

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Pagination is as follows: i-ii, [77]-92, iii-iv p.

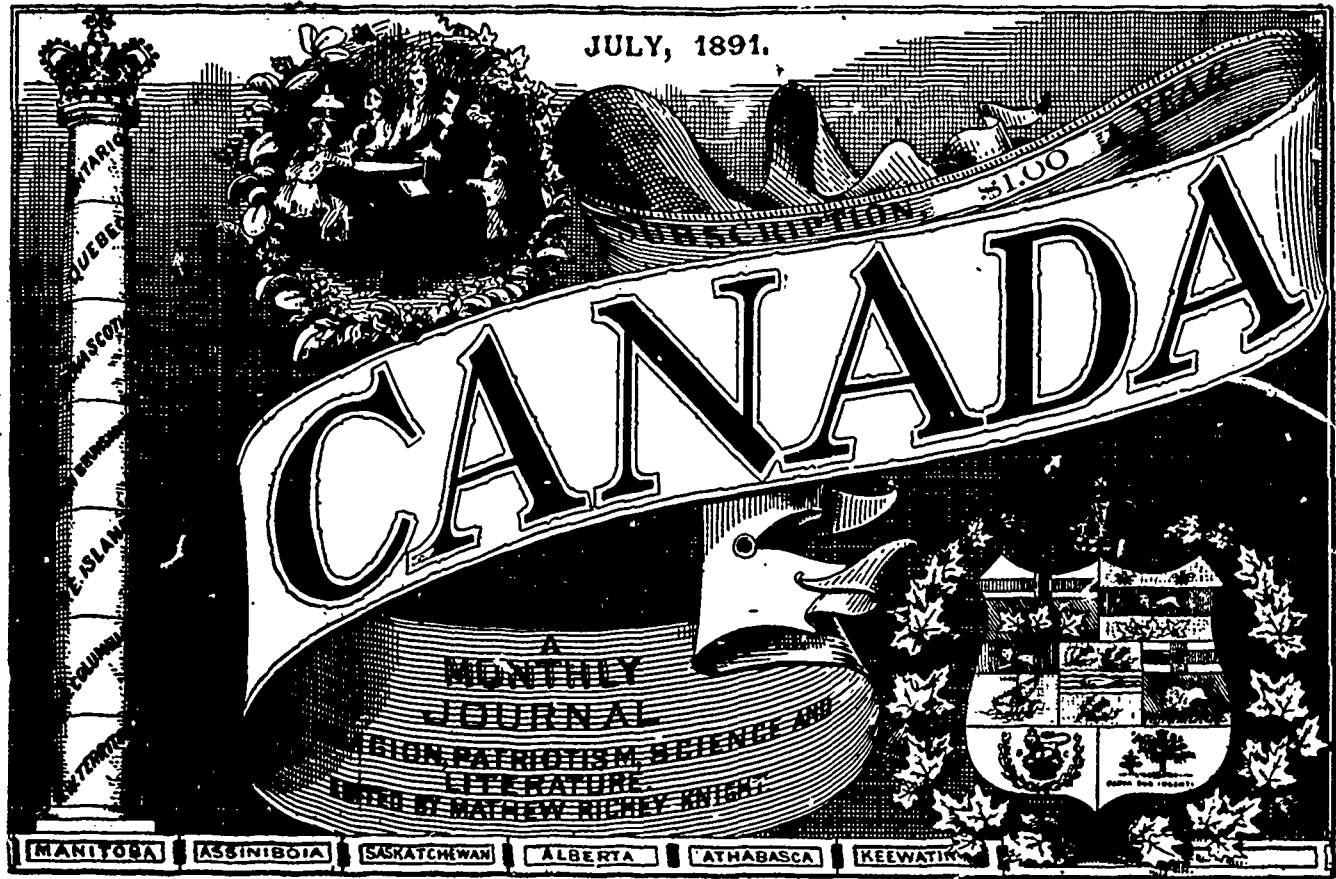
This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
						✓					

From Archives of Nova Scotia
 18 MONTHS FOR \$1.00. THIS OFFER OPEN UNTIL SEPTEMBER 1st.

PRICE - - TEN CENTS.

JULY, 1891.



15/8/91
 F80
 C16c

JOHN LYONS,
 BLACKSMITH,
 STATES THAT
SCOTT'S CURE
 — FOR —
RHEUMATISM

is the best remedy ever discovered for the immediate relief of pain. He suffered so he could not move without groaning, and obtained immediate relief from one bottle.
 CARLETON, June 20, '91.

SCOTT'S CURE is prepared in Canada only by
W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,
 * Chemist and Druggist, *
 KING STREET (WEST), ST. JOHN, N. B.
 For sale by all retail druggists.
 Price 50 cents a Bottle; Six Bottles for \$2.50.

Wholesale by Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons and S. McDiarmid, St. John, N. B.; Messrs. Brown & Webb, Simson Bros. & Co., Forsyth, Sutcliffe & Co., Halifax, N. S.; Messrs. Kerry, Watson & Co., Montreal, P. Q.; T. Milburn & Co., Lyman Bros. & Co., Toronto; London Drug Co., London, Ont.

Why not try an Advertisement in this Magazine?
RATES ON APPLICATION.

The Greatest Modern Household Remedy.
DR. KENDRICK'S

White Liniment.

For all forms of pain this LINIMENT is unequalled. As well as for all Swellings, Lameness, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Mumps, Headache, Stiff Joints, &c.
 FOR MAN AND BEAST.
Emollient & Counter Irritant.
 SOLD AT ALL STORES.
PRICE, - 25 CENTS.

H. PAXTON BAIRD,
 * Proprietor, *
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

\$1000.00 REWARD.
 One thousand dollars will be given to any person who will show by analysis that SMITH'S CHAMOMILE PILLS contain any calomel or poisonous mineral. They are purely vegetable, and cannot harm the most delicate child. They are the most effectual remedy known for Headache, Backache, Stomachache, and all other kinds of aches or pains that arise from a disordered condition of the stomach. Smith's Chamomile Pills will cure all bad taste in the mouth. Smith's Chamomile Pills are the best thing known for a heavy cold. Smith's Chamomile Pills will cure dyspepsia if used according to directions.

SMITH'S CHAMOMILE PILLS
 Are only prepared by
FRANK SMITH, Druggist,
 ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Price 25 cents, 5 boxes for \$1.00. If not kept by local dealers a box will be sent by mail on receipt of price.

PLANTS
 —AND—
CUT FLOWERS,
 Suitable for all Occasions,
 — AT —

NOVA SCOTIA NURSERY,
 (Late JOHN MACDONALD'S.)
 Lockman St., Halifax.

NOVA SCOTIA PRINTING COMPANY, HALIFAX.

THE TORONTO NEWS CO., Wholesale Agents for Ontario, Quebec, and the North West.
KNIGHT & CO., Halifax, Wholesale Agents for the Maritime Provinces.

Health without Medicine.

IT may not be according to professional etiquette, to say to a sick man, if the treatment I shall give you does not prove beneficial and satisfactory, you shall pay nothing for it, but it would save the unfortunate sick people a large amount of money. Rev. Dr. A. Wilfred Hall, of New York, has made a most valuable Hygienic discovery. His method of treating disease *without* medicine has had a wonderful success.

Very bad cases of kidney complaint have been cured, and hundreds of sick people have been saved from the suffering caused by sick headache, dyspepsia, dysentery, rheumatism and other ailments. The treatment is so simple and easy to practice, that any person can use it at home with safety and comfort. Full particulars, terms, &c., had by addressing

S. J. PARSONS,
BENTON, N. B.

SUBSCRIBE FOR "CANADA".

The Land We Live In.

AN illustrated 24-page Monthly Magazine, devoted to original Hunting, Fishing and Descriptive articles. Its contributors number some of the leading writers of this continent, and it has a general circulation throughout Canada and the United States. Subscription \$1.00 per year. Advertisements in our columns reach a class of readers from whom substantial returns may be confidently anticipated. Send for sample copy and see our liberal inducements to new subscribers.

D. THOMAS & CO.,
SHERBROOKE, QUE

♣ Clubbed with "CANADA" for \$1.00, to new subscribers only.

LABOR

☞ Ruled, Printed and Indexed Records, ARRANGED TO SAVE TIME. Used by Advertisers, Book and Newspaper Publishers, Engineers and others to enter contracts quickly for instant reference.

SAVING

RECORDS

♣ ADDRESS:—

HOWARD CHALLEN,

10 SPRUCE ST., - NEW YORK.

STORIES OF NEW FRANCE - \$1.50
CANADA, one year - 1.00
Both - 1.75

"SCOTS WHA HAE!"

The only Scotch Paper in Canada.

The Scottish Canadian.

16 pages weekly \$1.50 per annum.
2 subscribers, each 1.25 "
5 subscribers, each 1.00 "

Let every loyal Scotchman get up a club in his neighbourhood.

"Brethers, this is yer ain Scottish Canadian paper, an' dinna ye forget it?"

Send your subscription to

IMRIE & GRAHAM,

26 & 28 Colborne Street,
TORONTO, ONT.



THOUSANDS

Of bottles of DYSPEPTICURE have been sold during the past few years without any advertising whatever. It easily overcomes indigestion, and POSITIVELY CURES the worst cases of Chronic Dyspepsia; this quality of curing the disease explains its large and spreading sale without having been brought prominently before the public.

THE PAMPHLET

(Copyrighted.)

on DYSPEPTICURE gives the results of many years study on Diet and the Diseases of Digestion. All interested in these subjects, Chronic Dyspeptics especially, should read this little book; it is wrapped about each bottle of the remedy, or will be promptly mailed free to any address.

DYSPEPTICURE

Is sold by all Druggists—Sample Size 35 cts.; Large Bottles \$1.00. Those who cannot get it easily will receive a large bottle by mail, all expenses prepaid, on sending \$1.00 by registered letter or P. O. Order to the maker, Charles E. Shurt, Pharmacist, St. John, N. B.

P. S.—DYSPEPTICURE is being daily sent with safety to the remotest parts of Canada and the United States in a special mailing package.

THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C., Editor.

CANADA'S

Illustrated Monthly.

102 pp. per month, of live, original and selected reading.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES, NOTES OF TRAVEL, POPULAR SCIENCE.

Reviews of High Class Literature.

Serial Stories by Popular Authors, &c., &c.
Send for Illustrated Prospectus for 1891.

ADDRESS—

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

PUBLISHER,

29-31 Richmond St. West, Toronto.

TEN YEARS OF UPPER CANADA

IN PEACE AND WAR,

(1805-1815.)

Being the Ridout Letters, with Annotations

By MATILDA EDGAR,

Demy 8vo, 396 pp. Price, postpaid, \$2.00.

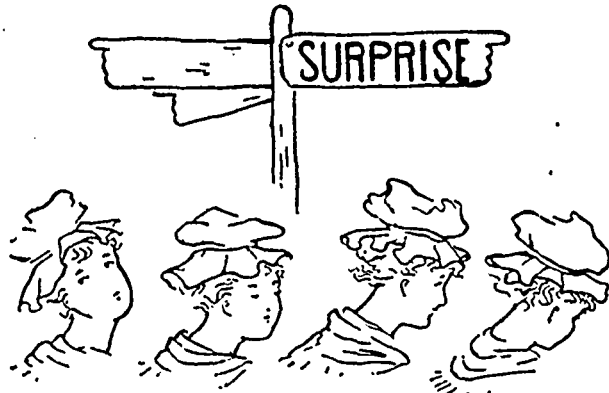
"This book will be read with the greatest pleasure by all Canadians, and by a great many people who are not Canadians. From the papers of the Ridout family, Mrs. Edgar has obtained the material for one of the most interesting works of Canadian history which it has been our good fortune to read. It treats directly of a few eventful years only, but indirectly it covers by its references and explanations that elastic period of time which laps two generations of men. Necessarily there is much original matter in the volume, but it is all essential to a proper understanding of the time, and is remarkably well done. Mrs. Edgar has so arranged her story and the methods of telling it, that the difficulty is to lay the book down. In the chapters which precede the outbreak of the war are found pictures of the times, painted with all the ease and fidelity which familiar correspondence permits, and are little less interesting than the narrative of more exciting national occurrences. Were Thackeray alive and in search of a subject for a companion novel to his Virginians, he could hardly find equal material for subject and matter than he would discover in Mrs. Edgar's volume. The letters of Mr. T. G. Ridout are literary accomplishments in themselves, and Mrs. Edgar's compilation of these and other documents, with her own contributions, have resulted in a most valuable addition to the library of Canada. The book will be read a first time for its romance, and be constantly referred to for its accurate and valuable information."—*Montreal Herald*, Dec. 30th, 1890.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Wesley Buildings, Toronto, Ont.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL, QUE.

S.-F. HUESTIS, HALIFAX, N. S.



THIS WAY for saving white linens & cottons without that hard wearing out toil of wash day. **"THE SURPRISE WAY"** of using **SURPRISE SOAP**, does

the wash without boiling or scalding and does it thoroughly, making them clean and sweet. Once started in the **SURPRISE WAY** you will never stop, it is so easy. You save half the hard work. You save your hands, your clothes, your money.

Your Grocer Keeps it. READ the Directions on the Wrapper.

The Cosmopolitan	\$2 40	The Weekly Empire	\$1 00
CANADA	1 00	CANADA	1 00
We furnish both for	2 40	We furnish both for	1 50
The Scottish Canadian	\$1 50	The Family Herald and Weekly Star	\$1 60
CANADA	1 00	CANADA	1 00
We furnish both for	1 50	We furnish both for	1 50
The Land We Live In	\$1 00	The Methodist Magazine	\$2 00
CANADA	1 00	CANADA	1 00
We furnish both for	1 00	We furnish both for	2 50
The Youth's Companion	\$1 75	Grip	\$2 00
CANADA	1 00	CANADA	1 00
We furnish both for	2 00	We furnish both for	2 50

The above four offers are open only to new subscribers for both publications.

The above four offers are open to old subscribers for either publications, as well as new ones.

STOP BREAKING YOUR FINGER NAILS.

Why didn't Somebody think of this before?
Opens by simply pushing a Knob. Simply Practical, Durable and Handsome. We make high grade knives only. Every Blade warranted. Hand Forged, of the very finest Sheffield Blade Steel. Can be opened (when you know how) without using finger nails, with gloves on, and without looking for the nicks in blades.



Price, with German Silver Oxidized Handle Embossed, same pattern as cut shown, prepaid on receipt of \$1.00.

NORTH-WESTERN SPECIALTY CO.,
Omaha, Neb., U. S. A.



HALF A MILLION IN DAILY USE.

Press the Button, It opens and Lights.

THE MAGIC
SELF-LIGHTING
POCKET LAMP.

The Magic Pocket Lamp is exactly what its name indicates—**a perfect and complete little lamp**—enclosed in a nice

compact nickel case, which can be carried in any gentleman's vest pocket. It is smaller in size than the ordinary pocket match-safe.

As a **Cigar lighter** it is perfection. But the Lamp is more than this; it can be used to light other lamps, or the gas, or to carry about when a light is quickly, but only for the time, wanted; to use in retiring at night, or getting up temporarily.

Price for Lamp and Outfit, viz.:

1 Magic Pocket Lamp.	} \$1.00.
1 Flask Special Odorless Oil.	
1000 Extra Ignition Lights.	
1 Little Tube Feed for properly filling Lamp.	
Sample Half Dozen	\$3 50
In lots of not less than one dozen	0 50

AGENTS WANTED.

NORTH-WESTERN SPECIALTY CO.,
Omaha, Neb., U. S. A.

POEMS OF TEN YEARS.

BY MATTHEW RIGHEY KNIGHT.

"POEMS that have more of hopeful suggestion in them than any Canadian verse we have seen for some time. His thought is very pure and subtle, his inspiration of an really exalted, his diction vigorous, his passion noble and true."—*The Week (Toronto)*.

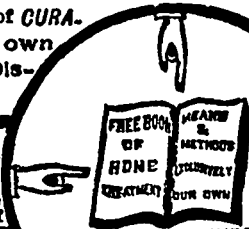
PRICE, - 40 CENTS.

For sale at the office of "CANADA", Benton, New Brunswick, and by KNIGHT & Co., Halifax, Nova Scotia.

YEARS OF VARIED EXPERIENCE

In the Use of **CURA-TIVE METHODS**, that we Alone own and Control, for all Disorders.

• MEN •
Who have weak or UNDEVELOPED, or diseased organs, who are suffering from **ERRORS OF YOUTH** and any Excesses, or of



• MEN •
Who are **NERVOUS** and **IMPOTENT**, the scorn of their fellows and the contempt of friends and companions, leads us to

guaranteed to if they can STORED, our method and afford a CURE!

FOR A LIMITED TIME FREE

all patients, POSSIBLY, BE RE-OWN Exclusive pliances will There is, then,

REAL HOPE FOR YOU AND YOURS.

Don't brood over your condition, nor give up in despair! Thousands of the Worst Cases have yielded to our **HOME TREATMENT**, as set forth in our **WONDERFUL BOOK**, which we send sealed, post paid, **FREE**, for a limited time. **GET IT TO-DAY**. Remember, no one else has the methods, appliances and experience that we employ, and we claim the **MONOPOLY OF UNIFORM SUCCESS**. **ERIE MEDICAL CO., 64 NIAGARA ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.**

2,600 References. Name this paper when you write.

In answering Advertisements, please mention "CANADA".

SPECIAL OFFER.

CANADA:

A Monthly Magazine for Canadians at Home and Abroad.

— EDITED BY —

• MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 a year.

PARTIAL LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS:

J. M. LeMoine, F. R. S. C.; Prof. C. G. D. Roberts, F. R. S. C.; Bliss Carmen; Archibald Lampman; J. Macdonald Oxley; Miss Agnes Maule Machar; Rev. A. J. Lockhart; H. L. Spencer; Mrs. S. A. Curzon; Mrs. Irene Elder Morton; Miss Mary Barry Smith; J. Hunter Davar.

(*Calgary Daily Herald, Jan. 23rd, 1891.*)

"Twelve such numbers constitute the best dollar's worth of literary matter to be had in Canada."

† We will send CANADA from July, 1891, to Dec., 1892,—EIGHTEEN MONTHS—for only One Dollar.

Address: "CANADA", BENTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison,

— WHOLESALE —

DRY GOODS and MILLINERY,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

— DEPARTMENTS: —

Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Ribbons, Laces, Parasols, Shawls, Mantles, Muslins, Millinery, Dress Goods, SUITWARES, Dress and Mantle Trimmings, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Cloths, Tailor-Trimming, Dress-makers' Trimmings, Gentlemen's Furnishings, Prints, Cottons, Shirtings, Linens, Hessians, Bags, Flannels, Blankets, Lumbermen's Outfits, Carpets, Oil-cloths, Linoleum.

HOUSE FURNISHINGS, YARNS, WARPS, &c., &c.

WHOLESALE STAPLE & FANCY

Dry Goods and Millinery.

We offer one of the largest and best assorted stocks to be found in the Dominion.

• Prices Low and Terms Liberal. •

N. B.—Special attention devoted to orders by mail.

SMITH BROS.

150 Granville Street, HALIFAX, N. S.

PUTTNER'S
IS THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER
EMULSION

COSMOPOLITAN
BOTH ONE YEAR,
ONLY \$2.40.
Address—
"CANADA",
Benton,
New Brunswick.

Oxford
COUGH SYRUP
FOR
COUGHS, COLDS,
HOARSENESS,
AND ALL
LUNG AFFECTIONS:
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
BUCKLEY BROS.
HALIFAX, N. S.

STORIES OF NEW FRANCE.

— BY —

Agnes Maule Marchar and Thomas G. Marquis.

PRICE \$1.50.

"When Parkman, valuable and attractive as are his pages, will be passed by, these pages will be eagerly scanned, and those who have neither time nor inclination to dig history for themselves, have here a means of escaping from the reproach of ignorance of their country's roll of achievement".
—Canadian Advance.

In answering Advertisements, please mention "CANADA".

Halifax Nursery,
Cor. ROBIE and NORTH STS.
EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN.
THE BEST VARIETIES OF
Seeds, Plants, Shrubs, Trees.
HUNDREDS OF TESTIMONIALS.
HERBERT HARRIS.
252—TELEPHONE—252.

T. C. ALLEN & CO.,
121 Granville Street. - 124.
CARRY THE LARGEST STOCK OF
STATIONERY for Society and Commercial purposes, Papers, Envelopes, Inks, Pens, Pencils, Blank Books, &c., &c.
BOOKS in every department of Literature, Books in Sets, Elegantly Bound Books, Poetical Books, Children's Books.
BIBLES, Church Services, Hymn and Prayer Books.
LEATHER GOODS in Purses, Ladies' Hand Bags, Portfolios, Card Cases, &c., &c.
NOVELTIES in Games, Gold Pencils, Fancy Goods and Fancy Stationery.
10,000 SELECT CHEAP BOOKS, by the very best Authors. 15, 20 and 30 cents each.
SUBSCRIPTIONS for Magazines and Newspapers, &c., received, and promptly and carefully attended to.
† Send for Catalogues.
T. C. ALLEN & CO.,
Printers, Bookbinders, &c., &c.

CANADA:

A Monthly Journal of Religion, Patriotism, Science & Literature.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

Vol. I.—No. 7.

JULY, 1891.

One Dollar a Year.

With this number the subscription price of CANADA is raised to one dollar per year. Those who have already paid their subscriptions will receive the magazine until the expiration of the time paid for at the old rate.

All who send us one dollar before September 1st will receive the magazine for eighteen months.—from July, 1891, to December, 1892.

To those who wish to take "The Cosmopolitan", "The Scottish Canadian", "The Land We Live In", or "The Youth's Companion" with CANADA, we offer the most liberal inducements.

✽ Contents of July Number. ✽

	PAGE
OUR SHORT STORY:	
The "Personal" Column, By L. L.	77
OUR CONTRIBUTORS:	
The Awakening, By Samuel M. Haylis.....	79
Translations Adequate and Inadequate. By C. D. Randall.....	79
Who? By Matthew R. Knight.....	79
The Chautauqua School of Photography By Annie Crawford.....	80
Montcalm and French Canada—From the French.....	80
"It is We!" Ida H. Wilson.....	81
OUR YOUNG FOLKS SERIAL:	
The White Cottage By S. A. Curzon.....	81
FROM CURRENT PERIODICALS:	
To Canada.....	83
Dollard.....	83
"Clare Everest".....	87
On the Death of Sir John A. Macdonald. By A. F. Chamberlain.....	88
READINGS FROM CANADIAN LITERATURE:	
Read this, Friend.....	89
Methodist Literature in Eastern British America.....	89
THE EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO:	
Editorial Notes.....	91
Canadian Literary Notes.....	91
Olla Podrida.....	92
Press Opinions of "Canada".....	92

Original contributions are solicited from Canadian writers and on Canadian themes. While the Journal remains of its present size, contributions should not exceed one thousand words in length. Those not required will be returned, if stamps for postage be sent.

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

If there is any leading periodical, Canadian or American, which you wish to take with CANADA, give us the name on a postal card, and we will quote clubbing rate.

Our Short Story.

THE "PERSONAL" COLUMN.

BY L. L.

I HAD spent the entire day interviewing a number of society ladies, in reference to a women's club they had lately formed; had written out my copy and despatched it to the "office", and now, my day's toil at an end, I was resting comfortably in the small apartment I called "home".

I had taken up the "Herald" and scanned those items which interested me, and was just about laying it down when the following "personal" caught my eye:

"Beata, your sister Rowena dying, come home."

Surely that was intended for me. "Beata", my old name; no one had called me that for years, and Rowena was the name of my only sister, who was quite small when last I saw her. Rowena was dying, and they wanted me home; then they must have forgiven me for the pas..

The past—ah, that was a bitter word for me. Do they expect to find me the same merry, thoughtless girl I was twelve years ago, when I left home and friends for love's sake? Let me look into my mirror, and see what time has done for me. I have an old photograph, taken a few months before I left home; I will compare the two faces.

Well, my hair is quite as glossy and luxuriant now as it was then, but there are many grey streaks here and there through it; in a few years it will be all grey. My eyes—they are not so bright as those in the photograph, and there are shadows in them. I wonder if Rowena's eyes are still as brightly-blue as when I saw them. My mouth in the mirror is set and firm, and my lips are thin. The lips in the photograph are full and round. But the general expression, that is where the change lies. The face in the photograph is that of a merry girl, who believed this world to contain nothing but happiness; who thought all the men and women in it are good and true, and to whom sin and sorrow were meaningless expressions. The face in the mirror was that of a woman who had suffered as only a woman can who has loved and trusted, and been deceived

in her love and trust. An immeasurable gulf separates the two faces

What, is that a tear? Am I actually crying? I, who have not wept for so long? I have been taxed to-day beyond my strength; I am over-fatigued. Do they really want me to go home? Will they be kind to me if I go? No one has been kind to me since I left home.

I trusted so implicitly in my handsome, dark lover; I thought him the soul of honour. My father distrusted him, and forbade all communication between us, but we arranged meetings through the connivance of a school friend, and one fatal day he suggested that I leave home and marry him.

Shortly after my twenty-first birthday I had received a small legacy from an aunt, which was placed under my absolute control. My lover, Charlie Warner, was daily expecting some remittances from England, but as they did not arrive before the day on which we contemplated flight, I gave him a power of attorney to draw on my banker.

We were married secretly, and came on to New York, and there I lived in a fool's paradise for some months. My husband's remittances did not arrive, much to his annoyance, but I had enough for both for present needs. I wrote home twice, but each time my letters were returned, without comment.

One morning I noticed that Charlie was very much pre-occupied, and answered me shortly once or twice when I addressed him. After breakfast he went out, saying not to wait dinner for him, as he had business which would probably detain him until late at night. I felt very much hurt at his manner; it was the first time he had been unkind to me. I felt very miserable for a while, and then drew my writing desk towards me with the intention of once more writing home.

Pushing some papers to one side, a letter fell on the floor. I picked it up, and saw it was from a woman, addressed to my husband. As I laid it down I read the words, "Your wretched and unhappy wife". Will the most fastidious blame me when I say that I read that letter every word, and discovered that the man whom I called my husband was the husband of another.

I did not weep; I was too dazed to grasp the full significance of my discovery. A knock sounded on the door, and before I could rouse myself, a tall, keen-eyed man crossed the threshold. He looked at me intently for a moment and then said, "Where is Mr. Warner?" I said, "he will not be in till late this evening". "Madam", replied the man, "Warner has made you believe that he is your husband, but he is a scoundrel. He has a wife and four children whom he left behind in England, but they are now here. He found out they were on his track and has fled. He is probably miles away by this time". I heard no more, and knew no more for four months, when I was discharged from the lunatic asylum to which it had been necessary to send me.

When my mind had become balanced I found that Warner, on the strength of the power of attorney I had given him, had possessed himself of the whole of my money.

"You had better go home to your friends", said the kind hearted doctor at the Asylum. "I have no friends", I said, "I want none; I will earn my own living". "Well then", said the doctor, "won't you stay with my wife until you find something to do? She will be glad to have you".

I obtained a situation in the office of a large publishing house; now I am on the reportorial staff of a daily paper. No wonder my face has grown hard, for I have had to fight every inch of the way. I made no friends among the women I met. They rather shunned me; I was too reckless, and my bitter laugh rang out at times when they would weep. A woman said as she passed me on the street one day, "What a hard face".

I arranged for leave of absence, and one week later saw me across the boundary line, in Canada, and soon I was in my native city. I would take no cab at the Depot, but preferred to walk through the city and see what time had done for it. No one would recognize me, of that I felt sure, and then I was closely veiled.

At last I drew near the home where I had once been so happy. The trees had grown very tall, almost hiding the house from view.

In the dusk I saw two figures standing on the steps, a lady and a gentleman. Presently the gentleman came down the walk and stepped into a waiting carriage. He was evidently a doctor. I looked at the remaining figure on the steps, a white-haired old lady. My mother. Yes, I knew it was she.

Tremblingly I opened the gate, and walked up to the door, pushed aside my veil, and faltered "Mother"! She clasped me in her arms, and I was welcomed home again.

They had written, and advertised again and again, after reading in the newspapers the account of Charlie Warner's perfidy, and receiving no reply, finally gave up hope. When Rowena was so very ill, she kept constantly calling for me, and some one suggested the "personal" which found me.

I never went back to New York, and I never wish to. Its associations are too sad. I found it difficult to take up the home life again. For a long time my hands were fully occupied in nursing my sister back to health, and then a new interest grew into my life, and happiness was mine once more on the day when I gave my heart and hand to the doctor whom I had seen leaving my home the evening of my return from New York.

WE want agents, male or female, to canvass for CANADA in the Maritime Provinces, Ontario, Quebec, the North-West, and British Columbia. The most liberal terms will be offered to those who mean business. Please communicate with the Publisher, at Benton, New Brunswick,

Our Contributors.

THE AWAKENING.

BESIDE a rill that cleaves the jewelled mead
 In twain, dreaming of love, Youth, sleeping, lay;
 Unheeding the fierce Sun's devouring ray
 That, withering, smites. Sweet pity yearns to plead
 With Love and succor followeth the need,
 Shadowing with arching wings that gently sway,
 And fan his pillowed locks, Love broods away,
 In ministry divine from passion freed.
 Upsprings the sleeper from soft, fitful dreams,
 In amorous clasp that radiant form to seize,
 And pure, chaste lips with kiss unholy stain:—
 Untempered pour the hot, relentless beams
 O'er brow and dumb, parched lip. On trembling knees
 He falls, alone with fretful passion's pain.

SAMUEL MATHEWSON BAYLIS.

Montreal, Que.

TRANSLATIONS ADEQUATE AND INADEQUATE.

IN Dryden's "Dedication" in his translation of Virgil's *Aeneid* to the Marquis of Normandy, we meet with the following language:

"There is a beauty of sound in some Latin words which is wholly lost when rendered into any modern tongue. An example is found in the "Mollis Amaracus", in which Venus is said to have laid Ascanius when he was removed to the Italian bowers and Cupid was stealthily introduced to the Queen in his stead. If I should translate, "Amaracus" by *Sweet Marjoram*, as the word signifies, the reader would think I have mistaken Virgil; for so humble a term would give a mean idea of the thing. The sound of the Latin is so much more pleasing, that it raises our fancies, to conceive of something more noble than a common herb, and we, in imagination, place him on *roses* and spread *lilies* over him—a bed not unworthy of the grandson of the goddess"

The words, which our author employs as a rendering of the passage, will be admitted by all to be very beautiful and quite in harmony with the sentiment of the translation, though not an accurate reproduction of the original. I will quote the passage and then introduce the words of Virgil on which it is founded:

"The goddess then to young Ascanius flies,
 And in a pleasing slumber seals his eyes:
 Seated in her lap amid a train of loves
 She gently bears him to the blissful groves;
 Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head,
 And safely lays him on a flowery bed".

The original is in these words:

"At Venus Ascanio placidam per membra quietam.
 Irrigat, et totum gremio dea tollit in altos
 Idaliæ lucos, ubi mollis Amaracus illam,
 Floribus et dulci aspicans complectitur umbra".

We are reminded, as we read the verses of Virgil, of the inimitable act of Butler, with which, from the midst of burlesque, and that too not very dignified and with the happiest irony he rather successfully combats the doctrine propounded by our translator. The author of "Hudibras"

is telling of Trulla and of her exploit in rescuing the bear and conducting him by a cord and ring in his nose to a place of safety and refreshment. Of the heroine the clever humorist thus delivers himself:

"She proudly marched before and led
 The warrior to a grassy bed—
 As authors write—"in a cool shade
 Of eglantine and roses made,
 Close by a softly murmuring stream,
 Where lovers fondly loll and dream".

If Dryden had been fortunate enough to think of *Eglantine*, he might have regretted the want of "roses" and "lilies", with which he was tempted to translate the "Amaracus", and thus have furnished a bed "worthy" of the royal boy—the pride of *Aeneas* and the pet of his goddess grandmother.

But to the suggested substitution it may be objected that the "Eglantine" would scarcely be preferable as a bed to the "Amaracus"—that is, the *sweet briar*, to the *sweet marjoram*; indeed that in one respect it would be less desirable, for there would be thorns among the roses; it is the "mollis Amaracus"—the soft and downy herb, that Virgil supplies for the gentle boys; the bed was intended to be so soft that A. would not waken from his over-powering slumbers, till all the mischief which V. designed had been fully accomplished

But we must not forget the point from which we started. It was "the beauty of the sound" belonging to the Latin word and the assumed difficulty of finding an adequate representation of it in English, with which we had to do. If "melody" of language is all that concerns us, it is respectfully suggested, that the word "Eglantine" is perhaps quite as musical to the ear as those which gave so much pleasure, and justly so, to the delighted translator of the Roman poet.

C. D. RANDALL.

Wolfville, N. S., May 22, '91.

WHO?

WHO is it mats all beauty?
 Blends bitter with all sweet?
 Steals the heart out of duty?
 Sows tares among our wheat?

Who is it fans our passions
 Into a mortal flame?
 What craft is it that fashions
 Our gold to things of shame?

With poison drugs our wine-cup?
 Mixes death with our bread?
 Haunts and torments the living?
 And will not spare the dead?

Who binds, ere we receive it,
 Our life to small and low?
 And mocks us when we leave it,
 With prophecy of woe?

MATTHEW R. KNIGHT.

THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY ANNIE CRAWFORD

THE School of Photography, under direction of Professor Charles Ehmann, is by no means the least interesting of the summer schools of Chautauqua. Dropping in upon the genial Professor and his pupils on "printing day", one is seized with an almost irresistible desire to join them; for then the results of the work of the various little camera and tripod parties appear in artistic prints, delighting the eye of the beauty-loving Chautauquan with many a pretty view of that famous summer resort, and surprising the unwary occasionally, with reproductions of themselves, photographed unawares.

True, such a scene as that of the miniature Palestine, for instance, is not easily forgotten, especially when the learned "lecturer on the models" leads his students, Bibles and maps in hand, from Beersheba to Dan, through the mysteries and histories of the various cities, towns, and villages of the valley of the Jordan, while the children float their tiny boats on "sweet Galilee" or the Dead Sea, and C. I. S. C. readers gather in graceful groups on the sloping heights of Mount Hermon, while, perchance, the chimes above break forth in sacred song. Such a scene, once witnessed, is apt to linger long in the memory of the spectator; but what word picture, however graphic, can represent it as vividly as the cunning little camera, which, adjusted for instantaneous work, so silently and unobtrusively perpetuates the charming tableau.

Established but four years ago, so increasingly popular has this school become that it now numbers nearly two hundred pupils; some practising in the summer school on the grounds during its session, some studying through the winter with the Professor in New York, and some becoming sufficiently proficient to receive a diploma through correspondence only.

The motive of the founders of this School has been "to encourage and help investigations in the scientific fields, such as in botany, biology, and even sociology; to permit its students to see with greater accuracy nature's phenomena"; and thus, according to the C. I. S. C. motto, to study the works, as well as the word, of God.

In the eloquent address of the Director of the School, at the Recognition Exercises, on the morning of the 21st of August, he graphically portrayed the power of the student of his art to examine the most minute organisms, objects from the bowels of the earth or the bottom of the ocean, the growth of forest and field, strata of rock and alluvial formation; to command the waters of the cataract to stand still, as it were, for examination, to so follow the celestial bodies in their course as to discover their nature and composition, and to gain a more perfect representation of the form

and construction of man than could possibly be obtained by either brush or chisel.

Little wonder that such an art, with so proficient a teacher as Prof. Charles Ehmann, commands students from the Pacific slope, from across the seas, from Canada, the West Indies, South America, China and Japan. Few of these far distant pupils, of course, ever see either the Summer School at Chautauqua or the School headquarters at New York. They receive instruction by printed lessons, and by communicating at regular intervals with their instructor. Specimens of their work, exhibited in the Professor's rooms, prove them to be no way behind either of the practising classes.

For how many of the amateur photographers of our continent Professor Ehmann is responsible it would, perhaps, be hard to estimate, seeing that the fame of Chautauqua and its efficient summer schools yearly wins a widening way throughout the civilised world.

Ottawa, Ont.

MONTCALM AND FRENCH CANADA.

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

MONTCALM ordered to America, embarked at Brest the 3rd day of April, 1756, on the frigate *La Licorne*. As *aide-de-camp* he brought away an officer of twenty-seven years, in whom was the material for several remarkable men. At eighteen years he had appeared at the bar of the Parliament of Paris with singular success; then without interrupting his labors in geometry, which was to admit him one day to the Academy of Sciences, he had entered the army. There Chevert soon discerned his talents, and recommended to his friend Montcalm this extraordinary captain of dragoons, who now embarking for the first time, was finding perchance his true vocation; for he was a born sailor. His name was Bougainville. The second frigate of the convoy carried another officer called equally to an illustrious role, the *Chevalier de Levis*, afterward Marshal of France, the pupil of Montcalm and his successor at the head of the forces in Canada.

La Licorne, after having escaped from a tempest of ninety hours, from the English, the fogs, the floating boulders of ice, set down at Quebec, the 13th of May, 1756, Montcalm and his staff who had occupied the leisure hours of the voyage in reading the celebrated work which father Charlevoix had just published on the "History of New France" Three thousand and eight hundred men, such was the official count of the regular troops of which the general took command. The year following, a convoy, arriving safely, brought 1,500 more, in all 5,300. Five years afterward, there remained alive 2,200. Royal, Roussillon, Languedoc, La Reine, Artois, Guyenne, La Sarre, Bearn and Berry, behold,

the names, as much forgotten as the deeds of those old French regiments which at the end of the world accomplished obscurely such noble services. To this effective force, we may add 2000 soldiers of the marine, the contingents of Canadian militia, and of "Our Savages". With such an army, badly fed, almost without shoes and without pay, having scarcely other munition than those taken from the enemy, he must keep a frontier of several hundred leagues, occupy twenty forts and make head against an invasion, the forces engaged in which rose at last to the official count of 60,000 men.

Extraordinary campaigns, of which no European war gives any idea. For a theatre, lakes, rivers, forests without limit succeeding other lakes, other forests, other rivers. For adversaries, strange-looking troops, the Scotch Highlander and the grenadier of France, with queue and white coat, fight side by side with the Iroquois and Huron, adorned with eagle plumes. Now with hatchet in hand and gun slung over the shoulder, the soldiers of these armies make their way through the woods; now they carry in their arms, past the foaming rapids, the boats in which they re-embark; and in winter with snow-shoes on their feet, a bear-skin on their back, they follow upon the snow campaign sledges drawn by large dogs.

A war full of surprises, of massacres, of hand to hand combats, in which the roar of artillery and the roll of drums respond to the howl of red-skins and the din of cataracts.

The war in Canada has two phases; the first, almost aggressive, from 1756 to 1758; the second, wholly defensive and despairing, from 1758 to 1760. The theatre of operations changed with fortune; the frontier was the first field of battle; afterwards when this line was forced by the invaders, the St Lawrence in all its length was witness of the struggle.

Montcalm had scarcely more than landed when he struck a master blow.

(To be Continued.)

— — — — —
"IT IS WELL".
 — — — — —

II KINGS, IV, 26.

"IT is well", God's ways are always best;
 We say the words while moaning in our pain.
 "It is well", on this alone we rest;
 He wounds, Who knoweth how to heal again.
 "It is well", the sorrow clouds that rose,
 And darkened all the brightness of our way,
 Were sent by Him; 'tis He alone who knows
 Why they were sent to cloud our joyous day.
 "It is well", our idols shattered fall;
 Our hope beside them, buried from our sight.
 "It is well", our loved ones hear His call,
 And we are left alone to weep thro' sorrow's night.

"It is well," then o'er our darkened way
 There falls a light, His smile of tender love.
 "It is well", we hear our Saviour say;
 "This chastening sore will but a blessing prove".
 "It is well". Yes, it is ever well
 With those who know the Saviour as their own.
 While life shall last we joy His love to tell--
 His dying love, which made us His alone.

IDA H. WILSON.

Ottawa, Ont.

Our Young Folk's Serial.

THE WHITE COTTAGE :

Or the Fortunes of a Boy-Emigrant in Canada.

BY MRS. S. A. CURZON.

"HOW, mother, how?" I cried joyfully.
 "Why, Tom, you know I hate borrowing, and, indeed, we have no prospect of repaying anything, if we found a lender; but old Josiah has offered to pay the rent this year, if I do his bit of washing".

"No, mother, no!" I hastily exclaimed, "you work too hard now, and you sha'n't take more. I hate to bring mine home for you to do, but you know I can't help it".

"But, Tom", said my mother, in a broken voice, "I sha'n't have yours to do when you are away, and——"

"To be sure you won't, I never thought of that", I cried out, quite gaily, for I was afraid she would begin to cry in earnest if I didn't pretend not to notice, and then I knew I should break down too, so I went on. "Well, mother, how then?"

"Why, Tom, when you get your wages at Lady Day's, you must bring it home, and I shall have to see Mr. Dale and tell him you are leaving. The six pounds will pay your passage. Old Josiah says he'll give you ten shillings to take care of a box he wants to send to his son, and for clothes, you'll have to do; Granny is knitting you some stockings, I'll make you a couple of new shirts, and Ann says she will give you her trunk; it's very little, I know, but small beginnings sometimes have large endings".

"And when do you think I can start, mother?"

"Old Josiah has written to the agent in London who got his son's ticket, and when he gets an answer we shall know. At any rate you cannot start before the beginning of April; you must work out your year; it would be acting dishonorably to Mr. Dale to do otherwise. *Honour bright, Tom*", said my mother. "A gentleman is one who keeps his word, as I've heard my old master say many a time, and so you may be a gentleman as well as he was, and a finer old gentleman I never did see".

I mentally resolved that my honour should be always bright, if that was the making of a gentleman, but I did not understand in what the temptation to sully it consisted. I have learned since.

I can't say that the few weeks that intervened before my departure were very happy. I had always lumps in my throat when I was reminded, by any little passing circumstance, of how soon I should be in new scenes, and I rarely saw my dear mother or my sister Anne, without observing tears in their eyes. No others were in the secret until it was decided when I should start, for reasons known to ourselves. I built a number of castles in the air, however, and these served to inspire me, even though as I look back to them now I laugh, but they had their uses.

At last it was decided when and how I should leave home and start for Canada. The agent in London said that if I was at his office by a certain day, one of his clerks who was going to Liverpool on shipping business should take care of me so far, and there I was sure to meet with others going to Canada, and could make myself at home with them. The agent's letter arrived on the 19th March, and the ship he mentioned would leave Liverpool for Quebec on the 14th April. Then mother said father must be told, and as neither of us knew how he would take it, we were very anxious until it was done. He received the news, which was given at first by hints of the desirability of such a move for a growing boy, and the good success of old Josiah's son, with much more reason than we had anticipated; he had long been vexed to hear a mate of his boast of the prosperity of his "lad in the States", and he thought that if I was industrious I might give him as good a right to boast of his "boy in Canada", as that conceited Dick Hart claimed, and so he jocularly told me to "go and make my fortune, or never to let him hear of me again". I knew it was only a joke, but yet it hurt me. My heart clung to my mother with passionate vehemence, that mother who would never cease longing to see me, successful or not, so long as she lived. My journey soon leaked out now, and everybody suddenly grew kind; they had not been unkind before, but now they had a word or a smile for me every time I met them, instead of the every day indifference of common life. To my old companions, and my brother and sisters, I was become a hero, and every one of them anticipated nothing short of my becoming a squire, and riding over my acres every day on a 'nobby nag' to look after my laborers and cattle. There was quite an excitement in the place, and all about me. I did not find it at all unpleasant, though I must say I could have spared a great deal of advice that was bestowed upon me free, gratis, for nothing, but that was in the proud days of early youth, and I have since learned to respect and value the good words of my elders. Just at the last moment when my box was packed, my old boots at the cobblers to be mended once more, so as to give me a third pair, and I had grown satisfied to dispense with

a new top coat which we could not afford to buy, much to my poor mother's grief, who thought I should be killed with the cold, so much greater in Canada than I had been used to, I happened to look at the handbill enclosed in the shipping agents' letter, and found that steerage passengers, as I was to be, had to find their own bedding, eating vessels, and other things, "which," said the bill, "can all be purchased for a few shillings in Liverpool." Here was a difficulty! I had but six pounds to take for wages and that would all be wanted to pay my passage. My sister Annie had given me a pound out of her earnings which had all been spent in getting me tidied up so as to look respectable among strangers, and about five shilling was all my poor mother had in hand. To be sure old Josiah had promised me ten shillings to take charge of his son's parcels, but that would not be enough, and we could not bear to think of borrowing more, nor was there any other person whom we knew who would lend the necessary sum. I began to despair of ever getting away at all, but mother cheered me up, and told me to "hope in God" who had helped me thus far. I didn't take much heed of this advice and grumbled a good deal, especially as my master, Mr. Dale, had been called away from home just at Lady Day, and no one knew when he would be home again. But it all came out right at last, and I might have spared my temper; Mr Dale returned the first week in April, and immediately sent us word to come up for our wages. He gave me £7 instead of £6, and told me that if I could send word at the end of two years that I had lived with one master, giving him satisfaction, or be an obliged to leave for a necessary reason on either side, he would give me £5 more to encourage me. He shook hands with me warmly and wished me every success in my new home, which he said was not nearly so cold in the part I was going to as many people thought. On leaving, all my fellow servants crowded up to me, and gave me a round gift of a shilling a piece with many a joke and good wish. On Sunday, at school, the clergyman came in, and after a few kind words as to my leaving, presented me with a Bible and a prayer-book with my name inside each and a nice text, in his own handwriting. All the teachers and scholars came to wish me "Good-bye and a pleasant journey", but I could not speak, and I dare say I looked very foolish, but I could not help it. The clergyman called at our house next day, too, and after talking to me very solemnly about my duty to God and man, prayed God to bless me and help me to be a true servant of Christ, whether I was among the righteous or ungodly. He also gave me several nice books to read; a shut-up slate, and a case of pens and pencils, for he told me not to neglect my education, but to improve my reading and writing and sums, as much as I could. I happened to say that I should hardly have room in my box for all his kind presents, so he sent me a nice carpet bag of his own, and Mrs. Devine had put in it half a dozen pairs of cotton socks and a pair of thick winter gloves. This wasn't all my good

luck neither, for the squire stopped me on the road; and said, "Here, Tom, you've always been a good lad to your mother, and I'll give you a sovereign to buy something for her now you are leaving, and here's another for yourself. We don't want industrious chaps like you to go away, but there is certainly a good prospect for you in Canada. And don't forget old England, Tom; be loyal to your Queen and Country, and keep under the old flag, Tom, whatever you do".

"I will, sir", I said, "and thank you, sir", but the squire had cantered almost out of hearing in a minute.

Here I was with nearly five pounds in my pocket and a merry heart, after all! One of my great troubles had been that I could not give a parting present to anybody, I was too poor; now I was rich enough and to spare. I did not tell mother of the Squire's gift that day, but I went to see Anne next morning, and she got leave to go with me to the town and there we bought mother a splendid new gown, father a new hat, granny a new pair of spectacles to be exchanged if they didn't suit, a box of marbles, all glass alleys and agates, for Dick and Mary, a doll apiece for Lillie and Emmie, and a nice new neck tie each for Will and Jim, who were out in place. Anne got herself a new parasol, which she had not been able to afford, though she wanted one so badly, and she declared she would make it last until she saw me again. "If you don't come home in five years, Tom, I shall perhaps try Canada, too", she said.

We had a discussion as to whether it would be proper to take old Josiah a little gift, as we had to be under some obligation to him so that I could go, but at last we agreed to take him a new 'bacey box, with a sailor dancing a hornpipe on the top, that was to be had for sixpence and couldn't be construed into an impertinence by the most testy of men, and old Josiah was pretty good-natured generally.

Such a parcel as we had to carry home! And so little it cost! I had still three pounds in my pocket and I'm sure I received a hundred pounds worth of pleasure in the distribution of my gifts.

"Why that hat'll do to go to church in, Tom", cried my father as he put his new tile on, and peeped into the looking glass.

"And don't father look well in it!" said little Mary, "he looks young again".

"It hides all his shiny head and makes his hair look as black as black", added Jim.

"If I comb oor hair every Sunday will oo go to church, father?" enquired Emmie.

"Perhaps I will", said father, "when mother gets her new gown made; the parson's behaved like a brick to Tom, an' I'll forgive him".

This was a glad speech to me, for I knew how poor mother had tried and persuaded father to resume his attendance at church in vain, and it seemed as though a gleam of happiness for my poor mother had come to cheer us all in our parting.

From Current Periodicals.

TO CANADA.

ON THE DEATH OF HER CHIEF.

FAIR Motherland, we join thee in thy grief,
 No seek with plummet line thy woe immense
 To vainly sound; nor soul, nor human sense
 Its depths abyssal, e'en for moments brief,
 Can reach, or bring by so thing words relief;
 Thy heart corals now with agony are tense,
 And o'er thy erst bright face clouds dark and dense
 Bespeak thy mother woe for our dead Chief
 Sweet Canada! thy grief is right and just;
 His child thou art, though he did bow to thee;
 Thy parts he found in jealous fear to rust,
 Thy children bickering from sea to sea;
 His magic voice wove bonds of mutual trust,
 And bade them stand a nation strong and free.

—*Evening Mail.*

DOLLARD.¹

(MAY, 1660).

He has made good the promise of his youth,
 And the full hero now is finished in him.

—*Schiller's Wallenstein.*

WE would not institute a new Chinese order of the
 Worship of Ancestors; but it is well to remember
 the men who went before us—the men who subdued
 wild nature and wilder humanity, who carved a magnificent
 monument out of the wilderness, and laid the foundations of
 future greatness. The hope of the future may indeed be
 the sons, rather than the fathers; but that hope for which
 we make glad way, will be such sons as prove that they are
 worthy of their fathers, not only by themselves doing, but
 by the grateful emulous remembrance of the deeds of these
 departed worthies

They have gone, but not wholly—for their deeds remain,
 and the silent earth they trod has speech of them. Their
 patience, their heroism, their fidelity, their piety, are seeds
 of power nourished by the centuries, and grow like sequoias
 of the West, English oaks, and cedars of Lebanon. No drop
 of their blood was wasted, no sigh was aimlessly breathed,
 no blow fell without its eternal echo; they lived; and our-
 selves and our heritage are here. We *do* remember them!

"Our hearts their presence feel
 Voiceless, not voiceless, from the deepest shells
 On Memory's shore harmonious echoes steal;
 And names which in the days gone by were spells,
 Are blent with that soft music."²

Welcome! then, the deeds and names to which our
 hearts respond with nobler beating! This world is quick-
 ened by the tread, and sweetened by the breath of heroes;
 it is sanctified by their blood, and redeemed by their dying.
 Their chronicles are among its imperishable records; the

¹ This incident is the foundation of Mrs. Catherwood's excellent romance published in *The Century*, entitled, *A Story of Dollard*.

² Joseph Howe.

legend lives in the hearts of kindred men, and to use the idea of one of our poets, all the earth becomes their monument.

We wish to record anew a deed of individual, and yet of confederate valour, without parallel in the early annals of Canada. We need not recur to the Greeks to feel the thrill which rises at the bidding of heroic devotion, nor tell the stories over of the brave Horatius, or the gallant Nelson; it will tremble within us as we read the story of what was done in Canada's morning by her own Leonidas.

Two hundred years, that have not dimmed the glory of his action, have departed; and cities and a numerous people have arisen amid the scenes of his fame. We must revert to an almost unbroken wilderness through which flows the dark and rapid current of the Ottawa, a wilderness then penetrated only by hardy men in the light canoe or on the clacking snow shoes, resounding to the trapper's musket and to the wailing of the infuriated savage.

Scarcely twenty years had passed since the infant colony, now the great commercial centre on the St. Lawrence, had been established, and the adventurous Maisonneuve had lifted up the cross on Mount Royal, the sign of sanctity and dominion; for the men of that time were devout as well as heroic. But the little guild of Ville Marie after they had planted it with tears and prayers, were hard bested to defend it against the incursions of the Iroquois, who were banded together for its destruction. Pent up in their rude habitations behind their fragile palisades, the colony was hovering on the brink of wretchedness, while around them in the forest multiplied the tawny and blood-thirsty brood who had sworn to avenge their reverses at the hand of the white man, and never to rest or retreat till the last of the palefaces from over the sea should have been exterminated. The feeling of uncertainty, the timorous fear of delayed, but impending danger, was daily increased by sudden ambushes, midnight raids, and such a state of warfare as threatened the very existence of so sparse a population. Some desperate measures must needs be speedily taken; succor must appear or hope must soon be unavailing.

It was just at the rising season, when the forest was putting forth its tender green, and the earth was mellowing for the rude implements with which the habitant tilled his soil. The wary, wily savage suspended his threatened blow till the earth should begin to unveil its treasure; when their arrows and tomahawks would fatten the green blades with the sower's blood. Disheartened from their labors, there was little motive to that wonted enterprise and industry which had opened up the wilderness to them and made the beginnings of New France along Laurentian shores and ridges.

Then came the man of the occasion upon the scene. He *was* there; but now he stepped to the front and became visible. While the hearts of so many failed them through fear, one felt the stern joy of the warrior, and burned with

every repeated rumor, to try one right hand against the forest demons who howled around them. The heart of might to which God had given the requisite enthusiasm, beat in the bosom of the young Adam Dulae, Sieur des Ormeaux, known by the familiar cognomen of Dollard. He was captain of Ville Marie's slight defences, and though in the flush of youth, with life's first bloom yet unbrushed from his cheek, he was hardened by rough experience and moulded by the discipline of a military career. He looked back to old France with regret for some slight stain that had fallen upon his character and burned to redeem himself in the eyes that had shamed him by some signal and desperate action. The fit time had arrived.

He knew the forest and the Indian, was an adept at his irregular warfare, and was a lover of adventure. The spirit that flamed in that dark eye and tempered the resolution of that swarthy face, hungered for the paths of the forest and the chances of ambuscade beyond the palisade of Ville Marie. So he conceived that by a desperate offensive stroke upon which the whole might of the colony should be thrown, the power of the savages might be broken, and they might be scattered and dissuaded by the persuasion of arms from their murderous attempt. This would he do or perish.

M. de Maisonneuve gave the expedition the seal of his approval, and Dollard proceeded to assemble his chosen men. Only one of all he selected shrank from the ordeal; but well he might, if he loved his life, for they were anticipating no jaunty holiday, scarcely could they expect to return who set their faces to the forest; and if by chance any of them did, it was by miracle, as if one should appear alive after clamoring in the hair of the lion. Then there were tearful greetings of friends, and embraces of lovers with all death's bitterness in their last kisses; they went to the notary, one by one, and made their wills, and laid down every other thought but to do a noble deed and die in doing it.

This is their roll of Honour:

ADAM DULAUE (Sieur des Ormeaux).....	aged 25
Jacques Brassier.....	" 25
Jean Tavernier.....	" 28
Nicholas Tillemot.....	" 25
Laurent Herbert dit la Riviere.....	" 27
Alonè de Lestres.....	" 31
Nicolas Gosselin.....	" 25
Robert Jurèe.....	" 24
Jacques Boisseau dit Cognac.....	" 23
Louis Martin.....	" 21
Christopher Auger dit Desjardin.....	" 26
Etienne Robin dit Desforges.....	" 27
Jean Valets.....	" 27
Reme Doussin.....	" 30
Jean Lecompte.....	" 25
Simon Grenet.....	" 25
Francois Crusson dit Pilote.....	" 27
Anahontaha, Huron Chief.....	
Metiwemeg, Algonquin chief, and their followers.	

Nearly all these whom Dollard's fiery ardor had welded together in the fusion of a noble desire, were new arrivals from the old land, in whom a restiveness had been bred by confinement within the walls of their fortress in perpetual dread, and tortured by extremes of heat and cold. They were soldiers, bred to warfare; and the free range of the forest, with all its dangers, seemed to them a gracious alternative. But a few were citizens; and to them the sacrifice was supreme, for they had friends and homes to leave behind them which they might see no more.

Hark! music breathes a heavenly consecration! In the little chapel of Ville Marie, crowded by an assembly of tearful faces, there is the sound of mingled grief and devotion. The warrior-band kneel at the altar of the Hotel Dieu, and are consecrated to the bloody baptism of death. Around them is the brightness of the spring morning; the runnels of melting snow furrow the sides of old Mount Royal, and the lordly river swelling in his pride to bear the victim and the victors on their way. They uttered their last confession in the ear of their Padre, took from his hand the sacramental wafer, and received his benediction. Then they arose and went forth, and the hearts of the people went with them.

Down by the riverside they push their canoes from the beach. The water is glassy in the sun, and the colors of Spring upon it. The lush grass trampled by their departing feet lifts slow its spires again; but never again shall their returning footsteps be planted upon them. The people watched them from the shore as they floated westward over their gleamy track until they were to them forever invisible.

Supplied with arms and ammunition, and with rations of hominy, or crushed corn, the devoted seventeen pursued their way, looking fondly back on the fort and village of Ville Marie, till they faded from them, reaching soon the swift waters of Sainte Anne at the head of Montreal Island, where for several days they were detained. They were not experts in the management of their little barques, and found that paddling amid rapids was a difficult and dangerous exercise. However, their strenuous efforts were at last rewarded with success, and the hard-won experience better enabled them to bend the paddles up the difficult Ottawa. Swiftly they toiled across the lake of Two Mountains and up the river until the fierce current at Carillon was reached.²

* * * * *

² "On through a virgin wilderness, o'er stream and lake they glide,
Till, weary of the paddle's dip, they moor their tanks below
A rapid of Ottawa's flood—the turbulent Long Sault."

³ "There where a grove of gloomy pines sloped gently to the shore,
A moss-grown palisade was seen—a Fort in days of yore;
Fenced by its circle they encamped; and on the listening air
Before those staunch Crusaders slept arose the voice of prayer.
Sentry and scout kept watch and ward, and anon with glad surprise,
They welcomed to their rowben hold a band of dark allies,—
Two stalwart chiefs and forty braves, all sworn to strike a blow
In one great battle for their lives against the common foe."

² Thomas G. Marquis.

⁴ Long-So.

"Soft was the breath of balmy spring in that fair month of May,
The wild flower bloomed, the wild bird sang on many a budding spray;
A tender blue was in the sky, on earth a tender green,
And Peace seemed brooding, like a dove, o'er all the sylvan scene;
When, loud and high a thrilling cry dispelled the magic charm,
And scouts came hurrying from the woods to bid their comrades arm,
And hark canoes skimmed lightly down the torrent of the Sault,
Manned by three hundred dusky forms—the long expected foe".⁴

Yes, there they were! the untamed brood of the forest, making the strand hideous with their painted faces, brandishing their knives and tomahawks that glittered in the sunlight, and pointing their carbines in mockery at the old palisade, and its defenders. They swarmed after their chiefs, distinguished by crests plumed from the dark eagle, and robed in their embroidered deer-skins, hiding the red painted hues soon to be deepened by the stains of battle. They made preparation for an instant onslaught, as if they counted their task a brief and easy one; and soon they were heard chanting their death-songs, and dancing defiantly around their victims with words of vaunting and shouts of derision.

Repulsed from the stockade on their first approach, the Iroquois retired to entrench themselves. While they built their fort, Daulac and his men busied themselves with strengthening their own defences; but almost before their work was completed, the approach of their foe again summoned them to arms. With savage yells they came, bearing in their hands fragments of the canoes of the besieged, lighted as torches, with which they endeavoured to set their palisades on fire; but the expert marksmen within the walls made one after another of the tawny torch-bearers to bite the dust until the whole band, struck with dismay, hurriedly retreated.

A little breathing spell, and quiet settles again on the forest, and all heard is the whispering leaves and rushing waters. But see! they hurry again to the attack, and this time a Seneca chief by his daring leadership brings them close to the palisades; but ah! a bullet finds him, and his followers fly! The courage in these young Frenchmen is rising; several of them will break forth from the fort and sally upon the Iroquois. What a trophy to bring in will be the head of an Indian chief! So the word, so the deed. Protected by the marksmen at the loop holes, they return with the bloody head of the fallen Seneca, and set its face on high to enrage their besiegers. Stung by this affront, and thirsty for revenge, they rush again upon the fort, only to be met by a third repulse, and to be assured that, with their present force, victory is hopeless.

It was sunset; and the fight over, there was nothing for them but watching. Sleep was precarious, however their eyes might be weary for it, as the constant hissing of shot overhead, and the taunting cries of the Iroquois converted the forest into a pandemonium, and gave a horror to the gloom of night. Meanwhile the pangs of hunger and of thirst came upon them, with the exhaustion of their scanty

⁴ George Murray.

supply of hominy—poor fare at best for men so busily engaged. The cold and damp of midnight chilled their blood, pent as they were in their narrow fortress, and made them long to sally out, at whatever risk, where fire might be kindled or water obtained; and once in the despair of thirst a few, brave as King David's warriors, ran the gauntlet of bullets and brought a modicum of the precious liquid, all unarmed.

Then came a new calamity. All the Huron braves, except Entienne Annahotaka deserted them,—the

"swart allies, overwhelmed with craven dread,
Leaped o'er the parapet like deer and traitorously fled,
And when the darkness of the night had vanished, like a ghost,
Twenty and two were left—of all—to brave a maddening host."⁶

The crisis approached, and the skirmishes were but preludes to a more determined and concentrated effort by the Iroquois to enter the palisades, which was at last accomplished by the aid of the deserters and other reinforcements. Almost were they discouraged, so valorous was the defense; and thinking their Manitou against them, some would have counselled a retreat, but that the more determined cut short their counsels. A council camp-fire was built, and courage was renewed by stirring speeches, while the warrior who could also be the orator summoned his tribes-men to uphold the honour of their race.

"After the speeches small sticks were tied up in bundles and thrown on the ground, and each one willing to risk all and join a determined attack, showed his readiness by picking up a bundle. Warrior after warrior eagerly stepped forward while grunts of approval arose from the throats of their companions. Soon nearly all were enrolled, few daring to keep back lest they should be regarded as cowards."⁷

And now they concerted a new plan of attack, by which they might approach the palisades under cover, and so avoid the decimation of their ranks by the French marksmen. At last, an ingenious Indian proposed that they should convert trees into wooden shields, which they succeeded in doing by means of their hatchets. Soon by the union of several short logs bound together they had formed portable breastworks with which they moved to their latest sortie upon the palisades.

At first the French shared the astonishment of the messenger to Macbeth, who saw the apparent movement of Birnam wood toward Dunsinane.⁸ They knew not what it meant; and there was a momentary suspension, till their doubt ended in baleful certainty, when with little effect they commenced a rapid and dangerous fire. Now and then a shield-bearer would be picked off, but the line was not broken, nor did it waver for an instant, while it continued its threatening approach. Reaching the palisades, they cast their shields to the ground, and with cries of savage exultation, fell on the fort with their hatchets in desperate endeavor to hew their way in.

Daulac and his little band recognised their doom. Gaunt with famine, and worn with long watching, amid perils, they were prepared for what must come, and longed for the end. For this purpose they came into the wilderness, and the word that was promised them even it should be fulfilled.

"Their business was like men to fight,
And hero-like to die."

That latter part of their duty and vocation was now come. They knew no quarter was to be expected, and they had in the outset determined neither to ask nor give. Still their leader nerved by deeds the most daring, and by words as

bold and cheery as ever. But even his gallantry overleaped the mark. In his eagerness to repulse the foe "he crammed a large musketoon to the muzzle with powder and shot, and lighting the fuse attempted to throw it over the wall. It struck the top of the palisades, and fell back into the fort, bursting as it struck the ground. Some of the Frenchmen were blinded and wounded by the explosion, and, in the excitement left the loop-holes. The Indians, taking advantage of this began to fire upon them from the outside. A breach was soon made through the wall and eager warriors rushed in, but equally determined Frenchmen met them, knife and axe in hand. Their courage had excited the admiration of the savages, and they were anxious to take alive, that they might kill them by slow deaths. Orders were given to slay none, if possible."⁹

Ah, Dollard! we see thee now at thy latest. As it were a bride thy fate is enclasped by thee; and never a braver man was trampled down under savage warrior-feet. Thy face shines aureoled through the flames of a burning fort, as slippery with splashing blood the Redmen "stumble over ramparts of the dead." Thy glory has come, and in the frenzy of the hour, the slow bitterness of death is banished. With set teeth and wide nostril, thou dealest blow on blow amid the smoke and dust of battle! No time for dreaming of past days and parted friends; no space for listening to the lapse of the sweet waters of Ville Marie; and yet thou shalt look no more on the spot of thy consecration:—

"No more thou'lt see Mount Royal's crown,
With hue of purple green,
Nor hear the great waves rolling down
The torrent of Lachine."¹⁰

Borne down in the horrid carnival, overpowered by numbers, hacked and hewn by knives and hatchets, he reels, expiring while his heroic followers perished around him.

Awed, and piqued for want of prisoners, the Iroquois retreated, torturing some Huron deserters for comfort on the way. If this handful of men from Ville Marie fulminated thus with warrior flame, what might be the prowess of those who remained! The crops may ripen to the harvest unravished, the villages may slumber unraided; the demons of the wilderness creep back through their leafy lanes, and Ville Marie, Three Rivers, Hochelag, nay, New France, are saved!

And the village at the foot of Mount Royal mourned its dead, when some Huron deserters from the Iroquois camp disclosed their fate. Alas, Daulac! the glory of his death was a light in the streets of Ville Marie for many days, and the heroic self sacrifice of his hand a glow in the hearts of her people. Two hundred years have not dimmed that glory, nor quenched that glow.

Still the recital of this tale stirs the blood of the Frenchmen, and fires their soul as the blast of a clarion; and it has power to touch everywhere the sympathetic hearts of men:—

"What though no blazoned cenotaph, no sculptured columns tell
Where the stern heroes of my song in death triumphant fell:
What though beside the foaming flood untomb'd their ashes lie,—
All earth becomes the monument of men who nobly die."¹¹

A partial bibliography on the abovesubject is as follows: "Relations des Jesuites", 1660; Parkman's Histories; Kingsford's "History of Canada"; Maple Leaves", by J. M. LeMoine; "How Canada was Saved", by George Murray; "Dollard", by K. L. Jones; "Stories of New France", by Thomas G. Marquis and Agnes Maule Machar.

PASTOR FRÉLIX.

⁶ George Murray. ⁷ Thomas G. Marquis. ⁸ Macbeth Act V. Scene V.

⁹ Thomas Marquis.

¹⁰ K. L. Jones.

¹¹ George Murray.

[Revised from "Daily Telegraph", (St. John, N. B.) September 30th, 1892.]

"CLARE EVEREST".

"CLARE EVEREST", as at least a few of our readers know, was the *nom de plume* of Miss Clare Annie Gallagher, a young lady whose rare poetical gifts gave promise of a development that would long perpetuate her name and memory and do honor to her native Province. Sad to say, the hopes thus excited were not destined to be fully realised; they were first blighted by her continued ill health and finally cut off by her early and unexpected death, caused by consumption, that fell destroyer of so many precious lives. The death of Clare Everest was merely announced in our columns, but owing to circumstances which are not of public interest, no particulars of her death were given, nor was any estimate made of her writings, which were chiefly poems. It is with a view to make up for that omission that we now recall her name.

Clare Annie Gallagher was a daughter of Mr. T. C. Gallagher, of Westmoreland, and of Mary his wife, whose maiden name was Prince, she being a sister of the Rev. John Prince and of the Misses Prince of this city, and aunt of Professor Newcomb, now of Washington, well-known as an astronomer. Mrs. Gallagher died about two years after Clare Annie's birth, so that her daughter only knew her by traditions of what she was, but these made a vivid impression on her mind. Moncton was Miss Gallagher's native town, and it was in it that she received her elementary education. As, however, the family made one or two removals to northern countries, it is probable that she received some educational advantages by such changes. She returned to Salisbury some years ago, residing there for the most part, but often spending several months with her aunts in this city. She also taught school for a short period, but the worry of school work was too much for her delicate nervous organisation and her weak physical constitution. It was long feared that her lungs were weak, and it was to pulmonary disease that she fell a victim. She died at Salisbury on the 21st day of August last, after very considerable suffering, which she bore without a murmur, and during which she was attended by her loving and devoted sister, Emily Gallagher, who to her sisterly affection added that of a constant companion, adviser and friend. It was a sad and sudden ending of a promising career, but one that had been long feared by those who knew Miss Gallagher best. When in perfect health, she had often spoken to her intimate friends on the subject of death, which she regarded rather as the entrance to life than as its termination. But that entrance she felt could be made only by faith in One who could lead her through the dark valley, and bring her into the light of perennial day. That faith was hers, and it sustained her in her last moments on earth. She had shortly before she died asked her father to read the chapter beginning, "Let not your heart be troubled", and as she heard of the "many mansions", her face was illuminated by a sweet smile. She died in the arms of her sister, giving a sign that she was passing away, and her eyes assuming an unwonted brightness. Apart from her religious views, it is unnecessary to tell any one who knew her how truly amiable she was, how high and noble and beautiful were her aspirations, how affectionate and true she was, and how much beloved by all who enjoyed the privilege and pleasure of being numbered among her friends. To her, death was gain; to them it was an irreparable loss.

Clare Everest's first appearance in the literary world was in the winter of 1875, when she sent a little poem to the *Telegraph*, which was simply entitled "Lines by Clare Everest". We reproduce it here, because, though far inferior to many of her later poems it shows those peculiarities of thought and expression that frequently marked her verses. Its theme has a melancholy interest also from the fact that the writer has now passed to one of those "mysterious homes" of which she sang:—

Mysterious homes! the graves which lie
Beneath this grey December sky;
Strange silent homes, where not a sound
Stirs the still air the years around.

Most mournful homes, where word of cheer
Breaks never on the longing ear;
Dark, cheerless homes, where night and snow
Wake not the hearth fire's genial glow.

Lying those snow-clad roofs below,
Are secrets fond hearts break to know;
But ne'er a portal openeth,
Though conjured by a dying breath.

Only that utter silence still,
That e'en which naught on earth can thrill;
Oh, friends who love, how strongly deep
The shades that fall with that last sleep.

The thought here expressed was a favorite one with the poetess, whose mind instinctively turned to the mysterious depths of the grave, those temples of silence where earthly cares and passions are at rest. It was about this time that she had a very severe attack of illness, which threatened to prove fatal, and she embodied her thoughts on being restored to strength and the hope of life in a poem which she entitled "Convalescent". This piece has obtained a very wide circulation and has been greatly admired, not more for the pious thought that breathes through it than for the beauty of its expression. We quote but one verse, by no means the best in it, but one whose truth all will recognise who have passed through a similar experience:—

My richest thanks to Him are due,
For love that burns with vigor new,
For clearer views of false and true,
For hearts drawn closer unto mine,
For dear home-loves that closer twine,
For faith and hope that brighter shine.

The next notable piece of our poetess which appeared was "The Coming of the King", a truly remarkable poem, with a reach of thought far beyond the ordinary grasp of the verse-maker. The subject is one of the most sublime that can attract the genius of man, for it relates to the second advent of Christ, the fruition of the hopes of the righteous everywhere. While some are at revel and song and mirth, and while others are asleep, the faithful few await the coming of the King. We quote the two concluding verses:

With gladsome songs shall all the hills be ringing,
Each waiting heart be bathed in purest peace;
The whole earth shall break forth in joy and singing;
And sorrowing souls and dying groans shall cease.

List! through the chorded air what sounds are waking,
So sweet, so far, and where the darkness glooms
Most heavily, a faint, strange light is breaking;
The King! It is the King! Behold he comes.

At the New Year of 1886 Clare Everest wrote a piece which was greatly admired, and which is a happy specimen of her lighter style, and of her power of constructing rhythmic verse. While it seems to have in it a Tennysonian ring, it is quite original in thought and expression. We quote this poem entire:—

Ring, glad bells, through the frosty sky !
 Say that the Old Year passeth by ;
 Say that the New Year draweth nigh,
 For which the Nations long,
 Say that the eyes are growing bright
 That have waited and watched through the long, dark night ;
 Say that the sky hath a gleam of light,
 And an echo of distant song.

Ring, dear bells, through the wintry air !
 Scatter the message everywhere ;
 Send, through the prisons of despair,
 A whisper of coming good.
 Over the darksome hills of Time
 There breaketh the light of a day sublime,
 When never a hand shall be stained with crime,
 Nor a heart misunderstood.

Sing, glad bells, sing your happy song !
 Though the good be weak and the evil strong,
 Though the reign of the Right delayeth long,
 It is coming bye and bye.
 Am'd your pauses we can hear
 The sweep of a garment drawing near
 The golden robe of the glad New Year
 That never shall go by.

O gladsome year ! O blessed time !
 When Knowledge up to Heaven shall climb ;
 When Science shall reach the glorious prime
 Of her triumphant day ;
 When Vice shall be a hated thing ;
 When Love shall sit and shall rule as King ;
 When the spotless flowers of Peace shall spring
 Beside the lowliest ways.

Ring, happy bells, through the listening sky !
 Say that the Evil passeth by ;
 Say that the Good can never die,
 That the Right can never fail.
 And though our eyes can but dimly see
 The signs of the coming victory,
 Yet ring, ring out with voice of glee,
 And bid the Future hail !

It will be seen from the extracts which we have given that the poetess in all she wrote had a serious purpose, and that her mind naturally turned to those grand and solemn themes which connect themselves with the mysteries of life, death and immortality. It was with these that she felt most at home, for her mind, naturally reflective, had been taught by the pressure of illness to look within herself and to ponder deeply over these problems, which are seldom considered by one so young. This, while it lent a great charm to her poetry, was in some respects an injury, for it kept her too much on the same ground. Had Clare Everest been blessed with robust health, with the strength of intellect she possessed and the liveliness of fancy that was hers, it is hard to say what high niche in the temple of fame she might not have occupied. One other thing also contributed to keep her back, a profound distrust in her own powers. No one could have criticised her own work as severely as she did herself, and while everyone who knew her had great faith in her ability, she ever had but little. She therefore wrote mainly, not from any belief in the worth of what she did, but because she felt promptings to give expression to her thoughts which she could not resist.

While the poems of Clare Everest were mostly of a serious character, yet they were not all of that class, some of them showing no little diversity both in form and matter

Although Clare Everest wrote a large number of pieces which have appeared in newspapers, nearly all of them having been published in the *Telegraph*, yet a great many of her poems have never been printed, and some of these are

quite equal to the best of those that have seen the light. It is to be hoped that all her poems will be collected in a little volume as a memento of one whose tuneful voice was seldom raised but to sing of noble themes, and whose genius cast lustre on the land of her birth.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

MOURN, Canada, thy greatest son,
 Hush all thy cruel party strife,
 Let no dissensions break upon
 The last sad scenes of mortal life.

What boots it that in years gone by
 All have not deemed him in the right ?
 Who is there, when he came to die,
 But willed him victor in the fight ?

A truce to strife of long ago,
 All homage to the dead must pay ;
 For warmest friend and fiercest foe
 Alike must grieve this sad, sad day.

His life was thine, and thine was his,
 For he presided at thy birth ;
 Thy right and duty then it is,
 O Canada, to own his worth.

Mistakes he made, but who can doubt
 He meant and laboured for the best ?
 But all is ended—life gone out—
 The weary worker now has rest.

His task is done, his life-work o'er,
 A nation mourns her trusted chief,
 And all the land from shore to shore
 Is wrapt in universal grief.

And mother England too has wept
 To learn that he has passed away,
 Who safe the trust of Empire kept
 And ever helped her hands to stay.

Nor can mistakes or actions done,
 From party zeal, amid the strife,
 Forbid the honours justly won
 By his long, useful public life.

Grieve, Britain, for thy loss is great ;
 And mourn, O Canada, for he
 Was the firm bulwark of thy state
 And laboured first and last for thee.

He needs no marble for his fame ;
 Seven states in one Dominion blest
 Shall still add lustre to his name,
 And be his his lasting monument.

Pause, critics, pause ; the years to come
 May yield a brighter, clearer light ;
 Cease ye a while, till o'er his tomb
 History her final verdict write.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Worcester, Mass, June 8, 1891.

—The Week.

Readings from Canadian Literature.

READ THIS, FRIEND.

Who hath required this at your hand, to tread My courts?—Isaiah l., 12.

It is rather uncouth—is it not, friend?—
That seldom you kneel in the church,
But stand during prayers there, or squat, friend,
Then talk o'er the news in the porch.

It is kind of you truly, no doubt, friend,
Of hearing the prayers to be fond,
But really, 'twould seem more devout, friend,
To hold up your hands and respond.

For the Bible and Prayer Book, you know, friend,
Are better than common good books,
But, certes, 'twere easy to show, friend,
More sense of their worth by your looks.

The Church is the House of the Lord, friend,
Where CHRIST has his worshippers true,
And He, by the angels adored, friend,
Is the God so much slighted by you.

—From *Poems, Devotional and Miscellaneous*, by J. A. Richey.

METHODIST LITERATURE IN EASTERN BRITISH AMERICA.

No section of the church has made a larger and happier use of literature than the Methodist has done. Its early days in the Lower Provinces were beset by special difficulties. It was at variance theologically with other denominations, its usages were different from those of others. The literature previously introduced into the country had been almost wholly Calvinistic in teaching; there was a pressing need, therefore, for a literature of its own, for purposes of explanation, defence, propagation and education. Initial steps in this direction have been described in a former volume.¹ They had reference to the introduction of a distinct class of literature, and not to its preparation. That the earlier Methodist fathers in the Provincial ministry were ignorant men, as has sometimes been charged, cannot be admitted; that they were not, as a class, in the popular sense of the term, a learned ministry, may readily be conceded. The pulpit was their throne, and from it, believing themselves loved with a great love which made them too strong for the narrow logic and contracted exegesis which denied the possibility of mercy to any human creature, they set forth, with all the force of a definite conviction, the doctrines of free grace and full salvation. They became itinerant preachers for a single object, and concentrating their whole time and force and stern common sense upon it, they frequently "rose by the upward gravitation of natural fitness" to the possession of a pulpit power beyond the expectation of early admirers. A number of published sermons attest possession of literary force too rarely put into exercise, in part because of their unsettled life as itinerants. In spite, however, of this nomadic life, the literary ventures of former Methodist ministers in the Maritime Provinces were neither less rare nor less successful than those of

¹ Vol. I., pp. 184-189.

ministers of other churches. From a literary standpoint, Joshua Marsden's "Narrative of a Mission", to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Bermuda, during the years 1804-12, in a series of letters to James Montgomery, is above the average of the publications of that day.² The biography Matthew Richey's "Memoirs of William Black," is of acknowledged value and ability; and in polemics, George Jackson's volume on the subjects and mode of baptism, if somewhat repellent through the rudeness of the dress in which Anthony Henry's establishment of 1824 clothed it, is by no means unworthy of study, though subsequent volumes upon the same topic are legion. No less worthy of honorable mention were the several tracts on controversial subjects from the ready pen of Alexander W. McLeod, and the graceful "Memorials of Missionary Life in Nova Scotia", by Charles Churchill.

For many years the methods used for the dissemination of Methodist literature were of the most unpretentious kind. Alexander Anderson had, no doubt, a successor in some Halifax merchant who devoted two or three shelves in his establishment to important English Methodist publications and a few other books of a religious character, but the agents most relied upon were the circuit preachers. By some of these this branch of their work was most faithfully attended to, as the number of very old volumes of the Arminian or Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, or of the other and somewhat later Methodist serials still to be found in some sections of the country clearly testifies.³ At length, in 1839, in accordance with a suggestion from England, a depot for the sale of English Methodist and other publications was opened in Halifax at the residence of Charles Churchill, who promised personal attendance to business until eleven of each morning. In addition to the standard theological works in the first list advertised, were a few "novelties," among which were classed Barrett's "Essay on the Pastoral Office", Edmondson's "Elements of Revealed Religion", the works of John Harris, author of "Mammon", and those of Krummacher. This depository ceased to exist after the lapse of a few years, the high prices asked by John Mason, of the London book-room, having rendered a profit impossible. A second attempt was made in 1852, which through arrangement of the district meeting was handed over by Alexander W. McLeod to the venerable William Crocombe under whom it became an agency for orders rather than a depot for sales. A similar depot for the sale of Methodist books was established at St. John in 1840, but it languished after a time and in 1847 had ceased to exist. A year after the organisation of the Eastern British American Conference, a book-room on more extensive scale was established in Halifax, with a branch in St. John.

For a long period the Methodists of the Lower Provinces' Districts were placed at some disadvantage in the dissemination of denominational intelligence. The English "Missionary Notices" provided a very limited and circuitous

² Joshua Marsden published six 12mo volumes and one octavo, some of which had a wide circulation. The present accomplished editor of the English "Wesleyan Methodist Magazine", Benjamin Gregory, M. A., at the end of a grateful tribute to the memory of Joshua Marsden and Agnes Bulwer, two poetical contributors to the magazine in former days, remarks: "And I am far from being the only one who owes much to these Methodist poets. A distinguished member of parliament assured me that he traced to Joshua Marsden's verses the awakening of his intellectual life, and the creation of his tastes for literature; and he thereupon poured forth some rich quotations".

³ The Religious Tract Society of London, at one time determined to place a permanent library of its publications in the parsonages of each of the leading stations occupied by the English Missionary Societies. In 1836 that society sent a selection of its issues, with a promise of future publications, to several of the stations occupied by Wesleyan Missionaries in the Maritime Provinces. These libraries were long since scattered. The St. John Religious Tract Society, formed in 1831, and supplied wholly by the London Society, was for some years actively supported by the Wesleyan ministers of the city.

medium of communication; the ministers stationed in the larger towns were obliged, therefore, to make the best possible arrangements with the publishers of the few provincial journals of the day. Of the religious department of the *Philanthropist*, a weekly paper commenced by Edward A. Moody in Halifax in 1823, William Temple had charge; and of the *Religious and Literary Journal*, issued weekly in St. John in 1829, Alexander McLeod was the competent editor. In 1832, however, the ministers of the two districts, desirous of a more official and untrammelled medium of communication with their churches, resolved to publish a magazine of their own. As it was a private risk, the sanction of the Missionary Committee was not deemed necessary, and in March, 1832, the first number was issued under the title of the "Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Wesleyan Methodist Magazine". It was a quarterly of sixty-four pages, neatly printed by the late Jacob S. Cunnabell. The appearance of the magazine immediately aroused opposition on the part of the Missionary Committee in London, who feared at once an injurious effect upon the sale of English Connexional periodicals, and an entanglement in any possible financial loss; the Secretaries for these reasons pronounced the action of their missionaries unconstitutional, and demanded the immediate discontinuance of the magazine. In consequence of orders so imperative four numbers only appeared—few enough to involve the manager, William Temple, in some anxiety and a little financial loss, but quite sufficient to indicate to Methodists of later years the wealth of Christian record and biography which, through such a medium, might have been preserved. The Provincial ministers, unwilling to abandon a periodical they had found to be beneficial to their people, subsequently placed the matter before the Committee in a constitutional way, but only received an evasive reply about lack of time for proper consideration. Such action seemed the more unwarrantable because, through the enlargement of the mission field, the space devoted in English Wesleyan publications to any one section of the work, in particular an old and familiar sphere, could be but very limited; and because English Methodism had not at that time any official or semi-official weekly newspaper.⁴ Thus repressed, the leaders in Provincial Methodism found themselves again under special obligations to the secular press, as well as to the general religious papers, among the managers of which they had numerous influential friends.⁵ Of the religious columns of the *Christian Reporter and Temperance Journal*, commenced in 1834 by William Till, and continued by him until its discontinuance in 1840, Enoch Wood, for a part of that period at least, had charge.

After some further communication between the chairman and the English Committee, through which no definite arrangement was reached, the first number of the *Wesleyan*, a neatly printed paper of eight small pages was issued in

⁴ Three years later Enoch Wood, whose judgment on this subject will be regarded as conclusive, wrote to William Temple: "The suppression of the magazine was impolitic, to speak in the mildest terms. It would have lived and been a great blessing. In education and publications we are much behind-hand. We have influence and means sufficient to support a press and book-room of our own."

⁵ Among those belonging to this list may be named: John Sparrow Thompson, of Halifax; Alexander McLeod and William Till, for years publishers of weekly journals in St. John; John Simpson, Queen's printer in Fredericton, and, somewhat later, James Hogg, from 1814 publisher of the *Fredericton Reporter*, and James A. Pierce, of the *Miramichi Gleaner*. The names of most of these, all of whom were Methodists, have appeared in previous pages. John Sparrow Thompson, from the North of Ireland, was a consistent Christian, and an earnest Methodist. As editor of the *Peard*, as in previous connection with other papers, he rendered useful service to Methodism. His early advantages had, been few, but by sheer effort he had brought himself up to a highly respectable position. Joseph Howe often consulted him on literary subjects, and Mr. Thompson reported Howe's great speech in the celebrated libel case in 1835. James Hogg, a fellow-countryman of John S. Thompson, was a vigorous writer, of good literary taste, and a faithful Methodist.

February 1838, from the press of William Cunnabell, Halifax. With the fourth issue it was enlarged to sixteen pages of the previous size. This paper, commenced under the management of Alexander W. McLeod, assisted by Charles Churchill, was published once a fortnight. At the ensuing meeting of the Nova Scotia District, it was placed under the charge of a committee who became responsible for its character and financial management, and in consequence of the removal of the original proprietor and editor from Windsor to Guysboro', Charles Churchill was placed in charge as editor, with John H. Anderson, a young merchant, as general agent. This well-conducted paper ceased to appear in 1840, in consequence, it is said, of influence exerted by the English Committee, who, however, gave their official sanction to the publication at St. John of a magazine for both districts. So great was the dissatisfaction caused by the intended discontinuance of the *Wesleyan*, that in its final issue a proposition appeared for the publication of a paper to be called the *Christian Herald*, to be "devoted to the interests of science and religion, and of Wesleyan Methodism in particular." The *Christian Herald* secured a somewhat large and deserved circulation in Nova Scotia, but, the Committee having forbidden their preachers to "encourage or in any way connect" themselves with it, ceased to be issued during the following autumn, and its publisher, William Cunnabell, turned his attention to the publication of the *Morning Herald*, a tri-weekly, and the first penny paper offered in Nova Scotia. Thus it came to pass that Methodism alone, of religious bodies in Nova Scotia, had no power to speak through a paper of its own.⁶

The "British North American Wesleyan Methodist Magazine", made its appearance in September, 1840. Any financial loss was to be met by the preachers of the three provinces; any profits were to be devoted to the spread of the work of God. The first funds were obtained in the way of loans from the various ministers, from five to fifty pounds. The place of publication was St. John; the earlier editors were Enoch Wood and William Temple, of both of whom Humphrey Pickard became the successor. After a discontinuance of a year, the publication of the magazine was resumed in 1845 and continued until 1847, the final volume having been printed by James Hogg at Fredericton.

The conviction that a weekly paper was an imperative necessity to Provincial Methodism had now become general. Humphrey Pickard, while in Britain in 1848, approached the Secretaries and secured a promise of their sanction of such a paper. Ephraim Evans, a former editor of the *Christian Guardian*, who had been transferred to Nova Scotia as chairman in 1848, also felt deeply the need of a denominational organ. A little later, Alexander W. McLeod, prevented from going to Newfoundland as chairman by the declining health of his wife, and awaiting further instructions from England, was advised by Ephraim Evans to commence the publication of a Methodist paper. The responsibility of the movement having been assumed by Messrs Evans and Pickard, the first number of the *Wesleyan* appeared in April, 1849. Seven fortnightly numbers met with such approval that, with the somewhat reluctant consent of the English authorities, it was continued as a weekly paper for

⁶ The apparently unaccountable fear, on the part of the Committee, of a paper under control of their missionaries in the Lower Provinces, was the evident result of their failure to control the utterances of the *Christian Guardian*, the Methodist paper in the Upper Provinces, whose bold, independent editor, Egerton Ryerson, would not be silenced. It is only justice to the Committee to say that some of the editor's own friends feared that his manly utterances in his strife with the High Church party in Upper Canada might be understood to favor a spirit of rebellion.

Maritime Methodism, with A. W. McLeod as editor. Of this paper Dr. McLeod continued in charge until his regretted removal in 1854 to the United States. In July, 1852, under his management, it became a large four-page paper, with the extended title of *The Provincial Wesleyan*. On the removal of its earliest editor, Matthew H. Richey, Esq., eldest son of Matthew Richey, D. D., and in later years lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia, took the editorial chair, retaining it until 1860, when Charles Churchill, previously book steward, undertook the additional task of editor. In 1875, under the control of Alexander W. Nicolson, the *Wesleyan* re-appeared in its eight-page form, and in 1879 its editorial management became a separate department. —*From Methodism in Eastern British America,*
by T. Watson Smith, D. D.

The Editor's Portfolio.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

PARLIAMENT has taken the wisest course possible just now in reference to prohibition, in deciding upon the appointment of a Royal Commission to gather reliable information upon the political and economic phases of the whole subject. Such a course would have been necessary in any case before the passage of a prohibitory law. It does not postpone or retard such a measure as prohibitionists desire; but will prepare the way for it, and is equivalent to a pledge upon the part of the Government to give the country a prohibitory law at as early a date as possible.

In spite of all that has been averred to the contrary, we do not believe that Sir John Thompson's being a Roman Catholic was a serious obstacle in the way of his becoming Premier of the Dominion. The darkness of the Middle Ages has been dispelled. Ecclesiastical intolerance and bigotry will meet with scant sympathy among the Protestants of this country at the present day. A Roman Catholic has just as good a right to fill the highest office in the gift of the nation as a Methodist or Presbyterian. Canada is too free and enlightened a country to regard a man's Church relation as a disqualification for rule and honour.

Our young nation has completed another year of its united life. It has passed its twenty-fourth birthday. Its progress, material, educational, literary, religious, and in every way, since the auspicious union in 1867, has been indeed wonderful. The discontent which prevailed in some quarters for a considerable time has died out. The provinces have drawn closer together. A national sentiment has grown up all over the country. The name of Canada is dear already on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. The insignificant few who talk of annexation and treason find an infinitesimal audience. The whole Dominion has learned to bless with hearty and fervent consent the first day of July in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty seven.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, in his article on "The McKinley Bill," in the June *Nineteenth Century*, does not seem to anticipate any important result from the Reciprocity Conference in October. He says: "Surely it is not to be thought for a moment that Great Britain would permit one of its colonies that still claims and receives its protection, and the very substantial benefits resulting from such connection, to discriminate in favour of a foreign nation against it". Mr. Carnegie, however, does not truly and adequately describe the position of Canada when he terms it simply a

colony of Great Britain. It is more than that; and it would not take very much dictation or interference with our trade relations upon the part of the mother country to reveal the fact very clearly. On the other hand we do not think there is a position on the part of Canadians in general to discriminate against Great Britain in favour of the United States. A conference will do no harm: but reciprocity is not what we want to usher in the golden age and make the land as happy as a maiden's dream.

MR. CARNEGIE joins hands with Goldwin Smith and hazards the prophecy that "the *New Scotland* of North America must find and unite with its *New England*". Using the words *New England* in a sense not intended by him, we will risk a little prophecy of our own. We think the interests of the *New England* States are more closely identified with Canada than with the rest of the Republic, and we hope to see the time when they shall be received into the Canadian Confederation where they naturally belong. As for the rest of the Republic, we do not want it at any price.

In the death of the veteran chieftain, Sir John A. Macdonald, Canada has sustained the greatest loss in her history. And not Canada alone, for the world has been bereft of one of its greatest statesmen. Only a few names are worthy of being mentioned in the same list. Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Bismarck, Kalnoky, and Macdonald will always be remembered as the great statesmen of the age now closing. The American Republic has had able men among its politicians in recent years, but none who can rank with these. It will be a considerable time before we can estimate properly and adequately all that Canada owes to the genius and patriotism of the departed statesman. It has been the fashion to emphasise his knowledge of men, and his tact in dealing with them. These qualities he certainly possessed in an eminent degree, and they are very important qualities too in the make-up of a successful statesman. But these were comparatively small endowments alongside of his capacity for honest, thorough work, his wonderful foresight and his enthusiastic patriotism. Canada owes a great deal more to Sir John than many of us yet realise, and than many more would be willing to concede. Time will clarify our vision. His reputation will increase, and his memory grow brighter as the years roll by.

CANADIAN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. E. W. THOMPSON has accepted a position on the editorial staff of *The Youth's Companion*, of Boston.

A NEW edition of Miss Machar's "Stories of New France" has just been issued by the D. Lothrop Company.

The Westminster Review for June contains a trenchant criticism of Mr. Goldwin Smith's "Canada and the Canadian Question".

MISS GRACE DEAN MACLEOD has done a real service to Canadian literature in writing her charming series of "Stories of the Land of Evangeline".

A SERIAL by Grant Allen, entitled, "Dumaresq's Daughter", is running in *Chamber's Journal*. In the June number of that periodical is an article on "A Nova Scotia Sugar Camp".

MR. JAMES HANNAY, whose recent article on the Loyalists in *The New England Magazine* has attracted so much attention, is engaged upon two historical works, "A History of the War of 1812", and "The Life and Times of Sir Leonard Tilley".

WE direct attention to the advertisement of the North-Western Specialty Co., on first page of Advertiser.

Olla Podrida.

THE man who would climb the ladder of fame mustn't linger too long on each round of applause. — *Puck*.

MR. E. B. BIGGAR, of Montreal, expects to publish soon "A Life of Sir John Macdonald", upon which he has been engaged for several years. He will be glad to receive hitherto unpublished facts or anecdotes. Address: Fraser Building, St. Sacrament Street.

CUMSO: "They say Brown has a very poor memory for faces".

BANKS: "And he has. Why the other day he looked into a mirror and asked his wife whose reflection it was he saw". *Busy Bee*.

If you send us one dollar before Sept. 1st, you will receive CANADA for eighteen months, from July, 1891, to December, 1892.

TOMMY: "What's the matter with your eye, Jimmy?"

JIMMY: "I looked to see why my cannon didn't go off yesterday".

CANADA for one year will cost you one dollar. "Stories of New France" will cost you one dollar and fifty cents. We will send you both for one dollar and seventy-five cents.

THERE is one lucky thing about spoiled children; we never have them in our own family.

The Cosmopolitan and CANADA, both for one year, will cost you only two dollars and forty cents.

GREAT BRITAIN has 4,000 newspapers; Canada has 700; and Australia has 700.

The Scottish Canadian and CANADA, both for one year, will cost you only one dollar and fifty cents.

THE attention of the passengers in a southern smoking car was riveted on a strangely behaved negro. He rocked himself from side to side without ceasing.

"What's the matter with you?" asked a traveller, who was in the car.

"Does you know Dan McGary?" inquired the negro.

"Yes".

"Well, sah, he sold me a silver watch for \$20", added the negro, still swaying from side to side; "an' ef I stop movin' dis here way, de watch don't go no moah".

UNTIL September 1st, one dollar will pay for *The Land We Live In* and CANADA, both for one year. Send your dollar to the publisher of CANADA, Benton, New Brunswick.

"JOHN", said Mrs Hawkins, as they were going home from church, "why did the minister call the dove that brought back a green twig to the ark 'he'?"

"I don't know", replied John, "unless it was that if the dove had been a female she couldn't have kept her mouth closed long enough to get the bough to the ark".

Do not neglect to read our advertising pages. You will find a good deal in them to interest you, if we are not mistaken. And when you write to our advertisers, please remember to say that you saw their advertisement in CANADA.

PRESS OPINIONS OF "CANADA."

ONTARIO OPINIONS.

As it gives and promises pure Canadian literature it should receive the support of thousands of our countrymen. — *The Daily British Whig* (Kingston).

This promises to be a useful addition to Canadian literature. — *The Canadian Church Magazine* (Toronto).

CANADA maintains its high standard, and its last number received is a credit to Canadian journalism. Among the contributors are some of the ablest writers in our country. — *The Week* (Toronto).

It is emphatically loyal, and its pages teem with prose and poetry on Canada of considerable merit, by Canadian writers. — *Young Friends' Review* (London).

We are glad to observe that CANADA maintains the high standard with which it set out. We cordially commend it to our readers. — *Onward* (Toronto).

QUEBEC OPINIONS.

CANADA is ably conducted, neatly printed, and is the cheapest of literary papers. — *The Gazette* (Montreal).

CANADA should have a place in every Canadian household. — *The Land We Live In* (Sherbrooke).

CANADA for March is to hand, and is an excellent number. The new cut for the title page is one of the best designs for such a purpose that has appeared, and gives a tone to the page that is very satisfactory. CANADA deserves full and hearty support, and, we hope, will receive it. — *The Dominion Illustrated* (Montreal).

CANADA is a well-filled, bright, attractive and patriotic monthly. It numbers among its contributors some of the best literary names in the Dominion. It should be heartily supported by all who see a future in Canada. — *The Morning Chronicle* (Quebec).

NOVA SCOTIA OPINIONS.

CANADA for May continues to deserve attention and warm appreciation. — *The Presbyterian Witness* (Halifax).

Glad to see a paper of this kind, for we want to see more patriotism abroad in the land. — *The Colonial Standard* (Pictou).

Presents a most attractive appearance in its artistic cover. The contents bear the stamp of high literary tone and character. — *The Wesleyan* (Halifax).

The numbers before us are well-filled with good literature by the best of our Canadian writers, and the publication is a credit to its enterprising publisher and to Canada. — *The Acadian* (Wolfville).

There is abundant room for it. It is just the kind of publication that young Canadians, and those of riper years as well, should read, mark, learn and inwardly digest. We hope this publication will have a large circulation in our Canadian homes. — *The Shelburne Budget* (Shelburne).

NEW BRUNSWICK OPINIONS.

The contents are all original and distinctively Canadian, and the periodical promises to be one of the brightest and best of Canadian publications. — *The Evening Gazette* (St. John).

It is not only fair to the eye, but congenial to the mind. It is full of hope and promise of literature from the best Canadian sources, and is therefore worthy of patronage; while, from its inexpensiveness, all can the more easily obtain it. — *Progress* (St. John).

It contains a good deal of original matter by Canadian writers, and is deserving of a large patronage. — *The World* (Chatham).

We are glad to know that this valuable journal is meeting with so much success. — *The Carleton Sentinel* (Woodstock).

Well-filled with Canadian literature. There is a good opening for this new periodical, and it ought to succeed. — *The Woodstock Press* (Woodstock).

MANITOBA OPINIONS.

The literary matter of the number before us is of a high order. With its motto, "For God and Canada," the new journal should be able to do effective work. There is yet one thing which Canada is in need of in the line of national literature. This is a good magazine. — *The Commercial* (Winnipeg).

Its name is not a misnomer. It is creditably Canadian from first to last. Such well known writers as Prof. Roberts, Bliss Carman and Pastor Felix appear as contributors. The editor, Mr. Knight, is a poet whose productions are spoken of by competent judges in words of highest praise. Much, therefore, may be expected from CANADA. There is room for such a publication. The succeeding issues more than fulfil the promises of the initial number. We wish it every success. — *The Manitoba College Journal* (Winnipeg).

ASSINIBOIA AND ALBERTA OPINIONS.

It is ably edited and contains much interesting and edifying matter. — *The Standard* (Regina).

CANADA is the very appropriate name of a new monthly magazine published at Benton, New Brunswick, by Matthew Richey Knight, one of the accomplished literary men of our Dominion. The editor is numbered among the poets of Canada, and under his wise administration the new literary venture must succeed. The magazine is well edited, neatly printed and attractive in form. — *The Times* (Moose Jaw).

The March number just received is most creditable in all particulars. The matter is entirely original. — *Edmonton Bulletin* (Edmonton).

OPINIONS FROM MINNESOTA, NEWFOUNDLAND AND P. E. ISLAND.

It bears a bright and scholarly impression upon its pages, and is full of the aroma and inspiration of the Maple Leaf. — *North Western Witness* (Duluth).

We hail with delight a magazine which sounds the bugle of patriotism and pure literature, as CANADA does. We wish Bro. Knight and his journalistic venture abundant success, and wish this Newfoundland of ours could boast of such a journal for fostering the rising literary talent of the colony. — *The Methodist Monthly Greeting* (St. John's, Nfld.).

If the succeeding issues fulfil the promise of the number for January, we have no doubt that it will soon make for itself a place in the advancing literature of our country, and also minister to its growth. — *The Island Guardian* (Charlottetown).



WANTED FOR CASH!

STAMPS

Used before Confederation.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

H. L. HART,

Boots and Shoes,

71 GOTTINGEN ST., HALIFAX.

CANADA

Is a monthly Journal, cheap, pure, interesting, instructive, and thoroughly Canadian, and is published by Matthew R. Knight, at Benton, New Brunswick.

Subscription Price.—In Canada and the United States, \$1.00 per year, or \$1.50 when not paid in advance; in Great Britain and Ireland, Newfoundland and Countries of the Postal Union, \$1.25 per year, strictly in advance. Three copies will be sent to one address in Canada or the United States for \$2.00 per year.

Discontinuances.—Subscribers wishing to have CANADA discontinued at expiration of subscription must notify us to that effect, otherwise we shall continue sending it.

Remittances.—Remittances should be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. Fractions of one dollar may be sent in Canadian one and three cent and American two cent stamps.

Advertisements.—Rates on application. When the number of insertions has not been specified in contract, advertisements will be charged for until ordered to be discontinued.

Agents Wanted.—We want a good agent in every city and town in the Dominion to solicit subscriptions for CANADA, and to those who mean business we are prepared to offer very liberal terms.

Clubbing Rates.—We do not publish a full clubbing list, but we can quote clubbing rates with almost all the leading Canadian and American periodicals, so our friends have a host of chances to get CANADA for nothing.

TAKE

PICKFORD & BLACK'S

STEAMERS,

FOR THE

West India Islands.

CLIMATE UNSURPASSED.

REGULAR SAILINGS TO

Bermuda, Jamaica,
Cuba, St. Thomas,
St. Kitts, Antigua,
Dominica, Guadeloupe,
Martinique, St. Lucia,
Barbadoes, Trinidad,
Demerara.

EXPERIENCE TELLS.

I HAD a quarter column advertisement in the February and March numbers of

CANADA,

and found it so profitable, that I have contracted for one year. I consider CANADA a very good advertising medium.

H. L. HART.

HALIFAX, N. S.,
July 10th, 1891.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Your advertisement in

CANADA

will look well, will reach every province of the Dominion and many parts of the United States, will circulate among a profitable class for advertisers, will be filed away for reference, will have the benefit of a growing circulation, will be the best business investment you ever made.

TRY IT FOR A YEAR.

WANTED FOR CASH.

USED Postage Stamps U. S., Canada, and Provinces. Highest cash prices paid. I will pay—

EACH.		EACH.	
Canada 3d	... \$.25	Nova Scotia, 3d.25
" 6d	... 1.00	" 1sh.	... 16.00
" 7d	... 3.00	" 8c.45
" 10d	... 1.40	Newfoundland,	
" 12d	... 45.00	2d vermilion.	... 1.50
New Brunswick,		4d	... 3.60
" 3d45	6d	... 3.00
" 5d	... 1.60	6d	... 5.00
" 1sh.	... 16.00	1sh	... 20.00
Nova Scotia,		5c. brown75
" 1 & 6d	... 1.10		

10 per cent. more if on the original letter or envelope. All kinds of stamps used during 1840-69 wanted, in any quantity, except U. S. 3c. I pay at least 10 per cent more than any other dealer will. Send your stamps with prices; all that I cannot use will be returned post free and cash by return mail. 1,000,000 Canada 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6c., &c., wanted. 50,000 Canada 2 and 5c. registered letter stamps wanted. Good prices paid.

HENRY GREMMEL,

50 NASSAU STREET, New York.

Reference: Germania Bank, 215 Bowery, N. Y.

REPAP MOOR.

Although you find our heading backwards, you will not find us backward in keeping FIRST-CLASS GOODS and selling them at BOTTOM PRICES.

We have just received a fine stock of ROOM PAPER, which we are selling from 4 cents up. Some fine WALTHAM and ELGIN WATCHES will be sold low. Also some solid gold ENGAGEMENT and WEDDING RINGS.

Please call and examine our stock, which includes a variety too numerous to mention.

Produce taken in exchange for goods.

E. MOORE,

Canterbury, YORK COUNTY, N. B.

CANADA:

A MEMORIAL VOLUME.

A STATISTICAL and Descriptive Book of Reference on the Dominion. The only Hand-book yet published giving a detailed description of each Province and Territory, as well as of the Dominion at large.

"CANADA" contains 1012 pages, with 11 maps and 75 illustrations. Bound in cloth, price \$3.00.

This book, which is highly spoken of by the press of all shades of politics, will be given to subscribers of this journal who enclose a clipping of this card with order, at \$2.00.

Address:—

E. B. BIGGAR,

Publisher,

Fraser Building, MONTREAL

In answering Advertisements, please mention "CANADA"

THE LONDON RUBBER STAMP CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Rubber & Metal Hand Stamps,

SOCIETY AND NOTARY SEALS.

Stencils of all kinds Cut to Order.

Office : 217 HOLLIS STREET,

(Opposite Kelley & Glassey.)

HALIFAX, N. S.

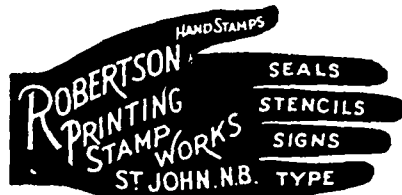
SPECIAL OFFER TO SECURE AGENTS.

This Self-Inking Stamp with your name and address or business, engraved on it and supply of ink sent post paid for only 25c bottle Carter's indelible ink to cts. extra.



Marks linen, cards papers, etc. Agents big terms and how to secure a \$2.50 outfit free sent with order or on application. A few good men wanted on salary or big commission. Address,

SOUTHERN RUBBER CO.,
Rubber Stamp Dept, Box 481. RICHMOND, VA.



BARTLETT & CO.,

— DEALERS IN —

Greek Stamps for Collectors.

We have the largest stock in America of these beautiful and interesting stamps. Selections sent on approval to responsible parties. Send for our price list, on orders from which we will give 30% discount until October next.

Address—**BARTLETT & COMPANY,**
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

BUTLER'S JOURNAL.

The only paper in the Dominion devoted to National Independence.

— PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY —

MARTIN BUTLER, . . . Fredericton, N. B.

Send for Sample Copy. 25 cents per Year.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE ECHO,

— A MONTHLY OF —

Current Notes and Events. Social Gossip, &c.

Price 25c. per year, invariably in advance.

PUBLISHED AT BENTON, N. B.

— NEW —

POPULAR COMPETITION.

We want 20,000 names and addresses of persons who will be likely to subscribe for

"CANADA"

In the Maritime Provinces, Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, the North-West, British Columbia, and the United States. In order to secure them as quickly as possible, we offer the following

CASH PRIZES:

To the person sending us the largest list of names and addresses before September 1st, we will give \$20 in cash.

To the person sending the second largest list, we will give \$10 in cash.

To the person sending the third largest list, we will give \$5 in cash. **MONTHLY PRIZE.**—To the person sending the largest list each month, we will give \$2 in cash. The winner of this prize may compete for the larger prizes as well.

SPECIAL PRIZE.—To the person sending the largest list of the names and addresses of Canadians living in the United States who are likely to become subscribers for "CANADA", we will give a special prize of \$5 in cash. The winner of this prize may compete for the other prizes as well.

We do not want the names of all the people in your neighbourhood nor do we want a list made up from some old directory; but we want the names and present addresses of those who in your judgment are likely to become subscribers for "CANADA".

The addresses of persons living in cities or large towns should have the street and number.

Every competitor, who is not already a subscriber to "CANADA" must enclose with his list *one dollar* for one year's subscription.

Every subscriber, who wishes to compete, must enclose with his list 50 cents in stamps, which will be credited to him on our subscription books. We make this rule because many of our subscribers have received the advantage of clubbing offers or have subscribed through an agent, and so we have not received from them the full subscription price.

Those who send monthly lists will send the remittance with the first list only.

The United States addresses must be confined to Canadians residing in the States.

Where there is a tie, the first received will obtain the prize.

ADDRESS:—"CANADA",

BENTON, - - NEW BRUNSWICK.

In answering Advertisements, please mention "CANADA".

POMEROY'S INKS.
POMEROY'S MUCILAGE.



These goods are used in the Government offices at Washington, being the best American Inks made.

The **MODERN** for writing.
 The **Correspondence** for copying.
 The **Combined**, for both.

In Quarts, Pints, and Half-Pints. Also small cones, 3 doz. in box.

Send for quotations to

KNIGHT & CO.,
 Wholesale Stationers,
 HALIFAX, N. S.
 Sole Agents for Nova Scotia.

REMINGTON

SEND FOR



CATALOGUE.

STANDARD TYPEWRITER.

JAMES JACK,
 ST. JOHN, N. B.,

Sole Dealer for the Maritime Provinces.

HUTCHINGS & Co.,
 Bedding Manufacturers,

WAREHOUSES—101 to 107 GERMAIN ST.,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL.



McLEAN'S
VEGETABLE
WORM
SYRUP
 Safe Pleasant Effectua!

Nova Scotia Printing Co.

COR. SACKVILLE & GRANVILLE STS.,
 HALIFAX, - NOVA SCOTIA.

Visiting Cards,
 WEDDING CARDS,
 Business Cards, Show Cards,
 PAPERS, REPORTS, PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS,
 NOTICES, DRAFTS, RECEIPTS,
 POSTERS, TICKETS.

PRINTING of every description done at shortest notice and at low rates.

ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY FURNISHED.

WHAT "THE WEEK" SAYS.

CANADA maintains its high standard, and its last number received is a credit to Canadian journalism. Among the contributors are some of the ablest writers in our country. —*The Week.*

UNIVERSITY

MT. ALLISON COLLEGE

J. R. INGH, LL.D., - PRESIDENT.

MOUNT ALLISON LADIES' COLLEGE.

REV. B. C. BORDEN, M.A., Principal.

MOUNT ALLISON ACADEMY.

C. W. HARRISON, M.A., Principal.

THE Mount Allison Institutions constitute the most complete and successful Educational Establishment in the Maritime Provinces. Courses of Study adapted to the requirements of all classes of students are provided. Special attention is given at the Ladies' College to MUSIC and the FINE ARTS. Domestic arrangements are home-like and Expenses Moderate. For particulars send for a Calendar. 1yr

Teachers!

Teachers!!

Students!

Students!!

DON'T YOU WANT pleasant and profitable work for the holidays? We can guarantee that you can make CLEAR \$20 a week, if you are any kind of a salesman, by selling during the Holidays, Dr. Talmage's new Life of Christ, "FROM MANGER TO THRONE" Many teachers are at it now, and doing grand work. Yes, and making money too.

You surely can hope to sell, say 3 copies a day and that would net you about \$20 a week, and pay all reasonable expenses.

We have men who average 25 copies a week and consider that they are doing fairly well. It is a paying business. We have sent out our agents during the past month alone almost 500 copies.

Plenty of good territory yet open, and agents wanted all over the Maritime Provinces. This is good clean work—a grand book—and big profit to the salesman.

Write us for more information, and we will talk to you.

When you write please state WHERE you would like to work.

S. F. HUESTIS,

• Publishers' Sole Agent, •

HALIFAX, N. S.

To Missionaries and their Friends.

EVERY Canadian-born Missionary in the Foreign Mission Field, and every Missionary employed in the Foreign Field by a Canadian Society, may obtain CANADA for one year by sending 50 cents in the stamps of the country where he resides.

Any friend of Foreign Missions may have CANADA mailed to four missionaries for one year, by sending us the four names and two dollars.

Postage is included in the above offer.

Address—

"CANADA,"

BENTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

HAVE YOU SEEN

"PROGRESS,"

— THE —

Brightest Weekly

PRINTED IN CANADA!

A little over two-and-a-half years old, it has a circulation of over

10,000 COPIES!

PROGRESS! Two Dollars

POPULAR!

2 Per Annum.

PUSHING!

PROGRESSIVE!

EDWD. S. CARTER,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Our ENGRAVING BUREAU is complete in every respect. All orders executed promptly.



"My analytical and practical experience of **PEARS' SOAP**
"now extends over a very lengthened period—nearly fifty years—
"during which time I have never come across another Toilet Soap
"which so closely comes up to my ideal of perfection: its purity
"is such that it may be used with perfect confidence upon the
"tenderest and most sensitive skin—even that of a new born babe".

W. Wood, M.D., F.R.C., F.C.S.