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MAY, 1892.

CANADA

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

OF HISTORY, PATRIOTISM, SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

EDITED BY MATHEW HICKEY KNIGHT



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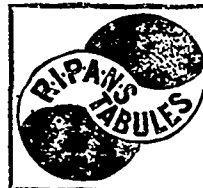
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Vol. II.—No. 8.

MAY, 1892.

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For Table of Contents see page 117.

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[FOR CANADA.]

MAY 24th, 1891.

BA ERIE.

A grassy knoll beside a rushing stream,
Lark swaying pines, a graceful silver birch,
Bright maples wakened from their winter's
dream,

A sturdy oak through which the sunbeams
search

For hidden violets, or cast a gleam
Upon some song bird on his leafy perch.

An old white mill within the river's bend,
An inlet where the tired waters rest,
While languid clouds their aimless journey
wend

Across a mimic sky within its breast,
Unruffled save where fishers' lines descend
Into the depths on oftentimes futile quest.

The glories of the autumn woods we tread
Neath careless feet; in thoughtless hands we
hold

A last year's acorn cup, the spirit fled;

Beside the dandelion's disc of gold
The stricken needles of the pine lie dead—
Life's mystery in death—can none unfold?

How quiet here, yet sound is everywhere:
The rapids' ceaseless roar is in our ear;
The chant of spirits of the upper air
Now trembles low, now rises sweet and clear.
Were ear and heart attuned, what strains more
rare
From distant heavenly voices might we hear.

And yet the spell lies not in flowret's hue,
Nor in the fragrance of the balmy wind;
It is not in the far-off dreamy blue
With visions of eternity behind;
There is a subtler spell;—a charm more true
Deep hidden lies. — Yet he who seeks may find.

If he search for the thought—light's flitting
gleam
Flashing out from the eyes of some loved
friend,

While the myriad voices of wood and stream,
To the music of speech their harmony lend;
When souls hold communion as in a dream,
And spirits untrammelled their essence blend.
Montreal.

[A CHRISTMAS SKETCH.]

THE HISTORY AND LEGENDS OF THE KING'S FORGES, NEAR THREE-RIVERS, P. Q.

BY J. M. LAMOINE, F. R. S. C.

To fully take in the history of this famous iron industry, as well as the several legends connected with it, one must bear in mind that prospecting for mines in Canada, dates far back. As early as 1666, King Louis XIV's great minister Colbert had charged one M. de la Tesserie, to explore for mineral wealth the shores of the lower St. Lawrence. The result was the discovery of the iron ore of *Baie St. Paul*; this ore, however, was never a success to the miner. Intendant Talon, the same year, had been advised of the rich mining deposits—nine miles in rear of the town of Three-Rivers—known later on, as the St. Maurice Forges.

Hard cash was necessary to utilise for Canadian markets these sources of unrevealed wealth; the French monarch sent it, but accompanied by the wrong man,—one M. de la Potardiere who reported unfavorably on the find.*

*Notwithstanding the unfavourable report Count Frontenac continued to think these mines important, in 1672. In 1681, the Marquis de Denonville, wrote encouragingly to France about the iron ore.

In 1676, the Seignior of Saint Maurice was conceded to Dame Jeanne Jalope, wife of Maurice Poulin—the King's Attorney General at Three-Rivers; who gave his name to the river with the three outlets—now known as the St. Maurice. Widow Poulin, bequeathed her seigniorial estate to her son Michel, on the 19th January, 1683. The right to extract the ore was granted by the Crown in 1730 to M. De Francheville, who formed a company for that purpose in 1736, composed of M. de Francheville, Poulin, Gamelin and Cugnet.

When Peter Kalm, the celebrated Swedish naturalist, visited the Forges, in 1749, he found they were worked on the same system as was in use in Sweden. This can be accounted for from the fact that minister Colbert, had in 1674, sent to Sweden, persons to learn the Swedish process of smelting and molding, whilst the artisans sent out to Canada by the French Government from Burgundy and Franche-Comte, held on to the traditions handed down by Colbert's men seventy-five years before. The clever French Inspector of Fortifications, Franquet, had also, at the invitation of Intendant Bigot, visited and reported on the Forges with a view of improving the mode of administering them in an economical way.

The Saint Maurice Forges, under French rule, were considered so important that special stipulations about them were inserted in the articles of capitulation, agreed to, at Montreal, on the 8th Sept., 1760, between General Amherst and Governor de Vaudreuil.

These great iron works played also a part, though a disloyal one—later on, when Canada was invaded by the New England continentals, in 1775; Christophe Pelissier, the manager, sent out from his furnaces, cannon balls and bomb shells, to Brigadier General Montgomery for the blockade of Quebec. When he heard of the victorious approach of Governor Guy Carleton, he left hurriedly for Sorel, and thence, for the frontier; when he applied to Congress for compensation, and payment of the ammunition and supplies he had furnished the invading host. It seems fortunate, he did make himself scarce, as traitors were summarily dealt with in those critical days.

It would be much too lengthy a story, to recapitulate the enormous profits and later on, the enormous losses attending the practical working of these mines, from the date of the land grant by the French King, on the 22nd March, 1730, to one M. de Francheville, down to a more recent period, on the 6th January, 1793, when Alexander Davidson sold out his residuary rights, under his unexpired lease from the Government, in the Forges, for the round sum of \$6000 to George Davidson, David Munro and Matthew Bell*—all influential men of Quebec; one of whom, the Hon. Mathew Bell was destined to be, for years, a leading figure in the social, commercial and political world of the old capital of Canada—until his demise, at an advanced age, in 1849.

On the expiration of the agreement, on the 20th March, 1799, the lease was enlarged to 1801; the Hon. Mathew Bell, a staunch Tory of the old school, through favor with successive British governors succeeded in having his lease renewed at various times and various rates, until the year 1844, when crushing trade reverses overtook him. Such, in a few words, is an outline of the early history of these famous, vast, smelting works, which at one time employed as many as 800 operatives. Their dwellings formed a settlement of itself round the Forges, provided with a Roman Catholic priest and a chapel; the latter, since, allowed to crumble to decay.

The Hon. Matthew Bell, in the palmy days of the Forges, kept up a princely style, at his forest manor, in the green woods, close to the deep and dangerous river Saint-Maurice. It was styled *La Grande Maison*; here, the highest dignitaries in the land were sure of a warm welcome. Occasionally, Britain's representative, the Governor of the Province, was entertained at the palatial mansion, in a gorgeously furnished apartment, specially set apart for him and his suite, when he honoured it with his presence. It was customary on His Excellency's carriage reaching the Forges, to relieve it of its horses; the thorough-breds were unhitched, their august master was then, carried on the shoulders of the *employes* to the state chamber, where awaited him a sumptuous banquet. The good cheer of the day was extended to the workmen. A spacious hall, in the upper story, was allotted to them for a dance; these festive doings are expatiated on, in detail, by the

* Hon. Mathew Bell, the father of Mrs. Chas. Nathaniel Montizambert and the late Alex. Davidson Bell, for years M. P. for Quebec city, commanded a fine troop of cavalry in the war of 1812.

annalist of the St. Maurice Forges—the Revd. Abbé N. Caron, a Canon of the Three-Rivers Cathedral. One of the pleasant memories of the past still lingering in the minds of the people, is the exploits of the *Tally ho! Hunt Club*, founded by Mr Bell; the sporting proprietor had not only an extensive steed of English hunters, he also kept up a kennel of foxhounds; the annual hunt was a grand affair and also a profitable holiday to the farmers of the neighborhood. They never failed to claim and to receive ample compensation for the damage done by the hunters and the hounds to their oat, corn and wheat fields. From the St. Maurice *Tally Ho! Hunt Club* sprang, about 1829, the Montreal Foxhound Club, the hounds having that year been transferred to Montreal. The club flourishes yet.

Long since has the glory of *La Grande Maison* departed; its vice-regal chamber closed, its jolly *meets* of the club, in September, ceased, we fear, for ever. The monster hammer of the Forges, the loud sounding *Gros Marteau* is now silenced. Oblivion and decay reigns supreme in the once noisy, busy little world of the Forges. Crumbling walls, tenements, of yore, instinct with life and bustle are now deserted; no other sound near them in the glare of day, but the murmur of the rushing, dark St. Maurice River; by night, the Great Virginia owl still as of yore, repeats in the tree-tops its fearful *ha-ou! ha-ou!! ha-ou!!!* to unattentive airs. [It is some of the popular superstitions,—decked with much legendary ivy, we now purpose recalling current, ere ruin was impending over this once thriving settlement; the narrative* furnished by the learned Three Rivers Canon, the Abbé N. Caron, renders the task both pleasant and easy.

It may not be out of place to premise that in our opinion, some of the mysterious occurrences, which the Abbé sums up as "*LEGENDES DES FORGES SAINT MAURICE*" can be explained by causes any thing but supernatural. We shall confine ourselves to translating with comments, the most startling accounts of the St. Maurice *diables*.

The Reverend gentleman tells that on his way from the Piles settlement, in rear of Three-Rivers, he had for his Jehu and Cicero, one, that eminently respectable authority in every parish, the oldest inhabitant; whom he introduces to our notice as *Père Louison, un bon vieux du temps passé*. Père Louison, had not actually witnessed all the startling feats

* *DEUX VOYAGES SUR LE SAINT MAURICE, par l'Abbé N. Caron, Chanoine de la Cathédrale des Trois Rivières, 1891.*

of His Satanic Majesty, at the Forges, but his eldest brother had "seen and heard every thing with his own ears and eyes."

The origin of the Devil's interference was a falling-out between the Hon. Matthew Bell, the proprietor of the Forges and a Madlle Poulin, of Three Rivers; she owned a maple bush in the vicinity of the smelting works; the Hon. Matthew had persisted in having her valuable timber cut down to convert it into charcoal for smelting. In vain Madlle had done her best to prevent him.

Madlle Poulin was far from being a "devout." Goaded to frenzy, she one day gave vent to the following angry speech: "Since I cannot prevent others from appropriating unjustly my property, I bequeath it all to the Devil." Shortly after she died, without leaving any heirs, and repeated the fatidical words, "I leave my belongings to the Devil; those who have wronged me, wont enjoy in peace, what they have taken!"

The Evil One seized hold of the bequest in right earnest and soon began to play the part of lord and master on those lands bequeathed to him adjoining the Forges, as well as within the works themselves. Madlle, the old girl, occasionally put in a supernatural appearance to terrify the people.

On one occasion, two women on their way to Three-Rivers met four men carrying a coffin. This seemed strange; but what was still stranger, the bearers did not follow the highway, but entered the woods skirting the road. The two wayfarers were not scared at first, but one of them having observed, "Tis Madlle Poulin, whom they are taking to hell!" they both became frightened and turned back in haste, in the direction of the Forges, renouncing to their town trip; in a trice the whole settlement was discussing excitedly the unexplicable occurrence.

What added to the general alarm, was the subsequent appearance every afternoon, of a man stalking over the heights; in his hand, he held a paper, as if he were casting up his accounts. Although plainly visible, none had been able to discern his features. A shadow, he seemed—quite colourless; though some said they had discovered a black tinge in his countenance. Long was the mysterious shadow seen every afternoon. None had dared to address it; but the old women, one and all, had said that it must be the guardian the devil had appointed to look after his estate and write up the accounts.

Where there was the greatest turmoil, was at the third hill at a place known to

this day as *Vente-au-diable* (sale to the Devil); this was the land bequeathed to the Prince of Darkness. Here the evil spirits congregated in force for their revels at midnight. A large fire was noticeable, blazing forth, surrounded by weird attendants; a clanking of chains broke on the dark silent hours, followed by howls, yells of rage, shrieks of laughter which caused the people's hair to stand on end with fright. Names were shouted amidst horrible blasphemies; persons on their way to the Forges on such occasions arrived there more dead than alive, with terror.

The spot was shunned even in broad day light, no wood choppers could be prevailed to work there.

Sometimes, however, His Satanic Majesty seemed bent on a lark and was harmless in his moods.

On a piercing, cold Sunday in January, the Forges laborers being on their way to High Mass, at Three-Rivers, on walking past *Vente-au-diable*, had noticed a man bare-headed, in his shirt sleeves shaving his beard near a tree to which a small mirror hung by a pin. At first, they laughed; but passed, firmly convinced that it was the Devil playing one of his odd pranks. Other strange things were witnessed at *Vente-au-diable*. Horses would stand still, refuse to obey the cut of the whip. One infallible remedy had been discovered to start them: turning the bridle wrong side out. The grave and learned chronicler, Abbé Caron, mentions a number of other unaccountable proceedings witnessed by Père Louison, or by his big brother.

A huge black cat used to enter the Forges at night; stretch himself at the foot of the red hot furnace; placed his paws on the liquid ore, and when the smelters attempted to move him with a crow-bar he bristled up and grew larger than a half bushel measure, so Père Louison said. He usually retired through the entrance of the red hot furnace and was succeeded by a little red man, who used to sit aloft on the edge of the roaring chimney.

A dance among the operatives having once been prolonged so as to encroach on the Sabbath, was rudely and alarmingly interrupted by the sudden and unexplainable thundering of the *Gros Marteau*, (the monster hammer)—*boum! boum!! boum!!!* The workmen hurried to the main building of the Forges and were horrified to discover a man holding one of his legs under the ponderous hammer, turning it round to receive each blow, just as if it had been a bar of hot metal to be wrought into shape. Père Louison related to the annalist many other

uncanny sights witnessed in that land of Demons.

We have room merely for a short notice of the repeated and unwelcome presence on the tree-tops after night fall, around the settlement, at the Forges—of a mysterious visitor—who from the rapidity of his movements, we should pronounce to belong to the feathered race. From his loud, stifled, guttural voice, he was known as *Le Beuglard*, the Bellow. His *ha-ou! ha-ou!! ha-ou!!!* after dark had struck terror in many stout hearts.

Thus, on one occasion, three very stirring young blades who had desecrated the Sabbath, by a tramp in the woods, were recalled to a sense of duty by fearful sounds from above their heads. They halted; knelt on the frozen soil and told devoutly their beads; the Virgin Mary, as was expected, silenced the Beuglard.

"When ever, said Père Louison, the Beuglard scared us, we followed the practice of my eldest brother; we crossed ourselves and said a *Pater Noster*, some of us, for the benefit of the soul of Madlle Poulin, who was supposed to be asking for prayers; others were of opinion that the Beuglard, was none else than the Devil himself—who grateful for her gift, retaliated thus on the Forges people who had wronged her. This is a point which our priests, though often requested ever failed of clearing up," added gravely Père Louison.

We also, whilst encamped in Canadian woods, in early spring, when the maple sap and sugar gladdened our buoyant, young heart, more than once have listened, awe-struck, to the dismal hooting of the Great Virginian owl in the tree-tops, *Ha-ou! Ha-ou!! Ha-ou!!!* but had not then heard of the Beuglard of the St. Maurice Forges.

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Christmas Eve, 1891.

DEAD LONG AGO.—A lady belonging to a community called the "Sisters of St. John the Baptist" in New York city, was spending a month or long since in one of the backwoods districts. Going to the post-office shortly after her arrival, she asked if any letter had come for Sister Bernardine. The rural postmaster looked bewildered for a moment. "Sister who?" he asked. "Sister Bernardine," repeated the lady—"a sister of St. John the Baptist." "Well I should rather think not," replied the man with an uproarious laugh. "I guess he's been dead pretty near a hundred years now."

SO ARDUOUS, YOU KNOW.—Colling, "Why, chappie, you look fatigued. What's the trouble?" Goslin, "I'm quite tired, Cholly; I got up this morning ten minutes earlier than usual, instead of remaining in bed ten minutes later than usual, as I generally do." —Harper's Bazar.

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[FOR CANADA.]
CITY SPARROWS.

A stranger to the city's walls and smoke,
I came, when night had routed all the day,
And struggling hard with the electric ray,
Filled sleep with consciousness till I awoke.
Then with the first soft sign o' dawn that
broke
On the near strong radiance of the lamps,
the way
Of the quick-coming morn was loud with
play
And chatter of the birds that near me spoke.
Straight streets became bent paths and lanes
of shade;
The home that knew me rose in beauty,
hilled
And wooded, now, where streets were
dark and narrow,
An l walls were toppling. The near elms that
swayed
Seemed whispering in the old kind way, and
filled
My heart with peace, and love for every
sparrow.

J. F. HERBIS.

Wolville, N. S.

[FOR CANADA.]
BOOKS.
BY PASTOR FELIX.

IN that magnificent "Arcopagitea" occurs the frequent sunburst among clouds; but none brighter than this: "Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. . . Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the *gracious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.*" This is the very necromancy of life, by which enchantment springs up along the dull path of controversy; the surgeon with which Milton feels his antagonist is gem-encrusted, as ocean coats a stick with barnacles. But this is very philosophic, as well as eloquent, language, and will resolve itself into truth the most important concerning our chosen subject. For Milton's designated books include the tomes of the ages, with such contemporary gifts as finest souls may bestow. He gives not the stamp of his approval too widely, but it is fully put upon fit things. He is pleading for the life of such books as have been, and are, moving causes in the realms of intellect and morals; and the lady of his "Comus" is

not purer than he demands his author should be. The licentious singers of Charles' court may have some power, like his vile enchanter, to charm us yet; but he will say:—

"Drive far off the barbarous dissonance Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race Of that wild rout that love the Thracian bard In Rhodopé;"
and, again:

"I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none But such as are good men can give good things."

Much less will he contend, with his golden sentences, for the swarm and spawn of the molar press, almost obscuring the sun;—the caskets of emptiness, or worse;—the flasks full of the essence of infernal poppy, to benumb the moral sensibilities of men, or make them hardily evil;—the "filth of Zolaism," that

"Lets in defilement to the inward parts," till

"The soul grows clotted by contagion, Inbodies and inbrates, till she quite lose The divine property of her first being";—

false, fatal books, happy only if ephemeral, that waste the hours and the hearts of men, and have, whatever their plea of extenuation, no better reason for being than that their authors were vile enough to conceive and publish, and so many foolish enough to buy and read them. Milton's commended books are not from the dead, with a mission to stay; they are from the living, and with a potency of life. They beget themselves again in minds that are akin and devoted; while noble thought coloured by higher motion, transfuses itself through new souls, and lives again in action. How many a true life, and useful, has acquired its early impulse from a book—which was not a dead or death-dealing book; but the distilled result of long study, much acquirement, experience, knowledge, feeling, insight, deathlessly create, and suffused with personality,—so that while we read, the author seems speaking, and after we have laid the volume aside his voice seems to ring in our ears. These are the books we need, the books that have enthused and enlivened brother-souls, that have given a pronounced impulse to poet, preacher, orator, statesman; for the greatly good author will give his best result, choice thinking in choice words; as echoes reverberating, his life will reduplicate itself in you, his legacy will prove, as Milton avers, "the precious life blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up, to a purpose beyond life." Therefore, so read.

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phrase—"Some books are to be tasted." It will fall to the lot of the wise reader to examine many books to which he will give no after attention; this process of rejection will go on all his life, and even then he will bolt a good deal of bran. But can he not tell by a crumb if his cheese be tainted, or leather-soled from the blueness of the milk? He can as well have good as poor. Cannot he tell, who reads, to what he can be reconciled, and what to him will be profitable? It is true Mrs. Browning has said:—

"I read my books
Without considering whether they were fit
To do me good. Mark, there. We get no
good

By being ungenerous, even to a book.
And calculating profits. . . So much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's pro-
found,

Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

Very certainly! But I conceive our poetess argues against a narrow prejudice, and a method of low utilitarianism with books; not against a wholesomely proper principle of selection. She, I deem, equally with Milton will regret the mean and vile, without the reproach of ungenerosity or injustice. She may have read the whole of Smollett, who reeks in exceptionally fine style; maybe literary excellence might have reconciled Milton to an acquaintance with moral nausea, had Milton not escaped the temptation of knowing Smollett by living in advance of him.* But how much worse have we, by the purveyance of many French and some English, to-day! Our severe and white-souled Puritan would squander on these only the breath of contemptuous condemnation; he will not argue for the life of even a powerfully evil book. He is no casuist of this kind. His instinct is that a strongly-immoral book does a wrong everywhere and to every one; that no one can be sure of escaping untainted, who lingers with it longer than to find out what it is. You may argue or combat, but you cannot convert a book. How can you contradict a book? Your spoken rebuke or refutation may shame the living cheek, or banish the misspoken word into thin air—or some oblivious vacuum; but, with your book, when you have made your most strenuous protest against the printed abomination, here it still is, in black and white.

Maurice Thompson maintains, I think with more than a show of truth, that all books which corrupt the imagination, have not only an evil moral effect, but

*Milton died, Nov. 8th, 1674. Smollett was born in 1721.

an evil physiological effect; that, as unwholesome, ill-prepared food will disorganise the transmitting organ, and lower the physical tone, so will a corresponding mental pabulum derange, and alter the very texture of that delicate, yet much-enduring organ, called the *brain*. That a long association with prurient and materialistic ideas and images, with the night-side of nature or life; a habit and love of morbid analysis, abridges in the brain each exhilarating faculty, enfeebles by excitement, and tends to hallucination and insanity. What, then, is wise to do? Avoid. If there is taint, beware! What are you, that you should handle infectants, with all your stock of moral chlorides. You are but human; and, till you have put off this cushion for bacilli, typhus and small-pox will bear to be let alone. Seeking there you nought can gain.

This is an age of excessive book-manufacture and so we live under the disadvantage of the time. But the greater the need of this selective process with all who would thrive intellectually or spiritually. We have the best and the second best, equally at our disposal; and the best minds will come for a shilling. Periodical literature enshrines much of the best contemporary thought and art; but they must be dealt with discriminatively—these numerous outputs of the serial press—or we are likely to be lumber-loaded by the very presence and pressure of these things, and embarrassed in the effort to make a fitting choice. Valuable as the magazine and newspaper may be, it must be confessed their value is intrinsically and relatively small to that of great epoch-making books. This endless miscellaneous will tend to a world of smatterers and smattering. The want to day is not only wide reading, but deep, thorough sympathetic reading of standard works. Billiancy, versatility, easy discursiveness, never more sought out; solid, exact, deep rooted attainments, never more liable to depreciation and neglect than now. We cannot do better, if we would excel,—young citizens of our Dominion,—than make a choice of precious books, and learn to know and love them. These treasures in our souls, we are better men and women. We are not to wear them gaudily, we are not to boast, but actually to possess them. There is no purely mental exercise that will more surely build up intellect and character, than "the daily, nightly, and everlasting study of standard authors." This have we been taught by that elegant and thoughtful writer, John Foster: "Few have been sufficiently sensible of the importance of that economy in reading

JOHN J. WEDDALL.

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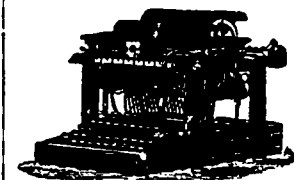
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A TALE OF ANNAPOLIS. 1785.

THE ancient capital of Acadia had witnessed the last conflict for its possession. The many contentions between the avaricious French and the avenging English had come to an end, and there was no longer dispute of rightful claims.

But peace was not yet wholly restored, and for three-quarters of a century, or more, subsequent to Nicholson's capture, there still lurked a rampant spirit of disorder and malcontentedness. A favourable occasion was all that was required to kindle anew the existing ill-affection and not unfrequently did assaults upon government officials, and raids upon their property occur, instigated by public enemies and affected by hungry mobs. These naturally placed the town in a state of confusion and hindered greatly the desired political advancement. One such uprising, which, however, was happily averted, threatened in the early summer of 1785.

It had been decided to observe the anniversary of some event in the history of the town by an evening assembly and dinner at the residence of one of the chief functionaries, at which the "flowers of the land" were to be present with the best speech-makers and law-givers. Accordingly extensive preparations had been made for the occasion which was to be indeed a truly loyal and patriotic celebration. The night arrived and dusk found the guests congregating at the house of honour, unusually merry and hilarious.

Meantime, while the *fête* was thus commencing, back among the hills which surround the town a country girl was toiling homewards along the diverse pathway. The dense thickets, narrow passes and treacherous pit-falls, together with the approaching darkness rendered her progress slow and difficult and often did she pause for a moment's rest. Rebecca Albert was the daughter of an Annapolis farmer, an immigrant to the new country from the distant shores of Britain. A portion of her seventeen

years had been passed in New England, but her father having journeyed with others to Nova Scotia while she was yet a child, her affections were for the greater part with her present home. On this afternoon she had resorted to the hills in quest of berries, which would find a ready sale at the feast. The little money thus procured would be opportunely acceptable at the modest farmhouse which John Albert had erected as an abode for his family, for there the trials of a settler's life were not unknown and there the strictest economy must needs be exercised at all times. But the berries were not plentiful and Rebecca found it necessary to wander over a large area in order to obtain a very few, with which she was returning, benighted, and too late for a sale. Discouraged in mind, and weary in body, she aimlessly followed the path, often missing it and straying among the bushes. For a mile she thus continued, and in the while the shades of night were rapidly gathering around her. She had unknowingly rambled further back in the hills than was her intention, and now had gone not half the distance home.

The clearings made by the settlers years before had since become covered with a dense growth of underwood and saplings, and in many places the trees had grown to almost their former size. The present wood-cutters had pushed ahead and laid the axe to more remote parts of the forest. It was the former that the course now entered and here progress was even more laborious than in the mere thickets behind.

As she passed down a rocky decline leading into a secluded miniature dell Rebecca became conscious of a low hum, or faint noise, in the air. It was such that it could not be of any bird of the night nor of prowling beasts, but advancing where she could hear more distinctly, she was assured that it was of human voices. Rebecca had somewhat of the adventurous mingled with her usual bravery and she now resolved to ascertain the *why* of this nocturnal conversation in the woods. It surely boded no good.

Relying upon the friendly darkness for concealment she again advanced with great caution in the direction of the voices, and drawing sufficiently near to distinguish them she listened intently and with feverish excitement.

Peering through the brushwood she could barely descry the dusky forms of about fifty men who appeared to be well armed and conversing freely yet not loudly.

The listener behind the rock gathered from what she heard that it was the

intention of these men to saunter forth from their rendezvous within an hour or two and taking advantage of the occasion when the citizens would be absent from their homes, plunder the town, murder those offering opposition, and escape by a vessel then ready in the harbour.

Completely astounded, Rebecca lingered briefly in her seclusion, but immediately regaining her composure, she sought some means by which she might frustrate the villains' bold plans. For, brave girl that she was, her first thoughts were not for her own safety but that of others. Might she save the town? She thought she might.

Hastily but noiselessly she left the spot and hurried with all possible speed towards the scene of festivities. Recklessly crossing streams and traversing wooded slopes, she hastened, not heeding the many bruises and scratches that befell her. When at length she arrived at the town, footsore and exhausted, her story was not at first believed, but her integrity finally prevailed and received general approbation. When the would-be plunderers came they were met and deterred from the accomplishment of their diabolical plans. The leaders were safely lodged in the gaol, long to repent their actions.

For her brave deed by which the town was saved from great loss and murder, if not entire destruction, Rebecca Albert was well rewarded and plenty was provided for the future for her own and her parents' comfort.

A. W. FULLERTON.

[FOR CANADA.]

JOHN BULL: HIS FAMILY.

By THOMAS C. ROBINSON.

JOHN BULL, he is a farmer bold,
And a lover of the sea;
A brawny blacksmith's arm he has,
And his hammer well wield's he.

He loves his farm full well he does;
The sea is his honest pride.
His blacksmiths' shops send forth his ships,
The victors on every tide.

And in the corner of his heart
A true love he hides, doth he,
For those who claim his kindred blood —
His fair children o'er the sea.

And he would have them meet once more,
Once more neath the old house tree.
One and all at his bidding come
From o'er the wide, wide sea.

From the land of the fleecy snow
A matron comes o'er the sea.
Seven fair boys are in her train,
And she paceth full proudly.

Two of her boys are farmer lads,
Two miners fair and free,
One is an honest habitant,
And two do follow the sea.

With her comes wheat of hardest grain
From her prairies o'er the sea,
The best of wood for John's great ships,
And beef for his sailors free.

From a more distant clime there comes
A young maiden modestly.
John Bull smiles as he greets her now,
So like her mother is she.

From her far-distant island home,
Her home in the Southern Sea,
She brings him wool, and cheap meat, too,
So that he lives merrily.

Hark! to the noise: a bevy of boys:
It is Austral's wild young train.
John's eyes grow bright; he thinks of a night
On the Soudan's sandy plain,

When these young lads, with bay'nets fixed,
With their English brothers stood,
And Arab spears poured forth a stream,
A deluge of English blood.

Who are they of the du ky skin,
With the dark, observant eye,
Whose dress doth tell of Eastern birth
And life 'neath a sunny sky?

And who is she? that with them comes
With such stately step and mien,
From the throne of the great Mogul;
I is India's mighty Queen.

Sikh and Sepoy, come in her train,
Loyal to Old England's cause,
Proud of their share, in John Bull's fame,
And safe 'neath his honest laws.

Sonship to John oft have they proved
On many a hard won field;
If not full sons by blood or race,
They are doubly so by deed.

John Bull goes to his farm once more,
His old hammer well wields he,
He thinks of sons in distant lands,
His fair children o'er the sea.

CRITICISMS ON EULOGIUMS.

THE following lines, from the VIII. Eclogue of Virgil, were pronounced by Voltaire the "best written by that poet," and by Macaulay "the best in the Latin tongue:"
"Saepibus innostris parvam te roscida mala,
Dux ego vester eram, vidi cum matre legentem.
Alter ab undecimo tum me jam ceperat annus;

Jam fragiles, poteram a terra centingere
rames
Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abtulit error!"

The lines are thus translated by Wrangham, who has been very happy in his rendering of the E-logues;

"First did'st thou to these dotting eyes appear

Within our orchard bound, thy mother near;
Thy little hands the dewy apples pile;
I was your guide, too happy I the while;
Just entered on my teens, with utmost stretch
On tiptoe rising, I the bough could reach;
I saw, I died, by passion borne along;
(Begin with me, my pipe, the soft Mendalian song)."

Dryden's translation is as follows:

"Once with your mother to our fields you came

For dewy apples—thence I date my flame—
The choicest fruit I pointed to your view;
Though young, my raptured soul was fixed
on you;

The boughs I scarce could reach with little arms,

But then, e'en then, could feel thy powerful charms.

Oh! how I gazed in pleasing transport tost,
How glowed my heart in sweet delusion lost."

In reading the above one is reminded of a similar experience of Byron, when he was of about the same tender age.

To the criticisms given above it may be remarked that, though the pictures presented are very natural and very beautiful, and the language extremely well-chosen, delicate, and touching, it may be questioned whether Voltaire, though a good classical scholar, does not go too far in pronouncing the passage "the finest in Virgil," and whether Macaulay with all his acquaintance with Latin and Greek literature, does not assume too much, when he pronounces the passage "the finest in the Latin language." Both Voltaire and Macaulay were excellent classical scholars; but it might be replied to the ardent encomiums of the former, that there are a great many fine and beautiful passages in Virgil and of such rare excellence that any reader might hesitate as to which to assign the palm of undoubted superiority; and as regards the still more comprehensive eulogium of Macaulay, one can scarcely avoid making the observation, that the words of the critic partake too much of the nature of assumptions. They imply that the writer was personally conversant with the productions of all Latin writers; and more, that he could authoritatively pronounce as to the respective merits of each. Here is infallibility in literature as much assumed, as was ever claimed by the church.

For this reason among others Macaulay might be expected to attain to more than ordinary proficiency in the acquisition of languages—he had a remarkably

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good memory and particularly of that special type of the endowment that belongs to language—the memory of words. He could write correctly a lengthy poem after perusing it once. This faculty enabled him to read a difficult classical work almost at sight and one author after another in such rapid succession that we almost lose our breath in attempting to follow his impetuous course. Thus we learn from a letter to his friend Ellis that in the thirteen months after his arrival in India—a country by no means favourable to exertion, literary or physical, and in which he was required to perform the duties of an important government office, he read the following classical writings: Æschylus, Sophocles, Pindar, Theocritus, Plautus, Terence, Lucretius, Euripides, Callimachus, Rhodius, Callier, Herodotus, Thucydides, Plutarch, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Lucan, Statius, Ithicus, Livy, Patereulus, Sallust, Caesar, and Cicero, with almost all of Xenophon and Plato, Aristotle's "Politics" and "Organon," as also parts of Lucian and Athenæus.

Macaulay does not pretend that he read all the above carefully and critically, he was satisfied to get the meaning and to learn the lessons inculcated, much as most of us ordinarily read an English work. His method—using his own words—"I read," says he, "not as I read at college, but like a man of the world. If I did not know a word, I passed it by, unless it was important to the sense. If I found, as I have often found, a passage which refused its meaning at the second trial, I let it alone."

This manner of treating the ancient classics, it may be remarked, might be allowable in the circumstances and for the purposes for which they were read by Macaulay, but it would fail entirely to answer the demands of accurate scholarship and critical study; and we cannot but wonder that one so well acquainted with literature preferred to read such a number of authors in the manner described, to fewer with more care and greater research. If he so read the passages under review, his unqualified eulogiums would be as inexcusable as unreliable.

In Macaulay's case classical pursuits were made to perform a service rather uncommon. He sought in them solace under affliction. While in India he was called to mourn the death of a beloved sister. Referring to the event in a letter to a friend, he says: "That I have not sunk utterly under this blow, I owe chiefly to literature. What a blessing it is to love books! as I love them; to be able to converse with the dead and to live amidst the unreal! Many times

during the last few weeks I have repeated to myself those five lines of old Hesiod." Here he gives the original. The following is a translation: "For if to one whose grief is fresh, as he sits silently with sorrow-stricken heart, a minstrel, the henchman of the Muses, celebrates the men of old and the gods who possess Olympus, straightway he forgets his melancholy and remembers not at all his grief—beguiled by the blessed gifts of the goddess of song."

It was well for Macaulay that he could so find consolation, but there was "a more excellent way," of which he ought not to have been ignorant, for he had been carefully instructed in the doctrines of the Christian religion by a faithful, pious father. There was no need therefore for him to search the writings of a heathen poet, who lived in the remotest dawn of heathen Greek literature, for comfort and support. But unfortunately Macaulay did not inherit his father's faith and hope, though he always treated the memory of his father with profoundest respect.

But to retrace our steps. In what consists the beauty of the confessedly charming passage above cited and eulogized? The language is admirably chosen, the verses exceedingly melodious, and the pictures are unusually engaging and attractive. A little girl by her mother's side is gathering apples wet with morning dew in the garden; a little boy, eleven years old helps in her delightful and animating employment and is even more delighted and animated than she, for the assistance he rendered is in itself an exquisite pleasure; so pleased is he with the vision that he falls in love, in resistless love with the beautiful form before him. This is very interesting, very charming. If it justifies the judgment pronounced as above in the passage that the lines are "the best in Virgil," the "best in the Latin language," then the critics have not been too extravagant in their encomiums, and it only remains for us to acquiesce in their decision.

C. D. R.

Wolfville, N. S., Feb. 15th, 1892.

MONTCALM AND FRENCH CANADA.

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

Chapter V.

In the midst of the apparent overturn of British power, Pitt remains unshaken. With the assurance of genius he has

already made choice of his conquest; it will be Canada. In his profound thinking, the possession of that country was, between France and England, the stake of the Seven Years' War, for Canada—it was the whole of North America. Pitt had understood that the French once expelled from North and West, the English would remain without rivals on a continent where Louisiana, still in its infancy, and the Spanish colonies, already in their decline, could only be a prey and not a menace to their neighbours. To conquer Canada, it was to secure to the English race the dominion over half a hemisphere.

The reverses which Montcalm had caused the armies of King George to suffer in America would have discouraged a mediocre soul; they only served to decuple the efforts of the great Pitt and to hasten his triumph.

Success, alas! was easier than it seemed to him. In Canada, England had three allies which served her without subsidies: discord, famine and corruption. Her European ally, the great Frederic, cost her more. It is necessary to enter upon the painful story of the internal troubles of New France. We shall see in the heart of what difficulties Montcalm had to struggle: in recognising the enemies which he had behind him during his campaigns, we shall know better what he called himself the *critique* of his position.

The chief of the plagues of the colony was the colonial administration. To the honour of our country, the scandals of which Canada was then the theatre were only a monstrous exception, and the public officers of ancient France have transmitted to their successors a just renown of probity, a truly national inheritance, which they bequeathed, with their own examples, to future functionaries.

In physical nature corruption rises or descends, in the moral order the gangrene never ascends: it comes always from above; only a head can poison a whole body.

In Francois Bigot, thirteenth and last Intendant of New France, was incarnated all the brilliant and bold corruption of the eighteenth century. His robberies at Louisburg, at the time of the first siege in 1745, had already provoked in the garrison mutinies which hastened the capitulation of the place. Instead of being punished, the culprit, of high family, was promoted and sent to Canada. Thither he carried his vices, his seductions and his intelligence. Absolute master in all the departments of finance, Bigot created an administration in his

own likeness, and for plundering he had, like the giant in the fable, hands by the hundred; every functionary was a thief, from the intendant and controller "down to the lowest cadet;" in this shameful conspiracy, the chief only reproached his inferior "with stealing too much for his office." Throughout Canada there spread an epidemic of thieving, in connection with appointments to places, with the transport service, with public works, with the produce of the trade in furs reserved to the king, with the furnishing of war materials and equipments; but it was in connection with the goods given as presents to the Redskins they found the most profitable jobs; in the depth of his forest as well as in the open the poor savage was robbed. Nor was this all in faith; the brigandage took another form, and the employees of Bigot, become merchants, operated under the protection of their chief, huge monopolies of all things, which they afterwards sold to the state and to the unhappy colonists at 150 per cent. profit. At length came the famine; this was the fine time; we shall speak of it again.

Between this band and the Marquis of Montcalm war began with the first day: "What a country!" he writes in a letter to his mother, "where all the thieves make their fortune and all honest people are ruined." Perhaps, at another time, he would have turned away in disgust from such a spectacle, but at this time the patriotism of Montcalm revolted against it still more than his probity. By these incessant robberies the colony had been left without defence in the face of the enemy; the pilfering had become treason; the soldiers were furnished with guns "of an ancient pattern, the ramrods as brittle as glass." They had nothing but "sheds" where they were supposed to have forts; "that of Carillon full of defects, cost the king as much as Brisach, and served to enrich the engineer of the country." Scarcely disembarked, Montcalm, hastening to the quarters of the troops, found "hospitals and ambulances in a frightful state and many necessary articles wanting in the magazines." What he feared from the thievings of which the savages were the victims, was that these should be won over by the English.

Indignant at the present, anxious about the future, he warned the Minister of Marine, to whose office the colonists were attached; he persuaded the honest Doreil, Commissary of War (military intendant), to write. It was like complaining to the maggots of the rot, for Bigot had his accomplice there; "he is the very eye of the minister." The dis-

patches were intercepted on their way; they were mislaid to the report down on the taking of William Henry. Without doubt some day these wretches will be confounded and even punished after a great trial, but it will be too late, Montcalm and New France will have lived.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE CAPT. ROBINSON.--The late Capt. William H. Robinson, previously referred to as being killed in action at Tambi, West Africa, on March 14, was the son of the late Major W. B. Robinson, of Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada, and nephew of the late Frederick Lewis Dibble, C. E., Public Works Department, India. He was born at St. John, N. B., on July 18, 1863, and was educated at Kingston College, New Brunswick, where he had a most brilliant career. He obtained his commission in the Royal Engineers, July 27, 1882, and at the time of his death was commanding the Royal Engineers in Sierra Leone. He volunteered to accompany the force under Major Moore. After behaving in the most gallant manner during the attack on Tambi, on March 14, blowing in the gate with gun cotton under a heavy fire, and leading his men through the fence in the charges on the gate, Capt. Robinson was at the end of one of the charges, shot through the heart and lungs, and fell dead near the gate.—*Montreal Witness.*

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V.

There are three main lines along which enlightened thought may travel, Poetry, Philosophy, and Divinity. There are subsidiary ones; but these thoroughfares are long, broad and glorious. Of these, eldest and preferable,—as partially inclusive of the others,—is Poetry. This is the flowering of all thought, the subtle essence of all speech, the mighty language in which noblest souls, at their noblest attitudes, speak to us.

Of the poets: We should at least know the masters. We will not say, confine to these. No man is forbidden to meddle with the glow worms, to follow in their night the fire flies, to note when a new light flashes out from this or that coast; but it is folly to neglect the stars. The five leading creative and impulsive poets should be sought out, if we do not come accidentally to them. They are the chartered members and the princes of this great poetic fraternity, and we are in the outer circles until we know them. Who are they?

1st. Homer, the Greek,—

"With the broad suspense
Of thunderous brows, and lips intense
Of garrulous God-innocence."

He is the bard of fire, force, splendor, freshness, freedom, enthusiasm, who contains in him the seed and potency of the Hellenic intellect. In him the mind finds an expansive element. It was the experience of Bonchardon that while reading Homer his "whole frame appeared to himself to be enlarged." This is his peculiar function, to dilate and enkindle, and is closely akin to the enthusiastic spirit of our youth. He stands warden at one of the morning gates of Time, by which we enter into the realm of the Ideal. If you read him in English, for a suitable translation, remember the commendation of Keats:

"Of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his
demesne:
Yet did I never breathe the pure serene
Till I heard Chapman" speak out loud and
bold."

2nd. Virgil, the Latin. Much fagged over, as to his parts; he is to be approached spiritually and sympathetically. Let him again be introduced, sitting as Mrs. Browning has imaged him:

"Shade of Mantuan beech
Did help the shade of bay to reach
And knit around his forehead high.
For his gods wore less, majesty
Than his brown bees nummed deathlessly."

He, too, has his peculiar function. The elm and vine seem emblematic of his mind. In him dignity and grace stand supremely

embodied. These Virgilian attributes the loving student finds contagious; they infuse themselves into the mind, and, unaware, his thoughts take on grace and beauty. "The influence of familiarity with the *Aeneid*," says Dr. Shedd, "is highly refining. Men of elegant traits, like Canning and Robert Wall, relish and quote Virgil. Everything in him is full of grace and propriety."

3rd. Dante, the Tuscan,—

"Dante stern
And sweet, whose spirit was an urn
For wine and milk poured out in turn."

He who thinks mediævalism was barren will not affect Dante; certainly the shallow and trivial will avoid him, and all whose peculiar cant is optimistic cheerfulness. He has a religious instinct for the pains and sorrows of all time, but his tones tremble with tenderness and sympathy. He is marked not only for his poetic, but his religious and theologic significance. Nominally a Papist, he is, like Savonarola, in temper and spirit, a Protestant. He is of the blood royal, and spiritually related to angels and Luther. Where others show us amorphous horrors or splendors, he will give distinctness; he will show us "beauty unadorned, adorned the most." He reveals and images the mystical; he teaches thought to be compact and massive; we learn from him select and economical words. He is the antipodes of Spenser, with his golden prodigality. His characteristic force is hinted in the following image from the pen of Lovell: "A cloudless sunrise in mid-ocean is beyond comparison for simple grandeur. It is like Dante's style, *bare and perfect*."

4th. Akin to the Tuscan, but of a more ornate and classic style, and a more heroic grandeur. Austerely pathetic, his figure is unfolded:

"Here Milton's eyes strike piercing dim;
The shapes of suns and stars did swim
Like clouds from them and granted him
God for sole vision!"

Here is one of the turn-peaks of our own Parnassus, as Coleridge has been pleased to phrase it. He has transfused the mer qualities of the foregone masters into English. The witchery of his earlier muse is in delightful contrast to the heroism and loftiness of his sacred themes. It is as if we saw the fays sporting on eternal green, against the background of a towering forest and the cliffs and summits of perpetual crystals. Below chime the brooks; above rattle the thunders, while over all is the braided bow. The English student cannot prudently neglect

"That mighty orb of song
The divine Milton."

without tending, by so much, to intellectual poverty.

5th. Shakespere. Last, because greatest. This is the summit:

"Shakespere: on whose forehead climb
The crowns of the world! Oh, eyes sublime,
With tears and laughter for all time!"

Not always finished in detail, but colossal, and with the occasional fineness or rudeness of Nature. Here is the major voice of the world, with an artless spontaneity of song that, among moderns, Burns only approaches. We want him for accurate description of multifarious life; for breadth and subtlety; for insight; for marvellous poetical facility; for an independent, unapproachable diction; for what, on the human side, at least, do we not want him? The generations walk in his gallery, and he comprehends everything from the pebbles to the stars.

Do we imply dispraise or neglect of any other worthies? We trust not. We shall not love them less, but understand them better, for our closer communion with this Five. These are the masters of the choir immortal.

And is this profitable and practicable to us? We think so; and to the end that you may be so persuaded, reader. These words are written. We might speak in the praise of science, but a temporary apotheosis of the scientific spirit will, on the part of specialists, give birth to such dicta as these, from a journal open on my table: "Nobody reads poetry,"—uttered by "an eloquent man who is doing a grand work for humanity." "Poets are worse than useless, and have done *nothing* for the good of the world." Such amazing assertions carry their own refutation, with all who have not deliberately turned aside from what no god at least has called profitless, "common or unclean." The wiser hearts of every generation will renew the emphasis we place on the words of Wordsworth:

"Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,
The poets— who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays."

NOTES.

An interesting phase of the authorship of Mr. William T. James is that he is able to be his own publisher, and put his work forth with all the advantage of close personal supervision. He has made a daintily attractive book, has put in it various things that more than justify its existence, and has dedicated it to Professor Goldwin Smith. "Rhymes Afloat and Afield" are pretty equally divided between sea and shore, with a little preference in freedom, spirit and quality for the blue, boundless deep. There are two songs of the sea that seem to us particularly spirited and sympathetic, "A Yachting Song," and "All Hands on Deck"; perhaps we should include a third—"Land Ho!"—all of them lyrics as buoyant as the waves, as hearty and fresh as the winds of ocean, that inspired them. A single stanza may indicate their quality:

"When clouds brood on the sullen main,
Black with the portents of a storm;
When growls the furious hurricane,
Hoarse cries the watch below alarm,
And flights of slumber rudely check;
"Ahoj, below! All hands on deck!"

From the cares of business and the walks of trade, like a Halleck or Stedman, Mr. James has the poet-impulse to turn aside

*An excellent, inexpensive edition of Chapman's Homer may be found in Routledge's Universal Library, edited by John Morley.

*Cary, on the whole, gives the best popular translation. Alden has it.

to rural quiet, and afterwards to record his interviews and impressions, and his unaffected love of nature, in verse which, if not of higher art or mood, in ease, simplicity, and sobriety of manner, comes within the appreciative range of the larger number of readers. Indeed, what taste might not relish this, from his sonnet "The Woods"?

"Who would not turn
His feet to sylvan fanes, where every creed
Is tolerated; linger, dream and read
From other leaves than those of volumes;
learn
The collects of the flowers--the wild bird's
psalm,
And talk with Nature till his soul grows
calm?"

There are prosaic epithets, and passages that the author might have improved, but, on the whole there is reason to commend this volume as a worthy contribution to our native literature.

* *

That John MacFarlane (John Arbory) of Montreal, is one of the most successful among those who cultivate the Doric muse will appear, we believe, to the carefully appreciative reader who shall peruse "Heather and Harebell." He will not, if he be a lover of natural melodious expression--and especially if he be a lover of Scottish song--leave one of the few lyrics in this white-garbed, dainty book, unread and unenjoyed; though there will be varying degrees in his enjoyment, as of merit in the pieces. They have been like honey to the tongue of the writer of this comment, and have been sweetening in the mind the more he has sought their acquaintance. Nor do they depend for poetic effect upon their proportions of Scottish dialect, for their author gives us his fancies and feelings in equally delicate and musical English; but his Doric lays have these peculiar turns and tones which mark them genuine--the births of a poetic mind. He would be a worthy fellow and peer of our Scotch-Canadian, McLachlan, but that the latter has written more upon themes strictly Canadian,--so far, at least, as appears from Mr. MacFarlane's present volume. Scotland is first, and ever, in his thought. The motto on the title-page, chosen from one of his own lyrics, is the key-note of all the rest:

"Auld hamely mither Scotlan',
Sic mem'ries winna tine;
My heart grows grit wi' thochts o' thee,
An' dreamings o' lang syne."

It is not passion and power that sound here in ringing accents, but the strain is one of soothing and gentleness; the language and spirit are simple, sincere, homefelt. It is song to which the heart answers. The brightening of a genial fancy, the yearning after olden times, the infusion of a quiet humour, side by side with the plaintive sweetness of Motherwell's "Jeanie Morrison," and some aerial notes of Hogg and Tanahill, appear in these pages. "The Lost Langsyne" is unto itself a lilting voice:

"O the lost langsyne! O, the lost langsyne!
Wi' the daylight sae sweet, an' the gloamin'
sae fine,

The heart yirms aye, an' the thoct winna tyn,
For the years far awa' i' the lost langsyne.

"The lost langsyne! O, the lost langsyne!
The hopes that were yours an' the loves that
were mine,
Hae shed a' their bloom like a flower i' the
dew,
Far, far awa' i' the lost langsyne."

He makes us see the charms of his native land, and feel how dear they are to him. You see "the bonny banks o' Clyde"; you hear "the croon o' the wee hill-burn" singing "thro' the lang green glen," "the lave rock liting in the cloudless blue," the "chirm" of the "linty," "in the bield o' the yellow broom," and the blooming of "the wee wild gowans."

"The hatched chimble to the westlan' breeze,
And doon frae the broon hillside
The scent o' the heather fills the air."

You see the covenanters grouped in the "lanesome glens, or amongst the "breckan dells," and listen to "the e'enin psalm mournful wi' the sough o' sorrow"; or stumble upon the "martyrs' grave" hid in the depth o' the muirlan' mists "on the mountain. He leads you to "the howe ayont the linn," when the cushat dove is still, and "nicht the earth is cleedin' an' the wold is sient,"--

When a Han' the stars is leadin'
Like a flock the west awa'!"

He lifts to our eyes the "bauld broon hills," and flashes on us the light of burning heather scenting the evening air, till the odour steals over the spirit, and brings the memory of departed days:

"Sweet incense of departed bloom,
Afloat upon the moorland lea --
The memory of a summer gone
Thou bearest unto me."

But we cannot mention all the pleasant things we find here; the reader of this notice should search them out. "In Yarrow," "The Angel of Sorrow," "A Reverie in Dickens," "The Minnesinger," etc., have no Scotch words, but are not less beautiful or sweet in sentiment. A glossary would have been a useful addition; although now the Scotch dialect is tolerably well understood by the careful reader, and glossaries are easily accessible for more difficult words. Perhaps in Mr. MacFarlane's next volume this will not be wanting.

* *

Mr. McLennan's admirable sketches of Canadian Habitant life are continued in *Harper's Magazine*. The April number contains "La Cabane," with illustrations by Reinhart. The same number is made valuable by articles on Whitman and Sheely, by poems from Aldrich, Guiney and Cawein, and by "The Tempest" of Shakespeare, with Abbey's illustrations, and a commentary by Andrew Lang.

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That work is worthy always when it is well done.

That the value of money is just the good it will do in life, but that she ought to know and appreciate this value.

That the man who wishes to marry her is the one who tells her so, and is willing to work for her, and not the one who whispers silly love speeches and forgets that men cease to be men when they have no object in life.

That her best confidant is always her mother and that no one sympathises with her in her pleasures and joys as you do.

That unless she shows courtesy to others she need never expect it from them and that the best answer to rudeness is being blind to it.

That when God made her body He intended that it should be clothed properly and modestly, and when she neglects herself she is insulting Him who made her.

Teach her to think well before she says no or yes, but to mean it when she does.

Teach her that her own room is her nest and that to make it sweet and attractive is a duty as well as a pleasure.

Teach her that if she can read or sing or draw, or give pleasure in any way by her accomplishments she is selfish and unkind if she does not do this gladly.

Teach her to be a woman—self-respecting, honest, loving and kind—and then you will have a daughter who will be a pleasure to you always and whose days will be long and joyous in the land which the Lord hath given her.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

BLESSED HIS MOTHER FIRST.—A touching incident marked the consecration of Bishop Horstman, in Philadelphia, the other day. At the close of his sermon Archbishop Ryan addressed a few words personally to the bishop-elect. "May you be ever, as you have been in the past, the sentinel of the sanctuary," he said. "You are soon to give us all your blessing, but first of all, let the first blessing of your episcopacy be bestowed upon your mother, who is present here to-day and is justly proud of her son." Every member of the vast congregation gazed expectantly at Bishop Horstmann, when, after the mitre had been placed upon his head, he passed down from the altar and paused in the centre aisle before the first pew. A tall, grey-haired woman, her eyes beaming with such a proud love as shines only in a mother's eyes, arose to receive his first blessing. The blessing done, she threw her arm impulsively around his neck and kissed him. All were affected by the touching scene and many a handkerchief was raised to tearful eyes throughout the immense cathedral.—*New York Tribune*.

I THINK there is no doubt that the graceful and becoming Princess dress will be very much worn during the coming season, but when I call it becoming, I do not think it is to everyone. Very stout women should avoid it, as the shape defines every line of the figure, and seems to make it look even stouter than it is; though for a graceful well-proportioned figure no style is more effective. But the Princess dress requires to be very well cut, and to fit literally like a glove.

The foundation skirt is now hardly ever seen, and I do not think it will come in again for some time; neither do I think it will be missed by those who study comfort,

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HERBERT HARRIS.

252—TELEPHONE—252.

for it is far more easy to walk in the single skirt than it is in what I may call the "double bag," which we have been wearing so long.

Short sleeves with the long gloves will be again worn in the evening this season. It is a pretty fashion out of doors, but I cannot say I admire it in the house. If all women had really pretty hands and arms, well and good, but alas! the contrary is the rule, and what can look worse than a bare and red hand and arm? Nothing in my opinion.

Dinner dresses are often made with long sleeves, although the bodices are cut low. I am told that *Moire Francaise*, both plain and striped, will be much worn; that green in various shades will be the prevailing colour, the watteau plait will find increased favour, and Irish lace and quipure be much used for trimming costumes, and that ribbons are to be used in every possible way.

The attempt to bring in larger bonnets will, I imagine, end in failure. In spite of the cold weather, the heads of our women still remain only half covered, and it is no wonder that neuralgia abounds. But I am happy to see that children—that is little girls—have warm closely fitting bonnets, or rather hoods, in which they look like little Dutchwomen.

HOUSEWORK AS AN EXERCISE.—To keep the complexion and spirits good, to preserve grace, strength, and agility of motion, there is no gymnasium so valuable, no exercise more beneficial in result, than sweeping, dusting, making beds, washing dishes, and the polishing of brass and silver. One year of such muscular efforts within doors, together with regular exercise in the open air, will do more for a woman's complexion than all the lotions and pomades that were ever invented. Perhaps the reason why housework does so much more for women than games, is the fact that exercise which is immediately productive, cheers the spirit. It gives women the courage to go on living, and makes things seem really worth while. *Medical Record.*

LADY VIOLET GREVILLE assures us that the English girls of to-day are taller and more finely developed than years ago, that even in France tall women with fine figures may now be found, who can compare favourably with their English sisters. She thinks the answer to this "apparent anomaly," may be found "in the modern love of gymnastics and the development of physical activity in the girls of the present day. Lawn tennis, hunting, boating, golf, are all modern amusements, introduced within the last score of years, and they are building up for us a new race of strong, handsome young women glowing with the roses of health, and graceful from the ease and freedom of their movements. No wonder the Greeks studied the hygiene of the body with a view to perfect beauty—for perfect beauty is nothing but perfect health—air and exercise, not a mere potter round the garden, or a dawdle in the park, but *real* exercise, which braces the muscles, brings each one into play, and makes the

blood course quickly through the veins, will make all women beautiful with the glory of bright eyes and the glow of a clear complexion. This it is which keeps women young and fresh even beyond their years. "Blessed be poverty, for, at least, it preserves a woman's figure!"

"The highest grace is the outcome of consummate strength."—*Goethe.*

"Diet cures mair than doctors."—*Scotch Proverb.*

It is said Mrs. Blouet, wife of the noted wit and lecturer, Max O'Rell, is a typical English lady who has been a great help to her talented husband in his career as writer and speaker. Before her marriage she was a teacher in an English academy, where M. Blouet was also employed as a professor of French. They were often thrown together in their school work and the young French professor presently found himself in love with a woman to whom he could not converse save in soul's language, which is not taught in books. Blouet was an apt pupil, and the English schoolmistress soon taught him to speak and write the English language. After their marriage the Frenchman gave up the academy and turned his attention earnestly to literature, with what success the whole world knows. His wife has been an invaluable helper ever since, and is to-day exceedingly proud of her pupil, as she has a right to be. Mrs. Blouet has dark hair and eyes, and despite her rather austere and dignified manner is extremely affable, and when interested in a topic is a fine talker. She dresses very plainly and is thoroughly domestic in her tastes.

"THE Gentlewoman" says, it is strange that that useful little invention of our American cousins—the afternoon combination tea-plate—has met with so little success.

"If some one would introduce them into England, I, for one, would rejoice exceedingly, for in these days of diminutive teacups and saucers, there is really no room for even a piece of rolled bread and butter, or a thin finger of cake, and to manage a plate as well is a real feat of dexterity.

"The little invention to which I allude is a little plate of an oblong shape. There is a groove for the cup, and a place for the bread and butter or biscuit alongside, so that all is comfortable to hold, and handy.

"And yet, I hear that they are so little in demand that they can be picked up quite cheaply.

"If the Americans were wise, they would ship them over here, and perhaps they would become popular."

We also read in the same paper:

All our pretty preconceived ideas about the violet will disperse into thin air if the electricians are going to give us artificially blown ones.

There has always been so much romance about the finding of the first violet, the modest little flower which is held in such high esteem here as well as in Germany, where in some places the blossom which is first discovered in the springtime is elevated

on a pole and the children all dance round it, with a pretty, quaint ceremony.

Now a Paris electrician has succeeded, by means of his battery, in forcing violets, and he sent a bunch of his first successes, four hours old, to the ex-Empress Eugenie.

I hope he won't think it nasty of me, but I should have been so glad if he had failed!

IN these days when drapeics of various fabrics are so much in vogue for interior decoration, let us not over-look nature's beautiful draping material for outdoor use in magnificent climbing vines.

THERE is no better cleansing agent in use for colored goods, than soap bark. Five cent's worth will clean an ordinary garment. Pour over it a quart of boiling water, and let it simmer gently on the stove for an hour or two, then strain and it is ready for use. Sponge the goods carefully with this solution, throwing them at once into cold water, and rinsing thoroughly. Garments ripped to pieces and cleansed in this way, carefully dried and pressed, will make over almost like new.

IN Turkey, where the women are reputed to be the most beautiful on earth, they have a proverb that "Beauty is first born of the bath."

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IN THE SPRING FIELDS.

There dwells a spirit in the budding year—
As motherhood doth beautify the face—
That even lends these barren glebes a grace
And fills grey hours with beauty that were
And bleak when the loud, storming March was
A glamour that the thrilled heart dimly traces
In swelling boughs and soft wet windy spaces,
And sunlands where the chattering birds make
cheer.

I tread the uplands where the wind's foot-
Stir leaves in gusty hollows, autumn's urns,
Seaward the river's shining breast expands,
High in the wintry pines a lone crow calls,
And far below some patient ploughman turns
His great black furrow over steaming lands.
—*W. W. Campbell, in the Cosmopolitan.*

THE COMFORT OF THE FIELDS.

What would'st thou have for easement after
And care sits at thy elbow day and night,
Fleching thy pleasures like a subtle thief!
To me, when life besets me in such wise,
'Tis sweetest to break forth, to drop the chain,
And grasp the freedom of this pleasant earth,
To rove in idleness and sober mirth
Through summer airs and summer lands, and
The comfort of wide fields unto tired eyes.

By hills and waters, farms and solitudes,
To wander by the way with wilful feet
Through fielded valleys wide with yellowing
Along grey roads that run between deep
Murmurous and cool; through hallowed slopes
Where the long daylight dreams unpierced,
And on y the rich-throated thrush is heard;
By lonely forests brooks that troth and shine
In bowldered crannies, buried in the hills,
By broken beaches tangled with wild vine
And log-strewn rivers murmurous with mills.

In upland pastures, sown with gold, and sweet
With the keen perfume of the ripening grass,
Where wings of birds and filmy shadows pass,
Spaced thick as stars with shining marguerite:
To haunt old fences overgrown with briar,
Muffled in vines and hawthornes and wild
Rank poisonous ivies, red-bunched alder-
And wild blossoms to the heart's desire,
Gray mullein lowering into yellow bloom,
Pink tasselled milk weed breathing dense
And swarthy vervain, tipped with violet fire.

To feast on summer sound: the jolted wains,
The thresher humming from the farm near by,
The prattling cricket's intermittent cry,
The toad's rattle from the saltry lanes;
Or in the shadow of some oaken spray
To watch as through a mist of light and dreams
The far off hay fields, where the dusty teams

Drive round and round the lessening squares
And hear upon the wind, now loud, now low,
With drowsy cadence, half a summer's day,
The clatter of the reapers come and go.

To hear at eve the bleating of far flocks,
The mud-hen's whistle from the marsh at
To skirt with deafened ears and brain o'er-
Some foam-filled rapid charging down its rocks
With iron roar of waters; far away
Across wide-reeded meres, pensive with noon,
To hear the querulous outcry of the loon;
To lie among deep rocks, and watch all day
On liquid heights the snowy clouds melt by;
Or hear from wood-capped mountain brows
Pierce the bright morning with its jibing cry.

Far violet hills, horizons filmed with showers,
The murmur of cool streams the forest's
The voices of the breathing grass, the hum
Of ancient gardens overbanked with flowers;
Thus, with a smile as golden as the dawn,
And cool, fair fingers radiantly divine,
The mighty mother brings us in her hand,
For all tired eyes, and foreheads pinched and
Her restful cup, her beaker of bright wine,
Drink and be filled, and ye shall understand.
—*A Lampman, in Scribner's for February.*

Our Young People.

[FOR CANADA]

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

BY MARJORY MACMURCHY.

(Concluded.)

"Cook made me some sandwiches,"
said Humphrey. "Who are you calling
cook? That's my cousin Lizzie," cried
Billy fiercely.

"I forgot; Lizzie made me some
sandwiches then." "You'd better re-
member," said Billy wagging his head,
"she is as good as you are, and she ain't
afraid to work, so she is better."

The tide was in full and the strip of
sand over which they had to drag the
boat was narrow. Tom tugged manfully
at the bow with his legs far apart and his
breadth rather scant.

Mary Leath came running along the
beach.

"Oh boys, are you going out fishing?
Do take me; mother said I might go some
day. Billy, won't you take me; you
might."

Billy stopped shoving and looked at
Mary. "It's too cold," he said awkwardly.
"You'd better not come this time."

"I like being cold," said Mary eagerly;
"it doesn't hurt me a bit."

"You'd spoil your dress," said Billy;
"come on, boys, shove her out."

"My dress can't spoil," cried Mary

tugging at it as if she would shew that it
could not be torn. "Oh Billy, I do so
want to go."

Billy took off his hat and rubbed his
head desperately. Humphrey sat on the
edge of the boat and looking out to sea
muttered, "Just like a girl," and, "We're
losing all our chance of a bite."

"You know mother wouldn't let you
go without asking her again, Mary," said
Tom reproachfully. "We haven't time to
wait; just see how you are keeping us."

"We'll row and let him sit in the
stern," said Billy to Humphrey when
they were ready to start; "he's only a
little fellow."

"I can row too, Billy, real good," cried
Tom, "your father said I could."

"You sit down and do as you're told,"
growled Billy; "I'm captain here."

Tom sat down with a disappointed face
and they began to pull away from the
shore.

Mary stood on the beach, a desolate
little figure. Billy watched her for a
while and then said something to Tom.
Tom turned round.

"Mary," he shouted, "Billy says to
tell mother that perhaps we'll go out
after cod and not to be anxious if we are
late."

"All right," came floating out to them
over the water in Mary's clear treble.

"Aren't we going too far east, Billy?"
asked Humphrey, twisting his head round
to look over his shoulder.

"Now, look here," said Billy, pulling
in his oar, "who is captain in this boat,
you or me?"

"You are," cried Tom.

"I am, all right; now if anyone ain't
satisfied we'll go back and put him ashore.
If anyone ain't satisfied let him say so."

A pause, during which each looked
straight in front of him.

"All right," said Billy, putting out his
oar, "then we'll row straight ahead."

They anchored at a little distance from
the other boats and began to fish, Billy
casting Tom's line for him. The mackerel
were not biting that evening, and one
by one the fishermen reeled in their lines,
lifted their anchors, and rowed into shore.
The sun went down, a ball of ruddy gold,
behind the wooded hills. Their boat
was left alone and Billy began to pull in
his line.

"Now we'll have to row out just as
far as we can, the farther the better," he
said; "here, Tom, you can row for a
while."

Tom set his heels against a thwart,
squared his shoulders and began to row.

"Take it easy," said Billy laughing;
"you're going at it like a man-of-war's-
man."

Humphrey dipped his hand in the water and sang a college song. Shadows began to play lightly along the shining water. The dip of the oars and the creaking of the rowlocks sounded loud in the still air. The bow of the boat cut the water sharply and the ripples murmured along the sides of the boat. The shores behind them stood out vividly in the quiet light. Tom began to flag at his oar.

"We'll have supper now," said Billy.

Tom sighed his relief and Humphrey stooped to pull out the basket.

"No, the captain serves out the rations; give it to me," said Billy pompously.

"I wish we had brought something to drink," sighed Tom.

"You must think I am silly, young fellow," said Billy good humouredly, and pulled a black bottle out of his overcoat which lay in the bow of the boat.

"That's cold tea, and real good too, and I've got some bread and butter and ginger bread."

The stars had dropped through the sky above them before they finished. The shore behind them was a dark shadow. The light on the point waxed and waned steadily.

"Are you going out any farther?" asked Tom.

"Bless you, yes. It's your turn now, Humphrey."

Tom changed seats and rubbed his arms when he thought the others were not looking. There he watched the stars and wondered if mother would be putting Mary to bed.

By chance his hand touched a button on his sleeve. He watched the boys' shoulders going up and down in front of him against the sky.

"Say, Billy, it's your turn to rest now. I'm not tired, let me row your oar, Billy."

"You couldn't row up here, your arms ain't long enough, but I guess we'll stop and have something to eat now."

"Look here, you had better put on your overcoat; why in the world didn't you put it on before?" exclaimed Billy.

"Will it be very long before we see the Phantom Ship, Billy?" asked Tom with chattering teeth.

"A good while yet; it can't be more than nine o'clock."

"I am so cold," said Tom.

"Here, take this sandwich, it'll make you feel better," said Humphrey, stuffing the last one into his hand. A cloud had crept across the sky and swept away the stars. Billy was drinking tea from the bottle when a wave struck the boat and sent a shower of spray over them.

"Hi," he exclaimed, corking the bottle at a blow and getting out his oar, "keep her head round, Tom."

"Now I'll row with one hand; you might give me a sandwich, Humphrey."

"There aren't any more," said Humphrey.

"Oh, all right, a cookie will do."

"There aren't any cookies either."

"And there isn't any bread and butter. I know. Oh well, I guess I need both hands to row any way," he said, as the wind began to catch the boat.

Tom took his turn at rowing but got his oar too far down and a wave nearly wrenched it away. He went back to the stern again and Humphrey took his place. Tom strained his eyes; he could see nothing but the black sky and the darkly gleaming surface of the water, except where far, far away over the waves a light waxed and waned faintly.

"Billy," he said, keeping his voice steady, "you are not going to turn back, are you?"

"Why, Tom, there ain't no danger as long as we keep her head to the wind, and we must see the Phantom Ship now. Give her a chance, it's not late yet."

"I am not frightened," said Tom stoutly; "I want to see the ship too."

"Say, Billy," asked Humphrey, "what was the pirate's name, was it Captain Kidd?"

"I don't know his name; I guess it wasn't Captain Kidd though. Humphrey, have you got any matches?"

"No, what do you want them for?"

"I thought we might strike a light and look at your watch."

"Perhaps I can see anyway."

"No, you can't, unless you are a cat."

"I'm not a cat."

"Who said you was?"

"You did."

"I didn't, but I might as well."

"Oh Billy, it's beginning to rain," cried Tom.

"Let it," said Billy gruffly; "there won't be any Phantom ship to-night, now that it is raining. Back water, Humphrey, I am going to turn her round."

Humphrey who had not forgotten about the cat, pushed out his oar swiftly. He grasped after it wildly, it was gone.

"Back water, Humphrey," shouted Billy, as another wave came full against the boat.

"I can't, I've lost my oar."

Billy pulled hard and managed to get the boat's head into the wind. He dared not try to turn round.

"Well," he said, "I guess we'll wait till the Phantom ship comes and never mind going home."

"I am awfully sorry, Billy," said Humphrey.

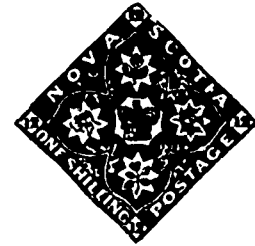
"Oh well," answered Billy loftily, "you couldn't expect anything else. We Britishers are sailors, you Americans ain't, it's Britain that's mistress of the seas."

"Our sailors are just as good as yours," cried Humphrey "they are, I don't care."

"You are the only person who says so. What is the matter, Tom?"

"Oh Billy, Billy, I wish we hadn't come."

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"Never mind, Tom, we're all right. Ain't you glad we didn't bring Mary with us? You come on up here beside me, I must keep on rowing; let Humphrey sit in the stern." Tom crept up the boat and laid his head against Billy's knee. Billy rubbed his leg against him gently.

"Never mind, Tom, never mind: I guess your mother's praying for us, Tom." Tom gave a little sob and crept closer to Billy.

Humphrey's voice came up from the stern. "That just like you English people, mean, stuck-up, selfish things. You are two to one and you cheer each other up and feel sorry for each other and leave me all alone. I don't care, I wouldn't be such a pig."

"Tom," whispered Billy, "you stand up for your flag, show him we ain't selfish."

Tom crept back to the stern and put his arms round Humphrey's neck.

"Never mind, Humphrey, we didn't mean that: 'twas only because I was silly and Billy was good to me because I was younger than you. We wouldn't ever dream of leaving you, Humphrey."

"Boys!" suddenly shouted Billy, "I do believe, I do believe I see a light, and it ain't so very far away."

Tom and Humphrey looked behind them. Dancing over the waves, beckoning, waving to them, shone a ship's lantern.

"It's a boat," said Billy, "she's just whizzing along with the wind. Oh, I wish I had a match, if I had I'd burn my hat."

The boys shouted together frantically. The light kept on its course straight towards them.

"I do believe," said Billy, "that it's the Morning Star."

"Daddy," he called, "Daddy." Some one shouted an answer.

Billy handed Tom up first when they came alongside, then Humphrey climbed up the side and they fastened the boat behind.

Billy's father pulled him on board. "Well," he said looking at Billy's upturned face.

"We went out cod-fishing, daddy," he said, "and—to see the Phantom Ship."

"You did," he said; "you were smart, with them children." Billy stood looking up steadily, but his lips trembled a little.

"Well," said his father, "go off and lie down, you'll find some coats there, you must be cold."

"You'd better take a look ahead of you before you go," he added with a grauf laugh.

"Daddy!" cried Billy. He rushed to the cuddy, pulled Tom and Humphrey out and dragged them to the side of the boat.

"Tom," he said "the Phantom ship." Far down the bay, leaping up to the sky, shone a bright high blaze. The three boys stood holding with both hands to the side of the boat, their eyes fixed on the light.

Tom rubbed his eyes and looked earnestly at it.

"Why, Billy," he said, "can you see the masts and spars? Can you, Humphrey?"

"No, I can't," said Billy, "it's only sometimes the ship is close enough to see that, Tom."

"Well," said Humphrey, "we've seen it any way."

Toronto.

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The Christian Life.

[FOR CANADA.]

THE TEACHER'S PRIVILEGE AND RESPONSIBILITY.

BY ANNIE CRAWFORD.

"Must Jesus bear the Cross alone,
And all the world go free?"

I asked myself, indignantly, as, shaking off a disinclination to leave my cosy seat by the open fire, I threw down my Sunday Magazine and prepared to face the driving snow and choking bluster of a February storm in Canada.

Seated in the midst of my Sunday school class, half an hour later, I marvelled that it had taken such a strong incentive as the memory of my master's sacrifice to bring me there. With the sweet, pure faces of my six little girls so attentively upturned to mine, came an overwhelming realisation of the extent of my privilege, the might of my responsibility. Mine it is, so to speak for my Saviour week by week that these bright girls may be won to His love and service; or so to mar the picture of His wondrous loveliness that they may turn away uninterested, perchance, indeed, repelled.

As a pebble thrown in the ocean, whose point of touch is enclosed in ever widening circles, so is the influence of the teacher upon each young soul committed to her care. What know I of the importance or magnitude of the fields in which the lot of each may be cast? In the world of literature, perchance, sweet, calm-eyed, thoughtful Mary may mould the minds of millions. Dark-eyed Maude, with her radiant beauty and social privileges, may win the hearts and influence the lives of the leaders of our nation. And Grace, so helpful and sympathetic, may walk the weary hospital ward, and while ministering to the dying body, find golden opportunities of ministrations to the never dying soul. Or in the home, perhaps, woman's truest, happiest sphere, each may find her place, and, as Christian wife and mother, may mould other characters after the pattern of her own, sending them forth in turn to exercise a wholesome influence in their day and generation. Still another possibility: I see, in imagination, the shadow of the dark wing of the Angel of Death, and it falls upon this face, — or that, and soon the last lesson of earth will have been laid before that young mind, and the spirit whose time of preparation has been so short, will have entered upon the realities of Eternity. In an agony of soul I cry,—"Lord, who is sufficient for these things!"

Sweet and soft as an evening chime of distant bells comes the reply,—"Your sufficiency is of God." O then! that we may invoke His aid! without which the best lesson helps, the fullest notes, the most brilliant commentaries are useless. But by faithful intercession for our beloved classes, collectively and individually, we may move to swifter blessing the willing arm of God.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

IF men were wholly unaffected by social intercourse; if they experienced no quickening of thought, no stirring of moral sensibility from the interplay of feeling, and no warming of the affections from the communion of heart with heart—they would have no motive to seek association with their fellow-men, and there would be no such thing as social life. Personal influence is inseparable from the mental and moral faculties that constitute us social beings; and every man is clothed with that mysterious power by which he acts upon the inner life of other men. This is a power which is wielded, for the most part, unconsciously, but is a power ceaselessly operative.

I doubt if any one ever had half an hour's interview with a fellow-creature, and at its close found himself in exactly the same moral mood he was in when the interview began. I doubt if any one ever walked down the street, though no hand touched his, and no voice greeted him as he walked, who was not affected for good or for ill by the personal influence of those who passed him silently by. A smile has cheered him or a frown has depressed him before he has gone many steps. A courteous bow has pleased or a haughty stare has angered him. A face shining with the radiance of holiness, bearing upon every feature the impress of meekness and charity, has blessed him by the simple sight of its beauty; or a face bearing the stamp of bad passions, and haggard with remorse, has left its hideous image to haunt and trouble him.

Such impressions may be neither deep nor lasting; but, beyond all this, every man exerts an influence that enters as a permanent factor into the formation of the character of those who come in contact with him. There are no exceptions. It is sometimes said of certain men that they have no force of character and are without influence. This is not true of any man on earth. The negative characters among men, those who enterprise nothing, who are helpers in nothing, who seem to contribute in no degree to the spiritual forces at work in the world, are possessed of a power that progressive men exhaust their energies in the vain effort to overcome—a power that steadily resists and retards the progress of the race.

Every man, whether by attraction or repulsion, whether by an inspiration that moves men to seek higher and better things, or by an inertness that depresses and disheartens, is daily affecting for good or for evil the character of those with whom he associates. From every changing expression of face, from every word he speaks, from every act of his life, the subtle power of his personal influence is delivering itself upon the hearts of others. He is making an impression here, suggesting a thought there, weakening or strengthening a principle yonder, exciting love in this one and hate in that one, living himself into the lives, writing his history upon the minds, and breathing his spirit into the hearts of his fellow-men. This influence of man upon man, clothes little things with tre-

mendous force, and, from what is insignificant in itself, brings forth issues of infinite importance.—*J. O. Branch in Southern Christian Advocate.*

HIS WORK.

IN a pretty church on the island of Aneityum, in the New Hebrides, is a tablet erected by grateful natives to the memory of their missionary, Rev. John Geddie.

On this tablet is written in their language the following:

When he landed
in 1848
There were no Christians here,
and when he left
in 1872
There were no heathen
— *Missionary Link.*

Correspondence.

AN IMPORTANT WARNING.

To the Editor of Canada:—

DEAR SIR—The following paragraph which recently appeared in the legal reports of the *Toledo* newspaper, is of vital importance to the people of Canada:—

Q. B. AND C. P. DIVISIONS.
Before Street, J.

FELFORD v. HOWE.—Hoyle, Q. C., for the plaintiff, George Taylor Fulford, of the town of Brockville, Duggist, moved for an injunction restraining the defendants, S. L. Howe and W. A. Howe, from selling pills in imitation of those sold by the plaintiff under the name of "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," and thereby infringing the plaintiff's trade mark for such pills registered under that name which, the plaintiff alleges, by reason of his extensive advertising, is well known throughout Canada. Judgment granted for a perpetual injunction.

An old adage has it that "imitation is the sincerest flattery," but when imitation takes the form of palming off upon the public, worthless, perhaps positively harmful drugs, in imitation of a popular remedy, it is quite time the public is aroused to a sense of the

injustice done them. There is no other proprietary remedy in Canada to-day that approaches Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the esteem and confidence with which it is regarded by the people. And justly so, as this remedy has to its credit cures in cases where even the most eminent men in the ranks of the medical science had pronounced the patients incurable. These cases have been thoroughly investigated by such leading newspapers as the *Toronto Globe*, *Hamilton Times*, *Spectator and Herald*, *Detroit News*, *Albany Journal*, *LeMonde*, *Montreal*, and others, and their accuracy vouched for. Thus Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have achieved a continental reputation, with the result that we find dealers here and there imposing upon the public, by selling, in their stead, for the sake of extra profit, worthless imitations. These imitations are sometimes given names somewhat approaching the original, while in the other cases the dealer, while not openly offering an imitation, imposes upon the customer by declaring that he can give him something "just as good." In still other cases Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are openly imitated in size, color and shape, and are sold in loose form by the dozen or hundred as the genuine Pink Pills. Against all these imitations the public should be constantly on their guard. There is absolutely no other pill, or no other remedy that can take the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a nerve tonic and blood builder. To purchase any imitation, any substitute, or any remedy said to be "just as good," is a worse than useless expenditure of money. The public can protect themselves against all imitations of this great remedy if they will remember that *Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred.* They are always put up in neat round boxes about two and a half inches in length, the wrapper around which is printed in red ink, and bears the trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If I refer to you in any other form depend upon it they are worthless imitations and should be rejected as such. If your dealer does not keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not let him persuade you to take any substitute he may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had by mail, post paid, on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont., or Morristown, N. Y.



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FOR

Rheumatism
& Neuralgia

CANADA:

A Monthly Magazine for Canadians at Home and Abroad.

EDITED BY

MATTHEW R. KNIGHT, A. B.

Associate and Contributing Editor:

REV. A. J. LOCKHART ("Pastor Felix")

Terms.

Subscription.—One dollar per year, payable in advance. Three copies will be sent to one address for two dollars. Single numbers, ten cents.

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May, 1892.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have held nearly all our subscribers of last year; very few have discontinued. There has been also a very encouraging growth in our subscription list since the beginning of the year. We are doing all we can to make the magazine indispensable to the cultured and patriotic as well as attractive to Canadians of all classes. To our literary friends who have given us so much valuable help without remuneration from the start, and without whom the enterprise must have been an utter failure before this, we cannot be sufficiently thankful. We hope yet to see CANADA in a position to pay its contributors a fair amount for their labour, which has been and must be for some time a labour of love. It will take, however, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, to put the magazine on a firm and remunerative basis. We offer our friends, in the way of premiums and

cash commissions, every possible inducement to help us increase the circulation.

Those of our readers who subscribe for several periodicals should take advantage of our clubbing list. It is only a partial list, but we can quote reduced prices for almost all the leading newspapers and magazines. If you send a list of what you want, we shall be glad to quote you prices which will save you more than the cost of CANADA for a year. We purpose making our clubbing franchise a permanent institution in connection with the magazine. It will pay you and your friends to be with us always.

ADVERTISING is both a science and an art. A great deal of money is thrown away in advertising, and a great deal of money is made by it. To give an advertisement a fair chance, you should have something worth buying to offer; then your advertisement should be well printed, properly displayed, should occupy a position which insures its being seen, should be placed in a medium which contains valuable and interesting reading matter, which is likely to be read by many more than those who subscribe for it. Large circulations and cut prices are the Seylla and Charybdis of advertising; you may be wrecked upon either. CANADA is a good medium; there are few, if any, better in the Maritime Provinces. One of our Halifax advertisers says, "The very best value for the money of any paper I advertise in, and I advertise in quite a large number."

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE has lived, and leaves, as few men have done, a political record on which is neither spot nor stain. The great Liberal leader did not remain with us long after the great Conservative leader had left us. Mr. Mackenzie was possessed of fine abilities, a keen insight, high integrity, great intensity of purpose and indomitable energy. His vision was keen rather than broad. He was an efficient public officer; we do not think posterity will accord him the genius of a great statesman. His own followers evidently did not regard him as such, since they deposed him from the position of leader, and preferred one who was perhaps still less fitted for the post. If Mr. Blake's theorising and Mr. Mackenzie's hard common sense could have been combined in one person, he would have made an admirable leader. The memory of such men as Mr. Mackenzie ought to do more to purify the political atmosphere of our country than anything else; more a great deal than the rancorous attacks of the party press.

By the Redistribution Bill introduced into Parliament by Sir John Thomson, the Maritime Provinces lose four members. Queens and Shelburne counties in Nova Scotia, are united; one member is taken from St. John city and county, and Queens and Sunbury counties in New Brunswick make one electoral district; while Prince Edward Island is divided into five districts: West Prince, East Prince, West Queens, East Queens, and Kings.

We would draw the attention of subscribers residing in the country to the very liberal offers made on page 112. We make these offers with the hope of very largely increasing our circulation among the farmers. CANADA for one year with the *Medical Adviser*, and the *American Farmer*, all three for one dollar, is the most liberal offer ever made in these provinces. If any of our young friends in the country are willing to do some canvassing, making use of this wonderful offer, we will make it worth their while. Let them write us for terms to agents.

A PAMPHLET has been published in London, England, from the pen of Earl Grey, entitled "The Commercial Policy of the British Colonies and the McKinley Tariff." It is dedicated "To the people of the Dominion of Canada."

The author takes the position that commercial union with the United States would be incompatible with Canada's political independence. He holds that annexation would deprive the Dominion of its importance among the nations of the world, and would make her only one among a number of loosely connected and unimportant states. His solution of the economic problem is free trade for Canada, with a customs excise to meet the expenses of government. He thinks that under such a policy Canada would prosper wonderfully, while the United States would lose ground, and that the latter would be compelled before long to repeal the McKinley bill, at any rate so far as the Dominion is concerned. We take our outline of the position of this pamphlet from the *Montreal Daily Witness*.

We are indebted to the *Witness* as well for the following reminiscence of Mr. E. E. Sheppard's European trip. Mr. Sheppard says:—

"In a railway coach I had as a fellow passenger a Roumanian merchant, who spoke English very well and was fond of asking questions. When I found out he was from one of the Balkan Provinces, I pitied him as a down-trodden citizen of a semi-civilized State, for Western people cannot conceive that Serbia and Bulgaria and Roumania are anything more than a

half heathen mixture of Turk and Tatar. He surprised me, however, by very distinctly showing his sympathy for me. 'Oh, from Canada, eh?' he exclaimed, 'A verr corrupt country, eh? Steal all ze public mooney, eh? Get into Parliament by buy ze votes, eh? Efferybody steal from efferybody else, eh? I haf read of him in ze London Times. I takke ze London Times.' This was pretty rich, coming from a Roumanian, where Russian intrigue, Turkish corruption, Austrian venality and Grecian crookedness are supposed to have brought political wickedness down to a fine art. Yet at this moment it is the general European opinion of Canadian politics."

However humiliating it may seem to be that Roumanians should pity us because of our political corruption, it cannot be much of a surprise to those who have marked how the sins of the respective parties have been exaggerated and held up to execration by the opposing organs, how the Grits have painted the Tories, and the Tories the Grits, as monsters of iniquity. When the necessary allowance is made for party feeling and falsehood, both Tory and Grit will appear, while not all that they ought to be, no worse than the politicians of other countries, and perhaps considerably better. Of all the things that live the most contemptible to us is the man that is more a partisan than a patriot.

* *

THE methods adopted by the *Canadian Queen*, *The Canadian Agriculturist*, *The Ladies' Home Magazine*, *The Ladies' Pictorial Weekly* and other papers to increase their circulation may not be fraudulent, but if lotteries are fraudulent, we do not see how they can escape the imputation. A man must be a logical hair-splitter, must have the gift of casuistry in a Jesuitical measure, to be able to discriminate between the prize competitions affected by those journals and the lotteries against which war is being waged in the province of Quebec. The principle and immoral influence are the same. You may call them *literary* or *biblical* competitions, but the proportions are about one ounce of literary exercise to a thousand pounds of sheer gambling. At least that is our opinion.

* *

WE have had on our table for some time, and intended to notice before, the 21st Report of the Halifax School for the Blind. The superintendent is Mr. C. F. Fraser, the genial and scholarly editor of the *Critic*, by whose invitation we visited the institution during a brief stay in Halifax, last February. Mr. Fraser and his excellent wife take an enthusiastic interest in those under their charge, and the rapid progress made by many of the

pupils at the institution is very remarkable. When our Saviour was on earth, he opened the eyes of the blind. Men cannot do that, but it is wonderful how much they can do and have done to educate blind persons for usefulness and happiness. It may be that the triumph over difficulties, the success as it were in spite of fate, is better for the character, strengthens and elevates it as the restoration of the sight would not do. At any rate, we are sure that Mr. Fraser and his assistants are engaged in one of the most philanthropic and noblest of works, and we wish them still larger success. During the past year 43 persons have been under instruction, twenty belonging to Nova Scotia, fourteen to New Brunswick, one to Prince Edward Island, and four to Newfoundland. We must not omit to mention that Miss J. E. G. Roberts, of Fredericton, whose literary attainments are well known to the cultured in Canada, is on the teaching staff of the institution.

* *

THE most interesting part of the 5th Annual Report of the Provincial Board of Health of New Brunswick, is the introductory paper by the chairman, Dr. Bayard. He devotes the greater part of the paper to the subject of intemperance. He resolves all possible remedial measures into four: Sanitation, Education, Local Option and Prohibition. We agree with all the Doctor has to say as to the importance of the first and second, but we dissent wholly from his estimate of the third and last. We think that a man who makes the statement that where "prohibitory laws have been on the statute books in various places for the last 30 years, in no one instance has drunkenness been lessened," proves his incompetency to discuss the question in that judicial spirit which the subject demands. As a physician he acknowledges that the drunkard is insane, and that the state has a perfect right to restrain him and confine him in an inebriate asylum. What a saintly and solomonic system of government, to be sure! Deriving a large part of its

revenue from the manufacture of lunatics, and then providing asylums at the public expense to secure the victims of its own misgovernment. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,"—may not be a good motto for a physician, but it is a good one for a government. It would be just as reasonable to propagate the doctrine that a law against murder does not diminish the number of murders, or that a law against immorality does not make society purer, as to maintain that the prohibition of the liquor traffic will not enormously lessen the sum of drunkenness. Give us such a law for five years, and no intelligent man will take his pen in hand to write, "Prohibition does not prohibit."

DR. GEORGE STEWART, F. R. G. S., of this city received on Tuesday through the hands of the Count de Turenne, consul-general for France, the intimation that the French Government had conferred upon him a distinction seldom given to foreigners, and but sparingly granted to citizens of the French Republic. In recognition of his literary and historic writings, many of which relate to France's past career on this continent. Dr. Stewart has been named Officer d'Academie de l'Instruction Publique, the highest honor paid to letters by the Government of France.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Back numbers of CANADA can still be supplied at 10 cents each, except those for February, 1891, (25 cents),—March, 1892 (25 cents). The volume for 1891 will be sent complete for \$1.00.

Those whose subscriptions expired several months ago will confer a favor on the publisher by renewing them at once.

MATTHEW R. KNIGHT,
Benton, New Brunswick.



Literary Notes.

The Ladies' Home Journal is always good as can be, never disappoints. It is a marvel of cheapness at a dollar a year.

The Youth's Companion is one of the most welcome of our exchanges. Even the baby often asks when the mail comes: "Youth's Companion tum 'day?"

The Colonist is a first-rate journal for all interested in the Northwest of Canada. Its columns give just the information that people want. You will find it advertised elsewhere in this number.

No. 5, for April, of the *Manitoban*, is a credit to the prairie province. It contains quite a variety of interesting reading matter, including a serial story, an account of a trip "From Western Ontario to Manitoba in 1867," and a continuation of the "Red River Expedition of 1870." Published at Winnipeg at a dollar a year.

The Cosmopolitan for May is a capital number. The frontispiece is a fine portrait of James Russell Lowell. "Sevillian Vignettes," "Two Visits to the Lapps," "King Henry Christophe I," "At the Brewery," "Wolcott Balestier," are all beautifully illustrated. Some of the other articles are: "School, College and Library," "Mechanical Flight," "Simian Speech and Simian Thought," "Politics of the Russian Famine," and "Certain American Essayists." There are two stories and poems by John Hay, W. W. Campbell, Edgar Fawcett and E. C. Stedman.

This is a year of historical anniversaries. Says a Montreal writer, it is "the 25th of Canadian Confederation, the 50th of the establishment of Responsible Government in the country, the 100th of the convocation of the first Parliament of Upper and Lower Canada, the 25th of the founding of Montreal, and the 100th of the discovery of America by Columbus."

The man whose red rag of offense is any exhibition of the ego, no matter in how genial or inoffensive a form, can hardly be expected to survive an infliction of Walt Whitman. Particularly must that soul which goes forever wavering about the pronoun I, be too painfully sensitive to hear or read the "Song of Myself." I cannot bring myself to inflict on him the disgust these lines would awaken; but as he will not have proceeded so far with this lucubration, I cannot suppose that I endanger him.

"I celebrate myself, and sing of myself,
And what I assume, you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good as
belongs to you.

I loaf and invite my soul,
I lean and loaf at my ease, observing a spear
of summer grass.

I do not know myself, there is that lot of me and all
so luscious,

Each moment, and whatever happens thrills me
with joy.

A morning-glory at my window satisfies me
more than the metaphysics of books."

After all, is not the man's mind unhealthfully sensitive which so revolts? Of what does a man know so much,—great as his self-ignorance may be,—as of himself? What can he render so vividly or properly as his own impressions of things? Whether or no these are of sufficient value to bestow upon the public the event must determine. I believe it was Iago

who would not "wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at," alas! he did not tell us how numerous the daws may be, or if he was one of them himself.

There are some particulars for which we are indebted to our American brothers under the flag striped and starry, and we gladly seize any valuable suggestion. In the light of fairest days, from the seminary to the humblest primary school-house, the banner of the country is seen floating with something of a holiday air. Often in traversing the State of Maine, we turn the angle of some country road, and come suddenly upon it, and admire the sentiment and policy that placed it there. We would give to the "Flag that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," side by side with a chosen native banner, these points of vantage throughout our Canadian land. It is a symbol, the continuous presence of which must endear it the more to the hearts of old and young. It is but a few weeks ago that we were most delightfully entertained at the High school of the town in which we live by exercises commemorative of Robert Burns. Some of his entire poems, and many of his finest passages, were well rendered; while such essays, biographical and critical as were presented indicated particular research on the part of the respective pupils, with access to the finest writers and most reliable authorities on the subject. We could but reflect upon the possible result, in taste and intelligence, from the common observance, in like manner, of the birthdays of the leaders in letters and statecraft throughout all the Anglo-Saxon lands, and in schools high and low. This is becoming increasingly prominent as a feature of schools in this State, and it cannot fail to do something toward raising literature and the best authors in the public esteem. We are not aware but that such may be the case in

Canada; if it should not be, this is one of the useful hints from our cousins over the border.

BEAR AND CUBS.—The surgeon of a vessel sailing from England to Hudson Bay in 1812, made this entry in his journal for July 25th. Of course, what the doctor calls the silver bear must be the white polar bear of Arctic regions.

This day, while sailing through straggling ice, one of the men on the quarter-deck observed, at a few yards' distance, a silver bear and her two young cubs. The captain immediately ordered the jolly-boat to be lowered, and muskets, etc. to be got in readiness; and all things being prepared, the first mate, with three or four men, set out in pursuit. We were all leaning over the deck, waiting with the greatest anxiety for the interesting scene that we expected to witness.

They had not gone many yards from the vessel, when I beheld a very affecting sight. The mother, observing their approach, and aware of their intention, set up a most doleful cry, and presently clasped her young ones within her two forepaws. First she would look at one, and then at the other, and again resume her piteous cry.

Seeing the men come still nearer, she got the cubs on her back and dived under water to a considerable distance; when exhausted, she made to the ice for shelter. This she did several successive times.

The men who went out for the purpose of shooting her were so justly affected at the sight that they humanely returned to the ship without discharging their muskets. Still, however, the poor bear apprehended danger. After getting on a detached piece of ice, she again clasped her young ones with the greatest tenderness, and continued her heart-melting cries.



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Literary Notes.

We advise every lady in New Brunswick to send \$1.25 to the *Frederic on Globe*, and get the *Home-Maker* for one year with that paper. The price of the *Home-Maker* alone is \$2.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE, Editor of the *Boston Post*, has been selected as the poet on the occasion of the unveiling of the National Monument at Gettysburg, to take place June 9th.—Current Literature.

The April number of the *Canadian Bee Journal* begins a new volume, and is enlarged and improved. It is issued semi-monthly at Beeton, Ontario. Those keeping bees will find it economical to subscribe for the *Journal*. Price, \$1.00 a year.

Prof. Roberts' fine story is concluded in the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* for May. Other articles are: "John Gilmory Shea," "A River of Geese," "Woman's Work in McGill University," "Lacrosse in the Maritime Provinces," "Historic Canadian Waterways: The St. Lawrence," the last by Mr. LeMoine, etc. We think that from the start this *Canadian* monthly has made a very creditable shewing.

A NEW periodical is announced in the advertising columns of the *Montreal Witness*, "Arcadia," a semi-monthly journal devoted exclusively to Music, Art and Literature. We welcome every such venture, and wish them all abundant success. We believe that a demand for purely Canadian literature is on the increase in the Dominion, and we are not among the prophets of evil who predict inevitable failure for every enterprise of the kind.

Current Literature covers a field of its own, and we regard it as almost indispensable to the man of literary tastes, while its different departments furnish something to interest everyone. The departments are—Current Facts and Opinion; Art, Music and Drama; Scientific, Historical, Statistical; Social and Philanthropic; Latter-Day Philosophy; Biographical; Travel, Adventure, Sport; Fads and Fancies; The Sketch Book; Literary Comment; Readings from New Books, and Gossip of Authors and Books—besides selections of current verse. The May number shows no abatement in variety and interest. (New York; Current Literature Publishing Co., 52-54 Lafayette Place. \$3 a year.)

The *Eclectic Magazine* for May is an excellent number. It gives us the best articles in the English Magazines and Reviews. Lord Dunraven has "A Word with the Physicians" about the influenza epidemic; its causes, effects and cure. "The Electrical Cure of Cancer," introduces a subject which although not new, deserves closer attention and a fairer trial. "Thoughts of a Human Automaton," although containing several good thoughts touching the regeneration of society, rejects religion for determinism, and asserts that "freewill is a myth invented by man to satisfy his emotions." "Woman's Place in Modern Life," by Mme Juliette Adam, is more sensibly and moderately written than most of the articles on the subject. The *Eclectic* is one of the magazines that we generally read through, and there is not an article in the May number which we would like to miss. (New York, E. R. Pelton, 144 6th Street. \$5 a year.)

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CHRISTIANITY without charity is like an autograph from a typewriter.

A STATIONARY CONVERSATION.—"You have so much address I can hardly be expected to compete with you," said the letter to the envelope. "Now, don't get excited," replied the envelope, "because you know you cannot contain yourself."—*Brooklyn Life.*

THAT BOY.—Some time ago a gentleman advertised for an office boy, and requested the applicant to write, stating age, condition and salary expected. He received many answers to that advertisement, but none as interesting as this one:—"I'm twelve years old and I'm an orphan. I hain't got no father and I hain't got no mother. I'm a boy. I hain't got no brother and I hain't got nothin'. I'm all alone and I got to get a'long. Beats everything how hard times is." That boy got the place and is doing well.

YOUNG WIFE.—"I took great pains with that cucumber salad, John, and I hope you enjoyed it." Husband (anxiously)—"I am afraid, my dear, that I took great pains with it too."

Captain Van Flack, who owns the net fisheries at the mouth of the Vottawasaga River, is an out-and-out Grit, and a humorist in the bargain. One day, when the take of fish had been small, he took to vilifying the Tories before a politically mixed company.

Tories were, he said, all thieves, drunkards, fools, and what was worse, they let "the Yankees" destroy the lake fisheries! None of the Tories present ventured to expostulate with the angry captain.

When he had cooled down some one happened to mention the name of Christopher Robinson, an eminent lawyer of Toronto. Van Flack at once began eulogizing Robinson. Never was there a better lawyer, or an honest, kinder man!

"But Christopher Robinson is a Tory," said a bystander.

"Yes," said Van Flack, looking bewildered for a moment. "Yes, he's a Tory. Sometimes you do find a speckled trout in amongst a boat load of suckers."

BEATING A WOLF.—It is not often that a wolf story is told in a way to show the cowardly nature of the animal. For this reason the following account, given by the author of "Twenty-six Years in Canada West," has its own value and interest.

My wife's youngest sister had a pet sheep that she had brought up from a lamb, and to which she was much attached. One afternoon she was going down to the spring for a pitcher of water, when she saw a large dog, as she thought, worrying her sheep, upon which she picked up a large stick, and struck the beast two or three strokes with all her strength, thus compelling him to drop his prey.

This, however, he did very reluctantly, turning his head at the same time, and showing his teeth with a most diabolical snarl. She saw at once when he faced her, by his pricked ears, high cheek bones, long, bushy tail and gaunt figure, that her antagonist was a wolf. Nothing daunted, she again bravely attacked him, for he seemed determined, in spite of her valiant opposition, to have her pet lamb, which he again attacked.

She boldly beat him off the second time, following him down the creek, thrashing him

and calling for aid with all her might, when, fortunately, one of her brothers, attracted by her cries, ran down with the dogs and his gun. But he was too late for a shot, for when the wolf saw the reinforcement, he scampered off with all his speed.

CANADA'S INDIAN POETESS.—A unique entertainment has been arranged for Friday evening next in Association Hall, when Miss E. Pauline Johnson, the well-known Mohawk poetess, will give a recital of her own compositions. Mrs. Maggie Barr Fenwick, of Hamilton, soprano, Mr. Fred Warrington, baritone, and Mr. W. S. Jones, organist, will also contribute to the excellent and attractive programme. The sale of reserved seat tickets opens at Nordheimer's on Tuesday morning next. Miss Johnson, as a descendent of the Mohawks, is an unique and interesting personality, her father being Onwanonsyshon (the man with the Big House), the well-known chief of the Six Nations. Her grandfather, who for forty years was speaker of the Six Nations' Council, fought for the British in 1812, and distinguished himself for his bravery. Her mother is closely related to W. D. Howells, the American novelist. Miss Johnson has achieved a high reputation, not only in Canada, but in the States and Britain, for her "Nature-Poetry." She is a constant contributor to a number of high-class periodicals. As a reader of her own poems she is a great success, possessing, as she does, a clear, musical voice, and an unusual gift of expression, combined with an enlivening vivacity of tone and gesture.—*Toronto Mail.*

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THE RULE OF THE HOME.—Voice (at the telephone)—"Major, will you please bring your family and take supper with us next Sunday?" Servant-girl (replies back through the telephone)—"Master and mistress are not in at present, but they can't come to supper, as its my Sunday out."

"HENRY asked me to be his wife, last night," she told her chum.

"Oh, I am so delighted, Gertrude. And how did it happen?"

"Why, he just asked me and I said 'Yes,' and then he just stood up and folded his arms."

"What! He was no more interested than that?"

"Oh, but you see I was in them when he folded them."

SOME people are a little too particular about figures. The other evening, a society lady remarked to a gentleman friend: "I have crossed the ocean eleven times."

The smart young man adjusted his monocle and said:

"Ah? Born abroad?"

"No, indeed. Why do you ask?"

"Because, if you were born in this country and crossed the ocean eleven times you would now be on the other side, don't you know?"

The lady figured a moment on the tips of her pretty fingers and fled.—*Victoria Home Journal.*

If marriage is a lottery love letters should not be permitted to go through the mails.

NO HOPE FOR STATESMEN.—American boy, "Pop, we're taking up political economy in our school now."

Pop (a local statesman)—"That's all right my boy, but it's no use. All the book learnin' in the country will never git votes down to less'n two dollars."—*Street and Smith's Good News.*

USE' ERN was dilating on the merits of a brand new Waterbury watch which he had lately purchased. "Why, Mas' M," he said, finally, "it's the peertest kin' o' watch eber you see. It'll jus' tick off'n hour in less'n half de time it takes mos' watches."—*Christian at Work.*

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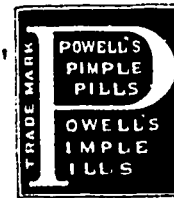
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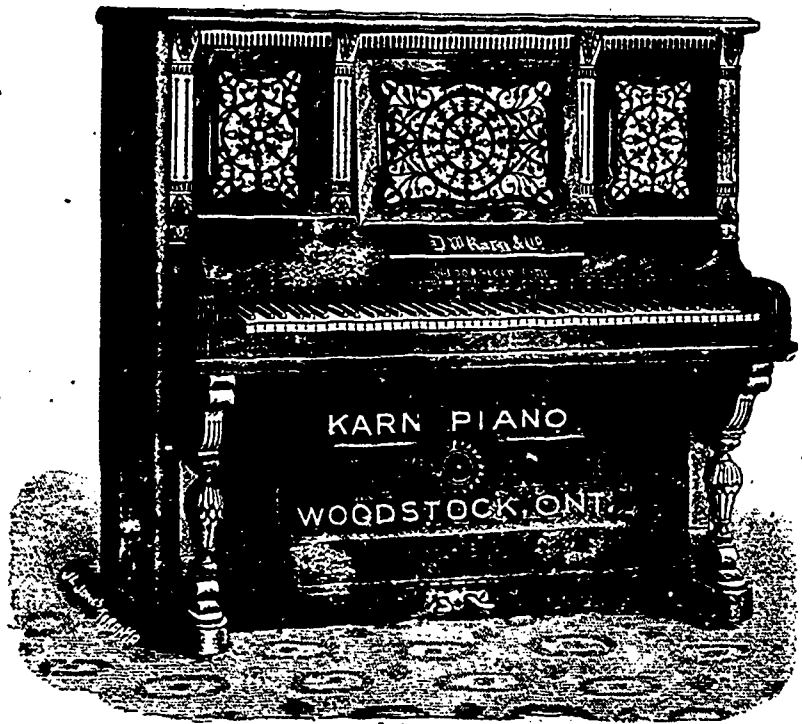
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