it."

Mr. Van Hasset flicked the ashes from his cigar and straightened himself into a more comfortable position. "It has a history," he began, "and it ain't a common one either. It was about 1830 when my grandfather settled in these parts and built his log cabin right where this house stands. He was accompanied by another settler named Caleb Polk, whose house stands half a mile up the road. Both of them had large grants of land from the Government and they had each bought several hundred acres more. The country then was nothing but one big forest. Grandfather's claim ran straight back a mile and a half from the town line road, a facing on it, and Polk's was also supposed to be a mile and a half deep but facing on another road that runs through the town. In this way, you see, the two grants were located back to back. They'd been living longside each other for a good many years before they thought of getting the line surveyed between them. They got a surveyor and he went to work and measured and measured. When he had finished he made out a plan and handed it to them. One side of the plan was painted yellow—that was grandfather's—and the other was painted green—that was Polk's. But right in the middle there was a red strip that reached right across the two claims, probably one hundred and twenty acres in all.

'What's that red piece?' asked grandfather, and old Polk he wanted to know too.

'Well, gentlemen,' says the surveyor, 'I will explain it to you. The land which you see marked red is common property and belongs to both of you; at least you have both got deeds that give it to you.'

The simple fact of the matter is that the man who laid out this town made a big mistake, and, as a result, you can all have your hands full of law-suits if you wish.'

When they came to look into it they found that the same mistake had been made all over the town and what was a peaceful settlement was at once turned into a den of strife. Some of the people rushed right into law; others sat down and talked it over and then, sensibly, divided. Grandfather and Polk came mighty near a law-suit but they both of them concluded that if they went into law that the lawyers would get the land and so they kept out of it. They talked and talked but it was all no use. One day Polk came over to grandfather's house and said he had found a way to settle.

'It's this way,' he said. 'You have got a son and I have got a daughter as will soon be old enough to marry. They shall get married and have the land as well as a hundred acres apiece from us which will make them a good homestead.'

Grandfather saw difficulties in the way but the more he talked it over the more he liked it. Finally, to make a long story short, it was agreed that the land should go to an eldest son of one family that should first marry an eldest daughter of the other. In the meantime they agreed to work the land on shares, each clearing so much per year, working it to the best advantage and then crediting the farm with the profits so that the young couple would have a good start. Then the question of buildings came up and they agreed to each pay twenty dollars a year into a fund for that purpose. The deed was drawn up and signed and clearing was begun on the lot. When they made the settlement they s'posed that it would only last a few years at the outside, but Providence ruled different for Polk's daughter died within a year. Her death was a stunner as old Polk had no other daughters, but only sons, while father hadn't any daughter but only one son, who was my father. Old Polk he felt terrible about it and he even went so far as to get married again but t'was no use; his second wife's children were all sons and there were four of them. All this time that agreement was running on

and eating up so much good work and forty dollars a year without doing anybody any good. My father married and had only one child, which is myself. Caleb Polk, old Polk's eldest son, also married and had two daughters and a son. The eldest daughter, Elizabeth, was a mighty nice looking girl and hadn't there been any property mixed up I would have married her quicker than s'cat. I was courting her long steady like when a lawyer chap from Boston came to Pocohasset and the first thing we knew he was gone and Elizabeth went with him. She didn't trouble to ask her father as she had a pretty good idea what he would say."

"And what happened then?" queried Delancy.

"Caleb swore he'd never see her again and he never did, though it was hard work for him, as he thought a good deal of her. For a while she wrote home, and each letter told as how happy she was, but no answer was never sent, and soon they stopped coming. There was only one more, and that was telling that a son had been born to her. Caleb cursed when he heard it, because as long as the boy lived he would be an eldest son of the house. Then her husband went into politics and made a great name for himself. He died a few years ago."

"And Elizabeth?"

"We haven't heard a word since she wrote telling of the baby. Once in a great while we see her name in a newspaper in the society doings, but that is all."

"And the boy?"

"We don't know whether he is dead or alive. About three years after Elizabeth left I got married, and a good wife I got too. Hezekiah Polk, he married and has got a son, an only son. The courts has decided that being the eldest son of the eldest son, he is entitled to rank as an eldest son of the family. We got that decision given so that young Tom could marry my daughter Phyllis. Meanwhile the property has gone on increasing in value so that now it is, as I told you, the prize farm of the state. I never saw a luckier farm. S'posing the crops are bad all round here they are sure to be good on that farm. We calculate that the

place, stock and all, is worth about fifty thousand dollars, and in addition, there is the forty dollars a year and the profits of the farm for the last twenty years, almost intact, amounting in all to about twenty-five thousand dollars. So you see that when they get married they are going to get a great lift.

"The only thing that troubles me," continued Mr. Van Hasset, drawing his chair up close to Delancey's, and speaking to him in a low, confidential tone, "is that Tom aint aggressive enough. He comes up here and sits around and don't say much, but just looks at her. He don't make no headway, and when after I had been over and suggested to his father that he should hurry him up, he told him that there was lots of time. Because I thought that way myself at one time I didn't marry Elizabeth Polk, and Phyllis is a good deal like her in many ways. But, see here now, you're a stranger to me, and I have been, like a fool, letting you on the inside of my own family affairs. I daresay you could have, picked them up in the village, anyhow' but it is hardly my place to tell you. But I like your face and one fact drifted into another before I rightly considered what I was doing. You promise that you won't repeat anything that I have told you?"

"Certainly," Delancy promised.

Up the road at that moment there came a solitary horseman. "Tom Polk," said Mr. Van Hasset. "Just excuse me one moment."

When he came back Delancy was gone. He had come to the conclusion that he was tired, but inwardly he felt that he was envious of Tom Polk who was going to enjoy the company of, as he had ascertained, a very nice young girl. "And so," he said to himself, "to bed with the lark and up with the sun, or is it the other way around? I forget which, but I know it is deucedly early." And then he went to bed.

"When he awoke that morning he had confused notions of having dreamt of the maid of the inn of Pocohasset. He had been no longer Ned Delancy but a brave English knight of 'ye olden tyme, mounted upon a prancing black steed, clad in

heavy armour, a lance in his hands and the clamor of applause in his ears. He had been at one end of the tilting course and Tom Polk, of Pocohasset, similarly attired and mounted, had been at the other. Midway there had been a gallery, filled with beautiful ladies and brave men, and there, fairest of them all, he had seen Phyllis Van Hasset. There had been a blare of trumpets, shrill and defiant, and as they died away he had set his spurs deep in the flanks of his good steed and pressed onward to meet his opponent, Tom Polk, of Pocohasset. Midway he had met him, with his face set and deadly white and with the courage of despair shining in his eyes. There had been a shock, Polk's lance had glanced harmlessly aside, his own had struck true and a second later Tom Polk, of Pocohasset, had lain in the dust while his horse flew riderless down the course. He had wheeled around and turned toward the gallery and standing there, Phyllis Van Hasset, of Pocohasset, with a bright warm smile upon her joyous face, had proclaimed him her true knight; the crowd had given a great cheer and—then he had awoken and found the early morning sun glancing merrily through the windows of his room in the inn of Pocohasset.

He sprang energetically out of bed and glanced at his watch. It was just six o'clock. "The sun and the lark have both beaten me this morning," he thought. When he arrived downstairs he found the office deserted. A walk before breakfast would do him good, he convinced himself, and so he went outside and found seated upon a water pail, turned upside down, the object of his dream. Around her were gathered a hundred chickens. She was engaged in feeding them. He watched her unobserved, for a few moments and saw that certain members of the flock were treated with the most evident partiality. Then she turned and saw him, greeting him with a cordial smile.

"Are you not up rather early?" he asked. Most of the young ladies of his acquaintance began the day about nine.

"I have been up since five," she replied. Then she looked up at him quickly and said, "Did you ever feed chickens?"



He pleaded that his education had been neglected in that direction.

"Then you are going to begin at once," and she handed him the spoon. He took it and began spreading the cornmeal thickly over the ground.

"No, no, that's not the way," she interrupted him. "You are doing it as any farmer's wife would and consequently you are not receiving the full benefit of your labors. To do it properly you should encourage the weaker and less determined chicks by throwing the meal near. That makes the others angry and when they grow older I shall have lots of fun settling their quarrels."

Delancy attempted to look shocked. "You surely do not encourage them to fight over their food, do you?"

"Oh, no," she answered mischievously. "I am only training them in the ways of the world. You know that the battle generally goes to the strong. It is often not so much a matter of strength as of confidence. I am teaching them to be self-assertive and confident."

"Yes, but is it not a rather hard school?"

"Perhaps it is, but the ancients brought up their children upon much the same principle and remember what great and brave races they were. You can teach children the same lesson in more than one way. Chickens are less intelligent and this is the only way that I know."

"Why is it necessary to teach them anything?"

"Well," she exclaimed, "I never thought of that. I have formulated a treatment without seeking cause. But then I am a woman."

"There," she said, as he threw the last crumb away, "that will do nicely. I suppose you would like your breakfast now?"

He was positive on this point. The morning air of the country, he learned was a good appetizer.

When he had finished he went for a long walk, not returning until noon. As he arrived in front of the house he found Phyllis taking leave of a young lady in a pony carriage. The lady turned her head in his direction and he glanced at her and then, with a jerk, his hand went to his hat.

"How in the world comes Mrs. Stevens in Pocohasset?" he wondered.

The lady was even more surprised. "Why, Mr. Delancy where did you come from? I never expected to see you here. I don't know, though," she added reflectively, "that one should be surprised at seeing you anywhere or at meeting you at any moment. I think I am entitled to say that much after meeting you unexpectedly as we did last winter in Hong Kong and the year before in Australia. But Pocohasset! Why, it's almost as bad as the Desert of Sahara. But I am so glad to see you, and as for Jack, I'll make him do two whole days' work as a reward for my bringing you home with me!"

"And where is Jack?" he asked. His proper name was Mortimer, but it was reserved for state occasions, visiting cards and introductions. Everybody who knew him passably well called him 'Jack.' He and Delancy had gone through college together. This was, as far as the college was concerned, all that they had done, and the question that troubled them most on commencement day was whether they had not worked, after all, a little harder than was absolutely necessary.

"Yes, of course, he is," answered Mrs. Jack. "We have rented a house four miles from here, a lovely little place. We came, principally, because Jack wanted to work. As usual, he has not touched a brush since his arrival. He is enjoying himself. He spends three-quarters of the time in the hammock, smoking and reading, and tells me that he is studying atmospheric effects and conditions. The other third of the day he spends endeavoring to convince me that it is necessary to study atmospheric conditions. It is my firm belief that he is lazy."

"I think he must be," remarked Delancy. "I don't think that the atmosphere calls for any great undivided attention on his part."

"Oh, thank you," she answered. "You must come over and tell him that. I suppose that you already know Miss Van Hasset. Phyllis and I were at school together in New York and we were firm friends because we both hated it.

"She has been teaching me how to

feed chickens this morning," he answered gravely.

"Oh!" Mrs. Stevens gave a little meaning laugh and looked at Delancy and then at Phyllis. Delancy felt his face grow red under her scrutiny. Phyllis was apparently very composed. "Yes," she said, "he actually knew nothing about it."

"But he does now?" and Mrs. Stevens gathered her reins together. "You are coming back with me?" she said to Delancy. Miss Van Hasset is coming over this afternoon."

Delancy saw an opportunity. "If Miss Van Hasset will allow me I will wait and go over with her this afternoon?"

Phyllis intimated that he might and Mrs. Stevens after another glance at Delancy which told him that she intended making it very uncomfortable for him on the first available opportunity, drove off.

It was about three o'clock when Miss Van Hasset and Delancy reached the temporary abode of their friends. Jack was, as they had been warned, in the hammock.

"He is asleep," whispered Delancy to his companion. "Wait here a moment, please." He rode carefully over to the hammock and began tickling the nose of his sleeping friend with the tip of his riding whip.

"Hang the skeeters," muttered Stevens. Phyllis laughed in spite of a warning glance from Delancy, who returned to the attack.

Stevens gave a great sigh and turned over. Delancy tickled his nose again and this time successfully, for the sleeper slowly came to a sitting posture. "Oh, it's you, Neddy," he remarked. "I thought at first it was a mosquito and then was quite certain that it was a fly. Madge told me you were coming over. She told me that you were making—Why! how do you do, Miss Van Hasset. I did not see you before. Mr. Delancy has generally managed, during my somewhat long acquaintance with him, to get between any nice girl that I saw and myself. There is only one occasion when he was foiled and that lead to my getting married. But, come up to the house and see Madge."

He lead the way, had their horses

taken away and then left them alone on the verandah while he went in search of his wife.

"Is it not shameful," Delancy remarked. "Whenever that man does not want to work he invents some hideous artistic reason and gives it to her to swallow. Look at him, to-day! Asleep in the hammock. The trouble is that he is not obliged to paint for a living and consequently he does not pursue fame as steadily as he might. That is what his wife most earnestly desires for him and what he might easily have if he only exerted himself in the slightest"

Then Mrs Stevens appeared and they went down into the garden again.

That evening when Stevens and Delancy were alone the former suddenly said: "You want to look out, old man."

"What for?" queried Delancy.

"You have heard the story of 'Undivided Farm?'"

"Oh" said Delancy, perceiving what he was driving at. "Yes, I have heard it."

"You are not an eldest son?"

"Of course not."

"Then don't burn your fingers."

"Oh, I am not going to," and Delancy laughed confidently.

Nearly two weeks sped by, very quickly Delancy found. He saw a good deal of Phyllis but he kept Stevens' warning ringing in his ears, and congratulated himself on having succeeded in conducting himself properly. The day before he was to leave Pocohasset he spent the afternoon with Phyllis at the Stevens'. They started for home at dusk. All at once her horse stumbled, fell on its knees and threw her from its back. With a sharp cry of horror Delancy flung himself from his horse and rushed to where the little darked robed figure was lying in the middle of the road. Before he could reach her she was on her feet with a merry little laugh.

"Why!" she cried, looking at him, "what makes you so pale? You are as white as a ghost."

"You are not hurt?" he gasped, ignoring her question.

"Hurt? No, not in the least." All at once the reason for his agitation flashed upon her. The ground seemed to reel

beneath her feet. It was she who was pale now.

"Phyllis!" he cried, "I love you!" and he held out his arms.

He drew her towards him and she did not resist. But suddenly he thrust her away, almost roughly, and cried in despair, "What have I done!"

She sank down on a log by the road side and hid her face in her hands.

"I forgot myself," he explained. "That beastly farm!"

"We forgot ourselves," she said looking up with a wan smile.

"And it can never be," he said.

"Never," she answered. "I have my duty to my father."

"And I my honor, for I knew."

"I know. Father told me. And I promised. But then I didn't know. Come, let us go home."

He caught her horse and brought it to her and then they rode along side by side, neither speaking a word.

He found a letter from his mother on the table in his room. "Orders," he said sentimentally. He picked it up and then flung it down again. "It does not matter where I go now," he thought.

He sat by the window through which the moon sent a golden flood of light into the room.

Finally he picked up the letter again. "I might as well read it," he thought, opening it. Then he lit the lamp and sat down again. He had no sooner read half a dozen lines than he started to his feet with a cry of amazement. For this is what he read:

"I was more than surprised to hear that you were in Pocohasset. I would not have had you go there because you have probably learned my own sad story, the story of Elizabeth Polk. I have always kept it a secret because I wanted you never to know my own family had disowned me."

Then he read the remainder. In it she told the story related to him by Van Hasset. It agreed exactly. The letter concluded:

"As you are not called by your father's name your identity, even now, may be unknown to my people. If it is I leave it in your own hands to re-establish the connection between us. There is one

only remaining whom I would care to see—Jacob Van Hasset—the man whom I so deeply wronged many years ago, and he that I might implore his forgiveness."

"And I am the eldest son of the Polk family," he said. "And it means Phyllis!" and he rushed downstairs.

At the foot he met Phyllis. In his arms he grasped her, and kissing her passionately he whispered, "It's all right. Come with me," and he led her to the room in which her father smoked his last pipe at night and rapped on the door.

"Come in," shouted Mr. Van Hasset, and they went in.

When he saw Delancy he smiled; when he saw his companion with a more than guilty look on her face he grew suddenly stern. "What does this mean?" he asked. Phyllis afterwards declared that it sounded as if he had an ice-house down his throat.

Delancy was extravagantly cheerful. "It means that I am going to marry your daughter," he explained.

"What!" roared Mr. Van Hasset. "You're not it I have anything to say about it," he declared.

"With your consent, sir. Read that please."

He sat down in his chair. "Here Phyllis, you read it," he said.

Mr. Van Hasset closed his eyes and leaned back in his chair, and as his daughter read a look of wonderment came over his face. When she had finished he asked:

"There's another thing that's not explained. The man that Elizabeth Polk married was named Fitzgerald. Yours is Delancy. How do you explain that, eh?"

"Easily enough. I had an uncle who, on dying, was kind enough to leave me something like a million and a half on condition that I would take his name. The legislature was kind enough to let me take it. As for my reputation I must refer you to my friends. As for that farm property that seems to have done its best to keep happiness out of either family, you can have it."

"Well, I'm dumbed," the old man exclaimed. He wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, and then looking at

them said to Delancy, ' Well, why don't you kiss her ?'

" Thanks," he answered, " I will,"  
And he did.

The next afternoon as Delancy was leaving for the railway station on his way to his mother, he said to Mr. Van Hasset, " May I tell my mother that you have forgiven her ?"

" You may tell her any thing you like. I never thought so much of Elizabeth

Polk as I did the morning she ran off with your father preferring love to property. But you must tell her in particular that she has got to come to the wedding and stop with us if I have to drive down to New York to get her. And say, my boy, just tell her that we'll have a real old fashioned dance after the wedding and that I'm counting on her to lead it off with me."

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## CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

A blaze of lights ; a tread of eager feet  
Where hundreds jostle in a harmless war ;  
A wave of happy faces, and a score  
Of prattling girlish voices, gay and sweet.  
And in between, the silver sleigh bells beat  
Their rhythmic music to the mimic roar ;  
While snow-flake ghosts of seasons gone before  
Fall soft and silent over all the street.

Broad windows, blazoned with such things as woo  
The eager eyes of children; and that we  
One time, when we were little children, too,  
Deemed never out of Fairyland might be ;  
But only on the trees of elfins grew,  
Plucked by old Santa Claus for you and me!

Aye, blithest of all dawns—Christmas Eve !  
Small need hath Fortune, with her genial cry  
And cheek of health to thus proclaim thee nigh,  
Thou jocund morn! 'Tis writ on ragged sleeve;  
'Tis branded on thin coats o'er breasts that heave  
In dark despair; and in the hollow eye  
Of those who hunger. Flaming to the sky,  
These cry the joys the morrow doth achieve.

These outcasts stand for Christ. And the sweet morn  
Will usher in Christ's birthday. Will ye not—  
Ye who will sing the glory of Christ born,  
Ye whom this tender Christ hath ne'er forgot  
To store with presents—will ye not adorn  
With gifts these poor, and cheer their cheerless lot ?

## THE NEGRO RACE IN THE UNITED STATES.

*A reply to a recent article in the "Boston Arena."*

BY CHARLES ELLIS.

The views of Mr. Fredrick L. Hoffman, in a recent number of the *Boston Arena*, on the negro race in the United States, are amusing, if for nothing more than the reliable information not contained therein, and Mr. Douglas claims to have written his article "in the light of the vital statistics of the race, furnished in the United States Census reports." If such be the case, then so much the worse for the accuracy of the census reports of the United States. But we feel persuaded the census reports are correct, and that Mr. Hoffman has not followed them as carefully as he might have done. He, like Mr. Page, is led to believe that eventually the negro population of the Southern States will disappear. "The race will not be crowded out, but will die out." For what reason Mr. Hoffman comes to that conclusion, he fails to state; although farther down in the article the opinion is hazarded in a sort of a half-hearted way, "that most writers on this subject have ignored the important fact that the colored population of the United States is an isolated body of people, receiving no addition in numbers by immigration, and in consequence, presents conditions essentially different from those of other races and nationalities that have settled on American soil."

If the fact that the negroes have not having had their numbers augmented by immigration is sound as an argument, will the same reasoning not apply to the American as well? Or, is there a difference in the case of the son of Ham, and all other classes of emigrants. In the case of the native Yankee, is there any emigration that in any mysterious manner will assist him to multiply and replenish the earth, that is not applicable to the negro as well. If there is, we would like to hear something on this point. Yet we fail to see how, or what it is that is going

to crowd out, or cause the negro race to die out.

Twenty years ago, the colored population of the States amounted to 5,391,000, to-day it is nearly 10,000,000, just double what it was then. Does this look anything like dying out, or being crowded out?

And if the same sophistry were employed in reasoning in regard to the birthrate of the native Americans, that some of them feel justified in bringing to their aid in the case of the negro, we would have a delightful shewing in that respect. It is doubtful if it would stand alongside the shewing of the baby negro element. Talks about the doctrine of the colored element since 1810, alike by the year periods and by twenty year periods: while it is contended that decline based upon a floating population, has been continuous for thirty year periods from the beginning. Apply that same argument to the native born Yankee, we say, and then you will find where the negro comes in. It must not be forgotten that these so-called declines are really not declines at all; rather call them immigration's increases. To be more explicit—If there had been no immigration during the periods. The negro has populated his numbers so greatly, from 1790, when he was only 757,208. and who to-day number nearly 10,000,000, where would the pure blooded American be to-day? Everyone who knows anything at all of the Americans, is aware that they are not at all prolific. They do not raise large families, whereas the negro is just the opposite. Then we say taking these incontrovertible facts into consideration, we claim that it is most unfair to classify in all the immigration to the United States for one hundred years and then set that up as an offset to prove that the colored population has tended to

a decline since, 1810 alike by ten and twenty year periods, while it has been continuous by thirty year periods from the beginning. Everyone who knows anything at all of history, is fully aware that this is not so.

They knew that in 1790 the negro had a population of 758,208. They have the figures to prove that in 10 years it increased to 1,002,037. In these first ten years they increased at a rate of 19.3 per cent. of the total population. Then such being the case is it not just and reasonable to assume that if they increased at that ratio the first ten years, being associated with the whites, having in emancipation with them all, the benefits of sanitary legislation, etc., that they would continue to multiply? Certainly it is, as it is also an undeniable fact that natural born Americans would be almost extinct in 100 years more if they had to be perpetuated as the negro, and had not to trust to emigration. In one part of his article Mr. Hoffman admits that the birth rate greatly exceeds the mortality among the negroes at the present day. Then how does he reconcile that with the colored population becoming less each year?

If the birth rate exceeds the mortality, it must naturally be a higher birth-rate, and if the mortality exceeded the birth-rate it would naturally be lower. And in view of these facts, the intelligent public are asked to believe that the colored population is becoming less each year, when everyone who makes any pretence of understanding anything at all regarding this question, is aware of the contrary being the case. The negro is in the South to stay, depend upon it, and instead of his numbers decreasing, he is increasing and increasing rapidly.

In 1790 he numbered 757,208; 1800, 1,002,037; 1810, 1,377,808; 1820, 1,-

771,656; 1830, 2,328,642; 1840, 2,873,648; 1850, 3,638,808; 1860, 4,441,830; 1870, 5,391,000; 1880, 6,580,893; 1890, 7,500,000

Thus while the total population of the United States has, during the century increased sixteen fold, including the immigration, the colored element has increased tenfold without any immigration whatever to assist them.

Truly, this looks very much as if the colored race was dying out! If the colored population have a very high death rate, they have also an exceedingly high birth rate, which somewhat equalizes the thing.

There is no use shutting our eyes to the fact that the negro is in the South to stay, and he is increasing rapidly every year, and it will be only a question of time when the American Republic will have this evil to deal with. Slavery it was contended by many, was a huge octopus upon the body politic; while every one admits that the freed negro with the yearly increase is much greater. The slave owners could deal with the negro then, but how will they deal with him now? He is a great power to-day, embracing as it does more than one-tenth of the entire population of the United States. It is a great problem and one that will engage the attention of the chief of that Great Republic for many years, before they successfully solve it.

The negro before the war and the negro of to-day, are two separate and distinct beings. They were at one time good slaves, good mechanics, etc., but to-day where do they come in?

They are in the whole worthless and indolent, and give the American Republic no end of trouble to keep them in proper subjection. They are however, mild now to what they will eventually turn out in a few years.

## HOME RULE IN ENGLAND.

J. HEIGHINGTON.

It was my privilege during this present summer to be in Great Britain from the beginning of the Elections to the close, and it has been thought that the results of my observations there on this subject might not be void of interest to Canadian readers. My remarks must necessarily be brief.

In the first place, I gathered sufficient evidence to satisfy me that the much maligned Irishman has a real grievance, in fact many grievances 2nd. That he is using constitutional methods to obtain redress for these grievances. 3rd. That the British Parliament has steadily and unjustly refused to remedy these wrongs and has thereby alienated the affections of the Irish people. 4th. That the British nation has awakened to this injustice and by its recent Liberal majority has determined that Ireland shall have the justice which has so long been retarded.

Doubtless many of the readers of this short article will have received from the perverted and garbled accounts in Canadian newspapers the same impression as I received prior to my visit to Britain, viz., that Home Rule is simply a cry of the agitator whose advocacy is professional and interested. Nothing can be wider from the truth. The best advocates of Home Rule in Great Britain to-day are the moderate Liberal newspapers throughout that land, especially such newspapers as the *Daily News*, *Manchester Guardian*, *Leeds Mercury* and many others. These newspapers are not conducted by wild, visionary and fiery political adventurers, but by able, sensible, and business like Englishmen, who have sufficient political insight to discern the signs of the times and to apply the great lessons of History to an important portion of our vast Empire. I need not stay to argue that Home Rule is imperative for Ireland. It is simply impossible, and has been impossible for years to get Irish affairs satisfactorily and speedily disposed

of at Westminster. The complications, delays and misunderstandings which have arisen in regard to Irish legislation have been a by-word for generations. The oppressive Land Laws under which Ireland groans are still allowed to continue, grinding the face of the poor, and driving them away from their country, thus spoiling otherwise good citizens, and transforming them into aliens. And how have their demands been met? By coercion, by imprisonment, by eviction, by fire, and the bayonet. No wonder Ireland is being slowly alienated and rendered disloyal.

If an attempt were made to govern England on the same lines there would be a few meetings held in the great centres, say Hyde Park, London, Birmingham, Manchester and Leeds, and if these hateful coercive acts were not at once repealed, there would be such scenes in England as would cause the Empire to tremble and totter. Why then should Ireland, simply because it is weak, suffer these indignities and oppressions?

The English people are aroused on this subject and are greatly exercised as to its immediate redress. The Press (Liberal and Conservative) is almost a unit as to the desirability of Home Rule, but just as to what shall be the measure of it is the debated question. Its solution is a serious problem.

Coming from Canada, where Home Rule is an assured fact, it was difficult for me at first to understand why there should be any objection to giving Ireland Home Rule. It was objected amongst other things that Irishmen were not fit to govern themselves, and the old, old story of the "Kilkenny cats" was given as a clincher against Home Rule. But surely anyone acquainted with English Parliamentary History could not truthfully and conscientiously urge this. Need I mention the illustrious galaxy of Irishmen who have graced the English House

of Commons, and have shed a lustre of undying fame around the memory of their lives, devoted as they were to the political welfare of Great Britain, whilst many of them have adorned the walks of literature and science, and laid the English nation under an obligation that can never be repaid.

Now I must frankly state that from what I learned in England the greatest foes to Home Rule have been its so-called friends. Ireland has been grossly deceived. It has been singularly unfortunate in allowing sordid, unprincipled and alien adventurers to champion the sacred claims of Home Rule. No wonder the cause has been injured and delayed when its trusted leaders have been the associates and abettors of secret assassins and dynamiters. Such advocates would ruin any cause. Has not every principle of common decency been outraged and justice defied by these men? But that is at an end now and never can be revived. Men like Dillon, Davitt, and Justin McCarthy believe in constitutional agitation and a great educative process is going on in England upon this question. The English working man (who is usually an intelligent politician) has grasped the principles of this great movement, and it is his voice that has been heard and his vote that has sent the Liberals back to power to mete out long delayed justice to their oppressed and down-trodden Irish fellow citizens. Nothing struck me so much in England as the change in the balance of political power. The working man is king there. He wields a potent influence there. Talk about an aristocracy. The real ruling aristocracy in England are the artisan voters, and I am not afraid of the results in their hands. And the English working man has demanded Home Rule for Ireland as the initial step in that great revolutionary movement now going on in Great Britain, and which must end in Home Rule for England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. Another and perhaps a more serious objection raised is, that

Home Rule means Rome Rule. This is a cry and only a cry; although I am an Englishman and a Protestant, it has no terrors for me. Let any sensible man ask what could Rome rule? The Police, the Judiciary or the Revenue? All these would be regulated by the United Legislature in Dublin, irrespective of creed. Do we have any need to complain in this respect in Canada? Why should they in Ireland? Rome, as we have been taught to regard it, is far more powerful in Canada than in Ireland, and yet no one troubles or feels alarmed about it here. The only thing that should be insisted on is that education in Ireland shall be absolutely free and unsectarian. Neither a minister nor a priest should be allowed to address a school on any religious doctrine; leave these matters to the churches, Sunday Schools and other religious organizations and give every Irish boy and girl a good, sound, plain education, untrammelled by any religious notions, and this bugbear of Rome Rule will disappear before the advancing steps of the intelligent rising generation. And do not let anybody be afraid of Ulster and Home Rule. There would be a few meetings, a few high flown resolutions, but no fighting—except in the newspapers. Intellectual people would simply accept the situation and fall into line, and ultimately be its warmest supporters. □

So let Home Rule come, as come it will. No one can properly estimate the influence our own Edward Blake will have in shaping the future and furthering the progress of this great movement which is agitating the English mind at the present time. Give Ireland its one Separate Legislature in Dublin; give it full national powers, only let it be insisted on that education shall be purely secular and Ireland will solve this much perplexed Home Rule question in a manner so peaceful and thorough that the next generation will be able to look on a happy, loyal and contented Irish people.



## THE DREAMER AND THE VOICE.

BY EVELYN DURAND.

### THE VOICE.

Thou art building thy house on the sands—O dreamer,  
And in sound of the threatening wave ;  
That shall shatter the work of thy hands—Poor schemer,  
For the mercy of God will not save.

Quick, arise, and begone to the rocks—Nor tarry,  
For already thou surely canst hear ;  
The upheavings beneath and the shocks—That carry,  
But a presage of ruin too near.

### THE DREAMER.

Still I never will flee,  
For but here I can see,  
The fair house where my loved one doth dwell ;  
And far rather than go,  
I would perish below,  
In the yawning despair of a hell.

### THE VOICE.

But the house of thy love on the height is standing,  
And disaster and flood strive in vain,  
To o'ercome its imperial might commanding,  
Force of castle and fortress and fane.

And thy love cannot heed thee so far above thee,  
For the distance that lieth between,  
Nor can warm thee, nor keep thee, the star nor love thee,  
For the star can but shed thee its sheen.

### THE DREAMER.

Still mine eyes can descry,  
That sweet light in the sky,  
And the presence and form of my love,  
If the warmth of the beams  
Only reach me in dreams,  
Then in dream, not in life, I would move.

## THE VOICE.

But thy dreams, O thou fool, shall not last forever,  
 But the life of the soul must endure,  
 And the tempest thy frail heart shall blast and sever,  
 All the bonds that thou deemest secure.

And the strength that thou callest thy faith, shall alter,  
 And the power of love 'scape with breath,  
 And thy hope that hath clung to a wraith shall falter,  
 And forsake the constrained unto death.

## THE DREAMER.

Although God may thus slay,  
 And destroy me to-day  
 Now, I see my love living and true,  
 And my glory will be ;  
 That God's best gift to me  
 Was the love that but He could undo.



## A THOUGHT FOR DECEMBER.

BY CHARLES WALTER.

As the close of the year approaches, it is customary with many, to review the events which have occurred during the past twelve months. Shakespeare has said, "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together." Most people however, in looking back, have an unfortunate habit of placing the ill before the good, to the great detriment of the latter, which is undoubtedly the greater portion of the human existence.

Human retrospection should resemble the books of the business man who has completed a successful year. The books show what has been done, and though here and there, there may appear a little loss through some transactions, still there is a comfortable balance in hand, with which to enter the coming year. So, though during the past year we have met with a trouble, a loss or disappointment, still we have much to be grateful for, besides the experience we have acquired in the last twelve months.

Perhaps the man most to be pitied at this season, is the unsuccessful man, who reviews, with bitter regret, the failures of the past year. But too frequently the conviction is forced upon him, that he has not yet discovered his true vocation in life. If he is still a young man, he may have the courage to strike out boldly into some new path wherein he feels he can succeed; but when he has reached the milestone of life's journey, which is supposed to mark the first half of his career, ambition dies, and the unsuccessful man becomes, to use a paradox, a harmless nonentity, or descends to the level of the brute creation, to sink eventually into an obscure and unremembered grave. How many such men may be

seen daily in our streets! Yes, and how greatly will their numbers continue to increase, until parents cease to use unwise, and I had almost said unlawful pressure, in their efforts to convert their sons to a profession or business, for which they are totally unfitted, simply because their fathers were successful in that particular line, or for some other equally absurd reason.

These lines, however, are not devoted to a lamentation over lost chances or misdirected energy, but to a thought, which at this season of the year is impressed, more or less, upon the minds of all, high and low, rich and poor, *viz.*, the thought which enters our minds, of those who have passed away from us.

December is a month devoted to family gatherings, and at no time can the truth of Longfellow's lines be more fully realized:—

"There is no flock, however watched and  
tended,  
But one dead lamb is there!  
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair."

The last twelve months have been prolific to an exceptional degree, with death in high and well-known places, and almost every reader of these lines been acquainted with one or more, whose faces will be absent from the approaching Christmas gatherings. As we recall the face of some dear one, who has, perhaps recently left our midst, do we permit ourselves to fully realize the great uncertainty of our own existence? Surely, as we look back on the past year, we can see how highly improbable it is that each seat occupied at this Christmas table will be

filled by the same guest on Christmas Day, 1893

It may be that the sickle of the Reaper is as yet far from us, or it may be that our chair may be vacated soon. What does it matter! so long as we can echo the words of the poetess:—

“Life! we’ve been long together,  
Through pleasant and through dreary weather;  
’Tis hard to part when friends are dear,  
Perhaps ’twill cost a sigh, a tear,  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not “good night,” but in some better clime  
Bid me “good morning.”

### LOVE’S YOUNG DREAM.

BY MISS FRANK DAVIS.

“Standing with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet.”—*Tennyson.*

Yearning!  
Why this strange yearning?  
This restless heart-burning?  
This longing for something unseen and unknown?  
These constant day-dreams?  
When busy thought teems  
With fancies so sweet and so swiftly flown?

Why should I linger  
With thoughts deeply tender,  
In the sweet, sad gloaming—the day’s dying hour;  
While hopes unuttered,  
(Tho’ soft sighs fluttered,)  
Held me enthralled by their witching power?

Why these shy fears?  
These unbidden tears?  
When all outward things bright and lovely seem;  
Why these soft flushes?  
These bright tell-tale blushes?  
Why, oh say why? Is it Love’s Young Dream?

HAMILTON.