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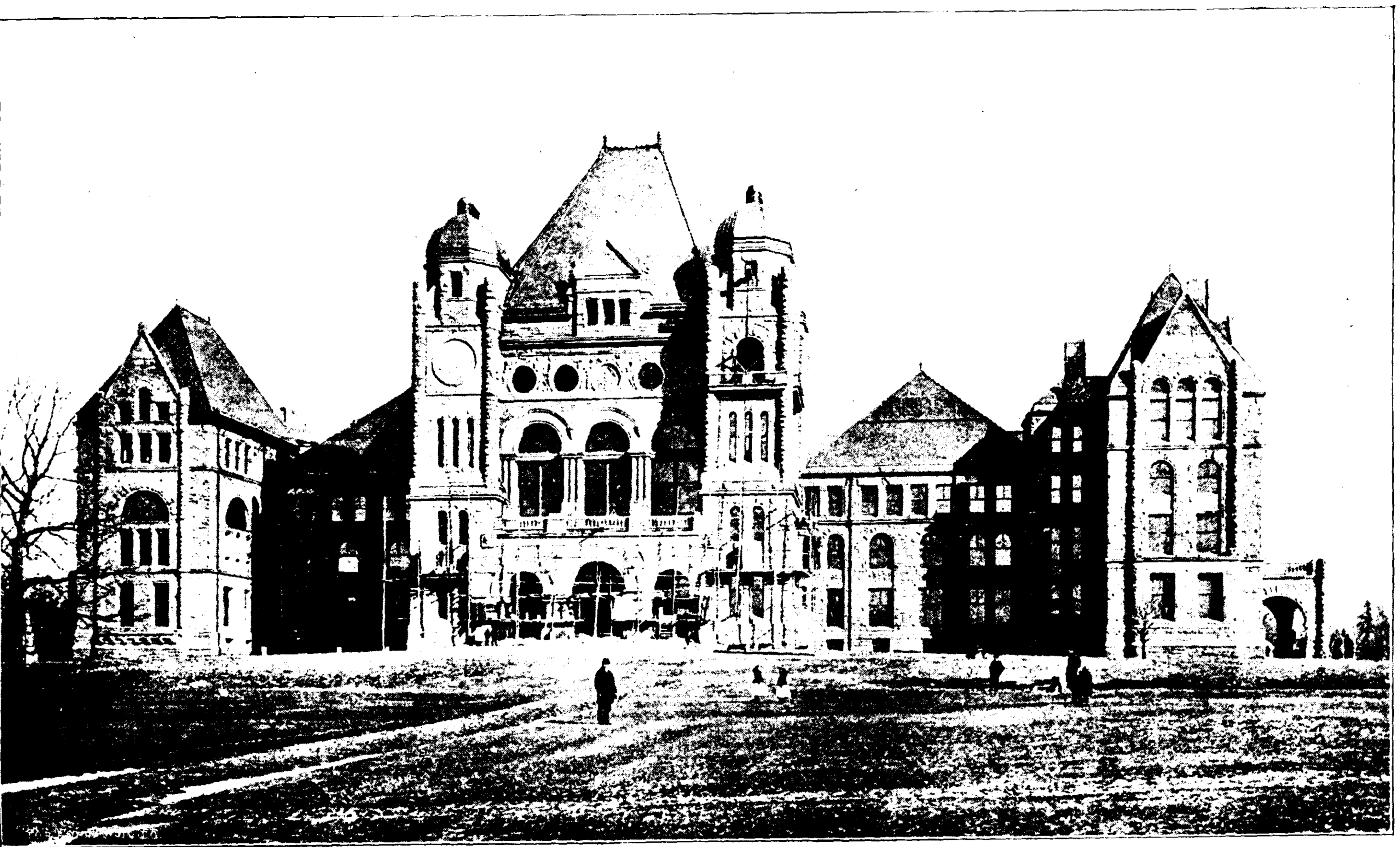

ONTARIO'S NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO. PHOTO. BY STAUNTON

THE

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THE NATIONAL STATE.

BY CHARLES A. STUART.

It has become customary, in every discussion of the political future of the Dominion of Canada, to assume that one of three distinct paths must be taken. It is generally declared that we must have either Annexation, or Independence, or Imperial Federation. These proposals are assumed to be mutually exclusive, yet they will be found, upon closer examination, to have one fundamental idea in common. It is an idea which not only is receiving more wide-spread attention among the masses of mankind than ever before, but dominates entirely the theoretical discussions, the whole political science of the present day. It is the idea of the nation, and the national state. Are we to form part of a world-wide British *nation*; are we to become absorbed in the American *nation*; or are we to build up a new Canadian *nation* of our own? Such is the language invariably used in stating the problem of our political future. It might possibly serve to clear the way for a satisfactory discussion of what our policy should be, if this idea of the national state were examined a little more closely,—if its origin were investigated, and its exact position in universal history recalled.

A study of the history of political science will show that the political theories of a given epoch are the product of the political facts of the few preceding centuries, and that any particular theory of the State will retain its hold upon the minds of political thinkers long after the facts upon which it rests have disappeared and have given place to others, which, in their turn, are far on the way towards the evolution of another theory to correspond with them.

The history of political science begins in the islands and peninsulas of the Ægean Sea. From the earliest times the cities of Greece lived independently of one another. No political bond was ever formed to establish and maintain the unity of Greece. In spite of common religious festivals, and a code of rules by which the various States were supposed to be governed in their relations with one another, each city acted entirely in its own interest, without other restraint than the fear of the military strength of its neighbors. Such being the *facts* of Grecian history, the philosophers, the political scientists of the time, when they came to discuss the theory of government, confined themselves entirely to the *polis* or the City-State. No other conception of political conditions ever entered their minds, for the simple reason that no other conditions had been known in the preceding centuries of Grecian history.

The highest ideal that Plato, the king of philosophers, could conceive was the united and self-sufficing *city*. But even in his time, the facts of history had begun to change,—the germs of new conditions had begun to appear; and before the time of his great successor, the cities of Greece had come under the dominating influence of Macedonia; they had lost their ancient independence, and formed but a small part of the *Empire* of Alexander. When the *Politics* of Aristotle was being written, the city of Rome had spread her power over central Italy, and had laid the firm foundation of her universal dominion.

That dominion was at length established, and the world was ruled for many centuries from its centre on the Seven Hills. The *facts* of Grecian history had passed away, and slowly, reluctantly, but inevitably, the *theory* of the City-State had followed them. The Roman Empire had now become the one great fact of human history. That fact produced its corresponding theory in the science of politics. All the political thought of the middle ages was pervaded with a belief in universal empire. It was the ideal of the noblest spirits of the times. It was the dream of popes and emperors, of poets and philosophers. But the stern *facts* of history had long been changed. Long before Dante wrote his *De Monarchia*, the great fact of universal empire had disappeared, and at the date of its publication, new conditions, entirely inconceivable to the mediæval philosopher, were beginning to arise. The inhabitants of England had asserted their independence of either claimant to universal empire,—of either emperor or pope. They had become assimilated and differentiated; a new race with a new language had begun its career; Englishmen had become a distinct and independent *nation*. Across the channel, Philip the Fair had triumphed over aggressive Papacy without, and turbulent nobles within; Frenchmen, with their own language and their own race characteristics, had also become a *nation*. In the mountains of Castile, the germs of the Spanish *nation* were rapidly developing,—a nation which came quickly to maturity, and was the first to startle the world with the vastness of its power. Yet, while *facts* were thus moving irresistibly onward under the guidance of a Wisdom higher than that of man, the political *theorists*, still living in the past, were basing their ideas of government upon the worn-out conception of universal monarchy. It needed the shocks and storms of the Reformation and of the Thirty Years' War to awaken in them the realization that the old state of things had passed away. The great fact of modern history, the existence of a number of independent *national* States, struggling with each other, much like the cities of Greece before Rome arose across the Adriatic and enveloped them with her absorbing power, at last presented itself clearly and unmistakably to the minds of men.

For four hundred years that fact has been before us. We have seen Britain leading the world in commerce, in colonization, and methods of practical government; and we have admired the splendid literature of an Elizabethan or a Victorian age. We have seen France rising at one time to be the arbiter of Europe, and threatening to renew at Versailles the univeral monarchy of Rome; we have seen her falling into the lowest depths of corruption and disgrace; and then, after one dark and despairing struggle with herself, in which she seemed the very soul of humanity in conflict with long centuries of its accumulated wrong, we have seen her stand forth the victor, the leader of the world in passionate devotion to the ideal, the most ardent champion of the great principles of human brotherhood and freedom. We have seen another nation, rude and half-civilized, half

European, half Asiatic, rising on the eastern border to threaten western Europe much like another Macedonia. We have sympathized with Germany and Italy, the homes of the two rival and lingering claimants to universal empire, as they struggled upward towards the attainment of the modern ideal of *national* unity; and we have placed Bismarck and Cavour among the greatest benefactors of mankind. We have seen the birth on this side of the Atlantic of a new *nation* far surpassing in extent of territory and rapidity of development the little countries of continental Europe; and we have seen their *national* unity maintained by a gigantic war in which the preservation of the *nation* aroused greater enthusiasm than the liberation of the slave.

Such are the historical *facts* which we have seen for the past four centuries; and these facts have, as usual, produced their corresponding theory in political science. That theory, moreover, has, as usual, become an ideal for future political action. The political science of the present day is based entirely upon the conception of a "National State"; and as far as purely scientific discussion is concerned, there is in this no reason whatever for complaint. Political science is not one of the exact sciences. It must be based upon the phenomena of history, if it is to exist at all; when the phenomena of history change, it must follow them, though obviously at a considerable distance. But when a scientific theory, based upon past or passing phenomena, is set up as an ideal to be attained by future political action, there is then surely grave reason to object. History shows, as we have seen, that ideals based upon the facts of the past, have always failed of realization. Grecian philosophers might write, and Grecian patriots might struggle, as they would, for the preservation of the City-State, but far other purposes were to be achieved in the destinies of mankind. The Roman Empire came and rudely thrust their theorizing and their ideals aside. A Charlemagne, an Otho, or a Barbarossa, a Gregory, an Innocent, or a Boniface, might strive as he would to retain the universal Empire of Rome, in its political or ecclesiastical form, but they were all opposing the irresistible undercurrent of events. Their very mutual contentions gave the *nations* an opportunity to form; and when the time was ripe, those nations stood forth, and burst the fetters of universal monarchy, whether political or spiritual, asunder.

We have now had our system of independent National States for four hundred years, and we are again basing our ideals for the future upon the experience of the past. The development of a new and distinct nationality, or the reunion of scattered branches of the same race into one National State, has everywhere become the great aim of statesmen and patriots. The Greek and the Bulgarian are each longing for national unity and independence. The Slav is said to dream of Pan-Slavism,—the German of Pan-Germanism. The Hungarian and the Czech are urging with eagerness the claims of their respective races to corporate recognition. In Ireland there is a National party, which has been at least suspected of cherishing a desire for *national* independence. The patriots of the United States are struggling with the problem, "How shall we assimilate the African, the Chinese, the German, the Frenchman, the Italian, etc., and produce one distinct 'American *nationality*'?" Some French-Canadians are said to dream of the establishment of a French-Canadian "*national*" State in the valley of the St. Lawrence Some British-Canadians are striving to have a share in the institution of a British *nation*, with scattered divisions in all quarters of the globe. Some native Canadians venture to hope for the evolution of a distinct and independent Canadian *nation*, that shall rule the earth from

the lakes to the Polar Sea. They are all drawing their ideals from the facts of the past, and there is surely great reason to enquire whether, like their predecessors who did the same in previous ages, *they will not all be disappointed.*

One might reach such a conclusion merely from a consideration of the fate which has awaited ideals similarly founded in the past. But it is desirable, and may be possible, to discover why the system of national States should be no farther developed, and what conditions are to arise to take its place.

In political institutions, as in nature, there are two tendencies which seem antagonistic, but which are, nevertheless, capable of reconciliation. There is the tendency to unity and the tendency to diversity. In nature, their reconciliation is complete, and this is the true secret of her charm. In man, however, who is a moral being, such a reconciliation can only be attained by incessant struggle and conflict, by long centuries of striving and seeming failure. Man loves unity, and he loves diversity. In other words, he loves law and he loves freedom, because both are necessary to the completest development of his being. On the other hand, he hates despotism, and he hates anarchy; for each alike leads to stagnation and inevitable death. He is weak and imperfect. In his strivings after the ideal, he runs now to one extreme, now to another. Yet the main result has been permanent, substantial progress. In Greece, the tendency to diversity prevailed. Each city tenaciously maintained, if it could, its independence of the rest. The City-State became the ideal State. But the tendency, of course, went to extremes, and produced dissension and decay. The evil, nevertheless, brought its own cure. In the struggle of city with city, the strongest survived,—rose to empire and ruled the rest. Instead of Grecian diversity, we now have Roman unity. An universal empire became the ideal State. This, too, in turn was carried to extremes. Excessive unity brought stagnation and decline. Yet as before, the excess of evil wrought its own cure. The desperate strivings of the Papacy and the Holy Roman Empire, for universal dominion, and their vain struggles with each other during the middle ages, left the nations free to develop individual strength; and when they were formed, the Reformation and the Thirty Years' War overturned both Empire and Papacy together. Instead of Roman unity, we now have European national diversity. The National State has become our ideal State. We are little wiser than our forefathers, and there is reason to fear that we, too, are going to extremes. We have swung far round in the direction of diversity. Everywhere, as we have seen, vigorous efforts are being made to establish or maintain a national individuality. There is danger here, because in the struggle, economic or military, of modern nation with nation, as in that of ancient city with city, the strongest only will survive and rule. Excessive national individuality means excessive diversity and the ultimate triumph of force. Across the sea from Greece a great Republic arose, whose people were intensely patriotic, and thoroughly believed in their own high destiny. That Republic conquered and ruled the world, and became an Empire through the force of economic conditions. Across the sea from Europe there has arisen another great Republic, whose people are intensely patriotic, and believe as thoroughly in their own high and peculiar destiny, and in which the centralization of wealth is going on as rapidly as it did in Rome. If that Republic included the whole Northern continent,—if all the inhabitants of North America were assimilated to each other, and differentiated from the nations of Europe,—if, in a word, national individuality were here carried to a far extreme, we have a

plain lesson in history to show what the result would be in the destinies of the world. In the excess of diversity and national individuality, the strongest will inevitably survive and rule; and unity, which man loves as well as he loves diversity, could then be reached again only by another universal Empire—by the Empire of the strongest,—by the Empire of America. To show that these are no idle fears, let us hear the words of an European historical and political thinker, Ernest Lavisse, professor at the Sorbonne. In concluding a sketch of the political history of Europe, he says:—"Let us now consider the position of Europe in the universe. A century ago she was the only historical entity. Today there is a second. The most important results of the discoveries of the fifteenth century are now beginning to appear. America is no longer a dependency of the Old World. A series of revolutions has transformed the colonies into independent States. Like Europe, America is filled with nations. We say 'Europe' to designate a sort of political community. The Americans say 'America' with the same intention. America is conscious of the contrast she forms with political and military Europe, and she is proud of it. This very contrast gives a sort of unity. It permits bold spirits to speak of *Pan-Americanism.*

"The relations between the Old World and the New are not necessarily peaceful. Down to the present the latter has had no foreign policy; still the Monroe doctrine, 'America for the Americans,' is a policy. If it is ever applied to the islands of America (premonitory signs of this are not wanting), it will cause a conflict between the two worlds.

"American civilization is pacific. All these new nations grow and multiply in the midst of peace. Peace is their vocation; but, as if it were contrary to the eternal order of things, the United States are beginning to use their treasury surplus for the construction of war vessels. Armaments are ruining Europe, while American wealth is producing armaments."

But the danger is not as great as might at first sight appear. There is progress in human events, and not retrogression. Good has been before, and will be again, "the final goal of ill." The exaggeration of Grecian diversity and of Roman unity actually aided, as we have seen, in the accomplishment of better things. So the exaggeration of modern national diversity can be seen to aid in the realization of a higher and better unity than the world has ever known before. The very strivings of the races of Eastern Europe to secure national recognition has produced an European concert, which, along with the international character of European industry, will probably produce an European Federation. The very efforts of Irishmen to maintain their national rights have led to a policy on the part of the English Liberals of which the only logical result can be Federation, and a truer union than could otherwise be secured. The endeavors of Imperial Federationists to preserve the unity of the British nation, however much some of us may object to their proposals, must be considered by all who attempt to make an impartial estimate of the probable result of present tendencies, as one very strong force at work to keep together, in some Federal form, the various English-speaking communities. The very tenacity with which European, African, and Asiatic races in America are clinging to their national individuality may prevent the evolution of a new and distinctive American race, so numerous, so wealthy, so transcendently powerful, as to become, in spite of themselves, by the mere force of their own expansive energy, the rulers of the world. The people of the United States were more truly a distinct and assimilated nation in 1820 than they have been since, or than they are now.

What wondrous future may be reserved to America, in her political relations with the outer world, it would be rash for us, with any certainty, to affirm. But speculation is not wholly vain, and this much seems certain: it is difficult to conceive what good would result to humanity by the formation of a new nation in America *in the sense in which we speak of the nations of Europe*. It is easy to see how it might work incalculable harm. There is diversity enough among the races now: and there is little danger that that diversity will disappear. It is time we veered round again towards unity,—not to uniformity,—but to that truer unity which preserves diversity. The people of the United States believe firmly in the grandeur of their destiny; and so do we all. But it may be possible that a destiny far more glorious than, by building their ideals upon the facts of the past, they have yet been able to conceive,—an ideal of character far higher than a narrow and exclusive one—may be in store for them. It may be that the highest type of manhood to be evolved in America will not be termed an American, but simply a MAN. If a qualifying epithet were at all necessary, it should be "Columbian," which would not emphasize the diversity of races, but their *unity in diversity*. Is it not, indeed, a fact of deep significance that to that victorious party in the United States, which is moving towards free trade, which has within its ranks all those who believe in complete free trade, and are, therefore, essentially cosmopolitan in their economic doctrines—to that party the vast majority of the foreign-born population instinctively adhere? These considerations lead one to think that the United States, placed in the centre of the Ocean, may not be intended to be the special home of a new race, but rather the common meeting-ground of all nations of the earth, where, with that toleration of diversity which nature and history show is the only sure ground of truest unity, they may come together without forgetting or despising their noble origin, emulate each other, and each work for the others' good. That may be the real solution of the Chinese problem, of the Negro problem, and of the French-Canadian problem, too.

And what of our own country? Here, too, the striving for a distinct united and independent nationality is working in the common cause. It is one force at work to prevent that excessive uniformity within North America, which would in the end be disastrous and deadening to all vigorous life, as well as that excessive divergence without, between America and the other continents, which would bring disagreement and war and inevitable conquest. Our efforts to establish a Canadian nationality will succeed only so far as they subserve the deeper purposes of Providence. There is no need of a new Canadian race any more than there is need of a new American race. The geographical features of Europe which produced the European races have no counterpart in the geography of America; and we may be sure, therefore, that racial differences and animosities such as they have been in Europe, will not be reproduced here. But there is need and pressing need of one thing, and that is, a closer unity in the political relations of mankind. No one will say that it is not desirable. No one will refuse to confess a silent hope, however small, that such a union may sometime be secured. To such an end, then, is there not need of some political bond between North America and the continents on either side? Even if its accomplishment be not possible for several centuries, the germs of that great event, according to all the teaching of history, should be already discernible. And where can those germs be found if not in the Dominion of Canada and her peculiar connection with both Europe and America? Many of us wonder what possible purpose

Canada can serve in the world. If we assume, as the basis of our political thought, the nation, with its proud exclusiveness, its inevitable antagonisms and animosities, then truly such a purpose is difficult to find. Five millions against sixty-five, with the so-called traitors in the camp and the frontier of three thousand miles to defend, would not be a nation very long. But if we go behind the idea of the nation, whether thinking of Canada or the United States, if we place the nation in its proper place as but one phase in the progress of the world, if we take our stand upon more enduring ground, upon the principles, for instance, of that constitution which declares that all men are born free and equal, free to emigrate whither they will, equal potentially if not actually, after they get there, or, if you please, upon the simple teachings of the Man of Nazareth, then, as for the United States, her true destiny is not so deeply obscured. The Colossus by our side loses both its terror and its charm. The Republic no longer seems in danger of denying the splendid promise of her youth, or of becoming a mere strutting aristocrat among the nations, and saying "Stand off, I am better than thou." She continues to be more and more the hospitable host, the guide, uplifter and friend of those peoples whose lot has been cast in less propitious times and places. She loses the desire and the need to absorb, destroy or ostracize. If this be not so, then America has been discovered in vain. As for Canada, if we give up the idea of independent nationality and turn to the future, not to the past, for our ideals, then surely our own pathway becomes also a little clearer, Then Canada no longer seems like

> "An infant crying in the night,
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry."

We can then discern some reason for her political existence. Our anachronous efforts to be a nation, fruitless though they be as far as our own purpose is concerned, serve yet an end which is infinitely better, the maintenance of political connection between Europe and America. Is not that a far higher destiny? Is it not the application to national ethics of the essential principle of Christian life, to live not for self, for our own glory or power, but for those around us, to repress our own individuality for the general good, in order that those long estranged may be allied and reconciled once more? In what other way, indeed, can any possible meaning be attached to the facts of Canadian history, to a century of constitutional growth and development? They are otherwise absolutely meaningless, fantastic and absurd. But assume, as we may, as indeed we are bound to assume, the approach, sooner or later, of closer political relations between Europe and America, and then there is some meaning in our past. The construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Halifax to Vancouver, from the peninsulas that stretch out towards Europe to the island in the west that looks towards Australia and India, a railway which is commanding the sympathy and support of the commercial forces of New England and the North-Western States, seems then to be neither an accident nor a mistake. It becomes one of the most decisive events in the history of North America and the world. Ever since the discovery of America the St. Lawrence Valley has been a centre of political power. Geography declared that it should be so, and the present tendencies of commerce and of political feeling indicate that it shall continue to be so. And yet it is a political power in necessary alliance with Europe, nay, with a portion of mediæval Europe at its very doors. This of course has often been made a subject of reproach, and philo-Americans have sneered at Canada for being "part of Europe." But he who sneers at Europe can have no conception of

the true glories of America; he who despises the past should not presume to prophesy about the future. Why should we be ashamed, indeed, of being "a part of Europe?" Europe has been for ages the centre of human history; she still is, as she will long continue to be, the richest repository of human experience. To the struggles of great Europeans, in darker hours than America has ever known, we owe the institutions which we now enjoy. Europe handed the torch of civilization to America, and has a right to expect that America will not turn from her but rather stand by her side and fan that torch to a still higher flame. It is to Canada's honor that she is still connected with Europe, that she clings with fondness to all the Past, while also reaching out to share the blessings of the Future, that she forms the strongest political tie that binds the Old World to the New. And why should that tie be destroyed? Why should it not rather be strengthened? Political ties are not so easily formed that they should be lightly broken.

The sharp distinction hitherto drawn between the Old World and the New no longer exists. There is an indestructible unity in Aryan civilization. Though at certain times that unity seems to be breaking up, there is a mighty Power silently at work to draw the various races once more together. That Power is at work to-day. The highest aspirations of the race, irresistible forces of the economic world, both point to closer unity among all nations of the earth. There is no need to conjecture what new forms of government will appear. They will be established gradually by the application to each difficulty as it arises, of the principles of expediency. The artificial division at the forty-ninth parallel will do doubt disappear, but the movement may not be in the direction generally supposed. Upon that tremendous flood of humanity which stretches away to the south many storms must be expected to arise. It is not beyond the range of possibility that some shattered ship of state should seek a refuge in the quieter havens of the north. The breach of 1776 would then be healed by those who caused it. If the union of the Anglo-Saxon people, not on one continent merely, but on all continents, should be thus secured, and it can be secured in no other way, then the part played in history by the Peninsula and the Valley would not be insignificant—it would be sublime.

THE END OF THE READING.

Within our Book of Love one crumpled leaf,
Torn by your angry fingers, stained with tears
Not yours, shall mark throughout the vacant years
The last-read passage of our story brief.

Hope's broken lilies on the page are lying,
Their sweet, strong perfume waning unto death—
Dear flowers, whose living essence was my breath,
How passionately dearer in their dying!

So let them lie. Through bright or darkling weather,
No ray from other eyes, no touch save thine,
No promise of a passion less divine,
Can woo me past the page we read together.

Grief lurks within its lines; yet not so fond
Were the full heart-song of a lip less dear
Than one, whose music, all in vain, my ear
Craves from the silence of the dark Beyond.

Henry Marmaduke Russell.

BJORNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

BY STUART LIVINGSTON, LL.B.

It lies far away to the north, and is beaten by the waters of the Atlantic. It is a land where the summer is one long warm day of sunlight, and the winter a constant night of mist and gloom. A land where the snow rests white on the mountains, and the valleys are beautiful with flowers. Where the midnight sun of the summer, half veiled in the mists from the sea, is magnified three or four fold, and hangs above the horizon a luminous globe of fire. It is a land where the warm light falls in a rich play of color that illumines the landscape with every tint from the deepest glowing red to a delicate yellow that is almost white. In the winter, when night reigns supreme, and the sun returns no more to the sky, when the wind from the ice-bound seas of the north sweeps down with intense cold, filling the valleys deep with drifted snow and driving the waters of the ocean furiously against the coast; above on the leaden sky, with wild and ever changing unrest, flash the northern lights. It is a land where the coast-line cliffs rise up rugged and erect from the waves of the Atlantic which break unceasingly at their feet, while inland the roar of water-falls is hardly ever absent from the ear. It has the greatest glaciers in the world. It is the land where Oeyvind fell in love with Marit Heidfarms, and Baard, the schoolmaster knew it was well that it should be so, where the sunlight lingered longest on Sloping Hill until Synnove became so like the sunlight, Thorborn could not tell the difference; where Arne sang of the beauty of Eli Boen; where Magnhild resisted the evil and kept herself pure and untarnished; the land of Saemund and Guttorm, of Thore and Ole, Nordistuen of Nils and Margit:—Norway! the land of him who created all these exquisite realities of fiction, Bjornstjerne Bjornson.

Before we contemplate the man, and appropriate what of his works will best suit our need, by considering the questions, who is he? and what has he done? it may not be amiss to ask the question from whence does he come? To any one who had heard the little German child at six years exclaiming with awe upon his face, "Mother, I am a me," it should scarcely have been a matter of great difficulty to shadow forth, however dimly, some great part of the subsequent carreer of Jean Paul Richter, the philosopher. It need have been a matter of little effort to any one who heard St. Pierre at seven years as he gazed at the pigeons flying in and out of the tower of Rouen cathedral exclaim to his father, "My God, how high they fly," to forecast that his love of nature would lead him one day to make the world better with such a work as Paul and Virginia. Perhaps it may not be amiss to say here that we are told of Bjornson, that in his boyhood he was fonder of nature and story-reading than he was of his regular scholastic work, and upon one occasion having, as we would call it, played truant, so as to obtain the pleasures he preferred, he was taken to task for it by his father. He answered stoutly that he had stayed from school because the king was dead. The family being strong royalists he was of course forgiven, and when next day they found that the king was not dead their joy was so great that the young Bjornson escaped the impending thrashing after all. I merely mention this to draw your attention to the fact that this great writer's genius for story-telling

began to develop itself at a very early age. But in truth the child is father of the man, and not less true is it, I believe, that the nation is father of the child. This leads us in our answer to the question of whence he comes, to consider the nation he springs from; but to be scientifically logical we must take yet another step backward and ask ourselves, from whence springs this nation? what are its sources? and more particularly as to its early literature, if any there be. And it is here, I think, that perhaps we will get some insight into the heredity, if I may so use the term, of those clear, terse, idiomatic and pre-eminently Norse sentences with which he draws so vividly those pure, strong, and pre-eminently Norse characters.

Briefly then, perhaps no country on the map of Europe to-day, with the possible exception of unhappy Ireland, has had a more turbulent domestic history or been more constantly the theatre of struggles for supremacy by rival factions than has Norway. As we look upon the making of this nation, as we obtain from the Sagas glimpses of the huge moulds in which its life has from time to time been cast, we find ourselves involuntarily exclaiming, "truly there were giants in the earth in those days." They were a people whose men were warriors, strong and unsubdued. They looked fearlessly upon the rugged nature around them and were undaunted by the waters of any sea. They built a navy, which was unconquered wherever the winds carried its ships. In the long days of the summer they waged war upon all men, and in the nights of the winter they sat around their fires, while the Edda singers told the prowess of their arms. Their gods were heroes and their heroes were gods. None but the heroes attained the Norse heaven; it is so written in the Edda:

> Five hundred doors and forty more
> Methinks are in Valhalla;
> Eight hundred heroes through each door
> Shall issue forth.
> All men of worth shall there abide.
> The Ash Igdrasil is the first of trees.

When a hero died, the funeral pyre was placed on a ship and lighted. It was then pushed out to sea, and the venturous soul set adrift on its lonely voyage to Valhalla. They feared nothing, not even death itself; they sported with it. We read so in the Sagas. Earl Erik had gone out to battle, and brought back many captives, whom he condemned to death. As the executioner was striking off their heads one said, "I will stick this fish bone that I have in my hand into the earth if it be so that I know anything after my head is cut off." Another, Sigurd, who was remarkable for his long and beautiful hair, called out, "I fear not death, but let no slave touch my hair nor let blood defile it." So one of the Norse men-at-arms stepped forward to hold up his hair while he was being beheaded. But Sigurd contrived by a sudden twist to bring the man's hands in the way of the axe so that they and not his head were cut off. The Saga goes on to tell us that this trick so delighted Earl Erik that he ordered Sigurd's release, and also that of all the rest who remained alive, and took them into his service. There is nothing little, contracted, or spiteful about such natures as these. They fought with valor in war, and in peace cherished no enmities. Imbued by nature with a strong spirit of unrest, they were ever setting their sails upon unknown seas, to discover what land might be upon the other side. It is from these fair-haired, blue-eyed Norsemen of the old Sagas, silent and deep-natured but modified by the dark and brown-eyed Lapp with his vivid imagination and tendency to natural mysticism, and also by the daring and energetic Finn, that Bjornson draws the very life-blood of his genius. It is as inheritor of the rough-hewn grandeur of the old Edda and Saga literature that he builds such strength and beauty into his work.

If there be any difference between the Norwegians of to-day and those of the past, it is, I think, a difference in degree and not in kind. Wherever the traveller goes in Norway, he finds the same strong spirit of sturdy independence manifesting itself among the people. The rigorous isolation of farm from farm, each on its own freehold, has tended strongly to foster and develope this feeling. If you enter into conversation with the post-boy on the seat behind, says Bjornson in his Norwegian sketches, you will find from his questions and answers that he is possessed with a dauntless view of life and upright courage, and you will understand the truth of the saying, "These people are masters over the nature they live in; they soar higher than the mountains." These then, are the people from whom he comes and of whom he writes.

Now, it is not always to the world's great critics that we should go for the clearest insight and keenest appreciation when any particular matter is to the front, for, as Ruskin remarked of Mr. Whistler, it is the lot of critics to be remembered by what they have failed to understand. When, however, we have the dictum of one who was probably, on the whole, the greatest literary artist the world has yet seen, it is well that we listen with respect. Plato, in a fine passage, lays it down that it is the business of the poet, and indeed, of every artist, to create for us the image of a noble morality, so that the young men living in a wholesome atmosphere may be profited by everything, that, in work fairly wrought, may touch them through hearing or sight—as if it were a breeze bringing health to them from places strong for life. As I read one of Bjornson's peasant stories, and wander with him far up on the mountain side among the wild flowers of the saeters or catch a breath of the pure salt air that blows in off the waters of the silent fjords, when I contemplate the earnest longing of Arne, the simplicity of Synnove, the pervasive atmosphere of an austere morality, the quaint farm houses, and the lonely mountains rising up into snow and clouds, while through the valley comes faintly the sound of church bells, I remember the words of Plato and acknowledge that truly this man is an artist.

In the mild atmosphere of one of the healthiest and most charming villages of Norway is Aulestad, the villa and farm of Bjornson. The surrounding country is hilly, the forest is magnificent, and in the distance the jagged cliffs of the mountains rear themselves abruptly. He has also a residence in Paris, but at neither place is he to be found, save at rare intervals, as he travels most of his time from village to village, delivering popular, scientific and political lectures. He is a great favorite with the peasants of the surrounding villages, as he evinces an interest in all their domestic joys and sorrows, and not seldom takes a meal with his whole family in one of their humble cottages. In his love for the common people, he is the Tolstoi of Norway. While mentioning the name of the great Russian, I may say that I know of no piece of literature that may so well be twin brother to Bjornson's work, as the chapter from Anna Kerinina, where Levin works in the field with the mujiks. But Bjornson is more than this, he is a philanthropist. This story is told of him in Norway:

Some thirty-five years ago, Arne, a fine-looking, vigorous young man, who had been a sergeant in the Norwegian army, and as such had become noted for his athletic strength, as well as for his kindly disposition and honest character, had a serious feud with one of his neighbors in his mountain home in Valders. His enemy was a dissipated, mean, cringing, and base scoundrel, who, at a party, succeeded in getting Arne drunk, and persuaded him to sign papers by which he lost his old homestead. The feud grew in

bitterness from year to year. One day, when business had brought both to the same place it came to blows between them, and his foe drew a knife, and gave Arne severe wounds in the hand and arm, the marks of which he wears to this day. There were many other aggravating circumstances, among which may be mentioned, as the worst, the fact that upon the farm, of which his enemy had gotten possession, Arne's father lived and received his annual allowance, according to Norwegian law. When the father lay upon his death-bed, Arne visited him, and learned that he had been ill-treated, and that his death had probably been hastened by the cruelty of the owner of the farm. This so enraged Arne that revenge was a mere question of time and opportunity. The opportunity was not easily found, for the fellow feared Arne, and shrewdly avoided meeting him. He never went out alone. One morning early he had, however, deemed it safe to go a short distance from home with his team. But it so happened that Arne, too, had gone out that morning with his rifle to hunt, when, on returning, he saw his enemy, and at once determined to give him a mark at least as severe as the one he bore himself. He raised his gun to take sight. He was one of the best marksmen in the country, and had brought down many a bird on the wing; but, unfortunately, as his enemy was walking by the side of his team, he happened to stumble just at the moment when Arne pulled the trigger, and, instead, of giving him a severe wound in the arm, as he intended, the bullet entered his breast, and he soon after expired.

Arne was convicted of murder and sentenced to death. This was in the lower court. The case was appealed. Mark now the remarkable incident which occurred. Having been sentenced to death by this lower court, he was to be transferred to an adjoining bailiwick. The bailiff who had him in charge, knowing his prisoner's honesty and truthfulness, did what, probably, no other bailiff ever did. He was very busy, and Arne, knowing this, told him that there was no necessity of his going with him or sending any guards, for he would go alone and place himself in the hands of the officers in the next bailiwick; and such confidence had the bailiff in Arne's uprightness and integrity that he unhesitatingly sent him alone without any guards, and Arne promptly did as he had agreed.

The sentence of the lower court was confirmed by the Supreme Court, without any recommendation to pardon. He was locked up in prison, and in a few days was to be beheaded. The young and enthusiastic poet, Bjornson, was at this time in the capital. He had heard of the case, had read all that had been said about it in the press, and had become so interested in it that he went to the prison, partly to see this remarkable criminal and partly out of curiosity to see a man who stood at the threshold of execution. He had a long talk with Arne, and was much affected by his manner and by his story of the aggravating circumstances which had led to his crime. As he was about to leave the prison-cell, Arne arose, stretched out both arms to Bjornson, and besought him, in tones of deepest agony, to save him. His words rang in the ears of the poet, and he determined to move heaven and earth, if this were possible, to procure a pardon. He immediately set himself to work, and wrote for the press what he still considers the most masterly article of his life; indeed, such an article as but few others than Bjornson could write. It set the whole community—the whole land—in commotion. The wives and daughters of the judges who had pronounced the sentence, and the wives of the members of the King's Cabinet, were the first to sign a petition to the Government for his pardon. The death sentence was

changed by the King to imprisonment for life. For twenty long years Arne had to remain in prison, and not until the summer of 1880 was he released. By that time his wife had died, and his family were scattered. He found himself alone and friendless.

After twenty years of confinement within the walls of a prison, liberty itself scarcely seemed a boon. He came to Wisconsin, where he had a married daughter. Hearing of Bjornson's arrival in Madison, he immediately came to visit him; and the meeting of these two men was indeed an affecting scene. At the sight of his benefactor the man was much moved, and as he attempted to greet the great Skald of the North he sobbed like a child, the tears choking his voice. Arne was poor and felt nowhere at home in America. The poet received him cordially as a brother. He offered to care for the unfortunate man in his old age and directed that he be advanced the necessary funds for defraying his expenses back to Norway, where he was given a home and employment on Bjornson's estate. This man's greatness is not alone in his fiction, but its presence is also felt in his life.

The creator of the Comedie Humane upon one occasion, before France had come to acknowledge his surpassing genius, wrote to his sister that like all great men he was living in a garret and starving there. It was much the same with Bjornson, as with Balzac. Three times a week while at the Christiana University, he spent the money for his dinner in a second-hand book-store. The dealer became interested in the boy and allowed him to use his store as a library. In the days of his success, Bjornson remembered this kind act, and made the son of the old dealer his secretary. His only light was a tallow candle and, like Alphonse Daudet, by its flame he read all night. With all his saving, the income which his father, a poor clergyman, was able to give him, did not suffice, and he was obliged to become a daily tutor. In one family they forced him to act as janitor, and despite his buoyant humor it was a great strain on his proud spirit. At last, tired of this drudgery he set himself to work and wrote his first novel, Synnove Solbakken, and from that time his star arose in the sky and shed its light in all literary circles. Following this and in the order named, came,—Arne, A Happy Boy, The Fisher Maiden, The Bridal March, Magnhild, Mansana, and his latest novel, The Heritage of the Kurts. He also published a number of dramas which take rank in the North only after those of his great contemporary, Henrik Ibsen. Sometimes he produces nothing for months, and even years, and he never writes save on inspiration. This is in somewhat glaring contrast to the dictum of New York's celebrated apostle of realism. I am not acquainted with anyone of modern times, who surpasses Bjornson in his delineation of delicate female types; this alone would establish his claim to rank among the master poets of the age. His Norwegian sketches, and indeed all of his novels, contain pieces of scenic word-painting, which almost approach the perfection of Ruskin himself. As we catch these exquisite glimpses of Norwegian scenery, we must not lose sight of the fact that we do so only through what Carlyle calls the somewhat yeasty version of a translation; and at the same time we should remember the words of that pre-eminently witty Irishman, Dean Swift, when he says that nothing in the world bears translation well except a bishop.

I am aware of the fact that it is customary in papers of this kind, to extract scenes from the more important works of the author in question, and after giving them a more or less appropriate setting to follow it up with an enthusiastic panegyric. I do not intend to do so here. Someone has well said that if you cut a word

out of Shakespeare the text will bleed: it is much the same with Bjornson. His characters are like the wild flowers that grow in his native valleys, each lending to each till the whole field is full of beauty and delicious fragrance. They deserve a better fate than to be torn from the perfect setting their creator has given them for the instruction or amusement of the passer-by. Each of his characters, whether strong or weak, pure or tarnished, great or small, each and all are, where they are, for a purpose. They are a part of the created design, and that design is only perfect when the last page is finished and the book is closed. Some may prefer the pocket camera novels which certain men are enabled to write by exposing the sensitive plates of their minds to the narrow existence which lies around them, and then reproducing exact copies of it. For my own part, I prefer the work of men who study the shifting scenes of life from a higher standpoint than its own level, and whose every creation is filled with a great purpose to benefit mankind. I am aware that for some years back there has been a little coterie of influential writers for the press who have used their best efforts in the endeavor to persuade the public that in the judgment of all orthodox critics romanticism and all the beautiful ideals which are its children are dead, and a newer and purer realism is the only living force in the literature of to-day, and is the watchword for that in the future. Now this a question wide as literature itself. Though there is not sufficient opportunity in a paper like the present to discuss the matter adequately, I shall not pass it by in silence, lest my so doing might give the impression that I assented to the truth of their assertion. I do not assent to it, nor accept it in any sense whatever.

I feel very strongly that it is utterly false, and if the error obtain a hold it will be fatal, not only to the production of good literature, but will also prevent the appreciation of good literature by the public at large. But first let me say that when I use the words realism and idealism it is as having their ordinary and well-understood meanings. I take it that thus used realism, as applied to fiction, is the doctrine of the superior importance of the real facts of life; that is, the reproduction of actual life utterly devoid of any striving for romance, poetry, or uncommon incidents and situations. Idealism, I take it, is the doctrine of the superiority of ideal creations over the facts of life. For some years past the realists have been constantly proclaiming that they studied facts, plain, naked facts, and that from these materials and these alone, they were going to build a literature which would affect the life and conduct of the race more potently than any the world had yet seen. And what has been the result? Any one acquainted with the French literature of the times will have already answered the question. I do not care to discuss such characters as Fanny LeGrand and Sidonie, or the numerous train of satyrs which Zola pictures so vividly in such works as La Terre; they are characters with whom, I am glad to say, we have nothing in common, and from whom I think we have nothing to learn. I had rather spend an hour with the Philosopher of the Attic, for I think the little book which brought Emile Souvestre a crown in the French Academy has more of good for the race in it than all the Sapphos ever written. But why has French literature reached its present state? Why do we experience such a feeling of chill and gloom after reading such works as Gogol's Dead Souls, or Turgeneff's Liza? not though by any means to class them with the French school. I believe the latter writer is perhaps the healthiest and most honest of realists, and the pessimism which casts so profound a shadow over his work is more readily traceable to French influence, especially to Flau-

bert, than to any great natural tendency in himself. Just as is that of Ibsen in a less degree. I think we may find an answer to our question in the fact that to the human eye there seems and always has seemed to be a great preponderance of the evil over the good in the affairs of this world. About five hundred years before the Christian era the Ephesians called upon Heraclitus the Philosopher to frame for them a code of laws, but he declined, giving as his reason that the corruption of the Ephesians was so inveterate as to be beyond remedy. History is all one; it is a protean spirit—to-day Cæsar, to-morrow Napoleon—but the one great human spirit, universal as the ages themselves, is much the same now as then, and if we go abroad with absolute faith in this human eye of ours, to draw our facts concerning the manner and substance of the life around us from what we see, we will be impressed much as was Heraclitus of old and come back either wondering if God be asleep in the world, or exclaiming with the cynicism of Voltaire that there is no God in the rascally world at all. Cynicism is the deadliest enemy of all that is highest in art. Now, the idealist with all the enthusiasm of optimism, scrutinizes the events of life with an eye of faith and, believing that the good is not always borne down by the evil, he tries to raise and strengthen his fellows by bringing into their lives the glory of this hope. To do this he does not rest with depicting life as it is but strives to create it as it should be. "The highest thing," says Ruskin in his lectures on art, "that art can do is to set before you the true image of the presence of a noble human being." It has never done more than this, and it ought not to do less. This then is the dream of the idealist. I do not wish to be understood as saying that he does not seek the ground-work of his art in nature. Indeed it may just as truly be said of him as of the realist that he "holds the mirror up to nature;" but he does more than this. He remembers the profound remark of Aristotle that nature has the will, but not the power, to realize perfection. and it becomes the great yearning of his life to realize it for her. As I stood one morning in Venus gallery of the Louvre, without a sound of the laughter and gaiety of the Boulevards to draw my thoughts away to the great world of Paris without, I turned around, and at once, like a soul-compelling light, there burst upon my gaze that supremest work of art of any age, the Venus de Milo. I could never forget that moment. The very soul of all pure women seemed to look out of that marble face, and as the exquisite beauty of the creation slowly pervaded me, I began to realize why it was that Heine, worn with paralysis, dragged himself down every morning to drink in new inspiration at her feet. It left upon me a distinct impression for good. No woman born was ever like that. Indeed the history of Greek art teaches us that the perfection it attained was not the result of perfection in its models. From whence then did it emanate?

If we remember the words of the great Greek sculptor Lysippus, that men should be represented, not as they are, but as they ought to be, we may perhaps discover an answer to our question. Greek art never at any time depended upon a servile imitation of nature for its great creations. In the antique, the forms are scientifically disposed according to a certain established scale or harmony of proportion, and the details are subordinated to that distribution. The type is never lost sight of; it dominates all the parts. The Greek artist in his work never suffered himself to be seduced from his own ideal conception by any accident of the model, but relied for the absolute perfection of his work upon principles drawn from a severe and constant study of the varying forms of nature. The first scientific and absolute standard of the proportion of the

human figure was established by Polycleitus, who wrote the famous treatise on the canons of proportion, and who embodied its rules in the statue of Doryphorus, which was called the canon. After him Euphranor introduced a variation by lengthening the lower limbs in proportion to the torso, and, still later, Lysippus increased this variation. But all recognized the necessity of a standard of proportion for the formalization of their work. This in no wise restrained their inventive powers, or limited the play of their imagination. Their models they used simply to supply a knowledge of special facts; these facts they varied in accord with their conception of a perfect figure, and into the whole breathed the soul of the work which genius alone is able to give. Thus we see that the ground work of all true art is in nature. It has, as it were, its feet in the clay, but he who rests content with this is not an artist, but an artizan; the true artist builds higher than this; he throws his life, his soul, all that God has given him into his work, till it rises up above the earth, and the things that are known of men, and a light rests upon it which is divine. I think a perusal of his works will lead to the belief that it is this towards which Bjornson strives with all the power of his great genius, and it is because of this that I prefer to call him an idealist.

Such then is Bjornstjerne Bjornson—a poet and a dramatist who has been likened to Schiller,—a novelist whose stories are read all over the world, wherever good literature finds its way,—a philanthropist who has earned the love of his countrymen by his untiring efforts to instruct and elevate them,—an orator who has not feared to speak whenever his country needed the power of his eloquence, and a patriot who loves that country, rugged and wild as it is, better than any other under Heaven, and who has sung for her in beautiful verse her National Hymn. He belongs of right not to Norway alone, but to us also, and the whole world, and will through all time. Such men do not die.

THE DEAD MASTER-SINGER.

ONLY the heart is still,
  And ceased the constant breath,
Yet nevermore shall inspiration thrill
  These mute, white lips of death.

An utter silence—dreamless, tranquil sleep,
  Without the lab'ring breast;
And features placidly composed to deep,
  Eternal rest.

Organ and requiem psalm,
  Nor solemn-tolling bell,
Can wake a tremor in that holy calm,
  Where all is well.

For art is quenched in him; now discords cease
  To vex his cultured ear;
And he hath earned the long, harmonious peace
  He vainly strived for here.

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

ONTARIO'S NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

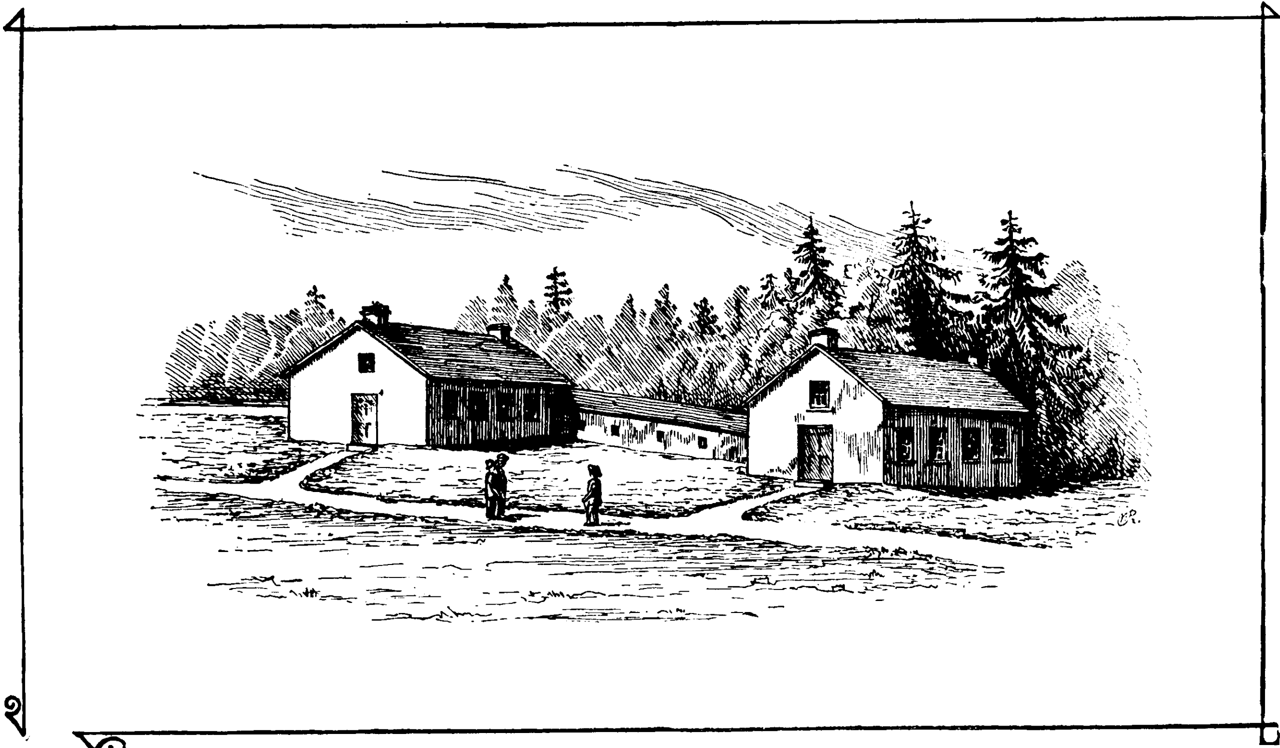
BY FRANK YEIGH.

THE completion of the magnificent pile in Queen's Park, Toronto, erected as the Parliament Buildings of Ontario, naturally recalls the former homes of our Provincial legislators, which were as the log cabin to the palace. Indeed, no more striking evidence of the great strides Ontario has made within the century just closed is afforded than by a comparison of the plain, diminutive structure built in Little York in 1796, and the colossal building which rears its noble Romanesque outline in the provincial capital, forming one of a noble group of buildings—the reconstructed University, the University Library, the School of Practical Science, the Athletic Club building, the Biological building, and Victoria and McMaster Universities and Wycliffe College.

In 1796, sixteen members, representing the nineteen original counties, formed the early Upper Canadian Legislature; now ninety-one meet to legislate for the Province. Then, the canoe or the horse was the chief means of conveyance, the latter having for its course the lonely trails through the forest, or the rough and newly-made roads; now, steam and electricity are the dominant propelling and carrying powers. Then, means of education were as limited as the population itself; now, 8,000 teachers teach half-a-million pupils in 6,000 schools. Then, Little York had a score of houses, and but a few score of residents; now, the city has nearly 200,000 inhabitants. Then, the population of the Province was only a few thousand — about 77,000 in 1812—now, it is 2,114,000, making Ontario the leading Province of the Confederation. But then were laid in the rude legislative halls the foundation of the laws that have since expanded into statute books representing legislation as advanced and enlightened as can be found in any country in old world or new.

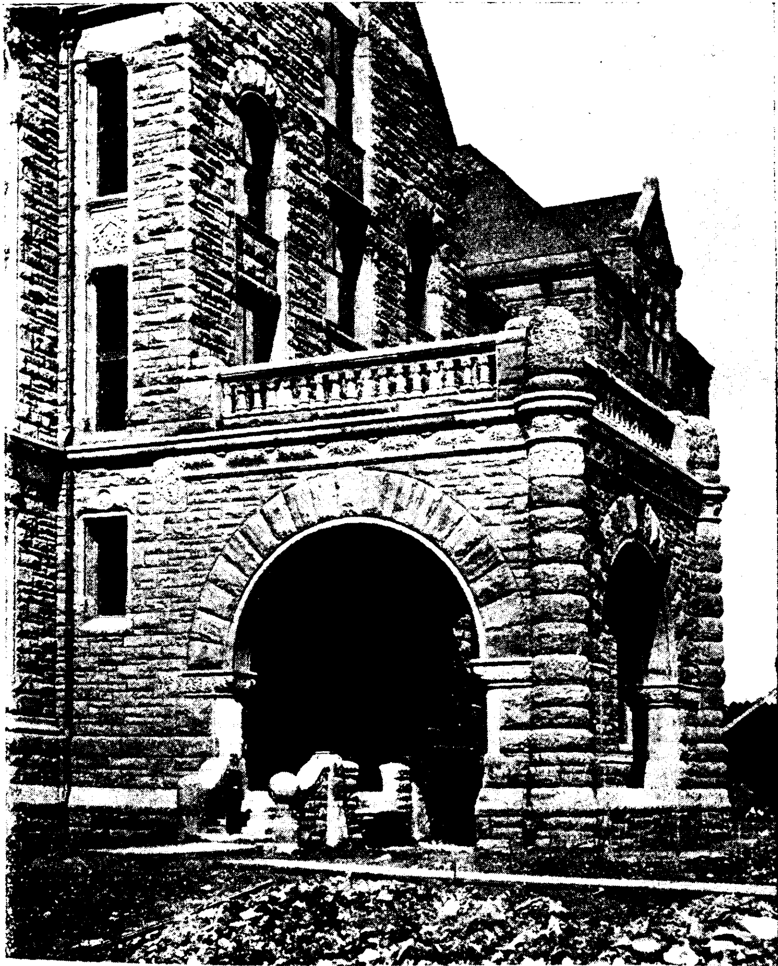
A day came when an invading foe sacked the little town, captured its fort and put the torch to its Parliament Buildings wherein sixteen sessions had been held. The Legislature met for some years thereafter in temporary quarters, such as the "ball room" of "Jordan's York Hotel"—a low-walled, upper room of an unpretentious frame inn; the house of Chief Justice Draper, which stood near the present north-east corner of York and Wellington-streets, and other available places. In 1820 the Legislature met in a new building, of brick and wood, erected at the foot of what is now Parliament-street, and very near the site of the original buildings of 1796; but they only had a short lease of life, a defective flue causing a fire that destroyed them in 1824. The short series of sessions held within it were as important in results as they were turbulent in spirit. As Dr. Scadding has said, "Here it was the first skirmishes took place in the great war of principles which afterwards with such determination and effect was fought out in Canada. Here it was that first loomed up before the minds of our early law-makers the ecclesiastical question, the educational question, the constitutional question. Here it was that first was heard the open discussion, crude, indeed, and vague, but pregnant with very weighty consequences, of topics, social and national, which, at the time, even in the parent state itself, were mastered but by few."

The House next met in the old Court House which stood on Church-



THE ORIGINAL PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, 1796.

street, near King-street, and also in the old and original Hospital, long a landmark, west of the old Upper Canada College. During the interval, between 1824 and 1832, the Journals of the Assembly give a faint glimpse of the stirring scenes in which our old-time legislators took part, especially after the advent of "the fathers of reform"—the Bidwells, the Baldwins, John Rolph, Captain Matthews, Peter Perry, John Willson, William Lyon Mackenzie and others who waged a bitter war with Attorney-General Robinson and his followers.



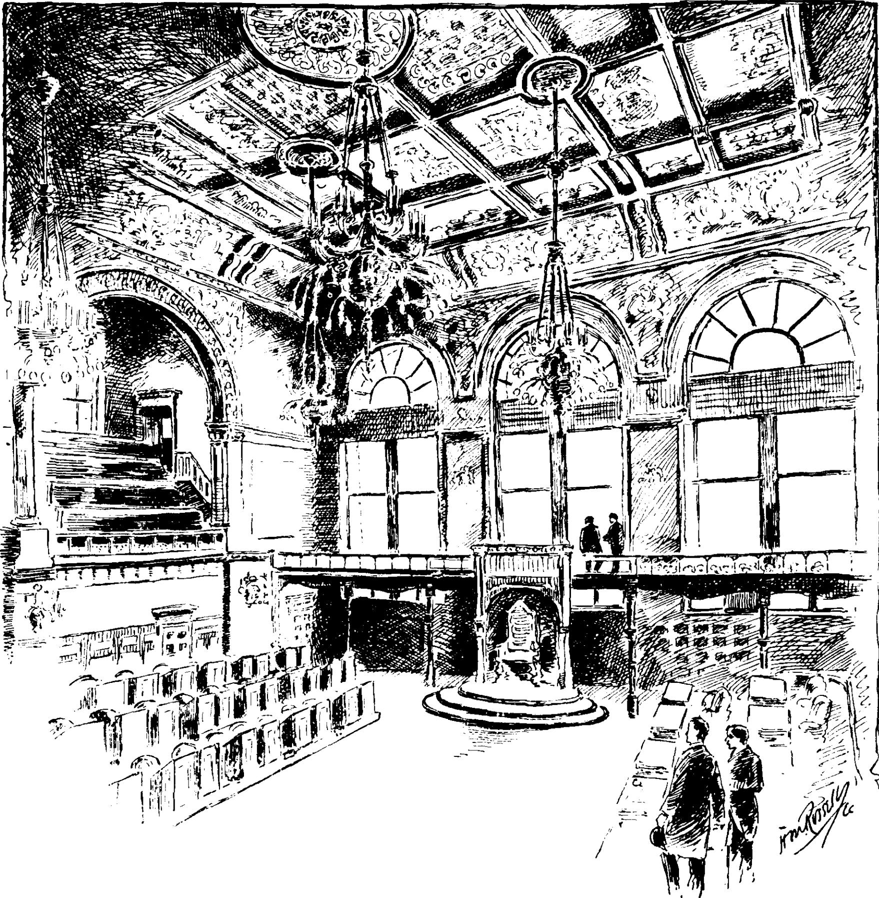
EASTERN PORTE COCHERE.

After long delays, conflicting legislative action and contractors' mismanagement, the buildings on Front-street were opened with a great display of vice-regal pomp. They were regarded not only as a triumph of architectural skill but as a very noticeable addition to the attractions of the capital. These old buildings therefore saw six decades of varied service—from 1832 to 1892. During that period they served not only as the home of the Legislature, but among other purposes as a court house, lunatic asylum, barracks, college and arsenal. The par-

liamentary sessions there have been conducted by two generations of Canadian public men; most of our statesmen and men of mark and influence having occupied seats in the deserted Chamber.

Now, however, the dingy, dusty and dilapidated old structure is practically deserted; its usefulness has departed; the march of progress has left it to an early destruction; and soon, in all probability, its site will be covered by commercial buildings, and its existence will be but a memory.

Truly the change is a marked one from the old red-brick pile on Front-street to the great brown-stone structure in Queen's Park. It is a transition from gloomy corridors, dimly-lighted offices, dust-begrimed desks, flickering yellow gas jets, and old-time grates, to spacious quarters, with high ceilings, handsome paneling, massive corridors, beautiful electric appliances, and perfect heating and ventilation.



THE LEGISLATIVE CHAMBER.

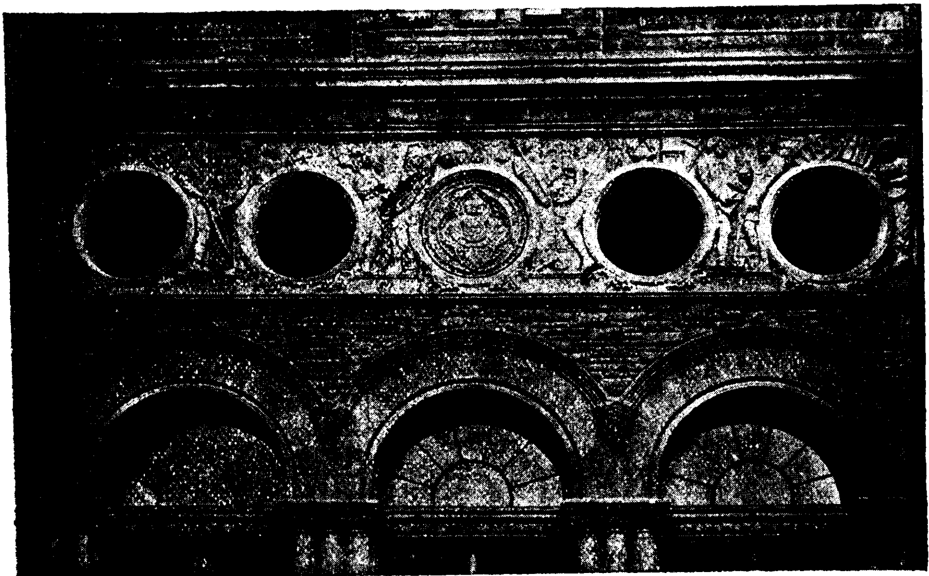
The following is a complete list of the contractors and work, and the prices contracted for in connection with the erection of the new buildings:

Masonry, brick, stone and excavation (originally awarded to Lionel Yorke and upon his death taken up by Carroll, Gaylord & Vick .... $ 671,250

Item	Amount
Carpenter work (Lionel Yorke estate)	95,343
Lathing and plastering (A. H. Rundle & Co., Toronto)	37,770
Interior painting and glazing (R. J. Hovenden, Toronto)	23,325
Iron work, etc., (St. Lawrence Foundry Company, Toronto)	54,000
Plumbing, gas-fitting and steam heating (Purdy, Mansell & Mashinter, Toronto)	76,800
Tiling, vestibules and lobbies (Toronto Granite Company)	1,450
Grand staircase, etc., (H. C. Harrower, Buffalo)	21.991
Roof covering (Douglas Bros., Toronto)	44,497
Interior woodwork (Wagner, Zeidler & Company, Toronto)	119,900
Piping in connection with fire extinguishers (W. J. McGuire & Company, Toronto)	1,102

The question of new parliament buildings was first mooted in 1877, and in 1880 the Commissioner of Public Works, the Hon. C. F. Fraser, obtained from the Legislature an initial grant of $500,000 toward their erection. Before any contracts were let, however, $250,000 additional was voted in 1885, which was further added to in 1887 by $300,000, and a final grant of $200,000 brought the total up to $1,250,000.

The architect chosen was Mr. R. A. Waite, of Buffalo, with Mr. O'Beirne as the efficient clerk of works. In



SCUPTURED RELIEF, MAIN SOUTHERN ENTRANCE.

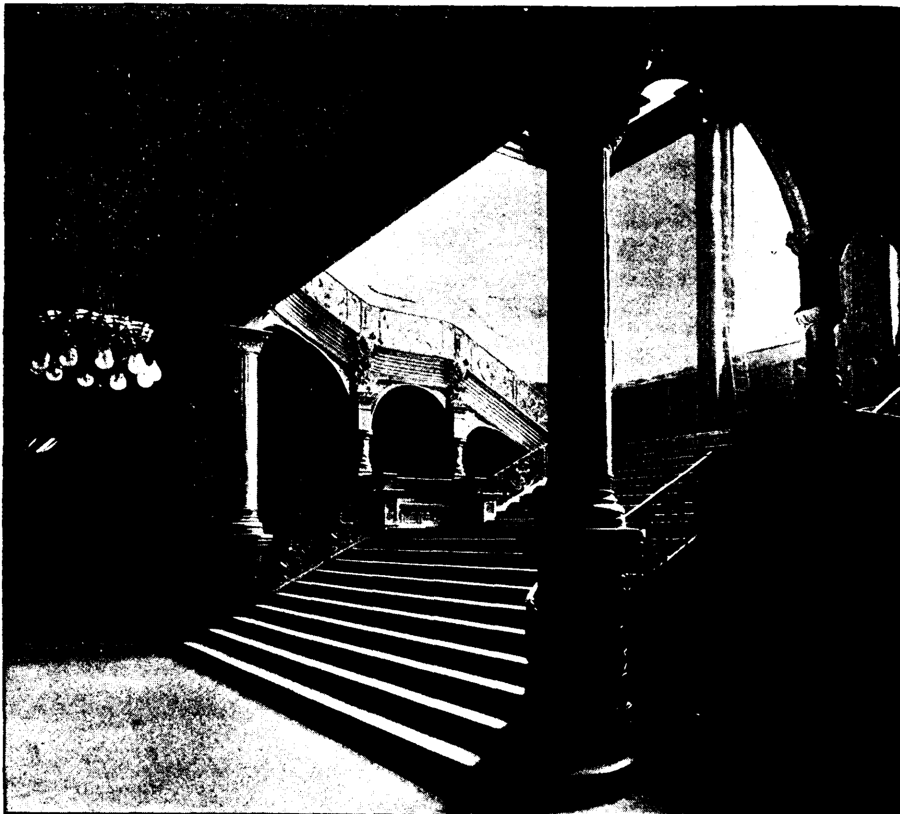
Item	Amount
Outer drainage (Garson & Purcer, St. Catharines)	5,490
Four elevators (Otis Bros., New York)	22,000
Fitting up ten vaults (Office Specialty Manufacturing Company)	11,770
Combination gas and electric fixtures (Bennett & Wright)	25,206
Library fittings, etc., (William Simpson, Toronto)	5,199
Decoration of ceiling and walls in chamber (Elliott & Son, Toronto)	4,500
Mantels, furnishings, fittings, etc. (Rice, Lewis & Son, Lt'd, Toronto).	3,322
Seating for galleries in chamber, (Chas. Rogers & Son Co., Ltd., Toronto)	3,250
Speaker's dais (Wagner, Zeidler & Co., Toronto)	920

1886 the work of excavation was commenced, and in 1892 the buildings were practically completed, only six years being taken in their erection. The total cost was $1,250,000, with no extras, as compared with $20,000,000 spent on the capitol at Albany, $3,500,000 on the state buildings at Springfield, Ill., $2,500,000 on the Hartford state buildings, $1,400,000 on the Quebec Parliament buildings, which are much smaller than the new Ontario ones, $1,500,000 on the Michi-

gan state buildings and $1,500,000 on the Iowa buildings.

For beauty of situation the new building is unique. Situated on the highest point in the Queen's Park, it forms a striking object whether viewed from the Queen-street avenue, Avenue Road or the eastern and western approaches, while the view from the towers is one of the finest to be had in Toronto, taking in the city as a whole, the Scarboro' Heights to the east, the island and lake, and even Brock's monument, forty miles distant across the lake, can be seen on a clear day. The site is that of the old King's College, which was built in 1842

The walls are of Credit Valley brown stone, which gives a peculiarly pleasing effect of color and solidity. The main entrance is a most imposing piece of work, with its massive carved pillars, the tiers of platforms, and the very fine carved work above it representing, in heroic size, allegorical figures of music, agriculture, commerce, art, science, law, philosophy, architecture, engineering and literature grouped on either side of the arms of the province. On the east and west sides of the main entrance excellent likenesses are carved in stone of Governor Simcoe, Chief Justice Robinson, John Sandford Macdonald, Edward Blake, Timothy Blair Pardee, Sir Isaac Brock, Robert Baldwin and Matthew Crooks Cameron. These are guarded, as it were, by four monster gargoyles, which look down from the corners of the four great towers. In



THE GRAND STAIRWAY.

the west tower an immense illuminated clock will soon be placed which will be seen from a very long distance. The *porte cochieres* at the eastern and western wings contain some of the finest carving on the buildings, though the wealth of carving at every part of the exterior of the structure is very rich and ornate, and original in design.

PRIVATE ENTRANCE, NORTH-EAST CORNER.

The total length of the buildings (which cover four acres of ground) is 480 feet, with a maximum height of 165 feet, and a depth of 125 feet. The chief contractors are Carroll & Vick, who succeeded the late Lionel Yorke, the original contractor.

There are winding roadways and stone walks around the buildings. The effect of the structure as a whole, in point of appearance, will be much increased when the grounds are sodded, terraced and laid out in flower beds; indeed, it will be one of the leading attractions of an attractive city. The two Sebastopol guns, now in the Park, will in all probability be placed on either side of the main doorway.

Passing through the massive entrance, the general effect is maintained by a view of the wide and high corridor and the grand staircase at the end. This staircase is one of the handsomest pieces of work in connection with the buildings, being fifty feet in length, with 3 platforms or landings paved with tiling. It is built entirely of iron and steel, with very fine ornamental iron-work and carving of hammered steel.

This will lead us to the Legislative Chamber—the crowning glory of the

interior—a truly noble hall, with a floor area 65 x 80 feet, and a height of over 50 feet. The paneled ceiling is a mass of color, amongst the designs the maple leaf predominating. The coats of arms of the province are prominent, while the arms of the cities have a place in other panels. Above the arches on the northern and southern walls are four allegorical subjects—Moderation, holding a curbed bridle; Justice, with sword and scales, and a cherub holding a code of laws; Power, carrying a sword and oak branch, and Wisdom, with open book and lamp of knowledge. On the east and west walls notable dates in the history of Ontario are inscribed. The handsome woodwork is done in Canadian sycamore, with mahogany panelling nine feet high. The members' seats are on raised platforms, and four galleries will accommodate the reporters and the public. Four fine and massive chandeliers, with numerous side lights, will give a rich electrical illumination.

The Legislative Library is a model room, with plenty of light and two stories of white-oak shelving. It is 70 x 42 feet in superficial dimensions, with a ceiling 35 feet high. Equally commodious and handsome are the members' quarters in the west wing, the smoking room especially, 36 x 40, with high ceiling and capacious fireplace, the reception room, the reading room, and other spacious retreats. The Speaker's quarters are also in keeping with the other rooms, as is the post office, the Legislative offices and Queen's Printer's apartments, all of which are situated in the west wing. The Lieutenant-Governor has an office adjoining the library.

The east wing is occupied by all the departments except the Education Department, which will remain in the Normal School building. The offices in this wing are models for size, light and comfort.

The ground floor is occupied by the Crown Lands and Agricultural departments; the mezzanine floor by the Attorney-General and his officers, the Provincial Secretary's department, and the Registrar-General's branch. The upper floor accommodates the Treasury and Public Works departments, and the license branch.

The building is equipped with thirteen large fire-proof vaults, four elevators, run by electricity, and a full electric and gas service. Six immense boilers, each sixteen feet in length, occupy the boiler room. The Chamber, Library and some of the larger

HON. C. F. FRASER,
COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC WORKS.

rooms are heated by the "indirect" method, cold air entering through a massive tube and being heated by steam radiators. Ample fire protection has been provided—a six-inch water main runs through from street to street, and three hydrants are placed in the basement and on each floor. Six capacious lavatories, finished in cherry, are to be found in the building. The floors of these lavatories are built on iron beams filled in by brick arches

and covered with concrete and Portland cement.

The Commissioner of Public Works has not forgotten the ladies, as they will have a large room, finished in walnut, all to themselves, handsomely fitted up, not far from the entrance to their special gallery in the chamber.

The contractors boast that but few accidents have occurred during the six years in which the building has been in course of erection, and the three deaths that did occur were wholly due to the carelessness of the victims.

The floors are all double; two thicknesses of asbestos, acting as a deafener and protection from fire, being placed between each floor.

The main corridors are both lofty, light and wide, and are finished throughout in white oak, with a profusion of carving. They are roofed over with amber-colored glass, which sheds a subdued and restful light below.

Thus Ontario's new Parliament Buildings stand completed, a credit to the Minister of Public Works, the Hon. C. F. Fraser, who has exercised the closest oversight over the construction; and to Sir Oliver Mowat, whose Government has erected them in a comparatively few years and at a very reasonable cost. The noble pile is a worthy successor to its historical predecessors.

DOUBT.

AH sad and dark sometimes the day,
  And fierce the pain that eats the heart!
Our fairest flowers fade away,
  Our dearest hopes depart!
Oh, burning fear! oh, hideous dread!
  What if this dark contracting ball
Hold all the past, hold all the dead?
  What if these years be all?

Sad then is love, hopeless is pain,
  Wildly fantastic, human-kind,
As shapes that flit across the brain
  Of one from childhood blind!
And what is laughter, what is wine,
  And song, and dance, and kiss, and jest,
Save tears of thrice-embittered brine,
  And mockery at best?

Ah, if our flesh is all—if years
  Quench all the suns in turn, and pass
Across the firmament of spheres
  Like breath upon a glass:
Then, O my heart! cease, cease to beat,
  Clot the red flood, and end the strife!
If life is but of hands and feet,
  How cruel a jest is life.

JAS. A. TUCKER.

OWEN SOUND.

THE OLD PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

NOVA SCOTIA COAL MINES.

BY HON. J. W. LONGLEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NOVA SCOTIA.

NOVA SCOTIA is rich in mineral resources, probably more so than any other portion of the continent of North America. Coal, iron and gold are found in almost illimitable quantities and in almost every section of the Province. Copper, limestone, gypsum, marble and building stone are also to be found in abundance, and there is no room for doubt that when these minerals are properly developed by the influx of capital, Nova Scotia will become one of the greatest centres of industry in America.

At present it is proposed to speak entirely in respect of the coal seams of the Province, which at this time are evoking more than usual interest. Coal was discovered in Nova Scotia before the beginning of the present century, and efforts were made to work and utilize these seams on a very small and crude scale until 1826, when His Majesty, George IV., recognizing in Nova Scotia only a Crown colony with the casual and territorial revenue reserved to the Crown and administered at the pleasure of the Lieutenant-Governor, without reference to the Legislature, undertook to grant a lease of all the discovered minerals of Nova Scotia to Frederick, Duke of York, for 60 years beginning from the 25th day of August, 1826. The consideration for this lease was a rental of £3,000 sterling a year. The annual revenue of rental was, of course, available for the special use of the Crown and was not a part of the revenues of Nova Scotia.

The struggle for responsible government, however, began in Nova Scotia rather in advance of the other Provinces, and was certainly, thanks to the superior genius of Joseph Howe, conducted with a great deal more skill and intelligence than in the other colonies. The result was that in 1849 the last step towards accomplishing full responsibility to the people in the administration of public affairs was achieved by the passage of an Act relating to Casual and Territorial Revenue introduced by Mr. Howe, adopted by both branches of the Legislature, and assented to by the Lieutenant-Governor in the name of the Queen. This Act is very brief and may be summarized as follows:—

The first section provides that the proceeds of all casual and territorial revenues of the Crown in the Province shall be paid into the Provincial Treasury.

Section two provides that the casual and territorial revenues are defined by the Act to be all lands, sums of money, returns, profits and emoluments arising, reserved, due or owing in any manner, etc., in respect of any lease, demise, sale, grant, transfer or occupation of any of the Crown Lands, mines, minerals or royalties of Her Majesty within the Province, including the Island of Cape Breton, of whatsoever nature or description, and all fees and payments and commutation therefor.

The third section provides that the right and title of Her Majesty, whether in reversion or otherwise, of, in, to and out of all mines, minerals and oils whatsoever within the Province, and also all rents and profits arising therefrom, are assigned, transferred and surrendered to the disposal of the General Assembly of the Province, subject only to the existing rights of lessees, and shall be managed, leased, disposed of, made available, paid and applied in such manner as by Act of the General Assembly shall be directed.

When the people and Legislature of Nova Scotia had thus achieved the full measure of responsible government, and had acquired the right to all the minerals and the management and control of the mines and public lands of the Province, they naturally became restive at this improvident lease which had been granted for 60 years to the Duke of York. He had assigned his interest to other persons until the title had become vested in the General Mining Association of Nova Scotia, a well-known corporation, which opened up and began to work the coal mines of Nova Scotia. The sum of £3,000 sterling, which may have looked like a handsome rental in 1826, appeared utterly inadequate in 1849, and other coal mines had been discovered and embraced in the lease which others were beginning to work. The result was unceasing agitation on the part of the Legislature and Executive of Nova Scotia to get rid of the lease which the General Mining Association held through the Duke of York. It is not necessary to detail the various steps taken in this regard. They culminated in 1857 in the appointment of a delegation consisting of the Hon. J. W. Johnston, at that time Attorney-General of the Province of Nova Scotia, and Adams G. Archibald, Esq, one of the leading men of the Liberal party, afterwards Sir A. G. Archibald. These gentlemen proceeded to London and negotiated with the General Mining Association for a termination of the lease. They were successful in this effort, and an arrangement was entered into between these delegates and the General Mining Association on the 20th day of August, 1857, whereby the General Mining Association surrendered all its interests in the mineral rights of Nova Scotia, save and excepting certain areas in the counties of Cape Breton, Cumberland and Pictou, which were expressly reserved for them. The agreement also provided that in substitution for the rental which had been agreed upon in the lease to the Duke of York in 1826, the General Mining Association should pay for every ton of coal taken from its mines a royalty equal to 6d. per ton on screened coal. Slack coal and coal used by the workmen and in carrying on the works or operations were to be free from royalty. It was likewise provided that if more than 250,000 tons were wrought or gotten or sold in any one year the said General Mining Association should pay a royalty of 4d. per ton for every ton over and above 250,000 tons. It was likewise provided that the Government of Nova Scotia should not lease coal mines to any other parties upon less favorable terms than those which had been previously agreed upon with the General Mining Association in 1857.

The arrangement was duly ratified by Act of Parliament in 1858, and was received with great satisfaction by the people of Nova Scotia. Provision had previously been made for the issuing of leases of mines not embraced in the lease to the General Mining Association. All arrangements with the General Mining Association were to terminate at the date fixed for the termination of the original lease to the Duke of York, namely, the 25th day of August, 1886. Then it was that the terms of the compact between the Government and the General Mining Association ended and a new arrangement was to be entered into. During the pendency of that arrangement, only 6d. currency per ton royalty could be charged, and the Government imposed exactly the same royalty upon other coal-mining companies for all coal mined and sold. But it was distinctly provided, however, in every lease issued, that the Legislature should have the right on and after the 26th day of August, 1886, to alter, revise, increase, or diminish the royalties at will. In other words, on the 26th day of August, 1886, the Legislature of Nova Scotia was in exactly the same position to deal with its coal

mines as was the Sovereign on the 25th day of August, 1826.

In order, however, to give greater permanency to the coal-mining industry, and to induce capital to seek investment, it was provided in 1866 that lessees of coal mines and their executors and assigns in the Province holding leases from the Crown made since the first day of January, 1858, or thereafter to be made, upon giving six months' notice of their desire, should have the right to a renewal for a period of 20 years after the expiration of their lease, August 25th, 1886, and likewise, upon similar notice, to a second renewal for a term of 20 years, and also, upon like notice, to a third renewal and extension of 20 years, provided such lessees were *bona fide* working the areas comprised in their leases at the time of the application for renewal, which gave the right of renewal for a period of 60 years after 1886. Subsequently, however, the Legislature passed an Act enabling the Government after 1886 to issue leases which should be renewable at intervals of 20 years for a period of 80 years from the date of the lease. That, in fact, is the law now in respect to the leasing of coal mines in Nova Scotia.

When the period came for the termination of all the leases in 1886, the Legislature commenced to make provision for this event. A great many persons were holding coal leases not in actual working, and yet considerable sums of money had been spent in their development, in obtaining expert evidence in regard to the existence and extent of the coal seams, as well as in the endeavor to sell to capitalists for the purpose of active operations. The Legislature, therefore, provided terms and conditions upon which all these persons could obtain a renewal of their leases, though not engaged in active work. It was also enacted in 1885, Chapter 5, that all leases of coal mines issued thereafter should contain a provision that the royalties may be

increased, diminished, or otherwise changed by the Legislature. This was to put an end to the possibility of any doubt on this point on the part of those engaged in coal-mining in Nova Scotia. It was intended to apply to the renewed leases, which were to be issued on the 26th of August, 1886, as well as to all new leases applied for after that date. As it was perfectly apparent that after the 26th of August, 1886, the Legislature had the unquestionable right to increase or diminish the royalty at will, those engaged in actual coal-mining operations approached the Government and pointed out that this incident would be an obstacle to the obtaining of capital for the further development of the mines, as the capitalists would fear the possible arbitrary exercise of this power to increase on the part of the Legislature. The Government of Nova Scotia, recognizing the force of this statement, suggested to the coal-owners that legislation should be obtained authorizing the Government to fix a maximum royalty which should not be exceeded during the pendency of the lease. It would not follow that this maximum royalty would be exacted at the present time, but it would be a safeguard that no more than that maximum should ever be exacted for 60 years at least. The coal-owners did not take kindly to this suggestion, and, as a consequence, the matter was left open.

For many years the coal-mining business of Nova Scotia has been in a depressed condition, and at 1886 it did not seem to the Government that it could legitimately bear a larger rental than was then being imposed. It may be mentioned that owing to changes in the methods of mining it was found to be inconvenient and undesirable that the coal should be screened in most instances, and, as a consequence, the Government having ascertained that $7\frac{1}{2}$c. cents per ton for all coal raised would be almost the exact equivalent of 6d. currency ($9\frac{7}{10}$ cents) per

ton on screened coal, an Act was passed enabling all companies to pay their royalty on the basis of $7\frac{1}{2}$ cents for all coal raised, instead of $9\frac{7}{10}$ cents for screened coal at their option. Meantime from 1886 the coal industry of Nova Scotia was steadily improving, until in 1890 and 1891 handsome dividends were declared by most of the mines where dividends had not been declared before. As a consequence, the Government thought that the period had arrived when the trade could very legitimately contribute a trifle more to the Provincial revenues, since the necessities of the public expenditure seemed to warrant an increase in the revenue. Therefore early in the year 1892 notice was given to all the coal-owners that in the session of 1892 a Bill would be submitted to the Legislature providing for an increase of the royalty to ten cents per ton on all coal raised. This, of course, provoked strenuous opposition on the part of the coal-owners, and charges of bad faith, etc., were freely made. It was represented to the Government that the imposition of an increase would have an alarming effect upon capital. The Government, to meet this, offered again to provide for a fixed maximum rate of royalty which should not be exceeded during the period of the lease, and this was again rejected by the mine-owners. The royalty has been collected during the present year, therefore, upon the basis of 10 cents per ton.

Such was the position of the coal-mining industry of Nova Scotia when Mr. Henry M. Whitney, a wealthy and exceedingly enterprising capitalist of Boston, became interested in the subject of coal-mining in Nova Scotia. His attention probably was first directed to this question by the fact that the great manufacturing industries of the New England States in which he was more or less interested were dependent to an unsatisfactory degree upon the coal magnates of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, and it would evidently be a matter of enormous advantage to manufacturing industries in New England if a means could be found to get coal at cheaper rates than were possible under the existing arrangement. At all events, interested he became, and was able to enlist in support of his enterprise Messrs. Kidder, Peabody & Co., one of of the most reliable and conservative banking houses in the country.

Mr. Whitney, if he had so desired it, need not have approached the Government or Legislature of Nova Scotia in the matter at all. Every mine of any consequence in Cape Breton is owned and worked by a joint stock company. It was only necessary for him to purchase the stock of these different companies, and thereby get control of all the mines in the Island, and work them under the present leases, which will last 54 years longer, and pay a royalty of 10 cents a ton. This now can be done by any capitalist, English, French or American, who has the money and inclination to do it. Mr. Whitney, however, desired two or three changes in the terms of the lease, and these terms were agreed to by the Government of Nova Scotia, and submitted to the Legislature at the recent special session and passed by an overwhelming majority in the lower branch, and without division in the upper branch of the Legislature.

These changes are not of a very grave character. The term of the lease is extended to ninety-nine (99) years. Under the existing law a lease can be obtained for 80 years. The difference is too unimportant to merit much discussion. The other change is that during the term of the lease the maximum royalty shall be $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents per ton. This is a condition which the Government of Nova Scotia would have been delighted to have conceded to all the lessees that were actually working in 1886 or in 1892. Providing the output is large, $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents per ton royalty will always furnish a revenue to the Province of

Nova Scotia, which, taken with its other sources of revenue, will be ample for its administration of Provincial affairs. At all events, it is not likely that it will ever be desirable to impose a heavier tax than 12½ cents per ton on the coal industry. When it is considered that Mr. Whitney has acquired nearly all the coal that he has purchased in Cape Breton at a cent or less per ton, it will be recognized that 12½ cents per ton constitutes a pretty fair royalty, and ought to be as much as the exigencies of the case require.

One other change in the Whitney lease is certainly of the greatest possible importance to the Province, and it is the first safeguard that we have had against an unlawful combination to close the mines. In 1889, on it being found that there were a great number of unworked areas in the Province from which no revenue whatever was being derived, an Act was passed providing that in the case of unworked areas already under lease, a rental per square mile of $30 per annum should be imposed, and in case of leases hereafter to be granted, a rental of $50 per annum should be charged as long as the areas were unworked, and it was likewise provided that any existing leaseholder might change his then lease in order to obtain another, with the condition that as long as the rental was paid the leases should be non-forfeitable. That is the law in Nova Scotia to-day, and if Mr. Henry M. Whitney had any dark scheme for closing the coal mines of Nova Scotia he certainly would not have come to the Government for amendments in the lease, but would have purchased all the mines now outstanding, closed them, and paid into the revenue a rental of $30 per square mile. That is what he can do under the existing leases now granted by the Government of Nova Scotia, and which have been granted for the past 35 years. But as a condition of giving him a lease with a permanent rental for a long period of years, the Government enacted that Mr. Whitney and his company must pay, whether a mine was worked or not, a royalty equal to 12½ cents a ton upon the total output for the highest year (1891), so that if he should close the mines that he has already acquired in Cape Breton, next year he would still have to pay into the revenue of Nova Scotia a sum equal to about $123,000, and so on forever during the pendency of his lease. The non-payment of this sum would cause the forfeiture of the mines. At a period of time when all sorts of puerile rubbish are being talked about a huge monopoly being created and a diabolical scheme to close the coal mines of Nova Scotia, it is to be noted with interest that the lease which has just been granted to Mr. Whitney contains the first substantial provision against the closing of the mines which has ever been imposed upon the coal-mining industry of Nova Scotia. While the Government and people of Nova Scotia feel safe and comfortable in respect of all the mines that Mr. Whitney has acquired and will hold under the new lease, there is still room for anxiety in respect of the other coal mines in the Counties of Cape Breton, Cumberland and Pictou, which Mr. Whitney and his associates do not touch.

Mr. Whitney and his associates, half of whom are wealthy and eminently respectable Canadians, have acquired about nine collieries in the County of Cape Breton. Under the terms of their leases they are confined entirely to operations in the County of Cape Breton and are not at liberty to meddle with mines outside of that county. Their purpose is not to enter into any combines with Philadelphia people to injure any portion of the people of this country. Their object is to compete with the Pennsylvania mines to the great advantage of the people, and especially the manufacturing interests, of New England, as well as themselves. They expect also to command the

Canadian market as far west as they have ready access for the taking of their coals. They do not propose to increase the price of coal. But they do propose that, if possible, the people of Canada who consume their coal shall pay a fair price for it, so that they shall not only be able to mine large quantities of coal, but to mine large quantities of coal at a profit. That the price of coal will be increased in any part of North America as the result of Mr. Whitney's operations is too preposterous for discussion. The mines which Mr. Whitney has acquired had an output last year of between 800,000 and 900,000 tons. It is likely that Mr. Whitney this year will be able to secure an output of a million or more tons, and in subsequent years, as he gets the equipments better furnished, this output may be expected to increase to the extent of two or three millions of tons a year, a large part of which will likely be marketed in the New England States.

Such in brief are the incidents of the recent coal legislation in Nova Scotia which has attracted widespread, I may almost say absurd, attention. Because the Legislature of Nova Scotia has changed two or three clauses in the coal lease, some people whose sanity may well be questioned have reached the conclusion that the British Empire is in danger. Because Mr. VanHorne is a large consumer of coal, and it was deemed desirable by Mr. Whitney to obtain his patronage as far as possible for coal supply for the use of the Canadian Pacific Railway, he is made a member of the Board of Directors, and hysterical persons have seen a diabolical plot to absorb the coal supply of eastern North America. But, whatever terrible things are possible under the Whitney lease which the Legislature of Nova Scotia has just granted, let it be distinctly understood that ten times far more heinous things are possible in respect of all the other leases which are not touched by the recent legislation of Nova Scotia; therefore, any person who charges that the Government of Nova Scotia has lent its sanction to monopolies and combines is simply grossly ignorant of the circumstances, or has not given the matter a moment's consideration. The terms of the lease which Mr. Whitney has taken are not in any sense more favorable to combines than the terms of the leases which have been granted for 35 years, and which are available for any person. There is nothing to prevent any large coal-mining corporation in Nova Scotia availing itself of the terms of Mr. Whitney's lease, but depend upon it, not one of them will pay 2½ cents additional royalty for any advantages which Mr. Whitney's two or three amendments afford. Monopolies can only be created in a country by tariff duties against the rest of the world. Make coal free and it is impossible for Mr. Whitney or any other person to create a coal monopoly in Canada.

For years past the people of Nova Scotia have been exceedingly desirous of having their coal and other mines properly developed by outside capital. Mr. Whitney's enterprise gives promise of splendid results in this regard. Already coal properties which had praccally no value have assumed not only a commercial, but an actual value. Money will be plentifully distributed in the county of Cape Breton, where the operations are to be carried on. Improved methods will be introduced, and a general boom take place in coal-mining. Other mines will no doubt be stimulated, and it is not at all unlikely that other large capitalists will seek to acquire and open up the splendid coal areas now unworked situate at Brown Cove, Inverness County. It also happens, as I have mentioned, that Nova Scotia, is rich in iron. Mr. Gilpin, D.C.L., Inspector of Mines for Nova Scotia, has given it as his opinion that there is more iron ore in Nova Scotia than there is coal to smelt it. I hear at this moment of capitalists who are seeking to acquire large iron

properties in the Province for the purpose of actual working. This will lead to the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars in the construction of smelting works, the employment of hundreds of men, the circulation of millions of capital, and the creation of wealth, industry and development in the country. That such a condition of things should not be welcomed by every patriotic citizen of this Dominion is to my mind something incomprehensible.

It is gratifying to know that nearly every Nova Scotian of any position or standing in the business community has already most heartily and unreservedly indorsed the changes in the lease which the Government and Legislature have made, and have expressed unbounded gratification that such an enterprising man as Mr. Whitney had been induced to take an interest in our coal mines. From some parts of Canada we hear of horror and nightmare lest some dire calamity was going to afflict the country, and the British Empire become blotted from the face of the globe. The slightest reflection will indicate the palpable absurdity of these superstitious fears, born of ignorance or prejudice. The sum of the whole matter is that instead of having the coal mines of Nova Scotia worked by piecemeal on a small scale, and by companies with insufficient capital, they will be worked efficiently, progressively, and on a large scale, by a company with large capital, and will be thus made a source of wealth to the Province and indirectly to the Dominion.

CROCUS-LIGHTS KINDLE IN THE EAST.

Crocus-lights kindle in the east, and Morn,
A glad surprise, awakes the world to toil.
White Day burns up the purple cloud, a soil
Of darkness, and, lo, earth's broad glebes forlorn
Grow golden with sweet fields of yellow corn,—
Then with her brood of shadows and her moil—
A throbbing opal with the noon as foil—
Enters the realms of Night whence she was born.

Morn is Night's portal into toilful Time,
And ashen Eve Night's portal into Rest,—
Gateways which ope but once upon earth's sun;
'Mid shadows lit from an immortal clime,
We enter, through Death's doorway in the west,
Our Father's house where Night and Day are one.

Theodore H. Rand.

McMaster University.

BRITISH TRADE AND IMPERIAL RECIPROCITY.

BY ALEXANDER MCNEILL, M.P.

A CLEAR Government majority of 52 against a total Opposition vote of 64 is a striking record. It is especially so at the present time, and in reference to a motion introduced by a man of Mr. McCarthy's standing and conspicuous ability. There is, I think, almost a concensus of opinion among members that no man within its walls can present his case to the House of Commons with the concentrated penetrative force possessed by the member for North Simcoe. Yet his attempt to induce representatives of the people to condemn the policy of protection to native industries has been no more successful than the vote of Friday morning indicates. It is mere childishness, in this case, to talk about the influence of that much-used and much-abused political weapon, the party Whip. That, of course, cracked its loudest on both sides of the House. But it is very well known that men voted with the Government against Mr. McCarthy's resolution, who have not hesitated to oppose the Government on former occasions—even so recently as during the present session of Parliament—and who are much more likely to be driven out of line than into line by an attempt at party coercion. The result, then, is very significant. It is clear proof that the sober sense of the representatives of the Canadian people revolts at the proposal to tear up the fiscal policy of the country, endanger her industries, and imperil her credit, in order to try an experiment that has never yet succeeded. Every country in the civilized world that has built up its manufacturing industries has done so under a protective policy. It should never be forgotten that, when England threw open her markets to the world, she did so without risk to her manufactures from foreign competition, as the nations of continental Europe and the United States of America were mainly dependent upon her for the goods she manufactured. No danger threatened from those quarters. Free imports for her, then, meant only free imports of food stuffs and raw material. Free imports of these meant the cheapening of production, and this, in its turn, meant more extensive sales and better employment for her mechanics; and all went merry as a marriage bell. "All?" No, not all; not the agricultural interest. It was sacrificed. But then so long as it could be made to appear that the sufferers were only landlords, what did it matter? That fallacy, however, has pretty well run its allotted course, and will not deceive anyone much longer.

Steam power and free imports worked shoulder to shoulder in building up England's vast manufacturing industries, and distributing their products the world over. England dominated all markets. The statesmen of Europe and America saw, and took their measures accordingly. They met her policy of free imports by a policy of protection. They refused to permit her to pursue a system of free trade—they refused to give her free sale for her wares. Under a system of protection, they built up manufactures of their own, and, after a time, were able not only to supply their own people with goods of home manufacture, but, to some extent, to compete with England in neutral markets. To-day England's open market means, not as at first it did—a market open to foods and raw material only. It means also a slaughter market for the surplus of the manufactured products

of foreign nations. The conditions are completely reversed. Formerly the markets of continental Europe and the United States of America were flooded with products of English manufacture, while England held her own home market. To-day the markets of England are flooded with products of foreign manufacture, while the foreigner holds his own home market. The extent to which English markets are invaded by goods of foreign manufacture is little known by the public. The manner in which the "Accounts relating to Trade and Navigation of the United Kingdom" are presented, is very misleading. Here is an example:—Under "Imports," we find Class "VIII.—Manufactured Articles." The unwary searcher after truth sees that the total value of the various importations enumerated here is given (for 1892) at £65,440,670 sterling—figures sufficiently ominous. In the innocence of his heart, he supposes that that terrible amount represents the extent to which English are being displaced by foreign manufactures on the markets of the United Kingdom. But a little further research will undeceive him. He will find that refined sugar and candy are not included among "Manufactured Articles!" And for these he must add to the figures already quoted £9,063,928. For molasses he must add £180,610; for yeast, £611,141; for oil seed cake, £2,147,099; for drugs (unenumerated), £832,762; and for tobacco (manufactured, and snuff), £1,376,991. When he has made these additions, he will find that he has reached figures bordering upon eighty millions sterling. The exact amount is £79,653,209. This, so far, is tolerably plain sailing. But we now encounter classes of goods which, until I have more time at my disposal, I find it impossible to deal with satisfactorily. Under the heading, "metals," we find the following among the imports:—

Copper.

Regulus and Precipitate	£3,292,106
Unwrought and part wrought	1,655,540

Iron and Steel.

Iron—Bar, angle, bolt and rod	£692,259
Steel—Unwrought	62,936

Lead.

Pig and sheet	£1,976,436

Tin.

Blocks, ingots, bars, or slabs	£2,743,814

Now. these are evidently all partly manufactured articles. And if such products are included among England's manufactured exports, these I have enumerated must be added to the sum of her manufactured imports. When we turn to the exports, however, we find a different classification employed. In place of "Metals," we have "Metals and Articles manufactured therefrom," and it is impossible, in the absence of the fuller report, which is not yet printed, so to separate the goods as to make a comparison between exports and imports, except in the case of iron—bar, angle, and rod—the export of which is valued at £1,144,162. The imports, as I have stated, are £692,259,—much more than half.

Chemicals and dye-stuffs are classep in exports among "articles manufactured and partly manufactured." The export is placed at £8,587,508, including drugs. The imports are £7,707,390. If the first goes to the credit of manufactured exports, the latter must be credited to manufactured imports. Oil is classed as a manufactured or partly manufactured article. The export is placed at £1,318,725. The import is £7,076,035.

It is evident then that if a comparison is to be made between England's exports of articles "manufactured and partly manufactured" and her imports of similar articles, we must add to our £79,653,209 imports above referred to, the value of the chemicals and oils imported, and also the £692,259 for iron—bar, angle and rod. It is also evident that if we could institute a

proper comparison between the metallic products exported and imported, we would have to add a good deal more. But the chemicals, oils and iron amount to £15,475,684, and bring the imports of manufactured and partly manufactured goods up to the vast sum of £95,128,893—well on to $500,000,000.

This calculation does not take into account the 12¼ millions sterling worth of flour which enters, free and untaxed, to compete with the heavily taxed products of the home millers. Nor does it include sundry articles classed as "*raw* material" for manufactures, among which I discover over half a million sterling worth of doors and window frames!

In presence of this mighty invasion of England's markets by the products of foreign manufacturing enterprise and skill, the question naturally arises, is she making good the loss of her home market by greater sales abroad? The Free Trader is prepared to maintain that the loss of the home market can be no disadvantage. The English products that were displaced by foreign goods were products she could not manufacture to advantage—"mouldering branches;" let them go. Her capital, disengaged from these unprofitable enterprises, will flow into the natural channels where it can be much more profitably employed, and her trade will develop more rapidly than ever. This is a most fascinating theory. It is the very efflorescence of the poetry of political economy. But, as the poet is "of imagination all compact," so is this. For while England's home market is being filched from her by the foreigner year by year to a greater and greater extent, her exports at the same time are falling away with a rapidity that is simply appalling. In 1890 the "total value of British and Irish produce and manufactures exported" was, in round numbers, 263½ millions sterling. In 1891 it fell to 247¼ millions, while last year it amounted only to 227 millions. The value of the total exports has for some years been maintained by increased sales at smaller profits. But we at length reach a point below which profits cannot go, and that point would seem to be reached in England.

The loss of trade to the extent of 36½ millions sterling in two years is sufficiently startling. But it would be an error to suppose that while England imports over 95 million stg. worth of manufactured and partly manufactured articles, she exports of the same description of goods 227 millions worth. This latter figure is the "total value of British and Irish produce and manufactures exported." From this amount we must subtract for "raw material," "animals" and "fish" the sum of 21¼ millions stg., leaving 206¾ millions as the total value of the export of articles "manufactured and partly manufactured," as against an import of 95 millions, exclusive of 12¼ millions worth of flour and the metallic products above referred to.

This then is the lamentable condition into which a policy of free imports has reduced the matchless, world-pervading industries of England. This is the result, as seen in the trade taken as a whole. A more detailed statement would present facts even more impressive. It would show that in everyone of the great lines of English manufacture, there has been a great falling off in the value of exports. I may cite as examples the textile and metal industries, in each of which there was, during the first eight months of 1892, a decrease of exports to the value of over eight millions sterling as compared with the exports during the first eight months of 1890.

While, thus, the policy of Free Imports worked good to English manufacturing industry at a time when the articles freely imported could not include manufactured products, it is abundantly evident that it is now imposing a strain upon that industry which threatens disaster. If, then, the giant indus-

tries of England, rooted in experience and skill, upheld by vast wealth, and assisted by all the prestige of a well-earned reputation, are unable to endure the strain of this policy of so-called Free Trade without danger, surely it were little short of midsummer madness to expect the comparatively insignificant manufacturing industries of Canada to survive so fierce an ordeal. The example of England ought to be a warning to Canada, and we ought steadily to keep in view the fact that during that period in which so-called Free Trade worked well for English manufacturers, the conditions were exac'ly the reverse of those which confront Canada to-day. Then, England's manufacturing industries were overwhelmingly strong, and she had no competitors in her own markets. To-day, Canada has for competitors the mightiest industries in the world, and her own industries are in comparison utterly insignificant.

The fast-failing exports to foreign countries, together with the steadily increasing inflow of foreign manufactured goods, is producing a deep impression upon many minds in the United Kingdom; and a movement of immense power is unquestionably making against the existing fiscal policy. It is felt that trade both at home and abroad is going from bad to worse, and that something must be done, and soon done, if dire calamity is to be averted. This opinion is so prevalent that last year the then prime minister gave voice to it at Hastings, on the eve of a general election. The words following are certainly the most remarkable, in reference to the fiscal policy of the country, that have fallen from the lips of any leading English statesman since the days of the Corn Laws:

"There is a matter which occupies our minds, and in which, I think, the prosperity of this country is greatly involved. I allude to the question of our external trade. After all, this little island lives as a trading island. We could not produce in food stuffs enough to sustain the population that lives in this island, and it is only by the great industries which exist here, and which find markets in foreign countries, that we are able to maintain the vast population by which this island is inhabited. But a danger is growing up. Forty or fifty years ago everybody believed that free trade had conquered the world, and they prophesied that every nation would follow the example of England and give itself up to absolute free trade. The results are not exactly what they prophesied, but, the more adverse the results were, the more the devoted prophets of free trade declared that all would come right at last; the worse the tariffs of foreign countries became, the more confident were the prophecies of an early victory. But we see now, after many years' experience, that, explain it how we may, foreign nations are raising, one after another, a wall, a brazen wall, of protection around their shores which excludes us from their markets, and, so far as they are concerned, do their best to kill our trade. And this state of things does not get better. On the contrary, it constantly seems to get worse. Now, of course, if I utter a word with reference to free trade I shall be accused of being a protectionist, of a desire to overthrow free trade, and of all the other crimes which an ingenious imagination can attach to a commercial heterodoxy. But, nevertheless, I ask you to set yourselves free from all that merely vituperative doctrine, and to consider whether the true doctrine of free trade carries you as far as some of these gentlemen would wish you to go. Every true religion has its counterpart in inventions and legends and traditions which grow upon that religion. One of the difficulties we have to contend with is the strange and unreasonable doctrine which these Rabbis have imposed upon us. If we look abroad into the world we see it. In the office which I have the honor to hold I am obliged to see a great deal of it. We live in an age of a war of tariffs. Every nation is trying how it can, by agreement with its neighbor, get the greatest possible protection for its own industries, and, at the same time, the greatest possible access to the markets of its neighbors. This kind of negotiation is continually going on. It has been going on for the last year and a half with great activity. I want to point out to you that what I observe is that while A is very anxious to get a favor of B, and B is anxious to get a favor of C, nobody cares two straws about getting the commercial favor of Great Britain. (Cheers.) What is the reason of that? It is that in this great battle Great Britain has deliberately stripped herself of the armor and the weapons by which the battle has to be fought. You cannot do business in this world of evil and suffering on those terms. If you go to market you must bring money with you; if you fight, you must fight with the weapons with which those you have to contend against are fighting. It is not easy for you to say, 'I am a Quaker; I do not fight at all; I have no weapon,' and to expect that people will pay the same regard to you, and be as anxious to obtain your goodwill and to consult your interests, as they will be of the people who have retained their armor and still hold their weapons. (Hear, hear.) The weapon with which they all fight is admission

to their own markets—that is to say, A says to B, 'If you will make your duties such that I can sell in your market, I will make my duties such that you can sell in my market.' But we begin by saying, 'We will levy no duties on anybody,' and we declare that it would be contrary and disloyal to the glorious and sacred doctrine of free trade to levy any duty on anybody for the sake of what we can get by it. (Cheers.) It may be noble, but it is not business. (Loud cheers.) On those terms you will get nothing, and I am sorry to have to tell you that you are practically getting nothing. The opinion of this country, as stated by its authorized exponents, has been opposed to what is called a retaliatory policy. (A voice, 'No, no.') Oh, but it has. We, as the Gevernment of the country at the time, have laid it down for ourselves as a strict rule from which there is no departure, and we are bound not to alter the traditional policy of the country unless we are convinced that a large majority of the country is with us—(cheers)—because in these foreign affairs consistency of policy is beyond all things necessary. (Cheers.) But though that is the case, still, if I may aspire to fill the office of a counsellor to the public mind, I should ask you to form your own opinions without reference to traditions or denunciations—not to care two straws whether you are orthodox or not, but to form your opinions according to the dictates of common sense. I would impress upon you that if you intend, in this conflict of commercial treaties, to hold your own, you must be prepared, if need be, to inflict upon the nations which injure you the penalty which is in your hands, that of refusing them access to your markets. (Loud and prolonged cheers, and a voice, 'Common sense at last.') There is a reproach in that interruption, but I have never said anything else........Now, I am not in the least prepared, for the sake of wounding other nations, to inflict any dangerous or serious wound upon ourselves. We must confine ourselves, *at least for the present*, to those subjects on which we should not suffer very much whether the importation continued or diminished; but what I complain about of the Rabbis of whom I have just spoken is that they confuse this vital point. (Cheers.) They say that everything must be given to the consumer. Well, if the consumer is the man who maintains the industries of the country, or is the people at large, I agree with the Rabbis. You cannot raise the price of food or of raw material, but there is an enormous mass of other articles of importation from other countries, besides the United States, which are mere matters of luxurious consumption—(cheers); and if it is a question of wine, or silk, or spirits, or gloves, or lace, or anything of that kind (a voice, 'Hops,' and cheers)—yes, there is a good deal to be said for hops—but in those cases I should not in the least shrink from diminishing the consumption, and interfering with the comfort of the excellent people who consume these articles of luxury, for the purpose of maintaining our rights in this commercial war, and of insisting on our rights of access to the markets of our neighbors. (Cheers.) As one whose duty it is to say what he thinks to the people of this country, I am bound to say that our Rabbis have carried the matter too far. We must distinguish between consumer and consumer, and while jealously preserving the rights of a consumer who is co-extensive with a whole industry, or with the whole people of the country, we may fairly use our power over an importation which merely ministers to luxury, in order to maintain our own in this great commercial battle. (Cheers.)"

The words, "at least for the present," which I have italicised are somewhat significant

It has been alleged that Lord Salisbury at a recent speech in Liverpool repudiated, or endeavored to explain away, what he said last year at Hastings. Let me now quote from the *Times*' report of this repudiating or explanatory speech, together with the *Times*' comment upon it, and let the reader judge whether Lord Salisbury explains away, or modifies, or in substance reaffirms his former utterances:

"I am very nervous to allude to it, because I have found when I have uttered most innocent and tentative observations that I am always accused of re-imposing a duty upon corn, and you will therefore forgive me if I say that I look upon the duty on corn as outside the dreams of any politician, and I am perfectly convinced that if a duty upon corn be re-imposed it would be so precarious a hold that no sane man would invest a farthing on the security of its continuance. Having put that question aside, I will invite your attention to the very curious and remarkable fiscal problems, which are now being worked out for our benefit by other nations. The great question which I think really divides us on the question of fiscal legislation is, whether it is lawful, and if lawful, whether it is expedient, to use your tariff as a fighting weapon. I have always been of opinion that the doctrine held by distinguished free-traders on this subject is somewhat too absolute, and when people say that reciprocity means protection I am tempted to doubt whether they have taken the trouble to clear their thoughts, which is necessary in dealing with fiscal science. But the matter, I hope, will be one which need not be settled in controversy. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Blaine, by his calm legislation, undoubtedly succeeded in securing some very advantageous stipulations for his country in negotiations with other Powers. The results have not been so definite nearer home. France and Italy, France and Switzerland, may be said, in a tariff sense, to be at open war. One thing is quite certain—that that war does infinite harm to both parties concerned. How it will end it is impossible for us to guess, but we must watch the issue of the campaign with the very deepest attention, for

it is full of lessons for ourselves. (Hear. hear.) Everyone will agree that such a war is usually injurious to both parties concerned, and that we ought to keep out of it as long as we can (Hear, hear.) But my impression is, that with tariff wars, as with other wars, it may happen in spite of the terrible injury which the making of war inflicts on all who take part in it, that it may be necessary to avert greater dangers. (Hear, hear.) I earnestly beg of you to study this question with an open mind and a clear appreciation of the issues concerned, and not allow yourselves to be pushed aside from it by any pre-conceived opinions or any watchword from scientific men. (Hear, hear.)"

Lord Salisbury last year said, "I must impress upon you that if you intend, in this conflict of commercial treaties, to hold your own, you must be prepared, if need be, to inflict upon nations which injure you the penalty which is in your hands, that of refusing them access to your markets." This year he says, "My impression is, that with tariff wars. as with other wars, it may happen, in spite of the terrible injury which the making of war inflicts on all who take part in it, *that it may be necessary to avert greater dangers.*"

This is about as explicit a re-affirmation of the principles he laid down last year as could well be imagined; and it is clear that the election of Mr. Cleveland to the presidency has not induced him to doubt the expediency of re-imposing duties upon certain lines of manufactured goods.

The *Times*, commenting upon Lord Salisbury's speech, says: "Lord Salisbury does not himself accept all the tenets of the economists as eternal and necessary truths. He is, indeed, quite alive to the great mischiefs done to all parties who engage in them by tariff wars, and he is, consequently, of opinion that we ought to keep out of such wars as long as we can. But he confesses that, in tariffs, as in other matters, he is not by any means an advocate of peace at any price. He thinks that a tariff war may be a necessary evil—an evil which, in the end, will avert still worse calamities. He admits that Italy, France and Spain are all suffering severely from the contests in which they are engaged, but he hints that the late Mr. Blaine did succeed in winning some concessions highly advantageous to his own country, by brandishing the American tariff laws in a menacing style before the eyes of other powers. In discussing fiscal questions, it is indeed idle, as Lord Salisbury pointed out, to ignore the changes in the state of the world's markets which recent years have brought. Protection has grown all around amongst the great and little powers, and all of them are now busy in extending it to their colonies and dependencies."

That a prime minister of England should give expression to such views on the eve of a general election and find himself at the termination of the struggle not only not expelled ignominiously from power but actually endorsed by a large majority of the constituencies of England proper, is indeed potent proof of the width and the depth of the movement in favor of tariff reform in the mother country.

Lord Salisbury's remarks about "corn," *i.e.* wheat, have been regarded by some friends of the movement in favor of preferential trading within the empire as evidence that the leader of the Conservative party is inclined to regard that policy with disfavor. It should be recollected, however, that the reaction against "Free Trade" runs so high among the farming classes in England that proposals for a re-imposition of duty upon corn, of a very extreme nature, are being made.* It is, therefore, only natural that Lord Salisbury should desire to disavow any sympathy with these views, and, as far as possible, to allay, by discountenancing it, an agitation which is

* It is urged that *the price of wheat* in England should be raised to 42s. a quarter. When Lord Salisbury spoke in Liverpool, wheat was selling in London at about 30s. a quarter. If we assume that the payment of duty is borne in equal proportion by the producer and consumer, it will be necessary, in order to raise the price of wheat to 42s., to impose a duty of 24s. per quarter—a duty of 75c. per pushel.

mischievous. It is also to be borne in mind, that the reversal of England's fiscal policy to the extent required by the advocates of preferential trade is a vast revolution which requires time for its accomplishment. It may well be that it will not come about all at once but gradually; when it does come, those changes in our favor which are least obnoxious to the prejudices of free traders being first conceded. In that case, the duty on corn would probably be the last concession made.

For England the great need, the great desideratum, is the development, the building up, of Greater Britain. England's future is with her Empire. That is a fact that is becoming more and more apparent, and is being more and more appreciated by the English public. England's own people within her own Empire are, as has often been pointed out, incomparably better customers for her wares than are the subjects of foreign powers. This is true to an exceedingly great extent. "It is demonstrable from the official tables," says a leading English journal, "that our colonies purchase per head of the population nearly seven times more than the people of the United States." From an English standpoint then, the true policy is to develop these best markets by increasing the number of their purchasers. By giving preferential treatment to settlers in Greater Britain, England can increase the population of this country to an incalculable extent, and thus vastly develop her trade. This is England's true and saving policy, even if we give her no preference in the markets at all. We hear of our small trade with England. It would not long be small if she gave to Canadians preference in a market that is open to every description of goods we produce, and is equal to that of the U. S. and several of the great European powers added together.

Under such circumstances, the difficulty for us would, perhaps, be rather that we had too many than too few emigrants. Our climate, however, will always guard us against an influx of the scum of southern Europe. But be this as it may, it is quite evident that the possibilities of extended trade for England in this direction are almost illimitable. A lively appreciation of this fact is taking possession of many of the leading minds in England, as is evidenced by utterances of public men, by leading articles in the great organs of public opinion, and by resolutions passed by chambers of commerce and Conservative associations. Of these resolutions the two most noticeable are that passed by the Conservative Union at Sheffield last December, and the very remarkable resolution passed still more recently by the Chamber of Commerce of Birmingham itself. This resolution is as follows:

> That, as in the opinion of this meeting the future prosperity of British commerce must increasingly depend on our commercial relations with our colonies, and recognizing the fact that Canada has, by the resolution of her Parliament, invited the mother country to enter into an arrangement for reciprocally preferential duties, we hereby urge upon the Government the necessity of taking that invitation into their immediate and most serious consideration.

The resolution of the Canadian House of Commons now referred to was passed towards the end of April of last year. The resolution of the Chamber of Commerce was carried in January. So that this movement in favor of preferential trade is making such progress in the mother country that within nine months of the action of the Dominion House of Commons, a resolution strongly endorsing it is carried by the Chamber of Commerce of the city that is in the minds of all men associated with the political career of John Bright himself—and this, too, although the results of the Presidential election in the United States had become known in the interval. Could any reasonable man desire more convincing proof that this great British cause is making substantial headway in England? The cable brings us stirring news on the 22nd

ult. For it appears that, Home Rule and threatened civil war notwithstanding, this question is still to the front. The Association of Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom have been discussing it. The Birmingham Chamber, not content to let it rest, has apparently moved the adoption of its own resolution by the representatives of trade and commerce from all parts of the United Kingdom. Inasmuch as the Canadian offer stands alone, and has so far received no support from our sister colonies, he would be a sanguine man who should expect the resolution to be carried by such a body as the Association of Chambers of Commerce. It was rejected, but not until "after considerable discussion," and apparently not until a second resolution of a similar nature had been moved by the Middleborough Chamber, was the discussion brought to an end. Unfortunately, experience proves that we cannot be sure of what has taken place until the arrival of English papers. But of this we may be convinced, that the cable report does not err in the direction of too great friendliness to the cause of British unity.

The friends of Imperial Reciprocity in Canada may be well assured of ultimate victory for the noble cause they have espoused. There are formidable difficulties to be overcome, difficulties hard of solution. But they will be fused and moulded by the earnestness of purpose born of a union of the sentiment and the self-interest of a patriotic and practical people. The great tide of public opinion in Britain and in Greater Britain is flowing ever deeper and stronger in the desired direction. Obstacles in its course will from time to time alter the direction of a portion of the current. But let no man mistake the little eddy for the main stream.

EAST AND WEST.

BY PROF. EDWARD J. CHAPMAN, PH.D., LL.D.

THE PROLOGUE.

ART thou the old dream dreaming?
Poor heart, of the morrow beware—
Death may lurk in the brown eyes' veil'd gleaming,
In the white throat so wondrously fair.
The tones that wild heart-throbs awaken—
The sheen of the gold-shower'd hair—
The touch that thy soul hath so shaken—
May lure thee, and leave thee—ah, where?

Trust it not, the wild, treacherous gladness—
The twin hounds of Passion and Pain
Are swift to arise—in their madness
They rend, and they rest not again!
The day-dream is sweet in the dreaming,
But dreamless the night's dull despair,
When the voice, and the touch, and the gleaming,
Have lured thee, and left thee—ah, where?

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not."

THE WEST.

The sultry day is well-nigh done,
Aflame is all the fiery west—
The giant snow-peaks, one by one,
Are crimson'd by the great red sun
Whose glory gilds each gleaming crest.
And far—upon the golden sky,
A black fleck floating silently—
A solitary eagle sweeps
Its way across those trackless deeps:
As trackless as a frozen sea
Whose waves have never stir nor sound
In all its weird immensity.
Below, the foot-hills stretch around
Mile after mile—untrack'd, untraced,
A desolate and dreary waste
Of shattered rock and clinging pine,
Deep-cleft by many a jaggèd line
Of lonely gulch and cavern hoar,
Where night is in the noon of day—
And months and years go on alway—
And still, as in the days that were
Those western hills are wild and bare,
The eagle's home, the lean wolf's lair—
Unchanged, and changeless evermore!

But deep within—the rocky core
Of those lone mountains, rent and old,
Is seam'd and vein'd with glittering ore,
And lurid with the gleam of gold.
So, to those savage wilds have come
A few wrecked souls, as savage. Some
By the fierce gold-thirst thither led,
And some from human vengeance fled,
And some world-chased by bitter wrong—
Rough, reckless, bearded, bold and strong,
They come from far-off lands and climes,
But little speak of earlier times,
Each living as it seems him best,
Alone, and heedless of the rest.

The daylight softly ebbs away,
Though lingering still with tender ray,
And still the sunset's waning glow
Climbs slowly up those wastes of snow:
But here and there faint stars are seen
In the blue gaps that lie between
The glimmering peaks, and all below
Is grey with creeping mist. The stroke
Of restless pick, whose rhythmic clang
All day among the mountains rang,
And many a wild, weird echo woke,
Is silent now; but yet no sound
Or stir of life is there reveal'd
Among the scatter'd huts around.
To-night they linger long a-field,
Those toilers of Earth's stony womb—
But now, slow-growing through the gloom
Dark forms in shadowy groups appear:
And two among them gently bear
A human burden—ghastly, wan,
And black with powder—one in whom
The likeness of a living man
Is well-nigh all crush'd out. And they,
Those hard, rough miners—tender now
As very women—softly lay,
With silent footsteps, sad and slow,
Their comrade in his lowly hut,
Where gaunt and grey the rocks out-jut
Across the jaggèd rift below.

He wakes again to life at last,
But not to consciousness or pain—
The throb of agony has pass'd
Though life doth still awhile remain.
And they who stand beside him there,
And bathe with rough but pitying care
His blood-stain'd breast and fever'd brow,
He knows them not—his spirit now
Is far away from that lone spot
In scenes long-left, but unforgot—
A stately terraced walk he sees,
Pale-tinted by the crescent moon:
The odour of the summer breeze,
The whisper of the swaying trees,
Fall softly on his soul – and soon
A clinging form is by his side –
Their lips are one—the whole world wide
Has not so fair a form for him –
His heart beats fast, his senses swim
Under her whisper'd words. Alas!
That such should be, and come, and pass,
Even as the wind that stayeth not.

Well may the listeners shrink—God wot!
A laugh from dying lips to hear:
In sooth, it hath a ghastly sound
That well may cause a throb of fear
In hearts as bold as those around—
And bitterly, though faint and low,
From those pale lips the accents flow:

I told thee, when thy fantasy
Had sicken'd and had ceas'd to be—
When thou, unmoved, my name couldst hear,
Or hear it with a shrinking fear—
When hand met hand, and no quick thrill
Came, as of old, thy heart to fill—
And that one memory had become
A bleared ghost, wan and wearisome –
Thou hadst but one brief word to say,
Or look – and I no more would blot
The brightness of thy life's young day,
But drop from out that life away,
And be as thou hadst known me not.

I told thee, when the thing was said,
I would go down without a cry—
A bubble—and the wave goes by,
And all the past is blurr'd and dead.
Why should I curse thee? All around
The dead leaves drop. The wintry ground
Is bare and black, that once was green—
The song-birds of the summer's sheen
Where bleak winds blow no more abide—
All life's poor glamours wax and wane—
Then how shouldst thou unchanged remain,
In all this change of time and tide!

The damp of death is on his brow,
The flame but feebly flickers now—
A struggle for the strangled breath,
A gasp that faint and fainter grows:
And then the long, deep, calm repose,
The one long hush of death!
They draw the hood across his face,
And leave him to his Maker's grace!

THE EAST.

(ONE YEAR LATER.)

Blithe, and bright, and debonair,
Is Deercliffe Court this afternoon—
The roses in their flush of June
On terrace, lawn, and gay parterre,
In glowing masses fill the air
With summer fragrance. All around
Fair forms are floating, and the sound
Of light patrician laughter blends
With faint-heard strains of melody—
And friends are gaily greeting friends—
And warm and bright the summer sky
Its cloudless azure dome extends
O'er all that courtly company.

Within the vast ancestral rooms,
The noble hosts of Deercliffe stand
With winning smile and ready hand
To greet their throng of guests. Rich glooms
Upon the blazon'd arras throw
On Parian groups their purple glow:
And bowers of tropic plants, between,
Roll back the sunlight's rippling sheen:
And high above, in long array,
Steel-coated warriors grim and grey,
And ermin'd judges, stern and cold,
And plumèd gallants, gay and bold,
Who many a roaring catch had troll'd
In those old halls, in days that were;
And maidens in their bloom of May,
White-throated with their pearl-deck'd hair
And poor dead smiles, long pass'd away,
Look down upon as bright a scene
As in those halls hath ever been.

She stands beside a marble fawn,
Gold-crown'd above her low pale brow
With sun-flush'd tresses and a glow
On lips and cheek of pearly dawn.

Lithe as a tawny lioness,
Her form has still, in its slim grace,
A young girl's beauty. One may trace
In all its swaying loveliness
The natural pose and pride of race
Subdued by inborn tenderness.
Her picture: you may see it there—
It hangs upon the southern wall
Among the rest, more fair than all,
With its great waves of tawny hair,
And tender mouth, and gold-brown eyes
Wherein a wistful yearning lies.

Beside her stands the noble Earl,
In act and instinct, to the core,
True to his rank, if nothing more:
All coldly courteous. In the whirl
Of public life, no passing blame
Had ever touched his ancient name.
Noblesse oblige, his motto ever:
And so he held, without endeavour,
The world's respect, his peers' esteem,
His young wife's love—well so t'was said—
But love, the passion and the dream,
Scarce troubles now a young girl's head.
What, if without our world it lies—
Shall hearts for that be void and sore?
Rank, wealth, world-homage won—what more
Is wanted for a paradise?

Gay goes that garden festival!
Around, the glorious roses glow;
Their fanfares gay the bugles blow;
The tennis-lawns and pathways all
Are bright with beauty and the gleam
Of radiant gems and silk and lace,
And many a memory-haunted face
Within the rooms, in dazzling stream
(Fit pageant for a painter's dream)
The guests move onward. Some have pass'd
With their young hostess, free at last,
Through all the glittering living maze,
Within the noble gallery,
Where paintings of the old art-days—
Of Rubens, Titian, Veronese—
Rank upon rank, unbrokenly,
Enshrined in deathless glory, shone—
With many of our modern day,
Fit co-mates, so the world will say,
When Time's slow touch shall o'er them stray,
And mellowing years have come and gone.

A passing group has paus'd before
A strange weird painting—done by whom
None knew—its legend only bore
The picture's name: "a lonely tomb."
So fraught the scene with sense of pain,
That many a passer turns away:
But those who stop, perforce must stay,
And look, and lingering, look again.
A sunken cross—the sea—the shore—
A levelled sand-heap—nothing more
To tell the lonely sleeper's tale—
A grave beside a storm-blown sea,
And on the land, nor leaf, nor tree,
And on the sea no gleam of sail
Or glint of wild bird's restless wing,
Or sight or sign of living thing—
A scene that doth the soul oppress
With its wide, utter loneliness.

Between the lines the tale is read,
A voice amidst the silence said—
Certes! the scene is sad and drear:
But in the Western wilds, last year,
I came across a scene as dread,
A grave as silent, lost and lone—
The cloven ice-cliffs overheard,
And shatter'd rocks around it thrown!
In truth, a strange titanic tomb
Whose walls were never built or plann'd
By human skill or human hand—
But in their silence wide and dread,
Those walls will hold their lonely dead
Close-curtain'd till the crack of doom!

They turn'd—and in the speaker knew
A soldier and a traveller, too,
A paladin of high renown
In all the most exclusive sets:
One met to-day in ducal halls,
At midnight crushes, masques, and balls,
Then heard of in some far-off town
Among the moslem minarets—
Or where the Calmuck deserts lie
In their untamed immensity—
Or pillar'd date-palms stately stand,
Green islands in a sea of sand,
Within the Nubian's burning land—
Or where the wide Maranon flows,
And forest upon forest grows,
And Cotopaxi's gleaming snows
Are white against the Western sky!
All gathered round, and eagerly
The Colonel question'd—what and where
Was that strange tomb of which he said?
And who was he, the lonely dead,
Who slept his last long slumber there?

And so his tale the traveller told:
Last year, he said, when western woods

Were flush'd with autumn's red and gold,
I cross'd the rocky solitudes
Among the cloud-girt mountain chains
That rise from Arizona's plains,
By sombre gorges deeply cleft,
Where Time's denuding hand has left
Stern record of his patient toil,
And hurrying streams in wild turmoil
Leap darkling to the distant sea.
And there, in those far wilds, did we—
I, and my silent Indian guide
And our brave mules—climb patiently,
Until one sultry eventide,
Slow toiling up the mountain side,
Across a miners' camp we came:
The topmost peaks were still aflame
With the red sunset's dying glow,
But all was grey and dark below.

And in the camp there was no sound
Or stir of life; but all appear'd
Lone and deserted, till we near'd
A distant hut in which we found
The miners gathered, mute, around
A dying comrade. As I gazed
Upon the dying face, its eyes
Turn'd upon mine with sad surprise
In their last lingering look. Amazed,
I stood, till memory found the clue,
And then the poor dead face I knew—
Poor Geoffrey! everybody's friend!
Who thought that such would be his end?
Countess! I think you knew him, too:
Young Geoffrey Vernon! Was it not
At Deercliffe—at this very spot,
I met him once, two years ago?
With sudden effort she suppress'd
The wild fierce throb that tore her breast,
And turn'd, and slowly answer'd—No!
I do not think it!—all the same,
I do remember, now, the name—
I pray you, let us hear the rest.

Her voice was hard, and strange its tone;
As voice of one that would subdue
A moan's low cry. A livid hue
Came o'er her cheek, and then, anew,
As quickly as it came, was gone—
Unseen, unheeded. And again,
With voice that held no touch of pain,
She said, I pray you, then, say on!

Well, there is little more to say—
I kept the death-watch till the day
Came greyly, and the stars were gone.

Then follow'd the strange burial:
The strangest that has ever been
Before or since, or ever shall
In all the coming years be seen.
The hills above the camp, that night,
Threw back a lurid spectral light:
And suddenly among them shone
A solfatara's fiery cone,
Between the fissured rifts upthrown.
And with the dawn a seething flood
Of pitch-like, black, and trailing mud
Pour'd from its throat, and forced its way
Far down the narrow gorge that lay
Darkly beneath it. There they placed
(Within a few rough boards encased)
The body of the silent dead.
And one they call'd "the preacher" there,
Uncover'd and with low voice said
A few scant words of hurried prayer.
Then came the wave: a moving wall,
It crept around the coffin-lid,
And rose and rose—and all was hid
Beneath its black and massive pall
That froze to solid rock anon!
And ever as the years roll on
The secret of that silent stone
Lock'd darkly in its hidden core—
The goad that drove its tenant forth
From home and kin, o'er sea and earth,
To perish there—remains unknown,
And so remaineth evermore!

* * * * *

It seem'd as though the cruel day
Would never end—and all the while
To force upon the face a smile,
And this and that, O God! to say
Whilst all the thought was far away—
And all the glitter and the gleam,
The greeting forms that came and went,
Seem'd but the glamour of a dream
That work'd to her bewilderment.
But now at last the day has pass'd,
The lingering, gleaming, ghastly day—
The carriages have roll'd away—
And she is free—at last—at last!

* * * * *

She stands alone within her room—
The night has come: the moon, on high,
Sails softly through the summer sky—
The floor is flecked with light and gloom—
The glory of her loosen'd hair
Is all about her—white and bare
Her shoulders and her white feet shew
Like marble in the pale moon-glow.

And light as one that moves in dream
She seeks the costly cabinet
Wherein her rarest jewels gleam,
And stooping, wildly takes from it
A few poor letters—three or four,
She had not dared to treasure more—
And these, why keep them now, she said;
To keep them were a bitter jest
On this great lie of life, at best,
And here they do but mock the dead!

No need has she to scan again
Those words of passionate power and pain,
That branded were in heart and brain.
One lingering, clinging kiss—the last—
And through their leaves the swift flames pass'd,
And the grey ashes, one by one,
Dropt silently, and all was done.
But as the last gleam o'er them swept,
Through all her soul a terror crept
And shook with sobs her shuddering breast—
Her hands across her eyes she press'd,
But that dread face she needs must see—
And all the yearning Past is there—
And low she moans, in her despair,
O Jeff! poor Jeff!—it *had* to be!

TALES OF WAYSIDE INNS.

NO. I.—THE LAWYER'S TALE.

BY HENRY LYE.

In the summer of 18—, a visitor to the pleasant town of Walkerton would have been surprised by the presence of two eminent judges, one of the Chancery, and the other of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Judicature for Ontario; with whom were three of the rising counsel of Toronto, and several of the leading lawyers of the county of Bruce who have since become famous in the profession.

The occasion of the gathering was the trial of the usual charges against the newly-elected member of the Dominion Parliament, and the cross-petition against the defeated candidate, a process very much like that of fishing in the Saugeen river during a spring freshet; because a great deal of mud is stirred up in the hope that by some good fortune a fish, however small, may be landed, or one hidden which may make an inopportune appearance.

Many were the free and intelligent voters who had become so drunk during the election, or its preceding campaign, that they could not swear for sure who had furnished the whiskey, who had treated them, or whom they had treated; in fact, would not have been surprised to learn that they had forcibly broken open the bar of the saloon and stolen the liquor.

Many were those who had been promised rewards of pelf or pence for the proper use of their franchise, but who could not be sure as to the party promising, and could not repeat their original stories of shame as told by them to their own counsel, when the opposing counsel conducted their cross-examination.

Many were those who had travelled to the polling place by railway on the day of the election without having been called upon for fares or tickets, but could not be sure as to whether the conductor had been negligent of his duties, or that their immunity arose from accident or negligence rather than design; and many were those who testified to the giving or receiving of bribes without being able to assert that votes were influenced or agency established.

Wearisome work was all this; dry as the dust in the streets; neither more pleasant nor more health-giving; confessions of moral turpitude, with no excuse other than that "the serpent tempted me and I did drink," or "I did vote for payment or for promise of reward;" the precipice of the volcano of perjury being so nearly approached by some of the witnesses as to cause a painful yet dull curiosity to creep over us as we listened to their evidence.

Quite worn out by some days of these unsavory revelations, when the immediately local evidence was concluded the court adjourned for the purpose of discussing the future proceedings and probabilities, and it was found that there were yet several charges to be examined, the witnesses to which resided in or near the then charming village of Port Elgin.

Visions of the bright waters of Lake Huron delighting the mental vision; whispers of cool breezes refreshing the weary brains; prospects of delicious fish fresh from the purest of pure waters; of real country cream, and poultry and fruit; anticipations of delightful dips in the deliciously cool waters, shaded by ancient forest trees,

and of neat-handed Phyllis waiting upon their moods and orders, crept over counsel and court, filling their hearts with compassion for the hard-working sons of toil, who would be unduly deprived of the delights of hay-making and of the sweet odors of the clover now in bloom, if they were dragged all the way from Port Elgin to Walkerton, there to be kept in the dry and dusty town until their turn came to testify. Besides, it was fair to presume that some of the expected witnesses were as yet innocent of knowledge of evil, and if they were brought to Walkerton, they would be likely to be contaminated by contact with the wickedness of their neighbors, and might not go home quite sober.

These considerations caused court and counsel disinterestedly to decide to adjourn to Port Elgin. An early breakfast enabled the party to take the train, which landed them in Port Elgin in time for luncheon.

Here some one suggested that the "inning" was a gast-haus kept by a typical German, whose ample proportions and absence of waist indicated economy with good living, and gave delicious promise of generous fare to weary, way-worn travellers.

"Improved" off the face of the earth is that dear old inn; gone where the good Dutchmen go is that dear old host; married again is his then youthful yet buxom frau, who now presides at the table d'hote of a distant village, fondly frequented by fishermen who tell tales of mighty catches, and by commercial travellers, whose catches are more melodious, although some of their tales are not more savory than is meet.

Trooping into the gast-haus came our travellers, whose early breakfast and ride through the green fields and leafy woods had given them appetites kings might envy. Some of them ordered tankards of lager, which they held foaming to their lips, and drained in one appreciative gurgle; but as some of the party were so wicked as to be unable to further load their conscience by drinking beer, they instructed the landlord to procure milk for them.

It was yet too early for luncheon, so the Court at once commenced on the dull round of question and objection by counsel who, on both sides, were afraid of possible and not altogether improbable developments to the detriment of their several clients. The usual dry details of dirty doings persistently presented fell flatly, but we had one variation which was more interesting than usual. It appeared that one of the more active of the canvassers for the defeated candidate was an iron-founder and machinist. He had called upon a haus-frau who controlled the votes of her husband and of two sons, all of whom left their worldly affairs to her good management. She poured out the tale of woe and wrong most volubly in her broken English as follows:—

"Mr. Schmidt, he koomt to mein haus und him ask voe mein Hans vas, und Dirck und mein Adolf. Mein Hans vas in der felden und Dirck vas in der schtable mit der gows, und mein Adolf vas droonken. Hans und Dirck und Adolf nicht sprecken ainglish me. Herr Schmidt nicht sprach deutch mit me; Schmidt sprach mit me for vote mit Siegel; me not vote for nodings, me. Him say him nicht want for mein vote, Him vill dass Hans und Dirck und Adolf fight mit Siegel. I shust tells him 'mein Hans und mein Dirck und mein Adolf vork mit der plow und der oxen und nicht fight einmal mit Siegel, Nein! Nein!' He sprach 'nicht fight.' 'Vote, vote,' him said. 'Nicht fight, neider vote; he vork,' I tells Schmidt. Schmidt put him hand in ein him pocket und pull out vun roll von silber moneys und him tell me das ist fünfsig thaler, und him ask 'vote mit Siegel?' Den he go to mein bureau und open de drawer und steek der roll von silber moneys in der drawer und shust take mein key

und lock der drawer, und him tell me 'Hans und Dirck und Adolf vote mit Siegel.' Und Schmidt he sprach 'no open der drawer till election vor bei or de coonstable meit come.' Him take mein key und say 'election vorbei Hans get key und fünfsig thaler.' Und Hans und Dirck und Adolf vote mit Siegel. Und Hans gets der key und opens der drawer und him find dis Schmidt ein schkoundrel; he sheat me in der schurch." "See," said the enraged frau, as she laid on the table before the astonished Court a large roll of iron washers such as are used by machinists, and which had been neatly rolled so as to appear like a roll of silver quarter-dollars.

It had been decided that the party should dine in the early evening, and in the meantime should partake of such luncheon as could be hastily prepared; but some of them were discontented on finding this simple repast to consist of rye bread, lager beer and Limburger cheese. Still they could not find fault with this, because their coming had been unexpected, and consequently no special orders had been given. Some of them were wickedly mirthful at the expense of those who objected to the aroma of the Limburger; but time brings about its own revenges and consolations.

The ordering of a special dinner was entrusted to the Court stenographer, because his broad Scotch dialect was somewhat akin to the speech of the host and his frau, beside all which, he had the advantage of his training in phonetics. For all his nonsense, conjuring up pleasant memories connected with Der Vaterland during his "grand tour," and of the time when he was a grampus on the Grampian hills, he essayed a task the result of which should astonish and charm the eyes and palates of the party; but he found it necessary to supplement his speech by gestures and signs.

He had no doubt that by pointing to the shining teapot on the shelf, and by taking up a cup and saucer half-a-dozen times, by holding a pitcher in his hand whilst he imitated the lowing of a cow, by smacking his lips, crowing like a rooster, and other similar performances, he had made satisfactory progress; but glancing out of the window he thought he saw a flock of tender-looking spring ducks, so he persevered until he was sure he had made the haus-frau understand that there must be six of them prepared for dinner for the Herren, the Judges, who having not enjoyed the somewhat primitive luncheon, had determined to adjourn very early for their evening meal.

Visions of sweet morsels to be heaped on their plates as plentifully as though all were Benjamins and the host a Joseph, were present to all as they enjoyed the fragrant odor as of fish freshly caught in the now bright blue water before them. Quick was the response to the summons to the clean dining-room where on the floor was freshly strewn golden yellow sawdust from the mill whose motion made melody in the distance.

On a clean pine table, innocent of cloth, were dishes containing potatoes, saur-kraut, a large fowl and the six ducks specially ordered. We noticed six new chairs, six new plates, six new cups and saucers, and six new knives and forks, and felt flattered by the evident attention of the host, and his recognition of the quality of his distinguished guests.

With all the impatience born of hunger and anticipation, the stenographer commenced to carve the fowl, but as his knife was new and as yet innocent of steel or grindstone, his vehemence landed the fowl in the lap of the senior judge to the discomfiture of the scribe who thenceforth became a short-hander in the carving line. We learned subsequently that in obedience to his orders, the host had slain Chanticleer, the patriarch of his barnyard, who would no more wake the misty morn by his crowing.

Although it is not unusual to find

that a turkey has been stuffed with oysters to the loss of the flavor of both turkey and oysters, we had not been prepared for a like preparation of our ducks, so were not disposed to admire what appeared to be ducks stuffed with fragrant fish; for, although we did not find any fish in the ducks, yet the flesh of them was so strongly impregnated with a fish-like flavor, that we somewhat reluctantly ate them, our hunger overcoming our fastidity.

Now for a sail or a row on the bright waters of the bay, shining in the shimmering light of the still summer evening, whilst the sun beamed brightly, as he sank to his setting, casting a rosy tinge upon the clear waters of the lake.

Our host procured boats and oars and fishing lines and bait, but although we had a really delightful hour on the water, none of us caught any fish, nor could we buy any from any of the fishermen, who we learned were all employés of American firms, who sent all the fish caught in that locality to be sold in Detroit or Cleveland; so that fish was then as difficult to procure at Port Elgin as is milk at a dairy farm, or peaches at Niagara.

As the large party taxed the sleeping accommodations of the gast-haus, the juniors did not grumble to occupy the upper rooms—nor, on their survey were they overwhelmed by the honor of having been asked to "go up higher," because they, on the next morning, each reported that his apartment was so close to the roof that he could not stand up in it, and was wholly without furniture other than the bed, so that he had to hang his clothes on the floor until morning. When on rising they adjourned to the pump in the yard, they found an ample supply of soft-soap and pure water for their morning's ablutions, at which they gave, as was due, place and precedence to their Lordships of the Chancery and Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Judicature for Ontario, who preceded them to the long, home-spun, hempen towel hanging behind the bar-room door, where it had been in general use for an indefinite period, and bore marks of many encounters and much patronage.

The stenographer had somewhat the advantage of the rest of the party in this matter, as his amiability and humility had prompted him to accept as a sleeping-place the pine bench in the bar-room, where his conscience and the hardness of the couch had prevented his sleep, and prompted him to an unusual early rising, which gave him the cream of the water of the pump and the comparative dryness of the towel.

The "ducks" of the previous evening's repast had been rather too rich for the weak digestions of some of the party, so they had not much appetite for breakfast. The others partook of the more homely fare of pork and saurkraut and black coffee laid before them, to the entire neglect of the cold fowl remaining from the previous evening. So all were disposed for an abrupt ending of the sessions of the Court held at Port Elgin for the convenience of the people of that locality by the kindly consideration of their Lordships, the Judges, and the attendant Counsel.

Learning that a train would leave the station about noon, it having been delayed on its way from the northward, the party decided to seek a more southerly clime without more delay. So a message was sent to bid the landlord to have the bills and the baggage all ready.

The messenger soon returned and announced that everything would be ready in due time and that the landlord was very sorry to part with his guests so much sooner than he had expected.

The messenger beckoned one of the counsel aside and held with him a whispered consultation, during which both of them gave vent to sounds of

mirth which discomposed the Court, and at the close of which the counsel borrowed a five dollar bill from each of his companions, who were just a little suspicious of his manner and incredulous as to his need, but as they had perfect faith in his solvency, and as each of them had return tickets to Guelph where their next sitting was to be held, none of them felt it unwise to leave themselves with but few dollars remaining in their purses.

The Court having now risen, all wended their way to the kindly gast-haus, some expressing their desire for a parting glance at its inmates, buxom or burly, and some for a stirrup-cup, whilst the Junior Judge gave judgment against the local method of cooking ducks.

The ample form of the host filled the door-way. With his long clay pipe in one hand, he smiled and bowed as he handed to the Senior Judge

THE BILL.

Here is a true copy of it :—

"Der Choodges und les Avocats."

1	Gowe pour Lait.	30	Thalers.
1	Rooster, sans Plumes.......	6	"
6	Gooles pour Dinnare........	6	"
6	Chairs.....................	6	"
6	Coteau et Forks....	5	"
6	Goopes et Sosers...........	6	"
30	Biers au Lager.............	6	"
5	Lodgings a' Chambre......	10	"
1	Loger au Coucher.........	1	"
2	Botes pour le lac..........	20	"
12	Winns pour le feesh.......	1	"
1	Monge Tonnere............	1	"
	Oder tings................	12	"
	Baiser der Madschew......	10	"

Here was a "stated case," on which the Court were not previously prepared to give judgment; on which the lawyers expressed their "opinions" without first insisting on "retainers," oblivious of the maxim invented by one of their craft to the effect that "He who is his own lawyer has an unwise man for his client," whilst the eyes and mouth of the Stenographer opened so wide that his sleep has ever since that time been disturbed by the lock-jaw.

"The Bill" had been prepared by the Deutch inn-keeper, assisted by a Frenchman who was foreman of the neighboring saw-mill; hence the confusion of languages.

Exclamation in time gave way to enquete and demand for further particulars, when it was explained that the various articles of furniture had been bought specially for that occasion and might never again be required. This was a reasonable explanation, fully justified to date by the fact that the Court could not express any intention of revisiting that locality, nor, unless I am mistaken, has any similar Court been held there since this one whose proceedings are here recorded.

You may, perhaps, imagine the internal sensations of each of the gentlemen when it was ascertained that the "6 Gooles pour Dinnare" were not the six persons who had partaken of the repast, but six "gulls" ordered by the stenographer, under the impression that the beautiful fowl swimming on the bay were "ducks."

The cow for milk was insisted upon as an equitable charge, because no member of the household proper ever drank anything except lager, and as milk had been insisted on, the "Gowe pour lait" had been bought to supply the special demand.

Here was a bill of one hundred and twenty dollars, equal to twenty dollars for each of the party, all of whom blushingly repudiated the charge *re* "Baiser der Madschew," and not one of whom had more than ten dollars in his pocket, except the one who had borrowed the "fives."

The Court now gave unanimous judgment in language such as is not commonly heard in Courts where the swearing is generally according to rule, and sometimes is not quite so sincere as it might be.

I refrain from depicting the emotions which now paled the lofty brows or now flushed the cheeks long strangers to blushes; whilst the advocates accused each other in respect to one of

the items or asked the stenographer as to his knowledge of ornithology as relating to gulls and ducks; the stenographer meanwhile giving vent to his feelings in Gaelic so sweet and strong that it may yet be heard reverberating amongst the hills where the gentle zephyrs blow.

A common declaration was fyled, but not being in accordance with the Act, 37 Vic., it was found ineffectual, as the landlord, with kindly forethought, had carefully locked the baggage of the party in an inner room, lest the gentlemen of the law might be tempted to break the law by leaving the hotel without first paying the bill. So, lest they should lose the train, now heard in the distance, a subscription was made of all the funds of the party; a compromise settlement was arrived at, which has not yet been submitted to the Divisional Court for its approval or ratification, and a—let us say—more experienced party left Port Elgin for Guelph, fully impressed with the beauty of the old song, anent

> "The good old rule, the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

As these occurrences took place in the early history of the country, long before the Wellington, Gray & Bruce Railway system was completed, I may be slightly in error in some parts of my narrative—as the oft-told tale is like the snowball—it increases in bulk and changes its form as it rolls along.

Germans are so slow, so matter of fact, and so honest, that one cannot accuse our host of any idea of a practical joke or of any intention of overcharge or of any departure from the strict justice of the case; but the cadence of the wheels of the railway train, the sighing of the breeze, the murmur of the trees and the smiling of the fields and flowers during that journey from Port Elgin to Guelph, seemed to be singing refrains—sometimes of

> "He who will not when he may,
> He may not when he will."

and now of "Six Gooles, Baiser der Madschew," whilst occasional screeches were heard which did not proceed from owls, although all the members of the party were worshippers of Minerva.

A FAMOUS CANADIAN SHRINE.

BY J. J. BELL.

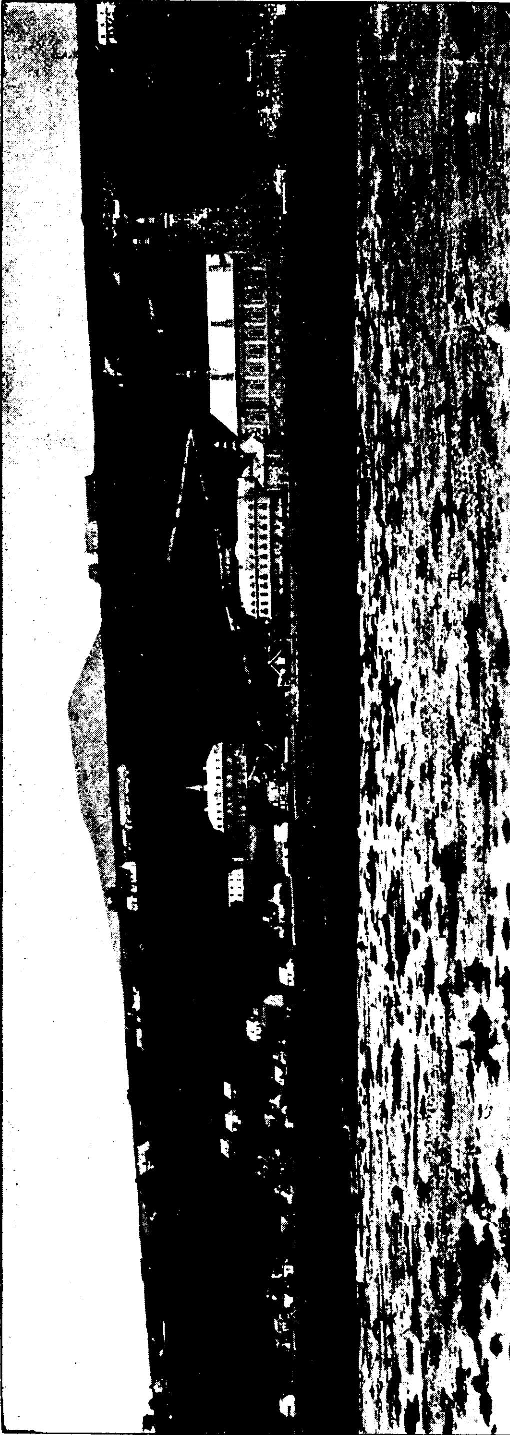
On the north shore of the River St. Lawrence, 22 miles below Quebec, opposite the eastern end of the island of Orleans, and nestling at the base of the hills which skirt the river, lies the little village of Ste. Anne de Beaupré. At first sight there is nothing to distinguish it from the hundreds of villages which form the centres of the parishes in the Province of Quebec, except that the sign "Hotel," or "Maison de Pension," hangs in front of a larger proportion of the houses. There is the same long, straggling street, the clean, white-washed houses, the long wharf projecting far enough into the stream to allow the steamers to land at low tide, the convent, the priest's house, and the substantial parish church, with its glittering tin roof and spires the main feature of the landscape in all Lower Canadian villages. But Ste. Anne has a more than local reputation, and is a favorite resort for pilgrims, drawn thither by the miraculous cures which are said to be performed by the patron saint from which it derives its name.

Leaving Quebec, with all its historical associations, one beautiful summer morning, our steamer proceeded down the south channel of the St. Lawrence towards Ste. Anne. On the left we caught a glimpse of the Falls of Montmorenci, gleaming and dancing in the sunshine, which were soon hidden by the island of Orleans, formerly called the island of Bacchus by Champlain, from the thick network of wild grape vines which formed an almost impenetrable hedge along its shores. The island is now a famous resort for Quebeckers, and summer cottages may be seen interspersed with the neat white-washed houses of the habitants. Rounding the eastern end of the island, the steamer was soon moored at the long wooden wharf, which towered above us, for the tide was out.

A brisk walk brought us to the only street the village boasts, running parallel to the shore. We soon reached the church, and met with unmistakable evidences that thither the blind, the halt and the lame resort. Here was an aged man leaning on the arm of his son, there a mother carrying her sick babe, yonder a girl leading her blind sister, all in quest of the healing which La Bonne Ste. Anne is believed to be both able and willing to impart.

The church is a massive stone building, more pretentious than those of neighboring parishes, and well it may be, for few enjoy the revenue which it possesses, the willing offering of the crowds who visit it. Over the front gable is a statue of Ste. Anne, and there are three niches containing statues of Christ, the Virgin Mary and Joseph.

Crossing the little grass plot in front, we entered the church, and there, to testify to the reality of the miraculous healing, were two pyramids of crutches, bandages, spectacles and canes, left behind by grateful sufferers who had no further need for them. The interior of the church is profusely decorated, the walls and ceiling being covered with frescoes, chiefly of shipwreck scenes, for La Bonne Ste. Anne has a special regard for sailors. The grand altar is very showy. Both it and the pulpit were removed hither from the old church. Here we see the beautiful altar-piece by Le Brun, and many of the tablets are very old and by good masters. Behind the altar, and over the door of the Sacristy, is a picture of ancient date, presented to the church by some sailors who had been saved



STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

from shipwreck by the intervention of Ste. Anne. The picture is eight or ten feet square, and represents Christ walking on the Sea of Galilee. One of the old guides told us it was painted during the Saviour's lifetime. The ship, with its bulging sides and high poop, looks ancient enough to sustain this belief, were it not for the British ensign at the mizzen peak. In front of the chancel is a life-size statue of Ste. Anne, the wonder-working figure of the place. In one arm she holds her infant daughter Mary, while the other is uplifted in the act of imparting a benediction. On one of the fingers of this hand is a ring, and on her head a richly-jewelled crown, placed there by Mgr. Taschereau, the first and only Cardinal of the Roman Catholic church in Canada.

The Church of Ste. Anne has recently been enriched by a further gift of great value. The Count of Paris, whose exile has prevented a continuance of his former visits to Ste. Anne d'Auray in his native land, has sent a memorial of a visit to the new Ste. Anne, in the form of a bas-relief, in solid silver, hand-engraved by a skilful workman, representing his ancestor, St. Louis, King of France, offering his sceptre to Ste. Anne at the time of the Crusades. This gift of Louis Philippe will henceforth be preserved and shown as among the most precious possessions of the shrine.

Along either side of the church is a row of chapels communicating

with the main auditorium and with each other by archways. These were provided and furnished by various parishes in the diocese. One, given by St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, is in all its surroundings suggestive of the patron saint of Ireland. The walls are green, and the harp and shamrock are freely worked into the decorations. On the altar is a statue of St. Patrick in his episcopal robes crushing a serpent under foot. In these chapels penitents are to be seen kneeling at the confessional, and in the church, at all hours of the day, pilgrims come and go, to pray, to seek for healing, or to return thanks for health restored.

Across the street, at the base of the hill, is the old church, built in the early part of the century to replace a still older one destroyed by fire. Though small and unpretentious, it is in some respects more interesting than the modern structure. It was here the first miracles of healing were performed. The first stone of this old church was laid by the Governor, M. D'Argenson, in 1657, and in three years, by the faithful labor of those early settlers, the work was completed and dedicated to La Bonne Ste. Anne, in loving memory of Ste. Anne D'Auray and the celebrated pilgrimages to the shrine of Brittany's patron saint. Ste. Anne early rewarded their labors, it is said, for while the building was in course of erection, a habitant, Louis Guimont by name, though suffering terribly from rheumatism, was toiling at the stonework, when he found his health suddenly restored. Picture the joy of this devout and simple people when they found that the blessed benison of healing, miraculously imparted by the good Ste. Anne in the old home on the coast of France, was graciously extended to the home of their adoption in the New France on the shores of the St. Lawrence. Henceforward Ste. Anne de Beaupré became famous, and very soon from the old world came gifts and offerings to the shrine, paintings and costly vestments, among other relics a bone of the finger of Ste. Anne. These were all removed to the new church when it was dedicated in 1876. Around the old church is the grave-yard where the forefathers of the place sleep, and hard by is a grotto modelled after that of Our Lady of Lourdes in France. Here, from a fountain, healing water plays, thought to defend people from evil spirits, lightning, and other dangers. Near by is the presbytery where the priests live, and a little way up the wooded hillside stands the convent of the hospital nuns, who busy themselves in nursing and caring for the suffering

A SHRINE.

pilgrims. At all points are contribution boxes for the offerings of the faithful.

All the surroundings remind one that this is no ordinary place. The very air is full of old-time beliefs and quaint legends, for many are the traditions regarding Ste. Anne de Beaupré. Long years ago the priests were the only missionaries of that lonely district, and thrilling are the tales of hardships endured during perilous journeys to Baie St. Paul, or Petit Cap, at that time almost the only settlements along the rocky shore. Doubtless more than one devoted missionary shared the fate of Father Filion, who, while on a pilgrimage, in 1679, was caught by the tide and drowned as he waded along the shore or climbed from point to point of rock. The story goes that a brave nun, Sister St. Paul, finding the body, towed it behind her canoe to Ste. Anne, where it found a last resting-place in the old churchyard.

We were not privileged to witness one of the reputed miracles wrought at Ste. Anne. Whether they are of the nature of faith-cures, or the result of the exercise of strong will-power exerted under the stimulating influence of the place, it is not my purpose to discuss. It is an undoubted fact that many who have gone there cripples have come away cured.

Previous to 1889, pilgrimages to Ste. Anne were made by steamer, saving that a few toiled thither on foot. In that year the ubiquitous railway found its way there. During the first three months it was in operation 35,000 passengers were carried to Ste. Anne,—an evidence of the popularity of the place. It has now become a winter as well as a summer resort.

THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR.

(A Political Sketch.)

BY J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

No career in the recent history of British politics and statecraft is so interesting, so striking and remarkable, as that of Arthur James Balfour. Seven years ago, a comparatively obscure member of a great party, he is to-day its recognized leader in the House of Commons, and the acknowledged successor to Lord Salisbury as National Conservative leader, and appears destined to become before long Prime Minister of England. Born in 1848, he has attained this position in the teeth of British prejudice against young men, and at an age when most aspiring politicians are laboriously working their way upward through Under Secretaryships and the ordinary routine of ministerial promotion. An aristocrat to the finger tips; with land in London, land in Scotland, land in Surrey, land in Australia, and family connections with the proudest and oldest of English families, he has been for several years the idol of a large section of the British Democracy. A nephew of the Marquis of Salisbury, and by nature indifferent if not actually indolent, he has conquered the prejudices and difficulties which lie before a politician who is open to the popular accusation of owing his rise to a powerful relative or to family ties, and has become noted for the hard, resistless labor with which he has successively controlled the Irish Office and guided the affairs of the House of Commons.

Mr. Balfour was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and entered Parliament in 1874 as M. P. for Hertford. This constituency he continued to represent until elected in 1885 for Manchester East, where he was re-elected in 1886 and 1891. He is Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrews, and an Hon. LL.D. of Cambridge, Edinburgh and Dublin. During the critical period, in 1878-80, when the Berlin Treaty was being negotiated and Lord Salisbury had control of the Department of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Balfour was his private secretary, and as such accompanied his uncle and Lord Beaconsfield to Berlin. During the short-lived Administration of 1885 he was President of the Local Government Board, and in 1886, upon Lord Salisbury's return to power, became Secretary of State for Scotland. But with the return of Conservative rule, the tide in the progress of what was destined to be a great career, had come, and in a few months after being given this not very onerous post, the dilettante politician, the man of letters, the philosophic, indifferent and somewhat cynical speaker, the man who seemed to be positively out of the running for political power, who had been utterly eclipsed within his own party by Lord Randolph Churchill, and who was thought to be without genuine ambition or any special ability, was announced to have accepted the most difficult and onerous position in the Government—one which had driven W. E. Forster,—stern, rugged and honest,— into retirement; which had caused the death of good, genial Lord Frederick Cavendish; which had turned gray the hair of Sir George Trevelyan; had driven Sir Michael Hicks-Beach into retreat; and destroyed the reputation of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman—the Chief-Secretaryship for Ireland.

What is the secret which has brought fame instead of shame to

Mr. Balfour out of a post which had been the grave of dozens of political reputations and, up to his time, the making of none? The key to the enigma cannot be found in Mr. Balfour's previous career. He had not taken a very active part in the House. His gifts were derided by opponents as being entirely academic. His tastes undoubtedly inclined him toward literature and a literary career, though the natural indolence of his character did not seem to promise greatness as a literary man. He was thought to be a mere man of books, who could not put his theories into practice—a sort of lesser John Stuart Mill. He spoke seldom in the House, and then rather negligently and indolently, though with flashes of evident wit and incisive retort. True, he had been one of the famous Fourth Party, composed of himself, Mr. (now Sir John) Gorst, Sir H. Drummond Wolff, and Lord Randolph Churchill. But though a believer in Tory-Democracy, and a not undistinguished member of that little band, he was entirely eclipsed by Lord Randolph, and apparently beaten out of sight in the race for power and office—if, indeed, it could have been termed a race, so far as he was concerned. His views, however, upon party names and principles, then, as well as now, may be described with considerable accuracy from a letter written April 29th, 1892, by his one time leader and now almost rival, Lord R. Churchill:

"After all, since the Revolution, the designation 'Tory' has always possessed an essentially popular flavor in contradistinction to the designation 'Whig.' It has not only a popular but a grand historical origin. It denotes great historical struggles, in many of which the Tory party have been found on the popular side. Lord Beaconsfield, who, if he was anything, was a man of the people and understood the popular significance of names and words, invariably made use of the word 'Tory' to characterize his party, and whatever the Tory party may be deemed to be at particular moments, I have always held from the commencement of my political life that, rightly understood and explained, it ought to be and was intended to be the party of broad ideas and of a truly liberal policy."

Thus, intensely proud of the past and Tory in his desire to preserve its historic and national continuity, Mr. Balfour is known to be by no means rigid in his conception of modern movements and in his comprehension of the necessity for change and development. But at that time the coming statesman had written a book entitled, "The Defence of Philosophic Doubt," which aroused misconception. It was not as daring as its name indicates; nor was it of a nature to prevent his being a consistent adherent and earnest supporter of the Established Church. But it served the purpose of stamping him amongst his political opponents as a sort of metaphysical theorist, a scouter of Liberalism and a doubter of Conservatism. And in none of his appointments had he made any notable mark. The Scotch Secretaryship was never anything but vanity and vexation of spirit to him. Indeed, it is related that he would lie in bed until near mid-day, and when he did get up, he would, languidly clad in a dressing gown, receive his callers. It is also said that the only thing or man he did believe in at this time was his uncle. Though exaggerated, it was this sort of popular sentiment which prevailed concerning Mr. Balfour at the time of his appointment as Irish Secretary. The office was given to him in the teeth of party distrust and the ridicule of his opponents.

Lord Salisbury had not very long to wait, however, before he found that the prestige, popularity and future of Conservatism in England had been preserved and ensured by this much criticised action. The new Secretary began by being despised. He went on to be hated. He has now conquered the respect and admiration of his opponents, and the unbounded laudation of his political friends and followers. At first, in the elegant language of the Irish benches, he was a "palsied masher," a "perfumed popinjay," and a "mollycoddle." Immense was the contempt of the Irish members and the

Radicals at the idea of Ireland being ruled by a tall, attenuated shadow of a Cromwell such as this. Nicknames and ridicule were poured out in unstinted measure, and "Miss Balfour" and "Nancy" were the mildest of all the descriptions used and pointed by the flowery language of which only natives of Erin's Isle are capable. But the results of a strong, united and contemplated attack by an unbroken Radical and Irish phalanx was very different from that anticipated. This gentle-looking, aristocratic and delicate man had withstood a shock which had broken his most powerful predecessors, and he merely smiled or lounged in his seat with the attitude of one who was only slightly bored, but was otherwise unaffected by the surrounding storm. His persistent good temper was exasperating beyond all endurance to the excitable natures of the men who were attacking him. His assumed light-hearted indifference in disposing of his enemies seemed to them intolerably insolent, and was far more aggravating than any amount of abuse or strong language.

Yet Mr. Balfour was not then, and is not now, indifferent to the needs of the Irish people and their sufferings or in any degree heartless. He is simply a thorough believer in the policy of his party. Where Mr. Gladstone and, perhaps, other statesmen would have some horrible haunting doubt that after all they might be mistaken in their Irish policy, Mr. Balfour believes implicitly in the necessity of his own, and the consequent improvement in the condition of the people. During the long and finally successful struggle with the Land League, which he pursued unflinchingly to the finish, the present Conservative leader saw but two forces in Ireland—one the Crown and Government of a United Kingdom, the other a body of men illegally banded together to govern Ireland in hostility to the union of the countries, and in opposition to the wishes and interests of a large section of the Irish people. Whether rightly or wrongly, this was Mr. Balfour's view of the situation, and his determined and successful contest for what he considered the supremacy of law and order, have won for him the power which he to-day holds in British Conservatism, and the respect of even his bitterest opponents. When, a few years ago, he visited, as Chief Secretary, many parts of Ireland, it was to be received with a respect which astonished England, and a total absence of abuse or insult.

It goes without saying that for some time Mr. Balfour was hated with a vigor and intensity of which we in Canada have little conception. Before assuming charge of the Irish office, he had the appearance of a man who would not live very long, and a recent writer describes the appointment as being like the presentation of a ticket to the grave. He was always taking medicine, needing fresh air, and generally ailing. "On the very day when his acceptance of the Chief Secretaryship was announced, the mantel-piece of his library was liberally littered with pill boxes and medicine bottles." Yet within two years, this fragile-looking, indolent, and dilettante politician had admittedly crushed the most violent Parliamentary opposition a statesman has ever encountered; had overcome the greatest national organization the Irish party ever established in the Green Isle; and while preserving peace and quietness in Ireland, had built up a reputation which made him leader of his party in the House of Commons. Is it any wonder, apart altogether from the comparative merits or demerits of his policy and that of his opponents, that Mr. Balfour should have been hated? It is related that, somewhere about 1888, the Irish Secretary was dining in Dublin at the same table with the genial Father Healy, and in the course of conversation, asked the priest:—"Do the Irish really hate me as much as their newspapers say?" "My dear

sir," replied the reverend gentleman, "if the Irish hated the devil only half as much as they hate you, my occupation would be gone." Whether absolutely true or not, the story indicates a real condition of affairs then existing.

Writing in July, 1889, a correspondent of the *Boston Herald*, says of Mr. Balfour:

"I have seen him in the House of Commons when the entire Opposition groaned at him, sneered at him, laughed at him ironically; when he has been unceremoniously, even violently, interrupted, and when he has been subjected to bitter attacks, and to taunts and accusations offensive to the last degree, and he stood there calmly, folding his arms, and smiling, as if to say: "Well, when you have finished I will continue." And he did continue. He always continues. That is why his opponents are so extremely bitter against him. If he winced, if he gave way to resentment, the Opposition would know better how to take him. As it is, he irritates them by his composure and his easily assumed cynicism. He is a good fighter in debate; he spares no one, and asks no one to spare him."

This speaking ability is largely an outcome of his position as Irish Secretary. At one time the reverse of a ready speaker, his present tendency to hesitation, like that once displayed by Fox, is due not to poverty in his vocabulary, but to the wealth of language at his command. He is not only to-day the most formidable debater in the Commons,—not even excepting Mr. Gladstone,—but he is equally at home lecturing to the University of St. Andrews upon "Desultory Reading," or addressing the Church Congress, upon "Positivism." In this respect, Mr. Balfour resembles the "Grand Old Man," Lord Rosebery and one or two other contemporaries. His sarcasm can be intensely keen and cutting, as for instance, in the reference to Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M.P., and his alleged passion to be always blacking something: "Yesterday it was Lord Spencer's character, to-day it is his boots."

Of his public style, outside the walls of Parliament, the *Liverpool Courier* has given an excellent description in connection with a speech delivered to 7,000 people, in November, 1890:

"Mr. Balfour has the happy distinction of not only being a successful debator, holding his own against the most bitter tongues and keenest intellects in the most critical assembly of the world, but is a forcible and eloquent platform speaker, combining a scholarly diction and brilliant descriptive faculty with a strong and telling dramatic effect. These characteristics evidently came as a surprise to the majority of the audience who listened to his great speech on Tuesday night. His voice is eminently adapted to a large audience such as gathered in the Circus. It is a quality of voice with which few public speakers are gifted, and reminded some of the older politicians present of the fine ring of Mr. John Bright's voice when he addressed large audiences, in the zenith of his intellectual and oratorical capacity, in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. Mr. Balfour also knows how "to suit the action to the word," and at times last night his gestures were exceedingly dramatic. So far from his speech being cold or unsympathetic, it was throughout full of fervour, and, at times, rose to an impassioned intensity. * * * His descriptive efforts in recounting his visit to the coastland of Ireland, its chasms, moorlands, rocks and shores bordering on the 'melancholy main,' was one of the finest pieces of word-painting ever uttered from any platform. It showed Mr. Balfour's acute powers of observation, his sympathetic nature and warm heart for the afflicted people of Ireland, and touched the sympathy and roused the enthusiasm of the vast audience."

In April, 1888, he was entertained at a great banquet by the National Union of Conservative Associations, and was received in a manner which might well make the greatest man proud of a two years' administration of a single department. Two years later, and he was hailed as Conservative leader in the House of Commons. The Liberal view of Mr. Balfour, or at least, the opinion which it is desired to popularize, is that of a violent, truculent, overbearing, supercilious person, who is never happy unless he is fighting some one, which he does in a most unscrupulous fashion. As already pointed out, this is not the opinion of the House upon either side, but it is a good party view to cultivate upon the outside of its walls and amongst people who can only know Mr. Balfour by name. The view of those who know him well is that it would be difficult in the whole range of modern

political life to find a more interesting personality and one marked by greater refinement, more polished culture, greater considerateness, warmer feelings and more abundant fairness. To his friends he is most charming, and according to one who knows him well, "has all the fascination of manner that distinguishes a great noble who is too sympathetic to be haughty and too intelligent to be dull." To his party he personifies those fighting, staying qualities which all true Britons love. From the Conservative standpoint, and aside from our belief in the benefits or otherwise of Home Rule, his policy has been the most successful ever pursued in Ireland. It has been, unquestionably, a gallant, firm and consistent administration of the affairs of that country from the point of view at which Unionists look upon its troubles. Everywhere the law of the Imperial Parliament and the authority of the Queen had been re-asserted and re-established. The unwritten law of the League, enforced by outrage and murder, no longer terrorized the people when he and his party left office. Witnesses were not afraid to tell the truth, criminals were brought to justice, evictions had almost ceased, boycotting was practically destroyed, and, in the general opinion of the party, liberty had been restored to a country previously groaning under the coercion and oppression of a disloyal and illegal organization. In the words quoted by Mr. Stuart-Wortley, M.P., while introducing Mr. Balfour to the guests at the National Union banquet last June :—though now in Opposition the party still looks upon its leader as having the Star of Victory floating above him, while the country feels that "if again the rude whirlwinds should arise, if fresh darkness the dawning of peace should becloud, the regrets of the good and the fears of the wise shall turn to the pilot that weathered the storm." It is this confidence in his ability to fight, in his capacity for facing great odds, and ultimately winning victory out of the dregs of defeat, which makes Arthur James Balfour one of the three formost statesmen of England to-day. In the conclusion of his speech upon the occasion just referred to, will be found a specimen of the oratory which interests and attracts the huge audiences which delight in listening to him :—

"The country has to choose—will have to choose in the course of a few days, for which party it will cast its votes. There is the party of vague and indefinite promises—there is the party of performance in the past, which gives you a clear indication of what they are prepared to do in the future—which we have done. There is the party which, if it comes into office, will have to govern Ireland, but which, when in Opposition, coquetted with crime in Ireland —(cheers)—and there is the party which has put down crime and disorder in Ireland—(cheers)—and which, in putting down crime and disorder, has saved the rights and liberties of the majority in that country. Which will you have? (Loud cheers.) There is the party which desires to hand over Ireland to the certainty of misrule and the probability of revolution—(cheers)—and there is the party which desires to continue the same policy of steady administration which has been so successful in the past. (Cheers.) Which will you have? (Cries of "You.") There is the party which puts Home Rule, and the endless discussions and the empty discussions which must precede Home Rule, in the forefront of its programme,—and there is the party which desires to continue in the immediate future the policy of the past. Which will you have? (Cheers.) There is the party which, in foreign affairs, will wreck your interests in the future as it has too often wrecked your interests in the past —(cheers)—by dubious and doubtful policy, and indecision even more fatal—(cheers)—and there is the party which, through six eventful years—years fraught with peril —(hear, hear)— with every difficulty; years not of assured calm, but of incessant disquiet, has steered your destinies without war, without threatenings of war, and without that expenditure which war or the threatenings of war bring upon you. Which party will you have? (Cheers.)"

Mr. Balfour has proved himself the sort of man whom Britons like. He combines pluck, physical and intellectual power, supreme self-confidence and disdain of opposition, in one happy and harmonious whole. He inspires hatred and regard in equally strong measure. He has proved to be a man who constitutes Imperial Unity a creed, and British prosperity a species of gospel. He has proved

himself to possess a special aptitude for administration and a complete comprehension of the lessons of history. And he has brought success out of previous disaster, disappointed the expectations of his enemies, exceeded the wildest anticipations of his friends, and proved a tower of strength to his party, where it was feared he would be but a broken reed.

Yet Mr. Balfour is not passionately fond of politics, as such. Like Lord Hartington, the Duke of Argyle, Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery, he took up his task more from a sense of duty than from a desire to achieve political renown. Mr. Gladstone, Prince Bismarck, and the late Sir John Macdonald, were never averse to the honor attached to one who governs a great country, and liked office for the position itself, as well as for the immense power to achieve national good which accompanies it. But Mr. Balfour would probably prefer discussing books with Mr. Morley, or Sir John Lubbock, over a dinner-table, to debating politics with them in the House or the country. And it is greatly to his credit that such should be the case. It shows the sincerity and patriotism which underlies apparent indifference to attack, and great ability as a hard hitter at opponents. It helps to maintain the quality of impersonal sarcasm and fence with which he meets antagonists, and aids in restraining him from those personalities which so degrade portions of the political world, and to which he never will stoop.

Upon the whole, Mr. Balfour's career has therefore been a remarkable one. To the young man it is eminently instructive. The very fact that it is considered almost a lie in some quarters to suggest that he possesses a single virtue, as it is deemed a necessity in others to crown him a perfect hero, proves that he has that steadfastness of character which enabled him first to follow and then to lead in one unswerving path. He is a Conservative of the Conservatives, an aristocrat of the aristocrats, yet all classes respect him, and Liberals and Radicals alike admire him. He has never been ashamed of his colors; he has never deserted his leader, but has always stood closely and courageously by his side. He conquered ill-health, disinclination to politics, a natural indolence of character, the calls of a pressing and attractive social world, the innate desire for a quiet literary life, the allurements of aristocratic ease and pleasure, at the call of duty and the wish of his leader. In doing these things, and in proving his allegiance to what he believes to be the principle of British power and the party of true British progress and unity, Arthur James Balfour has proved himself a great man, and stamped his name indelibly in the wide pages of British annals and the modern history of our race.

THE THREE FIVES.

BY CECIL LOGSDAIL.

THE State of Texas, which is, of course, the largest in America, is not what it used to be a half a century ago, though there are still parts where the most heinous offences are committed without the offenders being brought to justice,—where, in fact, differences are speedily settled in defiance of the law at the point of a revolver, which nearly every man carries at his hip,—and where men and women still fall victims to the designs of the unscrupulous highwayman. If the visitor writes his autograph in an hotel register, he not infrequently finds the hotel clerk has a six-shooter at his desk ready for use at a moment's notice: the bartender in the adjoining saloon is never without this formidable weapon, which every Texan learns to handle as a necessary part of his early education : the gambler, in many country towns where monte, faro-bank, roulette, and other games of chance are played every day in the week for money, deals his cards with the ugly instrument lying on his pile, or "stack," of American dollars: the ranchman and the cowboy are not considered of the fraternity if they cannot discharge all the chambers of their revolvers with deadly aim at ten paces in as many seconds, neither may they be found sleeping or awake without their fire-arms being primed and loaded, ready for any sudden emergency: nay, the school-master has been known not infrequently to protect himself from mutinous and unruly scholars by suddenly "drawing" on them unawares, while there are instances on record of quite modern date, where the latter have put that unenviable gentleman to rout by similar methods. The crime of murder is not understood by Texans as we understand it; and there are two expressions (which shall be nameless), either of which, if a man, in the heat of excitement, or with deliberate attempt to insult, uses in denouncing his opponent, is held to justify the taking of life. But, so nobly and loyally do they protect their women, that an insult offered to them never fails to draw upon the offender the merciless retribution known as Lynch law.

In San Antonio, Texas, "the beauti ful city of the Lone Star State," it was not more than three years since a by-law was passed prohibiting gambling in all public resorts,—to wit, the theatres, music and dancing halls, saloons, beer gardens, and the like. Before that time, there was hardly a street in the city in which the pedestrian could avoid the din and excitement incidental to these haunts of vice. Mexicans of the unwashed type, vulgarly called "Greasers," negroes and cowboys, formed the usual company in the more public places, the more respectable class meeting for similar purposes in elegantly furnished parlors connected with the theatres, or in private clubs formed for that purpose.

San Antonio is not only celebrated as the site of the siege of the Alamo but is one of the most characteristic and picturesque of all Southern cities. Though immense business houses have long since taken the place of the old Mexican adobe huts in the heart of the city, the plazas still remain to-day as they were laid out by the Spanish conquerors, and the ruins of ancient Spanish missions surround the city on all sides. On the plazas to-day, as of yore, are to be seen open-air restaurants, at which *chili con carne*, *enchiladas*, and other Mexican dishes are served by pretty Mexican women in picturesque costumes. The cathedral

of San Fernando, of Moorish architecture, from the tower of which the cruel tyrant, Santa Anna, displayed the blood-red flag of defiance when he first laid siege to the Alamo, lends dignity and historical interest to the more thriving and populous portion of the city. From the numerous beer gardens, lit up in the evening by Chinese lanterns suspended from shady lime-trees, around which innumerable sun-flies flicker and buzz incessantly, come the intoxicating sounds of music, sometimes that of a well-trained orchestra, and sometimes the dreamy, plaintive voice of mandolin or guitar. Cosmopolitan in its character, every element of international life seems here to be represented. The wealthy American, with his jaunty, swaggering air,—the swarthy negro, " wearing the livery of the sun,"—the Mexican, with his huge *sombrero,* driving his team of oxen to market, or peddling canaries and other birds,— the Chinaman, with short pantaloons and shoes turned up at the toes,—the cowboy, in his thick woollen shirt, with long head of hair waving over his shoulders beneath a wide-brimmed hat, wearing huge spurs at his heels and a six-shooter at his belt, —all these cheek by jowl in the thoroughfares, and each has his own peculiar interest in that city.

As before stated, up to three years ago gambling was carried on in the public halls, and, it might be added, the theatres were generally of a disreputable order, such as would not be tolerated in this country a week without the performers finding their way into the police court on a charge of indecency. All this seems, doubtless, very strange to sober-minded Canadians, who not only forbid gambling everywhere and at all seasons, close all saloons on Sunday, and even consider street car traffic on that day as inconsistent with a healthy, moral observance of the fourth commandment, but it is largely to be feared that climatic influences have a strong bearing on public morals. If those born and raised in Northern climates have reason to be thankful for the possession of more quiet, even temperaments, allowance should be made for those excitable, passionate natures, who invest everything, like the sunlight, with the air of romance and poetry, who adore the beautiful even in its most commonplace aspects (if beauty ever can be commonplace), and who love their mistresses with such intensity of feeling as to become psychological phenomena to the more calculating and sober-minded. Softly poetical, when love's insinuations are timidly accepted ; boisterously passionate, when they appear to be slighted, or when extra effort is needed to captivate the unwilling and wavering spirit, dark and murderous when spurned or deceived, as if life and light have for ever lost all charm,—there is no wonder that murders are of frequent occurrence, and the Southern people are for the most part a brave and loyal race.

After many vain attempts, the respectable inhabitants of San Antonio, by a sharply contested poll of the town, were at length able to close the public gambling dens. The wealthier portion of the gambling community thereupon sought for a secluded spot where they could meet together in secret to carry on their favorite pastime, and thus avoid the watchful eye of the police. Similar laws have been known to make law-breakers in a like manner, in communities presumably more moral. A house designated the " Three Fives" by common consent, partly because it had a mysterious reference to a well-known game, and partly for the reason that the building stood close to the small river which flows lazily through the heart of the city, in the midst of a cluster of trees fifteen in number, was selected as the most convenient. It was speedily furnished in the most elegant and sumptuous fashion, at enormous cost,by a somewhat dissipated, but otherwise fascinating Mexican, named Signor Muguerza, who had just married a very beautiful

country-woman, whom he had brought to that city. It was a marriage, however, in which the man had grossly deceived the woman, both as to his character and antecedents, so that she had threatened, on finding out the character of her new home, to leave him and return to Mexico. This was prevented, however, by the Signor himself becoming hopelessly involved in debt, and, it was said, by his having killed a gentleman who discovered him in the act of cheating at cards. Be that as it may, he speedily fled the country, leaving his wife behind him to carry on a business to which her fine sensibilities unfitted her, and to eke out an existence in an atmosphere altogether uncongenial to her refined and sensitive nature.

On entering the building, which was only accomplished by thoroughly understanding the secret spring attached to the door, the visitor found himself in a court roofed with glass, containing the choicest flowers, ferns, and plants emitting a delicious odour, with a small grotto in the middle, about which several fountains played from the mouths of nymphs and satyrs. Then at the entrance of the grotto, after giving the pass word, would appear the most fascinating of all the attractions to be met with in this strange house,—that of the beautiful Mexican woman before alluded to. Usually dressed in a loose white robe, with a yellow sash fastened at her waist, she wore no ornament but a few flowers at her breast, one or two yellow roses or a bunch of violets. She was rather tall in stature, and a perfect blonde, with pale features, light hair and lustrous pale blue eyes, reminding one at a glance of the land of perpetual summer, being the exact counter-type of the darker, more sensuous, and more common order of Mexican beauty, whose "dagger will sometimes follow close upon their smile."

The history of Senorita Muguerza,—for so she styled herself,—is quite a romance. A glance into her private parlor would have shown the casual visitor far different things from what he would naturally expect. Here was a library stocked with choice books, an easel with a canvas upon it more or less finished, which was an admirable portrait of the Senorita herself, several fairly well executed paintings in oil hanging from the walls (all the handicraft of someone she had fondly loved at one time or another), a piano with the beautiful Mexican waltz *Sobre las Olas* lying open just as that someone had left it, a mandolin and a guitar suspended on either side of it from two brackets, a violin case, a comfortable-looking cat lying ensconced on a bearskin rug, a pet dog, and numerous other articles of taste and refinement quite out of keeping with the surroundings. But what would certainly occasion the greatest surprise was the sight of a huge crucifix, with a reproduction of the "Madonna and Child," and "Christ coming to Judgment," to right and left, covering nearly the whole of one side of the room.

The wealthy had in vain endeavored to enlist the sympathy of the beautiful Senorita, who had been prophetically christened *Infelise*, because she was a posthumous child. She detested gambling and secretly despised all who entered the parlors of the "Three Fives" for that purpose; nor could she be persuaded under any pretext to go therein while play was going on. Enormous sums had been wagered from time to time by vain Lotharios that they would successfully attack the heart of this proud and beautiful woman, but all in vain. The citadel was unapproachable, unassailable, impregnable. Neither wealth, position, nor polished manners could avail the possessor aught.

One day, however, there entered the house unobserved a dissipated, dilapidated-looking Mexican, who quietly walked through the parlors eagerly scanning the faces of the players as they staked their moneys in the various games of poker, roulette, monte, faro-bank, and the like. The man he

wanted was evidently not there, so he sat down on a lounge, called to one of the waiters for a bottle of *mescal*, made for himself a cigarette after the prescribed fashion among Mexicans, drew the curtains about him, and soon became absorbed in deep meditation. The waiters at once held a council among themselves to discuss the question as to who he was, and how he had got there; but they arrived at no settled conclusion.

The stranger had not been secluded many minutes before he was aroused by the sound of music overhead, when, with a smile of satisfaction, he again called to the waiter and bade him inform the Senor upstairs that a friend awaited him below. The man addressed had no idea what gentleman was intended, for the music proceeded from the Senorita's own room, and the mistress had forbidden all visitors, her custom being to conduct the members from the grotto to the elevator and there leave them. Moreover, the sound of mandolin had never been heard before within the recollection of any one present.

"Do as I bid you," angrily exclaimed the stranger, in Spanish, "and don't stand staring there like a jackanapes."

A voice of suppressed passion, irresistibly tender, now accompanied the deft fingers as they plucked the strings of that favorite Spanish instrument, and the stranger below grew visibly agitated as he listened.

A few minutes later the music ceased. Had the stranger looked into Infelise's charming room but a little earlier, he would have seen that beautiful woman kneeling with fixed eyes before the crucifix, with a stream of light falling all about her,—an angel as it were, tempted by evil spirits. A tall, handsome, dark-eyed Spaniard, with smiling face suddenly surprised her.

"My adored one," said the Senor addressing Infelise, who had risen from before the crucifix with the marks of tears on her face. "I know all now. I know why you sent me away—why you rejected my advances. It was death to me to leave you, but I have risen again full of hope and life to tell you I know all. You were married; but you are no longer married now—your husband is dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed Infelise, her red lips becoming paler. "Dead! did you say?" she repeated, like one dazed.

Senor Guatemala was silent. "Just as I left them," he murmured after a pause, glancing about the room. "How poor that portrait is of you, Infelise! I shall try again. What do you say, my beautiful?"

"Answer me, Juan, how do you know he is gone? How did he die?" she asked impatiently.

"He was killed in a quarrel," replied Senor Guatemala, uneasily.

There was a pause. "Tell me, Juan," she cried, falling down at his feet, "was it you that killed him?"

"I hated him because I loved you, Infelise," he replied tenderly. "Out of love for you, Infelise, dearest—look at me—think of the monster—the dog that I should call him!"

"O Juan, Juan, leave me—I cannot further speak with my husband's murderer. Santa Madre, thine aid has failed me." Then quickly rising to her feet she walked across the room, and, turning 'round, began to upbraid him in the most virulent terms, denouncing him as a traitor and a murderer, and calling the Holy Mother to witness that she was innocent of her husband's blood. Then, wringing her hands in despair, she sank back on the lounge and laid her open hand on her breast, as if she were making a strong effort to suppress the agitation which had almost choked her utterance.

"Forgive me, Infelise," he pleaded, moving towards her with troubled face and outstretched arms, his whole frame quivering with indescribable passion. "Forgive me, or—I will follow him like this," and in an instant the bright blade of a knife passed across his breast.

With the celerity of a panther she sprang forward, uttering a wild shriek of pain. The struggle lasted but a few seconds, when, with almost superhuman energy, she caught him by the wrist and wrested the weapon from his hand.

Then, foiled in his attempt, he in turn began to denounce her for her coldness towards him, her want of heart, her foolish dread of retribution in rejecting his suit—for having led him on to commit this rash act and darkened his life for ever. He implored in the same breath as he cursed, and smote himself as he prayed. Pathetic and terrible by turns, his eyes flashed with unnatural fire, while she stood before him, the weapon concealed hehind her, like one in a dream."

"Go!" she exclaimed peremptorily, after a pause. "I had a sacred love for you, Juan, once, such as a sister might have for an only brother, but now I hate and despise you as a traitor and a coward. Move one step towards me, and as my hand is ready on this spring, I will summon the house to my aid."

It was at this stage that Senor Gautemala took up his mandolin, and sang with indescribable pathos the love song that had so curiously agitated the stranger below. Under the spell of his seductive verse, Infelise forgot all her anger, and like one hypnotized, saw only the constant object of her day dreams in the dark-eyed Spaniard before her. Now soft and insinuating, now boisterous and passionate, his rich, quivering voice rose in a *cresendo* till it flooded the room, and then softly dying away again he fell on one knee, and looking up into her eyes, sang the last line in a whisper—"I'm dying, my angel, for thee," bringing the tears into Infelise's eyes, and making her exclaim against her will, "Yes, I love thee."

The messenger below knocked at the door. For an instant, like two guilty beings suddenly discovered, each looked into the other's eyes. Then, with a gesture well understood by Senor Gautemala from Infelise, he went to the door and disappeared.

The stranger below had gone by the time the Senor reached the parlors, nobody knew where. Truly his movements had been mysterious. The gentlemen for the moment stopped playing at the tables, and one of them asked the new arrival for the password, which was satisfactorily given. Then another Mexican, seemingly unknown to all present, was similarly challenged, with the like result. The singular appearance of these men caused consternation among the recognized members of the fraternity, until the last stranger to arrive challenged Senor Guatemala to a single game of poker. This being accepted, the players resumed their games, and Senor Guatemala and the other stranger betook themselves to a private room.

"How high do you play?" asked the stranger.

"As high as you please," said his opponent. "I am playing to oblige you and not myself."

"Come, now," said the other, smiling, as he shuffled the cards, "you play to win."

"I am indifferent," replied his opponent with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Don't you know me?" asked the stranger.

"No, no," answered Senor Guatemala curtly.

"You will know me soon," replied the stranger with a touch of irony.

Then they commenced to play. For some time the game went pretty even, each winning by turns, but Senor Guatemala at length perceived that the stranger had an object in view. Whether he had come there with the intention of ruining him, he could not tell, but he noticed his cunning opponent looking about him at intervals as if he were either in quest of some person, or else desirous of feeling safe that no one was looking on.

It came to the stranger's turn to

deal, and, after shuffling the cards, Senor Guatemala insisted on his right of cutting. Each looked at his hand.

"How many cards do you want?" asked the dealer.

"I don't want any," replied Senor Guatemala.

"I take one," his opponent volunteered.

"I bet twenty dollars," said the Senor.

"I raise you fifty more," replied his opponent.

"A hundred better," said the Senor.

"Two hundred," replied the stranger.

The two went on raising each other fabulous sums, until Senor Guatemala declared he had no more money and demanded a show of cards.

"Four aces," said the stranger, triumphantly.

Senor Guatemala quietly laid down his cards, which showed that he had a "royal flush," and was about to take up the money, when the stranger, leaning over the table so as to cover the bills, and fixing his eye on his antagonist, exclaimed: "So you don't recognize me, Senor Guatemala? I am *his brother.*

"Whose brother?" asked the Senor, amazed.

"His!" cried the stranger, pointing to a figure behind his opponent's chair.

"Her husband!" cried Guatemala, quickly rising.

* * * *

"You can have her now," exclaimed Infelise's husband, as he bent over the dying body of his victim with diabolical satisfaction. "I have finished my work better than you did, after all."

When, attracted by the dying man's groans, one of the attendants entered the room where he was lying unconscious, the ghastly truth soon spread that Senor Guatemala had been stabbed to the heart, and the murderer and his accomplice had escaped. Touched by his entreaties to be near Infelise, one of the few remaining players rushed into her room to break the news to her and warn her of the danger she incurred in longer remaining beneath that roof. To his horror he discovered that a tragedy of a far more dreadful nature had been committed, but whether suicide or murder there was no evidence to show. Infelise, the beautiful and unhappy, lay with her arms clasped as if in supplication, her eyes resting on the crucifix —dead.

FROM EAST TO WEST.

BY GERTRUDE BARTLETT.

(I.)—IN THE EAST.

THE fading light of a late summer afternoon lay in long rays across the floor of a New Brunswick school-room. It glanced hither and thither upon the large globe, played among the figures on the blackboard, and reached to the desk of the master.

The master was alone. A book lay open on the desk before him, and one long white hand supported his head, bent above it. His profile, upon which the sunlight lingered, was severe, yet kindly. Perhaps it was in the tender curves of his lips that this kindliness was most apparent, while his severity seemed that of impatience of all evil things. For the rest, his face was that of a dreamy scholar, although of one whose dreams had not come true.

Presently the door beyond his desk was opened and a young girl entered. He looked up and she advanced toward him.

"I have come to say good-bye," she said in a singularly sweet, low voice.

He gazed at her with an expressionless face. "To say good-bye? You are going, then?"

"Yes, in the morning." Then there was a little space during which neither spoke.

In the room of modern sculpture in one of the great art galleries there is a graceful figure, with a most saucy and bewitching little face, and across the pedestal is written, "I am the Rose of Sharon." Such a face had this girl, although with eyes made serious, and chin grown to show quiet determination. Moreover, the corners of her mouth had at times a pathetic droop.

"But I thought you were not going for another week at least," he said, breaking the silence, "your duties do not commence there until next month?"

"No. But I am going now." One would have fancied there was some defiance in her tone, but presently she added, "I wish to become used, in some measure, to the people."

"Do you think then that the people of the West are so different from those of the East?"

"I had supposed so," she answered in some surprise, "but I dare say the children are much the same over all the world."

"The young ones here will miss you. Had you thought of that?"

"Yes, I had thought of it; or rather I had thought that I shall miss them. But they will have—my successor. Have you seen her? Is she—is she *very* beautiful? She is tall and fair, is she not?"

He smiled. "'A daughter of the gods,' and so on? Well, I do not know. Yes, I have seen her. She is somewhat older than you."

Miss Weir at that moment felt her youth to be a reproach, but she said, "She will then doubtless be a more efficient assistant for you than I have been."

Again the master smiled, although by no means mirthfully. "Her age is in her favor, surely; but I had the pleasure of teaching you myself,—she may have many erroneous ideas that will need correcting."

"She will have a wise and kindly master. Well; I must no longer interrupt your reading."

"Indeed you do not interrupt me. I fear I was not deeply interested," he added with a sigh.

"What?" she said, smiling, glancing at the book opened at "The Grammarian's Funeral." "Not interested

in your favorite Browning," and she thought, "When he is dead some poet will write verses like those about him."

"Will you write to me sometime, Cecile? Will you let me know if your new life be pleasant or hard for you?"

"Surely, if you wish it. And now, good-bye, Mr. Allen."

He looked at her as if he did not understand. Then he reached out his hand to her across the desk. He did not rise, and she felt hurt by his inattention. She glanced at his hand resting upon the desk, palm upward, with fingers curled to receive her own, and swiftly recalled how often it had lain on the book before her, as his eyes, bent upon hers, discovered whether or not she yet understood the matter he was explaining to her. She put her trembling little palm upon his own, and the long fingers closed over it for a moment. Then he released her hand and she moved toward the door. He had looked away to the window through which the sunlight came, and she paused with her hand upon the latch.

"Good-bye," she said again, very softly.

Whereat he turned his face toward her; but from it the dreaminess, the kindliness and the severity had been swept away by a great wave of pain—it was a face of hopeless anguish; and his eyes, looking into her own, were eloquent of dumb suffering.

Deep surprise was the girl's first feeling, swiftly followed by wondering pity, and then, while she looked timid sympathy, her lips tried to smile hopefully; in response to which his own lips parted in an attempted smile, but the effect was ghastly. And then, because she felt she might be looking upon a grief she had no right to see, with one last gentle glance at him, she opened the door, and stepping backward, passed thereout. He leaned forward and listened to the light footsteps passing along the hall, heard the outer door opened and closed; then he sank back into the chair and stared helplessly before him.

The light left the floor and reached the opposite wall, where it lingered for a moment before it was altogether withdrawn. The dusk gathered deeper in the corners, and the stillness grew oppressive. At length the master arose. He reached his hat from its nail, opened the drawer of the desk and closed it again absently; went from window to window, fastening them, then passed out at the door, locking it after him. As he reached the stairway, he paused for a moment, then slowly ascended the steps. At the upper landing he opened a door and entered the room. Still enough light remained to enable one to distinguish all objects clearly. There was her desk, at which she was sitting but now,—and where she would never sit again. He would come up here the next day, and the next, and the next, for months, and years perhaps, but instead of her sweet young face above the desk there would be another that of a stranger with pale, thin hair piled high on her head, with faded eyes and sunken cheeks. And when this stranger spoke, her voice would be high pitched and piercing: when would he hear Cecile's sweet voice again? And the young boys and girls, they had loved Cecile; they would never love this stranger. There were the lilies in the cracked glass on her desk, that had been brought by the little maid with the dreamy eyes; and the great yellow apples, the offering of the freckled-faced lad who was never out of mischief. When those two came to-morrow, seeing these still there, they would be sorry the teacher had forgotten to take them. Cecile usually thought of such things—perhaps he had better take them away himself. Cecile loved lilies, he knew, and she also loved this little girl. It might be that she had bent over them but now; that her breath had mingled with theirs. Yes, he would take them. He sat down in her chair and

reached for the lilies, but as he held them her face came between him and them with its vivid, dark, bewitching beauty; and he ceased to struggle with his pain. His head sank upon the desk, crushing the flowers; and he sobbed as a strong woman might sob.

The dusk slowly deepened to dark in the room. At last, rising in a slow, helpless way, he took up the broken lilies and passed out of the room, and down the stairs to the street.

(II.)—IN THE WEST.

Cecile Weir sat alone in her cosy little room. The wood crackled and the flames leaped upward in the fire-place; the curtains were drawn closely at the windows, for without a fierce, biting wind blew the light snow hither and thither in dense clouds.

Miss Weir had been reading, but the book lay on the floor at her feet, and she sat with hands clasped on her knees, her consciousness lost in a reverie. Three years had past since she came here—three years since she said good-bye to Robert Allen. He was never quite absent from her thoughts. His face, as she had last seen it, affected her powerfully. She felt a great pity for him, and this swiftly developed the latent love—latent only because he had never seemed to wish it. Try with what determination she might, she could not force from her heart the thought that somehow his look of suffering was connected with love of herself. Why then had he not told her? Surely, he must have known she could not fail to care for him, Robert, greatest among men. He had desired her to write to him, but this she had never brought herself to do, wishing first to hear from him. Did he love her? But to her he was one with all high things; she had this one hope to make sweet her life, that she would some day meet him and know all the truth; but this meeting seemed long delayed, and meantime the longing to see his face, to hear him speak, seemed at times greater than she could endure. As for the daily life—the children, the young pupils, loved her, and for the most part were quick to learn under her teaching; so that the parents being proud of them, liked her for that; and the old people loved her for her unfailing kindness. Her school was in the midst of a small collection of houses, named a village; although indeed the houses were some little distance one from another; and this village was surrounded by wide farming lands. To the south there were several large cattle ranches. A railway passed through the village.

An ember fell together, sending up a spray of bright sparks, and Cecile started from her chair, suddenly remembering Martha Wiggins, the Yankee woman with "faculty," her house-keeper, but who also assumed the position of foster mother, general adviser and protector to the young girl. Martha had gone out to attend to the needs of their one cow, and had been gone long enough to arouse apprehension for her safety in this storm. But Miss Weir at that moment heard her enter the outer room, their kitchen and dining-room combined, and went out to her. Martha stamped the snow from her shoes, shook out the wide skirts, unbound the shawl from her head and neck, and removed the man's coat she wore, and was then ready to answer Miss Weir's question as to whether or not she was quite frozen?

"No, I ain't; but my hands is purty cold," and she held them, almost purple with frost, before the kitchen fire. Miss Weir drew a rug before the door, under which the snow sifted.

"Come in here, Martha," said Miss Weir, drawing her into her own particular room,—her library. (It contained some fifty books in all.)

Martha sank down into the easy chair before the fire in deep content, and presently she said:—

"I've got some news fur ye, I guess. Ye know that Bill Howe

down to the corners? Well, he just cum by as I was a-tryin' to fix up the hen house some, an' he got off his hoss to help me." Miss Weir smiled, for she understood the serious nature of Mr. Howe's intention in regard to Martha—"and he said that that Berry gang had found the man who had ben stealin' hosses down to Tom Higginses' ranch,—caught him over near Pumpkin Hill with one of Higginses' best hosses. But the queerest part of it is, he was comin' this way, and seemed as innercent as a new born babe, when they rode up to him and ast him whar he got that hoss: said a feller sold it to him this mornin'. But that didn't satisfy that Berry gang. He is at Berry's saloon now, with six or eight of 'em. They kalkalate to hang him bright and early in the mornin',—it was so cold and blustery to-night they couldn't seem to manage it. But dew yeou know," and she bent nearer to the horrified girl and spoke in a lower tone, "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if that Eastern chap (he is frum the East, Bill Howe said,—quite slim and good-lookin') did tell the truth about that man's sellin' the hoss ter him, because, you know, Tim Berry—old Berry's son—he cum by here this mornin' afore daylight, as I told yeou when he give me that letter fer yeou, and he was ridin' a big, black hoss I never seen afore, and as fer as I know, none has seen him sense (I ast Bill Howe myself, sort of suspicious like, to make him think some), and yeou, nor I, nor nobody else, never heard of no lynchin' or any other divilment but what Tim Berry was into it afore. Ain't that so?"

But Miss Weir did not answer. She arose and went over to the waste paper basket from which she took a crumpled sheet of paper, and this she spread out on the table. It was Tim Berry's annoying note. She was thinking, with horrified pity, of this man from the East. When she returned to the fire, Martha was nodding drowsily.

"Mother Martha," she said, stroking her thin hair affectionately, "had you not better go to bed? You are so sleepy."

"Wall, p'raps I had," said Martha, rubbing her eyes; "but I hate to leave yeou—yeou will be so lonesome."

"Oh, no, I will not. I have this book to read"—stooping to pick it up from the floor—"besides I shall soon go to bed myself."

"Wall, yeou fix the fires and see to the doors," the older woman cautioned, as she ambled off to her own room, which opened upon the kitchen.

Miss Weir, left alone, fell into worried thought. Surely the man from the East must not be hanged,—she shuddered in the warm firelight,—but how to prevent it? Doubtless Tim Berry had taken the horse. Some people, who did not like to speak their thoughts, had been suspicious of him for some time,—but, at any rate, this hanging was only murder. Berry's saloon was about a mile from the village towards the grazing country, situated where it would intercept the cattle men, as well as the farmers, coming to the village. If she went there and asked the men not to hang this man, it was likely they would grant her request. She knew they would do nearly anything for her when they were sober. Bill Howe would probably be there by this time; and Jim Foley and Silas White, should they be present, would help her. As for the others, they were rough, bad men without doubt, but she had no fear of them; and she knew their respect for herself. The wind, blowing from the north, would be with her all the way. Indeed, it was not the storm she dreaded, nor had she any dread of the men themselves, but she felt a great reluctance to make an exhibition of herself. However, the man from the East must not be hanged. So Miss Weir, after stepping to the open door of Martha's room, and ascertaining, by her regular breathing, that she was safely asleep, went to her own room, and exchanged

the soft house dress for one of rough homespun with short skirts. She drew on a long pair of leggings, fastening them securely, put her little feet in warm overshoes, reached for her belted cloak, pulled the warmly-lined hood over her dark curls, found her wool mittens,—and was ready. As she passed the table, she took Tim Berry's letter, which she folded and placed in the pocket of her wrap. She then turned down the flame of the lamp, and was tip-toeing softly across the kitchen floor, when her dog Hero got up from before the fire, and stretching his hind legs lazily, came towards her, putting his nose in her hand. Him she bade remain where he was and be a good dog, but he followed her to the door, which she opened softly and closed upon him, regretting that the misplaced rug would permit the snow to drift in, to Martha's annoyance, and hoping the dog wouldn't bark to get out and follow her, and so awaken Martha. But once outside, there was no time for thought, save as to how she should reach Tim Berry's, for the wind caught the light form as if it would bear it from the earth; the driving snow blinded her, and the cold stung her face. She drew the hood closer, and turned southward, where an almost direct road led to Berry's. She found the road, and the wind drove her onward, seeming at times to lift her from her feet. The snow was deep, and stayed her steps. Sometimes there was a high drift through which she must wade, and several times, being deep in the snow with the wind rushing upon her, she fell face downward in the drift, and with extreme difficulty regained her feet. But after a time that seemed endless, close at hand shone the lighted windows of Berry's saloon dimly through the storm. Leaving the road, she waded through the drifts to the door. There were loud voices within, which ceased suddenly at her knock, and there was a silence; then a gruff voice spoke in a lower tone, and shuffling feet came towards the door. It was opened, and Timothy Berry himself fronted her.

"It's the little school mam," he cried, after peering at her. "Why, why," he went on, much overcome by surprise, and forgetting to let her enter, until admonished by his wife to bring her in and shut that door, which he did.

"Holy mother!" cried Mrs. Berry, bustling forward, "and it's a stormy night ye have taken, Miss Weir, to pay us a nebborly call; but it is glad we are to see ye. Oh, it's our Tim will be the disappinted bye that he didn't be at home when ye cem. Mary, girl, bring a chair for the leddy, and you, Patsy, fetch a hot drink, for it's froze she must be entirely."

"Thank you, no, Mrs. Berry," said Cecile, firmly, to the woman, and then glanced at the circle of men who had been drinking about the table, each one of whom had arisen and shoved his chair towards Mary for Miss Weir's use—all, save that other man, sitting apart from them, bound to his chair, on whom her eyes fell without seeing his face, and who was leaning eagerly forward, straining at the cords, gazing at her,— "I will not sit. Indeed I did not come for a neighborly call, but because I learned," and she turned toward the men, facing them calmly, "that you have seized a stranger, whom you accuse of having stolen a horse, and whom you intend to hang; and I am come to ask you not to do this thing."

There was an amazed silence; the men stared stupidly at her—eight pairs of eyes staring at her. She noticed that one had a difficulty in keeping his feet, two others had sunk back into their chairs, and all were more or less under the influence of liquor, a plentiful supply of which still remained on the table.

At length Mr. Berry broke the silence.

"Why, you see mem, anything to

obleege a leddy—anything to obleege a leddy," and he looked at the other men, "but this—why—*this* is different?" addressing one of the men.

"Yes, a damn sight different," assented that man, a stranger to Cecile, who was regarding her with fascinated eyes.

"You must 'scuse Dave, mem—but that's it—that's it—a damn sight different, *this* is, and—Where was I? Oh, yes. Anything to obleege a leddy, *of course*, but this," and looking at all the men again he shook his head solemnly, whereupon each of the other men shook his head solemnly, gazed reflectively into his empty cup, and shook his head solemnly again.

"Listen to me, sirs," said the girl. "You will hang this man you say: suppose him to be innocent: doubtless he is innocent. He was coming this way, which he would not have been doing with a horse stolen from here; he says a man sold the horse to him. What will you do when you find that he is innocent, you having hanged him?"

"We'll hunt up the other feller and hang him too," said Dave, with tipsy gravity.

"And you will have murdered this man to no purpose, this stranger from the East, from some part of which you all come"—and here she turned her eyes upon the bound stranger, who was watching her eagerly. Her face lighted with swift gladness; she took a step forward and reached out her hands toward him.

"Robert! oh, Robert!" she cried, using the name by which she called him in her thoughts. Their eyes met for one happy moment, and then the confusion of voices recalled her to the gravity of the present time. She faced the men with a new determination, a sudden defiance.

"Listen," she said. "I know this man. I know him to be incapable of theft as of any other evil thing. He was my friend long ago."

"Was he your sweetheart?" asked Mr. Berry, forgetting himself so far as to leer at her.

"He was not, sir; he was my teacher. You have been pleased, all you men, by the manner in which I have taught your children; all things that I have taught to them he taught to me, and I know that he is an honest man."

Had these men not been drunk, they would without doubt have believed her; but as it was, by some artful suggestion of Berry, who seemed to know how to impress an idea upon a tipsy consciousness, they thought that he was an old lover of hers, whom she was attempting to shield; he had led her astray, was Berry's insinuation.

In the meantime, noticing that they did not heed her statement, she said, looking calmly at Mr. Allen:

"Have you no proofs of your innocence, Mr. Allen?"

He had forgotten his bound self; he was only conscious of being very sorry that Cecile should be put to such annoyance for him, and he wanted to knock the men down: now recollecting himself, he answered, "Why, there was a receipt I insisted upon receiving from the man from whom I bought the horse. This man took it from me when he was also kind enough to take my purse and other trifles. I told him its nature, but he, as well as all these others, professed not to be able to read. There it is, on the shelf, together with the other things."

Cecile went over to the fireplace and took from the shelf the slip of paper. She glanced at the signature, and then at Mr. Berry with eyes lighted dangerously. "This is undoubtedly a receipt from the man who sold the horse," she said.

"Some trick of hisen," said Berry, shrugging his shoulder at his captive.

"No, I think not; especially as it is signed by your son, whose name he could not have known."

"What?" demanded Berry, glancing half fearfully at his companions.

"This ere hoss thief just writ it hisself," said Dave, in answer to Berry's look.

"The body of the receipt is in Mr. Allen's handwriting, but the signature is undoubtedly that of Tim Berry."

"Let me see it," said Mrs. Berry, snatching at it.

"No ; you will pardon me. I will show it to these gentlemen." And she went up to the table and spread it out before them, keeping her hand upon it. The men glanced from it to each other doubtfully.

"Listen again," she said, "This morning Martha Wiggins told me that Tim Berry had passed our place before daylight, when she was attending to some out of door work, that he rode on a big black horse she had never before seen, and he gave her this letter for me;" and she took it from her pocket and spread it out so that the two signatures should be brought together.

"Shameless," said Mrs. Berry, looking at the girl reproachfully.

Cecile turned sharply upon her, "Surely a most shameless letter, as you say, madame."

"Let me see it," said the father, suspiciously, "read it to us."

"Very well, if you desire it :

'Deer Mis Weer :

'Beggin yer parding for the libburty I takes in addressin ye, as I know ye air stuck up like, as why shouldnt ye be with a face like a angel an' me a worshippin it day an night, ever sence that day down by the alders when ye cum bye and me wantin to kis ye, but ye was so cool and mity lookin that I didnt menshun it ; I hant no chans to spek to ye, but if ye will just give me a little ray of hope, tell me mother, and I will cum some night and fetch ye, fer I am goin out west ; I am sick of this ; I am goin to start a salon, and ye kan have yer karridge just like a ladie.'—

"There is more of it, but there is nothing in common between this letter and this receipt, save the signatures which are identical, as you see—the same inability to keep a straight line, and the same humility in the use of capital letters. Now men, consider this matter clearly : I have no wish to throw a suspicion of blame upon any innocent man in order to shield another, even Mr. Allen, whom I esteem above all men ; but here is a man who has gone from among you without one word of his intention to go—a man many have suspected ; who has given a receipt for a horse sold, whereas you know he has taken no horse from his father's place." (Mr. Berry never had one.)

But Mr. Berry had been admonishing his companions by various winks and whispered words, and they, in their present state being more susceptible to such method of reasoning, looked, with one or two exceptions, quite unconvinced by Cecile's words ; and Mrs. Berry was wailing "Oh Tim, me poor lad ; to think the gurl ye luved should hev turned upon ye like this—after all ye have done for her—after all ye have done for her ; like a snake in the grass ; Tim, Tim, me poor bye——" and so on.

And Mr. Berry spoke, looking for approval to the men : "It is too bad entirely that this worthless hoss thief should have used ye so, like he did—likely now he was to see ye after he stole the hoss, and put ye up to this yarn. Why Tim—why, Tim is—gone to Kansas City to buy me some likker, as I tould ye, didn't I, byes ? That's all nonsense about Tim. He never went near Pumpkin Hill," and he looked with ponderous defiance at the girl. "And," he went on, after a solemn pause, to give his words their terrible effect, "now that we know all the things this hoss thief has been up to (looking meaningly at Miss Weir) "Why I say,—why, say," scowling fiercely around the circle, "the sooner we settle his hash the better." And he whispered, "We'll get the gurl away and then we can shoot him—hang him after—it will be safer · we'll

shoot him first, and hang him after, see!" And some of the men nodded a grim assent.

But Cecile had heard. With eyes blazing mad defiance, she gazed from one to another of them, whose eyes fell, and then fully upon Berry, from whom she did not remove her gaze. "And so," she said, with sarcastic lips, "you will hang this man to shield your worthless son? If you do so, I shall forward this receipt and this letter to the authorities, and doubt it not, he shall be arrested. But as for you—for you all—you shall be lawfully hanged for murder. I myself will see that this is done." The men again felt her terrible eyes, and shifted uneasily in their chairs. Those the most sober among them began to think there might be something in Miss Weir's view of the situation. Mr. Berry was quick to notice the change.

"There, there, little Beauty," he said, attempting to come nearer to her, but standing away with hand soothingly extended, "You go away to bed—you can't go home to night, ye know, —that's it, little Beauty—let the Missus take ye away to bed, and we won't hurt your friend; not yet: we will think about it: yes, we'll think about it," with a grinning wink aside.

But even while he was speaking, Cecile held out her hand toward the most fierce-looking of all the men, "Your knife for a moment, please, Mr. French;" and the big, rough fellow, with a dazed wonderment as to what she would do with it, unsheathed his great blade and gave it into her hand.

She passed by the men and went over to their captive. They actually held their breaths in amazement as they saw her swiftly cut the cords that bound him to the chair, stoop and cut the cords from his feet; and Mr. Allen arose unbound, smiling, and, save for their presence, free. As Mr. Berry saw this, he reached for a revolver which he was about to aim at his breast, but at once Cecile stood between them.

"Mr. Berry," she said, "if I were you, I would not shoot."

"No—no," from several of the men, "Put up yer shootin' iron, Berry," and Dave himself added, "It's mighty unpleasant shootin' whar there is a lady—whar thar is ladies," with an apologetic bow toward Mrs. Berry, who sat huddled in her chair with her apron over her head, moaning fitfully.

"Yes, Mr. Berry," said Cecile, "it would be especially unpleasant for me, in this case; as you might kill both Mr. Allen and myself. And your young children are fond of me—you would not like to make little Mary cry?"

Mr. Berry had not thought of that; little Mary was the one darling of his heart—why, there she was, crouched in the corner gazing upon her father with wide, fearful eyes. He put down the revolver with resigned helplessness.

Cecile pushed Mr. Allen backward toward the door, he trying vainly to put her from before him. She, however, went over to the mantel piece with no appearance of fear or haste, and took therefrom Mr. Allen's things, which she returned to him together with his coat. What little wits still remained among the men seemed to be stupefied with wonder and something like admiration. But as the two reached the door, little Mary rushed forward and sank upon her trembling knees before her father, clasping his legs, "Oh, the cold—oh, the great snow," she gasped: "Don't let her go, dada—the poor teacher, in the cold, in the big snow," until, receiving no hope from her father's eyes, she went over to Cecile and tried with weak strength to drag her from the door.

And those men who saw, never while they lived, forgot the marvellous sweet change that came upon Cecile's face as she bent to brush the hair from the child's forehead. "Do not cry, little one," she said. "There, petite, do not weep; I shall be safe; but if I see the holy angels, I shall tell

them you were sorry for us," and the girl, still smiling upon the child, opened the door and went out with Mr. Allen. But when the door was shut, and both their captive and the girl were gone, gradually the senses came to the men. One sprang up crying—" Look out there, and bring them back. We would not touch a hair of her head, or of his either, for her sake. Bring them back, I say, they will be lost in the storm." The door was thrown open, and they hurried out into the tempestuous night, while the wind, rushing in, blew the light from the dim candles. They cried out for the stranger to come back, to bring back the girl; they should not be harmed; but no answer could they get. The footsteps of the two, fast filling up, seemed to lead toward the road, but no further could they be traced, because of the rapidly drifting snow. Jim French suggested that they get lanterns and seek them, and if found, help them to her place; and this was done, but the searchers were obliged to return, not being able to find a trace of them through the blinding snow.

* * * * *

Not until the door was shut, and they were in the midst of the storm, did Mr. Allen realize into what peril he had permitted Cecile to come. He said, shouting in her ear because of the storm, " You must go back, Cecile; they will not harm you, and you cannot live in this storm."

But Cecile cried back, " I am coming with you; you must come to Martha's with me: it is a mile away and the road you do not know; unless I go with you, you also will be lost," and shaking his hand from her arm, she started as speedily as was possible along the road leading to the village, he hastening to overtake her.

She had a plan that, if thought necessary, he could at the village reach the east bound train which, passing through, stopped at five o'clock in the morning—before the lynchers should have recovered from their drunkenness sufficiently to again seek the supposed horse thief.

Mr. Allen had no choice but to let her have her way, although he was in despair for her sake—the soft little maid.

They walked, or stumbled rather, side by side through the drifts, the wind hurling the snow in their faces, freezing the breath on their lips and making speech impossible, he aiding her as best he might with his circling arm, at times lifting her over deep drifts, holding her tenderly the while.

But the time was long, and still there shone no village lights in sight. Still they struggled forward, buffeted, beaten backward, with blood turning to ice, as it seemed.

Suddenly there appeared dark objects through the driving snow, coming nearer to which they found a clump of fir trees.

" We are lost," Cecile gasped, and he only heard the word " lost."

" We have left the road—I know not where," she cried with stiffening lips that trembled. He cursed himself madly for allowing her to come—for not carrying her back forcibly to Berry's. The little Cecile would die; it was nothing that he also would perish—that he did not think of.

It was found that the firs surmounted a little hollow, in the depths of which there was comparative calm. The snow that had drifted in had become hardened and bore their weight, and the thick green boughs shielded them from the fury of the blasts. And here they could hear each other's speech.

He stripped off his coat and wrapped it around her, while he sought with bared, numb hands to chafe some warmth into her stiff fingers. " Why have you done this thing for me, my poor little love," he asked with measureless tenderness, holding her close to him.

"Because I loved you so," she answered, looking up at him with dreamy eyes.

He saw that the fateful drowsiness was already stealing upon her. Oh, what could he do? He must keep her awake until they could make one more effort to find safety. Still he chafed her hands; he struck the little cold face, the darling face he loved, to keep consciousness alive. He knew at last that she loved him: he had been so poor, and he had a fear of her, she was so beautiful, but he held her now: after all, what did it matter that they would die? Doubtless it was better so; he would never bring pain to her; she would never cry because of him.

Their lips pressed together had no warmth, but their eyes spoke undying love, one to the other.

"Does it matter so much, my Robert, that we shall die? It is good to be dead. For never again can space separate us. Soon we will hasten away on this great wind, and it will not be cold for us, although our bodies are frozen here in the snow. Look up. Do you not see the stars shining away above the storm? We will be there soon—with the great God."

The drowsiness was stealing upon his own senses. "Yes, little wife, that will be best; are you cold, darling? There; there; we will go to sleep soon."

But a dark object came bounding to their feet.

"It is Hero," said Cecile, sleepily—"good dog—I guess you barked and Martha let you out;" but the dog caught her dress and would draw her away. Seeing which, a great hope came to the soul of the man. "Cecile," he cried, shaking her, "has the dog not come for you?"

"Yes, I suppose so; good dog: send him away," pettishly, as the dog pulled fiercely at her dress. "Let me stay here; it is warm, and out there the storm is; make him go away."

"But," he said, speaking bravely and clearly, "think of the little house which shall be ours in the dear old town, Cecile. The warm fire lighting up the room, and you and I together there — think of the garden when summer shall come again, the soft sunlight, the long shadows and the tall lilies. I planted them for you, Cecile, long ago—and you walking between them, coming to meet me in the evening. Let us make haste. That is better than to be dead, is it not?"

She smiled faintly, and made one brave effort to escape the drowsiness. He lifted her in his arms and followed the dog out into the storm. But it seemed that the wind had in some measure abated. He could see more clearly. Still, with his light burden, he made slow progress. But at length, God be thanked, there was a light. They came nearer and nearer, he speaking cheerily to Cecile, striving to keep her awake; but she answered him only with a slow murmur, asking to sleep. The dog led them toward the light. There was an open door, and a woman standing with a light behind her, and toward her the dog bounded, barking gladly. The man came out of the storm with his dear burden, and stood before the waiting Martha, whose eyes were wild with mad fear and anxiety. Seeing Cecile at last, she could only gasp "Is she—is she alive?" but she seized the girl without waiting for a reply and bore her within, Robert following her. She laid Cecile upon her own bed, fearing to take her at once into the heat, and went for cold water. Presently she came to Robert, who was waiting without, anxiously, yet hopefully, and said, "She will be all right; but now ye just go in thar," pointing to the spare room—"and I'll fetch ye enough cold water to thaw ye out. Ye can tell me all about things in the mornin'."

ODDS AND ENDS.

The First Protestant Church in Canada.

ALTHOUGH the majority of the military and government officials who took up their residence in Canada after the conquest in 1759 were Protestants, little was done for thirty years in promulgating that faith which it might be expected would be introduced when Canada became a province of Protestant England. Services were held in the garrisons by the chaplains, and clergymen were appointed for a few of the more populous centres, but no churches were erected. In some cases the Protestants held their services in the Roman Catholic churches, which were kindly lent for the purpose, and an old record tells of a gift of some wine and candles by a Presbyterian congregation in Montreal to the Recollet Fathers as an acknowledgment of their kindness in giving the use of their church for Protestant services.

The first Protestant church was built about the year 1786 at Berthier-en-Haut, by Hon. James Cuthbert, seigneur of Berthier and Lanoraie, for the use of his family and a few English-speaking residents of the neighborhood, most of whom were employed by him. The form of worship was that of the Church of Scotland, of which Mr. Cuthbert was an adherent. The clergyman, according to the custom of those days, was tutor to the children of his patron, teaching on week days and preaching on Sunday.

The church was a plain stone building, with tin-covered spire, in the style of architecture then much in vogue. It continued in use till some time in the present century, when it was converted into a mortuary chapel. The old-fashioned pulpit, with its quaint sounding-board and steep stairs, still remains, though the old building is fast going to decay. A tablet on the interior wall reads :—

JAMES CUTHBERT, ESQ.,
Only son of the HON. ROSS CUTHBERT,
Seigneur of Lanoraie and Dautrie,
Died 30th March, 1842.
AGED 42 YEARS.

"Blessed are the merciful,
For they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see God."

High up on the outside is the following inscription :—

THIS CHAPEL WAS ERECTED BY
THE HON. JAS. CUTHBERT, ESQ.
LORD OF THE MANOR
of Berthier, Lanoraie, Dautrie, New York
Maskinonge, etc.
And the first built since the conquest of New
FRANCE, 1760.
And in memory of Catharine Cuthbert, his
Spouse, who died March the 7th 1785,
age 40 years, Mother of 3 sons and
7 daughters, 19 years married.
Caroline, one of her daughters, is interred
in the West end of this chapel near her
mother. She was a good wife, a tender
mother, her death was much lamented by
her family and acquaintance.
ANNO DOMINI, 1786.

The second oldest Protestant church bell in Canada, cast in the year 1774, hung in the steeple of this church. The oldest is on the English church at St. Andrew's, Que., and was cast in 1759, the year of the conquest.

In Ogden's "Tour Through Upper and Lower Canada," published in 1799, the church at Berthier is referred to, and the fact mentioned that it was the first Protestant place of worship erected in the province.—J. J. BELL.

NEW BOOKS.

America not Discovered by Columbus. An Historical Sketch of the Discovery of America by the Norsemen in the Tenth Century. By RASMUS B. ANDERSON. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Company. 12mo., pp. 164.

This small volume deals with a subject which is naturally attracting a good deal of attention at the present time. The author, who is Professor of the Scandinavian Languages in the University of Wisconsin, has the advantage of having read the original accounts of the events which he describes; and he has evidently treated the subject in the true historical spirit. He has made no attempt to make a great book out of the matter at his disposal, but has told his story in a simple straightforward manner, well calculated to carry conviction to the minds of his readers.

Vitus Bering: The Discovery of Bering Strait. By PETER LAURIDSON, Member of the Council of the Royal Danish Geographical Society, Editor of Jens Munk's "Navigatio Septentrionalis." Translated by Julius E. Olson, Assistant Professor of Scandinavian Languages in the University of Wisconsin. With an Introduction, by Frederick Schwalka. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Company. 12mo., pp. 215.

This little book is sure to have a large number of readers among those who are fond of history, travel, and adventure. Though it has other qualities to commend it, it has a romantic interest which ought to secure it many readers, especially among the young. In addition to the light which it sheds upon the character and career of the hero of the story, and incidentally upon the general subject of Russian explorations, it contains chapters of great interest to the general reader, including descriptions of the remarkable forms of animal life on Bering Island, and of the tragic events which brought this great geographical enterprise to a close.

Two Knapsacks. By J. CAWDOR BELL. Toronto: The Williamson Publishing Co. Crown octavo, 490 pp.

This is a Canadian story of a kind not often seen, and doubly pleasing on account of its novelty. It is the story of two companions, women-haters, a Toronto lawyer and a pedagogue, who set off for a summer pedestrian tour from the shores of Lake Simcoe, and up and over the Blue Mountains, down into the Beaver Valley and up and away on the uplands of Grey, where they meet a fate little dreamed of as possible when they left Toronto. The plot of the story largely centres around the doings of a swamp whiskey gang in the lake settlements of Grey, and it has its thrilling and even awful incidents, which are well told. But for the most part the volume is full of racy, chatty, character-sketching, in which the sunny side and the foibles of human nature are dealt with in a manner that has scarcely been rivalled by any Canadian writer. The humor pervading the book is exquisite, and the reader on almost every page finds a bit of excellent wit or a delicate pun, dropped so naturally and unexpectedly as to excite a smile or a laugh. It is emphatically a summer holiday book, very like in its vein to Jerome K. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat," but in its peculiar humor, as well as in its plot, much superior. As to its authorship, there are suspicions that the lively and cultured pen from which it comes is that of a prominent divine well-known for scholarly attainments and great versatility. But whoever the author may be, the intrinsic merit of "Two Knapsacks" is such as to ensure it a wide popularity.

The Early Bibliography of the Province of Ontario. A supplemental chapter of Canadian Archæology. By WILLIAM KINGSFORD, LL.D., F.R.S.C. Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchison; Montreal: Eden Pickin. 12mo, 140 pp

This little book is supplemental to Mr. Kingsford's work on Canadian Archæology, which was published in 1886, and gave a history of the first printed works in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. The present volume represents a vast amount of patient investigation, such as the author has shown in his History of Canada, and gives much additional light in regard to the early books and pamphlets published in Ontario. While primarily intended for the literary and political student, it is full of interest to any intelligent Canadian, inasmuch as it sheds side lights on the social and political condition of the country from year to year. In fact, the work is not only invaluable to the student, but in itself is almost an education on Canadian politics. It is interesting and well written.

An Island Paradise and Reminiscences of Travel. By H. SPENCER HOWELL. Toronto: Hart & Riddell. Royal octavo, 300 pp.

In these days of travel, when almost every corner of the globe is described by many pens, to write a book of travel at once interesting and trustworthy is no easy task. But Mr. Howell has accomplished this work in the present volume with marked success. His description of the Hawaiian Islands is one of the best that has yet been published. The style is light and graceful and a keen eye for the beautiful and novel both in scenery, customs, and legends, is evident on every page. Little of importance to the general reader is omitted, yet the narrative of travel is never tedious, but always fresh and entertaining, the author realizing that a traveller, in order to make his descriptions attractive, must now have something new to tell, or must tell his story in a new way. Moreover, unlike many travellers, Mr. Howell has taken pains to carefully verify his quotations of facts and figures, of history and legendary story. A portion of the volume is given to glimpses of Australian, Asiatic, and European cities, and here, as in the portions given to the "Island Paradise," the scenes are viewed from the standpoint of a cultured Canadian, and in this respect are all the more interesting to Canadian readers. The work is well printed on the best of paper. The illustrations are good, and in every way the volume is one of the most entertaining of recent Canadian books.