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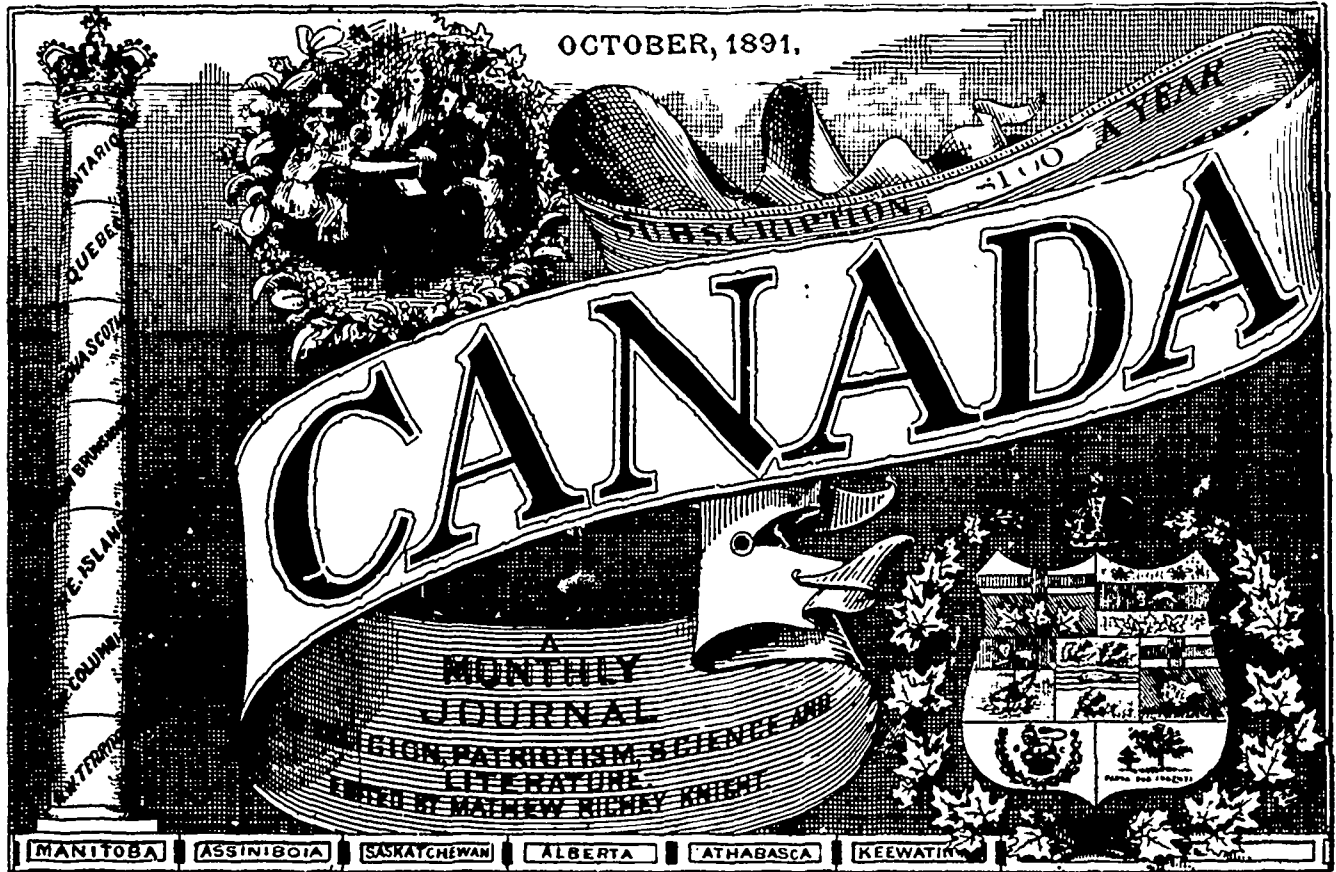
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Vol. I.—No. 10.

OCTOBER, 1891.

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

Our Short Story.

SHON MCGANN'S TOBOGGAN RIDE.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

OH, it's down the long side of Farecalladen Rise,
With the knees pressing hard to the saddle, my men;
With the sparks from the hoofs giving light to the eyes,
And our hearts beating hard as we rode to the Glen?"

"And it's back with the ring of the chain and the spur,
And it's back with the sun on the hill and the moor,
And it's back, is the thought sets my pulses astir!—
But I'll never go back to Farecalladen more."

Shon McGann was lying on a pile of buffalo robes in a mountain hut—an Australian would call it a humpey—singing thus to himself with his pipe between his teeth. In the room, besides Shon, were Pretty Pierre, Jo Gordineer, the Honourable Just Trafford, called by his companions simply "The Honourable", and Père Champagne, the owner of the establishment. Not that Monsieur Champagne, the French Canadian, was really a père. The name was given to him with a humorous cynicism peculiar to the Rockies. We have little to do with Père Champagne here; but, since he may appear again in other tales, this explanation is made.

Jo Gordineer had been telling The Honourable about the ghost of White-faced Mountain, and Pretty Père was collaborating with Père Champagne in the preparation of what, in the presence of the Law—that is of the North-west Mounted Police—was called ginger-tea, in consideration of the prohibition statute.

Shon McGann had been left to himself; an unusual thing; for every one had a shot at Shon, when opportunity occurred; and never a bull's-eye could they make on him. His wit was like the shield of a certain mythological personage.

He had wandered on from verse to verse of the song with one eye on the collaborators, and an ear open to The Honourable's polite exclamations of wonder. Jo had, however, come to the end of his weird tale—for weird it certainly was, told at the foot of White Mountain itself, and in a region of vast solitudes—the pair of chemists were approaching "the supreme union of unctuous elements" as the

Honourable put it, and in the silence that fell for a moment, there crept the words of the singer :

" And it's down the long side of Farcalladen Rise,
And it's swift as an arrow and straight as a spear "—

Jo Gordineer interrupted: " Say, Shon, when do you get through with that toboggan ride of yours? Isn't there any end to it?"

But Shon was looking with both eyes now at the collaborators and he sang softly on :

" And it's sharp as the frost when the summer-time dies,
That we rode to the glen and wick never a fear. "

And then he added: " The end's cut off, Joey me boy; but what's a toboggan ride, anyway?"

" Listen to that, Pretty Pierre. I'll be permanently shivered if he knows what a toboggan ride is. "

" Hot shivers it'll be for you, Joey, my boy, and no quinine over the bar either," said Shon.

" Tell him what a toboggan ride is, Pretty Pierre. "

And Pretty Pierre said: " Eh, well. I will tell you—it is like—no, you have the word precise, Joseph! Eh! What?"

Pretty Pierre then added something in French. Shon did not understand it, but he saw The Honourable smile, so with a gentle kind of contempt he went on singing :

" And it's hey for the hedge, and it's hey for the wall,
And it's over the stream with an echoing cry:
And there's three fled forever from old Donegal,
And there's two that have shown how bold Irishmen die. "

The Honourable then said: " What is that all about, Shon? I never heard the song before. "

" No more you did. And I wish I could see the lad that wrote that song, livin' or dead. If one of ye's will tell me about your toboggan rides, I'll unfold about the 'Song of Farcalladen Rise.' "

The collaborators passed the lotion. Pretty Pierre, seated on a candle-box, with the glass in his delicate fingers, said: " Eh, well, The Honourable has much language, he can speak, precise—this would be better with a little lemon, just a little—The Honourable, he, perhaps, will tell. Eh?"

Pretty Pierre was showing his white teeth. He did not like the Honourable. The Honourable understood that, but he made clear to Shon's mind what tobogganing is.

And Shon, on his part, with fresh and hearty voice, touched here and there by a plaintive modulation, told about that ride on Farcalladen Rise; a tale of broken laws, and flight and fighting and death and exile, and never a word of hatred in it all.

" And the writer of the song, who was he?" said The Honourable.

" A gentleman after God's own heart. Heaven rest his soul, if he's dead, which I'm thinkin' he is so, and give him the luck of the world if he's livin', say I. But it's little I know what's come to him. In the heart of Australia I saw him last; and mates we were together, after gold. And little gold did we get but what was in the heart of him.

And we parted one day, I carryin' the song that he wrote for me, of Farcalladen Rise, and the memory of him; and him givin' me the word, 'I'll not forget you, Shon me boy, whatever comes, remember that. And a short pull of the Three-Star together for the partin' salute', says he. And the Three-Star in one sup each, we took, as solemn as the mass, and he went away toward Cloncurry, and I to the Coast; and that's the last that I saw of him, now three years gone. And here I am, and I wish I was with him wherever he is."

" What was his name?" said The Honourable.

" Lawless. "

The fingers of The Honourable trembled on his cigar. " Very interesting, Shon," he said, as he rose puffing hard till his face was in a cloud of smoke. " You had many adventures together, I suppose," he continued.

" Adventures we had and sufferin' bewhiles, and fun too, to the neck and flowin' over. "

" You'll spin us a long yarn about them another night, Shon," said The Honourable.

" I'll do it now, a yarn as long as the lies of the Government; and proud of the chance. "

" Not to-night, Shon" (there was a kind of huskiness to the voice of The Honourable); " it's time to turn in. We've a long tramp over the glacier to-morrow, and we must start at sunrise. "

The Honourable was in command of the party, tho' Jo Gordineer was the guide, and all were miners making for the little Goshen Field over in the Pi-pi valley. At least Pretty Pierre said he was a miner.

No one thought of disputing the authority of The Honourable, and they all rose.

In a few minutes there was silence in the hut, save for the crackling breathing of Père Champagne and the sparks from the fire. But the Honourable did not sleep well; he lay and watched the fire through most of the night.

The day was clear, glowing, decisive. Not a cloud in the curve of azure, not a shiver of wind down the canyon, not a frown in Nature, if we except the lowering shadows from the shoulders of the Giants of the range. Crowning the shadows was a splendid helmet of light, rich with the dyes of the morning; the pines were touched with a brilliant if austere warmth; the pride of lofty lineage and severe isolation was regnant over all. And up through the splendour and the shadows and the loneliness and the austere warmth must our travellers go. Must go? Scarcely that. But The Honourable had made up his mind to cross the glacier, and none sought to dissuade him from his choice; the more so, because there was something of danger in the business. Pretty Pierre had merely shrugged his shoulders at the suggestion, and had said:

" Oh! well the higher we go, the faster we live; that is something. "

"Sometimes we live ourselves to death too quickly. In my schooldays I watched a mouse in a jar of oxygen do that", said The Honourable.

"That is the best way to die", said Pretty Pierre—"much."

Jo Gordineer had been over the path before. He was confident of the way, and proud of his office of guide.

"Climb Mount Blanc if you will", said The Honourable, "but leave me these White Bastions of the Selkirks."

Even so. They have not seen the Snowy Hills of God who have yet to look upon the Rocky Mountains, absolute, stupendous, sublimely grave.

Jo Gordineer and Pretty Pierre strode on together. They being well away from the other two, The Honourable turned and said to Shon: "What was the name of the man that wrote that song of yours again, Shon?"

"Lawless."

"Yes, but his first name."

"Duke—Duke Lawless."

There was a pause in which the other seemed to be intently studying the glacier above them. Then he said: "What was he like?—in appearance, I mean."

"A trifle more than your six feet, about your color of hair and eyes, and with a trick of smilin' that would melt the heart of an exciseman, and O'Connell's own at a joke, barrin' a time or two that he got hold of a pile of papers from the ould country. By the Grave of St. Shon, thin he was as dry of fun as a piece of blotting-paper. And he said at last, before he was aisy and free again: 'Shon,' says he, 'it's better to burn your ships behind ye, isn't it?'"

"And I, havin' thought of a glen in ould Ireland that I'll never see again, nor any that's in it, said: 'Not only burn them to the water's edge, Duke Lawless, but swear to your own soul that they never lived, but in the dreams of the night.'"

"You're right there, Shon', says he, and after that no luck was had enough to cloud the gay heart of him; and bad enough it was sometimes."

"And why do you fear that he is not alive?"

"Because I met an old mate of mine one day on the 'Frazer', and he said that Lawless had never come to Cloncurry, and a hard, hard road it was to travel."

Jo Gordineer was calling to them, and there the conversation ended. In a few minutes the four stood on the edge of the glacier. Each man had a long hickory stick which served as alpenstock, a bag hung at his side, and tied to his back was his gold-pan, the hollow side in, of course. Shon's was tied a little lower down than the others.

They passed up this solid river of ice, this giant power at endless strife with the colossal hills, up toward its head. The Honourable was the first to reach the point of vantage, and to look down upon the vast and wandering fissures, the frigid bulwarks, the rampired fortresses of ice, the ceaseless snows, the aisles of the White Sanctuary through which Nature's portentous antiphonals rolled. Shon was a short distance below with his hand over his eyes sweeping the semi-circle of glory.

Suddenly there was a sharp cry: "*Mon Dieu!* Look!" shouted Pretty Pierre.

Shon McGann had fallen on a smooth pavement of ice. The gold-pan was beneath him; and down the glacier he was whirled—whirled, for Shon had stuck his heels in the ice,

and the gold-pan performed a series of circles as it sped down the incline. His fingers clutched the ice and snow, but they only left a red mark of blood behind. Must he go the whole course of that frozen slide plump into the wild depths below?

"*Mon dieu—mon Dieu!*" said Pretty Pierre, piteously. The face of The Honourable was set and tense. Jo Gordineer's hand clutched his throat as if he choked. Still Shon speeds. It is a matter of seconds only. The tragedy crowds to the awful end.

Does it? See!

There is a tilt in the glacier, and the gold-pan suddenly whirling again swings to the outer edge, and shoots over.

As if hurled from a catapult, the Irishman is ejected from the white monster's back. He falls on a wide shelf of ice, covered with unimpacted snow, through which he is tunneled, and drops on another ledge below, near the path by which he and his companions had ascended.

"Shield from the Finish!" said Jo Gordineer.

"*Le pauvre Shon,*" added Pretty Pierre.

The Honourable was making his way down, his brain haunted by the words, "He'll never go back to Farcalladen more."

But Jo Gordineer was right.

For Shon McGann is alive. He lies breathless, helpless, for a moment; then he sits up and seans his lacerated fingers; he looks up the path by which he had come; he looks down the path he seemed destined to go; he starts to scratch his head, but pauses in the act, by reason of his fingers.

Then he said: "It's my mother wouldn't know me from a can of cold meat if I hadn't stopped at this station; but wurra-wurra, what a car it was to come in?" And he looked at his tattered clothes and bare elbows. He then unbuckled the gold-pan, and no easy task was it with his ragged fingers. "Twas not for deep minin' I brought ye" he said to the pan, "nor for serapin' the clothes from me back."

Just then the Honourable came up: "Shon, my man! Alive, thank God! How is it with you?"

"I'm hardly worth the lookin' at. I wouldn't turn my back to you for a ransom."

"It's enough that you're here at all."

"*Ah roila!* this Irishman!" said Pretty Pierre, as his light fingers touched Shon's bare bruised arm.

This from Pretty Pierre!

There was that in the voice which went to Shon's heart. Who could have guessed that Pretty Pierre the Gambler would ever show a sign of sympathy or friendship for anybody?

But it goes to prove that you can never be exact in your estimate of character.

Jo Gordineer only said jestingly: "Say now, what are you doing Shon, bringing us down here, when we might be well into the valley by this time."

"That in your face and the hair off your head", said Shon; "it's litle you know a toboggan ride when you see one. I'll take my share of the grog by the same token."

The Honourable uncorked his flask.

"For it's rest when the gallop is over, me men!

And it's here's to the lads that have ridden their last;
And it's here's"—

But Shon had fainted with the flask in his hand and this snatch of a song on his lips.

They reached shelter that night. Had it not been for the accident, they would have got to their destination in the valley; but here they were twelve miles from it. Whether this was fortunate or unfortunate, may be seen later. Com-

fortably bestowed in this mountain tavern, after they had toasted and eaten their venison and lit their pipes, they drew about the fire.

Besides the Four, there was a figure that lay sleeping in a corner on a pile of pine branches, and wrapped in a bear-skin robe. Whoever it was, slept soundly.

"And what was it like—the gold-pan flyer—the toboggan ride, Shon?" remarked Jo Gordineer.

"What was it like?—what was it like?" replied Shon. "Sure I couldn't see what it was like for the stars that were hittin' me in the eyes. There wasn't any world at all. I was ridin' on a streak of lightning, and niver a rubber for the wheels; and my fingers makin' stripes of blood on the snow; and now the stars that were hittin' me were white, and thin they were red, and sometimes blue"

"The stars and stripes," inconsiderately remarked Jo Gordineer.

"And there wasn't any beginning to things, nor any end of them; and when I struck the snow and cut down the core of it like a cat through a glass, I was willin' to say with the Prophet of Ireland"

"Are you going to pass the liniment, Pretty Pierre?"

It was Jo Gordineer said that.

What the prophet of Israel did say—Israel and Ireland were identical to Shon—was never divulged.

Shon's bubbling sarcasm was full-stopped by the beneficent savour that rising now from the hands of the Four silenced all irrelevant speech. It was a function of importance. It was not simply necessary to say "How" or "Here's reformation", or "I look toward you." As if by a common instinct, The Honourable, Jo Gordineer and Pretty Pierre turned toward Shon and lifted their glasses. Jo Gordineer was going to say: "Here's a safe foot in the stirrups to you", but he changed his mind and drank in silence.

Shon's eye had been blazing with fun, but it took on, all at once, a misty twinkle. None of them had quite bargained for this. The feeling had come like a wave of soft lightning and had passed through them. Did it come from the Irishman himself? Was it his own nature acting through those who called him "partner?"

Pretty Pierre got up and kicked savagely at the wood in the big fireplace. He somewhat ostentatiously and quite needlessly put another log of Norfolk-pine upon the pile.

The Honourable gayly suggested a song.

"Sing us *Avec les braves Saurages*, Pretty Pierre", said Jo Gordineer.

But Pretty Pierre waved his fingers toward Shon: "Shon, his song—he did not finish on the glacier. It is good we hear all. Yes, I think. Eh?"

And so Shon sang:

"O, it's down the long side of Farcalladen Rise."

The sleeper on the pine branches, stirred nervously, as if the song were coming through a dream to him. At the third verse he started up, and an eager, sunburned face peered from the half-darkness at the singer. The Honourable was sitting in the shadow and with his back to the new actor in the scene.

"For it's rest when the gallop is over my men!

And it's here's to the lads that have ridden their last;

And it's here's"—

Shon paused. One of those strange lapses of memory came to him that come at times to most of us concerning familiar things. He could get no further than he did on the mountain side. He passed his hand over his forehead bewilderedly: "Saints forgive me, but it's gone from me, and sorra the one can I get it; me that had it by heart, and

the lad that wrote it, far away. Death in the world but I'll try it again!

"For it's rest when the gallop is over my men!

And it's here's to the lads that have ridden their last;

And it's here's"—

Again he paused.

But from the half-darkness there came a voice, a clear baritone,

"And it's here's to the lassies we leave in the glen,

With a smile for the Future, a sigh for the Past."

At the last words the figure strode down into the fire-light.

"Shon, old friend, don't you know me?"

Shon had started to his feet at the first note of the voice and stood as if spellbound.

There was no shaking of hands. Both men held each other, hard, by the shoulders and stood so for a moment looking steadily eye to eye.

Then Shon said: "Duke Lawless, there's parallels of latitude and parallels of longitude, but who knows the tomb of ould Brian Borhoime?"

Which was his way of saying "How came you here?"

Duke Lawless turned to the others before he replied. His eyes fell on the Honourable. With a start and a step backward he said, a peculiar angry dryness in his voice:

"Just Trafford!"

"Yes", replied The Honourable, smiling, "I have found you."

"Found me! And why have you sought me? Me, Duke Lawless? I should have thought"—

The Honourable interrupted: "To tell you that you are Sir Duke Lawless."

"You sought me to tell me *that*?"

"I did."

"You are sure? And for naught else?"

"As I live, Duke."

The eyes fixed on The Honourable were searching. Sir Duke hesitated, then held out his hand. In a swift but cordial silence it was taken.

Nothing more could be said then. It is only in plays where gentlemen freely discuss family affairs before a curious public.

Pretty Pierre was busy with a decoction. Jo Gordineer was his associate.

Shon had drawn back, and was apparently examining the indentions on his gold-pan.

"Shon, old fellow, come here", said Sir Duke Lawless.

But Shon had received a shock: "It's little I knew Sir Duke Lawless," he said.

"It's little you needed to know then, or need to know now, Shon, my friend. I'm Duke Lawless to you here and henceforth, as ever I was then, on the Wallaby track."

And Shon believed him,

The glasses were ready.

"I'll give the toast," said The Honourable, with a gentle gravity. "To Shon McGann and his Toboggan Ride."

"I'll drink to the first half of it with all my heart," said Sir Duke. "It's all I know about."

"Amen to that divorce", said Shon.

"But were it not for the Toboggan Ride we shouldn't have stopped here", said The Honourable; "and where would this meeting have been?"

"That alters the case", said Sir Duke.

"I take back the 'Amen'", said Shon.

(Concluded next month.)

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

We want to put this wonderful picture in the home of each of our present subscribers, and all we ask is that each shall send us with his own renewal subscription one new subscription. This engraving is cheap at two dollars, and we hope that none will miss this chance to secure it for nothing. Any subscriber, new or old, may obtain it by remitting 25 cents additional, but it is especially intended as a premium to our readers for obtaining new subscribers.

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Our Contributors.

UNA IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY THOMAS C. ROBSON.

FROM no city, famous for aged, piled stones
Yet reeking with its sin, came my Una. She
Was of the woods, woodland, light stepping, easy, free.
Fawnlike, and sweet as incense, from the dusky cones
Of pines, whose home, by axe, was all unbroken. Still
Her subjects they, and she their Maiden Queen, and Caro.
As the rose ruddy and strong, yet as the lily fair;
With soul of fire to do full well her Master's will.
All armed was she, as well became her chivalry;
Her feet with buskins shod, agility and strength.
Her hair of wavy, golden brown of ample length;
O'er all her crown, the heaver's crest, brave Industry
With clenched hand she grasped the fabled triple spear
Minerva first did wield, e'en Virtue, Knowledge, Truth;
The goddess had, methinks, in her, renewed her youth,
Tired out with McEher Ida's many faints and fears.

And, thus arrayed, did she the demon Ignorance pursue,
If haply she might slay, by piercing thro' and thro'.
With hasty step she comes, and blue bewildering eyes,
Their timid glances asking what of this or that?
Why this untidy hair? that rude and ragged hat,
Those boots ungainly odd, out of all numbered size,
This rude log cabin, with its crazy, creaking door;
Its roof is all askew, its windows all askant.
Is this the dome of Fame for which my soul did pant;
And my poor doom, to pace its all bepatched floor?
Thus the fair maiden sighed, and glanced athwart the waste
Of dead trees, whose bleached trunks, like spectres taking root,
Foretold the doom of all who venture here in haste,
To teach the forest child "his ideas how to shoot".

Fair Una with her lion ne'er ventured so afield,
As this fair young school ma'am with certificated shield.
Fair Una and her lion! She of Spencer's rout,
Ere Julia sighed, or Romeo climbed his giddy path,
Or the fair Nun did wend, with merry Wife of Bath,
And Knights, for ladies' eyes, did scatter plumes about.
Oh for the good old times, when dragons drinking deep—
In this great dismal swamp a dragon might have place,
And welcome he, would he but bless our fallen race,
Rousing good King Arthur from his thousand years of sleep.
Then Una and her lion might walk the earth once more,
Helmets gleam, spear points glance, from sheaths good swords
fly out,

Loud o'rs fat barons swear, and grim hobgoblins shout,
Elaine, with frail maid Vivien, a frailer queen deplore.
Oh for the good old times, with all their nightly dumps!
Away ye spectral pine, ye grimy blackened stumps!

Fair Una and her lion with age have grown so dim,
From palaces of "pine trees" come ye, now at rest,
Whose bleached bones do lie, by Kush-i-Kongs calm breast;
Huron and Algonquin, or fierce Mohegan grim,
Who Atlas-like have borne the earth's great weighty rim;
Uncus return, young brave of sad, unhappy lot,
And bring thy bride whose fate was Montcalm's greatest blot;
Victor and victim he of savage Indian whim.

But all are gone, save these dismal, bleak and fire-baked
swamps,

On whose sterile bosoms stand but dead and blackened pine.
What place is this for maid, to elevate, refine,
The children of her people in her remotest camps?
'Tis so uncouthly dismal, place but a dragon here,
And howling he would fly to his unholy frere.

Fair maid! Here doth a dragon dwell in form full bold,
Black Ignorance is he, his hounds Profanity
And Vice. No close time doth he own. No victims free
From his fiendish cruel coursing. Yet prophets have foretold
That broken shall he be, by maiden strong and fair,
Who Una-like shall ride to earth's remotest pale,
Chaste and pure as he of old, who sought the Holy Grail
So shall she hunt this demon to his blood stained lair.

Go forth, my Una then, with bright and burnished shield;
Don thy best of helmets; see that every rivet's tight;
Thy spear the very best thine armory can yield.
Seek out this dragon Ignorance and dare him to the fight,
And let thy cry for ever be, as onward thou dost plod,
Not Honour, nor yet Glory, but, my Country and my God.

Minden, Ont.

THE HEART ON THE SLEEVE.

PASTOR FELIX.

"Reader, who is Elias?"
—Lamb, (of course).

HE who adopts "The Heart on the Sleeve" for his coat
of arms may be occasion of undue mirth or despite,
without being "the meanest of mankind." While
we yield our respect to the Shakespeares and Brownings,
who are chary of their confidences, and put not their personal
affairs into the scandal market; and while we are not
devoid of sympathy with him who laments because

"Now the poet cannot die
And leave his music,"

but the mongers must barter his fireside secrets for shameful
money; yet we love some who have not so deeply drunk of
this "tonic of a wholesome pride" which leads one to keep
himself to himself,—namely, the Brown's and the Lamb's,
not to mention the Byron's and the Rousseau's. Boswell is
not so hateful in my eyes as he appears to Macaulay's; and
I can love Wordsworth, and still forgive DeQuincy, whose
misfortune it was to blab about his best friends. It is
natural for me to confide; and, though the wiser mind will
reproach an undue familiarity with a stranger, who is
suddenly surprised into the relation of an intimate; and,
after Burns has cautioned me to

"Still keep something to yourself'
Ye'll scarcely tell to any;"

and the Arabian prophet has told me to "beware a speedy
friend"; my reserve suddenly breaks its ice, and, before I
am aware, I am likely to have unbosomed everything.

* * *

I go out into the orchard ; not because the fruit is ripe, but because the day is. Hesperia can entice without its golden apples. The slope,—lazily overspread by trees older than their owner,—is a living emerald, drinking light, and dips down into the sunset. Afar off,

“The day, with splendour old,
Sinks through the depths of gold.”

Birds house plentifully among the branches ; and now they are convivial and social, flitting from tree to tree, inter-communing with their neighbours, enlivening me with chirp and carol. Thoughts are flying with their wings ; power creeps silently out of the ground ; inspirations drop from the sky ; fancies trickle in light from leaf-tips, and float mellowly down from bits of cloud, dream-white ; emotions startle with the droning of a bumble-bee, or the thud of a fallen apple. Here I come for just such a harvest. These strange brains of ours—uppermost branches of the sentient life-tree—are the natural nesting-places and roosting-places of great and small ideas ; there harbour together the wren and the eagle ; there come

“Truths that wake
To perish never.”

They come and go, and return again, like these birds ; they are not the exclusive monopoly of any man, and you cannot enslave them any more than you can enchain a ghost or appropriate a shadow. They are the delight of him who can entertain them ; and, though you may wear rags outwardly, if you are inwardly fit, they will walk with you in purple. They are not as old merely as Plato or Mencius, or even the earliest seer—the thoughts we have most reason to prize ; they are old as eternity. They came forth from God, and are of Him ; they become the peculiar joy and glory of prophet and artist, who see the light of other worlds upon them. The finest words are gilded with a radiance they send. Their temple halls stand open for the wind of God to blow through, and through all their chambers come echoes of

“The eternal deep
Haunted forever by the eternal mind.”

They come and go, and return again, like these birds. Who has not felt the sudden accession, and again, desertion, of ideas and powers,—the inflowing and overflowing, and thorough possession by them of the soul ; and then, the

“Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings ;”

as premonitory of that day when “life and thought” shall “have gone away, side by side”, and “those that look out of the windows” shall have been finally “darkened” ? No three sympathetic people are together but ideas and presentments flit from brain to brain, without words, like these birds from tree to tree. “I thought of that very thing just before you spoke it”, how often we say ! The poet did not originate his ideas ; they came to him from some whither ; he waited for them, drew them, and through the finer mould of his brain they came to forms of higher delicacy and nobler

beauty. Love transfused them as they passed the alembic of his individuality, and his genius made their dusky carbon gleaming and precious. But his are not the elements ; he did not, and could not, create, more than he could make a sun ! We are but the treasurers, it may be, of a bright, intellectual currency ; and the government allows us to open our private mint and put our stamp upon the pieces. So I will delight in this circulation, as real and vital as that of air, or sap, or tides, or fluid fire ; and the purer I am, the more worthy I am, the less sordid, and at once the more passive, and yet strenuous, I am, the more of this spiritual current will be appropriated,—the more of this highest intellectual gain will flow to me, and through me. I will adopt a sentiment appropriate to such a mood as this, and to such an hour, from my most teaching, if not teachable, poet :

“The eye it cannot choose but see ;
We cannot bid the ear be still ;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against or with our will.
Nor less I deem that there are powers
Which of themselves our minds impress ;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.”

And yet he rouses us with a bugle note, lest we lie too long under the apple trees, and so miss the twin spiritual condition,—

“Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness ;
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard.”

* * *

A poet, writing of a poet's private communicativeness, says : “In general society he was a very different character. The poetical temperament is naturally shy and reserved ; for it is always viewing things in lights invisible to ignoble minds, and it learns from early childhood that it can expect no sympathy from the multitude, in feelings and impressions which are instinctive with it. That vulgar assurance with which men of inferior grades often throw themselves into life, and society, and exhibit all that they have and are, without restraint, is taking with the masses ; they make way before it, and give to such men the key of mastery and success.” This may be a little strong, since the ordinary mind has much in sympathy with poetic moods and products, but cannot easily conceive of the points of character which are the poet's inseparable accompaniments. These characteristics will appear to the multitude under another colour, as pride, indifference, coldness, reserve, etc. Indeed they may be of the nature of real faults, and have their natural and inevitable result,—that is, more or less of alienation. Lowell says : “The world always judges a man (and rightly enough, too) by his little faults, which he shews a hundred times a day, rather than by his great virtues, which he discloses perhaps but once in a lifetime, and to a single person,—nay, in proportion as they are rarer, and he is nobler, is shyer of

letting their existence be known at all." But this is one of the penalties of having been born such a person; the compensations are otherwheres.

* * *

A fragment of verse has been floating on my mental current this long while, turning up now here, now there, but without hint of the particular literary bulk from which it is detached. I have felt a sort of irritable desire to know whence it came, and it even became an incentive to some musings of my own. Suddenly it discovers itself in a volume of simple, heartfelt, genuine songs,—of a kind too little affected in these days,—the literary remains of Dr. William Croswell, formerly of Hartford, Conn., and one of the school of poets that formerly flourished there. This is the entire poem, and the last stanza is the golden one of memory.

THE SYNAGOGUE.

But even unto this day, when Moses is read, the veil is upon their heart. Nevertheless, when it shall turn to the Lord, the veil shall be taken away.—*St. Paul.*

I saw them in their synagogue as in their ancient day,
And never from my memory the scene shall fade away :
For dazzling on my vision still the latticed galleries shine
With Israel's loveliest daughters, in their beauty half divine.

It is the holy Sabbath eve ; the solitary light
Sheds, mingling with the hues of day, a lustre nothing bright ;
On swarthy brow and piercing glance it falls with saddening tinge,
And dimly gilds the Pharisee's phylacteries and fringe.

The two-leaved doors slide slow apart before the Eastern screen,
As rise the Hebrew harmonies, with chanted prayers between ;
And 'mid the tissued veils disclosed, of many a gorgeous dye,
Enveloped in their jewelled scarfs, the sacred records lie.

Robed in his sacerdotal vest, a silvery-headed man,
With voice of solemn cadence, o'er the backward letters ran ;
And often yet methinks I see the glow and power that sit
Upon his face, as forth he spread the roll immaculate.

And fervently, that hour, I prayed, that from the mighty scroll
Its light, in burning characters, might break on every soul ;
That on their hardened hearts the veil might be no longer dark,
But be forever rent in twain, like that before the ark.

For yet the tenfold film shall fall, O Judah ! from thy sight,
And every eye be purged to read thy testimonies right,
When thou, with all Messiah's signs in Christ distinctly seen,
Shalt, by Jehovah's nameless name, invoke the Nazarene.

The poet and brother clergyman, Arthur Cleveland Core, who wrote his memoir, comments thus on these verses : "No one who has ever been present at the Jewish worship can fail to remark how *stereoscopic* is the view given of the instructive scene. How truly the touch of genius is here ! It is the very colouring and *chiar'oscuro* of Rembrandt ; and yet we have something more in the felicity of expression, which at once translates into Hebrew, as it were, the thoughts and emotions of the moment. It reproduces the Oriental climate, and for a time the homely Jew of St. Giles, is "the Pharisee", and the mere scarf to which his gorgeous raiment has dwindled down is invested with the beauty and propriety of full Mosaic attire. The opening of

the Ark, or receptacle of the Law ; the display of the holy books in their decorated coverings ; and then the reading of "the backward letters" by the minister,—how perfectly it is presented in the spirit of the Jew himself ! Yet Croswell could not be a Jew even in poetic dream. There are other poets who might have written these verses so far ; but the rest is our poet, just as he was, looking on, with a yearning heart, and praying for the consolation of Israel. Observe, also, the concluding stanza, how the spirit of the gospel triumphs over the Jew in fervent charity only, and exults in the prospect of his conversion ! The theological critic only will be able to perceive the great power which resides in the combinations of the last two lines,—Messiah with Jesus Christ, but above all, *Jehovah* with the *Nazarene* ! The "nameless name" of Jehovah—a word so sacred that the Jew would not speak it—coupled with that of "the Nazarene", in which he concentrated all that he most hated, despised, and loathed !

Croswell died, instantly, at the close of a sabbath service, on the 9th of November, 1887. He knelt at the rails of the chancel and offered the prayer, in closing, but could not rise. The prayer book dropped from his grasp. He was a most amiable, devout, and gifted man.

Cherryfield Mine.

THE WATERMAN.*

A Danish Legend.

BY MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

"**T**HY counsel, mother dear, thine aid,
The maid I love that I may wed !"

She wrought for him with ready hand
A waterhorse with gear of sand.

Mounted and armed, a gallant knight,
He rode forth in the clear moonlight.

He tied his horse to the church door ;
Paced round the church three times and four ;

Then entered, an unbidden guest,
Protected by a spell unblest.

The old priest by the altar said,
"Who dares this sanctity invade ?"

Each knightly hand sprang to his sword ;
He spared no look, he gave no word ;

Save where a hand-locked couple stood,
The flower of youth and maidenhood ;

He saw the maiden's face alone,
And drew her soul unto his own.

A blush stole o'er the maiden's face :
"Would you were in my lover's place !"

He stepped across one stool and two :
"Be mine, love ; never shalt thou rue !"

*Several versions of this legend may be found in Monck Lewis's *Tales of Terror and Wonder*.



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comfort and ease, with clothes neater and cleaner than the ordinary way. **STOP** now a moment to consider if it is any advantage to use a pure Soap like Surprise, and save yourself, your hands, your clothes.

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One of the magnificent engravings described below will be given to each subscriber to CANADA for 1892. We make no distinction between present subscribers and new ones; all are treated alike. The sheets are 21 x 28 inches. Each subscriber is allowed his choice of the pictures, and may have both on payment of 25 cents extra. These engravings are worth One Dollar each, and cannot be purchased at that price in the Dominion.

CHRIST AND THE FISHERMEN.

This Engraving is from a painting by Ernst Zimmerman, one of the most famous representatives of the Modern Munich School. Zimmerman is widely known and appreciated as a delineator of religious subjects, and he has devoted his brush to those in particular that are found in the New Testament. He is a master of expression. His subjects are not mere inanimate colourings; they speak from the canvas. The incident the artist has depicted in this picture at once suggests itself to the mind of the Bible reader. Our Saviour, walking by the sea of Galilee, saw Simon Peter and his brother Andrew casting their nets into the sea. “Follow me”, He said, “and I will make you fishers of men”. Later, He found James and John mending their nets. To them He made known the mission he had for them in like words. All followed Him. And here we find Him explaining to His Apostles the work He has designed them to do. The most striking feature of the picture is naturally the face of the Saviour. These characteristics are at once noticeable in it: sadness, He being “a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief”; meekness, or gentleness; and deep earnestness. The countenance is not the ideal of the old masters, who aimed at beauty rising to divinity; it is rather the human and humane face, which declares that Christ was also man, with human instincts and devotedly concerned for human sorrows and cares. The Saviour is talking to His converts, and it would appear that He is telling them of the hope and joy He has brought into the world, for their faces express at once wonder and pleasure. Peter is a fine representation of the brawny, muscular fisherman. John, “the disciple whom Jesus loved”, is a young man with the world before him. Both listened earnestly, while Andrew and James, not less attentive, are in the back-ground.

THE LOVE STORY.

The second Premium Picture is a fine engraving of C. Laurenti's charming work, “The Love Story.” It represents six pretty village maidens seated in a row, listening intently to the recital by a strapping young fellow of a tale of love in which he himself is apparently as deeply interested as they. One of the main charms of the picture is the skillful way in which the artist has depicted the various moods of the listeners. Two of them, with roguish eyes, have beaming faces which shew plainly that their chief delight is in the humorous side of the story. Two others are listening more seriously, while a fifth, with elbow on knee and chin on hand, is deeply intent upon every word that falls from the narrator's lips. The sixth, clad in sombre garments, sits with downcast eyes, and a sad, wistful expression which indicates that the recital brings to her mind painful memories, perhaps of a lover who has been taken away from her. The picture grows upon one, the whole scene being most life-like, and each of the different faces telling a story of its own.

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He stepped across two stools and three :
"Come, lovely maiden, come with me!"

The maiden put in his her hand,
Deaf to or counsel or command.

And priest and people followed not,
Rooted by wonder to the spot ;

So 'scaped from all the company,
They sped unhindered to the sea.

Then, earth ne'er reared the wingèd horse
Could overtake them in their course.

He led his horse into the sea.—
"Bring back, bring back my bride to me!"

The waves rose; rose the tempest's roar;
The ships all sought the sheltering shore.

The father's breast was filled with fear:
"Bring back, bring back my daughter dear!"

Horse, knight and maiden all are gone;
The sire and lover weep and moan.

Oft, when the sea to rage is stirred,
The maiden's shriek may still be heard.

Who hears it says, "Like doom to me
Be given, should I as faithless be!"

Benton, N. B.

ON THE GATINEAU.

BY L. L.

FORTY or fifty years ago the Gatineau district, in the Province of Quebec, was a very wild stretch of country, and settlements were few and far between. Supplies were carried up to the more remote sections in canoes, and as there were many cascades in the river, the voyageur was frequently obliged to disembark, and carry his canoe and its freight overland, until he reached a point where he could trust himself to the stream again. It is difficult to picture this mode of travel, in these days of rapid transit.

There existed, at that time, in that part of Canada, a body of men whom the public called "Shiners." This organisation was principally recruited from the ranks of the Irish emigrants who were then coming in great numbers to Canada, and who were not content to let the feuds and faction disturbances of the old country rest in peace, but sought to perpetuate them, in a measure, in this country. In the old land the Orange and the Green had been at war for long, bitter years, and in the new land neither side seemed to wish to bury the hatchet. The "Shiners" were the Irish Roman Catholic element. The survivors of those early days can relate many stirring tales of the small value that was then placed on human lives.

The operations of the "Shiners" extended from Ottawa (then By-town) to many miles up the Gatineau, and ill fared the unlucky individual who fell under the ban of their displeasure.

Early in the "forties" a Scotchman named Ronald Stewart took up a large tract of land on the Gatineau, about one hundred and fifty miles above Hull, and thither he brought his family composed of his wife and three children.

All his friends condemned his act as madness, and told him it was a barbarous thing to take his delicately-bred wife so far away from civilisation. No amount of opposition, however, could deter Stewart from the execution of his project. His intention was to take up so much land that it might afterwards be divided into homes for his children, who would in time become, he probably thought, the "Stewarts of Stewartville". A log house was put up in the wilderness, and there Stewart brought his wife and little ones.

Trials and hardships not a few were encountered by the settlers. Their provisions were nearly exhausted during the first long and severe winter, and in the following summer Mrs Stewart fell ill and nearly died. Then a small grave was dug near the house, and in it was placed their first born boy.

Any other man meeting with half the discouragements Stewart did, would have abandoned the place, and gone back to civilisation, but not so this stern, unyielding Scot.

When Stewart had been living up the Gatineau about six years, an incident happened that well nigh cost him his life. Party feeling was running high between the "Shiners" and their opponents. An election had been held at Hull, and Stewart, having been down there at the time, had indulged a little more freely than usual in the wine cup, and had afterwards expressed himself in a manner displeasing to the "Shiners."

He made the return journey safely, but a few days afterwards received information that the "Shiners" would pay him a visit shortly. That meant trouble, but Stewart laughed the threat to scorn. Not so his wife, who spent the following days in agony of apprehension. Three days afterwards an old Scotch priest, Father Paisley, and a companion, who were travelling down the river, called at Stewart's house to rest. Three of the Stewart children were then unbaptised, and, although the family were Presbyterians, they determined to seize this opportunity of giving their children Christian baptism. Father Paisley performed the ceremony, and, as it was then late in the day, he was prevailed upon to remain overnight.

About one o'clock the next morning a loud knocking was heard at the door. Stewart without opening the door asked "Who is there?" "We want you to come out", was the reply, and then he knew that the "Shiners" had come. In a moment all the household were aroused. Impatient of delay, the people outside were trying to force open the stout door, and Stewart was standing with his loaded rifle opposite to it. Mrs Stewart was in a corner on her knees, with the children around her, lifting her hands to heaven in dumb entreaty. The door was giving way; in a moment the would-be murderers would have

made their way in, and there would be blood shed; as to the end who could doubt?

Suddenly, Father Paisley with his surplice on, and an uplifted crucifix in his hands, steps between Stewart and the twenty masked and armed men who have now broken in the door. Seeing the priest they half retreat, but mustering courage, they demand Stewart, who is overshadowed by Father Paisley's burly form. "You will have to kill me before you get Stewart. In the name of Him whose Image is on this cross, I command you to leave this house in peace." "We must have Stewart, he is an Orangeman", they cry. "He is a Christian and an honest man, what you are not, who come in the night to tear him away from his family and shed his blood. You have been all baptised in old Ireland with the sign of the Cross. I baptised three of this man's children yesterday with that same Sign, and he has given me food and shelter, and I say again that you will have to kill me before you touch a hair of his head."

The intruders held a council of war among themselves, and then the leader stepped forward and said: "We believe you speak the truth, Father, and we will not harm Stewart."

Reverence for the priests of their church is an instinct with the Roman Catholic Irish, and there is many and many an instance on record where, as in the present instance, their intervention has prevented the shedding of blood.

Stewart lived up the Gatineau many years, and there his bones have been laid to rest, but never after that awful night was he molested by the "Shiners."

Ottawa, Ont.

INDIAN SUMMER IN MONTREAL.

BY ERIE.

THIS Indian summer, fair and still,
The drowsy twilight of the year,
The sunlight sleeps on vale and hill,
The clouds have shed their last bright tear.

The wood queen's robes of gorgeous hue
Lie scattered through the forest maze,
But she has veiled herself from view
In gauzy folds of autumn haze.

Like oases in desert sands
That light the dreariness of the waste;
Like emeralds set in golden hands
Some artist's hand has deftly chased;

So gleams upon the mountain's brow,
Amid the interlacing lines
Of wind swept trunk and leafless bough,
The dark green of the living pines.

No ripple breaks the placid calm
That broods upon the silvered stream;
The world has sung its evening psalm,
And all the earth is in a dream.

Montreal, Que.

MONTCALM AND FRENCH CANADA.

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

(Continued.)

THE English, on the contrary, not as *good fellows*, if one may pardon the expression, had repelled them. "They were not a little disconcerted", says Charlevoix, "when, essaying to take with the newcomers (the English) the same liberties as the French had freely permitted them, they perceived that their manners were distasteful, and when they saw themselves chased with a stick from the houses where till then they had entered as freely as they entered their own huts." They then came to us; but, as much through pride as with a touching simplicity, they recognised in the sovereign of France, whom they called the great *Ouononthin*, not the king, but a father; they were children and not subjects.

They did not deceive themselves, these poor, ignorant Indians, when they believed that they felt a heart beating in the breast of our fathers; their instinct told them truth; they were the adopted sons of old France, for listen:

In the earliest days of our rule in America, a royal edict issued by Richelieu declared that "every converted Indian shall be deemed and reputed a natural Frenchman, just the same as true natives."

Everywhere, in the new world, Europeans, when confronting warlike nations, used brandy to disarm their enemies by stupefying them; the unfortunate creatures drank with their "fire-water" defeat and degradation. In the thickest of the struggle against the five Iroquois nations, an edict of the 18th of May, 1678, prohibited "under the heaviest penalties" the sale of intoxicants to the savages.

Observe again, a century after, France was about to leave the continent that she had possessed almost entirely; she negotiated with the government of the United States the cession of Louisiana and, before signing, the French plenipotentiary, Barbé-Marbois, in the name of the first consul, stipulates that "the former treaties entered into with the native tribes shall be observed." A unique example in the history of the new world, of conserving the rights of the third party, when the third party was the poor disarmed savages.

Thus, in all the course of her reign in America, France sacrifices herself for the relief of a human race and her last farewell is a safeguard for the miserable. If there is a glory which belongs to us, all to us, a glory so pure that it cannot be tarnished, it is that we have so often fought and stipulated for human dignity. Behold, as long as there shall be in the world the feeble and oppressed, it is to France they will turn their eyes and in her they will put their trust, were she feeble and oppressed as they.

The reader will pardon us for delaying so: before relating how our fathers were vanquished upon American soil, it was sweet to tell how they were loved there.

When he disembarked at Quebec, Montcalm already knew of what utility in a country of rivers and forests, such as Canada, was the alliance of these savages called by the

English "the war-dogs of the French". Never, indeed, was scout-service performed like that of the Redskins, in such subtle ways and with such unheard of ruses. Incomparable guides through the forests, as good oarsmen as they were pilots, excellent marksmen and terrible with tomahawk in hand, they marched in the campaign under the orders of the French officers, and, in the interval between military operations, they struck frequent blows upon the hostile territory. But Montcalm was not ignorant either how utterly these brave soldiers were undisciplined; untractable children of Onnonthio, only obeying in their hour, and always tempted to play truant in the woods. The plans of the campaign were often frustrated by them. "For", wrote Bougainville, "these independent tribes, whose assistance is purely voluntary, require us to consult them, to make them party to everything, and often their opinions and caprices are a law to us."

In the forests of America, infested at that time with innumerable serpents, there were men sufficiently skilful to play with the most dangerous of these reptiles; they were called *charmors*. Montcalm saw them at their work and wished like them to capture, by bewitching them, ferocious natures and to hold in his hands wavering and invisible wills. He succeeded, and never did "pale-face" inspire in the Redskins a more lively affection, a more entire devotion. It must be confessed, it cost him something: Montcalm became Indian from head to foot. One saw, with surprise, this man, the gayest that ever was, gravely occupied, during entire journeys, in drawing from the depths of a calumet, under the bark roof of an Indian hut, eternal puffs of tobacco. Around the counsel-fire were seated, close to the general, "his copper coloured friends", of whom he drew for his mother a not very flattering picture: "These are nasty gentlemen, for they arrange their toilet where they pass their lives. You may not believe it, but the men carry always to the wars, with the tomahawk and gun, a mirror by which to daub themselves with divers colours, to arrange the plumes on their heads, and to attach the pendants to their ears and nostrils. A great mark of beauty with them is to cut slits in their ears, to lengthen them out so that the earrings fall upon their shoulders; often they have no shirt, but a coat laced up over all."

In this strange company "to preserve the seriousness which became a soldier, and especially a great chief", Montcalm had frequently to do violence to his natural gaiety. But, with these primitive men, the horrible is not always far from the grotesque, and, before the end of the second campaign, the general of the Onnonthio ought to have learned that the savage nature never abdicates, and that there comes, soon or late, an hour when it reclaims its own with a bloody hand. In the meantime, he pursued, cost what it might, his policy of charming them, but he could not help being enraged sometimes: "With my friends the savages, often insupportable", writes he to his mother, the 16th of June, 1756, "it is necessary to have the patience of an angel: since I came here there has been nothing but visits, harangues and deputations from these gentlemen: the ladies of the Iroquois, who always have a share with them in the government, have been with them too and have done me the honour of bringing me a neck-lace; which pledges me to go and see them and sing the war-song with them."

We have seen, elsewhere, in the account of the siege of Chouagen, that the savages were punctual at the rendezvous where Montcalm was to meet them.

(End of Chapter III.)

Our Young Folk's Serial.

THE WHITE COTTAGE:

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BY MRS. S. A. CURZON.

CHAPTER IV.—THE NEW COUNTRY.

IT was little I knew of geography and small idea had I of whereabouts in the world we were voyaging, nor did many of the passengers seem any wiser than I was. But now I know that the gulf the steward meant is the Gulf of the great St. Lawrence, one of the finest rivers in the world, and the outlet of the noble chain of lakes that are the glory of Canada and the New England states, between which territories they lie. Michigan, Superior, Huron, Erie, and Ontario are simply fresh-water seas, and as much superior in size to any British lake as the confederation of provinces now called the Dominion of Canada is to the United Kingdom of Great Britain.

When you consider that these immense bodies of water flow by means of the Gulf of St. Lawrence down to the sea, it will only appear natural that at its entrance the Gulf is so wide, that the ordinary voyager does not recognise the difference between it and the ocean just left behind. There is, however, a fresh-water swell that those used to the navigation of large rivers soon detect. Then land-birds are now and then to be seen, but it was too early in the season for us to see any of these signs of the approaching end of our voyage. Somebody, who it turned out did not know much about it, said we should meet ice-bergs, but it was too early for these also; we got caught in ice, however. Ours was the first ship of the season to Quebec, and the ice that covers the great rivers and lakes a foot or two deep during the winter so that there is travel upon it, has generally got well out of the Gulf into the open sea by the end of April; this time, however, Jack Frost had given nature an extra twinge by way of a parting salute, and so far the ice had been retarded a day or two in its passage down, and thus we got caught.

We didn't care much, however; the captain and officers seemed quite at their ease, and encouraged us to be merry; and, though it was exceedingly cold, we managed to enjoy ourselves. In the middle of the day we amused ourselves on deck at various games; jumping, throwing quoits made of rope, holding tugs-of-war, when some of the officers, who were very pleasant gentlemen, would select three or four a side of us big boys to pull against each other on a rope; falling was not so good fun, as the deck of a ship is very smooth, and ours was sometimes quite icy from the fog which often enveloped us; but we made light of our falls, and laughed at others, especially the men, when they could be persuaded to "have a tug". If it was too cold for this kind of thing we went below, and passed our time in reading, telling stories, singing songs or hymns just as we felt inclined, and the steward, who had a fiddle, played for us nearly every night when the supper was all cleared off.

While we were amusing ourselves, the captain was working the ship slowly and steadily through the ice, which lay, not in great flat fields on every side of us, but in heaving masses of enormous size, all pushing and grinding, roaring and shoving, their way down to the sea. Sometimes the

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engines went slowly, and sometimes they stopped altogether, just as it was safe to proceed slower or faster through the narrow track of water that intersected the floes. Of course sea-sickness had long been done with; we got plenty to eat, and we had got so used to life on ship-board, that most of us would not have cared had the voyage been a month longer. At last, a great excitement among the officers and sailors was evident, there were plainly new duties to perform, and one morning, after a sound sleep, I found that the engines were not working, and there was a great bustle on deck. Beside which, all my fellow-passengers were up and dressed, the hatches were all open, and sunshine was beaming down on us from above. I was soon on deck, and oh! what a lovely sight I saw! On the opposite shore from where we lay, stood a magnificent bluff of land with some large buildings at the top; at the foot of the bluff lay several steamers like our own, and a good many tugs and boats among them. A light snow had lately fallen, and it glittered like diamonds in the brilliant sun-shine; above, the sky was bluer than I had ever seen it, and the air seemed so light and fresh that it made one glad without a cause. Far away on the right lay what appeared to be clouds, but were really the hills of the opposite shore, and all around lay the beautiful, the grand St. Lawrence.

It still seemed to me like the open sea, for it appeared shoreless. I could not realize that the noble bluff that rose out of it so gracefully was QUEBEC. So it was, however, and we were on the opposite shore at Point Lévis, where the Grand Trunk Railway has its station. I saw no city, however, but that was because it lies on the other side of the bluff against that which we lay, and I did not go there at all. But I had no time to look about me, for the bell called us to breakfast for the last time on board ship, and immediately we were sent to a large shed connected with the railway, where we had to get our luggage checked and wait until the train started. This checking was a new experience to most of us, and some of the men absolutely refused to believe that if they took a brass check with a number on, corresponding to another check which was fastened to each box, parcel, and trunk by means of a leather strap, said luggage would be found all right at their destination.

They had to submit, however, when assured that no voucher—not even the name—other than the brass check, would be acknowledged ‘by the line’. Many other people than those I had known on board ship were on the train, and I felt very lonely and awkward. No one took any notice of poor me, and everything was so here. But I thought that if I was quiet and respectful to my neighbours, they could not find fault with me, even if I was not used to the ways of the country. I had quite lost sight of John Carter and his companion since he had left the ship, but as the passengers were scattered through several carriages, I thought they might be in another, and I sincerely hoped they would begin a new and a better life in a new country. The railway carriages, or ‘cars’ as they are called here, are very different to those of the old country. A ‘car’ resembles a long, light room, very much ornamented with metal work and fancy woods, and in winter a stove is placed at one end of each car; a filter full of drinking water stands in another corner, and on long trains other accommodations for the comfort of passengers are provided. The seats are at right angles to the sides of the car, and are generally velvet cushioned and placed on iron frames, that by means of pivots may be turned over, so as to face either way. The doors are at the ends of the car, and a complete path through the whole length of the train, from the engine to

the brake-van is thus obtained. The conductor, or as we call him at home “the guard,” can thus oversee the whole train, and passengers can go from one car to another, if they desire, only needing to be careful in stepping from one platform to another.

On all emigrant trains there are second class carriages, and on some few others which go long distances; these carriages are not velvet cushioned like the first-class, nor are they so ornamental, but they are quite comfortable. A gentleman who seemed to have no other purpose than to find fault with the old country, and praise everything Yankee, kept pointing out this and that which he said was better than anything in England, and these cars were his especial test; he said in England men had been murdered and thrown through the ‘car’ window without any one knowing it, that people had died in fits, and others had been robbed, that the ‘cars’ had caught fire, and all sorts of horrors had taken place, because there was no way by which people might get from one car to another; that such things couldn’t occur in America, the people were more enlightened and not so ‘trodden down’ as to put up with it; besides they were all over and away the superior of any other nation on earth, in cleverness of invention and ‘smartness’. He said a great deal more, until I began to think that if all he said was true, England had been asleep for the last hundred years, and I found myself wondering how she might be awakened up. The same gentleman called the Grand Trunk Railway, the line on which we were travelling, a ‘one-horse affair’, and prophesied that it would never be any better, nor Canada neither, until the Yankees bought it. I remembered the squire’s words when he gave me the sovereign, “stick to the old flag, Tom, whatever you do”; and I determined to hear more, before I accepted all this man said. At one of the stations another gentleman came into the car, his hands full of papers, and soon after he was seated, he offered the Yankee gentleman one of them, remarking that a fearful accident had just caused the loss of twenty lives, and inflicted terrible injuries on many persons.

“How was it, stranger, how was it?” inquired the Yankee, before he looked at his paper.

“The P. & H. B. W. K. ran off the track over a steep embankment, the cars took fire from the stoves, and as it was impossible to get out of the windows fast enough, many who were only slightly hurt by the fall, were burned to death, and many others are sure to die.”

The Yankee said nothing, but began to read his paper, for he could see glances passing as if in question of his recent boastful assertions, and since I have been in Canada, I have read in the papers of trains being boarded by gangs of robbers, the conductor, engine driver, and brakemen bound, and the passengers completely stripped of their money and valuables, beside money or other valuable freight being taken from the baggage car, none daring to face desperate men. Of course this was in the Western States; but I have also read of men being tempted on to the outside platform, and then thrown off the train for the sake of their money; and of a whole train of cars telescoping each other in a collision, that is, backing one into the other like the parts of a telescope, so that I have not so high an opinion of the superiority of American trains over English, as the Yankee gentleman wished to impress, though I am willing to admit all their advantages. I could not help hoping, as we rushed along, that our train would arrive safely, for I had a terror of fire, and hearing a man behind me say to his wife, “that’s the stove”, I turned round to look, and saw him pointing to a highly polished iron pillar in the far

corner of the car, and upon closely looking I could see the glimmer of light under little dim windows in it, which I took to be made by fire. I had noticed that the car was very warm and comfortable, but had no idea we carried fire in every car, and I felt as though I would rather be cold than run the risk of being burned; but life is all a risk when you come to think of it, thousands of things might happen any day which would endanger it, and the only proper plan is to avoid all risk you can, and by leading a good life, be prepared to meet bravely all the rest.

After a few hours' ride we stopped, and were told to change cars; we were also informed that we had now arrived at Montreal, the largest city in Canada, and that there was time to get our supper comfortably at the hotel close by, before we "went west". I did not know whether I was going west or east, but seeing four or five people who I knew were going to Toronto as I was, I followed them. The dining room to which we were directed opened off the railway platform, and here long tables were covered with everything ready for a meal, in as nice a manner as I had seen at the squire's; to me it was new and awkward, but I resolved to behave as well as I could, and though there was a great crowd always going in and out, and though the waiters, who were gayly dressed girls, seemed to watch us a great deal, no one was displeased at me. I need not tell all that appeared so new and strange at the hotel table, but I must mention the money; instead of shillings and pence, I heard of nothing but dollars and cents, and when I was asked fifty cents for my tea, dinner, or supper as they called it, I didn't know how to pay. Others were in the same case as myself, and there was much doubt and confusion. Some of the men had to change sovereigns, and took the waiter's, or rather the clerk's word, as to the correctness of the change very unwillingly; one man wrapped his money up in a bit of paper by itself, resolved to take the opinion of competent authority as to its correctness, and to haul somebody over the coals if he had been cheated; another who had paid in shillings, and knew their English value, complained very much at having to give seven of them for himself, his wife, and three little children, even though he was told the children were half-price only, and they had shared the convenience of wash-basins, finding their own soap and towels; for myself, I gave two English shillings and ought to have given two half-pennies more, but the clerk said it would do. Before we had quite settled all our difficulties, a man came into the room and shouted "all aboard for the west!" a train came steaming and hissing alongside the platform, and we all had to rush into the cars in a hurry. Once on the cars, a very warm discussion began as to the relative value of English and Canadian money. Some gentlemen very kindly helped the passengers to understand their money, and several exchanged Canadian for English coins, to prevent any further loss or trouble on the journey. I didn't like the look of dirty bits of paper in the place of silver and gold, and I thought the Canadian quarter didn't look a bit better than my English shillings, though I was told they were worth a cent more each, and that with each English shilling I should have to give a half-penny, and with each sixpence too, as there are no farthings used in Canada, so I should be the loser; but I didn't care, I would not part with my own country money, so long as I could help it; besides what did I know about dollars and cents? The money was a trouble to me a long time, for I found the Canadians used pounds and shillings and pence, as well as dollars and cents, that there was Yankee silver and gold, and Yankee paper too in circulation, and that the value of all differed. Discount with this, no discount with that, a shilling worth twenty-four

cents, another worth twelve and a half, while another was worth twenty. I did my best to make the Canadian money square with my own in value, until I got so vexed many a time that my head ached, and I thought I was constantly being cheated. And so I was cheated; many people here are too 'smart' as they call it, and think by taking advantage of another's ignorance, they are shewing their cleverness, when instead they are acting dishonestly. At last a kind gentleman who saw me in difficulty with my money, told me to dismiss all ideas of relative value, that is how much of an English shilling is represented by a Canadian shilling of twenty cents, and how much of a Canadian shilling, a York shilling, which is the name here for an English sixpenny piece meant, and attend only to the real value, that is how many cents each piece is worth; by taking this advice I found matters greatly simplified, and in a short time I could reckon my money correctly. This state of things, which was as unsatisfactory to native Canadians as to strangers, is altered now, our new finance minister having withdrawn all the foreign and old currency, and issued instead nothing but the dollar in bills, worth one hundred cents, and its elements, the quarter or twenty-five cent piece, the twenty, ten, and five cent pieces in silver, and the bronze cent.* English money is the same as before and is always welcome.

*The fifty cent piece or half dollar silver, has since been put in circulation.

(To be Continued.)

From Current Periodicals.

AT HUSKING TIME.

BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

AT husking time the tassel fades
To brown above the yellow blades,
Whose rustling sheath enswathes the corn
That bursts its chrysalis in scorn
Linger to lie in prison shades.

Among the merry lads and maids
The creaking ox-cart slowly wades
'Twill stalks and stubble, sacked, and torn
At husking time.

The prying pilot crow persuades
The flock to join in thieving raids;
The sly racoon with craft inborn
His portulac steals—from plenty's horn
His pouch the saucy chipmunk lades
At husking time.

Brantford, Ontario.

FRANCIS BLAKE CROFTON.

FRANCIS BLAKE CROFTON is a son of the Rev. William Crofton, rector of Skreene, Sligo, Ireland, and is about forty-nine years of age. He has two surviving brothers; one, Morgan W. Crofton, F. R. S., was formerly professor of Mathematics and Mechanics in the Royal Military College, Woolwich, and is now Fellow and Professor of the Royal University of Ireland; he is the author of two scientific text books for cadets, published by Her Majesty's Government. Another brother is the Rev. H. W. Crofton, rector of Wolverton, Bath, England. The subject of our sketch was educated at the Royal School, Dungannon, and Trinity College, Dublin, where he obtained honours in the English language and literature and in classics.

He came to Canada soon after and held several educational positions, occupying the chair of classics for a year in the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, during the absence abroad of the Principal and Professor of Classics. He soon after went to the United States, and remained ten years in the City of New York, where he wrote for the press, prepared pupils for the university, held a clerkship under Commissioners of Emigration, and at intervals was editorially connected with a couple of papers.

He contributed a number of articles to each of the following periodicals (among others):—*The Round Table*, *St. Nicholas*, and *National Quarterly Review*, in New York; *Imperial Federation and Union Jack*, in England; and the *Canadian Monthly*, in Canada; at a later period contributing to *The Week* and *The Dominion Illustrated*. These various papers have been chiefly literary, social, and critical articles, fantastic and short stories, and some poems (serious and comic), not to mention nondescript columns written for several journals under various *noms de plume*. Of late years many of these articles have been specially devoted to an advocacy of Imperial Federation.

Mr. Crofton has, however, done more substantial work than that above mentioned. He is the author of "The Bewildered Querists", published in New York in 1875; "The Major's Big Talk Stories", London, 1881; "Hair-breadth Escapes of Major Mendax", Halifax and Philadelphia, 1889. These are all written in a style uncommon at the present day, being largely after the manner of "Baron Munchausen"; they are a succession of travellers' yarns of the most extraordinary and fantastic character, written in a remarkably amusing and interesting way; many of them appeared originally in *St. Nicholas*, and created an uncommon amount of interest as they came out. Mr. Crofton also published, a couple of years ago, a critical essay on "Haliburton, the Man and the Writer", which is a valuable addition to Nova Scotian literature.

For several years back he has been Provincial Librarian of Nova Scotia, and is also Secretary to the Nova Scotia Historical Society. In 1872 he married a daughter of Mr. F. W. Bradshaw, of Quebec. Mr. Crofton is a capital whist player and prominent in Halifax social and sporting circles. —*Dominion Illustrated*.

J. M. LeMOINE.

BY WM. KIRBY, F. R. S. C.

MY first acquaintance with the subject of this notice dates as far back as 1863, when I happened to be in Quebec, watching the progress of a bill introduced in Parliament, previous to Confederation.

To beguile a leisure hour, it so happened I had purchased a volume styled "Maple Leaves—a budget of historical, legendary and sporting lore, by J. M. LeMoine". I was so captivated by the dramatic interest infused into two out of several sketches it contained, *Château Bigot* and the *Golden Dog*, that I vowed to a friend, I would make them the groundwork of a Canadian novel. Thus originated my *Chien d'Or* romance.

Few have had such opportunities as Mr. LeMoine for studying the lights and shades of the old Province of Quebec. His early training, social *entourage*—love of books—antiquarian tastes and familiarity with the English as well as with the French idiom; his minute explorations by sea and by land of every nook and corner of his native province and even beyond it, the whole jotted down day by day in

his diary, naturally furnishes him with exceptional facilities to deal with Canadian subjects in a light or in a serious vein.

Two attractive departments seem to have engrossed his attention from the first, the study of early Canadian history and of popular ornithology.

In fact one of the first additions he made to his charming rustic home, at Sillery, near Quebec, was the erection of an aviary, for the friends of his youth, the birds of Canada, and an ample museum for the preservation, by the art of the taxidermist, of specimens of the Canadian *avifauna*.

It may not be out of place to follow this indefatigable writer, in his rather extended literary career.

Struck, in 1861, with the lack of any French work to guide Canadian youth attracted to the study of bird life, Mr. LeMoine published that year, in two volumes, a manual on popular ornithology; and, in order to allure the student to this healthy and delightful pursuit, he imparted to those volumes a strong, fragrant literary aroma. Whether it was due to the novelty of the subject or to the contents of the work, it disappeared from the publisher in less than one year. In 1862 he helped on a literary *confrère* in a small literary venture; Mr. LeMoine contributing an interesting article, under the caption "*The Legendary Lore of the St. Lawrence*". The next year, with the view of promoting the study of Canadian annals, he began his valuable series which ran over three years, under the well-remembered name of *Maple Leaves*: the first series was devoted to general subjects, legends and quaint old customs; the second, to rescuing reliable records of Canadian battle-fields and siege narratives; the third depicted chiefly the old manors and scenery round Quebec. That year, he found time during his leisure moments to write, for *l'Opinion Publique*, a short French essay on Sir Walter Scott, as poet, novelist, historian; also a lengthy review of the arctic explorations of Franklin, McClure, Kane, McClintock, and also published a treatise on the river and deep sea fisheries of Canada, which elicited warm encomiums from the French press.

In 1865, General McLellan, having alluded disparagingly, in a speech he made, to the memory of Montcalm, for his supposed approval of the Fort George massacre in 1757, Mr. LeMoine took up the cudgels for his favourite hero and confuted by Bancroft's, the Abbe Piquet's narrative and by others, the statement made by the luckless warrior of Bull Run renown: this booklet, intitled *La Mémoire de Montcalm Venyéé*, met with hearty recognition in Canada and in France.

Various effusions of an historical character fell from the writer's prolific and versatile pen, in 1870, in *Stewart's Quarterly Magazine*, *New Monthly Magazine*, *Belford's Review*, *Forest and Stream* and *La Revue Canadienne*. In 1873, a selection of his best Canadian sketches was published, under the old familiar name of *Maple Leaves*, new series. The same year also ushered in his valuable French work *l'Album du Touriste*.

Quebec Past and Present, edited in 1876, is probably, as a book of reference, the most useful historical volume ever put forth by the author. It embodies the whole history of the ancient capital from its foundation up to 1876; the edition is exhausted long since. Possibly, no literary composition of Mr. LeMoine, by the reminiscences it recalled to him, was more pleasant to indite than the publication, in 1878, under the title of *Chronicles of the St. Lawrence*, of his multifarious excursions to the kingdom of herring and cod, on the Gaspé coast.

The bulky volume of 550 pages, styled *Picturesque Quebec* from the mass of quaint information disseminated through its pages about the old city's streets, squares, eminent in-



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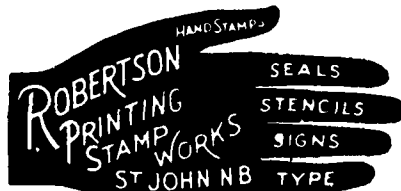
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habitants and fortifications, completed the history of the romantic city; the literary research involved in this work was too heavy a task for one man alone to undertake, and I, for one, was happy in being apprised by letter that a much needed rest, was granted the author, after his long official career, and that in July he was to sail per "S. Moravian" for a short tour to Europe, from which he brought back, with a re-invigorated frame, an immense fund of information, reminiscences and anecdote, which he subsequently freely used in the series of lectures he was called on to give before the *Literary and Historical Society* of Quebec, of which he had been five times re-elected president. Long before this, his writings and researches had obtained recognition on behalf of scientific societies in Canada and abroad. The *Société d'Ethnographie* of Paris conferred on him a diploma, as *Député Régional* at Quebec; he was made a member of the *Société d'Histoire Diplomatique*, presided over by the Duc de Broglie; his name was inscribed on the register of the *New England Historical Genealogical Society*, on that of the *State Wisconsin Historical Society*, of the *Société Historique* of Montreal, of the Genealogical and Biographical Society of New York, of the Institute of Ottawa. In 1882 he became a corresponding member of the *American Ornithologist Union*.

In 1875, at the instance of a distinguished French naturalist, Mr. Lescuyer, Mr. LeMoine's name was put forward to attend in Vienna the *Permanent International Committee of the European Ornithologists* organised under the auspices of His Royal Highness the archduke Rudolph and presided over by that celebrated European *savant* Dr. Rudolph Blasius, a similar distinction being offered to the Washington ornithologist Dr. Hart Meriam which he accepted.

However the call of duty kept Mr. LeMoine at home; he was thus deprived of participating in a most distinguished honour, tendered to very few on this continent.

Probably, the distinction he prized the most was his selection by the Marquis of Lorne to organise, with the assistance of Mr. Faucher de Saint Maurice, the French section of the Royal Society of Canada and his subsequent election as its first president.

The *Transactions* of this learned association since 1882, each year, contain an elaborate essay of Mr. LeMoine on some department or other of Canadian history.

In 1887, he read, by special invitation, before the Canadian club of New York, a memoir on *Madame de Champ-lain, Madame de la Tour, Mlle de Vercheres, the Canadian heroines*.

An intimacy of many years standing and access had to his papers, &c., have furnished me with accurate data about the historian of Quebec.

I recall to memory no more pleasant episode in his literary career than the surprise prepared for him by the elite of the Quebec gentry, whose homes Mr. LeMoine had so happily and so graphically described, when they presented him in 1882, at the Garrison club, during a champagne lunch, a Dominion Flag, for the new tower of Spencer Grange, with a suitable address.

In 1887 our author found means to steal many hours from his researches on Canadian history, to write an attractive volume on Canadian sports, and, as there yet was no work in French in Canada, *Chasse et Pêche* filled a *lacuna* long felt and deplored among votaries of the gun and rod.

Mr. LeMoine's last publication is a large volume of 300 pages: *The Explorations of Jonathan Oldbuck*, in which the writer furnishes from his diary of travel a series of extracts, highly instructive, and occasionally brimful of quaint humour.—*The Land we Live in*.

The Editor's Portfolio.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE first year is always a critical one in the history of a new periodical. That year safely passed and a reasonable measure of success realised, the future is comparatively secure. In two months more CANADA will have completed its first year. We have every reason to feel encouraged and to anticipate a larger success for the magazine with its second year. We are extremely grateful for the literary assistance we have received from some of the most cultured writers in the Dominion. Without their aid we could have accomplished nothing. We are counting upon their continued help and have no doubt that we will receive it. Some new contributors will lend additional interest to the pages of the magazine throughout 1892, and we expect the volume for that year to be superior in every respect to the present one.

We want every subscriber to feel during the next three months that the success of CANADA depends in a measure upon his personal efforts. We believe that we have already in our subscribers as high-minded and patriotic a band of men and women as you will find in any country in the world. We want to add to our band very largely between now and the first of January. Every subscriber knows of two or three friends who have like tastes and sympathies with himself; let him bring CANADA to their attention, and send us their subscriptions with his own renewal. Our work is not a selfish one; it is for our country's good, *pro patria et Deo*. Let us push forward the enterprise.

We invite suggestions from our readers as to the make-up of the magazine. We do not promise to act upon them in every case, because they may conflict with one another sometimes, but they will always be carefully considered. Our list includes very many of the leading writers and thinkers in Canada, and suggestions from them would be very valuable. And, indeed, we want all of our readers to feel that the magazine is their very own, more so than any other periodical published. We want to please you, not ourselves, as far as is consistent with the aims which we have in view, and shall always welcome suggestions, especially when accompanied with new subscriptions. If you think of anything that would be an improvement in the magazine, tell us about it. We hope to have room for new features by and by. A larger subscription list will enable us to enlarge and improve the magazine.

THE people of Canada, it appears to us, ought not to be very greatly surprised at the revelations of corruption and dishonesty at Ottawa and Quebec which have shocked the moral sense of all good men and cast a blot upon the reputation of our country abroad. They have for a long time been sowing the seed of all this at the polling places and in the electoral canvass; now they are beginning to reap a little of the harvest. Men who regard their votes as marketable things have no right under heaven to demand honest rulers. How can they expect the men who buy their way into Parliament to be honest when they get there? Those who accept a recompense for their votes, whether in the form of a barrel of flour or an office, a five dollar bill or a railway, a new road or a subway, a contract or any other sort of government patronage, are not one whit better than Langevin, M'Greevy, or Picaud, or if they are, it is an accident. The man who guards the purity of his franchise as he guards his soul has the indisputable right to demand an incorruptible administration; but the man who is ready to barter away his franchise for any consideration whatsoever has no such right at all. Corruption at the polls cannot but produce corruption in the administration. We shall have very

little boodling to complain of when we regard with equal contempt the man who sells his vote and the woman who sells her virtue.

It has been said in Germany recently that representative institutions are on their trial in America. We suppose it is true in a sense. Representative government has no divine commission. If it prove best for the country, let us have it, but let us have it only so far as it may prove best. Truth and wisdom are generally found between extremes. The doctrine of the golden mean is susceptible of a very wide application. Why should it not apply here? An autocracy is a bad thing unless we have an angel for an autocrat; to place power in the hands of the ignorant and unscrupulous may be no less bad. May not the perfection of government lie between the two, lie where autocracy is so modified by democracy, and democracy is so modified by autocracy, that the two become one, are merged in the golden mean? We do not think the question of the best form of government is settled yet.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

POEMS, GRAVE AND GAY. By Albert E. S. Smythe. Toronto: Imrie & Graham.

These poems are uneven. Not only are some whole poems unworthy of a place in this book, but some very good ones are almost spoiled by a lame, unfinished stanza. The writer has more than ordinary poetic talent, however, and some few poems, with parts of others, are gems, and give promise of better work in the future. There is thought, sense and imagination in the book, and that is more than one can honestly say of most of the verse that is published. Most of the sonnets, of which there are quite a number in the book, are sonnets in form, and that is something, for a fashion is springing up of calling any stanza of fourteen iambic pentameters a sonnet. The satire in the following is keen, but we hope undeserved:

Kisses new are common,
Lovers true are rare;
Those who kiss a woman
Only get a share.

We quote one sonnet, "Death the Revealer":

I know that death is God's interpreter:
His quiet voice makes gracious meanings clear
In grievous things that vex us deeply here
Between the cradle and the sepulchre.
We, gazing into darkness, greatly err,
And fear the shrouded shadow of a fear
Till dawn reveals the vestments of a seer
With gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh.
There is a mystery I cannot read
Around the mastery I no more dread;
For love is but a heart to brood and bleed,
And life is but a dream among the dead
Whose wisdom waits for us. God give me heed
Till the day break and shadows all be fled!

THE MAGAZINES.

AMONG the special features of the *Ladies' Home Journal* for October are the first instalment of "Mr. Beecher as I Knew Him", by Mrs. Beecher,—a pen-sketch of "Mrs. William McKinley",—and "The Brownies in October", by Palmer Cox. Mary J. Holmes writes concerning "The Totem Poles of Alaska". A. Bogardus has a chatty article on "Famous Men before my Camera". Poems, stories, and short papers of special interest to the ladies, make up a very good number of this favourite journal.

The illustrated articles in the October *Methodist Magazine* are "Peasant Life in Switzerland", and "James Calvert", the latter by Rev. J. C. Seymour. The paper on "James Russell Lowell" is, we suppose, from the Editor's pen. Rev. Dr. Eby writes on "Methodism and Missions"; there is an article by Bishop Huntington on "Causes of Social Discontent"; Sidonie Zilla contributes "Among the Little Grey Bonnets"; Rev. G. J. Bond has a story, "Why Big Rich joined the Temperance Society"; and altogether this is a good number of an excellent periodical.

The October *Eclectic Magazine* comes laden with good things. There is only one story, "Francesca's Revenge", from Blackwood's. Of literary articles we have: "Names in Novels", "Goethe's Friendship with Schiller", "Love and Fiction", and "Note on a New Poet". There is another instalment of "A War Correspondent's Reminiscences", by Archibald Forbes. An article on

"James Russell Lowell", by Theodore Watts, is from the *Athenæum*. The leading article is on "Frontiers and Protectorates", by Sir Alfred Lyall, from the *Nineteenth Century*. Another interesting paper is that on "The Antipodeans", the people of Australia, by D. Christie Murray, from the *Contemporary Review*. Then there is "The Congress of Vienna", "The Recent Audience at Peking", "Diamond-Digging in South Africa", and an important paper, "On the Origin, Propagation and Prevention of Phthisis", by Professor Tyndall.

AMELIE RIVES' story, "According to St. John," is brought to a close in the October number of the *Cosmopolitan*. It does not reflect much credit upon her taste or moral purpose, however it may upon her genius. A new feature of the *Cosmopolitan*, and one which is original with that magazine, is the publication each month, in the form of footnotes, of a number of little portraits and brief biographies of the writers of the different articles. Very interesting indeed and beautifully illustrated is an article on "Modern Women of Turkey", by Osman Bey, a Turkish gentleman visiting the United States. To many the strongest attraction of the number will be a paper on "Cincinnati" by Murat Halstead, and illustrated by Jacassy, who visited Cincinnati for that purpose. Other articles are: "Three Women of the Comédie Française", "Some Great Storms", "The New Desert Lake", "Lady Clare"—a story by Boyesen, "An Oyster Village", and "The Massacre of the Peace Commissioners". The poems are by Laurens Maynard, Louise Inogen Guiney, Ella Loraine Dorsey, E. F. Ware, and Clinton Scollard.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

THE death is announced of M. J. Nerudo, the Czech journalist and poet, at the age of fifty-three.

MR. J. F. HERBIN has a pretty poem on "September" in the *Dominion Illustrated* of the 19th ult.

MR. FREEMAN, the historian, is preparing an article for the *Forum* on "The Peace of Europe".

IN the *Dominion Illustrated* of the 12th ult. is a bright story by Mrs. S. A. Curzon, entitled "Baulked".

THE Cassell Publishing Co. of New York will publish Max O'Rell's new book of travels, "The Frenchman in America."

THE *Canadian Voice* has appeared again, but under a different management, and the place of publication is changed to Amherst.

A STORY by Prof. Roberts, entitled "Loft on the Isle of Sands: a story of Acadia," is begun in the *Youth's Companion* of the 8th inst.

THE series of papers on Chinese Life in British Columbia, from the pen of Mr. James P. Macintyre, is an interesting feature of recent numbers of the *Dominion Illustrated*.

IN the *Dominion Illustrated* of the 12th ult., Pastor Felix addresses a tender response "To George Martin" which honours by its sentiment both him that gives and him that receives.

IN *The Week* of September 25th is a careful and instructive article by Christina R. Frame, of Maitland, N. S., concerning Lunenburg town and county entitled, "On the Atlantic Coast".

ANDREW CARNEGIE, in his "American View of Imperial Federation" in the *Nineteenth Century* for September, is unfair and brutal in his references to Canada, but that is to be expected.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. will issue shortly an edition of James Russell Lowell's poems complete in one volume, uniform with their one volume editions of Tennyson, Wordsworth and Shelley.

WE were glad the suggestion came up in Parliament to give Rev. W. W. Campbell, the author of "The Mother", some position in the parliament library. We do not think that any other poet in America is capable of producing so fine a poem.

THERE is a thoughtful poem by Mrs. S. A. Curzon in *The Week* of the 2nd inst. Basil Tempest writes of "Poetic Art in Canada", and J. C. Sutherland on "How Free Trade with the World would benefit Canada". Gowan Lee has a sweet little poem on "The Cactus".

ONE of the most interesting of Canadian writers is Miss E. Pauline Johnson, the cultivated daughter of an Indian chief. She has an article in a recent number of the *Detroit Free Press* on canoeing in Canada. A canoe-song of hers has been praised by the *Athenæum*.

Olla Podrida.

That genius will not impoverish, but will liberate, and add new senses.—Emerson.

Of the old Greek books, I think there are five which we cannot spare—Homer, Herodotus, Aeschylus, Plato and Plutarch.—Emerson.

An orator said: "There is not a man, woman or child in this house, who has arrived at the age of fifty years, but has felt this truth thundering through his brain for centuries".

The true artist has the planet for his pedestal; the adventurer, after years of strife, has nothing broader than his own shoes.—Emerson.

TOMMY JONES: "Say, mister, I want to get a pair o' gloves". Furnisher: "Kid gloves?" Tommy: "Naw! naw! gloves for a grown pussan".

"Tastes differ", said Mugley. "Good thing they do", put in Bottleton; "if they didn't squills and strawberries would taste the same".—New York Sun.

"How will I enter the money the cashier skipped away with", asked the book-keeper; "under profit and loss?" "No; suppose you put it under running expenses".

A LITERARY Frenchman, after studying English for a few months, wrote to an American friend: "In small time I can learn so many English as I think I will come at the America and go on to the scaffold to lecture".

COUNTRYMAN (in bookstore): "My wife wanted me to get her some good magazine to read". Bookkeeper: "Yes, sir. How would the Century Magazine do?" Countryman: No; she wants a monthly magazine".

Be it pleasant or unpleasant, it is none the less an absolute truth—the *raison d'être* of a woman is maternity. For this and this alone nature has differentiated her from man, and built her up cell by cell and organ by organ.—Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, in *Nineteenth Century*.

PAT: Excuse me, sor, but fwat soort of a bird do yez call that frickled janius jiggin' the parts of spache on the fince beyant?" Farmer: "Why, that's a guinea-hen". Pat: "A guinea-hen, is it? Well, be the poipes o' Ballyowen! it's not worth it, so it isn't".

PROFESSOR (lecturing): "In conclusion I would instance mental aberration, a mania to which the learned are frequently subject, and occasionally make themselves ridiculous without knowing it". (After saying which, the Professor took, instead of his hat, the lamp shade off the bracket, put it on his head and walked out.)—Boston Post.

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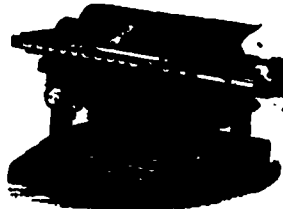
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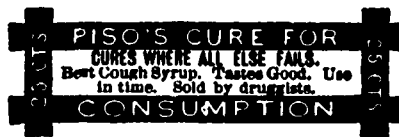
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