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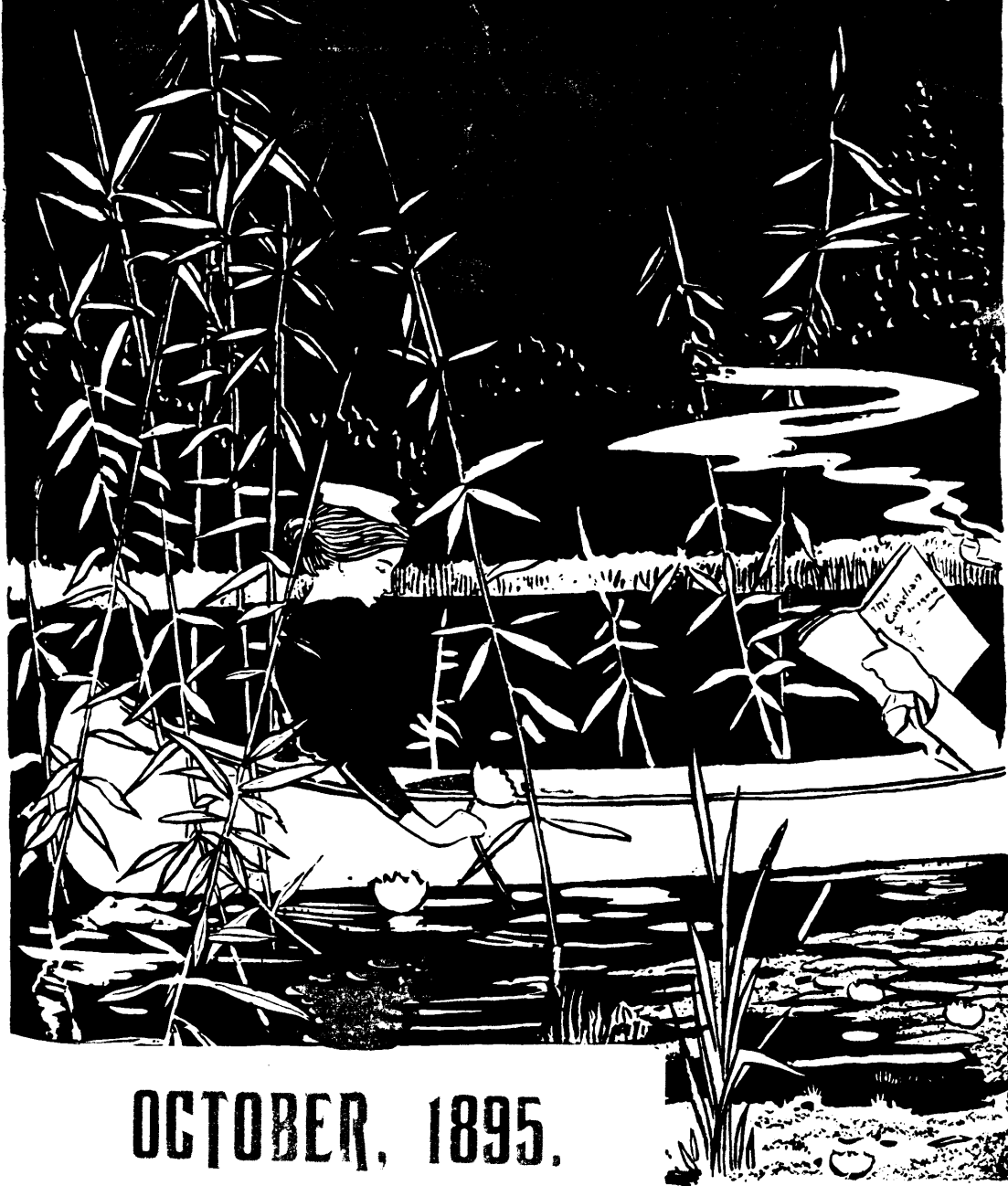
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LORD WOLSELEY. By Lieut.-Colonel G. T. Denison.

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.



OCTOBER, 1895.

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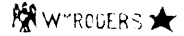
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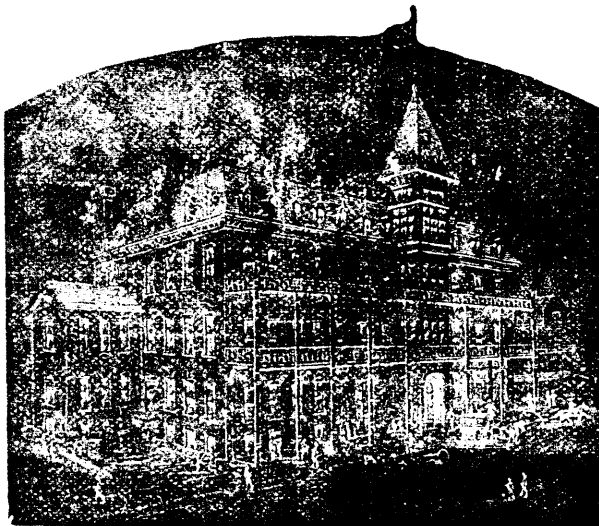
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. V.

OCTOBER, 1895.

No. 6.

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AS promised last month, THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE has been brightened with new features. No efforts are being spared to make this periodical equal to any London or New York publication, and one that will reflect credit on Canadian intelligence, ability and mechanical skill.

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Christmas Number

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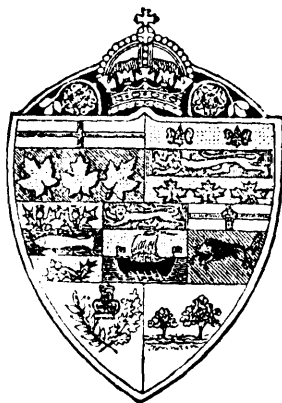
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INVESTED IN CANADA	- -	1,600,000

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Boston Transcript: "Contains some tales that are quite as good as anything Mr. Kipling has ever given us."

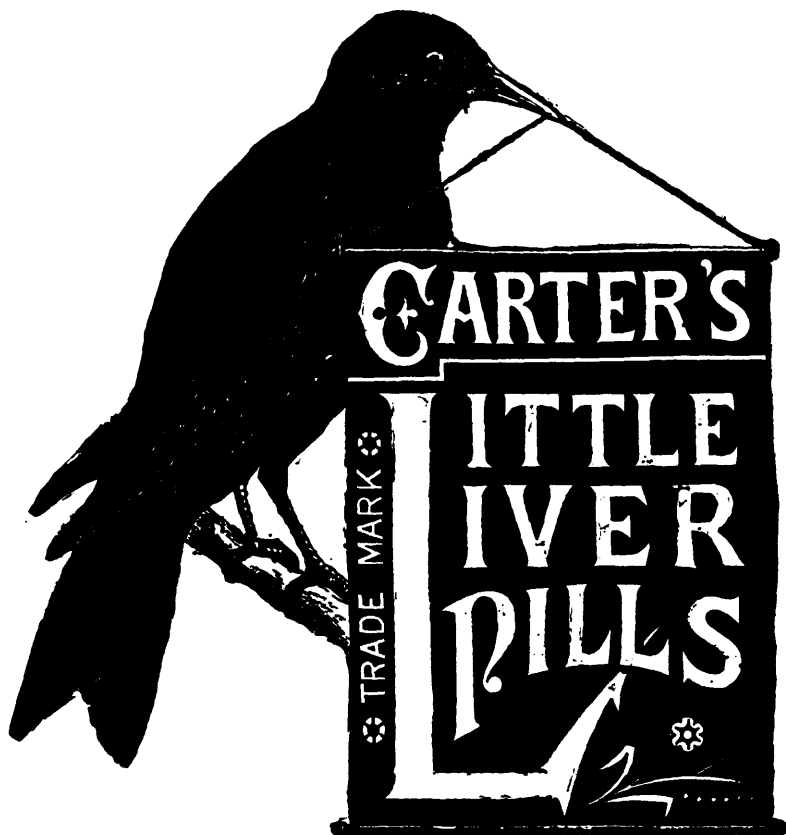
Boston Christian Register: "The stories are clear-cut and picturesque, written in a straightforward, effective style."

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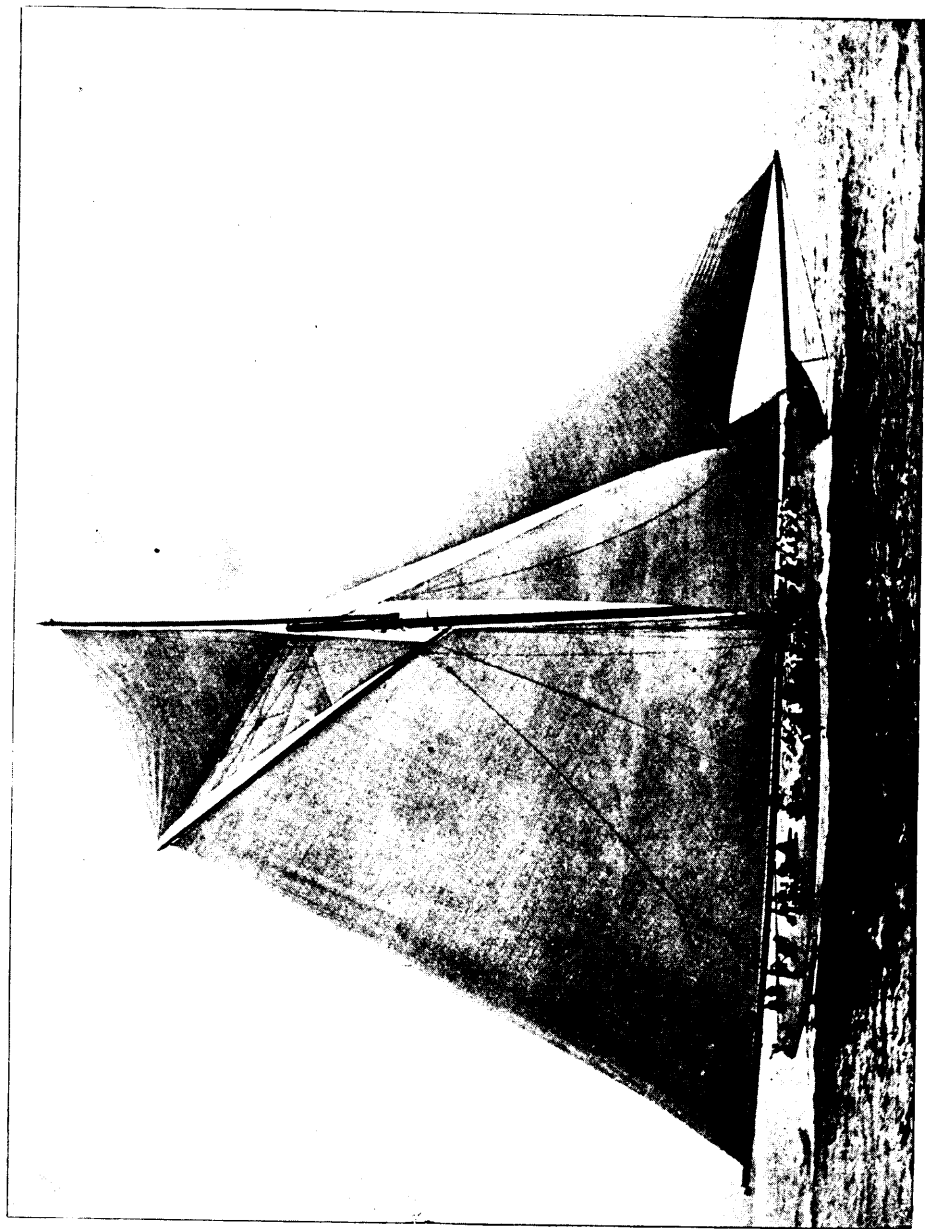
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VALKYRIE III.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF H. F. WYATT, TORONTO.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.

OCTOBER, 1895.

No. 6.

THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL G. T. DENISON.

THE appointment of Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley to the position of Commander-in-Chief of the British army, will nowhere give greater satisfaction than in Canada, where he first held important command, and where there are so many who served under him, and learned to admire and respect him.

In 1862 the Trent affair brought the then Lt.-Col. Wolseley to Canada, as Assistant Quartermaster-General, and the duty devolved mainly upon him to make all the arrangements by which the British troops, sent out in the depth of winter, were conveyed by the overland route up the valley of the St. John River, past Lake Temiscouta, to Riviere du Loup. The road at that time passed through a bleak, unsettled wilderness for a great part of the way, and it was due to Colonel Wolseley's great organizing and administrative ability that this difficult march was so successfully conducted, with so little discomfort to either officers or men.

In 1865 a camp of instruction was formed at La Prairie, of those who had passed through the military schools. Three large battalions were present and were placed under Colonel Wolseley's command. This, I believe, was Colonel Wolseley's first experience in commanding a large camp. The

force, some 2,500 strong, contained a great number of the officers of the Canadian militia from all parts of the country, and after a few week's experience, they returned to their homes taking into every nook and corner of Canada men who had learned to look upon their commandant as the ablest officer they had ever met.

I remember well my first meeting with Colonel Wolseley. At the time of the Fenian Raid, on the morning of the 3rd of June, 1866, at Bown's Farm, a few miles from Fort Erie, Colonel Peacocke ordered me at daylight to push on with my command and reconnoitre towards the village. I pushed on very rapidly, and the Fenians having decamped during the night, I was very soon in possession of Fort Erie. I was engaged in looking after some men who had been wounded in the skirmish of the previous evening, and after a few prisoners, stragglers, whom we had picked up, when I saw a mounted officer coming rapidly up the road looking sharply in every direction. He* was dressed in undress staff uniform, a blue frock coat, a cap with a straight peak of the French pattern, then in use, and wore his moustache and imperial in the style adopted by the late Emperor Napoleon III. I was impressed at

*He was then 33 years of age.

once with the sharp, alert look which nothing seemed to escape. I had heard so much from the La Prairie men about Colonel Wolseley that I recognized him at once. He asked me my name and my corps, and I told him, and asked him if he was not Colonel Wolseley; he said he was and made some inquiries as to the condition of affairs. That was my introduction to Colonel Wolseley, and I have ever since considered it to be a great privilege to look upon him as a friend. He had come from Montreal to Toronto, and on to Chippewa and to Fort Erie with extraordinary rapidity.

On the following day Colonel Wolseley was sent with the Queen's Own and some other militia to Stratford, where he was in command during the three weeks the men were retained on service. In connection with this journey to Stratford, a prominent Queen's Counsel of Toronto, who was at that time a corporal in the Queen's Own, tells a characteristic anecdote of Lord Wolseley. The volunteers had been marching and knocking about with very little rest or sleep for two or three days, and were pretty well used up when they were put upon the train at Fort Erie. Every seat was occupied in every car, and numbers were without seats. Colonel Wolseley entered a car, and the embryo Queen's Counsel, noticing that he was an officer, stood up and offered him his seat.

"No, my lad," said the Colonel, "keep your seat, you need it more than I do."

He walked to the end of the car, sat on the floor with his back against the wall, and leaning his head back dozed away, apparently perfectly contented with his uncomfortable quarters. It was some time afterwards before the men discovered that he was their commanding officer.

In August, 1866, another Fenian attack was threatened, and a camp of some 2,500 men was formed at Thorold on the Niagara frontier, under

Colonel Wolseley's command, to which the militia regiments were sent in turn for a short time. The result was that in a period of two months a large number of the Canadian militia passed under his hands. During these months I was on outpost duty, with my corps of cavalry, watching the river front from the Falls up to Lake Erie, and I was consequently thrown very much in contact with Colonel Wolseley, in reference to the various duties that he put upon me. The Fenians gathered once or twice and made demonstrations but they never attempted to cross, to the great disappointment I believe of Colonel Wolseley. We were relieved and sent home in October. It was astonishing the confidence that our commander inspired in everyone. Our men believed that no one was equal to him. The stories of his leading forlorn hopes, of his great gallantry in Burmah, in India, and in the Crimea, of his many and serious wounds, were told in every tent and around every camp fire; while his wonderful tact, his charming manner, and magnetic influence affected every one who came near him.

I am afraid some of the stories were somewhat exaggerated, for one of my men, looking on at a parade, saw a Yankee standing near him in the crowd point out Colonel Wolseley to some friends, and heard him say:

"Do you see that officer over thar with the cocked hat? Wall! that's the commanding officer, and they tell me that he has so many bullets in him that if you'd shake him he'd rattle."

Once more the Canadian militia separated to their homes, carrying everywhere the story of the brilliant officer under whom they had served. I remember well, with all the enthusiasm of youth, telling my friends when I came home, that I ranked him in military ability with Marlborough, and above Wellington, and predicting that I would live to see him a Field Marshal and a Duke.

In 1870, the Red River Rebellion

had broken out, and an expedition to suppress it was talked of. Sir George Cartier, Minister of Militia, was determined that Colonel Robertson Ross, the Adjutant-General of Militia, should be sent in command. The Canadian Government were to send the greater part of the men, and to pay the lion's share of the expense, and therefore the influence of the Canadian Minister was very great. But on the first intimation that an expedition was to be sent, from the men of the La Prairie camp, the members of the Stratford, and of the Thorold forces, from their friends and relatives, from all over Canada, a cry arose for Wolseley to command. The newspapers in every part of the country were unanimous.

Such a widespread expression of the popular will, coming to back Colonel Wolseley's own paramount qualifications, settled the matter.

Captain Huyshe in his "History of the Red River Expedition," says, "But here public opinion had been before him. * * * *"

The Canadian Volunteers had not forgotten their favorite commander, and the 'Vox populi' unanimously called for his appointment as leader of the expedition. Fortunately General Lindsay's opinion coincided with the popular voice, and accordingly Colonel Wolseley was nominated to the command."

The subsequent career of Lord Wolseley has proved that the Canadian Militia showed a keen insight in fully appreciating his capacity. And all over Canada to-day, thousands of those

who served under him, and who have watched and followed his brilliant career ever since with the deepest interest, are delighted, but not astonished, to find their old commander in the highest military position in the Empire.

Lord Wolseley, on the other hand, has always retained the kindest feeling towards Canada. In a letter just received from him, he expresses the wish that there was some immediate chance of visiting Canada, "To see again a country—and such a glorious country—in which I passed the happiest years of my life."

The Canadian people, led by their militia, gained more than they knew when they succeeded in securing the appointment of Colonel Wolseley. Sir George Cartier, who assumed control of affairs during the severe and dangerous illness of Sir John A. Macdonald, was not thoroughly loyal to the interests of the Dominion in the Red River dispute, and had much sympathy with Riel and



LORD WOLSELEY AT 31 YEARS OF AGE.
(From an old photograph.)

the French party at Fort Garry. It was discovered afterwards that he was in communication with Riel privately, while the expedition was on its way up. The Government were building a road to Shebandowan from Thunder Bay, called the Dawson Road. The expedition was to make use of this road, but its construction was so slow, and there were so many delays, which were believed to be intentional, that Colonel Wolseley, who soon saw that the year would be lost if he waited for its completion, decid-

ed to outflank Cartier's designs. He consequently used as much of the road as was practicable, and then, by tremendous energy and effort, took nearly all his boats and stores to Shebandowan, by using the Kaministiquia River. This was a slow and laborious process, and rumors began to be circulated that Colonel Wolseley would not succeed, and that it would take probably another year to get to Fort Garry.

I must go back a little, and state that a year or two before the Red River Rebellion the small knot of Canadians who formed the nucleus of what was afterwards known as the Canada First party, was organized. We had agitated vigorously in favor of an expedition being sent up, and also had vehemently supported Colonel Wolseley for the command. We were very uneasy at Sir John Macdonald's illness, and the consequent paramount influence of Sir George Cartier. Our committee believed that the greatest danger to the success of the expedition would be from the rear. We had heard of the delays in the construction of the road, of the movement up the Kaministiquia, and the slow progress of the troops, when suddenly we received secret information that a movement was on foot to withdraw the expedition. Word was sent to Colonel Wolseley warning him of the danger, and urging the greatest haste. Preparations were made to defeat the attempt on the first sign being given to the public of the contemplated scheme. A week or so elapsed before any public action took place to give the opportunity.

In the Government organ, *The Toronto Leader*, the following despatch appeared.

“OTTAWA, JULY 18TH.

“Bishop Taché will arrive here this evening from Montreal. The Privy Council held a special meeting on Saturday.

“It is stated here on good authority that Sir George E. Cartier will proceed with Lieut.-Governor Archibald to Niagara Falls next Wednesday, to induce His Excellency,

Sir J. Young, to go to the North-West via Pembina with Lieut.-Governor Archibald and Bishop Taché. On their arrival Riel is to deliver up the Government to them, and the expeditionary troops will be withdrawn.”

This was followed by an editorial in the *Leader* strongly urging the withdrawal of the expedition. At once a public meeting was called; the walls of the city were covered with inflammatory placards arousing the popular feeling against the idea of withdrawal. Dr. Lynch, the leader of the Fort Garry loyalists went to Niagara and presented a vehement protest to the Governor-General against it. Public opinion was so thoroughly aroused that Cartier and Taché were telegraphed by their friends not to come through Toronto, and Taché left the train at Kingston, and went by way of the States to the Falls, while Cartier came upon the Montreal steamer, and transferred to the Niagara boat without landing.

A day was thus gained, and the pressure of public opinion was felt. A resolution that was moved in the immense meeting held in Toronto declared that “if the Government dared to recall the expedition, it would then become the duty of the people of Ontario to organize a scheme of armed emigration;” and carried as it was, with great enthusiasm, it compelled Cartier to draw back, and substitute a different movement to protect his insurgent friends. It was arranged that Lieut.-Governor Archibald was to go to the north-west angle, and there meet horses and guides to be sent by Riel, and proceed to Fort Garry by what was known as the Snow Road, and receive the Government from Riel before the expedition could arrive.

Fortunately, Colonel Wolseley's energy, and the spur given to his movements by the dread of a recall, led him to outstrip all calculations, and he reached Fort Garry first, drove out the “banditti,” as he termed them, and saved Canadian history from a

lasting and disgraceful stain. For this he deserves the gratitude of the Canadian people.

It is hardly necessary in this article to refer to Lord Wolseley's earlier services in the Burmese and Crimean wars, the Indian Mutiny, and the China war, in all of which he won laurels. The successful issue of the Red River expedition brought him into prominence, and was undoubtedly the means of securing him the command of the Ashanti war, where his brilliant success increased his reputation, and led to his appointment to a succession of important positions.

In 1873, he was Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Gold Coast; in 1874, Inspector-General of the Auxiliary forces; in 1876, military member of the Council of India; in 1878, High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of the Island of Cyprus; in 1879, Governor of Natal and the Transvaal, and High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief; in 1880 he was appointed Adjutant-General of the army. In every one of these positions, under varied conditions, and among a variety of different races, Lord Wolseley was uniformly successful, and in so marked a degree did he stand out from all his comrades that he was jocularly termed "our only General."

In 1882 he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army operating in Egypt. As that was the most important of all his campaigns as a general,

and the one in which he had the most powerful and best disciplined and armed foe to confront, so in proportion does it show the greatest genius and military ability. When he arrived at Alexandria, he found that Arabi Pasha had fortified strongly the road from there to Cairo. He decided to avoid the fortification by a flank movement, but in order that his plans might succeed, absolute secrecy was essential, and it was desirable that the enemy should be misled by false information as to his designs.

His method of securing these ends was very ingenious, and showed a remarkable knowledge of human nature. He had to move his army by means of the fleet, so he called his principal officers together, and told them in confidence what his plans were. He explained to them that the fleet carrying his army would sail with sealed orders, and would go to Aboukir Bay, and from there he would operate upon the flank of Arabi Pasha's communication between Alexandria



LORD WOLESELEY AT 37 YEARS OF AGE.

and Cairo. His divisional generals approved of the plan. In a few days the secret had filtered from the generals to their staff officers, and from there to the newspaper men, and in the English papers, and in Alexandria rumors of the proposed movement on Aboukir Bay leaked out. The fleet sailed out towards Aboukir Bay, and opening their sealed orders steamed on in accordance with them to Port Said and to Ismaila, and then

it was seen that the Suez Canal was covered, the line of communications with India, as well as England guarded, and a road to Cairo much shorter than that from Alexandria, and one on which there was no great river to cross, opened to them.

Everyone recognized at once the great strategical ability shown, and when a short time afterwards, the famous night march in battle order was made across the desert, and the lines of Tel-el-Kebir stormed with a rush in the early dawn, everyone was astonished at the boldness of the conception, and the marvellous skill with which it was carried out. Canadians have an interest in this night march, from the fact that Commander Rawson, R.N., the officer who guided the army by the stars, was a native of Canada.

I saw a number of German officers in Berlin and in Bavaria in 1883, and was much struck with the deep impression that battle had made upon their minds. They all spoke in the highest terms of the ability displayed by the English General. At the coronation of the Czar Alexander III., shortly after, Lord Wolseley, who was one of the representatives of the British Sovereign, attracted more attention than any of the other great men present.

It has been customary for the opponents of Lord Wolseley to say that he has only been engaged in small wars, and has never had to meet any formidable foe. The Egyptians at Tel-el-Kebir have been sneered at, as if they made no resistance. About 2,000 of them were killed in the assault, and the largest portion were killed by the bayonet. Any soldier will understand what that means. It is doubtful if there were as many killed by the bayonet in the whole Franco-German War. If nine generals out of ten had have been in command of our army in Egypt, the war would not have been a small war; it would have been large enough, it would probably have lasted for months, if not

years, longer than it did, with much more serious losses as well from sickness as in action. The fact is that Lord Wolseley does his work so skilfully and so rapidly, that the wars do not get a chance to be large where he commands.

In the Soudan campaign, through the vacillation of Mr Gladstone, the army was delayed too long in starting. It was probably the most difficult instance of logistics in military history, but Lord Wolseley's experience in the Red River expedition stood him in good stead, and he at once sent to Canada for the voyageurs, whom he knew and trusted, to come and aid him in ascending the Nile. We all know how our Canadian boatmen responded to the call, and, as he himself has candidly admitted, rendered him invaluable service. It was an interesting scene when these boatmen, hundreds of miles up the Nile, first met Lord Wolseley. They heard he was coming in a train past their camp and immediately a bon-fire was lit in his honor, and the whole body began singing one of the Canadian songs that he had often heard on the portages of the Winnipeg River. Chas. G. D. Roberts touches upon this,—

“O mystic Nile! Thy secret yields,
 “Before us; thy most ancient dreams
 “Are mixed with far Canadian fields,
 “And murmur of Canadian streams.”

Unfortunately the object of the war, the relief of General Gordon, was not accomplished, and, therefore, this campaign has, by some, been looked upon as unsuccessful.

But that is not a fair way to look at it. Lord Wolseley was not to blame for the delay in starting, and his men reached Khartoum within a very few days of the time he informed the Government before he started that he could reach there, and there is no doubt it would have been successful, had not an unkind fate placed an engineer officer in command at the critical moment. Lord Wolseley picked out General Herbert Stewart to make

the dash upon Khartoum; fearing his loss, Colonel Burnaby was sent as second in command, to take his place in case of accident. Unfortunately both were struck down, and Sir Charles Wilson assumed command. He delayed and idled about on some highly scientific and theoretical principles, until the result of the victories was lost, and the object of the war was gone. Lord Wolseley had to send Sir Redvers Buller to bring the column back.

Had Stewart lived, or Burnaby, or had Lord Charles Beresford been able to have taken command, in two hours after reaching Metemneh, a force would have been pushing up the river, and Khartoum would have been in possession of the British troops in a day or two, or before the date of Gordon's death, and before the Madhi's troops had recovered from their panic. Wolseley was not to blame for failing to rescue Gordon. The capture of Cairo, a strongly fortified city, with a population of 368,000, by a cavalry brigade, only a few hours, one might say, after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, shows that he knows how to follow up a victory as well as did Napoleon.

Mr. G. W. Smalley, in an article lately published on the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Wolseley, speaking of the latter, says: "He conceived an extravagant admiration for Lee personally. He expressed both, in season and out of season. He has continue l

to express them, and out of this unchecked enthusiasm for an over-rated Southern General, has grown up a notion that Lord Wolseley is unfriendly to America. I know of no other foundation for it, and I do not think that a sufficient foundation."

It is quite true that Lord Wolseley had an exceedingly high opinion of General Lee. In May, 1870, just before Lord Wolseley left for the Red River, I was dining with him and his staff at the Rossin House, Toronto. He referred to a visit I had made to General

Lee about two months before, and asked me what I thought of him.

I answered in extreme praise of the general. Lord Wolseley turned to his chief of staff, Colonel Bolton, and said:

"Bolton, I have seen many men that the world has called great men, in different countries and in varied walks in life, but I never met a man who impressed me so much. I at once felt that I was in the presence of an undoubtedly great man." This was exactly my own feel-

ing, and General Gordon, in his memorial speech in Richmond, in November, 1870, struck the same idea. He said:

"Of no man whom it has ever been my fortune to meet, can it be so truthfully said as of Lee, that grand as might be your conception of the man before, he arose in incomparable majesty on more familiar acquaintance. This can be affirmed of few men who have ever lived or died, and of no other man whom it has been my fortune to approach."



LORD WOLSELEY AT 50 YEARS OF AGE.

This seems to have been the feeling of all who knew Lee. It is a striking example of the narrow prejudices of the people of the United States, that they should look upon admiration for a great man who was opposed to them, as an evidence of unfriendliness to their country.

The phrase used by Mr. Smalley, of "an over-rated Southern General," is peculiar, when it is considered how ridiculously over-rated Washington is all over the United States. He is put upon a pedestal above everything, and yet, as Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his "History of the United States," correctly says: "We can hardly number among the greatest captains, a general who acted on so small a scale, and who, though the soul of the war, never won a battle."

Lord Wolseley is a man of bold and determined character, and is not afraid of results. He has always recognized and rewarded good and zealous service in his subordinates. He has no patience with the idle, careless and selfish drones. He is as severe on that class, as he is appreciative of the opposite. He has endeavored to gather around him the ablest and best men in the army. A striking illustration of this occurred shortly before the Ashanti war. A competition was opened for the best essay on a military subject. Many competed under mottoes, and Lord Wolseley among the others. When the decision was given, it was discovered that Lord Wolseley and several others were highly commended, but that the prize had been awarded to a young lieutenant. Shortly afterwards Lord Wolseley was ordered to Ashanti, and he immediately offered a position on his personal staff to Lieutenant Maurice, and gave him opportunities, so that his rise in the army has been very rapid.

This system of always being on the look out to reward merit, and his loyal adherence to those who have ever served him well, has rallied around Lord

Wolseley large numbers of the very best officers in the army, who are known as Wolseley's ring. Outside of this ring are all the useless members of the army, as well as a considerable number of excellent officers, who have never had an opportunity of distinguishing themselves or of themselves getting into the ring. This fact, as well as the envy and jealousy that always follow extraordinary and rapid success, has divided the officers of the army into two wings, the Wolseleyites and the anti-Wolseleyites. A portion of the press, also, not liking Lord Wolseley's independent method of treating them, is not friendly to him. This state of affairs was most fortunate for Lord Roberts of Candahar, an excellent officer of great ability, whose march to Candahar was seized upon, as if it was one of the marvellous events of history, and boomed in the press and in the mess rooms, as a counterblast to Lord Wolseley. I should not wonder if Lord Roberts inwardly feels under great obligations to Lord Wolseley for a large portion of his own success.

Lord Wolseley is about 5 feet 8 inches in height, with a well-knit active figure, erect and soldier-like, with a fresh complexion, clear, bright, blue eyes, and hair now almost white. He is like good wine in that he improves with age. His great success has not changed his kindly, friendly manner. Those who have done good service under him can count on his warm friendship. No man has ever stood more firmly by his friends than he has; and no man gets more loyal and hearty support than he does. He has many enemies, but they are, as I have said, the useless drones, and those who do not know him.

His appointment as Commander-in-Chief is a distinct gain to the British people, for we know that under his guidance the military strength of the Empire will be put in the most effective condition possible, and we in Canada who had him with us for

nearly nine years in the troublous high and honorable position, feeling times from the Trent affair to the Red that if a great war should occur in the River Rebellion, who found out and near future, we have the best soldier recognized his military genius, can to lead us, that our army has produced since Marlborough. only wish him every success in his

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

I stood alone in the gloaming light,
Beside the sea, on a summer night,
And the murmuring wavelets seemed to say
 As they rose and fell
 On a gentle swell,
Of a nameless secret, a mystic spell.

I heard their meaning, but could not understand,
As they whispered low to the golden sand ;
 For my untaught mind
 Refused to find
The wonderful message they left behind.

Till a star like the eye of a maiden, hid
'Neath a cloud that hung like a drooping lid,
 Peeped out on the night,
 A beacon bright,
And cast o'er the waters a path of light.

Then my soul was awakened, the mystery fled,
I heard, and I knew what the wavelets said,
 As they restlessly beat
 On the sands at my feet,
They told me the message they ever repeat.

Our secret is this : " 'Tis the secret of life
With its pain and its struggles, its calm and its strife,
 And we are the years,
 With their smiles and their tears,
Their joys and their sorrows, their hopes and their fears.

" And the light of the star is the light of God's love,
That shines on the soul through the vapours above ;
 And sheds a soft glow
 To the depths far below
And lightens the gloom as the years come and go."

—R. U. H. S.

New Westminster, B C.

A SOUL AT FAULT.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

JAMES HILLER was a farmer's son, but his father had been a wealthy man, and had left James rich. While his parents were alive, he had gone through common school, grammar school, and university with credit, and had carried off prizes enough to fill a parlor book-case. But Hiller's father and mother were dead, and their daughter Rebecca was married to a man out in Illinois; so that their son was left alone in the homestead in the village of Ferndon on the river Trent. The meadow behind the house sloped down to the beach of water-worn limestone pebbles that bordered the shallow stream, whose waters babbled on musically over large stones in its course. James enjoyed listening to the river music, and to all things musical. There was an organ in his library and a piano in his parlor, and he played on both, generally dreamy and weird music. He liked to read prose poems, chiefly French, such as those written by Fenelon and Marmontel, by Volney, Chateaubriand and Lamartine. He had no aims in life, was under no necessity to do anything, did not very well see what he could do, unless it were to enjoy himself in his own dreamy fashion. So he kept a pair of good horses, raised rare poultry, cultivated fruits and flowers, and bought new music and books. Once he had thought of municipal, even of parliamentary honors, but there was too much condescension, fuss and trouble about the canvassing to suit him; and another time he had made up his mind to write something, but the zeal for this evaporated with the ink in his pen. In winter, he could smoke pipe or cigar by the fire-side, and in the summer he could do the same in the open air, but for

drudgery, what people call serious work, he was not fitted.

It was winter, and the dead of it, with snow and ice in plenty, a hard winter on poor people, of whose lot James never thought. He was in his library, the crimson curtains of which kept out the draughts, while great dry logs blazed over the dog-irons in the open fire-place. He had just finished Ik Marvel's "Reveries of a Bachelor," and, after a soothing cigar, took up "Life Before and After," another American book. It asked the question, "Have you never felt, in certain situations, whether of word, deed, or experience, that the situations were not new to you, while, as regards your consciousness of the present life, they had occurred for the first time?" Yes, he had felt that, not once, but many times. He had not felt it in connection with his dilettante studies, his animal or floral pets, his music or his smoking; they brought up no suggestions transcending the life that is. But when passion swept his soul, passion of love and hate, of jealousy and remorse, it struck an ancient key which he could not relate in memory, but which was as real a part of himself, he felt, as if he could give year and day for its occurrence. Was it heredity? Could the experience of father or mother have been passed on to him, their son? He could not think this, for the phenomenon was absent from all that he and they had felt and done in common. Love there had been in the dear ones he had lost, but not the fierce overmastering passion that raised memories in him, while such hate, jealousy, and remorse as sometimes consumed him, were alien to their simple and kindly natures.

James Hiller dropped "Life Before

and After," a rather stupid book on the whole, and took up the question suggested for himself. He marked the passages in the Gospels in which the people mistook John the Baptist for Elijah, and Herod thought Jesus was the Baptist re-clothed. He walked to the classical part of his library, and took down Diogenes Laertius' "Lives of the Philosophers," and read the story of Pythagoras of Samos, who remembered when he was Pyrrhus the fisherman, and Hermotimus, and Euphorbus, and Aethalides, even the son of wise Hermes. Then he consulted the Melpomene of Herodotus, which tells how Aristreas of Proconnesus could leave his body at will, and, over a space of three hundred and fifty years appeared as a man, a spectre, and a crow. His Oriental shelf contained the Jatakas of Buddha, showing that the great reformer of India had been born as a squirrel, a youth, a merchant, a bull, a tradesman, a lion, a king of the monkeys, and a prince. In the theological compartment was the Latin translation by Rufinus of Origen's heretical work, called by its translator *De Principiis*, in which it is asserted that our Saviour's human soul inhabited many bodies prior to His incarnation as the Son of Mary, and that all men's souls are imprisoned in the body for sins committed in a pre-existent state. Finally, James read Wordsworth:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar;
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
 From God who is our home."

Jewish and Ancient Greek, Indian, Patristic, and English poetical, thought all homologated the soul's pre-existence. So far his recollections, that were not the recollections of the present personal consciousness, were explained.

Hiller's library was rich in folklore and ethnic superstitions. He

took up a Russian treatise, mercifully translated into French, and read at random, "Every death knell is an infant's wail." Volume after volume he turned over, and found in all lands the same thought; at every moment when a soul leaves the body, a new body and soul are born, and, in lands where deaths are in excess of births, the extra outgoing souls either reappear abroad, or in default of a human habitation, take up with some animal tenement, that of a horse or a cow, a dog or a cat, a companion in any case of man. As a rule, he discovered that the out-going spirit does not travel far to find its new dwelling place.

What spirit, leaving its earthly tenement, came to inhabit his own infant form? He knew the precise date of his birth, for he had been told it by his mother, his father, and his married sister many years older than himself. It was the 13th of January, 1847, at ten minutes past eleven o'clock at night. Down into the cupboards below his book-shelves he thrust his arms, and brought out files of Toronto, Kingston, and Belleville newspapers, carefully laid away by his methodical father; and, after a feverish search, placed on his study table the groups for 1847. With shaking hands he turned up the daily and weekly papers which included the events of the 13th of January. There were several deaths chronicled in Toronto, and more than one in Kingston, but the journals of these cities and of Belleville agreed in placing the suicide of Mrs. Stephanie Broderick in the latter town shortly after eleven o'clock in the night of that day. It was a notorious case, for this woman of fashion, a widow, had, after alienating the affections of Colonel Holditch from his wife, murdered the victim of her unlawful jealousy. After the murder of his wife, and the subsequent suicide of her slayer, Colonel Holditch had disappeared, taking with him his only child, a boy two years old.

Three births were recorded in the home papers, as taking place on the thirteenth, two in Belleville and his own in Ferndon. One was that of a plebeian boy, the other that of a more aristocratic girl. He knew that girl, Eleanor Darling, a belle and clever too, but had no idea that she was his contemporary. Miss Darling, the nameless Mrs. Abel Peet's son, or himself possessed the soul of Mrs. Stephanie Broderick? James Hiller inclined to the thought that it was he, and that a terrible legacy of evil was his in consequence. He felt himself moved by love for Miss Darling, and he was conscious that it was guilty love, for was it not well-known that she had been engaged for some years to a surveyor named Brownson, living somewhere near Peterboro, but whom Hiller had never seen.

So far there had been no signs of vice in James, nor was he naturally idle and frivolous; his laziness was the outgrowth of circumstances. Now, however, he felt impelled by evil destiny, which he could not resist, to go to Belleville and ruin Brownson's life, as, when in Mrs. Broderick's body, he had ruined the family of Colonel Holditch.

Packing some clothes and a few books in a valise, and dressing himself with care, he set out behind his handsome team for the town. There he put up his horses at the best hotel the place afforded, which was far from palatial, and took rooms for himself. In the course of the day, he paid his respects to the Darlings. His wealth, his good looks, his academic success, and his refined tastes and accomplishments were well known, and made him a universal favorite, in spite of his idle life and dreamy fancies. The parents, the sisters and brothers of his innamorata, far from discouraging or looking askance at his intentions, favored his suit and seemed to enjoy his society. No word was breathed of the unhappy surveyor, whom he had deliberately set himself to ruin, and Hiller, revel-

ling in a guilty conscience, found no obstacle in the way of attaining his heart's unlawful desire.

By day he drove Mr. Brownson's Eleanor and one of her sisters about in his sleigh, behind his spanking team, or went skating with them upon the Bay of Quinte; and, when evening came, he played and sang, or read aloud one of his most musically worded books. At last he had his opportunity, and made his confession of love. Miss Darling listened patiently and assented, and the guilty man was in the seventh heaven of delight, as well as in the seventh hell of remorse. So had he, when Mrs. Broderick won away the affections of Colonel Holditch. The family was informed of the event, and testified gratification; the engagement was made public, and the public thought it a good thing. Still not a word was breathed of the unhappy surveyor, not a barrier was placed in the way of the unblushing alienator of holy affections from their legitimate object. As James walked through the streets of Belleville with his Eleanor, little short of himself in stature, on his arm, he momentarily expected some man to rush upon him with dagger or pistol, or somebody, man or woman, to upbraid him openly for his treachery. He did not fear being arrested as Mrs. Broderick, for it was well known that she had been dead four and twenty years, but, as the owner of her evil spirit, he could not tell the moment when his crimes would bring the law and the condemning voice of public opinion upon his devoted head. Then his original kindly nature got the upper hand, and he asked himself the question, "Is it right that I should leave Nellie in ignorance of whom I am?"

The pair were sleighing one bright, crisp morning on a country road, when James said, suddenly and hoarsely: "Miss Darling, Eleanor, I have something to tell you."

"Tell it then," she answered.

"You don't know who I am," he said.

"Oh, yes I do; you are Mr. James Hiller, B.A., or is it M.A.?"

"Yes, that's all right; but you don't know whose soul is in my body."

"I hope, sincerely, that it is your own, and that you have not been changing with anyone else."

"No, I was born with it; but, before it was mine, it was that of the murderess, Stephanie Broderick, who killed Mrs. Holditch."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I was born immediately after she died."

"I see no connection between the two things."

"But I know there must be, for, just as that woman won away Colonel Holditch's affections from his wife, so have I, as unworthy, won away yours from Mr. Brownson."

Had James not been so serious and full of his awful crime, he would have seen a look of pretty amusement, and then of mirth, on Miss Darling's face, as she drew her chin down into the collar of her seal-skin sacque.

She could not reply, so he asked earnestly, "Eleanor, are you willing to keep me in spite of my confession, and the dreadful possibilities?"

"Yes, James, if you are willing to keep me."

Then James was most effusive, called her all the dear names in the language, and vowed he would lay in a stock of weapons to do himself injury with, if, at any time, he found Mrs. Broderick's soul acting unlawfully towards the lady of his affections. It was one o'clock when the horses got back to town, and the first salutation Miss Darling received, was "Tom's here." Now, Thomas was Mr. Brownson.

The Darlings were out spending that evening at a house which did not know Mr. Hiller; so he remained in his rooms and read weird books. About nine o'clock, he heard steps on the stair, the steps of two persons, the one pair light and quick as of a boy, the other slower and heavier. Both

stopped at the door of his sitting-room, and the lighter turned and descended, while he of the heavier tread knocked. Mr. Hiller called out "Come in," and a tall, stoutly built man, a few years older than himself, and heavily bearded, entered. "You are Mr. James Hiller," he said; and James, asking him to be seated, replied that he was. The man took off his fur cap, sat down, and remarked, "I suppose you know why I am here?" The guilty resident of Ferndon replied that he did not, but all the time felt that some great mystery was about to have its climax.

"I," said the big man, "am commonly known as Thomas C. Brownson, engaged to be married to Miss Darling, but my real name is Thomas C. Holditch, the avenger. You and I, sir, have a double quarrel, as you know, one of four and twenty years ago, the other of to-day. When will you fight it out?" The perspiration streamed down James' face, and made limp his immaculate collar and shirt front, but all the fierce rage of Mrs. Broderick's soul burned within him, as he strove to answer with calmness, "When and where you will."

"Very well," replied the avenger, "meet me in the field behind Mr. Darling's house, to-morrow morning at seven o'clock. It will not be light much before."

"I shall be there—with pistols, I suppose?"

"Our seconds will attend to them. Who is your second?"

"I shall ask Arthur Darling."

"Then I shall have to be content with Sydney. I'll tell Arthur for you. Bye, bye, old man, and keep up your heart!" With these cheerful words, Colonel Holditch's son departed.

James Hiller made his will, leaving some things to his sister Rebecca, but the bulk of his estate to Eleanor Darling, for he knew that he was to die in the morning by the hand of the Avenger. He practised taking aim with a pistol by means of a meerschauum pipe-case, which looked not

unlike one: the enemy he aimed at was himself in the gilt-framed, cracked mirror in his bedroom. He said his prayers with fervor, repenting of Mrs. Broderick's sins as well as of his own, and then turned in to sleep. He had thought of going to take a last farewell of Eleanor, but reflected that she probably had repented her treachery toward Mr. Brownson, and, if she had not, why should he selfishly harrow her feeling heart? As he turned on his bed, he wondered what body his unrighteous soul would inhabit after Holditch's ball had pierced the heart of his mother's murderer. It would be the body of a child most likely, if any child was going to be born about a quarter past seven in the morning between Belleville and Ferndon. It might be a girl child, as probably as a boy, and of low degree, just as likely as of high. What a pity Holditch was so rash and impetuous about the matter, leaving no time for physical research? A few hours with the medical men of the town might have enabled him to locate his soul's next tenement, when he could have made some provision for the child. No, no! That would never do, to make provision for the iniquitous soul of Mrs. Broderick.

It was cold in the morning when Mr. Hiller, after a cup of coffee and a mouthful of bread, paid his bill to the astonishment of the clerk. He walked quickly to the Darlings' house, and found the sons, Arthur and Sydney, just issuing from the front door to meet the big surveyor, Brownson *alias* Holditch. There was nothing serious about Thomas C., but that was probably because he was a good shot. There was a good deal of levity too about the Darling boys, well meant no doubt, for the purpose of keeping him from being down hearted, but rather out of place all the same. Arthur carried the pistols in a case, all ready loaded to save time. He cautioned James to aim low and at the centre of his opponents body. Should the pis-

tol swerve a little the ball would stand a fair chance to get into the heart or a lung. The party sought the field, and, at a distance sufficiently removed from the house to deaden the sound of firing, the seconds measured out the space between the combatants. At a given signal the duellists discharged their weapons simultaneously, when, with the words "Holditch, you are avenged," Mr. Hiller reeled and fell to the ground. The other actors in the scene rushed up to his prostrate figure in alarm, not that they feared a wound, for the pistols had been charged with harmless stage bullets, but the possibility of heart failure struck them all. Arthur, however, had been a medical student, and reassured the other two by saying "It's only syncope; let's carry him in out of the cold." So the seconds and the spurious Mr. Holditch lifted up the fallen duellist and bore him into the house.

An external application of water and an internal one of spirits revived the slain combatant, whom the jokers left, while yet barely conscious, leaning back in a cozy arm-chair. His fur coat and cap, his gauntlets and overshoes they had carried out into the hall. When he came to himself he looked about in a curious way; then rose up and felt things to be sure that they were real. Afterwards he examined his buttoned coat and the waistcoat beneath it, for the hole made by the pistol bullet, but there was no hole. He did not know what to make of it all. His head seemed light; perhaps a little grog would pull him together, seeing there was a decanter on the table, for he had been too dazed to analyze his already loaded breath. By the time Miss Darling and the culprits came into the room, James was in a little temporary paradise, such as he had never been in before. When he enquired about the pistols, they pretended to think he said epistles and asked if he meant those for morning or for evening service. Miss Darling left the apartment ashamed, and

her brothers walked the smiling duelist up-stairs to a spare room, where he could get a much-needed sleep. Thomas C. and the boys received a terrible tongue-lashing from Miss Eleanor, although they protested that the man had been found by them in a faint, and that in giving him a dose they had only acted the part of the Good Samaritan. Mr. Brownson also remarked that the whole experience would probably do Hiller a world of good by taking the morbid out of him ; and then devoted his attention to Miss Darling's sister Laura who was the real object of his affections. Every minute or two, Arthur and Sydney looked across the table at one another and snickered, when their twenty-four year old sister called them silly children, and recommended her senior, Arthur, to go back to the nursery.

When James awoke it was after midday. He was a little sore where he had fallen upon the snow, and he was very hungry ; but also, his mind was perfectly clear, and he was doubly ashamed of himself. This was a new sensation, for he had not really been ashamed of himself since boyhood. He dressed and went downstairs, at first thinking to slip quietly away to his hotel, drive home, and write a letter of regret and renunciation. Then it struck him that this was hardly a manly thing to do, and that he ought at least to find Mrs. Darling and apologize. He could not find that lady, but her eldest daughter appeared, and expressed her delight at seeing him well again after his faint, remarking that lunch was just going on the table. Then he told of his first intention of slipping away, and writing to her from Ferndon. "But what have you to write about, James ?" she asked ; and he replied : "To apologize for making a fool of myself, and worse, and to renounce my dishonourable attempt to steal you away from Mr. Holditch."

"Who is Mr. Holditch, pray ?" the lady enquired, looking serious.

"The man who refused to take my

life this morning, when I took his mother's twenty-four years ago."

"Mr. Hiller, you were a baby twenty-four years ago. Where is this Mr. Holditch ?"

Just then Thomas C. came into the hall on his way to luncheon, and James exclaimed, "There he is—the man who I thought had killed me as I deserved."

"Why, James you are still out of your head ; that's Tom Brownson, Laura's Tom. Come here, Tom, and explain your conduct."

The culprit came forward, and said, "How do you do, Hiller ? What do you want with me, Nellie ?"

"Mr. Hiller says you are a Mr. Holditch, and that you killed his mother twenty-four years ago—no, that his mother killed you twenty-four years ago—that's not it yet, that your mother killed his mother twenty-four years ago, or something like that."

"My mother, Nellie, is living yet, and never killed anybody. If you mean the Holditches who used to live here ages ago, they were both killed in the American war, the son a mere boy at the time.

James Hiller began to think he had suffered a general collapse of his faculties.

"Didn't you come to me last night, in my hotel, and challenge me to a duel as Thomas C. Holditch, because I killed your mother and stole Miss Darling's affection away from you ?" asked he of the big surveyor, whose sides were shaking with suppressed mirth. But he contrived to answer, "How could I ? My name's not Holditch. You haven't killed my mother, I'm happy to say, and twenty-four years ago you couldn't have done it if you had tried. Then, what about this duel—has it come off yet ?"

"Yes, this morning, a little after seven."

"I say, Hiller, did you shoot Holditch ?" asked Thomas C. in a whisper.

"I shot at a man like you, but if

Holditch, junior, was killed in the States, it can't have been him."

"Did you kill the man?"

"No, at first I thought he had killed me.

"But he didn't, did he?"

"You can see that for yourself."

There was no restraining the Darling boys, who gave away the whole plot. Miss Darling had confided her lover's hallucination to her sister Laura, who, as in duty bound, told it to Thomas C. Then he and the boys arranged the conspiracy, Mr. Brownson, as unknown to Hiller, being the chief actor. James, rejoicing in the lawful and undisputed possession of the fair Eleanor, joined in the laugh

against himself, well pleased also to have escaped a tragedy that had weighed on his imagination. He gave up the doctrine of metempsychosis, and married. His intelligent wife got him out of his aimless, dilettante ways, made him enlarge his estate and manage it in person, take an interest in educational and church matters, and enter the arena of public life. The active exercise of a spirit of unselfishness, and of zeal for the general good, has taken all morbidness out of his composition, and he himself tells the story of the magnanimous imaginary Holditch, who refused to take vengeance on the murderer of his mother.

YESTERDAY.

Better the coldness of the grave
Between us chilling lay,
Or that the sunshine of thy love
Came yesterday, came yesterday.

For now too late, too late, alas!
Comes clasp of hand, fond glance of eye,
Brings but the shaft of sore regret,
Leaves but good-bye, good-bye.

Yet, will it help me on my way
Through life's sad sea of tears;
The word, so sweet but all too late,
Upholds and cheers, and cheers.

If in the Sceptic's dark Beyond,
Or Christian's heaven more fair
Thy spirit rests, through death, O Love,
My soul will reach thine there.

—MARY MARKWELL.

Regina, N.W.T.

THE PHRASE THAT MOST INFLUENCED ME.

BY JACK ALEXANDER.

WE all have had a something which has influenced the course of our lives. Sometimes it has been a man who has thrown his clearly defined shadow across our pathway and caused us to pause, think, admire, follow. Sometimes it has been a mother who has been the pole star of a progressive career. I heard a preacher, the other evening, make four distinct references to his mother in the one sermon. Sometimes people have been led to ascribe their success in life to the motive power supplied by some favorite author's thoughts, some friend's tender epistles or serious conversation, or to some similar dominating influence.

One of the greatest influences in my life has been a phrase.

Before I tell you what that phrase is, I must relate briefly the circumstances by which I fell under its magic spell. When I was a young lad at school in a Western Ontario town, I was a most careless student, lacking in the ambition that should distinguish a youth of sixteen, indifferent to life's opportunities and unmindful of its responsibilities. I was clever with my books and had an excellent idea of my own abilities. Yet I was making little progress.

At this time I possessed an autograph album. They were quite the style then among the pupils of Ontario's schools, although I believe they are now considered to be "out of date." This little book, however, was my pride, and I industriously circulated it among my friends with the usual results. In the course of events I one day handed it to my favorite High School teacher, and asked him "to write something" in it. It came back to me a few days afterwards with a

few hieroglyphics in it over his name. I recognized that he had put what he had to say in short hand, though I knew nothing of the symbols. On a slip of paper, between the leaves, was the interpretation:—

"Be sure you are right, then go ahead; but go ahead anyway."

I do not think that the phrase was original with him, and yet I do not know the author. Moreover I do not care to know, and I would be disappointed should anybody tell me. I desire simply to remember them as the advice of a thorough, large-hearted teacher to a youth for whom he had no reason to feel any very high regard. He sowed the seed. I know the sower, but I do not care to discover who grew the seed that he planted.

I cannot remember that the phrase influenced me very much at the time, but I think it must have. It is years since I saw that old autograph album, but whenever any important decision in my life is to be made, that particular page with its Pitman hieroglyphics rises up before my face, and speaks to me as plainly as if I heard the old man's voice. I cannot remember when it began to do this, therefore I conclude that it must always have been so. At any rate, just at that time I began to take life earnestly—in spells.

I am not an old man yet, by any means, but already I owe to that phrase a debt which I can never pay. It led me to push on in my studies until I had succeeded in securing a teacher's certificate. First I got what was known as a "Third Class," and on I went until I had a "First Class C." But I could not stop even then, for my phase was still urging me on, so I

matriculated and went to the University of Toronto, graduating at the head of my class.

I cannot tell you how it has led me on since, for by so doing I would reveal my identity. I cannot do this, and would not if I could. I want to be as Willard, the actor, always desires to be, lost behind what I am representing. He refuses to make speeches between the acts, because people then think of him as Willard, the actor, instead of forgetting his private identity in the character whom he is revealing. So I want you to think of me as a young man who has wandered out into the world with the carelessness which nature gave him, controlled by one influence which made all knowledge desirable and the search for it pleasant even if tiring and unending—think of me as being guided by that one phrase:—

“Be sure you are right, then go ahead; but go ahead anyway.”

To make a young man or a young woman enjoy life and profit by it, it is necessary to arouse their ambition. It must not be only that ambition which longs after superiority, knowledge and success, but it must be that determined ambition which will “go ahead anyway,” no matter what the obstacles.

A young lady came to me the other day with her first manuscript. She told me about it and gave it to me with some misgivings. It had been written quickly and somewhat carelessly, but it contained good ideas, originally treated. I handed it back a few days afterwards, and suggested that she re-write it, correcting certain careless passages, a few mistakes in spelling and syntax, and give it a general polishing. She demurred to this hard task. It was not pleasant labor, she remarked.

Here was an ambition to become an author, but it lacked the accompanying determination to spare no efforts to attain the success towards which

that ambition was directed. I refused, however, to recommend it to the editor for whose uses it was produced until this had been done.

Success in life is not easily attained. The top of the ladder is a long way up from the bottom, and the climbing produces many a blister. Numerous sacrifice must be made in order that the ultimate result shall be satisfactory.

The trouble with most young men is that they live only for the present. “Take no thought for the morrow” is followed too closely. Perhaps it is because their parents and teachers do not impress upon them, at a period when they are impressionable, that they must learn to sacrifice, to a greater or less extent, the pleasurable follies of youth, in order to enjoy the peace of an honored and respected old age. I can truly say that I have given up many of these youthful pleasures with hard struggles and much regret. But I recognized that if I was “to go ahead,” I must be willing to allow a few of the fleeting joys to go past me on the winds of time.

This phrase, which has benefited me so much, might be of little use, might even be harmful to others. I am intensely conservative by nature, apt to move slowly and sluggishly. Other young men of my acquaintance are apt to rush along without a due consideration of the consequences that may follow their movements. But to these, my phrase can be helpful in some degree, for it says: “Be sure you are right.”

One thing more, and I have finished this chapter of my autobiography. When you meet a youth of sixteen, and you have an opportunity to influence his ambition, do not hesitate to give him some advice along the line of my phrase. Much of the shiftlessness and poverty so prevalent among a large proportion of the population of every community is due to the fact that our young men are allowed to pass their youth-time without having

their ambition aroused, and without self along lines of self-improvement, gaining a proper idea of the responsibilities and realities of life. A man who reaches the age of twenty-five without having learned to exert himself is almost certain to remain a nonentity all his life-time, and to go to his grave

“Unwept, unhonored and unsung”

TO A FAIR MINSTREL.

Enchantress, sweep the golden chords
 And cheer my heart with noble words ;
 A tilting tourney lay
 Of mailed knights and prancing steeds ;
 Recount my country's gallant deeds.

Enchantress, touch the silvern strings,
 Which rustle like an angel's wings,
 And bear my soul away
 To hills and vales, where reigns delight ;
 Sing me a glorious song, to-night.

Enchantress, let thy sweetest note
 Of harp and voice, unite and float
 In one replenished stream ;
 Weave into its melodious flow
 The maid I love and fain would know.

Enchantress, lean thee to thy lyre,
 Evolve from out the resonant wire
 Soft themes for rest and dreams ;
 That thy rich fancies I may keep
 To soothe me in the realms of sleep.

—KEPPEL STRANGE.





GENERAL VIEW OF VICTORIA, B.C., FROM TOWER OF CHURCH.

RAMBLES AROUND ESQUIMAULT AND VICTORIA, B.C.

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY, B.A., OXON.: LL.B.

ESQUIMAULT, the headquarters of the British navy in the North Pacific Ocean, is distant about four miles from Victoria. Its harbour, which is land-locked, is one of the finest in the world. It has an average depth of 45 feet, and affords excellent anchorage, the bottom being a tenacious blue clay. Here the Canadian Government, aided by a subsidy from the Imperial treasury, has built a fine dry-dock, capable of accommodating the largest ships. It is 450 feet long, 26 feet deep, and 90 feet wide at the entrance, and is built of concrete faced with hewn stone. Here also are a naval hospital, an arsenal, stores, and a repairing shop. The ship in which we travelled from Tacoma, the S.S. *Corona*, had been unlucky enough on her last Alaskan trip to break one of the blades of her propeller in the ice floes of Glacier Bay.

She was at once docked, and, when the water was let out, we walked about on the floor of the dock examining her keel.

Three or four war vessels are almost always to be seen in Esquimalt harbor, but on this occasion only one ship, H. B. M. S. *Champion*, with two or three torpedo launches, was visible. The shores near Esquimalt are rocky, and densely covered with timber. The little town consists of one street, at the end of which are landing-stages. Here, as throughout British Columbia, is to be observed a mingling of American and English names for things and places. A very pretty little church forms a centre round which the cottages of the hamlet group themselves.

The day was a lovely one; indeed, the climate of British Columbia is almost perfect, being free from ex-

treme heat in summer, and invigorating at all seasons of the year. Snow rarely falls, and never lies on the ground for more than a few days together. For three years the lowest temperature recorded on Vancouver Island is 8° above zero, and the highest only 84° . The thermometer has never been known to register a temperature below zero. This moderate and equable temperature is due to the general effect of the westerly winds blowing over the vast expanse of the

per annum, and on the mainland of British Columbia from 40 to 60 inches. It is altogether a most agreeable and healthful climate in which to live.

Vancouver's Island, so named after the great navigator who explored the coasts of British Columbia and Alaska so thoroughly and accurately that later navigators have added little to our knowledge, is about 300 miles long, and contains 18,000 square miles of territory. The highest mountain is Crown Peak, 8,082 feet high. On the



H.M.S. CHAMPION, AT ESQUIMAULT, B.C.

Pacific, and, to some extent, to the Kuro Simo, a warm current from the coast of Japan, which mitigates the climate from Alaska to Mexico. This warm stream, which is analagous to the Gulf Stream, causes an almost constant wind to blow towards the land, enabling the Japan and China steamers to make about 48 hours better time when going towards the rising sun than when travelling westward. Nor is the atmosphere devoid of moisture, the rainfall in Victoria being 25 inches

west coast the mainland is broken into innumerable inlets and fiords, the waters of which are of great depth.

The mineral and other resources of British Columbia are very great. Coal is found all over, but the principal mines are found near Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island. The coal is of excellent quality, and is used by the ships of the British squadron, and by the steamers which ply between China and Japan and British Columbia. Much of it is shipped to San Francisco,

and a large fortune was made by John Dunsmuir, the proprietor of the Wellington Mines. Five mines employ about 2,000 men, who earn from two to three dollars a day each. On the Island of Texada, in the Gulf of Georgia, are large deposits of magnetic iron ore which contain a very high percentage of the pure metal. The ore is shipped to smelting works in the State of Washington. About \$700,000 worth of gold is exported annually from British Columbia to the United States. It is all produced by placer-mining, being washed out from the gravel and sand of the beds of rivers. But now quartz-crushing works are being constructed, which will largely increase the production of the precious metal and the number of men employed in the industry.

The forests of British Columbia produce much fine timber, and about \$500,000 worth are exported annually. The timber consists of Douglas fir, red, yellow and white cedar, hemlock, pine, spruce, larch and oak. The Douglas fir is the finest of the timber trees; it grows to a height of 200 feet and often has a circumference of from ten to twenty feet. It is exceedingly tough, and will stand a higher strain than oak, for which reason it is much used for railroad bridges. The trees rise to a height of 80 to 100 feet without a branch, and thus yield a great amount of clear lumber. It also never warps, but can be used as soon as it leaves the saw-mill—a very valuable quality in a new and rapidly growing country. The soil, when cleared of its forest growth, is very rich, and will grow every fruit, grain and vegetable known in the north temperate zone.

About \$250,000 worth of furs are exported each year. But the most important and valuable export is salmon, of which the annual value is about \$900,000 a year. Salmon are found in almost incredible quantities in the Fraser river, up which they penetrate for 800 miles from the ocean. New Westminster, on the main land,

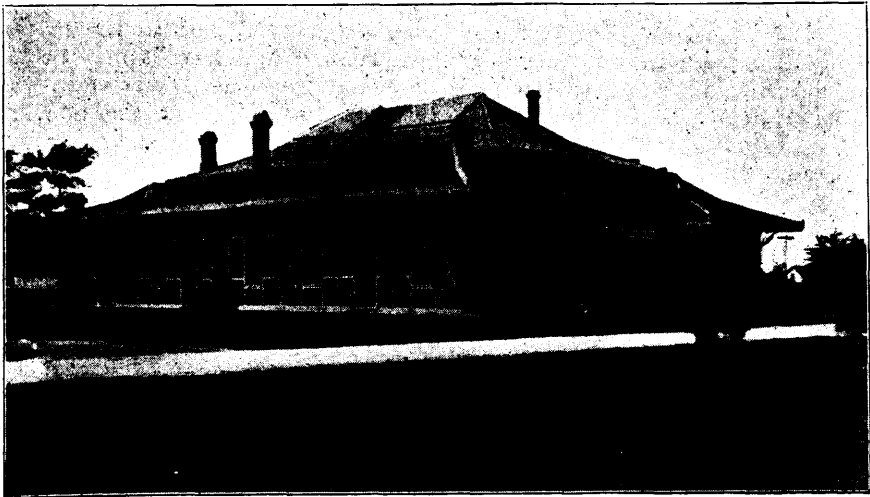
is the centre of the salmon canneries, though Burrard's Inlet and the Skeena river also abound with fish. The oolachan, or candle-fish, so-called because when dry it burns like a candle, is a valuable commodity. It is of the size of a sardine, and is very good to eat when fresh, dried, or smoked; it also yields a large quantity of good oil. The fish are caught in nets by the Indians and boiled in metal tanks for some hours; the oil is then expressed through willow baskets. When cold, it is of the consistency of thin lard. Herrings are also very plentiful, and are caught with a board through which nails have been driven so as to impale the fish when the board is raked rapidly through a shoal. Many other varieties of fish abound, among which may be mentioned cod, halibut, flounders, sturgeon, haddock, crabs, fraawns and shell-fish. The native oyster is small, but very tasty. At Victoria many vessels are owned which are employed in sealing, but the operations of the pelagic sealers have been checked by the activity of the United States' men-of-war and revenue cutters in Behring Sea; and none too soon, for their reckless slaughter of female seals threatened the extermination of the valuable fur-bearing animal.

Until recently Victoria was reached from Esquimault by an antique omnibus, now replaced by electric cars. The road, which is an excellent one, passes between thick hedges, pine groves, and cottage gardens blooming with roses, honeysuckle, gladioli, petunias, and hollyhocks. Ferns grow in great profusion, and many pretty suburban houses, embosomed in trees and flowers, are passed along the road. About half a mile from the city the North Arm is crossed by a bridge, near which lie several ancient ferry boats, useless but picturesque. The city abounds in churches, and of these the Church of England cathedral, standing on a very fine rocky site, claims most attention. It is a very

modest wooden edifice, but its position on Church Hill renders it almost imposing. At its western end is a square tower, which, with much scrambling up awkward ladders and blundering through dusty lofts, I ascended one morning. The day was one of the first fine days after the rain, and, though it was windy out on the top of the tower, the view was clear, the rain having to a considerable extent quenched the forest fires which on our way down from Alaska had almost entirely obscured the shores of the Gulf of Georgia. In our panoramic

building is the Provincial jail; and further eastward Dunsmuir Castle catches the eye, and brings it round to the Convent again, thus completing the panorama. The combination of buildings, wooded hills, snow-capped mountain ranges, and glittering arms of the sea is very striking.

Though Victoria has a solid, home-like and even somewhat old-fashioned look to one fresh from such towns as Tacoma, Seattle and Port Townsend, yet its history does not extend back to any very remote period. Early in the present century the Hudson Bay



PROVINCIAL MUSEUM AND ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S OFFICE, VICTORIA, B.C.

view of the city the most prominent objects were St. Anne's Convent, embosomed in trees; the Olympic range across the bright waters of the Strait; nearer at hand, St. James' Bay, Beacon Hill Park, and the Government buildings; James bay and the bridge. We saw, too, the North Arm crowded with shipping and boats, the new Law Courts, the Presbyterian Church with its roof of various colored tiles, and the Union Club House. Near the water we looked on the warehouses of the Hudson Bay Company, the spirelet of the Chinese theatre, and the towers of several churches. A solid red brick

Company, which has been almost as important a factor in the development of Canada as the East India Company in the acquisition of Britain's Indian Empire, established a trading post at Victoria, and in 1847 built a fort there. From this center the company controlled the trade of Vancouver Island. In 1858 the Fraser river gold mining excitement broke out, and miners flocked to British Columbia. During the suspension of mining operations in the winter, as many as 25,000 to 30,000 miners remained in or near the city, and, though few of them settled there permanently, yet from

this time the city began to grow, and it now has about 15,000 inhabitants. Vancouver Island was a separate colony until 1868, having Victoria as its capital. In 1868 it was made part of British Columbia, and Victoria became the capital of both.

The position of Victoria with reference to Eastern Canada and the Pacific Coast makes it an important center of trade and shipping. This importance has been increased by the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Dominion Government paying handsome subsidies to steamship lines connecting with the railway, and carrying freight and passengers to China, Japan, Hawaii, New Zealand and Australia. A fine steamer runs daily across the Gulf of Georgia from Victoria to Vancouver, the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway on the main land. Boats also run daily to the Puget Sound ports, and the Alaskan and San Francisco steamers call at Victoria regularly. As Victoria is on an island, only one railway comes into the city, viz., the Esquimault and Nanaimo road, which runs about seventy miles up to Nanaimo, and thence a few miles further to Wellington. The scenery along the road is very fine, and several favorite resorts of sportsmen and pleasure seekers are found along it.

Victoria has a considerable number of factories of boots and shoes, furniture, boxes, and cigars: it also has extensive saw-mills, and the largest iron works—the Albion—on the Pacific coast outside of San Francisco. On the harbor of Esquimault is a very large saw-mill, which chiefly cuts up cedar, hemlock, maple and white pine. At Chemamus, distant some sixty or seventy miles from Victoria, there is a large lumber-mill under the control of Mr. Macaulay, who had much experience in the lumber business of Eastern Canada. The water supply is obtained from a lake, and is both plentiful and of good quality. The Province of British Columbia being rich in ore, it

is proposed to erect smelting works for the reduction of this ore.

With regard to education: St. Anne's convent furnishes an excellent training to Catholic girls, and there is a Boys' and Girls' School founded by the wealthy and benevolent Baroness Burdett-Coutts. The High School at Victoria is a handsome building of red brick, with stone dressings, and accommodates about a thousand children. A school board elected by a vote of the people controls five ward schools. There is also the beginning of a university, but about the professors, or the nature of its work, I am unable to give any account. As the newspaper plays so large a part in the modern education of children, it may be said here that three newspapers are published daily in Victoria, each of which issues a weekly edition, containing special articles.

The ubiquitous Mongolian has a considerable quarter of Victoria entirely given up to him and his unsavory belongings. There are several Chinese stores, well built of brick, and the proprietors of which seem prosperous. Several of the houses have handsome balconies, upon which flowers grow in profusion. In the middle of China-town is a large building belonging to the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association, and containing, as I was told, the Joss-house. Whenever I began to take photographs in China-town, I found myself the centre of a group of chattering Mongols, who did not, however, interfere with me at all. There is quite a large theatre in the quarter, the spirelet surmounting it being clearly seen from any high ground near the city. I observed that many of the tradesmen here openly called themselves "Dealers in Opium." In the poorer quarter there were some shabby-looking shanties, but even here a good rule was observed: on the door of each house is painted the number of persons permitted to live in it: "to hold four," "to hold six,"

and so on; thus preventing an overcrowding dangerous to health. It would be well if the Supervisors of San Francisco, with its 40,000 Celestials, would cease "grinding their axes" for a time, and frame some such regulation as this.

The principal social club of Victoria is the *Union*, the house of which stands next to the new Presbyterian Church of St. Andrew's, on a street parallel to Government Street. It is built of brick faced with stone, and is

ver's Island. Deer-hunting begins on September 1st in British Columbia. On the last evening of August parties of hunters proceed by train to Goldstream and other favorite spots, or strike off by trails into the interior of the island.

With one more recollection I must conclude. On a breezy afternoon I was strolling in Beacon Hill Park; the sun shone brightly on the gleaming and glancing waters of the strait; on the peaks of the Olympic range, on



ST. ANN'S CONVENT, VICTORIA, B.C.

in the Elizabethan style. The internal arrangements are very comfortable, and I was kindly made free of the club during my entire stay. Among the cards of visitors I noticed that of Sir Michael Culme Seymour, a former commander of the North Pacific Squadron, and now commander of the Mediterranean navy, who had come out all the way from England to enjoy a fortnight's sport among the deer and mountain-sheep of Vancou-

the fronting Washington shore, lay a heavy bank of cumulus clouds, piled mass on mass in fleecy billows, silver-crested. I sat down at the water's edge, and thought that I had never seen a grander sight. Later, from the upper windows of a friend's house in the Park, I saw very clearly Mount Baker, a double-painted cone of dazzling white, fully sixty miles distant from where I stood.

A LOST WOOD.

THERE, the birds their heads uplifting,
Sang, and sang, and sunbeams drifting
Thro' the trees
Kissed the dew-sweet eglantine,
And the tangled, wild woodbine,
And the lillies that unfurled
In the little, silent pool,
Gathering all the shadows cool
To its breast ;
Kissed the meery stream that purled,
And with soft laughter fled
Adown its stony bed
To its rest.
With a deeper tenderness
Nature lingered there to bless,
Seeing all her works were good
In the quiet of the wood.

There slender rushes straight and tall,
Know the blackbirds bugle call
Sweet and clear ;
And swayed beneath his clinging feet
When folded were his pinions fleet ;
There were ferns and mosses rare ;
And beside the river brink,
The antlered deer came down to drink.
A tender haze

Lay o'er all the landscape fair,
A wraith of blue, a hint of gold,
A magic mantle, lo, that told
Of August days ;
And rose the damp, sweet smell,
That ever clings to a mossy dell,
To the moss, the fern, and the sweet bluebell.

I wonder in what land or clime
Lays this long, lost wood of mine,
All rest and shade.
I have a fancy I wandered there,
It may have been but a picture fair,
A painted picture, Ah ! me,
If the spell I erst did feel
From out a canvas fair did steal
I cannot say.
An artist fancy it might be,
Traced with many a shade and sheen
That in art has rarely seen
The light of day.
Time hath a deep enchantment lent,
And all the colors softly blent,
Wreathed with a glory half sublime,
That wood seen once in a long past time.

—WYNDOM BROWNE.

Toronto, Ont.

SURVEYOR-GENERAL HOLLAND.

BY REV. H. SCADDING, D.D.

[A notice of Samuel Holland, first Surveyor-General of lands for the Northern District of North America, based on a hitherto unpublished manuscript letter, addressed by him to Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe, in the year 1792]

HAVING in my possession a somewhat important hitherto unpublished manuscript letter, addressed by Samuel Holland, first Surveyor-General of British North America, to Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe, on some matters relating to the early history of British Canada, and throwing light on the origin of certain local names still to be seen on our maps, I feel anxious that the document should in some way be committed to the safe keeping of print, and so find a place in one of the volumes of Provincial Archives, which it is confidently hoped the Government will be induced hereafter to publish.

The letter would seem to have been written at the request of Governor Simcoe, in order that he might have a written record of Mr. Holland's familiar acquaintance and intercourse with his father (Captain John Simcoe, R.N.) when brought into contact with him in the neighbourhood of the recently-captured French Fortress of Louisbourg, on the Island of Cape Breton, some forty-eight years previously. Mr. Holland was officially engaged at the time making surveys of Louisbourg and vicinity, and Captain Simcoe's ship, the *Pembroke*, happened to be moored not far off from the shore, the sailing master, being on the beach, took particular interest in Mr. Holland's employment of a certain mathematical instrument, which was new to him, here called a Plane Table, and expressed a desire to become better acquainted with its use.

An invitation from Captain Simcoe to Mr. Holland to come on board with his instrument soon followed, in order that he might personally explain its use to him and his sailing master, and this was done.

The sailing master who had exhibited such a laudable curiosity was no other than the person who in after years became so famous as the great discoverer, Captain James Cook.

The letter itself will explain the valuable services afterwards rendered by the Captain of the *Pembroke*, Sailing Master Cook, and Mr. Holland conjointly, in the survey of the Gulf and River St. Lawrence generally, services which contributed materially to General Wolfe's successful operations against Quebec, in 1759.

In this expedition, however, Captain Simcoe did not take a part, having been seized with an illness which eventuated in his death on board the *Pembroke*.

Captain Cook we find used to refer in after years with gratitude to his intercourse with Captain Simcoe and to the scientific experience gained on board his ship.

The letter before us is dated "Quebec, January 11th, 1792." It reads as follows, and will explain itself:—

Quebec, 11th January, 1792.

Lt.-Governor Simcoe, York:

SIR,—It is with the most sincere pleasure that I recall to memory the many happy and instructive hours I have had the honor of enjoying in your late most excellent father's company, and with more than ordinary satisfaction do I recollect the following cir-

* An engraving of the Plane Table appears as a frontispiece to a volume entitled "The Plane Table and Its Use in Topographical Surveying," among the papers of the United States Coast Survey, published by D. Van Nostrand, New York, 1885.

cumstance which gave birth to our acquaintance. The day after the surrender of Louisbourg, being at Kensington Cove surveying and making a plan of the place, with its attack and encampments, I observed Capt. Cook (then master of Capt. Simcoe's ship, the *Pembroke* man-of-war) particularly attentive to my operations; and as he expressed an ardent desire to be instructed in the use of the Plain Table (the instrument I was then using) I appointed the next day in order to make him acquainted with the the whole process; he accordingly attended, with a particular message from Capt. Simcoe expressive of a wish to have been present at our proceedings; and his inability, owing to indisposition, of leaving his ship: at the same time requesting me to dine with him on board; and begging me to bring the Plain Table pieces along. I, with much pleasure, accepted that invitation, which gave rise to my acquaintance with a truly scientific gentleman, for the which I ever hold myself much indebted to Capt. Cook. I remained that night on board, in the morning landed to continue my survey at White Point, attended by Capt. Cook and two young gentlemen whom your father, ever attentive to the service, wished should be instructed in the business. From that period, I had the honor of a most intimate and friendly acquaintance with your worthy father, and during our stay at Halifax, whenever I could get a moment of time from my duty, I was on board the *Pembroke*, where the great cabin, dedicated to scientific purposes and mostly taken up with a drawing table, furnished no room for idlers. Under Capt. Simcoe's eye, Mr. Cook and myself compiled materials for a chart of the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, which plan at his decease was dedicated to Sir Charles Saunders; with no other alterations than what Mr. Cook and I made coming up the River. Another chart of the River, including Chaleur and Gaspe Bays,

mostly taken from plans in Admiral Durell's possession, was compiled and drawn under your father's inspection, and sent by him for immediate publication to Mr. Thos. Jeffrey, predecessor to Mr. Faden. These charts were of much use, as some copies came out prior to our sailing from Halifax for Quebec in 1859. By the drawing of these plans under so able an instructor, Mr. Cook could not fail to improve and thoroughly brought in his hand as well in drawing as protracting, etc., and by your father's finding the latitudes and longitudes along the coast of America, principally Newfoundland and Gulf of St. Lawrence, so erroneously heretofore laid down, he was convinced of the propriety of making accurate surveys of those parts. In consequence, he told Capt. Cook that as he had mentioned to several of his friends in power, the necessity of having surveys of these parts and astronomical observations made as soon as peace was restored, he would recommend him to make himself competent to the business by learning Spherical Trigonometry, with the practical part of Astronomy, at the same time giving him Lead-bitter's works, a great authority on astronomy, etc., at that period, of which Mr. Cook, assisted by his explanations of difficult passages, made infinite use, and fulfilled the expectations entertained of him by your father, in his survey of Newfoundland: Mr. Cook frequently expressed to me the obligations he was under to Captain Simcoe, and on my meeting him in London in the year 1776, after his several discoveries, he confessed most candidly that the several improvements and instructions he had received on board the *Pembroke* had been the sole foundation of the services he had been enabled to perform. I must now return to Louisbourg, where, being Gen. Wolfe's Engineer during the attack of that place, I was present at a conversation on the subject of sailing for Quebec that fall. The General and Captain

Simcoe gave it as their joint opinion it might be reduced the same campaign, but this sage advice was overruled by the contrary opinions of the Admirals, who conceived the season too far advanced, so that only a few ships went with General Wolfe to Gaspé, etc., to make a diversion at the mouth of the River St. Lawrence. Again, early in the spring following, had Captain Simcoe's proposition to Admiral Durell been put in execution, of proceeding, with his own ship, the *Pembroke*; the *Sutherland*, Captain Rous, and some frigates, *via* Gut of Canso, for the river St. Lawrence, in order to intercept the French supplies, there is not the least doubt but that Monsieur Cannon with his whole convoy must have been taken, as he only made the river six days before Admiral Durell, as we learned from a French brig taken off Gaspé. At this place, being on board the *Princess Amelia*, I had the mortification of being present whilst the minute guns were firing on the melancholy occasion of Captain Simcoe's remains being committed to the deep. Had he lived to have got to Quebec, great matter of triumph would have been afforded him on account of his spirited opposition to many captains of the navy, who had given it as their opinion that ships of the line could not proceed up the river, whereas our whole fleet got up perfectly safe. Could I have had recourse to my journals, which have unfortunately been lost, it would have been in my power to have recounted many circumstances with more minuteness than I am at present enabled to do.

I have the honor to remain,

Sir,

With great respect,

Your most devoted & most

obedient & humble servant,

SAMUEL HOLLAND.

The captain of the *Pembroke*, we see, was a daring and enterprising officer, and had his advice been taken

in preference to that of Admiral Durell, Wolfe's capture of Quebec might have occurred some month's earlier than it did. There is in the parish church of St. Andrew, at Cotterstock, in Northamptonshire, a mural tablet sacred to Captain Simcoe's memory inscribed with the services rendered by him to his "King and country."

On the back of the MS. letter which has been engaging our attention is to be seen a sentence in the handwriting of Lt.-Gov. Simcoe himself, and it was this that in the first instance imparted a special value to the document, containing as it did a curious record of some words used by his father just before his sad decease. The memorandum reads as follows:

"Major Holland told me that my father was applied to to know whether his body should be preserved to be buried on shore, he replied, 'Apply your pitch to its proper purpose; keep your lead to mend the shot holes and commit me to the deep.'"

The initials J. G. S., John Graves Simcoe, are appended.

This document was presented to me by a daughter of Gen. Simcoe, and to her this autograph memorandum of her father constituted its chief value.

Gov. Simcoe, we may observe, uses the expression Major Holland, this probably indicated his rank as an officer of the Royal Engineers. He was, as must necessarily be the case with officers in that department, a lover of science.

The following papers of his appear in the proceedings of the London Philosophical Society. Their titles as given by Mr. Henry J. Morgan in his *Bibliotheca Canadensis*, are:

I. Observations made on the Islands of St. John and Cape Breton to ascertain the longitude and latitude of those places, agreeable to the order and instructions of the Right Hon. the Lords Commissioners for Trade and Plantations, 1768.

II. Astronomical Observations, 1769.

III. Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites, observed near Quebec, 1774.

IV. Astronomical Observations, 1774.

Major Holland appears to have been a native of Canada, and he died at Quebec in the year 1801. He had been, it would seem, a personal friend of Gen. Wolfe's, who had made him a present of a pair of beautiful pocket pistols, associated with which was a pathetic story of the death of one of Major Holland's own sons in a duel. At the time of his death he was a member of the Executive and Legislative Councils, and had filled the office of Surveyor-General for nearly fifty years. We learn from Mr. Le Moine's "Maple Leaves," first series, 1863, chap. 7, pp. 41-43, that Major Holland's family residence was situated in the neighborhood of Quebec, not far from the estate known as Spencer Wood, it came to be popularly designated "Holland House." On the property was a private family burying ground where Major Holland's remains were deposited. A conspicuous fir tree in this burying plot, a survivor of the primitive forest, was long spoken of as the "Holland Tree."

There was, down to a late period, preserved in the Crown Lands Department at Toronto, a fine manuscript map of the Province of Quebec as well as of all known Canada, on a large scale, by Major Holland. This map I believe is now deposited at Ottawa.

It has been reproduced, I understand, by the Government, and may prove an acceptable boon to students of early Canadian geography and history.

Few people probably realize at the present day that the name "Lake Simcoe" was intended to recall the memory not of the first Lieut.-Gov. of Upper Canada, but that of his father, the Capt. Simcoe of whom we have just heard so much.

This we learn from the note appended to page 138 of Surveyor-General David William Smith's *Gazetteer* of Upper Canada, published by authority in 1797. The note on the item "Lake Simcoe" is this:

"So named by Lt.-Gen. Simcoe in respect to his father, the late Capt. Simcoe of the Royal Navy, who died in the River St. Lawrence on the expedition to Quebec in 1775." "In the year 1755," the note continues, "this able officer had furnished Government with the plan of operations against Quebec, which then took place." "At the time of his death," it is also added, "Capt. Cook, the celebrated circumnavigator, was master of his ship the *Pembroke*"—a fact of which we have already been made aware. The previous older name of Lake Simcoe, it should here be observed, as stated by D. W. Smith himself in this *Gazetteer*, p. 109, was "Toronto, or Lake Toronto."

SIXTEEN.

She is so sweetly simple,
 She simply is so sweet,
 My shattered heart is lying low
 In fragments round her feet.
 And, as some fair destructive child
 Might crush a broken doll,
 She gaily stamps her little feet
 To grind the pieces small.

—JOHN FORD.

A TALE OF TER-REW LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

An Extravaganza in eight chapters.

BY KEPPEL STRANGE.

CHAP. I.

(Introducing two characters and some philosophy.)

MAUD IDA GRAY was ideally beautiful, invariably sweet, possessor of an incredible fortune, charmingly youthful, and (of course) in love.

Fitz-Clarence de Boodle had large feet. Like the all-pervading air, the space they occupied was eminently worthy of consideration. Otherwise, he wore a green necktie and a pink nose. He did this for the sake of respectability, of which he was particularly fond.

With a passing remark upon the peculiar partiality of the moon for night-time, the camel for the hump, and the surprising number of things that you can't try when you don't do, we will bring this chapter to a close.

CHAP. II.

(Wherein Nature obligeth, while our heroine glideth.)

Of course, it was a lovely day; it always is on these occasions. Nature, in an obliging mood, had put on her Sunday-best raiment for Miss Gray's especial delectation. If Nature had not looked her best, Ida would have been disappointed. This would have grieved Nature very much, and Fitz-Clarence de Boodle would have been beastly annoyed, don't you know.

As graceful as a "douce et belle Marguerite," as fragrant as wild sweet clover, Ida glided. Sylph-like, through the meadows. Never having seen a Sylph, we do not pretend to be an authority upon the "glide," but that is a matter of no importance when one is sufficiently in earnest. Having succeeded in walking (beg pardon—glid-

ing) through two small fields, our heroine, accompanied by our hero, naturally felt worn and weary, and sank down to rest upon a bundle of (new-mown) hay.

CHAP. III.

(In which Natural History is made wildly exciting)

We will now bring on a bull. We do this for two reasons: partly to show our deep knowledge of Natural History, but more especially for the purpose of introducing our villain.

On he came, his eyes rolling, his tail swirling, his lips frothing. Wildly she fled; he pursued. Already, she felt the hot foam, ("hot foam" is good, I think?) the hot foam from his lips flecking her delicate neck, when a gap in the hedge appeared. Through this she sped. The gap was much too small for the bull to pass through, but he did not think of that, or doubtless he would have paused in his mad career. Intent only upon his intended victim, however, he passed easily through, and our tender heroine would soon have required a wooden dress with brass-nail trimmings, if, at that moment, a—

But, having now, we imagine, convinced our readers of our transcendental knowledge of animal life, and aroused their interest to a pitch of the wildest excitement, we will commence another chapter.

CHAP. IV.

(The word of a de Boodle.)

Now, when the bull, solely for the interest of our story, and regardless of expense, appeared upon the scene, de Boodle quickly hied him (avaunt thee, pun apparent!) to a place of safety, behind a friendly tree, from which he

watched our heroine's dilemma. He would dearly have liked to rescue her at the price of his young life's blood ('twas an anxious moment!) but he had promised his dying grandmother, during the Christmas washing, years ago, that never, never, upon no account, would he risk an infinitesimal portion of his precious carcase. And the word of a de Boodle (even when excited, as at present) was sacred.

CHAP. V.

(The villain (doubt-dyed) appears in this act)

We will now return to our heroine, whom, the reader may remember, we left in a parlous state, and likewise in a field. She would soon, we were saying, have required a wooden dress with brass-nail trimmings, if, at that moment, a (to complete the sentence) monster named Porter had not appeared. He (the monster Porter) being a villain of the deepest double-dye, of course, understood the situation at a glance, and rushing between the infuriated animal and the fragile girl, he waved a large, red, cotton pocket-handkerchief full in the face of the on-coming bull. With a roar of baffled rage ("baffled" rage, observe), the now affrighted creature turned tail, and (stopping only a moment to hiss out in malignant tones, "I'll see you later-r-r!") fled wildly away.

CHAP. VI.

(Some variegated symptoms and a mean (suspected) plot.)

Ida, of course, was frightened—equally, of course, she had all the usual symptoms: her eyes dilated, her bosom heaved, a tremor passed through her frame, her cheeks blanched, cold chills ran down her spine, her nerves twitched, she trembled like an aspen leaf, etc. Unfortunately, her troubles were not yet over. She opened her eyes (she had learned how to do this when quite young), and saw, a few yards away, the passion-distorted countenances (fairly expressive that, I flatter myself, for a beginner) of Porter

and de Boodle. She heard (she frequently did this when listening) their voices raised in anger, and the rascal Porter lavishing numerous degrading epithets (don't miss this) upon our heroine and her lover, of which "coward" and "poltroon" were the mildest. Now, although, at first sight, this action of Porter's, here recorded, may appear meritorious, the reader must bear in mind that the villain, for his own ends (and perchance odds), was only seeking to profit by the fettered state of de Boodle (of which he was, doubtless, aware); he must also reflect (even if he has to borrow a reflector), that in the possession of his red handkerchief, Porter had an invincible weapon, and was therefore running no risks. He may further question (as de Boodle always afterwards asserted), whether the whole affair was not a put-up thing between Porter and the bull.

CHAP. VII.

(A truly wonderful storm, and exit Porter.)

The settlement of the knotty point which ended our last chapter may be safely left in our readers' impartial hands. We, having to get on with our remarkable story, will now present to their notice a (violent, equinoctial) storm. A thick, black cloud, like a funeral pall, suddenly spread over the sky; the lightning, with million-candle power, lit up the circumambient (no extra charge) vault of heaven, and descending to earth, split a good-sized hill into four equal pieces: a noise like fifty thousand eighty ton guns exploding together shook the universal planetary system: the rain—being in too great a hurry to come down, as all decently-conducted rain should—fell down, anyhow, in chunks about the size of lumps of wood.

During this magnificently-described storm (all rights strictly reserved), the villain Porter, partly because of his detestable bravery, but more especially because we have no further use for him, got shrivelled up by lightning,

and was carried home in this condition by the magnanimous and large-footed de Boodle in his own pocket-handkerchief, thus proving that Nemesis (like the true daughter of Nox that she is), may be safely left to deal with the bold bad man so soon as he becomes ob-nox-ious.

CHAP. VIII.

(Wherein our story endeth in the old sweet way, only more so.)

Being entirely without friends, and more or less an orphan, we feel it our duty to call the gentle reader's attention to the surprising number of thrilling and original situations that we have managed to cram into seven short chapters. In other words (we do not deny it), we are a genius. Several papers (at our request) have said so. Having succeeded in thus modestly hinting at our worth, we proceed by a

graceful and easy transition to our wedding, which took place in a venerable and sacred edifice, filled with aisles and other architectural luxuries. Some writers would have given you a mere marriage in a church, but we like to bring on something *recherche* and stain-glassy while we are about it. It costs no more, and it looks better.

The inquest on the (suggestion of what was left of the) late villain Porter was over, the jury finding that he had flown in the face of Nature and had been sent up—or, in some other direction, as the case may be—for assault, without the option. And so our hero and heroine lived happily ever after, and on several occasions (when it was absolutely necessary);—even longer.

N.B. *z*: This way to the egress!

VANISHED DAYS.

To her my thoughts oft wing their flight,
And deep, sweet yearnings flow,
She sits enthroned in memory's light;
My love of long ago.

And now, a breath from years gone by
Comes floating back to me,
And bears the echo of a sigh
Across time's distant sea.

Anon a gentle breeze steals up
And whispers in my ear,
And pours from out a misty cup
The long shed parting tear.

And then the winds of fancy sweep
In tumult through my soul,
And bid the past, so long asleep,
In surging billows roll.

The storm sinks down, but still delays
The anguish and the pain:
The laughter of those vanished days
Can ne'er return again.

—J. W. WATSON.

CHINESE RELIGIOUS AND NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

BY J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

CHRISTIAN missionaries have much more to contend with in China than appears on the surface of events. The influence of Confucius and his teachings upon the national condition and customs has been simply marvellous, and even the recent curious collapse before the attack of a Lilliputian power, is more or less traceable to the Sage who forbade violence and resentment of injuries, and freely denounced the profession of arms. His name, indeed, is cherished as something sacred by a population which numbers almost a third of the human race; his character in some way or other seems to have permeated every social, domestic and religious institution of his country; his teachings have practically transfused themselves into a fixed and immovable polity for his race, during the greater part of two thousand years of history.

Yet his writings and opinions are little understood or studied in western countries. Almost the contemporary of Pythagoras and influencing an infinitely greater number of people than the Greek philosopher, the latter has far outstripped the Chinese sage in the estimation and knowledge of Europe and America. As a matter of fact, however, neither Pythagoras nor Zenophanes in Greece, Zoroaster in Persia, nor Sakyamouni in India, have approached him in the impressiveness of their doctrines, or in the far-reaching effects of their moral and semi-religious teachings. In the minds of the vast masses of China there is no doubt whatever regarding the superiority and supremacy of their Sage, as a popular verse clearly indicates:

“Confucius! Confucius! how great was Confucius.

Before him there was no Confucius.
Since him there has been no other.
Confucius! Confucius! how great was Confucius.”

This view of him, however, gives no idea of the philosopher's standing in his own day and generation. The man whose precepts are now in every temple; whose proposed laws are in every justice-hall; whose tomb is yearly enriched and beautified by Imperial gifts through all the passing centuries; whose very name is a shrine to the people—was in his life-time a wanderer upon the face of the earth, and a prophet whose advice was often jeered at, and seldom accepted. Born in 550 B.C., his career fell upon most disturbed and lawless times. China was but a fraction of what the nation is to-day, in either population or territory, and was divided into feudal principalities constantly warring with one another. Through the mist of centuries we can distinctly see, as in the Italian States of a later period, glimpses of fierce intrigue, violated truces and savage massacres. Mencius, a follower of Confucius in the next century, says that “the world had fallen into decay and right principles had disappeared. Perverse discoveries and oppressive deeds were waxen rife. Ministries murdered their rulers, and sons their fathers.”

Through this scene of turmoil moves the historic figure of the Sage. His father was a hero of the time whose fame, however, is swallowed up in that of the son. And as usual in such cases legends have gathered round his birth, one, illustrating, even in that distant day, the royalty of intellect by referring to him as born to be “a throneless king.” In boyhood he was grave in manner and pursuits, and

at an early age he married. Perhaps the fact that his subsequent domestic life was unhappy and ended in a divorce, explains to some extent the absence from his teachings of any attempt at raising the women of China from the position of bondage and ignorance in which they then were and still remain. He endeavored constantly to elevate man, but woman was apparently to continue in strict subjection and absolute inferiority. The division which existed amongst the states and the prevailing condition of chronic misrule and disorder, naturally drove the scholar and reformer from one place to another. He endeavored to get the different princes to listen to his teachings, but apparently without success. "Given the model ruler," he declared to them, "and the model people will appear." His great object seems to have been to arrest the surrounding process of disintegration and decay by appealing to the lessons of the sages and the records of antiquity. These he carefully collected and preserved, illustrating them with his own comments and conclusions. He tried to infuse life into the dry bones of the Chinese past and to promote morality and good government by calling into action the forces of tradition and precedent rather than by preaching religion or catering to superstition.

During these years Confucius had many opportunities of obtaining the place and power so dear to modern politicians and modern reformers. But he always refused them, unless, as sometimes happened, the ruler, in a moment of good resolutions, promised to reform himself and to endeavor to reform his laws. Usually the attempt lasted but a short time. At the age of fifty, however, the Sage returned to his native state of Loo, accepted the chief magistracy of Chung-too, and ultimately became Minister of Crime. Here for some years he remained the champion of law and civilized order. The first rough idea of trial by jury

was conceived and put in execution, dishonest traders were rigorously punished, moral regulations were strongly enforced, the influence of the great families curtailed, and brigandage and lawlessness suppressed with an energy worthy of a Rienzi. But the intrigues which such a policy quickly caused triumphed finally; the Prince gave way to the representations made, and sadly, by easy stages—hoping against hope for a recall—the wise minister once more left the State which his administration had built up in strength and justice. He might have retained his rank and position at the expense of moral degradation, but to quote his own words: "with coarse rice to eat, with water to drink and my bended arm for a pillow, I have still joy. Riches and honour acquired by unrighteousness are to me as a floating cloud."

A long drama of exile followed. From city to city, from state to state he moved, teaching the people and trying to find some ruler who would accept his precepts and put them into practice. He held no place, received no stated income, and refused all gifts of money, so that, as may be well imagined, the Sage was often in deep poverty. But his followers were devoted to him and he found solace amid all difficulties and troubles in the arduous work of revising and rearranging the ancient Books of the nation—a work which has since proved of such transcendent import to the literature and life of China. Confucius was indeed a conscientious restorer and collator of original texts. He wove the thoughts of the then ancient Sages into the constitution of the country as it finally evolved, and into the very lives of the people who came after him; but strange to say only one of the great Chinese classics is the entire product of his pen. In this "Spring and Autumn Annals" or history of the State of Loo lies, however, the cream of his teaching and the central truths of the national polity.

Practically, in these labours, he made the past his own and infused its lessons and principles and practices into the permanent faith of a people. In so doing he may be called a great thinker and worker even though many of the ideas were reproduced, and although he himself would have been the last to claim any honour higher than that of being a humble follower of the sages of other days. He hated recluses and superstition, and liked reform and publicity. But the reform was retrogressive, not progressive. It was a return to the past, not an advance into the future. Hence the honours which successive dynasties during twice one thousand years have showered upon the memory of the man who gave them fixed principles of despotic power and taught the people immovable rules of obedience in all domestic, social and national relations. "It is impossible," said the Sage, upon one occasion, "to withdraw from the world and associate with beasts and birds that have no affinity with us. The disorder that prevails is what requires my efforts. If right principles prevailed throughout the kingdom there would be no necessity for me to change its state." When, therefore, his principles came to predominate, nominally at least, in the Empire, it was the policy and duty of his followers to insist upon their absolute rigidity and to point out as a fact beyond dispute that no future age could be superior in learning, piety and prosperity to the past which Confucius had glorified. This inexorable idea rules the Chinese character of to-day as it has controlled so many centuries of Chinese history. The Chinese philosophy has, in fact, no future, the Chinese Empire no code of progress or possible change. As some one has put it, the Books of Confucius constitute a Bible without a heaven or hell. His teachings certainly embody a world without a God; a religion of which morals form the base and morality constitutes the aim.

But while Confucius refused to recognize a personal God, he sometimes speaks of Heaven in a way which seems to involve some indirect perception of a Divine Ruler. In one place he says that "he who offends against Heaven has none to whom he can pray," and in another, "my studies lie low and my penetration rises high, but there is Heaven that knows me." Still it was all a pure abstraction—utterly vague and intangible. The Sage himself never prayed, nor did he teach prayer, or any doctrine of future rewards or punishments. His polity as now taught by Chinese scholars, but not very perfectly practised by the people, may be seen in a glance at the following propositions tabulated according to the scholastic custom of the Celestial Land.

CHART OF THE GREAT STUDY.

Heaven having given existence to man, the doctrine of the Great Study succeeded and established Order in Society.

Restricted in its sphere, it produces the perfection of individual exercise—a holy Sage. His aim is Personal Virtue; the means of its attainment are:—

I.—PROPRIETY OF CONDUCT.

Suavity and Respect; Fidelity and Truth; Dignity of Carriage; Precision of Words and Actions.

II.—RIGHT FEELING.

Avoiding Prejudice; Restraining the Passions; Cherishing Good Impulses; Adhering to the Just mean.

III.—CORRECTNESS OF PURPOSE.

Self-examination; Scrutiny of Secret Motives; Religious Reverence; Fear of Self-Deception.

IV.—INTELLIGENCE OF MIND.

Rejection of Error; Comprehension of the Truth; Quickness of Moral Perception; Insight into Providence; Study of the Laws of Nature; Study of the Institutions of Man; Study of the Records of History.

With free scope for its exercise, the Sage considered that this teaching would make him a reformer of the world—a true King. Next to the great aim of Personal Virtue, he places that of Moral Improvement. The means to its attainment are divided as follows:

I.—THE DISCIPLINE OF THE FAMILY.

Filial Piety ; Care in Choice of Associates ; Strictness in Intercourse of the Sexes ; Attention to Established Rules ; Instruction to Children ; Caution against Partiality ; Harmony with Neighbors ; Regard for Frugality.

II.—THE GOVERNMENT OF THE EMPIRE.

Science of Government ; Power of Combination ; Reverence for Heaven and Ancestors ; Discrimination in Choice of Agents ; Love for the People ; Zeal for Education ; Strictness in Exercising the Laws.

III.—THE PACIFICATION OF THE WORLD.

Wisdom in Conducting War ; Righteousness in Rewards and Punishments ; Liberality in Admitting the Expression of Sentiment ; Frugality in Expenditure ; Skill in Legislation.

The Great Study stops only at Perfection.

Such is the Code of Confucius ; the moral law of the Chinese people ; the principles which are intended to guide their conduct, and control their lives ; the policy which is laid down for their Government and is supposed to actuate their mutual intercourse. Only one thing seems to have been excluded, but that was vital. It is a cold, lifeless creed of personal effort and attainment, without religious enthusiasm to support it, without religious hope to make its regulations pleasant, without religious fear to make obedience necessary. Theoretically, Confucianism presents an almost perfect moral code, practically it has created in the minds of the people a hopeless dislike to change, progress or improvement ; a fossilism somewhat similar to that produced by the teachings of Mahomet after the pulsing of religious enthusiasm had gone out of the great mass of his followers and adherents. Yet what the Sage of China has written and taught is in itself worthy of all attention and much of it deserves a world-wide acceptance. Many a civilized and Christian home ; many advanced nations of our modern times ; would benefit by adopting and following some of the wise maxims of Confucius. His ideal seems to have been what he termed the "Superior Man" —careless of popular applause or

blame, firm in character and intention. "He is to be Catholic and not partisan. He is to think of virtue and not of comfort, of the sanctions of the law, not of gratifications. In his conduct he is humble, in serving his superiors he is respectful, in nourishing the people he is kind, in ordering the people he is just."

Confucius himself possessed a wide and gracious sympathy with the personal aspirations and struggles of those around him, whether high or low, rich or poor. Anyone in his time who wished to learn, or sought moral improvement and better ideals of life, was sure of his help. Idolatry of any kind he hated and despised, and it is not unlikely that his failure to teach of a personal God was due to fear of in any way giving encouragement to the fetish and idol worship which was already sufficiently popular and which in after centuries detracted so greatly from the value and force of his own teachings. An occasional vague reference to Heaven and to Providence may also be considered as relieving him from the imputation of absolute atheism. But none the less he found it necessary, and his followers after him, to use some all-powerful and protecting influence, towards which the minds of the people might be directed, and around which sentiments of veneration might gradually and powerfully cling. He found it in the person of the Emperor. Royalty was changed from a cold abstraction into the almost divine head and father of his nation. In that capacity the Emperor was endeared to his people by epithets of filial affection and endowed at the same time with all the weight of parental power. Confucius indeed carried the principle of filial piety and obedience to an extreme exactly opposite to the loose conceptions which now exist in many quarters presumably Christian in belief and intent. Asked what it meant upon one occasion, the Master, as his followers called him, said : "the filial

piety of now-a-days means the support of one's parents. But dogs and horses are likewise able to do something in the way of support; without reverence what is there to distinguish the one support from the other?"

The result of his teachings along this line has been the establishment of a peculiar sanctity in the relationship of a Chinese parent and child. Through the crowding centuries since his time; through twenty-four changes of dynasty, a change of capital and a change of costume; although a Tartar invader gave orders in every hamlet and camp that all the distinctive institutions of a conquered people should be obliterated; this precept of filial piety lives, together with the ancient books which Confucius had preserved and taught the masses to cherish as sacred and invaluable. The son, obedient to custom and the teachings of the Sage, still rises at dawn, enters with bowed head the chamber of his father, ministers to him either in sickness or in health, and supports him when he rises for the day. And so with the daughter in her dutiful attendance upon mother or mother-in-law. These practices during centuries past have now crystallised into ordinances, and are as incumbent upon the haughty Mandarin who wears the Yellow Jacket as they are upon the miserable coolie who suffers under a load of labour and hardship. When, however, this respect and reverence and obedience is transferred from the head of the household to the head of the nation, as Confucius so strongly urged, it is not difficult to see how the social and national institutions have become inter-twined and how despotic and far-reaching is the power of the Emperor.

The Sage always refused to look into the future or to discuss its possibilities. Upon one occasion a disciple asked him about death. The reply was, "While you do not know life, what can you know about death?" He came, as he often said, to restore

the past, not to speak of the future. All that humanity—or at least that portion of it contained in China—could hope was to once more attain the lofty standard which had been reached by its ancestors. And in time, by obedience and dutifulness, the attainments of the ancient kings might be equalled by a few. But to *surpass* Yaou and Shun was absolutely hopeless. Such are the ideas running through the analects of Confucius, and there can be little doubt that the deep-rooted aversion to reform which exists to-day in Peking and throughout the broad bounds of the Celestial Empire is a consequence of this habit and principle of retrospection on the part of the Sage. Should the recent struggle and present British intervention result in the ultimate adoption or toleration of any particular foreign customs, it will be through the medium of a sort of self-deception on the part of the leaders and the people that the same practices were familiar to, and were favored by, their illustrious ancestors in the golden age of China.

It is a curious and interesting fact that around the simple code taught by Confucius and his early disciples, there should have grown up the most bigoted superstition and vehement fetish worship. The code of morals from which he carefully excluded a Divine Being from fear of possible idolatry, has resulted in the development of an intensely ignorant and superstitious people. Contrivances may be seen on every hand for the evasion of evil spirits, and the propitiation of good ones. Blazing lights, tinsel ingots, and brightly-colored incense papers, are indispensable articles of household furniture. As in the days of Moses the people ran after and worshipped a Golden Calf, so the later followers of Confucius have encumbered a decorous system of morality, study and observance, with the most degraded devil worship and fetishism. It probably proves the absolute human necessity for worship of some kind. While,

therefore, every line that Confucius has written, every word almost that he has uttered, is cherished, as the Jew cherishes the Pentateuch, or the Mahomedan venerates the Koran, yet side by side, upon the countless shrines which contain emblazoned quotations from his simple teachings, are to be found those things which he most abhorred and denounced—altars raised to genii and demons innumerable: offerings made to spirits and spectres of every kind and degree of importance.

In 478 B.C., the Sage died. What his life had failed to immediately effect, his death succeeded in doing, or at least of helping towards the consummation desired. The news went through the Chinese States like an electric thrill, and the wandering scholar, the rejected statesman, became all at once the object of unbounded admiration and respect. Year by year his influence and memory and teachings continued to grow more powerful until they had permeated the nation's life in a measure which neither rival nor rebel, despot nor invader could in the future seriously injure or efface. His magnificent tomb outside the City of K'in-foo is now the sacred shrine of an Empire, and bears the inscription:—

“The most sagely ancient preacher ;
The all-accomplished, all-informed King.”

Confucius was emphatically the product of the national mind. If Paul was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, or Luther a German of the Germans, he was equally a Chinaman of the Chinese. But unlike those mentioned who did so much to elevate the ideas of humanity and improve the condition of the people, Confucius seemed unable to look into the future or to do anything but see what had gone before him. In thus elaborating and making sacred the lessons of a past which was distant even twenty-four hundred years ago, the Sage fixed imperfect, limited and contradictory perceptions of the loftiest truths in the minds of

the people. In presenting certain hard and fast principles without room or right for discussion, without the play of sentiment, the graces of oratory, or the forces of religious enthusiasm, he hindered the growth of the Chinese intellect, cramped the development of the Chinese character, and laid the ground-work for the present degrading national superstition. His people, as a consequence of this slumber of centuries, have still a language without an alphabet: a religion without a God; a profound veneration for the dead without any belief in immortality: a moral code without individual comprehension of its greatness or the necessity for practising its beneficent principles.

The late Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, speaking in London some thirty years ago, after his return from the first British mission to China, outlined some of the curious results of this cramped evolution, and incidentally afforded an interesting glimpse of important Chinese characteristics:—

“At all points of the circle described by man's intelligence, the Chinese mind seems occasionally to have caught glimpses of a heaven far beyond the range of its ordinary ken and vision. It caught a glimpse of the path which leads to military supremacy when it invented gunpowder some centuries before the discovery was made by any other nation. It caught a glimpse of the path which leads to maritime supremacy when at a period equally remote it made the discovery of the mariner's compass. It caught a glimpse of the path which leads to literary supremacy when in the tenth century it invented the printing press. It has caught from time to time glimpses of the beautiful in color and design. But in the hands of the Chinese themselves the invention of gunpowder has exploded in crackers and harmless fire-works. The mariner's compass has produced nothing better than the coasting-junk. The art of printing has stagnated into

stereotyped editions of Confucius, and the most cynical representations of the grotesque have been the principal products of Chinese conceptions of the sublime and beautiful."

For much of this Confucius must be held responsible, either directly or indirectly. He had no imagination and no conception of spirituality. Yet the one is essential to successful statesmanship, the other to a really successful extension of moral influence. He could rise no higher than a dead past; could conceive nothing better or greater than China itself; could attain to no pinnacle of ideal beauty, culture or mental development; could suggest no improvement upon existing conditions other than the reproduction of old-time Chinese customs and beliefs and their application to the government and moral laws of his own day. In thus perpetuating the dead level of unbroken precedent, he, of course, destroyed individual progress and enterprise; crushed all hope of reform; prevented the exercise of that imagination which would have beautified art and architecture, literature and life; hindered altogether the expansion of religious thought and the consequent growth of spirituality and ideality amongst a people already prone to grovel rather than to rise.

Yet the Sage had many virtues personal to himself, and in some ways did his countrymen and the world great service. He struggled long and earnestly to protect the people and ensure good government by raising in the breasts of princes a fervent and practical admiration for the greatest and most noble of the sovereigns of the past. He sought to create an active and educated public opinion by encouraging the youth of the nation in the study of the high moral standard presented by ancient Sages and almost forgotten writings. His private life was pure, and in that respect he was superior to many of the great philosophers of Greece and Rome. His public life, amid oriental temptations

and the moral laxity natural to eastern countries, was just, conscientious and patriotic to an extraordinary degree. His golden rule, often repeated to friends and followers, was that which Christianity has since electrified into new life and application: "What you do not like when done unto yourself do not do to others." And though colourless and cold, many of his teachings and principles, as given on a previous page, are of the highest moral importance and will yet find a place in the regeneration of the most ancient and arrogant of nations. All that seems necessary is to infuse Christianity with its spiritual influence and power, its hopes and fears, its aspirations and enthusiasms into the already prepared moral code of Confucius, and the impetus will have been given which may lift China and the Chinese into the light of a happier dispensation and a loftier civilization.

Destruction of an old religion will not be required, except in so far as the abolition of fetichism and other fungous growths upon the Confucian system may be considered as such. The basis, in spite of prejudice and paradox, is there to build upon, and if recent events let in a flood of western light and bring in their train a multitude of those civilizing influences which have so wonderfully transformed the Japanese, it will soon be seen that Confucius, with all his mistakes and omissions, has not lived in vain.

To plant and preserve in the midst of four hundred millions of Asiatics a more or less perfect code of moral conduct has been the mission of the Chinese Sage. That the application of his precepts has been comparatively weak and ineffective; that he failed to rise altogether above his own environment; that the people have disregarded his laws in practice, while heaping honour and veneration upon the memory of the law-giver; that he promoted despotism, and unnecessarily provided an instrument of the de

struction of liberty, and the encouragement of abuses and superstitions: is all too true. But it simply proves how human he was, and how deeply the characteristics of his own race found expression in his life and work. None the less, however, such men as he, whether ancient or modern, heathen or Christian, are really lights to lighten the world in its onward march towards better ideals and a nobler performance. And they prove, as only example can prove, how strong and sustained may be the individual desire to do good, and how great are the results of such action or advocacy when taken up by a born leader of men amid even the most desperate circumstances, and the most apparently hopeless surroundings.

KING OF THE OCEAN GAY.

A SONG.

THERE'S a charm for me in the dark, blue sea,
 And its rollicking, changeful way,
 When the waves roll high and the white caps fly
 In their wild, tumultuous play.
 With terrible shocks it storms the rocks
 And lashes the patient shore ;
 While its voice so strong in a warlike song,
 Booms in a mighty roar.

Refrain : Lash ! Dash ! All shall obey,
 Though many dispute my sway,
 A tyrannous might is the regal right
 Of the King of the Ocean Gay.

But at calm of night, when the moon shines bright,
 And its beams on the waters play ;
 And the ships so brave on the bounding wave
 Are winging their homeward way ;
 Then the waves sing soft to the stars aloft,
 And hushed by its sweet refrain,
 The King shall sleep in his cavern deep,
 Charmed by the mystic strain.

Refrain : Sleep ! Sleep ! Softly the waves
 Sing o'er the lost ones' graves,
 A merciless might is the regal right
 Of the King of the Ocean Waves.



BY GERTRUDE BARTLETT.

IN the year 1703, the French colonists on the St. Lawrence river gladly made a pretext of the war, which had then broken out between France and England, for inciting their Indian allies to join with them in raids upon the English settlements along the Atlantic seaboard. All that year war parties of French Canadians, of Iroquois and Abenakis harried the unprotected English settlers, killing many, taking many others captive and burning their villages. In the following year, while yet the sorely smitten English had not been able to form proper plans for reprisal, (which plans, however, were afterwards formed and vigorously carried out) it chanced that a certain Father Nicholas became grieved in his soul because a ship, conveying a bell intended for his mission, had been intercepted, and the bell sold to a settlement at the mouth of the Kennebec.

He therefore determined to acquire that bell with as little delay as possible; and enlisting the aid of a certain Major, organized an expedition of

French and Indians, and proceeded with them westward from Montreal. The march was slow and very tedious on account of the melting snow in the forests, for the season was early spring. As they went on, however, this annoyance lessened, and at length they arrived at an Abenakis village on the lake now named Moosehead. Here a party of the Abenakis joined them, and in the canoes of the latter they paddled swiftly down the Kennebec. A few days sufficed to bring them within a short distance of the English settlement, and at a convenient point they drew their canoes up the river bank and concealed them in the forest. Then the whole band crept cautiously through the pathless underbrush, on which the leaves were just unfolding, and, near evening, halted within sight of the place where the forest came to an abrupt end. From thence they sent forward two or three Indians as scouts, and these, scarce seeming to move a twig in their stealthy progress, came to the edge of the wood, and crouching among the low hem-

locks, looked down upon the settlement. Half a mile distant, across an intervening tract of broken ground, was the little village, with its outlying farms, the smoke arising from the chimneys through the still air. Be-

Presently through the lane leading from the fields came a youth, who, standing his gun against the inside of the fence, slipped back the wooden fastening of the gate and entered the garden. As Grace arose to meet him



“The Little Village.”

yond these the placid bay reflected the gorgeous colors of the sunset and the sails of the fishing boats. As the light faded, at a signal from the scouts, the good father, with his French and Indians drew near to the edge of the forest.

The village consisted of a straggling line of rough wooden houses facing the bay. Near the centre stood the little church with its wooden belfry and sweet-toned bell. Eastward toward the river were two block houses, built for defence, but inhabited, the one by fishermen, and the other by a party of traders. Back from this line of buildings the tilled fields, brown meadows and pasture lands of the settlers extended to the forest.

In the last house of the western portion of the village dwelt the Rev. Mr. John Willard and his daughter Grace. On this afternoon, while the sun, nearing the horizon, sent long rays of light across the enclosure in front of the minister's house, Grace was digging up the earth in her flower bed. Having no better implement than a carving knife, she worked with little success, despite her great energy. The straight folds of her plain homespun gown clothed a slight figure of still undeveloped girlhood, and the escaped tendrils of soft brown hair curled about a flushed but exquisite little face tender in expression.

he swung from his shoulder to her feet the well-filled game bag, and then teasingly held above her head a great bunch of fragrant trailing arbutus.

She laughed with delight, and reached eagerly for them, but he kept them beyond her hands.

“Oh, David,” she pleaded.



“The Wooden Belfry and Sweet-Toned Bell.”

A world of mischief shone in his grey eyes. “Oh, David,” he mimicked: “Is this gentle damsel any kin to the saucy jade who but this morning flouted me with ill words, telling me

that she desired not my aid in the ordering of her affairs?"

"Surely, David, I said not that. But you must know that one could but take it ill that a mere stripling should set himself up as the possessor of all the wisdom there is in this world."

The boy laughed. "So," he cried, "in the eyes of Mistress Grace I am still but a mere stripling? I assure thee, mocker, that thy good father thinks not so. For but yesterday when my eyes played truant from his books to the little maid without, who 'had given her hair to the winds to scatter,' he recalled my attention, gravely indeed, though his look showed regret, if I interpreted it not amiss, that his pupil had grown beyond the reach of his cane."

"My dear father," laughed Grace, ceasing her efforts to reach the flowers, "could never smite anyone, despite his mighty words. Least of all" and she put her hand caressingly upon his shoulder, "you, David." Whereupon he promptly placed the flowers in her hands.

She thanked him with delighted eyes, and then said, blushing and hesitating somewhat: "And if you could spare an half hour sometime, I would be thankful for your help with my flower beds; you spoke truly when you said the best results could not be obtained in turning over the sod with a carving-knife."

David took the concession gracefully. "Although," he said, "the spade is most used for this purpose, if one have not a spade she may use a carving-knife without fault. But I will have these beds all carefully prepared for your precious seeds before the hour for lessons to-morrow." He bent down and drew the earth closer about the roots of the daffodils that were already in blossom, and when he again faced the girl, his eyes were grave. "Grace," he said, "I wonder if you can understand how hard it is for me to give up the pleasant hours

here with you—and your father's aid in my studies?"

"Give them up?" she asked, in quick alarm. "Why should you?" Then mischievously, although her voice was anxious, "You have then gotten all the knowledge that is necessary for the making of an Episcopalian minister?"

"My uncle hath sent for me," he answered, not heeding the malicious taunt, "wishing me to finish my studies in England. It is best for me to go; but, oh, Grace, it is hard to leave you,—and your father."

"Hither cometh father now. I shall ask him to make you stay."



"You are very tired, father."

But when she met her father at the gate, which she opened for him, his look of utter weariness kept her from speaking to him of their coming loss, for she knew that he loved David; and she said only, as she led him up the path, "You are very tired, father, and something hath vexed you."

"Yes, child," he said. "But it is of no moment;" then turning to David,

"I am glad to see you, David Ellis. I will sit here with you a little while," and he sank wearily upon a wooden bench near the doorway. "Grace, will you bring me a cup of water?" He removed the broad-brimmed hat from his head, and passed his long, white hand across his eyes. Grace brought the water to him, and he drank, and thanked her briefly.

"You have walked far, sir?" asked David.

"Yes. But as for that, I regard it not. I have been again to see those children of the Evil One in the block house yonder. Their wickedness passeth belief, and it is such that the very savages might blush for them. And they teach our people to drink, and to curse and damn upon every slight mischance. And when to-day I went thither again to expostulate with them, they rose up and mocked me and drove me forth with vile words, the like of which I knew not had ever been made."

"Would it not be possible, sir," asked David somewhat timidly, "for you to return to England and secure a ministry there now that the country is again Protestant, and the persecution of the non-conformists hath abated?"

"No, my lad; here I must remain until I die, unless, indeed, it shall please the Lord to deliver the souls of yon Philistines into my hands. Then

most," he said, "this had escaped my memory. It was this morning given me by one of our Indian friends just returned from Boston."



The Letter.

Mr. Willard took the letter and broke the seal. While he read David picked up his game bag and took therefrom several braces of birds, which he gave to Grace, saying, "Perhaps Ketura will accept these for her larder."

"She will most thankfully do so, and I also. But this morning she complained of our constant diet of fish, which truly is an affliction, and

father must not be troubled by such matters."

At this moment, Ketura herself came in through the gate from the lane, bearing a brimming pail of milk, and, seeing her, Mr. Willard folded his letter and said to David: "I will



"Ketura herself came in through the Gate."

could I go to rest at last in old England with content, my work having been accomplished."

Suddenly David drew forth a letter, which he gave to Mr. Willard. "Al-

take it as a kindness if you will sup with us to-night."

But David was forced to reply, "I thank you, sir, and would most gladly do so were it not that my mother will

be waiting even now for me, and I must go. Your letter, I trust, contained no ill news?"

"I do not know, David, how that may be. Brother Church writes me that he is organizing a force to go against the Indians; that they will come by boat as far as Pemequid, and proceed, perchance, to Port Royal. And he desires to know if any here will join him. I do not yet see clearly if this movement be right or wrong. But this far, through all the terrible past year, we have suffered no attack, and I pray the savages may not now

"Surely, David: already, thinking of you going, I am lonely beyond words, and you will not care to come back to this poor country."

"But I shall come back, Grace," he said eagerly, "as soon as I may, and you will promise not to forget me? and many times before I go I will see you and we will talk over the matter. In the morning I will come—to see your father." Then he lifted her little brown hand and held it for a moment against his cheek. From the gate he called "Good night little mistress," glancing back as he lifted his hat from his black curls.

When Grace entered the large living room of the house, supper was already prepared, and soon she took her place opposite her father at the deal table, on which were served fish and rye bread, and hot corn cakes and amber honey, with a bowl of milk for each. As the window-panes grew blank, with the gathering darkness without, the ruddy light from the great fire-place filled the room, and cast long shadows upon the uncarpet-floor. Katura cleared away the pewter dishes from the table and having made the room tidy, drew out the spinning-wheel from against the wall. While the good minister, whose custom it was to go to his study directly he had supped, still lingered, telling to his daughter tales of his long past boyhood. At length some memory silenced his speech for a time, and he sat lost in a dream; till, meeting the eyes of his daughter who watched him lovingly, he aroused himself, and said, smilingly, "I fear I am scarce in a mood for the writing of discourses to-night. Bring the book, child, and we will have our prayers and go to rest."

Then suddenly, without any warning, on their ears broke a frightful yell, that was echoed and re-echoed by many voices. It came from the darkness without their own house, and was multiplied all along the village to the distant block houses, a hideous succession of unceasing yells.



Her settler home.

be brought down upon us, for we are without protection—*urbs nuda prae-sidio*. Well, if you must go, David, I wish you a good night, and God bless you, my boy," saying which the minister ascended the steps and entered the house.

David crossed the yard for his gun, picked up his bag and then lingered. "Grace," he said, drawing near to her, "will you be somewhat sorry not to see me during all the years I must be from you?"

The face of the minister blanched with terror for his child, but his eyes shone with the light of battle.

"To the cellar Grace—quick, through the trap door," he said, giving her one look of love and farewell as he sprang forward to reach his gun. But at that moment, Katura, mad with fear, not knowing what she did, pulled open the door to flee; and in the firelight he was defenceless before the darkness without. At once a rifle was levelled by an unseen hand, and the old minister fell backward before his wide open door, shot through the heart, and dead before he reached the floor.

Grace, whose numb lips refused to cry out, rushed to her father's side and lifted his head in her arms, kissing the closed eyes, trying to call his name, and heedless of the two savages who, with lifted tomahawks, screeching their scalp yells, had leaped across the threshold and stood above her. One dragged her from her dead father, and she, madly struggling for liberty, saw the other force the body to a sitting position against his knees, and raise his knife. Then mercifully her senses left her, and she saw not the knife fall upon the beloved head.

When consciousness returned to her, she became aware that where the row of houses had stood was a blazing line of fire, and she saw a horde of half-naked savages leaping and yelling before the flames and about groups of bound men and women, who implored heaven for a swift death; and she heard shrieks and gasping cries of anguish, yet for a time with the uncertain sense of one who lingers between sleeping and waking.

Then suddenly flashed through her mind the memory of her father, and she sought to rise, hoping that if he were indeed dead that she also might find death, but discovered that she was bound, and supported against the wall that ran along above the bay, fronting

the burning houses, and with her were a number of the men and women of the village, also bound, and guarded by several Indians. Remembering David, she looked for him in vain



She drew out the spinning wheel.

among the captives, and knowing that he would fight fiercely, could not hope that he still lived. And now, indeed, she thought to die of the heaviness of her grief and despair; and when, as often chanced, their guards rushed yelling among them, swinging their tomahawks above their heads, as in the act to strike, while others cowered and cried out, she looked up with such fearless, scornful eyes, that, noticing her, the Indians grunted: "Ugh! the little squaw is a great brave," and thereafter refrained from molesting her.

So the long hours of the horrid night wore on, and the village became a smouldering heap of ruins; then as the first faint light of dawn shone in the east, the Indians came together with their French leaders; the captives were forced in line of march, and driven through their destroyed village, across the fields to the forest. When the river had been reached, and the canoes were being launched, Grace saw the stately figure of a black-robed priest standing with two Indians, who

bore between them the bell of the village church, and two others, who supported a rude litter, on which was the form of a young man. Grace was at first merely surprised, for it was not the custom of the Indians to encumber their march with disabled captives, but when she saw the white face of the youth, she sprang forward, crying "David, oh David." As she stood at the side of the litter, the priest laid his hand upon her arm to draw her back, speaking some words which she did not understand, although in no unkind voice. But it seemed that David had heard her, for slowly his eyes unclosed, and seeing Grace bending over him, he struggled painfully to rise, but could not, for he was sorely hurt. "Grace," he murmured, "Grace." Then the faintness overcame him, and his eyes again closed. The priest spoke to her, and although she did not comprehend his words, he made her understand that the boy was in his care. Then the French commander came up to them, and, seeing Grace, would have taken her under his own protection, had not the Abenakis chief, who claimed her, angrily refused to give her up.

And thereafter she was given no opportunity of seeing David again, either in their progress up the river, or while the French, with their Iroquois, tarried in the Abenakis village. For when they reached this village they found awaiting them a hunting party of Micmacs, and it chanced that Great Eagle, chief of the Micmacs, saw Grace, and being pleased with her beauty, and her fearless eyes, desired to adopt her to be a daughter to his old squaw in the place of one she had lost, and at length he concluded a bargain with the Abenakis chief, paying

for her two belts of wampum, an old pistol, and a bottle of rum. And soon thereafter, Grace, too sick at heart with grief for her father, and anxiety for David, to rightly appreciate the constant kindness of Great Eagle, was taken by the Micmacs to their own country in what is now named Nova Scotia.

* * *

The lodge of Great Eagle was in the Micmac village, on a beautiful lake among the Blue Mountains; and here Grace, each year adding to her loveliness, grew to young womanhood. She had become as dear as the light of their eyes to the old chief and his squaw, Kushaqua. For her use the chief curtained off with deer hides a space in the lodge, and therein made



"Paddled their canoes on the lake."

her a couch of pine boughs covered with a great bear skin; and Kushaqua prepared many delicacies for her palate, unaccustomed to their rougher food. They gave her entire liberty, and treated her with unvarying kindness, and in return the girl served them faithfully, and repaid their care with ever growing affection. When Kushaqua went forth to gather faggots, Grace, or Star Eyes as she was there named, went also with her, and relieved her bent shoulders of much of their burden. Side by side in the springtime they tilled the ground and planted corn, and later, gathered the harvest.

Among the Indian girls Grace was

well liked. One in particular, a young girl with supple, lithe body and soft eyes, named Wild Flower, was, when no work engaged their hands, her almost constant companion. They gathered the berries in the forest, and paddled their canoes on the lake, often sending them over the dangerous rapids, where the waters of the lake found their outlet.

In summer also, during the time between the planting and gathering of the harvest, the lodges in the village were vacated while the whole population went down to camp by the sea shore for long weeks of delicious idleness.

And in the time after harvest, and during the long winter, while the

Great Eagle, perhaps even more than by the kindly falsehood of the gentle old priest who kept the mission at Les Mines, and who twice a year came to their village. This priest had told the young Indian that Star Eyes had been vowed to perpetual virginity, and that the Great Spirit would punish with death the breaking of the vow. From him also Grace had hoped to receive news of David, and although he had promised to learn of him if possible, this in the distant Miemac mission was not easy.

Now Grace looked forward to his visit after the harvest with great eagerness, hoping for his protection against the chief. And when at last the time for his visit arrived, and his



“To Camp by the Sea Shore.”

braves were absent hunting, the two girls sat often with Kushaqua, who told the traditions of her people, and tales of their daring. So the months passed, not unhappily, until came the sixth year of Grace's captivity. And in that year the old chief, Great Eagle, sickened and died: and went forth to dwell forever more in the Happy Hunting Grounds of his people. Kushaqua covered her face, and sat many days silent in her grief, and Grace also mourned for him sincerely.

Then the young Wattawando, nephew of Great Eagle, became chief; and thereupon became an unhappy time for Grace. This young brave had long desired her to be his squaw, but had theretofore been restrained from annoying her by his fear of

white tent was set up in its accustomed place, she was about to go to him, when Wattawando, in all the glories of his holiday attire, came and squatted upon the ground before the entrance of the lodge where she sat with Kushaqua. After snoking for a time in silence, he said:

“The old soft voice black robe has gone a long journey; and a hawk eyed black robe has come to visit Wattawando. The hawk eyed black robe speaks good words. He will talk with the Great Spirit and turn his anger away; and Star Eyes shall be the squaw of the great Wattawando.”

“But,” said Grace, bitterly disappointed, “the black robe cannot do that.”

"Ugh!" the chief grunted, "Star Eyes shall see. Star Eyes will come now to talk with the black robe chief. It is his word."

Grace arose and went with the chief, not indeed following him as is the custom of squaws, but walking before him like a princess; and he found it no easy matter to maintain his pompous strut and at the same time keep up with her swift steps.

Without the tent, before a crucifix fastened to a tree, knelt a tall priest, and beyond him stood a young man, robed in a cassock. To his face, therefore, seeing the priest kneeling, Grace lifted her eyes, and with sudden, overpowering joy recognized David. She reached out her hands to him, while her lips, inarticulate with gladness, sought to utter his name. But he looked at her with the careless eyes of a stranger, although she knew that he was David—David with his curls cut close, and his lips become thin and severe, and with the strength and dignity of manhood.

As the priest arose from his knees Wattawando came up, and looking at Grace, he asked, "My son, is this the woman you would take to wife?"

"It is so," he answered briefly.

"But it is not possible," cried Grace, in her excitement speaking in the long unused English. "Surely you must know that it is not possible for me to marry an Indian."

The priest answered her in her own tongue. "My daughter, you speak with too much heat. While the old chief lived, it was perhaps well for you to remain with him and serve him. Now it is natural that you should marry." Then with greater severity, "You are not a Catholic?"

"No," and as he turned angrily to speak to the chief, she raised her eyes, filled with intense pleading to David's, and continued. "I am the daughter of John Willard, the Protestant minister who six years ago was murdered by the Indians at the village of Casco,

and I shall always remain faithful to his teaching."

Still David looked at her without recognition. Then indeed she had to struggle to repress the tears of disappointment and pain, for David was evidently altogether lost to her; he had forgotten, or did not wish to remember, her very name, and doubtless he was a priest.

These thoughts so filled her mind that she paid little attention to the words the priest spoke to her, but finally she heard him say, "You have made your heresies too long a stumbling block to these people: you must make your confession at once, and after your marriage your husband shall instruct you in the true religion."

Whereat, even through her unshed tears, Grace could not forbear to smile, and this still further enraged him, and he said sharply to the chief:

"On the third day from this, when I return from the upper village, she shall be given to you in marriage."

"Ugh," grunted Wattawando, "it is well. Come, my squaw."

But with a cry that should surely have reached the forgetful heart of David, she sprang away, and fled swiftly toward the village. The dignity of the chief would not permit him to follow her at that pace, and he therefore contented himself with the certainty of her speedy possession.

Grace went direct to the lodge of Kushaquaa, and flinging her arms across the old woman's knees, wept long without restraint. The wrinkled hands stroked her hair softly, but from the wisdom of her many years the old squaw could counsel only submission.

The young girl did not sleep that night, but spent the long hours in bitter grief because of David's forgetfulness, and seeking to devise some means of escape from Wattawando. Freedom, with David lost to her, could give her little happiness, and there was a sure refuge, if no other could be found, in the deep waters of the

lake. When the dawn was near at hand, she arose, as was her custom, and passing silently out of the lodge, went through the rustling dead leaves of the early autumn to her bath in the sheltered cove, sacred to her use. The cool water seemed to renew her spent vigor, and after dressing she wandered in the solitude by the lake shore. Having gone but a little way, she saw through the still uncertain light, David coming swiftly toward her, his eyes shining with delight, and his lips tenderly calling her name. In a moment she was in his arms, while

then indeed I would have been at the end of my wits. I have spent four years in Quebec Seminary to little purpose if I cannot keep my face from telling tales. No," he said, reading the question in her eyes, "I am not a priest, though they had hoped, and still intend, to make me such. But we have little time now for the many things we would say to each other. We must escape from here before the time fixed for your marriage—now may the saints keep me from the profanity I would fain utter—to that awful Indian. Listen well, dear Grace.



"A canoe hid in yonder cove."

To-morrow night Father Thury will be at the village further up the lake and when he goes I must be left behind, for some sufficient reason. I will have a canoe hid in yonder cove, and thither you must come before the moon rises to-morrow night, and if we can get clear away, and if we can reach Port Royal, we will there find protection. You will not fail, Grace? And now I must go, for Father Thury will

he gently raised her face to his, and kissed her closed eyelids. At length, drawing herself somewhat away, she asked shyly, "Then you did not recognize me yesterday."

"Not recognize thee, sweet? But surely. Have I not come hither to seek thee? Months ago I learned from Father St. Croix of your presence here, and then gave myself up to schemes and deceptions, in order that I might be sent thither with Father Thury. And yesterday I went cold with fear lest you should let him know that we are known to each other, for

soon awake, and I must not be absent." So, holding her little brown hand a moment against his cheek, in his old caressing fashion, he turned and hurried back to his tent, and Grace slowly returned to the village.

During the day she did not again see David, but she met Wild Flower, who, on hearing her tale, agreed, despite the pain she would feel in the loss of her friend, to a plan for aiding her escape. And that night Grace slept peacefully, not knowing that without the entrance to her lodge

squatted Watawando all the night through.

The next day passed without event, although Grace noticed that wherever she went the chief was always not far distant.

When at last evening came, and the forest grew dark, she bent tenderly over the old squaw who was already dozing in her corner, and kissed her wrinkled forehead, with grief that she must leave her alone in her childless age. But when she raised the curtain of skin from the entrance, and was about to go forth, she saw Watawando sitting there, placidly smoking.

"Has the great chief come to speak to Star Eyes?" she asked calmly, although her heart was beating wildly.

"Me greatchief," he answered, without haste. "Me sit here till sun come. Little squaw sleep now," and he waived her back imperiously to the lodge.

Sick with disappointment and anxiety she withdrew to her own sleeping place, and drew the screening skins closely. Her breath came quickly, and she looked like some wild creature suddenly caged. But presently she remembered the knife in its sheath at her side, and cautiously drawing the couch from the side of the lodge, inserted the sharp point of the knife in the tough hide which formed the wall, and silently cut out a piece large enough to permit her body to pass through. Looking out through this she saw that the forest beyond was still and dark, and cautiously crawling through, then paused to pile against the opening some pine boughs that were near at hand. When this had been done, swiftly but silently she took the well-known way through the solitary forest to the sheltered cove, reaching which she parted the screening branches and beheld just at her feet the outlines of a canoe and its motionless occupant. He, David, at once reached up to help her in, speaking no word in his intense anxiety, and then pushed out into the open waters of the lake,

paddling swiftly in silence, and Grace, also, as soon as she had somewhat recovered her breath, although her heart still beat almost to suffocation, took a paddle and helped him. As they neared the rapids David whispered, "Would it not be best to make the portage, rather than go over the falls in this darkness?" And Grace answered, "We will go ashore and send the empty canoe over, for another is waiting for us below, and if the Indians see this canoe broken, under the rapids, they may think we have perished, and so not give chase." "Good," he said briefly, and they landed on the opposite shore. David took from the canoe the food he had brought, and his gun. Grace threw into it her little cap with its tall, upright feathers, and they shoved it into the lake, where it could not fail to be carried over the rapids.

Then, helped by the faint light of the moon that was just rising, they made their way around the rapids and along the river bank, to the place where Wild Flower's canoe awaited them. They paddled, with scarce a pause for rest, all that night, but when morning came a bend was reached in the river, which, if followed, would lead them from their destination, and therefore they drew ashore, and now gave themselves leave to meet each other's eyes with hope, and with gladness beyond words. And Grace was pleased to see that David now wore, in place of his cassock, the buckskin coat and leggings of a hunter. But they were not yet safe, and therefore, having partaken of a portion of food, the canoe was loaded with stones and sunk in the river. Then joyously, despite their lingering fears, they took their way through the beautiful October forest in the direction of Port Royal. For many days they journeyed, often hungry, when David failed to procure a bird or two for their supper, and often very weary, but these were small matters to their youth and happiness.

When at length a place was reached

where the clearings ahead were visible, and knowing that just beyond was their long sought refuge, each felt that despite its fears, hunger and weariness, the time had passed all too quickly. But still they went forward, and presently from a little knoll bright with October foliage, they saw a beautiful bay and upon its shores the fortified town of Port Royal, now Annapolis. And above the fort, and from the mast of the great ship in the harbor, floated, oh, blest assurance of safety! the English flag. For a moment Grace could not speak because

of her strong emotion, and David was scarcely less moved, although he said, gaily, as he took her hand to lead her down the hill:

"I am now only concerned to know wherewith I may find money to buy for thee the many gowns, bonnets, and furbelows for which thy soul, oh sweet Indian maid, will presently long."

But the further story of the safety which they found, and of their most useful and happy lives, cannot now be told. The reader may find it elsewhere if he will; but as for this tale, it endeth here.

IMPERIAL NATIONAL CURRENCY.

BY W. MYERS GRAY.

WITHOUT in any way entering into the merits or demerits of the Monetary discussion which is at present agitating the world in general, and our very restive neighbors south of the 49th degree of north latitude in particular, would it not be in order, in the light of the present gravitation towards closer Imperial and Intercolonial relations, commercially and politically, to take up and discuss the question of an Imperial National Currency?

Imperial Confederation has called out numerous eloquent speakers and many patriotic writers. Imperial and Intercolonial free trade has exhaustive and powerful advocates. The subject of a National flag to float over the comparatively Greater as well as the positively Great Britain, gives food for contemplation to many a thoughtful mind and loyal heart. And why should not the question of a British Imperial National Currency also be taken up and discussed in connection with these very interesting and absorbing subjects? These have all been more or less before the public during

the last few years, but the latter I do not remember to have seen or heard touched upon by either writers or speakers of any note.

This seems all the more unaccountable when we consider the importance of the subject, and the fact that our household and every-day business affairs and relations are all so closely connected with it. If we buy a pound of sugar from our grocer or sell a cargo of lumber or a car-load of fish abroad, the question of currency comes up on each occasion. Here in Canada we trade in dollars and cents, but if we deal with the Mother Country we must trade in pounds, shillings and pence. It would certainly be much more convenient if the whole British population of the world would trade in one currency; and I propose, as a means to that result, that they should adopt a uniform decimal currency, based on the current coin of the realm.

Now-a-days, I premise, that none but the veriest of old fogies would in the face of the ease with which decimal calculations are made, be in favor of adopting pounds, shillings and pence

for a universal currency. Fancy adding pounds, shillings and pence to pounds, shillings and pence; subtracting pounds, shillings and pence from pounds, shillings and pence; multiplying pounds, shillings and pence by pounds, shillings and pence, and dividing pounds, shillings and pence by pounds, shillings and pence. Why, only just to think of it makes one's head ache! But, all the same, pounds, shillings and pence are here, and very much here. They have been here quite a while, and they are going to stay a while longer. The old Lady in Threadneedle-street has her pockets full of them. Every nation on the face of the earth pays tribute to this same old Lady, and whether they pay in reals, rix dollars, francs or farthings, as soon as the coins drop into her pocket they are metamorphosed into pounds, shillings and pence.

Well, what do we propose? If we are to be one Empire, surely we should have one currency. At first glance it would seem to be a Herculean, if not impossible, task to induce the Mother Country to change her ponderous and complicated mode of reckoning for no weightier reason than that some of her offspring have adopted an easier and simpler method: and yet I have the conviction that the change can be effected without any revolution, by making only a few slight concessions, and at the same time leaving the old pounds, shillings and pence remaining for those who prefer them and the cumbersome calculations they involve.

The £ s. d. is "English, you know," conservative English, ingrained English, dyed in the wool English, and I am prepared to admit the difficulty of convincing the ordinary Englishman that the American \$ sign is at all to be compared with the English £ s. d. signs; and without attempting to do so, I would only suggest that in these days of labor-saving expedients it would appear to me that where one sign can do the work of three, and one

dot the work of four, the odds are in favor of the \$ sign.

And now to commence upon the proposed change. I may say that although the \$ sign may be American, *i.e.*, United States of America, the dollar itself is not, but is either Spanish or Mexican. Every one who has given the matter any attention knows that the currency of the United States of America was originally based on the old Mexican or Spanish silver dollar, and that dollar varied in value according to the price of silver per ounce in gold. There was a time in the first half of this century when silver was worth six shillings and eight pence sterling an ounce. At that time the Mexican dollar was worth a fraction under four shillings and two pence sterling gold, and at that time the United States of America coined their first gold. Their eagle was worth ten Spanish or Mexican silver dollars. Their half eagle \$5 was worth about £1. 0. 8., sterling, so that the relative values between an English sovereign and an American \$5 gold coin were as \$4.86 $\frac{2}{3}$ is to \$5, or in other words, an American \$5 gold piece has about eight pence worth more gold in it than a sovereign.

When the old British North American Provinces, before Confederation, changed their £ s. d. method to a decimal currency, Upper and Lower Canada and New Brunswick all adopted the United States' gold standard as theirs, while Nova Scotia much more sensibly adopted the £1 sterling as \$5, and until that Province entered into the Dominion of Canada the coin of the Realm was the currency of the Province. A most convenient currency it was, and in all humility I submit that it is the only feasible currency to be adopted as an Imperial National Currency. We find that the United States of America adopted a foreign nation's—Spanish or Mexican—silver dollar for its standard, and made its gold coin to match. The majority of the Canadian Provinces

adopted a foreign nation's—the United States of America—gold dollar for its standard, and has no coin to match, while Nova Scotia adopted the English standard and had all the coins to match it, and was compelled, as thoughtful and generally right minorities usually are, to submit to the heedless and generally wrong majority, to adopt the Canadian mongrel system, and give up their simple and convenient currency, which was as follows :

In gold coin the Sovereign	£1	=	\$5.00
“ “ ½ “	10	=	2.50
In silver coin the Crown	5	=	1.25
“ “ Florin	2	=	.50
“ “ Shilling	1	=	.25
“ “ Sixpence	6	=	.12½

With a subsidiary of 10c., 5c., and 1c. pieces.

In all round number calculations, either in Canada or the United States, when pounds sterling are spoken of, the pound is invariably counted as (\$5) five dollars, and seriously speaking, why should it not be in reality so? Why should we in Canada base our currency upon the gold coin of a foreign nation, and depreciate the coin of the Realm by nearly three per cent.? Why should not all the British people in the world use the British coin as their currency and calculate it decimally according to the old Nova Scotia currency? Who, if anybody, could lose anything by it? The banks, possibly, who would have to take sovereigns for \$5. and would thereby lose the chance of shaving anywhere from one and two-thirds to six and two-third cents from their customers off of every golden sovereign they deposit. This opportunity they have now, with a currency based on an imaginary gold coin which does not exist, and to fit which they tell their customers they must make this deduction from the sovereign. Notwithstanding the fourth section of the “Currency Act” fixes the value of £1 sterling at \$4.86⅔ Canadian currency, I think I am safe

in saying the usual price paid by banks for sovereigns is \$4.80 to \$4.85, consequently of this we may rest assured, Canadian currency as now fixed by statute, will never become the Imperial National Currency.

If Canada had adopted Nova Scotia currency in 1866, in all probability the Mother Country and all the Colonies where British money circulates would by this time have come to use it. This seems a bold assertion to make, and yet it is not more bold than this which is a fact. In 1860, Nova Scotia passed an act in its Legislature called a “Practice Act,” giving legal and equitable jurisdiction to all the Supreme Court Judges, and generally simplifying the procedure of the Court. And thirteen years afterwards the Parliament of Great Britain passed the great Judicature Act of 1873, which was and is nothing more nor less than an adaptation to the wants of that great country of the Practice Act of Nova Scotia. If, then, the great legal minds of Great Britain did not hesitate to appreciate the humble efforts of the small legal minds of an insignificant Province like Nova Scotia in a matter of so great moment as the practice and procedure of their important Courts of Law and Equity, why should we not reasonably expect the bright and intelligent business men of all the British possessions to appreciate the ease and effectuality with which the present coin of the realm can be converted into an Imperial decimal currency?

Now, as to the practical working of the proposed system, I should recommend: 1st, all subsidiary coin below 25 cents should be local to suit the needs of the different countries; 2nd, the English Florin and shilling are both near enough in value to the Canadian half and quarter dollar to pass current for 50 and 25 cents each respectively; 3rd, crowns, half crowns and sixpences should not circulate outside of the British Isles; 4th, a silver coin equal to two florins should be

coined, to be called a dollar or a "governor." I should recommend the latter name, and the use of the sign G. instead of \$. And 5th, the coining of a double sovereign, to be called an "Empress" or "Emperor," and the decimal point always after the "Governor." Thus, in gold coin :

1 Empress = 2 sovereigns =	G10.00
1 Sovereign = 1 sovereign =	5.00
½ Sovereign =	2.50

In silver coin

1 Governor = \$1.00 =	G1.00
1 Florin = ½ =	.50
1 Shilling = ¼ =	.25
Subsidiary coins (local)	.10
" " "	.05

These suggestions are made in all modesty and with a view, not so much as to having them adopted as to drawing out better qualified writers upon this important subject than I profess to be, and who will, I trust, take up these crude remarks of mine and handle the subject more adroitly and more effectually than I have done.

In concluding, I might say that the names I have suggested as being appropriate for the new coins I have proposed to be added to the new currency, occurred to me in contemplating the peculiarity of the name of the present English pound gold coin. It is called a Sovereign, so is Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, but we want a double sovereign, a gold coin of the value of two sovereigns, to be called an Empress, to remind us whenever we are fortunate enough to be able to look upon its image and superscription that our Most Gracious Sovereign is Empress of Greater Britain of which Empire we are a living and loyal portion. The name "Governor" as a substitute for "dollar" is suggested by analogy, as the Rulers of Empires and Kingdoms are styled Emperors or Empresses and Sovereigns; so the rulers of the Dominion of Canada and other Colonies are styled Governors, and so the ruling coins should have co-relative names.

UNSOLVED.

Amid my books I lived the hurrying years,
 Disdaining kinship with my fellow man ;
 Alike to me were human smiles and tears,
 I cared not whither Earth's great life-stream ran
 Till, as I knelt before my mouldered shrine,
 God made me look into a woman's eyes ;
 And I, who thought all earthly wisdom mine
 Knew, in a moment, that the eternal skies
 Were measured but in inches, to the quest
 That lay before me in that mystic gaze.
 "Surely I have been errant : it is best
 That I should tread, with men, their human ways."
 God took the teacher, ere the task was learned,
 And to my lonely books again I turned.

—JOHN McCRAE.

THE CANADIAN COPYRIGT BILL.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

IT is time that Canadian writers should pay attention in their own interest to the Canadian Copyright Bill. Hitherto the matter has been in the hands of the publishers or printers, while the writers, who were equally concerned, were not being consulted, and appear hardly to have known what was going on till the controversy about the ratification of the Bill by the Imperial Government arose. The Minister of Justice, speaking at Toronto against Imperial interference with Canadian legislation, coupled Canadian authors with Canadian publishers in a way showing that he supposed the interests of the two classes to be identical, and alike opposed to those of their British rivals. This proves that the Minister is himself ill-informed as to the effects of the bill. It might have occurred to him that the interest of the native producer of literary wares could not, any more than that of the native producer of any other wares, be identical with that of the importer of the same wares unpaid for, or paid for under their proper price. In the United States, before the introduction of international copyright with Great Britain, American authors suffered as much as American publishers gained by the pirating of English works. The American publisher, of course, found it better worth his while to steal from English authors than to pay his own. The progress of American literature was retarded, and a spirit of anti-British bitterness, arising from resentment at unfair competition, was infused into American writings. The effect on native literature will probably be the same here. The assumption, therefore, that in regard to this copyright bill the Cana-

dian author is in the same boat with the Canadian publisher, is not true, but the reverse of the truth.

That the bill is injurious to British authors and publishers is not denied. The Minister of Justice himself compares it to the Protective Tariff, which, he admits, is adverse to the British producer. To say nothing of justice or regard for the rights of our fellow subjects of the Empire, the literary interest of Great Britain is powerful, and largely controls British opinion through the press. The same may be said with regard to the same interest in the United States, which is equally threatened by the bill. It seems hardly worth the while of Canada to provoke two such enmities for the sake of furthering the commercial objects of a few individuals or firms.

But we are now told that it is too late to discuss the merits of the Bill. Let it be as mischievous as it may to British publishers and authors, or any one else, having been passed by the Canadian Legislature, it is the will of Canada, and the will of Canada, right or wrong, is final. This doctrine is propounded in language bordering pretty closely on defiance. The power given in 1867 cannot, we are told, be withdrawn in 1895. This implies that the power was given to Canada in 1867 absolutely. But it was not. It was given, like all the other powers of Legislation, subject to an Imperial veto which is as much a part of the constitution embodied in the British North America Act as any of the powers thereby delegated to the colony. The reservation of the Imperial veto was indispensable, Canada being a member of an Empire. She may have a right, as the Minister of Justice says she has, to misgovern herself,

but she has no right to use her delegated powers in a way injurious to the Empire, or to any other member of it. If she does, she ought to be restrained, and either to put up with that restraint, or to declare herself independent. The case of the tariff is hardly parallel. The tariff is injurious to the British producer, and of that fact the British producer may some day show himself practically sensible. But it is not a direct confiscation of British property, while it may be excused by financial exigency, and by the general necessity of adjusting tariffs to local circumstance. Let us have one system or the other; independence, with its sense of responsibilities, or control. We have the disadvantages of the two systems combined, if the Parliament of Canada is to be relieved of its responsibility by a nominal control, and is yet to be practically unrestrained. Whatever our views as to the future relations between the Colony and the Mother Country may be, in arguing present questions and determining existing rights, we must all take the constitution as it stands. Our constitution, as it stands, is the British North America Act, passed by the Legislature of the Imperial Country.

Canada, in the present stage of her progress, is not a publishing country. Works of purely local interest, such as Canadian biography, archaeology, or topography, may be brought out here, though, generally speaking, they are not published, properly speaking, but brought out by subscription, and peddled from door to door. For works of general interest, our market is not, nor is it likely soon to be, at all sufficient. "Canada" for this purpose, means "Ontario." The French cut off Ontario from the Maritime Provinces, intellectually, as well as geographically, while, of course, they buy no English books themselves. Many years must elapse before the North-West affords a literary market. To tell an author that unless he prints

and publishes in Canada, he shall forfeit his work to the first person who chooses to appropriate it, is, therefore, a circuitous form of confiscation.

Whatever we may feel as to the agricultural or commercial capabilities of Canada, it is preposterous to think that she can be placed on a level with Great Britain or the United States as a literary market, and entitled to a copyright arrangement of her own. As well might a separate copyright arrangement be claimed by a single State of the Union. The Copyright Bill was framed in 1889. What important books other than of local interest have been published in Canada since that date?

A ten per cent. royalty is to be payable to the author. But this arbitrary rule, depriving the author of freedom of contract, is in itself manifestly unjust, and is in fact a modified measure of confiscation. The royalty is to be collected by the Department of Inland Revenue. But the Government is not to account for any royalty not actually collected. How is a dishonest publisher to be forced to render a true account? Experience indicates that the attempt would be hopeless. In the case of Canadian publishers there might be the moral security of local opinion; in the case of interpolers there would be none. Besides, the author, even if he got his royalty, would lose all control over his own work. He would have no means of preventing it from being reproduced in a mutilated or interpolated form. That this is no imaginary danger is shown by the treatment of more than one English work in America before the introduction of international copyright.

By the fifth section of the Bill the power is apparently taken of excluding the rightful owner of the work from the Canadian market so long as a license of unauthorized republication is in force. This seems the acme of injustice.

The American copyright law, it is true, obliges the author to print in the United States, a rule which, laying an embargo, for the benefit of the mechanical producer, on the spread of knowledge and the circulation of ideas, is discreditable enough to the United States legislature, or those by whom the action of that legislature is controlled. But the United States are an immense market in themselves; and the practical result is, that books intended both for the American and the British market are printed in the United States, and exported to Great Britain. This involves injustice to the English printer, but to the author or publisher it does comparatively little harm.

It seems to be taken for granted in the discussion that we shall have to do with Canadian publishers only. But what is to protect us against American interlopers? Would it be possible under this Act to prevent Canada from becoming the resort of literary piracy? We have good authority for saying that there has always been a tendency in the past to import cheap editions of American copyright works into the United States by way of Canada, of which American owners of copyright books have complained. American publishers generally look upon the possibility of Canadian editions as the most dangerous thing to be apprehended from the measure, and they agree in thinking that the eventual outcome would be that the United States Government would give notice that the international agreement was at an end as regarded Great Britain. The British author would then lose what has become to him during the past few years a market of the highest importance. The Canadian author of a book of general interest would lose what is in fact his one good market, and Canadian literature would suffer accordingly.

It is not unlikely that in course of the controversy there would be a dispute with the Government of the United States; in which case Canada would have to abandon the high language of national independence, and throw herself upon the support of the British Government.

By insisting on the ratification of this bill, we should at the same time be doing our best to defeat the agreement of nations on the subject of copyright, which is welcomed by literature, art and science, and towards which the first steps were taken in 1883 at the Conference of Berne. And all this for what purpose? Practically for the purpose of enabling a few Canadian firms to reproduce on terms favorable to themselves English and American works of fiction. Some less costly and embarrassing way of attaining this object might surely be devised.

If Canada is to have a separate copyright law, is every other member of the Empire to have the same? Is Australasia to have seven or eight, and South Africa another? Is an English writer to be required to print and publish in each of those Colonies if he wishes to retain his property in his work?

It is understood that amendments of the bill are being contemplated by its framers. No amendment will be of any use without the excision of the manufacturing clause. But the only satisfactory settlement of the question would be the adoption of one copyright for the whole Empire, with a uniform relation to the other countries. If the Empire is an Empire indeed, why should not this course be taken? There is nothing local in a copyright, as there is in a tariff.

Before anything is finally decided let Canadian authors as well as publishers and printers be heard!

THE IRISH GENTLEMAN, A HUNDRED YEARS
AGO.

(Dedicated to Ruby.)

MUCH do I love the good old song in merry England's praise,
And prize the hospitality of good old English ways ;
But I've another theme to which I dedicate my lays,
'Tis Erin's Emerald Isle in her glorious olden days,
And the fame of Irish gentlemen,
A hundred years ago.

Such joy, such pleasure then was hers ; Oh ! that such change
should come ;
Her sons ne'er thought of leaving her, through other lands to
roam,
The peasant lov'd his cottage then, the peer his princely dome,
And good old hospitality was always found at home
In the hearts of Irish gentlemen,
A hundred years ago.

Rare Claret, and prime Usquebaugh and "Mountain Dew"
were glowing
As brightly as Killarney's Lake, as freely, too, were flowing,
And lighting up the Irish heart with joys well worth the know-
ing ;
Thus landlords reaped a hundred-fold the pleasures they were
sowing
In the hearts of Irish peasantry,
A hundred years ago.

Old Erin then was justly called the Atlantic's proudest gem ;
The very spot that Freedom prized—it was her diadem ;
Of all Earth's nations, then, was she first flower of the stem ;
Renown'd for beauty were her girls—her boys—well, what of
them ?
Why, by nature they were gentlemen,
A hundred years ago.

And why should not prosperity still bless this favored nation ?
Because the rich have taken up in other lands their station.
And what is worst of all, the nerves, just now, are just the
fashion,
So if you ask them home again, they talk of "Agitation,"
Unlike the Irish gentleman,
A hundred years ago.

Our patron saint was kind enough, and all for Erin's ease,
To banish from our happy Isle, toads, snakes and things like
these.
If he would benefit us now, I'd go down on my knees
And cry ; "St. Patrick, just bring back all Irish absentees,
And make us just as happy now
As a hundred years ago."

THE LOVE STORY OF A POPE.

BY KINMOUNT ROY.

(An Authenticated Piece of History.)

THE following story, almost word for word, was told not long since, in a country house in England, the home of one of the most distinguished statesmen of the present time; and as the chief actors and those nearly connected with them have now passed "beyond these voices," there can be no harm in making known this very human episode in the career of a distinguished man.

The Bishop of an Irish See, it appears, was travelling with his family in Italy, and his daughters, Beatrice and Hellen, beautiful and vivacious girls, were the recipients of much well-merited homage. In the course of their travels they met many agreeable and distinguished persons, and among them a certain Count Alfieri, whose handsome person and fascinating manners soon made a deep impression on the impulsive and romantic children of Erin. The youngest, Beatrice, was the particular object of the Count's attentions, and the innocent and trustful girl was soon deeply in love with the charming and accomplished Italian.

Of course there were many and serious difficulties in the way. The Count was a devoted member of the Church of Rome, and the lady the dutiful and well brought up daughter of a Protestant Bishop of Ulster. When, however, was an Italian lover at a loss for arguments to overcome such obstacles as the religious belief of the woman he loved, or her father's unwillingness to give his consent to their union for such a cause?

The wily Count knew full well that the heart of the beautiful girl was in his keeping, and his penetration told him that the Bishop loved

his daughter too much to wreck her life for a creed however precious and venerable. Without her father's consent he was well assured she would never become his wife, and whilst he inwardly chafed at the limitations which her filial affection imposed upon his power over her, he outwardly accepted it as altogether proper and commendable. In his better moments he told himself that such a dutiful and devoted daughter could not fail to make a loving and loyal wife, yet the tyrant in him was conscious of some inward wrath that in any degree his power was not absolute over her. The Bishop's consent was at last obtained, and the marriage soon followed with all the pomp and solemnity of two great historic churches, and the Bishop left the happy pair to begin life together in the beautiful city of Florence. Alas! for human faith and human felicity. In an almost incredible short space of time the Count forgot his vows, tired of his beautiful wife, whose heart he had won, and not content with playing the gay Lothario, he even added personal cruelty to his otherwise many sins. She was alone in a strange country: she was young, and had never known unhappiness in her Island home. She had made few friends among the many she had met, and none to whom she could speak of the misery which now overwhelmed her; nor could she bring herself to disturb the peace of her early home by the recital of her misery. With calm and dignified patience she sustained the shock of her altered life. She made no loud complaint; she was at once too stunned and too proud to upbraid the human

monster to whom she had before God and man plighted her solemn vow. All the springs of her young life seemed arrested at once, and the love which was her glory and strength, converted into a badge of shame, until her life was filled and measured by days of shuddering wretchedness: all the more terrible because the agony which oppressed her was inarticulate. Her lonely misery was more than she could long endure. The spirit indeed was willing but the flesh was weak. She might have said to herself—

“Tis our woman's trade
To suffer torment for another's ease.
The world's male chivalry has perished out,
But women are knight-errant to the last.”

She had bravely braced herself to suffer in silence, but the strain was more than her loving nature could bear, and before a year of her married misery had passed she had fallen into a state of gloomy despondency, from which nothing seemed able to recall her.

About this time the Count fell ill; whether his illness was occasioned by over-indulgence, or, as some hinted, from a wound received in an affair of honor, is not certain. Nothing serious was apprehended at first, but dangerous symptoms developed with such amazing rapidity that, before the grave nature of his case was fully understood, death had put an end to his ill-spent career.

Even this sudden and wholly unlooked-for event failed to rouse the unhappy wife from the stupor of deep melancholy that rested upon her. She passed through the funeral pomp and solemnities like one in a dream, without apparently realizing what it meant, and without evincing either sorrow, pity, or a sense of loss. Her physicians became anxious, as time passed without sensible improvement, and informed her father of her state, suggesting that a sister or some near member of her own family should visit her, in the hope of bringing back some sweet and wholesome memories of her early,

happy life. Her sister responded to the call with eager affection; but, before leaving, the Bishop made her solemnly promise that under no circumstance would she ever consent to marry an Italian.

She promised with all her heart to obey her father in this matter, the more willingly as she knew something of her sister's sad story. Her visit was crowned with the happiest results: the Countess began to awake to the ordinary affairs of life, and in little over a year her recovery was quite assured, and they were soon pronounced the most charming and accomplished women in Florence.

Amongst those they frequently met was a certain Count Mattei, a really fine and noble example of an Italian gentleman: and it was soon apparent that Helen, all unconscious of her charms, had captivated the heart of the noble Italian: but her vow, her solemn, sacred promise to her father, her sister's sad experience, of course she could not, must not, dare not return the Count's ardent love. Still, her heart had other arguments, and she could not fail to hear the whispering of love, in despite of all reason and promises to her father. She was too noble a girl to conceal the true state of matters from her father, and Count Mattei was too loyal and upright a gentleman to compromise her in any way, or influence her against her father's will. The Bishop was angry, and alarmed and perplexed beyond measure, and, leaving at once for Italy, he telegraphed his daughters to meet him in Rome. The ladies hastened to meet him with unfeigned delight. They had not met for many months, and their attachment to their only remaining parent was full of respect and tenderness. The road to Rome, however, was as open to Count Mattei as to others, and without delay he directed his steps toward the Eternal City, and openly renewed his suit under the very eyes of the Bishop. The Bishop was angry and obdurate.

No Italian, whatever his rank, wealth, or status, should marry his daughter with his consent : and consent he had determined never to give to such a marriage under any circumstance. In this heroic mood he gave orders to pack up their belongings in order to return to their native land. They prepared to obey. They loved their country, and were not unwilling to leave even sunny Italy for the green isle of their birth : but the thought of parting for ever from her Italian lover was too much for Helen, and by the time they were ready to depart she was far too ill to accompany them. The physicians shook their heads, and indicated that her case exceeded the limit of their art. They could not minister to a mind diseased, and, in their opinion, if the Bishop could not release her from her vow and give his permission for her union with the Count the chances were he should leave her in Italian earth, or take her inanimate form to her motherland. This was a new and startling view of the case, and the Bishop felt that circumstances were cruel and against him, but he could not be the virtual murderer of his own child : and consequently the Count was sent for, and made happy with the news of the Bishop's blessing on their true love. It was desirable for many reasons to hasten the wedding day, and all preparations went forward merrily. Count Mattei saw his *fiancée* frequently during the brief interval, coming and going at his own pleasure. Society knew enough of the romantic story to whet their appetite for more, and the wedding day was looked forward to by many outside the families concerned. The Count spent the evening of the day preceding the bridal morning at the residence of her father. It was a happy evening. Their true love had certainly not run smooth, but difficulties that seemed insurmountable had fortunately been overcome, and a few hours more would add the sanction of the Church to their faith-

ful love, and send them forth hand in hand through the peaceful Eden which their ardent affection saw in the future. The Count left early in the evening, as much remained to be done before the hour fixed for the marriage ceremony next morning.

The bride arrived with her father almost punctually, and the officiating clergy were robed and ready for the marriage service. The bridegroom, however, was late, and the bridal party waited, wondering but still patient, until half an hour had passed, when it was thought well to despatch a messenger to ascertain the cause of so unlooked-for a delay. The messenger returned with the startling intelligence that the Count had not returned home the night before, that his household had waited for him in vain till dawn, and their perplexity and alarm was unbounded to find that he was absent. The bride was carried fainting to her home, and foul play was the only theory for such a remarkable disappearance which anyone could advance. The absence of any known motive was an additional mystery. All that trained detectives could do to throw light upon the event was done, but in vain. Count Mattei had disappeared on the eve of his marriage as completely as though the earth had swallowed him. It was, of course, a nine days' wonder, and then passed from men's minds, to give place to some new wonder or tragedy ; but the unhappy Helen never recovered from the shock for a single hour, but drooping like a flower nipped by an untimely frost, she faded daily, and, in spite of all that love and skill could do eight months afterwards she was laid with reverent sorrow to rest in her dear Italy, where she had hoped to live her happy, contented life. She never doubted her lover's faith and honor whatever the mystery might be ; and it comforted her heart to think that their souls were one, and would remain in pure and perfect union somewhere, notwithstanding the

dark cloud that rested upon their earthly life.

Time passed, and the grass grew green on Helen's grave. Her story was forgotten by the many, and her friends had learned to think of it as a pathetic but closed incident in their family history, when the lost clew was found in a very unexpected manner.

An awful pestilence broke out in Naples, sweeping off the people by hundreds, and spreading from one district to another, carried death and terror far and wide. Panic was the order of the day; men who had faced death as soldiers with steady nerves, and walked over the ground swept by contending armies with a brave heart after the battle, were completely routed, and fled for dear life in the general stampede; ministers of religion were no exception. Terror and dismay reigned supreme. In this hour of panic and misery a young priest moved about among the sick and dying with a calm and saintly courage which amazed and captivated all hearts. No plague-stricken den was too foul for him to enter, no case too revolting for his care. If he was seeking death, it was in vain, for death seemed to fly from him, and the great plague which had slain thousands, passed, leaving him untouched. His noble conduct could not escape notice, and his rapid promotion followed, until in an unusually short space of time he became Arch-bishop of Ravenna. Some years passed and the then pope died, and the Roman Conclave assembled in due form to elect a successor. Although St. Peter's successor is believed to possess and exercise a mysterious and divine authority, yet the secular powers of Europe contrive to have a voice in the matter, of a purely mundane and diplomatic sort, and in this particular election France and Austria contended for the leading voice in the councils of the Cardinals. Whilst the question was under consideration the French Ambassador was driving through the Corso in Rome

with his secretary in attendance. When pointing to a priest who happened to be passing, he asked if he were not the Arch-Bishop of Ravenna. Yes, he was the Arch-Bishop, and the man who, during the great plague at Naples, showed such amazing devotion and heroism. Then said the Ambassador, "My Government wish to see him Pope of Rome," and in due course the worthy and courageous priest became Pope, under the title of Pio-Nono.

Many years afterwards an English gentleman and his daughter visited the Eternal City. They asked and obtained a private audience of His Holiness. When admitted to his presence they found him sad and depressed, and ventured to say that the trials and burdens of his exalted position must be a heavy responsibility to sustain. He agreed that such was the case, but added that such was not the cause of his depression that day, but rather a sad sweet memory of long ago. It was, he said, the anniversary of the death of the only woman he had ever loved. It was the death-day of Helen, and Pio Nono was the lost Count Mattei. The young Count had been a lay Jesuit when he met the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the Protestant Bishop. This fact was not generally known, and neither the Bishop nor his daughters had any suspicion with respect to it, otherwise it would have thrown some light on the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the bridegroom on that eventful marriage morning. His union with a heretic was viewed with disfavor and alarm. The Count's affection was as ardent as Hellen's own, and not easily turned aside, but the disciples of Loyala were not to be gainsayed when the rules and discipline of their order was at stake, and a young man's passion for the queen of his heart was nothing to the men of cool intellect and iron resolution, before whom kings and princes had often confessed defeat.

When he left his intended bride on the eve of their wedding day, his Order had decreed that he left her forever, every step of his way was shadowed by watchful and determined men, who, at the appointed spot, sprang upon him, pinioning him so securely that resistance was hopeless, and forced him toward a carriage which stood waiting. Once safely in the carriage it was explained to him that he was seized by authority of the Jesuit Order and must submit to their decision. They offered to set him at liberty if he would give his solemn pledge to abide by the will of his Superior, and never attempt to see the Bishop's daughter again. The Count would give no such pledge. Stunned and confounded by the sudden arrest of his life plans, torn away from the woman to whom he was passionately devoted, he had no gentle words to bestow upon the authors of his misery. The carriage drove on through the night, changing horses at certain points, but making no further delay. About dawn a halt was made at a wayside station, where a train could be caught for a convenient seaport, where a ship was found bound for an African port. No questions were asked. A party of Catholic missionaries, under vows of silence and obedience, excited no special wonder. and Count Mattei, wearing the habit of his Order, and closely guarded and girt on every side by pitiless and silent men, was helpless and amazed at

the sudden wreck of his own happiness and the happiness of the beautiful and trustful girl who had promised to be his bride. The constant, exasperating hopelessness of his condition at last wore him out, until from sheer despair he seemed to acquiesce in his banishment.

So soon as it was known that the grave had closed over the unhappy Helen, force was no longer required, and the Count was free to return to Italy, but not to communicate with her family, or in any way lift the veil which henceforth hung over his own life.

"Many a time and oft," he thought of the life he had buried in Helen's grave, and wondered what lay before him in this desolate world until he should meet her in a better land. He was still young and full of life, and the church was open to him: he could yet live for worthy ends, such as she would have approved in another; he could at least worship God through the service of his fellowmen, and so he braced himself for the battle of life. It was in this spirit that the young priest threw himself into the work of ministering to the pest-stricken when other men fled, and it was the memory of a woman's love which gave him the tender and heroic inspiration that carried him through that terrible time, and the dead Helen was still a tender and pathetic memory in the heart of the Sovereign Pontiff whilst he received the homage of the faithful in the "Eternal" City.

THE POET'S DEBT.

A poet sat upon the shore,
 And watched the waters flow,
 Oh, what a debt, indeed, he cried,
 To nature do I owe!
 A magazine did buy his rhymes,
 And paid him promptly, too;
 But somehow still that poet's bill
 Is running overdue.

—JEREMY CLAY.



MARTIN'S FARM, NEAR MORRIS, MANITOBA.

OUR WESTERN HERITAGE.

BY G. O. H. HAM.

FEW Canadians realize the enormous extent, the varied resources and the illimitable possibilities of their North-West. That a lack of knowledge of, and interest in that region should be shown by foreigners is only natural and reasonable, but that Canadians themselves, who have been made heirs of half a continent, should lamentably fail in the fullest appreciation of its worth is not only a pity, but a shame. It shall be the aim of this article to point out the marvellous fertility and boundless resources of the Canadian North-West, and how all too imperfectly we are making use of it.

There is now being reaped—and before this will appear in print, there will be to a considerable extent threshed—in Manitoba and the Territories, perhaps the greatest harvest that has ever been grown by so few

people in the world before. It is estimated that in Manitoba there are 25,000 farmers, many of whom commenced life in this western land without capital a comparatively few years ago, and some of them without that knowledge or experience of farming which is, especially under the conditions of the Province, a calling in which both skill and intelligence are required. And yet these 25,000 farmers have produced this year, according to the Government bulletin for August, 29,139,815 bushels of wheat, 21,887,416 bushels of oats, 5,507,310 bushels of barley, and of flax 1,240,020 bushels, making, with the rye and peas, a grand total of 57,861,621 bushels of grain. This is an average of something over 2,300 bushels for each farmer. And this great crop has been produced without

the expenditure of a dollar for artificial manures, and with a very small outlay for wages, as the Manitoba farmers generally have done their own seeding and breaking. The wages of an extra farm hand for about five thousand of the farmers during the two months of stacking and threshing about represents the wages outlay for this enormous crop. The greater number of the rest of the farmers did their own work with the aid of their families, and by "exchanging" with their neighbors.

In addition to the production of grain there has been a magnificent root crop—potatoes, turnips, cabbage, beets, onions, and garden vegetables of all kinds: and while the bulletin does not report the probable yield of

These figures show the product of Manitoba only, but, besides, there are five rich Territories, embryo provinces, all of which are included in the general term "The North-West."

The average yields of grain in Manitoba this year, according to this bulletin, will be of wheat 25.5 bushels; oats, 45.3 bushels; barley, 35.8 bushels; peas, 25 bushels; flax, 15 bushels; rye, 22 bushels. But the harvest reports from all parts of the province indicate a much higher yield of everything than does the bulletin, the compilers of which took the minimum reports, in every case, of their 600 correspondents, and allowed for a considerable shrinkage which later events go to show has not taken place. The average yield of wheat per acre over



CATTLE YARDS, WINNIPEG, 2,000 IN YARD AT A TIME.

these important products, it must amount to nearly 10,000,000 bushels, and this can be safely said that for the production of roots of every variety Manitoba is equally as well suited as it is for cereals.

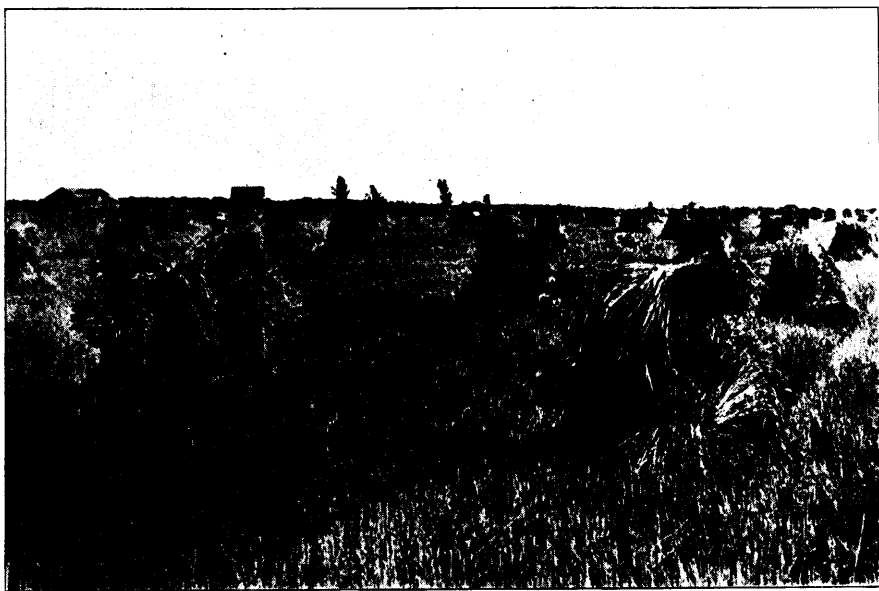
a series of years in the principal wheat growing countries is about as follows: Great Britain, 25 bushels; France, 17; Germany, 22; United States, 14; Russia, 12; India, 8 to 12; Argentina, 8 to 9; Spain, 12; Austro-

Hungary, 11 to 12; Roumania, 18. In Great Britain, and practically in France and Germany, wheat is grown on land for which an annual rental is paid greater than the amount for which a purchase outright could be made in Manitoba, and then it has to be heavily fertilized to secure the production of the high yields not uncommon in those countries. Even then the quality is greatly inferior to the No. 1, Hard, of our western land.

But wheat, while still King, is not

and make as succulent joints and juicy steaks as the stall-fed beef of Ontario, Quebec and the East. There is a great future for this country as a beef producer if proper advantage be taken of the conditions.

Here, too, is almost an ideal place for dairying, as the rich grasses bring an enormous flow of milk in the summer while the abundance of hay and cheap coarse grain makes it possible to keep up the supply well through the winter. During the last two years Manitoba has sprung into prominence



A WHEAT FIELD AT ST. JEAN, MANITOBA.

the only source of western prosperity. The cattle shipments are looming up magnificently. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has orders for cars for the shipment of 10,000 head since the first week in July, the greater portion of which are for direct shipment to England, and this branch of industry is second only in importance to wheat growing itself. The grasses of the broad western prairies possess that nutrition required to bring animal life to its highest development, and these cattle are as fat and sleek

as an exporter of dairy products, and there appears to be no limit to its capacity in this important branch of agriculture. There are now nineteen creameries in operation with a daily output in the summer months of 8,300 pounds of butter; and besides these are all the private dairies. The indications are that this number will be doubled next year and the output of those already in operation considerably increased. The number of cheese factories operating this year is 43, and the daily product is about 22,000

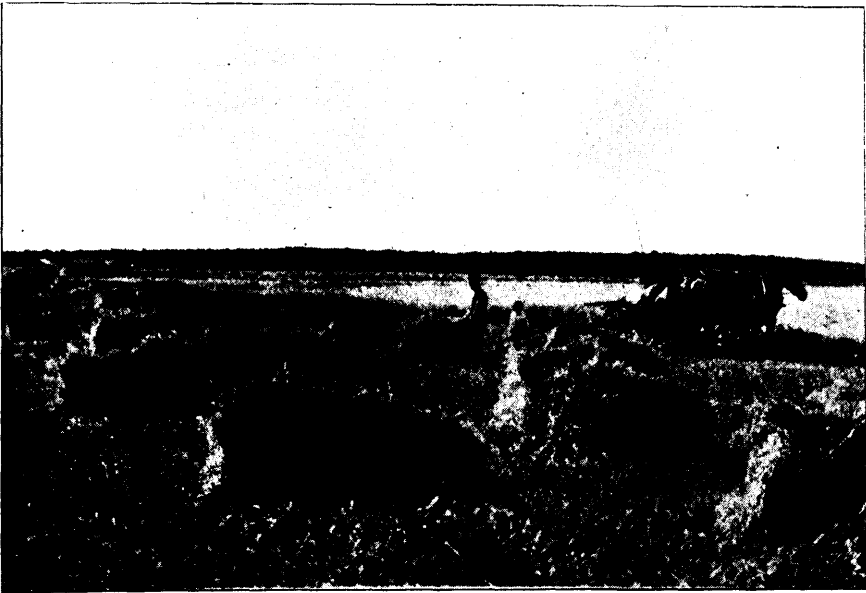
pounds, with the assured prospect of a large expansion another year.

A good deal of attention, too, is being devoted to hog raising, and in some parts of the province farmers have from fifty to one hundred hogs fattening for the fall markets. With such an abundance of oats and barley, hogs can be fattened very cheaply, and the only wonder is that the farmers have not sooner awakened to the benefits of this branch on an extensive scale.

small fruits, wild as well as cultivated, it is the housewife's paradise.

That the country has its drawbacks no one will deny. No new country is without them.

But it has fewer than, perhaps, many an older settled region. The coldness of the winters is more than compensated by their healthfulness, and in the bright, sunshiny days of summer when their rigors are forgotten, many a Manitoban will asseverate that with the Snow King comes the not least



REAPING OATS—SCENE NEAR WINNIPEG.

Sheep do remarkably well in any part of the country in which they have been kept in anything like a proper way.

There is no product in the north temperate zone, in fact, that will not grow or thrive in Manitoba, and in greater abundance and of a better quality than perhaps in any other part of the world. Tomatoes will not ripen in Great Britain, and yet the people of Manitoba have been eating this luscious fruit or vegetable—which ever it may be—from their own gardens since the 20th of August. In

delightful part of the year. But allowing for all its present and prospective drawbacks, it is unquestionably the finest region on earth which is not now thickly settled, and offers greater chances to the average man, to make with the minimum of labor a comfortable home for himself, than any other country is now doing.

One great advantage this land possesses over the North-western States of the Union as a settlement region, is that the pioneering has been done. The railroads are built, and every section of the country can boast of its



STACKING—SCENE NEAR MORDEN, MANITOBA.

schools, churches, post-offices, and the other adjuncts of civilization. The settlers in the Western States had to precede the iron horse, and often to

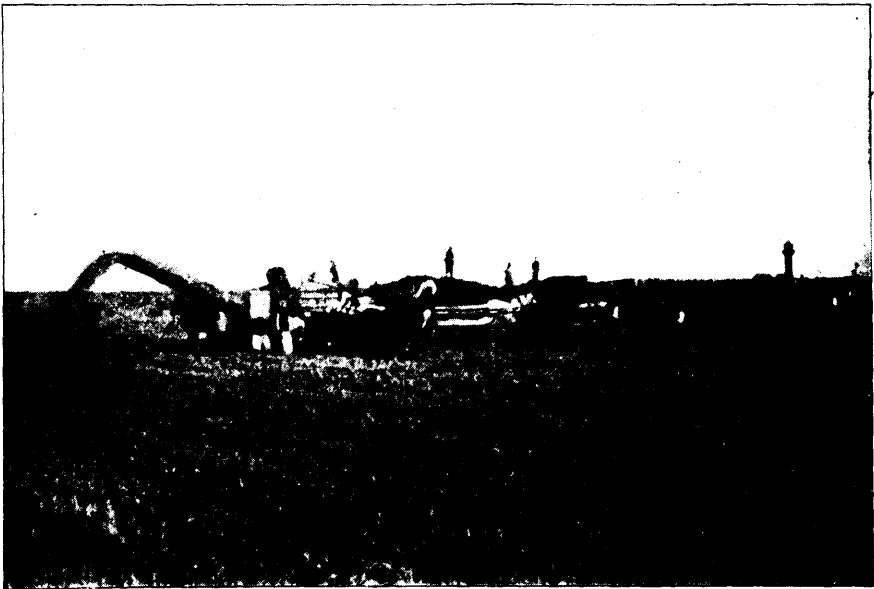
battle with the Indian for their lives, and it was in many cases years before there was any market at all for their surplus products. In view of the



FALL WHEAT—A FIELD 10 MILES FROM WINNIPEG.

wonderful progress of the States of Iowa, Minnesota and the Dakotas, it seems too much to claim that our western domain is their superior; but there is good reason for doing so. Consider the unprecedented growth of these States, and yet twenty years ago an American statesman on the floor of Congress questioned the ability of the whole State of Minnesota to produce enough in ten years to feed a grasshopper, and such was the prevalent ignorance regarding that State that his statement was not discredited by

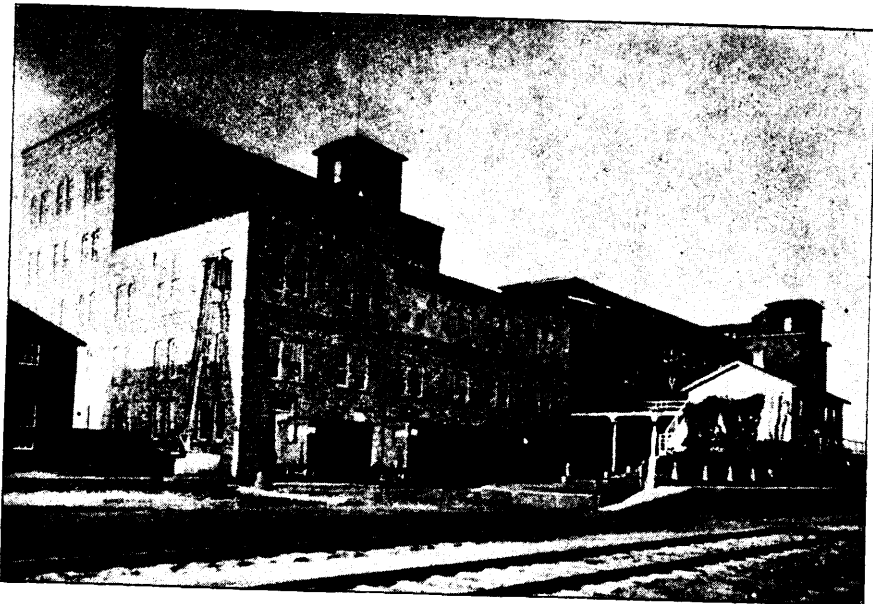
space of time not beyond the memory of living men, there has grown up on this very spot the most wonderful city of any age, with a population of over a million and a half, and being the local point and centre of 90,000 miles of railway, and the greatest distributing point for food products in the world. It is no unwarranted statement, but one made after careful study and travel, that in the Canadian North-West there is a country capable of maintaining just as dense a population, producing just as many



THRESHING WHEAT IN SOUTHERN MANITOBA, 28 BUSHELS PER ACRE.

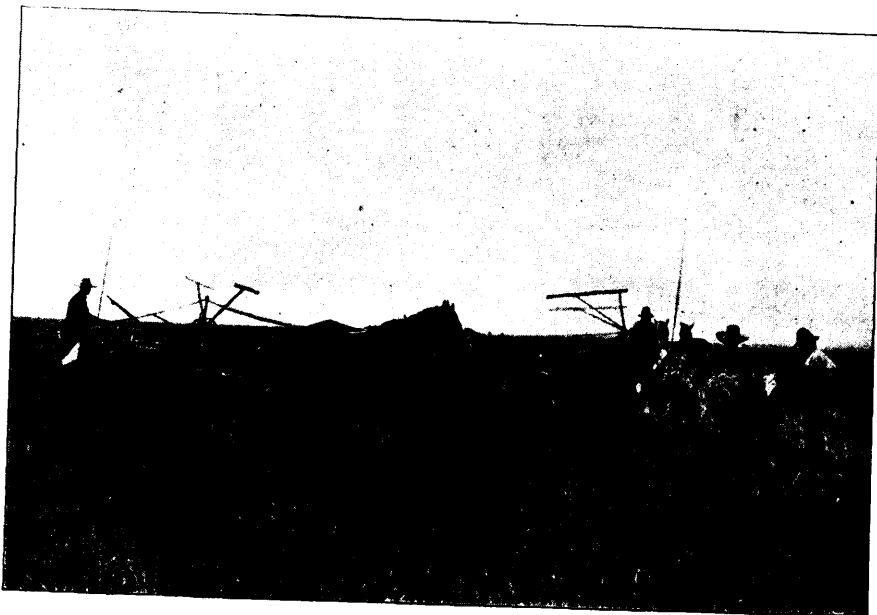
many. To-day, Minnesota boasts of a population of nearly one-and-a-half millions, and its average wheat yield is larger than that of any other country except Manitoba and the North-West Territories. Seventy years ago, an officer of the United States army reported to Washington that Fort Dearborn should be abandoned, for the reason that the surrounding country was of such a character that it would be impossible for it ever to support a population large enough to justify its maintenance, and yet in the short

bushels of grain, and as much live stock as were raised last year in the large area tributary to Chicago, and from which she drew the trade necessary to make her one of the richest and most progressive cities in the world. Let any one travel over the ground and view the expanse of prairie and plain in the Canadian North-West, compare its soil with that of the Western States, and the practical immunity from the droughts, insect pests, and cyclones, from which unfortunately our cousins across the line



KEEWATIN MILLS.

are sufferers, and, more decisive than all, the supreme test of average yield of the principal crops in both countries over a series of years, and the fact is established beyond doubt that in everything that goes to make a great agricultural country, the Canadian North-West is equal if not superior to the best of them. Reference has already been incident-



HARVESTING NEAR MORDEN.

ally made to the climate of this magnificent region, and on this question the greatest misapprehension exists. The impression prevails amongst many that the winters are almost unendurable. But this is fallacious. Jack Frost, it is true, is no weakling in this north-land, but he is without terror to the warmly clad and comfortably housed; and owing to the dryness of the atmosphere, the low markings of the thermometer, which make Eastern readers shudder and shiver, are sadly misleading. A Western "thirty be-

quality is, and the same is true of men. The northern races have been the conquering races, and have given the world nearly all it has of everything that distinguishes civilization from barbarianism. There can be no doubt but that there will grow up in the fertile valleys of the Red, Assiniboine, and Saskatchewan valleys a superior civilization. The settlers will be of the northern races—Anglo-Saxon, German, and Scandinavian.

With a land incomparable in its richness and fertility, with free institutions,



A MAITNOBA HOMESTEAD.

low" is scarcely equal to a zero day in the more humid East. The summer days are warm, but the nights are cool and refreshing. How different it is with the intense heat of Argentina, Australasia, Africa, or even some of the Western States, which no artificial means will guard against, and where hot winds, laden with miasma and fever, carry off annually thousands of their people, and sap the constitution of the living. It is an established fact that the further north grain will grow, the better the

wise laws justly administered, with educational facilities from which no children are barred—here, too, will rise a Greater Britain—a worthy offspring of the grand old Motherland across the sea. The only lack is population, and the statesman who solves the problem of peopling these untenanted lands from the congested districts of the East will have done his country inestimable service. Let anyone consider for a moment what a tremendous impetus would be given the trade of Canada, if instead of there

being in Manitoba 25,000 farmers producing 60,000,000 bushels of grain, and a corresponding amount of other products, there were 200,000 farmers producing 480,000,000 bushels of grain, and \$100,000,000 worth of meat and dairy products. How many thousand more operatives would be required in the factories of the East! Then no cry would go up from Canadian cities that there was lack of employment for their working people, for the demands of this great wealth-producing army would keep busy every forge, spindle and loom. There are difficulties in the way of securing suitable immigrants, but because the problem is a hard one is no reason why it should be left unsolved. Confederation itself

was a difficult problem. The building of the Canadian Pacific Railway was not unattended with great discouragements and enormous sacrifices on the part of the Canadian people, and surely when Canadians have made these sacrifices to lay the foundation of a great nation, they will not falter and shrink in rearing the superstructure because it is attended with difficulties. Upon the peopling of the North-West, in a large measure, depends the prosperity of the whole Dominion, and upon our public men rests a grave responsibility in the inauguration of a policy which will early bring about that glorious result which every patriotic Canadian desires.

“HOW SHALL I WOO?”

A SONG.

How shall I woo my lady,
 How shall I dare confess
 The truth of the love I bear her,
 The power of my heart's distress.
 Would I might win her favor
 With jewels of matchless make,
 Or cover my head with glory,
 Glory for her dear sake.

How shall I woo my lady,
 How shall I gain her grace ;
 A smile from her lips I covet,
 A beam from her sunlit face ;
 Would she but only bid me
 Some daring deed to try,
 I'd do it, if fortune favored,
 Do it, or gladly die.

Eyes into mine are gaz'ng
 Eyes of the softest hue,
 Reflecting my heart's fond passion,
 They challenge my courage too—
 Fondly I clasp her to me,
 And hear sweet words divine,
 That whisper the love I'm yearning
 Is mine, already mine.

ISABELLA VALANGY CRAWFORD.

BY E. J. HATHAWAY.

“The gods will have it thus,
The choicest of the earth for sacrifice.
Let it be man, or maid, or lowing bull.”

IT would almost seem that in this passage Isabella Valancy Crawford had unconsciously given expression to the tragedy of her own life. Once again the old story of unrecognized genius and early death was repeated: but in this instance the penalty was exacted from a girl.

Upon the altar of fame there have been heaped many noble aspirations for places among the world's singers, many high ambitions, many worthy productions of unappreciated talent; but few instances are more pathetic than that of this talented young woman who gave to Canadian literature some of its choicest gems, but died before the reading public had awakened to a recognition of her genius.

During the ten years previous to her death, in 1887, she contributed much, both of verse and prose, to the local press and also to Frank Leslie's publications in New York, and had she lived she undoubtedly would have occupied a place in the world of letters with the very best of her time.

Miss Crawford was born in Ireland and spent her earlier years in France, but for many years her home had been in Canada, at first in the town of Peterborough and afterwards in Toronto.

From time to time, during several years, there appeared in the columns of the *Evening Telegram* verses of sentiment, of description and of heroics, and, although they attracted some attention, few of the many readers knew anything of the writer beyond the fact that her name was Isabella Valancy Crawford. These

verses bore the stamp of genius and showed a true poetic instinct. They were copied at times by the provincial press, and the name of their author soon became widely known as a writer of marked ability.

About the year 1885 a serial story by her, entitled “A Little Bacchante, or Some Black Sheep,” appeared in the *Toronto Globe*. This was an honor which few local writers had ever received, and the success of the novel proved the wisdom of the selection. Short stories also appeared in the *Globe's* columns at intervals, and at the time of her death she had almost completed another lengthy novel—“Married with an Opal”—which subsequently appeared in the *Fireside Weekly*.

But it is as a poetess that Miss Crawford's name will be remembered. Among the first to recognize her ability was John Ross Robertson, of the *Toronto Evening Telegram*, and her published poems appeared only in the columns of that journal. In 1884 she issued a modest, blue card-board covered volume of poems called “Old Spookses' Pass; Malcolm's Katie, and other poems.” This volume contained only pieces which had never yet been printed, and it came into the world without even the dignity of its publisher's imprint. But whether it was that its unfortunate name was against it, or no effort was made to push its sale, the fact is that it almost dropped from the press. Scarcely anybody but the critics noticed the little book, and when, some two years later, the authoress died, many attributed her early death to the neglect which her book had suffered. She was a passionate, high-spirited girl, and, though many kind expressions of appre-

ciation were afterwards made, they arrived too late—the poor authoress had died, possibly of a broken heart.

Miss Crawford appeared to be about 30 years of age, somewhat stout and a little below the average height. Her dress was poor, at times almost shabby, and it was not until she spoke that one was at all impressed with her personality. Her features were not beautiful, but in conversation she lighted up and her eyes sparkled with vivacity to an unusual degree. She was a clever conversationalist and an accomplished linguist, and her animation and versatility made her a delightful companion.

The only volume which appeared bearing her name was the little collection of poems "Old Spookse's Pass, etc.;" the limited Canadian market and the unfortunate laws regarding copyright making it unprofitable to publish in this country. But it is probable that had she lived a larger volume containing these, in addition to much that had never been published, and among which was some which she considered her best work, would have been issued in England.

This little volume, however, contains one of the most delightfully varied collections of poems ever issued by a Canadian writer. Though not of Canadian birth, she had become strongly imbued with loyalty to the land of her adoption. The spirit of Canadian freedom pulses throughout the pages, and though her themes are not always local, they everywhere bear the impress of a sturdy independence. The first piece in the book, "Old Spookses' Pass," is a remarkable picture of western life; a little drawn out, it may be, but stirring and powerful throughout. Lord Tennyson, the poet laureate, wrote, congratulating her on her work, making special mention of this particular piece. Many of her scenes and characters are drawn from Canadian pioneer life, and expressed in the dialect of the frontiersman or the recognized

speech of the rural inhabitant. "Old Spookses' Pass," a ranchman's midnight experience with a stampeding herd, is a vigorous descriptive poem and full of action. A vivid picture is given of the night in which the stampede takes place. The dark sky overhead; the thick oppressive night air, in which one feels intuitively that something fearful is to happen; the deep breathing of the mustang and an occasional quiver of his flanks; the great white moon throwing its river of brightness over the mighty herd.

"Tearin' along the indigo sky,
Wus a drove of clouds, snarl'd an' black;
Scuddin' along to'ards the risin' moon,
Like the sweep of a darn'd hungry pack
Of preairie wolves to'ard a bufferler,
The heft of the herd, left out of sight;
I dror'd my breath right hard, fur I know'd
We wus in fur a 'tarnal run thet night."

In a moment

"The herd wus up!—not one at a time,
Thet ain't the style in a midnight run,—
They wus up an' off like es all thair minds
Wus rolled in the hide of only one."

The narrative is carried through the somewhat lengthy poem with the same vigorous swing. There is masculine strength in it; and it seems almost incredible that so vivid an experience could be described by one who had no part in it.

"Old Spense" is another descriptive poem of great merit. It is inclined to be wordy, perhaps, and is a little artificial, but the writer has hit off some capital pictures of human life. This passage is an excellent example of its style:

"An' ef a chap on Sabbath sees
A thunder cloud a strayin'
Above his fresh cut clover, an'
Gets down to stedly prayin',
An' tries tew shew the Lord's mistake
Instead ov taklin' tew his rake,

He ain't got enny kind ov show
Tew talk ov chast'ning trials;
When thet thar thunder cloud lets down
Its sixty billion vials;
No! when it looks tew rain on hay,
First take yer rake, an' then yer pray.

"Malcolm's Katie" is a love story from backwood's life, and is told in an

effective manner. It tells again the old, old story, of which poets delight to sing—of the brave youth who goes forth, axe in hand, to win a home from the broad forest for the maiden whom he has wooed and won; of the jealous rival who comes to her with a story of her lover's death: of the lover's return at a critical moment and the happy denouement.

Seldom have finer gems been seen than these little verses from "Malcolm's Katie":

O, Love builds on the azure sea,
And Love builds on the golden sand,
And Love builds on the rose-wing'd cloud,
And sometimes Love builds on the land.

O, if Love build on sparkling sea—
And if Love build on golden strand—
And if Love build on rosy cloud—
To Love these are the solid land.

O, Love will build his lily walls,
And Love his pearly roof will rear
On cloud or land, or mist or sea—
Love's solid land is everywhere.

Her descriptive poems are redolent of exquisite beauty. Everything that was beautiful on the earth seemed to appeal to her for adoration. The great forces of nature had no terrors for her—rather did they fill her soul with nobler thoughts.

"The rain is in the air.

O Prophet Wind, what hast thou told the rose,
That suddenly she loosens her red heart,
And sends long, perfumed sighs about the place?
O Prophet Wind, what hast thou told the swift,
That from airy eave, she, shadow-grey,
Smites the blue pond, and speeds her glancing
wing
Close to the daffodils?"

Her address to "March" is a masterpiece. It is an appeal to the month of wind and storm to tell what power in earth or heaven will bind him. Thor and Vulcan are both appealed to, but in vain.

"Shall Jove the Thunderer,
Twine his swift lightnings
With his loud thunders,
And forge there a shackle?"

But even the mighty Jove is powerless. The great Samson still shakes himself in defiance. There is, how-

ever, another power, greater than all the gods of the ancients, and to him she now turns:

"Past the horizon,
In the palm of a valley,
Her feet in the grasses,
There is a maiden.

"She smiles on the flowers,
They widen and redden;
She weeps on the flowers,
They grow up and kiss her."

If there is one element in Miss Crawford's writings more distinctly visible than another it is that of power—virility it would be called if applied to a man. Her work throughout is characterized by bold, vigorous treatment, purity of thought and felicity of expression.

"Roses, Senors, roses!
Love is subtly hid
In the fragrant roses,
Blown in gay Madrid.
"Roses, Senors, roses!
Look, look, look and see
Love hanging on the roses,
Like a golden bee!
"Ha! Ha! shake the roses—
Hold a palm below;
Shake him from the roses,
Catch the vagrant so!"

There is something peculiarly attractive about these lines. They even seem fragrant themselves with the perfume from that sunny land. The writer has caught the spirit of the scene, and in fancy we see the great circus with its tiers of gaily-dressed people watching eagerly to see the "bold bull bleed," and in our own ears there rings the sweet refrain of the flower girls song.

"Roses by the dozen!
Roses by the score!
Pelt the victor with them—
Bull or Toreador."

Her versatile pen turns frequently to the gay land in which she spent her youth, to the brave warriors of ancient Sparta, to the old days of chivalry when men fought hand to hand for the honor of their country and the favor of their lady love. But hers was a noble love of bravery.

The warriors of old appealed to her poetical nature; but she was by no means unmindful of the brave men of to-day who go forth with bayonet and musket to fight the battles of their country and return again to receive the smiles of their fair ones. Her verses on the return of the volunteers from their campaign against the rebels in the Canadian North-West, entitled "The Rose of a Nation's Thanks," is

a splendid tribute to present day chivalry.

"A welcome? oh yes, 'tis a kindly word; but why will they plan and prate
Of feasting and speeches and such small things while the wives and mothers wait?
Plan as ye will, and do as ye will, but think of the hunger and thirst
In the hearts that wait, and do as ye will, but lend us our laddies first!
Why, what would you have? There is not a lad that treads in the gallant ranks
Who does not already bear on his breast the Rose of a Nation's Thanks."

CONAN DOYLE'S NEW BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOYESEN, in the October *Cosmopolitan*, says that among the first rate novelists of the day are: Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Rudyard Kipling and Thomas Hardy, all British; and Howells, Cable, Miss Wilkins and Miss Murfree, American. But he asserts that these are not the novelists that are attracting the dollars and attention of the great reading public of this continent. The popular novels are those written by those he terms second and third-rate writers, viz.: Haggard, Doyle, Weyman, Crockett, Gunter and Laura Jean Libbey. He laments this because these writers are only romancers and story-tellers, apostles of shallowness and superficiality. He further laments that few people appreciate "the profound, spiritual insight of George Eliot, the masterly character-drawing of Thackeray, the incomparable vividness of realistic presentment displayed by Balzac (at his best), Alphonse Daudet and Guy de Maupassant, and the noble soul-searching vivacity of Tolstoi, Gogol and Tourgueneff." In his opinion "what above all distinguishes the greater novelists from the lesser is their grip on the great and potent realities of life—their power to deal

largely and securely with large subjects, their penetrating insights into the dusky recesses of the human heart." He claims that the romantic novel represents a juvenile and lower intellectual development than the realistic novel—the novels that chronicle important places of contemporary life, embodying in their leading characters typical phases of the intellectual life and aspirations of their century.

I have been trying A. Conan Doyle's latest book, "The Stark Munro Letters,"* by this standard, and I can hardly conceive why he should be placed among the romantic rather than among the realistic novelties. I cannot state clear reasons why he should be classed distinctly at all. He has the unfortunate luck to be popular at present in Canada and in the United States, and on this ground he can be accused of pandering to the popular taste rather than writing so as to be upon a height up to which the people may be invited to climb. If, however, his previous books have justified Mr. Boyesen in placing him in the second-

*Longman's Colonial Library. James Bain & Son, Toronto.

rate class, this latest work spoils, to my mind, the classification.

The book contains a series of letters—the most interesting series I ever read—supposed to be written by Dr. Stark Munro, a new English licentiate in medicine, to a friend of his in the United States. The first letter opens up with a description of a friend of Dr. Munro's named Cullingworth, an eccentric young doctor. He was a man demonically clever, heroically dashing, pugnaciously quarrelsome and deliberately unscrupulous. He worked up a huge and profitable practice in a manufacturing town by his eccentric and daring treatment of his patients, but after a run of success finds that his popularity has waned and that he must have new fields for operation, which he hopes to find in South America.

Dr. Munro, himself, is a young doctor looking for a little nook in the world's social machinery, into which he may retire to enjoy what he can gain by easing or curing the ailments of others. His first experience is as medical attendant on a young aristocrat, but a quarrel with the young man's mother over some advanced opinions loses him the position. He then took a position with a Dr. Horton in a busy and dirty coal mining town at a salary of £70 a year. He soon left this to take a partnership with the eccentric Cullingworth, only to quarrel with him in a few months. Then with his experience and £15 he starts out to build up a practice for himself in another strange town. His long and severe struggle for a foothold is admirably and touchingly told. What is more, it is an accurate reflection of the struggle which every young man, without wealth or influence, must undertake before he becomes independent.

Because this book depicts the struggle for a competence, for fame and for success, made by a young man it ceases to be eligible for classification among the books of romance. It is a

piece of human history and that of a human of the latter part of the nineteenth century. Competition in the older countries is exceedingly keen. The young man must learn to labor and to wait, for earned success comes very late in life. Mr. Doyle has pictured this laboring and waiting with a realism which would be less romantic, were it less real.

But this book has another claim to be classed among those books which reflects the contemporary life of the period. In his letters Dr. Munro gives, in an off-hand conversational way, his ideas on the great religious movement of the times. He has his doubts as to the existence of such a thing as evil. He thinks that nature

“Still working on the lines of evolution, strengthens the race in two ways. The one is by improving those who are morally strong, which is done by increased knowledge, and broadening religious views; and the other, and hardly less important, is by the killing off and extinction of those who are morally weak. This is accomplished by drink and immorality. I picture them as two great invisible hands, hovering over the garden of life, and plucking up the weeds. Nature has her devices, and drink is among them.”

Again, he says, speaking of the heaven's panorama of stars:

“Just to look out at them, must remind a man of what a bacillus of a thing he is—the whole human race like some sprinkling of impalpable powder upon the surface of one of the most insignificant fly-wheels of a monstrous machine. But there is order in it, Bertie, order in it! and where there is order there must be mind, and where there is mind there must be sense of injustice. It is strange, when we look upon them, to think that the churches are still squabbling down here as to whether the Almighty is most gratified by our emptying a tea-spoonful of water over our babies' heads, or by our waiting a few years, and then plunging them into a tank.”

He preaches progression in man's religion just as in other phases of civilization. He says:

“I do believe that Christianity in its different forms has been the very best thing for the world during all this long, barbarous epoch. But when you say that is the best

and *last*, you are laying down the law a little too much."

Again :

"It is not true that religion reached its acme nineteen hundred years ago, and that we are forever to refer back to what was written and said in those days. No, sir : religion is a vital, living thing, still growing and working, capable of endless extension and development, like all other fields of thought. The Almighty has not said His last say to the human race, and He can speak through a Scotchman or a New Englander as through a Jew. The Bible is a book which comes out in instalments, and 'To be continued', not 'Finis', is written at the end of it."

The book is bright, clever and thoughtful. It is a reflection of the life and thought—a small reflection, certainly, yet a reflection—of the people of the dying nineteenth century. As such it is not an imaginative romance only, but an artistic piece of work that may live to perpetuate the thoughts, aspirations, errors and truths of 1895, to be read by those future generations which may know more of man, man's work and man's nature than we do. In character-sketching it is powerful, even if at times fanciful.

AN ESTIMATE OF CANADIAN WOMEN.

BY STEPHEN BLACKBURN.

PERHAPS the most interesting development of the present age, apart from the advances made in science and mechanical ingenuity, is the evolution of the modern woman, refined, educated, æsthetic, not only claiming co-equal companionship with the man as regards the arts and higher education, but in some instances seeking to precede him in certain lines of study. As linguists, few of the sterner sex can claim the advantage : as translators of modern languages few men can excel. In artist's work women are often to the front, though they fail in regard to artistic composition. In sculpture they are admittedly behind. The classics of Greece and Rome are now no longer sealed books to the female sex, and some even with a show of reason, assert their right to take their places as critics, not merely on ancient classic literature, but on the living languages of the East. Whether they are prepared to converse and write in the dialects of China and Japan is doubtful, except in rare instances. The

science of geometry is quite an easy study to many college girls : some often affect to be adepts in astronomy, and we all know that the gypsies of the East have for centuries sworn by their aptitude in astrology.

Moral philosophy, whether Christian or Pagan, is a favorite study with the advanced woman, and on which she is pleased to dilate. The science of quantity, or of magnitude or number, otherwise mathematics, gives merely an agreeable zest to the higher class female mind. We must admit, however, that in Canada political economy is not a favorite topic, though some of their English sisters are quite enthusiastic over the fortunes of the "Primrose League." But then they belong to the Conservative ranks, and performed famous work in the recent general election. The freedom given to the educating of girls at the higher schools, and at such institutions as Gerton College, England, has certainly raised the mental status of English women.

The wide field of literature has been

occupied by the advanced woman of superior brain. The philosophy of George Elliot can compare with the writings of most men in novel literature; while as authors of novels, light sketches and transient brochures, women admittedly excel, as in biography and books of travel. The passions and foibles of poor humanity find no better illustrators, and as analysts of character and inquirers of motives women are certainly not to be over-matched. Some of the most astounding books of the day dealing with passion and intrigue come from the pen of the advanced woman. As musicians they are generally pleasing, often effective, but as composers of music they are quite behind. No woman ever composed an opera that could bear inspection, but many light compositions of the ballad order are credited to the weaker (?) sex.

Whether women are the happier for all this extra knowledge is a matter for settlement amongst themselves; but there is no question, now, that the evils which have accumulated from keeping them out of their proper position in society have passed away. Some, who have neither the brains nor the inclination for advanced acquirements, covertly sneer at those of their sex who put forth those higher pretensions. They declare in no unmeasured terms that their married sisters would be better employed in attending to the wants of their husbands and the claims of maternity, if they happen to have been blessed with children. Whether the higher cultivation unfits women for these duties which pertain more particularly to their own sex, we are not prepared to discuss; doubtless, they make more agreeable companions to their husbands and brothers. Such, however, is the smallness of some men's minds that they frequently dislike a woman who has attained superiority in education, or who can battle with her male opponent on the obstruse

field of logic. In such cases a woman generally has wit enough to employ the acts of concealment, and to disguise. If her superiority is too marked, she can take refuge in common-places rather than air her acquired accomplishments to the injury of the poor man's *amour propre*.

There does not appear to be a disposition on the part of the female sex to enter the political arena in competition with men. As a rule they hate politics, and they say they neither understand nor desire to know much of what is passing in that direction. It is difficult to get any ordinarily informed or well-read woman to take more than a languid interest in worldly political affairs. A party election appears to the ordinary female mind to be particularly a man's affair; women smile at the eager zeal and puerile conduct of men when their political passions are in full vigor. They are willing enough to leave all such questions to the men; and as to voting, the mere exercise of the political franchise and the ballot-box have no charms for her. And yet politicians at Ottawa, during the recent session, sought to concede the franchise to the female sex. A bill to that end was voted down, and the subject was one only for passing amusement. Of course we must except the American-rights' woman, who tears passion to tatters and is teary on the old theme of the tyranny of the "monster," man. Happily, there are few to be found in Canada of this type; women with us are so free, so untrammelled, so secure in their personal and property rights that no cause for complaint arises. The political woman is a little laughed at by her own sex, and magnanimously patronized by the other. Sometimes she proves valuable as a political canvasser, but then her very eagerness often serves to defeat the end in view. On the other hand, as an organizer of church societies and philanthropic efforts generally, she far surpasses her male friends, who, if the truth must

be told, are willing enough to let her have her own way there.

But as with men, so with women. Nature has not bestowed wonderful gifts and faculties upon all. The work of the every-day world and of domestic life has to be undertaken, and women are alike the guardians of the social system, the mistresses of the home, the arbiters of manners and morals, the directors of fashions, and the queens of society. The drawing-room is woman's arena, and she decides all questions of etiquette and propriety,

she establishes the modes and customs for her own sex, and determines the limitations of the other. Woe to that female who attempts to contravene the settled code of ethics which her superiors in station have laid down. It must be conceded, however, by the best women themselves, that with all their advancement they are not quite deaf to the voice of flattery, and that, as the poet Dryden remarks—

“ This at the peril of my head I say,
A plain, blunt truth—the sex aspires to sway.”

CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

OURSELVES.

BEFORE proceeding to give a few of the current thoughts of the month, allow me to thank the many friends of this magazine who have expressed their pleasure at the opening up of such a department. One gentleman remarked, the other day, that he took several magazines, but the only one he read was *THE CANADIAN*. There are undoubtedly many thoughtful and intellectual Canadians who prefer this periodical simply because it is of their national flesh and blood. Because this is so, the management is anxious to make the contents as broad, as varied, and as comprehensive as possible. A brief summary of the current thoughts of the world, as exhibited in the leading periodicals, seems therefore to be timely, and it is hoped, beneficial.

Owing to internal changes, some errors crept into last issue, especially in Mr. Galt's article on, “The Financial Incidents of War,” on page 454, line 23, “1841” should have been “1814.”

On same page, line 25, for Allison, read Alison; on page 456, for conflagration, read conflagrations; on same

page, line 27, for decreases, read deserves.

A NATIONAL SENTIMENT.

To convince one's self that a national sentiment is growing very strong in this young Dominion—for it is yet a comparative infant among nations—one has only to notice the patriotic tone of the newspapers and to listen to the general comments of the talking public. A feeling of thorough confidence in the resources and possibilities of this country has been engendered by the stability and progress of the past two years, and this feeling is both strong and universal. The patriotism evinced is neither loud nor boisterous, but it is both true and deep. Blessed with an expansive territory, unlimited national resources, an invigorating climate, a rational and democratic system of government, a people intellectually and physically strong, there is every reason to believe that Canada will at no distant day be a peer among the great nations of the earth. As our orators and writers have said, let us be French or British, Roman Catholic or Protestant

if we wish, but let us be Canadians first—Canadians in thought, Canadians in words, and Canadians in action. Let us continue to sing in chorus, from ocean to ocean :

“ God bless our Queen and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever.”

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

From the article on Professor Huxley, by Richard H. Hutton, editor of the London *Spectator*, which appears in the September *Forum*, we learn of the man from one who knew him well. He states that the genius of the man was less naturally attracted to speculative reflection and that meditative chewing of the cud which made Charles Darwin so great, than to practical discussions in which inimitable lucidity, intellectual audacity, ready humor, happy irony and fascinating vivacity were his characteristics. Mr. Hutton thinks that had he made political life his main object he must have become a great leader of men, for there was no abler and more accomplished debater to be found in the British House of Commons.

He points out that Huxley delighted to bewilder his opponents by saying strong things in a vivid way. It was this desire which led him to say that if a frog has a soul at all, it must have two souls, just as the spinal cord has a twin purposive action. It led him to attempt to show that Christians have no *physiological* evidence that death had ever taken place in the body of our Lord, whom he called “the greatest moral genius the world has seen” and “the realized ideal of almost perfect humanity.” He thinks that a great deal of Huxley’s scepticism was a kind of habitual expression of the eager combativeness of his nature.

If Mr. Hutton is right in his estimate, we can re-read Huxley’s writings with new understanding and fresh pre-conceptions.

PARLIAMENTARY DISSOLUTIONS.

We, in Canada, always take great

interest in Parliamentary dissolutions. When the political air is full of rumors of an appeal to the country it is the sole topic of voting citizens and the leading news in the daily papers. “The Anecdotic Side of English Parliamentary Dissolutions” is the title of a charming paper in the September *Forum*, by Martin J. Griffin, Parliamentary Librarian at Ottawa. He shows that great interest was manifested as far back as 1680, in the time of Chief Justice North and the Duke of Lauderdale, but that the populace did not begin to take a really keen interest till the beginning of the modern political practice in 1784. In that year the precedent was established that if the ministers chosen by the Crown do not possess the confidence of the House of Commons they may advise an appeal to the people and have Parliament dissolved. The article gives a brief and racy account of the circumstances of all the dissolutions which have since taken place in England.

WANTED—TEACHERS.

However great Canada’s educational system may be, as compared with those of other nations, the fact that it is and has been sadly deficient is patent to all who have read the disclosures of the past year. Some of our Separate Schools have been presided over by men who, whatever their other qualifications may have been, were not up with the times in their methods for inculcating knowledge. Contemporaneous with this discovery by the public comes the announcement that the laity and the clergy of the Catholic church are united in their efforts to have the best teachers procurable. This will, no doubt, lead to a demand for carefully drilled and instructed teachers—but they are not to be found in Canada in any number. Our educational system may be liberal in theory and grand in its conception, but when teachers can earn only an average of

\$200 for a female and \$350 for a male, and these are outside figures, then it must be concluded that they are "unskilled labor." The digger of ditches and the scrubber of office floors earns better pay. The coal-heaver would scorn "a dollar a day." What then must be the value of the services given when the teachers in our Public and Separate Schools cannot command higher wages? The only way to elevate the standard of Canada's educational system, and it sadly needs

elevating, is to provide the thoroughly trained and fully equipped teacher with a salary large enough to purchase sufficient food, physical and mental, to keep his energy, ambition and enthusiasm above freezing point. This practice of allowing boys and girls not out of their teens to do the most important work of the century is one that cannot be too strongly denounced or unsparingly condemned. The teacher must possess a mature mind as well as a liberal education.

NONDESCRIPT.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON (MADGE MERTON).

THE world has had its summer holidays and has settled down to business at the old stand. But the work goes along better. People seem nicer. Worries are less annoying, and everything moves more easily as a result of the impetus that has come into most lives. The spice of variety has disguised the flatness, the staleness or the downright unpleasant taste of life as some of us have to live it, and we rate our stock in this concern of Life & Co. at a full hundred cents on the dollar. But where are the men or women who wouldn't have sold out for fifty cents the day before they went away?

It's new blood we have, these autumn days. Extract of wind and sun, condensed happiness and solidified fun have been compounded into the best of tonics. We are stimulated and strengthened, and attack our special ditch-work with a brand new force behind the pick and shovel.

That's the practical side of this autumn season, as we live it nowadays, in the scramble and rush of everyday life, where the very air is heavy with work and plans for work. But there is another side—we stir our poesy of

thought and say to one another that it is the waiting time of the year—the doleful days, as some are dreary enough to remind us. We prate of the cheeriness of open fires, the cosiness of warm-hued hangings and pretty bright gowns. The sadness of it is that, like ice-creams and North Toronto water, there aren't enough of these things to go round. But of work, the blessing and bane of life, there is always plenty and to spare.

—
Isn't it queer — this scramble for water? Isn't it likely to lead to the foundation of habits to be deplored, on the part of the more timorous men? The tap water is said to be somewhat of a curiosity, even if it is not fit for use. One gentleman has a small aquarium stocked with a great variety of creepy-crawly creatures, which were snared in a filter. His wife says he has had two evenings "solid enjoyment" out of it already.

What unsatisfied creatures we are to be sure, and how very prone we are to shift our desires to the contra side of circumstances. Just the other day we all objected to the water carts going along the streets without warn-

ing us. We scouted the rattle, which was the next step, and the horn we find too much for us. If the man would blow the horn at intervals we might be able to bear up, but he gets a boy to do it, and there are no intervals. Many a sleepily, vindictive person must have wished at six o'clock this morning that a blight would have fallen upon his young and altogether too vigorous vocal chords. It did occur to me that, perhaps, after the first day the youngster would get hoarse and weak, but as I live, I believe they got fresh boys every new morning.

—
Irving and Terry have come and gone. The wild rush for seats is over. The heart burnings and envy caused by not going, or not going to the extent of the greatest possible number of dollars, have passed away. The young man with a sweetheart feels easier in his mind, and more scrimped in his pocket. It only remains now for the nagging crowd to ask the disappointed throng, separately and before company: "Did you see Irving and Terry?"

The honest ones will say "No." The others will add the stock excuses: "Was sick," "busy at the office," "out of town," "couldn't get seats," while the specially untruthful and bombastic ones will shrug their *blasé* shoulders and drawl that they "saw them so often in London, they rially didn't cahw to gaou, you know."

How the horizon has widened for the English actor of to-day. He can play the seasons through, night after night, day after day, month in and month out, to fresh audiences of people who speak his English tongue.

America, most of all, is glad to be the Mahomet of these star mountains. She revels in the good things they bring across the water on these flying (and sometimes) farewell visits.

Irving's title is new this year and who isn't glad? A title is best worth the wearing when it is the laurel of genius. Most of us have more true

respect for it in this case than we could have for those that were in the first place only favors bestowed, not honors won, and having been handed from one generation to another, have lost lustre from much handling.

Irving has power—call it genius or art or magnetic force or mere strength of will, which bends the auditor to him. His superstitious horror in "The Bells," his crafty plotting and merited undoing in "The Merchant of Venice," his stately, simple grandeur in "King Arthur," his unearthly torturing in the fiendish role of Mephisto, reflect themselves upon the minds at his beck. We shudder with his fright, leer with his cunning or bemoan with him his fate. We stiffen with his pride and take part in his fiend nature, for the master of portrayal spirits us into the very thick of the fight, and his cause is ours for the time being.

Ellen Terry charms us. I wonder where is the young woman who would not take a few of the artiste's years to be able to run with her grace and freedom in Nance Oldfield? The delicate, yet masterful face, the winsome smile that seems to be a glimpse of her woman's heart and soul—these are the things we love to watch in Miss Terry, the things we rave over and revel in.

—
We have very much of the sheep's inclination to follow the bell. Somebody jumps a log, or ambles over a fence, and directly the whole of us are going through just the same antics. We must read what others are reading, eat what others are eating, wear what fashion orders, and go where, when and how other folks go. We rebel, but most of us get whipped into line and go on screaming like refractory children, just as much afraid of the lash of criticism as the youngsters are of the birchen switch.

Habit of thought, of course, has a good deal to do with our likes and dislikes, but habits of thought, unless

A 1 quality and proven strict, are not commendable. Our thinking apparatus needs a good course of gymnastics to keep its vitality up to the proper mark. Settling into "little ways" of thinking makes us more than disagreeable and pokey; it weakens our ability to see things as other people see them and consequently to see ourselves as they see us. It mayn't be very pleasant to share the eyes of others in this respect, but it's good for us—depend upon it. Most things are that are disagreeable. That's one good way to tell.

—
 What a curious feeling it is that impels us to take our broken china and glassware to be mended, when the cost of repairing it amounts to nearly the cost of new. It is all very well to talk of "broken services." We like the things we have handled or cared for, or that people who were dear to us were fond of. Sometimes we shrink from acknowledging it, even to ourselves, so we make a great deal of the ten or twenty cents we have saved and declare that we rather like rivetted china. Most of us are humbugs in one way or another, but admitting it even to ourselves mitigates the offence: so own up.

The womanly woman is the best type of woman under the sun. She is the woman whose influence makes for good. She may be a "new woman," or a voting woman, or a bicycling woman. She may be beautiful, brilliant, witty or wise, but if she be not womanly, she is, in good old scriptural phrase, "but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." To be at her best she must be thoroughly womanly. If womanliness will go hand in hand with her fads, her whims, her ambitions, then they will not hurt. If she loses the woman out of her soul, she has lost her chance to be her best self. The essentially womanly woman is a solace in trouble and a pattern when the skies are fair.

Women are brave sometimes and bravery is good; they are forgiving and forgiveness is well: they are patient and patience is to be desired.

Much is said of women nowadays. They are urged to be this, become that and strive for the other till it seems they are driven to be everything except women. Presently we shall find that the frailer sex is beside itself, and, not content with its own good heritage, is making itself over into an imitation of man.

GABLE ENDS.

CANADA AND YACHT-RACING.

(From the *Toronto Globe*.)

Canada's efforts to win the American Cup are interesting, as they marked the close of the earlier period, when there were real yachtsmen, who were in the sport for its own sake rather than for attendant social prestige.

* * * * *

Evidently Canada is now out of the race, but she can look back, not without a feeling of amusement, on the time when different conditions obtained. This time was coming to a close when in 1876 the Countess of Dufferin, built at Cobourg by Captain Cuthbert, and sailed by him in the race with the *Madeline*, was a com-

petitor. The American yachtsmen, who were by no means limited in the matter of expenditure on finish and rig, had unlimited fun over the Canadian craft. The Countess was described as having a nutmeg-grater finish. When the *Atalanta*, the second and last Canadian competitor, was in the slip at New York, a facetious critic thought that if she could sail, it was not worth while taking the bark off the planks in future. It was freely asserted that there were numerous fishing boats along the coast fit to meet and defeat the Countess of Dufferin in any weather. But although the Canadian yacht afforded no end of fun in the matter of exhibition in the slip, her critics grew most decidedly serious over the race. The *Madeline* was

incomparably superior in the finish of her hull. Her rigging and sails were also fitted out with greater generosity. But against these advantages was that skill born of real enthusiasm which so often gives the long string of fish to the boy with a primitive outfit of tackle. The Canadian yacht was confessedly better sailed, and her canvas was better handled. Both were schooner-rigged, shallow-draught, centre-board yachts; the Countess of Dufferin measuring 91 feet 6 inches by 23 feet 6 inches, and the Madeline sufficiently larger to make a time allowance of about one minute. Over the course of the New York Yacht Club the Countess of Dufferin was beaten 9 minutes 58 seconds in a race which was sailed in 5 hours 25 minutes. This was Canada's best attempt for the cup, and, considering the time in which the race was sailed, it was about as good an attempt as has yet been made to take the trophy from the United States. The second on the following day, 20 miles to windward off Sandy Hook Lightship and return, had a similar result. The official time shows the Canadian yacht more effectually defeated, but the wind died down after the winner crossed the line.

Canada's second attempt was made in 1881, when the evolution of yachting had put the prize virtually beyond her reach. Disregard of cost had led to the adoption of many improvements in construction out of the reach of old-time yachtsmen. The broad, shallow centre-board yacht had not been improved on, but the days of cheap and primitive construction were past. The Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, with headquarters at Belleville, had scored many victories in Toronto and elsewhere along the lakes, and were determined to attempt the capture of greater honors. The *Atalanta* was built at Belleville, Captain Cuthbert being again the designer and sailing master of the challenging yacht. She was a single-master, 62 feet 10 inches long on waterline, 19 feet beam, and 5 feet 6 inches draught, without the centre-board. Although the Americans had been making many improvements, the second Canadian challenger was even more primitive than the first. She was ballasted with iron ore, which may have given encouragement to a national industry, but was not

conducive to national honors in sport. There was no lack of local hope and enthusiasm as the iron ore was thrown into her at the Belleville docks, the sailing-master and bystanders readily lending a hand. With such ballast, rough planking, canvas new and unstretched, and rigging generally primitive, she entered against the *Mischief*, the fastest American sloop selected after many trial races.

* * * * *

The races were sailed in November, 1881, the *Mischief* winning by 21 and 38 minutes.

* * * * *

We put up a good race in the days when success was possible, and must rest content with the satisfaction of effort.

MARRIED TO HIS FLUTE.

Charles Dickens, of pleasant memory, presented to the world through his books, many old and curious places of trade and commerce that existed on streets and squares hardly known to the general public in that great world, the City of London. He told of old business houses, having connections in every part of the commercial world, of shippers, bankers, brokers, and general traders—where it were possible to purchase any and every article produced or manufactured, and to charter ships for any port in Asia, Africa, America and Australia. Such vast business houses required many clerks and amongst these could be observed many that had grown grey in the service, having sat on the same stool in the same little den for over half a century.

In 1890, the *Lake Huron* had amongst her passengers leaving Liverpool for Montreal, one of those old clerks. He was a thin, frail old man, over 70 years of age; yet very sprightly. He was making this voyage with the hope that the benefit he would derive from it, would enable him to return to his desk with renewed health.

He was my room-mate, and our long conversations day by day, as our good ship forged her way west, became very interesting. He told me he had gone as a youth into the house of — 53 years before, and with the exception of two weeks' holidays every summer, he had never been absent from his desk during all those years.

He was a bachelor, and his little home was managed by a maiden sister, two

years younger than himself. Although they were within the sound of Bow Bells year after year, he confessed that his life though uneventful, had been a happy one. He prided himself on the accuracy and cleanliness of his books, and smiled with delight as he told me that in his early years at the office he had charge of the petty cash book, and, that when he was raised to a higher position, the head of the firm presented him with a watch (taking it out of his pocket and caressing it), telling him that his books showed a correct balance on the evening of every day of the three years that he had held that position.

"Did you never find your work monotonous all those years?" I asked.

"No," said he, "It was my living. I knew my duties and performed them," "And," added he, "Work, well and carefully done, brings its own reward."

On the third day of our voyage, I was reading in our state-room, when the old clerk came in and sat down on the sofa beside me. He appeared restless as if he was anxious to speak, so I put my book down and turned to him.

"Many people on deck?" I asked.

"Yes, nearly all of our passengers."

"How is the weather?"

"Warm, with a rather stiff breeze."

"What are the people doing?"

"Some reading, some playing quaits, and others shuffle board."

"Why don't you join in?"

"I am not quite sure of my limbs, and, indeed, I think sometimes I have sat so much on a wooden stool and neglected exercise, that my limbs are not as strong and as robust as they should be.

"But, Sir," said he, "I have a favor to ask of you. Would you have any objections to my playing my dear old flute two hours a day in our room, one hour in the morning and another hour in the evening?"

"Certainly not," said I, "play as long as you like and I shall enjoy your music."

"Will you, really," said he, grasping my hand impulsively with a smile.

"Yes," I answered, "give me a tune now."

He at once clambered up to his berth and took down a well worn leather case, from which he extracted a quaint silver mounted flute in three pieces. He screwed them together with a touch as soft as that

of a woman's hand caressing her babe, and commenced to play. The tune was "Then you'll remember me."

I have heard music in many lands and on many instruments, but this old clerk was a master. Our confined cabin appeared to be floating on music, and, when he played the softer notes, the waves could be heard as they swished against the ship's side.

What a change came over the old man as he warmed to his work. His face became brighter and the wrinkles disappeared as he turned from one piece of music to another. "Annie Laurie" seemed a favorite of his, and one day I ventured to say: 'Mr. Garton, you put so much poetry and love in your rendering of 'Annie Laurie' that I can hardly understand your living a single life.'

"Mr. Frankland," said he, as he pressed the flute to his breast and a saddened expression came over his face, "it is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all. I have loved. But she died, and after that the memory of her bright young life and this my flute have been my only solace. And so they will continue—until I meet her again."

From that day to the end of our voyage, he drew sweet music from his flute for two hours each day—no more. And the dear old man was happy.

As we approached Montreal he called me to his room, and after giving me an old book descriptive of London, he said: "I wish to thank you for your companionship and also for your kindness in regard to my flute. I dearly love that old instrument. *She*, when living, used to brighten the silver keys, and make the wood shine clear. She was content to sit beside me and listen and approve. She has gone over to the other side, and for forty-seven years I have been alone with my flute and the softened memories of her presence. My sister makes a comfortable home for us and so we shall live our appointed time. You and I may never meet on earth again, but in the short future that remains to me you will often come in spirit to my own fireside and have part in my music."

We shook hands with emotion, and after asking him to play "Should old acquaintance be forgot," we parted.

G. F. FRANKLAND.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

BRIGHT SKETCHES.

BESIDES being interested in, Canadians will be proud of, Edward William Thomson's collection of tales, entitled "Old Man Savarin" (Wm. Briggs, Toronto). Most of these stories have been published in leading United States periodicals, but that detracts nothing from their value to those who have not seen them. The first story is thoroughly Canadian in spirit, being a character sketch of French-Canadian life. The description of the fight between Laroque and Sequin is one of the most humorous pieces of writing that it has ever been my pleasure to read. I would like to reproduce it in these columns, but space is limited. Perhaps I may have opportunity later. The French-Canadians use broken English, and our author has reproduced it perfectly, showing him to be a master of dialect. "The Red headed Windigo," is another national tale, dealing with one of the *Canadian* superstitions. But after all, the two stories which stirred me most were "The Waterloo Veteran," and "John Bedell, the U. E. Loyalist." As I read them I forgot that I was supposed to be a critic, and I remembered only that I was a Britisher and a Canadian. My blood coursed more swiftly through my veins and when I had finished I was a better citizen than ever. If Canadians only knew more of both British and Canadian history, the patriotic fire would be all-consuming and all-powerful.

Of this book the *Critic* says: "Latest among the school of the new short story writers—distinguished chiefly by indifference to the sexual-love *motif*—comes a bright Canadian, Mr. E. W. Thomson, another member of that band of provincial writers whose clever work is produced in the Dominion and published in the States. "Old Man Savarin, and Other Stories" contains fourteen tales, only one of which, "John Bedell, U. E. Loyalist," so much as recognizes the existence of the once omnipotent Cupid. Yet even the most sentimental maiden will not toss this book aside for lack of vital interest. It is intensely human, vividly true to life. The tales are kaleidoscopic—bright bits of human experience, each rapidly succeeding another, hardly any two alike, yet all blending in a harmonious impression."

A NEW EDITION.

Born of British parents, in the city of Constantinople, James Morier, was dedicated by his father, a British Consul, to Britain's diplomatic service. He made a name for

himself as one of the principals in the negotiating of the Anglo-Persian treaties of the early part of the century. In 1824, he published a satire, "Hajji Baba," which has been favorably compared with "Gil Blas," and which immediately found public favor. That it has retained, it is shown by the fact that a new edition, with illustrations by H. R. Millar, and an introduction by Hon. George Curzon M. P., has been brought out by Macmillans (Copp Clark Co., Toronto). As Mr. Curzon says: "Hajji Baba" is a Persian of the Persians, typical not merely of the life and surroundings, but of the character and instincts and manner of thought of his countrymen, and yet it is from his lips that flows the delightful stream of naive confession and mordant sarcasm that never seems either ill-natured or artificial, that lashes without vindictiveness, and exoriates without malice." "He delights in stripping bare the sham piety of the austere Moham-medan, the gullibility of the pilgrims to the sacred shrines, the sanctimonious humbug of the lantern-jawed devotees of Kum." Much of history and of local customs can be gleaned from this book on Persian life.

CURRENT HISTORY.

No 2 of Vol. 5 of "Current History," a quarterly magazine published by Garretson, Cox & Co., Buffalo, N. Y., is to hand. The politician and the citizen—they are distinguishable—will each find in this a most useful record of current events. These are in a volume preservable and readable. Each one is a book of reference for the period it covers. Canadian current history is recorded with that of other countries of greater and of less importance. The Manitoba School Question, the Budget and the Prohibition Commission's report are the chief topics dealt with. The Newfoundland Conference takes up five pages of the number. Those interested in British and United States politics will find all the leading questions fully, impartially and historically discussed. It is well illustrated and printed on moderately good paper.

POCKET NOVELS.

Macmillan & Co. continue to bring out new titles in their series of pocket novels monthly. "Alton Locke" is to hand, and those who love Charles Kingsley because he was the fearless champion of the laboring classes in their hour of need, as well as those who love him for his noble and vigorous writing, may here, "buy him at one-and six." My favorite chapter in this book is that on "Miracles and

Science." As a piece of reasoning it seems to me to be superb. As a scholarly upholding of my early prejudices, it has always been most pleasing.

ORMOND.

This same firm are continuing their series of Illustrated Standard Novels, which I praised last month. The volume before me is Maria Edgeworth's "Ormond." This Irish Tale was written early in the century, but its character, delineations and descriptions have seldom been equalled. Perhaps Mr. Edgeworth's careful editing had much to do with the polish and delicate finish of the work. But his daughter's plot-weaving, conversation-constructing, and warmth of Irish feeling are quite apparent. (The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.)

THE NEW AFRICA.

During the past ten years the continent of Africa has been almost transformed by the triumphant march of the civilizing Caucasian. Will Africa ever be entirely populated by the white men? What is the future of the African native races? These are questions of great moment. An American negro, C. S. Smith, has attempted to furnish some data for an answer to these problems in a recent book, entitled "Glimpses of Africa." (A. M. E. Church Sunday School Union, Nashville, Tenn.) Mr. Smith became interested, and he went and saw. What he saw, what he learned, and what he now thinks, may be learned from his well-illustrated and carefully-written volume. In the course of his writing, Mr. Smith calls attention to many abuses and improper practices of which the civilized world should at once take notice.

THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF.

Everything that emanates from the brain of Stanley J. Weyman has, when crystallized in print, a commercial value. His newer stories are having an abundance of success, which marks him as a caterer to and creator of the the public taste. Possessed of a deep appreciation of the interest of history, Weyman has brought the romantic side of past centuries to the public view, with an artist's taste and a scholar's skill. "The House of the Wolf" is an exceedingly interesting story, the plot being laid in France, and the time being the summer of 1572, just after the great peace between the Catholics and the Huguenots had been declared. "The Wolf," a nobleman by the name of Vidame de Bezers, is a wonderful specimen of the free lance of the day. This book has just been received in Longman's Colonial Library. (Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.)

NEW BRUNSWICK WRITERS.

Among New Brunswick writers are enrolled some prominent names, and the stories

of their lives and sketches of their work make interesting reading. In "New Brunswick Bibliography; the Books and Writers of the Province," the author has brought together over 500 authors, and the titles of over 1,100 books. There is something there to interest every one, for all will find relatives and friends among those spoken of. Among those who are dealt with at considerable length in the book are the author of Henry More Smith, the late Lieut.-Governor Boyd; Bliss Carman, Prof. DeMill, W. P. Dole, May Agnes Fleming, the Canadian Oliver Goldsmith, Prof. Hartt, Tom Hill, James Hogg, Bishop Medley; the author of the Canadian National Anthem; Hon. John O'Dell, the poet of the revolution; M. H. Perley, Prof. Roberts, Robert Sears; the first King's Printer; Geo. N. Smith, H. L. Spencer, Dr. Geo. Stewart; the father of Sir Charles Tupper; and Hon. C. W. Upham, the historian of "Salem Witchcraft." The edition is small, and the price, in paper binding, has been placed at 50 cents. Copies can be obtained from the author, W. G. MacFarlane, Princess Street, St. John.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

In Juvenile Literature, Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co., will issue in time for the holiday season a new boys' book, "Vivian Vansittart, R.N.," by Arthur Lee Knight, author of "The Cruise of the Theseus," "Ronald Halifax," etc. Also a new edition of "Old, Old Fairy Tales," with colored and plain illustrations: "The One-eyed Griffin," a new collection of Fairy Tales, by H. E. Inman; "On the Shelf," by F. S. Naylor Gobel, with illustrations. They also announce a choice collection of Nursery Literature and Toy Books; among the latter they have acquired the rights to and will issue new editions and styles of the famous Randolph Caldecott Picture Books; also a novelty for the nursery, a "Stand-up Object A B C," printed on movable cardboard shapes, and some new Children's Painting Books.

A LIFE OF GLADSTONE.

The announcement is made that on October 1st a most important book will be published by the Bradley-Garretson Company, of Brantford. It is a work which every lover of British institutions and development; every one who desires to be acquainted with the history of the present century; every one who admires the "Grand Old Man," or his great historic opponent, Beaconsfield, will want to read. In this large volume, Mr. J. Castell Hopkins presents the "Life and Work of Mr. Gladstone," in a vivid and most elaborate manner. Its 500 pages are filled with history, anecdote and correspondence, and cover the political, literary, diplomatic, ecclesiastical controversies of the present age.

The Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, in his Preface declares that "Those who read the story of his (Mr. Gladstone's) life, so admirably set forth in the pages that follow, will have read a period of English history of transcendent interest to Canadians as well as to the Empire." The concluding chapters of the book will review the modern history of the House of Lords, and the Established Church, together with Mr. Gladstone's relationship to those institutions, and will trace the development of the Colonies in the same connection, the positions of the Monarchy, and the late Premier's relations with the Queen. A separate chapter is also devoted to his relations with Canada and Canadians.

REPORT OF BUREAU OF MINES.

Those interested in mining and mineral wealth, either from an economic or a financial standpoint, will be interested in the new volume just published by the Ontario Government. The wall maps which accompany it show a deliberate enterprise which augurs well for the safe-guarding of the country's interests in her undeveloped or partially developed territory, as well as a laudable anxiety to make the geology and the mineral wealth of Ontario generally known and properly appreciated. The report is composed of two parts, Mr. Blue's Report of the Bureau addressed to Honorable Arthur S. Hardy, Commissioner of Crown Lands, and the report of the Inspector of Mines, Mr. Slaght, addressed to the Director of the Bureau. Both contain a fund of detailed information which is very valuable.

COLONIAL LIBRARIES.

James Bain & Son, the King street booksellers, are making a specialty of cheap editions of the popular novels of the day. These are to be found in the popular "Colonial Libraries" of Messrs. Macmillan, Longmans, Methuen, Low, and other leading English publishers, and are printed for circulation exclusively in India and the Colonies. The works of such men as Stanley J. Weyman, A. Conan Doyle, Rolf Boldrewood, F. Marion Crawford, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, S. R. Crockett, Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, G. Du Maurier, and other favorite writers are printed in these series. Canadian book-lovers, therefore, enjoy peculiar advantages in being able to purchase the cheap foreign reprints of both the English and American copyright works.

Messrs. Bain & Son import the above "Colonials" in large numbers, and certainly deserve much credit in striving to elevate the standard of reading in pushing these choice editions of choice books instead of many of the cheaper lines, mainly trash, now offered for sale at many of the departmental stores. Messrs. Bain have issued a catalogue of

them and make a specialty of attending to orders for these works.

CONFEDERATION DOCUMENTS.

Confederation, consummated in 1867, was the real starting point of Canadian history—up to that point of time, British North America was like the unconnected squares of a patchwork quilt. The proceedings, debates, etc., of those bodies which had to do with the making of that great change are intensely valuable. They show, as nothing else can show, at what the framers of Canada's Constitution aimed. Many of these proceedings, papers, despatches, debates, etc., had never been published, and the public felt their need. Joseph Pope, editor of "Memoirs of Sir John A. Macdonald," has put many of them into print in a new book entitled: "Confederation Documents," now published by the Carswell Co., Toronto. To the student of the Canadian Constitution these have an uncommon value, and their publication will do much to arouse a fresh interest in the proceedings of those memorable years in which "The Fathers of Confederation" were making history—perhaps more than they knew. The minutes of the proceedings of the Quebec Conference of 1764, the Quebec Resolutions, the minutes of the London Conference, and the various drafts of the B. N. A. Act, are some of the leading features of their exceedingly valuable, timely and scholarly work.

PRAIRIE POT POURRI."

"Pot-pouri" is very well for a newspaper heading, but as a book title it is out of place. A book should not be so lacking in dignified character as to require such a title. Yet a bright Canadian amateur writer has published, at Regina, N.W.T., a volume of the name of "Prairie Pot-Pourri." While we congratulate "Mary Markwell" on her energy in thus collecting some excellent prose and poetry between one set of covers, we cannot congratulate her on her taste.

But as to the literary value of the contents, nothing but praise can be said. That song of the soil, "Rough Ben," has touched the heart of many a reader of the "Songs of the Great Dominion." "Slumberland Shadows" is a beautiful little Christmas drama for wee ones. "The Light of Other Days" is the longest tale in the book, and deals with the events of the "Rebellion and afterwards."

AUTONYM LIBRARY.

T. Fisher Unwin, the English publisher, has inaugurated some rather stylish books and a few taking series. His "Autonym Library" has been a moderate success. It opened with "The Upper Berth," a ghost story by Marion Crawford. "Mad Sir

Uchtred of the Hills," by Crockett, was also popular. Number nine in the series is "The Spectre of Strathannan," by W. E. Morris, a name well-known to Canadian readers of fiction. This story originally appeared in Unwin's Annual, yet is worthy of its new form.

OUR BOYS.

"Before He Is Twenty" is the title of a pretty volume for our boys and for our boys' parents. Robert J. Burdette writes on "The Father and His Boy"; Frances Hodgson Burnett on "When He Decides"; "The Boy In the Office" is admirably treated by Edward W. Bok, while Mrs. Burton Harrison and Mrs. Lyman Abbott deal with the lighter phases of the boys' formative period. The boy is the father to the man, hence the boy's education—I do not mean his school training alone—should be broad, full, rational and developing. (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.)

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

Among our younger Canadian poets no name stands higher than that of Arthur J. Stringer, of London, Ont. He has just had published two companion volumes of his verse, and they are, typographically, the prettiest productions that I have seen for a year or more. It is really surprising to see so much taste displayed in the choice of paper, type, title page, and size of page. The little artistic taste which Canadians possess will, perhaps (my experience leads me to put in that word) appreciate this. As to the poems and songs themselves, space is too limited this month to do them justice. Next month these author's editions will have some pages to themselves.

SIR WM. DAWSON'S BOOKS.

Sir Wm. J. Dawson's booklet entitled "The Historical Deluge," is worthy of much attention. As a student of science, he stands almost without a peer in Canada and as a writer is clear and vigorous. In this little work he discusses (1) the account of the flood given in Genesis; (2) the information afforded by secular history and tradition; (3) the testimony of geology and archaeology; (4) the use made of the deluge in the New Testament. This question of the true character of the Noachian deluge has recently been much agitated among archaeologists and geologists, in consequence of the bearing on it of early Assyrian and Chaldean Literature. (25 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co.)

His recent book, "The Meeting-Place of Geology and History," is still selling well. It aims to fix definitely the period when human life began on earth, and attempts to reconcile the Bible and Science. (\$1.25. The Fleming H. Revell Co.)

SHADOWS ON THE STAGE.

The third of Mr. Winter's collections of his theatrical essays (New York, Macmillan & Co.; Toronto, Copp, Clark Co.) is in some respects more interesting than the two volumes which have preceded it, for the reason that it records the critic's prejudices as well as his appreciations. Mr. Winter has been famous as the dramatic critic of the *New York Tribune* for 30 or 40 years. He is the personal friend of most of the great artists of the day, and unlike many writers always hesitates to chasten those whom he loves. Therefore he writes in a vein of undiluted praise whenever he is dealing with Henry Irving, Miss Terry, Richard Mansfield, Augustin Daly, Ada Rehan, or Mary Anderson, and he carries his loyalty so far as to persistently censure any one whose standards he assumes to be opposed to those of his friends. As a critic with limitations, Mr. Winter is a distinguished man; he writes a sweet, though somewhat nerveless style, and his Shakesperian delineations are almost invariably felicitous. He lacks the wit and insight of such British critics as Wm. Archer, or G. Bernard Shaw, and such French ones as Sully and Jules Lemaitre. As a critic of modern drama, he is insignificant, because he keeps up a pose of contempt toward that which is realistic. His dealing with Ibsen is laughable, because Mr. Winter waxes wrathful over a man whom he obviously has never read. The principal value of the volume is the comparison it affords between three modern Hamlets, of Irving, E. S. Willard, and the Italian, Rossi.

POPULAR BOOKS.

Speaking of the popular books in American cities the *New York Bookseller* says that in January and February "Trilby" led all competitors easily, but its mantle has fallen on "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," which, in March, April, May and June, easily maintained its quickly acquired position as the best seller. Next comes Hall Caine's "The Manxman" in point of popularity, its sale being large in every month. "Chimmie Fadden" must take next place, though the large sale in June was of Mr. Townsend's second book. Hope's "The Prisoner of Zenda" Crawford's "The Ralstons," and Kidd's "Social Evolution," had a good sale in every month but February, and "Degeneration" and "Foundations of Belief" have sold well during the three last months reported. The same may be said of "Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica." Mr. Bang's other book, "The Idiot," had its big sales in March, April and May.

"The Princess Aline" was not issued till the middle of March, but it sprang at once into popularity, which has been well sustained.



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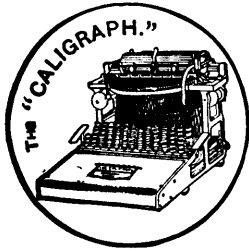
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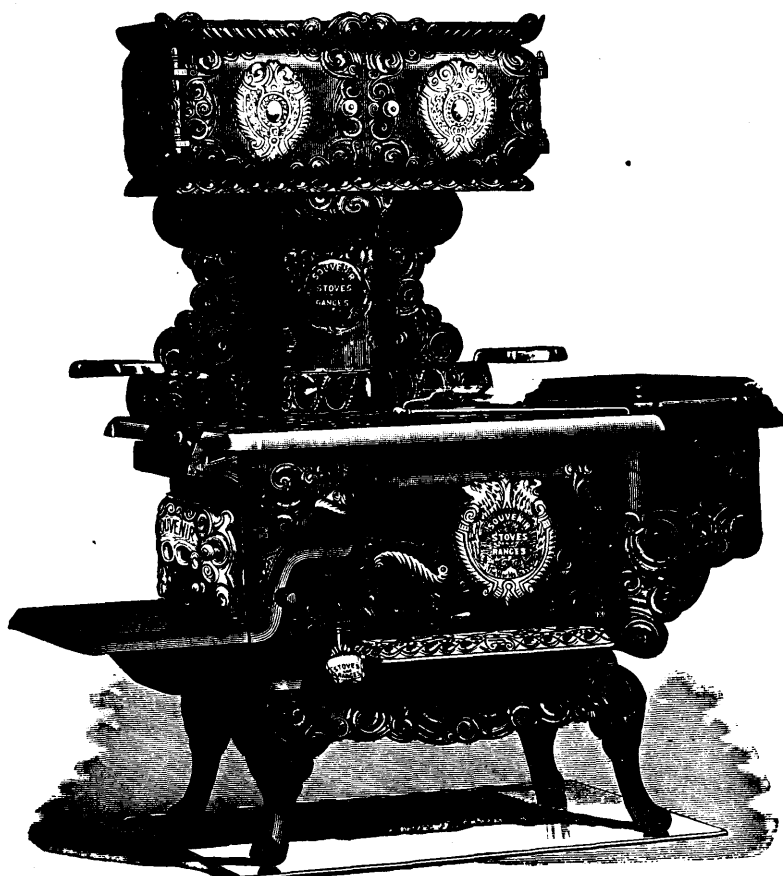
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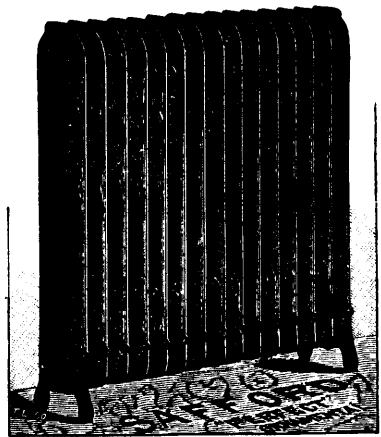
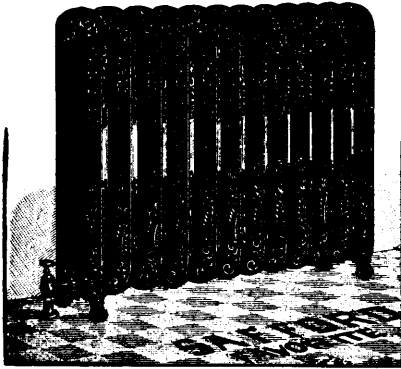
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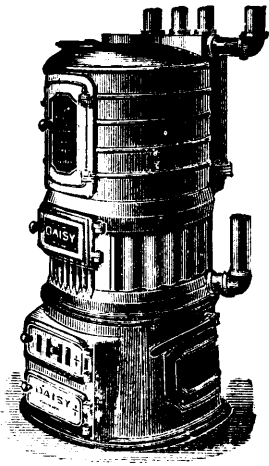
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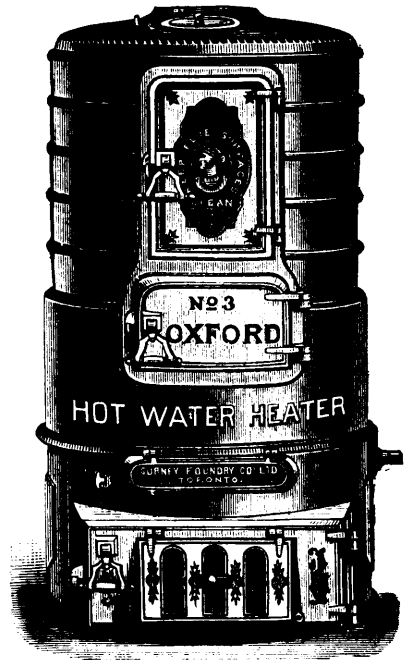
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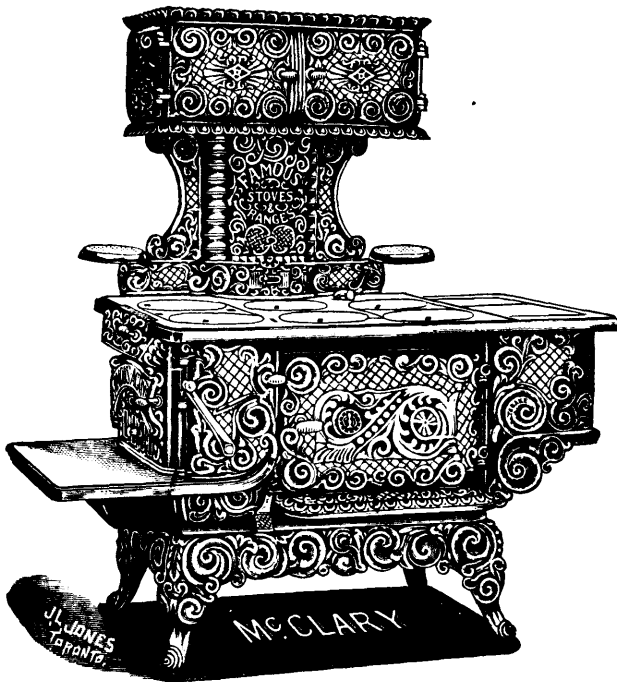
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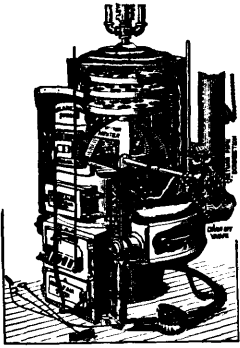
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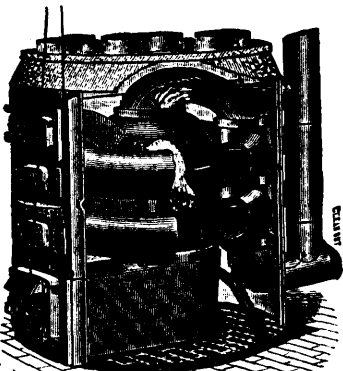
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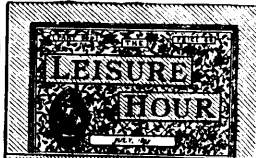
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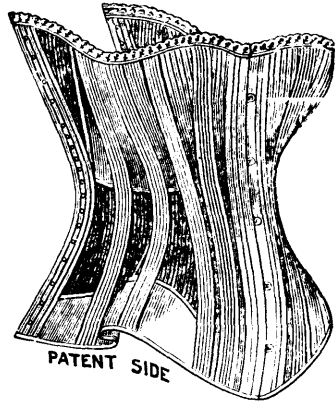
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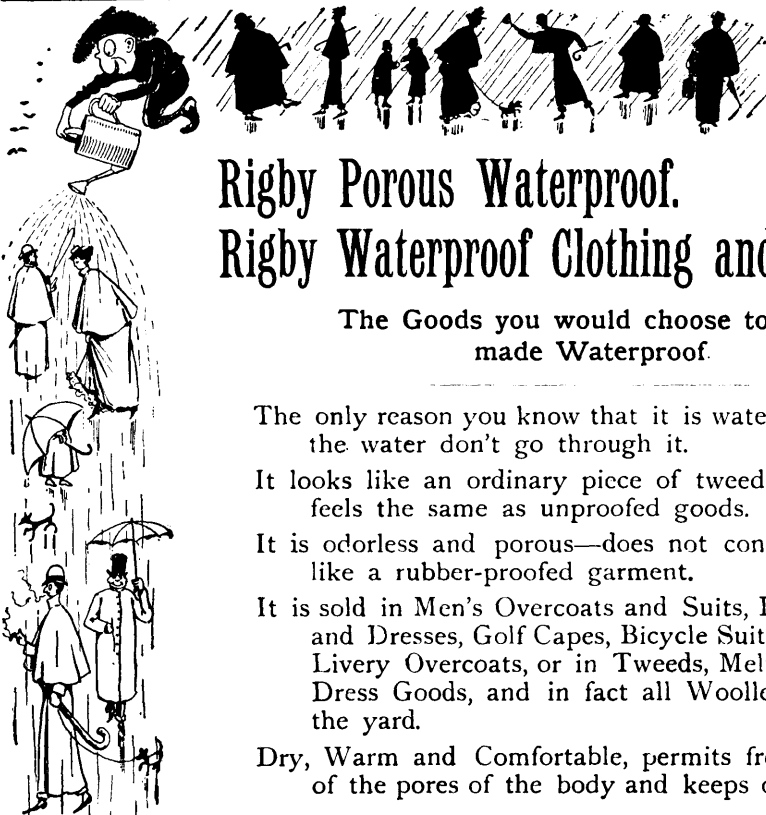


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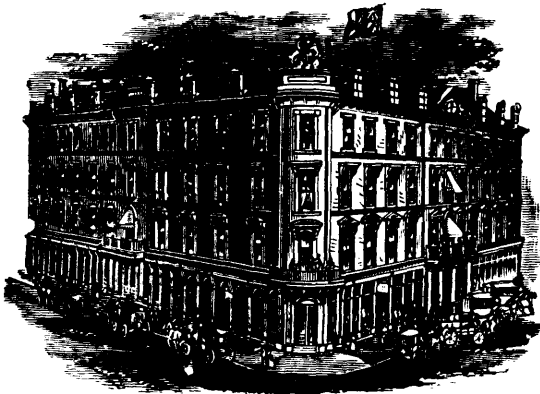
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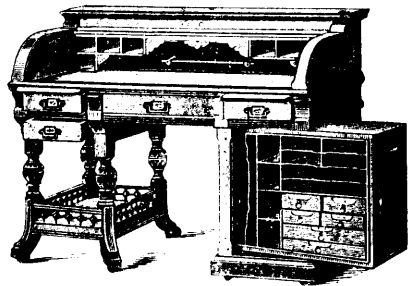
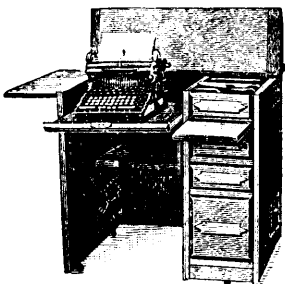
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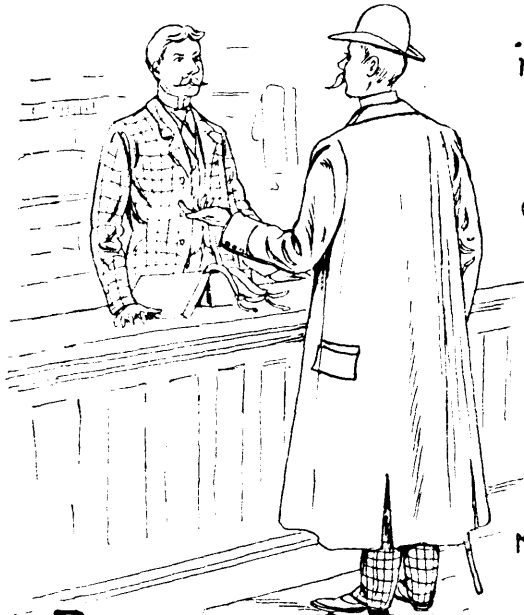
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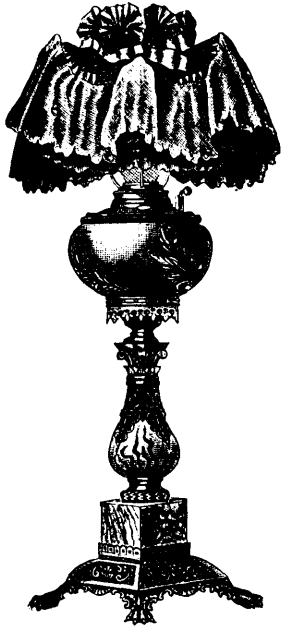
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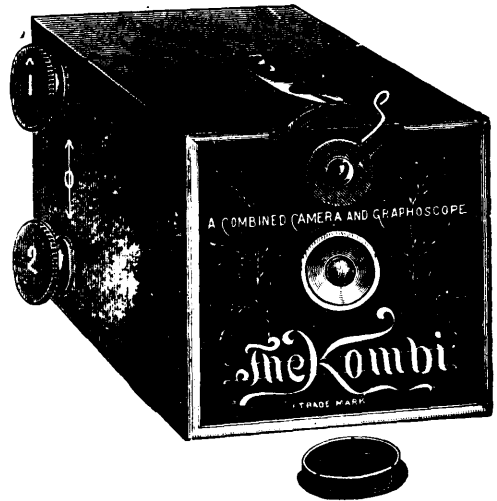
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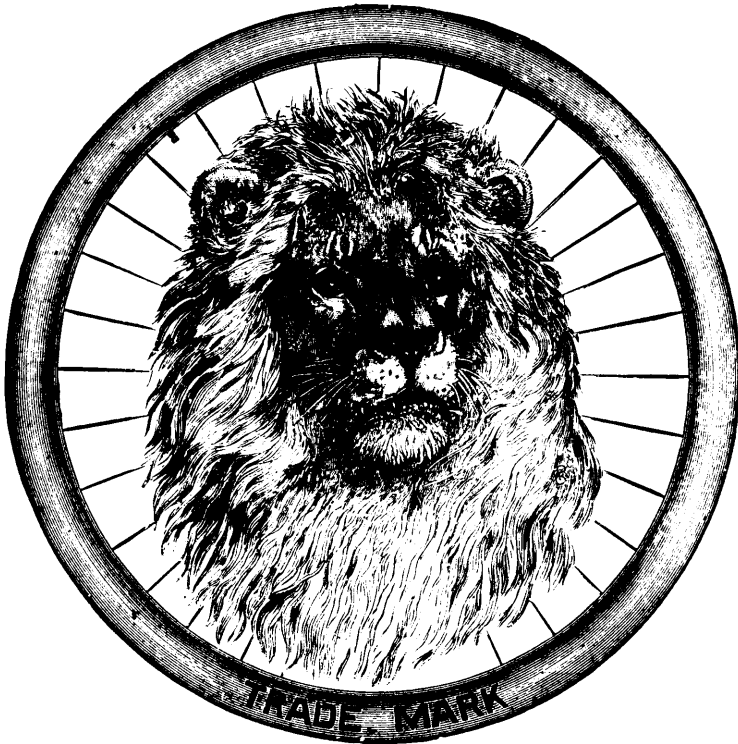
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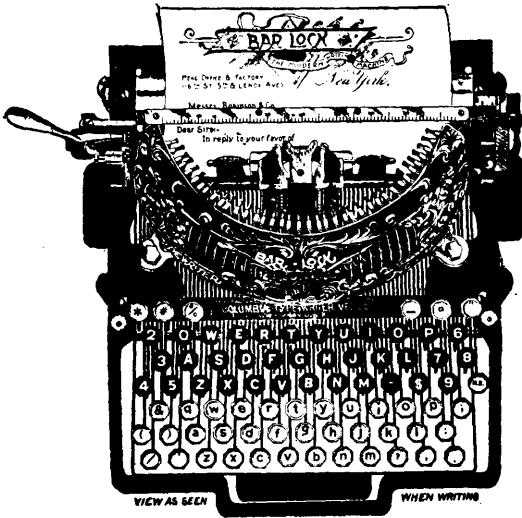
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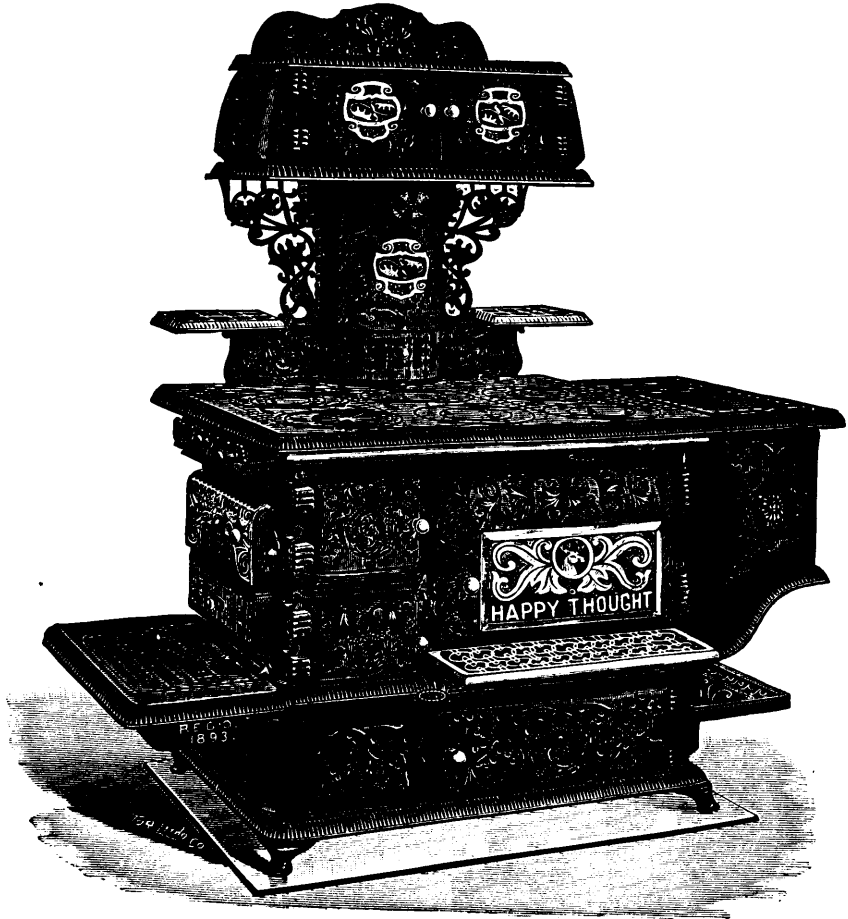
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