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THE ICE PHENOMENA AND THE TIDES OF THE BAY OF FUNDY,
Considered in connection with the construction of the Baie Verte Canal.

BY HENRY V. HIND, M.A., WINDSOR, N.S.

I. THE BAIE VERTE CANAL.

THE BAIE VERTE CANAL is a contemplated work designed to connect the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, at Baie Verte, with those of the Bay of Fundy, at Cumberland Basin. It will cross an isthmus between these Atlantic Ocean waters, fifteen miles and one quarter in breadth at the narrowest part; the lowest summit on the isthmus being of a soft marshy nature, and elevated only five feet above the level of a tidal wave which occurred in the Bay of Fundy, on the 5th Oct., 1869; and 9 feet above a tide observed on the 25th Oct., 1870.* The tidal waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Bay of Fundy approach within $6\frac{3}{4}$ miles under ordinary conditions, and at certain periods the water in Cumberland Basin is eighteen and a half feet above that in Baie Verte, but during ebb tides the water in Baie Verte is nineteen and a half feet higher than that in Cumberland Basin.†

The boundary line between the Provinces

of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick is twice intersected by the route adopted for the proposed navigable channel of communication.

The reports on the Baie Verte Canal by the Chief Engineer of Public Works (Mr. Page), and by the Assistant Chief Engineer, (Mr. G. F. Baillaigé), embrace valuable and interesting information respecting the physical geography of part of the Bay of Fundy, and particularly of the isthmus separating its waters from those of Baie Verte in the Gulf of St. Lawrence; but these reports are in the main devoted to the engineering details and novelties inseparable from the undertaking, which, the Chief Engineer states, is attended with unusual difficulties.

The opening of a communication between the waters of the Bay of Fundy and Baie Verte has been discussed periodically since the year 1822,* but in none of the reports to

* *Vide* "Synopsis of Reports on the Baie Verte Canal, published by the Department of Public Works.—1. Rob. C. Minnitte, P. L. S., 1822; 2. Francis Hall, C. E., 1825; 3. Thomas Telford, C. E., 1826; 4. H. O. Crawley, Capt., R. E., 1843; 5. John Page, Ch. En., P. W., 1869; 6. G. F. Baillaigé, Assistant C. E., P. W., 1872; 7. Canal

* Report of the Chief Engineer of Public Works.
† *Ibid.*

which I have had access have certain geological and physical phenomena been referred to, which cannot be ignored in the discussion of a work involving such difficulties, and attended with such enormous outlay, as the proposed Baie Verte Canal.

Questions connected with the physical geography of the country traversed, and more particularly its hydrography and geology, obtrude themselves constantly in an examination of the details of this great project. It is as much a geological and hydrographical as an engineering problem. It really involves at the very outset of the enquiry the problems incident to the action, influence, and history of the tides in the Bay of Fundy; the formation of the isthmus across which the canal is to be built; and, perhaps greater than all, it involves the most careful examination into the probable future behaviour of the tides with respect to the impediments, in the shape of piers, which are proposed to be thrown in the way of their resistless and never ceasing energies. Many of the details included in this notice of the Baie Verte Canal have been written for a work, now in an advanced state of preparation, entitled "The Dominion of Canada," the publication of the first part of which is delayed for the purpose of introducing the results of recent highly important surveys within the limits and near the borders of the Dominion. But as the official notice inviting contractors to tender for preliminary works on the canal has already been issued by the Department of Public Works, I have thought that a brief sketch of the geological and hydrographical features of the question, chiefly drawn from the manuscript work before referred to, might embody suggestions worthy of consideration, or direct enquiry towards certain phenomena peculiar to the Bay of Fundy and similarly situated water areas, or tend to avert possible contingencies arising from tidal ice and uncontrollable currents which might impede the progress of the stupendous work now about to be begun.

2. THE "EYGRE" OF THE BAY OF FUNDY.

I was an eye-witness of the effects pro-

Commissioners, 1871; 8. Messrs. Keefer and Gzowski, 1872; 9. Messrs. Keefer and Gzowski, 1873; 10. G. F. Baillairgé, 1873; 11. G. F. Baillairgé, 1873; 12. J. Page, Ch. En., P. W., 1873.

duced in some parts of the Bay of Fundy by the so-called "Saxby Storm," in October, 1869, and I still retain a vivid recollection of the grandeur and power of the advancing sea over the wide-spreading dyked lands on the borders of the Bay, and of the impotency of the dykes as they now exist, to restrain the bounds of the great tidal wave—the "eygre" of our forefathers—when it exceeds its normal maximum range.

The "Saxby Storm" rose but four feet above the highest water observed during Mr. Baillairgé's survey, and I suppose about the same elevation above the dykes of Cumberland Basin; but if we are to credit the accounts of the storm on the 3rd of November, 1759, to which reference will be made subsequently, the tidal wave rose *ten* feet higher than the tops of the dykes near Fort Cumberland on the Baie Verte isthmus.

To those who are not "dwellers by the sea," and have not had opportunities for forming a mental picture of a great tidal wave surging upon a dyked coast and breaking down the barriers, the beautiful description by Jean Ingelou, of the High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, in 1571, may give an impress,

"For lo! along the river's bed,
A mighty Eygre* reared its crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the Eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast, the Eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow, seething wave,
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it break against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea."

* "Eygre"—bore—tidal wave, in strait, estuary, or river. There is no "bore" in the channel of Cumberland Basin, owing to its great depth, but there is a bore or "eygre" on the sandy flats, and in several estuaries and rivers, particularly the Petioudiac.

References are made to the tidal wave of November, 1759, in various public documents of the period, but the most precise notice is quoted in Bearnish Murdoch's History of Nova Scotia, from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1760, page 45.

"The storm brake down the dykes on the Bay of Fundy everywhere, and the marsh lands now deserted, were overflowed and deteriorated. At Fort Frederick, on St. John River, a considerable part of the Fort was washed away, and at Fort Cumberland, 700 cords of firewood was swept off by the tide in a body from the woodyard, although situated at least ten feet higher than the tops of the dykes."*

For the sake of brevity I shall quote the conclusions of reliable authorities on certain points, leaving to the reader, if he is so disposed, the study of the arguments advanced by the author to whom reference is made.

3. SOME OF THE PHYSICAL FEATURES OF THE ISTHMUS.

In an elaborate report "On the Reclamation of Tide-lands, and its Relation to Navigation," by Henry Mitchell, Chief in Physical Hydrography, United States Coast Survey (1869), the following proposition is established. "The nearly horizontal surfaces of the marshes are at the *plane of mean high water!* Mr. Baillairgé states, in his report on the Baie Verte Canal, that the surface of the marshes and bogs on the isthmus for more than seven miles inland is from one to three feet *lower* than the average range of mean spring tides; and it appears from the tables showing the range of the tides, that the surfaces of the marshes and bogs around Cumberland Basin are:

- From one to three feet below the plane of average high water;
- " five to seven feet below the maximum range of high water;
- " six to nine feet below the highest water observed during the survey;
- " ten to thirteen feet below the Saxby tidal wave.

Mr. Mitchell adopted as his plane of mean high water the mean of highest springs and the lowest neaps. Taking the same

standard from Mr. Baillairgé's observations, we have—

Average maximum springs.....	44.08.
Average minimum neaps.....	35.71.
Mean.....	39.89.
Average mean range of high water, by daily observation.....	39.77.
Difference.....	00.12.

The difference being only twelve hundredths of a foot, the two means may be considered identical.

It has been observed by Dr. Dawson* that the inner or low marshes, especially those near the upland and consequently most remote from the sea-board, are lower than those which form as it were the beach; and this is borne out by the observations of Mr. Baillairgé. But there is a point of interest in the altitude of the surface and bottom of the lakes at the head of the tidal rivers in the isthmus, such as the Missaquash and the La Planche, which deserves attention.

At the head of the La Planche the surface of Round Lake, in July, was found to be 94.06, or 44.06 feet above ordinary low water spring-tide, or at the same elevation as the average maximum range of high water, being 4.31 feet above the theoretical plane of the marshes. Long Lake was found, at the same date, to be 2.39 above the same plane. The average bottom of this lake is 1.77 feet below the plane of the marshes. The level of the lakes at the head of the Missaquash River is about 1½ feet above Round Lake. All of these lakes lie near the centre or middle of the isthmus.

Mr. Stark, who was instructed by Mr. Keefer to conduct a survey for the Canal, states generally that "from the summit towards the Bay of Fundy, and at the head of the Amherst Marshes, the country is inundated and dotted in all directions with small lakes, the water in which stands at a nearly uniform elevation of 92.00 above the datum line" (42 above low water spring-tides, or 2.23 feet above average mean range of high water), "or 22 feet above the Canal bottom and even with the surface of the marshes. In the great storm known as the Saxby tide, the water of the Bay of Fundy rose to an elevation of 100.00 feet above datum, and consequently flooded both these lakes and

* Murdoch's History of Nova Scotia, Vol. II., p. 376.

* Acadian Geology.

marshes to a depth of eight feet." On the summit to which reference is made in the preceding paragraph Mr. Stark found a level plain, consisting, "to a depth of from ten to twenty feet, of moss, lying upon the bed of a lake which its formation had buried." Mr. Stark found the highest elevation of this moss at the summit 118 feet above datum, "and taking from this the depth of the moss already described, or 20 feet, will leave the elevation of the solid ground only 28 feet above the canal bottom or 10 feet above the marsh level." One hundred and eighteen feet above datum, less 20 feet of moss, is 98 feet above datum, or two feet less than the height attained by the Saxby tidal. It is clear, therefore, that if this moss were drained and burned, according to Mr. Keefer's suggestion (*vide* Report), another "Saxby Storm" would have an uninterrupted sweep across the Isthmus, and temporarily establish water communication. A storm like that which occurred in 1759 would make quick work of the marshes and floating bogs, and probably reduce the isthmus to a permanent strait at high water, with continually increasing depths in the channel. In fact, according to Mr. Stark's Report, there appears to have been nothing but a bank of spongy "moss," a quarter of a mile in width, a mile-and-a-half in length, and of a depth varying from 10 to 20 feet, "which prevented the Saxby tidal wave from converting Nova Scotia into an Island during the night of October, 1869, and the storm of November, 1759."

Now, if these marshes or masses of spongy moss be drained by the Canal, consolidated and compressed, what is to prevent another Saxby storm from sending a tidal wave by the side of the Canal from the Bay of Fundy to Baie Verte?

Nor is the mossy plain, referred to in Mr. Stark's Report as having 20 feet of moss in its deepest part, the only low summit between the Bays. Mr. Baillairgé found in the contemplated line of Canal the summit to be but five feet over the Saxby tide, and "the surface of this ridge is of a soft marshy nature, under which there is, for the most part, clay resting on red sandstone" (Mr. Page). The report does not state the depth of the soft, marshy material reposing on the clay, but as the summit is only five feet above the Saxby tidal wave, the clay

may not exceed the altitude of the solid summit on Mr. Keefer's line, and notwithstanding the careful character of the borings conducted on the summit of the watershed, may there not be a still lower depression than those discovered?*

Mr. Alex. Monro, P.L.S., conducted borings in the mossy plain at the summit above described, and found the thickness of the moss to vary from 9 to 13 feet, but below this bed of moss there was an accumulation of fallen timber. "The crust of the plain for a depth of about 5 feet is composed of roots and live moss; below this depth the material appears to consist of rotten moss and decayed vegetable matter, resting upon the fallen timber of a buried forest, probably accumulated centuries ago, the whole resting on clay and red sandstone rock." The "buried forest" is probably drift wood. The evidence of rooted stumps would be required to entitle it to the name of "buried forest."

4. THE SUBMERGED FORESTS.

The submerged forests at the head of the Cumberland Basin, have been described by Dr. Dawson, with his usual clearness and detail, in his well known work, "Acadian Geology." The valuable information there given and illustrated, is supplemented in the Departmental reports of the survey of the Baie Verte Canal, by plans and sections, showing the position of the submerged forests and their present depths, which leave nothing to be desired respecting their origin; it being incontestably shown that they represent two belts of former upland forests, now submerged to the depth of about 21 and 32 feet below the plane of the marshes.†

Now the first question with which we have to grapple is this: Do these submerged forests indicate a subsidence, as Dr. Dawson suggests, to the extent of about 40 feet, or are they the results of *denudation*, through the influence of the tides, and represent a landslide?

Two years ago I had an opportunity of watching the progress of several patches of grass-covered turfy soil, resting on a sandy substratum, and recently detached from the

* Notes respecting underground forests. Appended to Baie Verte Canal Reports.

† "It only remains to believe that a subsidence has taken place over a considerable area, and to a depth of about 40 feet."—*Acadian Geology*, page 31.

main land, slowly sliding over the smooth surface of tidal mud, near the mouth of Bass River, Five Islands, in the Bay of Fundy. To the best of my recollection, the largest surface may have been about one hundred and fifty feet in length, and about twenty-five in breadth. When last seen it was about ten or twelve feet below the surface of the formerly spruce-covered level track from which it had been disengaged *en masse*. Near to it lay smaller patches of the same turfy soil, but lower down the gently sloping beach. The description given by Mr. Baillairgé of the turfy soil resting on sand which prevails under the marshes and bogs of the Baie Verte isthmus, has forcibly suggested to me the probability that these formations may be contemporaneous, and adds another proof to the opinion I have long entertained, that the submerged forests and peat bogs found beneath the sea, belonging to this period, are land slides, and represent a phenomenon which is of very wide spread occurrence on the whole Atlantic coast, from the Bay of Fundy to Florida, belonging to an important geological change going on under our eyes.

It is due to Mr. P. S. Hamilton, formerly Commissioner of Mines in Nova Scotia, to state that many years since he advocated the view that the submerged forests of Cumberland Basin represented land slides.*

The sheet of cross section accompanying Mr. Baillairgé's report, shows in all details the requisite conditions for a land slide, in which the moving mass might preserve its integrity throughout. There is the gentle slope seawards of the rock, ascertained by borings, the substratum of clay, or perhaps tidal mud, reposing upon the rock, the peaty soil in which the submerged trees are still rooted, like the peaty substratum underlying the bogs and marshes; and then we have the ever varying change in absolute weight of the sliding mass, by being saturated and drained twice a day by tidal water, to destroy stable equilibrium, and induce gentle motion down the inclined plane. Again, the range of the landward boundary of the submerged stumps and fallen trees is very nearly the same as the present range of the borders of marshes or coast line at the mouth of the

Cumberland Creek, a remarkable and suggestive parallelism.

Any one familiar with the rich dyked lands of the Bay of Fundy will recall to mind numerous "Islands" in the level expanse of the marsh lands, which still maintain a wooded surface and present nearly vertical cliffs of drift clays and gravel, with the usual talus, showing the presence at one time of wooded upland over what are now wide areas of the richest marsh. But on some portions of the Maccan and Hebert rivers, we can now see the low upland clothed with forest growth, swept during high tides to the very base of the cliff. As Mr. Hamilton suggests, in the paper before referred to, these may be undermined, and in favourable positions portions of them may slide bodily down. The jar produced by an earthquake, of which we have had upwards of thirty recorded instances since the country was settled, would be quite sufficient to begin the movement of the matted mass of roots over a large and unbroken surface, especially if inclined on a sandy substratum towards the invading tidal waters.

But there is another cause for the initial movement which operates to a great extent in this climate in denuding sloping banks, namely, the effect of the thaw in spring. The soil on the north side of slopes is often frozen to the depth of three or more feet. During early spring the ground thaws to the depth of two feet, a heavy rain occurs and loosens the thawed mass, which slides over the still frozen substratum.

There exists, moreover, a grave geological objection to the theory which supposes these stumps to represent a forest submerged by a subsidence of the area to an extent of about forty feet, which appears to me to be fatal. Let us restore this submerged forest to its original position by an imaginary re-elevation of the land, what then becomes of Cumberland Basin? It must rise with the forest, and if so, Cumberland Basin would become a narrow river channel, without we assume that the Minudie Marshes, styled the Elysian Fields, cover an old channel by which the waters of the Hebert and Maccan found their way to the sea, and even this supposition would necessarily so circumscribe the area of subsidence, that it must have partaken of the nature of a downthrow fault, of which there is no evidence, and it must have occurred at such a remote period as to permit

* "On submerged forests in Cumberland Basin," by P. S. Hamilton. Transactions of the Nova Scotian Institute of Natural Science. Vol. II. Part II. p. 94.

of the excavation of a part of the Maccan and Hebert valleys, and the substitution of the wide-spreading dyked marshes, which now enrich them. The period of time involved for this work of erosion and substitution would have been sufficient for the total destruction of all traces of the submerged forest.

I need scarcely state that while being disposed to attribute the submerged forests of Cumberland Basin to a land slide, similar to the slides now actually taking place, I recognise a general and wide-spread subsidence and elevation of the whole of Eastern North America, and have in my preliminary report on the Geology of New Brunswick, given numerous illustrations and measurements; but I am disposed to think that these movements of the crust belong to an order of geological changes which are progressing on a vast scale, and carrying down from remote epochs to the present hour, but with geological slowness, the folding of the crust as during the Appalachian period. If all the known points of present elevation and depression in Eastern America be correctly plotted on a map, and joined by continuous lines, I think they will be found to indicate a series of anticlinal and synclinal folds, parallel to those which have already determined the superficial outline of the country. But I do not think that we can class the submerged forests of Cumberland Basin as among the evidences of this wide-spread movement. I think they are extremely local, recent, and may occur at any moment in some parts of the tidal rivers, estuaries, bays, and basins of the Bay of Fundy, and that we have evidence going on before our eyes of a similar submergence by means of slides.

The depression of the marshes from one to three feet below the plane of mean high-water is just as much an evidence of the tides rising locally higher than formerly, considering the changes which have taken place during the last hundred and fifty years in limiting the expanse over which they formerly spread their waters, as it is of a terrestrial local subsidence, partly due to consolidation, although the depression below the mean level of high water is a little greater than shown by the observations recording the tidal range, for these were not taken during the night time.

5. LOCAL INCREASE IN THE HEIGHT OF THE TIDES.

There is really no objection to the view that the tides may be locally rising higher than formerly in Cumberland Basin. The mean height of the tides in secluded bays is constantly changing with the increase or decrease of the sectional area opening into the bay, allowing a greater or less body of water to pass in with corresponding variable momentum.

Mr. Mitchell* compared the marshes on the two shores of the narrow isthmus between Cape Cod and Buzzard's Bays, and found that the marshes on either side differed but about one-tenth of a foot from the local elevation of mean high-water; but the marshes on the Cape Cod Bay side are two and a half feet higher than those on the Buzzard's Bay side, and this is the difference in the mean height of high-water in either Bay. These bays being within six miles of one another, facing an open sea, afford an admirable illustration, not only of the truth of the proposition that the plane of the marshes is that of mean high-water, but also of the variable altitude of the tides in bays close together, and similarly situated with regard to the ocean.

It also shows that a change in the coast line, or the deepening of the channel into a bay, may increase or diminish the elevation of the tides, and this appears to have been the case in Cumberland Basin. An increase in the mean height in the tides in this secluded area would be readily produced by the erosion and deepening of the channel between Boss Point and Peck's Point, where the strait is about a mile and a half broad, with a depth of upwards of seventy feet; but if this local increase in the height of the tides in Cumberland Basin has taken place by the greater influx of tidal water through the strait named, it must have occurred since the dyking of the marshes, and we may, therefore, anticipate its *continued increase* as the wear of the strait progresses. The limiting of the area over which the tidal water coming through the deep strait at Boss Point spreads itself must also cause an elevation in the height of the tide, and this limiting process has been going on since the settlement of the country, by the dyking of the marsh lands.

* N. S. Coast Survey.

Near the mouth of the Shubenacadie River the evil effects of silting, as far as the navigation is concerned, have exhibited themselves in a remarkable manner, in strict agreement with the law enunciated. Not more than thirty years ago, according to Mr. Hamilton,* vessels of from fifty to one hundred and fifty tons were accustomed, almost daily, to sail up Cobequid Bay, to receive and discharge cargo at a place where it is now bridged, a short distance below the town of Truro. At the present day no attempts are made to take any sort of craft above the class of an open boat further up the bay than Yuill's Island, which is about six miles below the bridge.

The area of dyked marshes in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick is about 120,000 acres, and to the extent of the area thus represented have the limiting effects of human agency as yet succeeded in confining the tidal waters. As the great flaring mouth through which they enter remains the same, some increase in height of the tides has taken place, and it will probably be only locally felt. The difference between the plane of high water and the level of the marshes observed by Mr. Baillairgé is due, in part, to natural subsidence, and consolidation of the marsh mud, and in part to the increase in the height of the tides in Cumberland Basin, on account of the limiting process pursued by dyking the marshes and excluding the tidal waters from areas formerly covered by them during high springs.

6. THE ICE PHENOMENA OF THE BAY OF FUNDY.

The appearance of an estuary in the Bay Fundy at any time in midwinter presents some singular and striking phenomena, which may contribute to our knowledge of the manner in which different agents have assisted in excavating this extraordinary bay, and are now engaged in extending its domains in some directions and reducing it in others.

Within an hour or so of flood tide the estuary is seen to be full of masses of floating ice, mud-stained and some times, but not often, loaded with earth, stones, or pieces of marsh. The tide, flowing at a rate of four or five miles an hour, rushes past with its broad ice-laden current until the

flood. A rest or "stand" then occurs of variable duration. During this brief period all is repose and quiet, but as soon as the ebb begins, the innumerable blocks of ice commence to move, and in half an hour they are as swiftly gliding noiselessly towards the sea as an hour before they swiftly and noiselessly glided from it. It produces in the mind of one who sees these ice streams for the first time, moving up the wide river faster than he can conveniently walk, a feeling of astonishment akin to awe, which is heightened rather than diminished if he should return to the same point of view half an hour later, and find the ice stream rushing as impetuously as before in exactly the opposite direction.

During the ebb tide many of the larger blocks ground on the sand bars, so that when the tide is out the extensive flats are covered with ice-blocks innumerable. If the period between the ebb and the return of the flood is very cold, the stranded ice-blocks freeze to the sand-bars or mud-flats and are covered by the returning tide, but only until the warm tidal water succeeds in thawing the frozen sand or mud around the base of the ice-block, and it is enabled, by means of its less specific gravity, to break away with a frozen layer of mud or sand attached to it. It reaches the surface of the water with a bound, and is instantly swept away by the incoming tide. The spectacle thus presented by an extensive sand-bar after a few hours of freezing weather, is most extraordinary; the whole surface of the flood or ebb becomes suddenly alive with blocks of ice, springing up from below, each carrying away its burden of sand or mud frozen to its base. Later in the season, towards the middle of March, this singular phenomenon can be seen to the best advantage, and it is curious to watch a block of, say, ten feet square by five or six in thickness, being gradually covered by the tide until it becomes lost to view for an hour or more, during which time the water may have risen three or four feet above it. "When least expected" up the submerged mass springs; it has broken loose from the frozen bottom, it seems to stagger and pause for a few moments at the surface, and then joins the rest of the icy stream on their monotonous journey, until it is again stranded on some other flat or bar during the ebbing tide. But this is only a small part of the history of these ice-blocks,

* Transactions of the Nova Scotian Institute, 1866-67.

for during neap tides it often happens that a block is stranded in such shallow water that the flood has not power to raise it from the substratum to which it is frozen. The block grows there with every tide; fresh films of ice and tidal mud form all round it four times during every twenty-four hours. It receives accessions from falling snows, and by the time the spring tides begin, it has greatly increased in size and is more firmly frozen or weighted to the sand-bar. Even the spring tides may not have the power to free it from its icy bonds if the weather has been extremely cold; the consequence is that it goes on increasing in size, and actually becomes a miniature berg, containing some thousands of cubic feet of ice and mud, and still retaining a buoyancy which will enable it after a thaw during high spring tides to break away with a load of debris, and carry it either out to sea or up the estuary, and if it should chance to be stranded again, it will probably leave a portion of its burden, provided it has not melted off during its voyage with the tide. But there can be no doubt that some of the attached sand, mud, or shingle is melted off during the journey of the block or miniature berg, and drops into the bed of the river or estuary. In reality, these ice-cakes, when in motion, are perpetually strewing the bottom with transported material and bringing a portion from one place to another, during about five hours of the flood, and carrying part of it back again, during five hours of ebb, to the limits of the backward and forward tidal range of each particular ice-cake. But when they accumulate in an eddy, they become powerful carriers and depositors of detritus, and if artificial obstructions be introduced so as to form an eddy in the usual course of the ice-stream, the accumulation must necessarily be very rapid.

The extent of the range of the ice-blocks and the difference in the transporting power of the ebb and flood, compel us to examine more closely into the phenomena of the Bay of Fundy tides.

Before, however, proceeding to glance at some of the leading features of the tides, it may be well to point out another peculiarity in the growing blocks of stranded ice during cold winters. In the Avon and its estuary, blocks sometimes increase in size and weight by constant accession of mud and ice and snow to such an extent that they remain

undisturbed by the highest spring tides, and attain dimensions which are fairly represented by a mass twenty feet long, twenty feet broad, and sixteen feet high, thus containing upwards of 6,000 cubic feet of alternate films of ice and tidal mud. This season the blocks have frequently exceeded these dimensions. As spring approaches, the tidal waters melt the base far more rapidly than the sun's rays have power to dissolve the upper portion. The mass gradually assumes the form of an inverted pyramid and finally tumbles over on its side and breaks into pieces. At the time I am now writing, (26th January, 1875), the sandy flats of the Avon are covered with innumerable blocks of mud-ice, daily increasing in dimensions and weight, owing to the prolonged cold weather of the past month. The flood tide brings from the lower part of the estuary a mass of ice-cakes which completely covers the broad upper part of the estuary; stranded blocks, frozen to the mud and sand banks, burst up after the tide has risen a few feet over them, and the force of the concussion lifts the cake, swiftly drifting over it; and this is taking place over an area as far as the eye can reach, up and down the estuary, and covering many square miles of surface. The newly fallen snow has sprinkled the surface of the floating blocks with a spotless canopy of white, which contrasts strangely with their mud-stained sides. The whole scene, indeed, is one well fitted to convey an idea of the power which has been instrumental in excavating many of the broad estuaries which form the outlet of rivers flowing into the upper portion of the Bay of Fundy, for this army of mud, sand, and shingle carriers is ceaselessly at work, day and night, for four months in the year, in every estuary and on every broad sand-bank and mud flat in the Bay.

The impression produced on the mind by this spectacle is not a pleasant one. In calm weather, or during the prevalence of winds in one quarter, the scene, so often repeated, becomes painfully monotonous, as frequently one can recognise among the passing host a well known ice block in the mid stream, and safe from sand-bars, with some distinguishing mark upon it. Day after day it swiftly drifts with the flood tide "up stream," and in an hour or so with equal eagerness drifts seawards with the ebb, but owing to the eternal flow of the Bay of Fundy

tides, hereafter described, reappearing the next day slightly increased in size, with the same eager rush, and so on for days and sometimes weeks together. Nor is the weary impression softened by the reflection that the greater portion of the passing host have been engaged in travelling over precisely the same route in dull uniformity throughout the winter's nights, and will continue to do so, until a change in the direction of the wind drives them out to sea, but only to take up another "line of march" in another direction.

It will be observed from the foregoing description, that the action of ice in the tidal rivers of the Bay of Fundy is of a totally different character from the *modus operandi* of ice in such rivers as the St. Lawrence, beyond the reach of the tide. There, all the transporting effects are directed down stream, as is so graphically described by Sir William Logan, in his paper on "the Winter Phenomena of the St. Lawrence." Ice in the Bay of Fundy rivers and estuaries, and even on its coasts, has a tenfold greater excavating and transporting power than in rivers where no tide exists, in continually repeating the operation, and making the same block of ice carry material to and fro, for months together, and up stream as well as down. Hence the reason why the estuaries of insignificant streams are of such gigantic dimensions on the upper part of the Bay of Fundy shores, and perhaps we may find an explanation of the origin of many great valleys now occupied by small rivers, in which tidal currents prevailed during a colder epoch, and during a period of submergence. It may serve also to explain the origin of drift containing fragments originating from strata far down the streams where such deposits occur, and which are not found *in situ* up stream.

It is curious to watch the action of ice accumulating on the wharves and between wharves in such harbours as Windsor, and others on the coast, where the tide rises thirty feet or more.

The ice grows with great rapidity on the sides exposed to the tide. During prolonged seasons of very cold weather, it acquires a great thickness, sometimes of ten to twenty feet. Between the wharves the ice will meet, and actually fill up the intervening basin or slip, forming a solid mass twenty feet thick. When spring comes with its

genial warmth, and sets every ice-bound harbour free, the mass on the outside of the wharf or pier suddenly rises with a high spring tide, becomes detached, and floats away. Not so, however, the mass between two wharves forming a slip; it remains firm for weeks after the fringe has separated from the outside; it is not only held on both sides, but also at the bottom, for the sweep of the tide can undermine it but slowly. I have asked the opinion of persons well acquainted with this serious obstruction to navigation during the early spring, and have been told that the ice sometimes remains a month longer between wharves than outside of either. The "slip" formed by the piers at the Bay of Fundy entrance to the Baie Verte Canal, will be 250 feet broad and 1100 feet long. Is it not worth while to consider how long the mass of tidal ice which would be formed in it (perhaps having an average of thirty feet in thickness, 250 feet in breadth, and 1000 feet in length,) would require to thaw to the extent necessary to permit of its removal. How long would it remain after navigation was open? The tide undermines the exterior ice on the outside walls of the slip, and it is constantly lifted a little at the flood, until it becomes too feebly attached to resist the strain, and breaking, goes off *en masse*. It resembles a glacier "calving."

Sometimes land slides occur in the estuaries, and during their past history vast numbers must have taken place on a large scale. The tides soon assort the materials, carrying off mud and sand, and leaving a cordon of boulders or masses of rock. Ice cakes during winter get jammed between these masses of rock, and growing with each tide they gradually increase and accumulate to such an extent that, when a high spring tide occurs, the whole mass starts, and if near the flood floats up stream for a mile or more; the repetition of this may carry them further up stream, or away towards the sea with the ebb; but it is clear that, as with small fragments, we have the means of transporting masses of rock against the stream, and far beyond their position when *in situ*, and in a contrary direction to that of the supposed prevailing drift.

An "Ice Jam."

As already stated, the upper part of estuaries in the Bay of Fundy becomes choked with

ice blocked during and at the close of the flood tide. The estuary of the Avon at Windsor is so choked with every flood tide that for miles nothing but a rough and stationary ice field is seen for half an hour before high water, during the stand, and for half an hour after the beginning of the ebb. During this interval, let us suppose, as is not unfrequently the case in this changeable climate, that it rains. It may appear strange to say that the innumerable blocks freeze together, independently of *regelation*,* for the temperature of the ice just beneath the surface is below the freezing point, except after a prolonged thaw, and the rain trickles through the interstices between the blocks, and binds them together in one solid sheet. I have been credibly informed that even in the upper portion of the Avon, where the estuary is three thousand feet broad in the channel, but several miles broad including the low dyked lands, instances have occurred when the ebb tide is incompetent to carry the sheet of ice with it; it then sinks with the retiring waters, and rests on the bottom of the tide way. But as the central part has to sink from thirty to forty feet according to the condition of the tides, whether springs or neaps, it is broken into large floes by the subsidence. The flood carries it away in the usual manner, but where there are variations in the breadth of the channel a jam may take place in a narrow part, and the ice becomes piled. The blocks coming down with the ebb accumulate at the jam, and as the tide recedes lower and lower, the whole tide-way becomes filled up, and the mass freezes together, forming a solid ice jam of immense weight and extent.

I have not seen this phenomenon; but I am convinced that in certain seasons and at particular places it sometimes takes place. During the present unusually severe winter, the great ice sheet formed by the freezing together of the ice-blocks has remained fixed for many days, in some of the estuaries leading into Cornwallis Basin; and a portion of the estuary of the Avon, containing an area of about twenty square miles, has been completely blocked up from shore to shore, the ice extending in one rugged sheet from below the village of Hantsport, as far as the eye could reach, up to the town of Windsor. It rises and falls with the tide, and it is easy to

see how a barrier may be formed to the rising tide if it has not the power to force its way beneath the mass; it must spread over the marshes or flats, and begin the formation of a new river channel, at the ebb. It is not difficult to imagine the occasional occurrence of this phenomenon during the long history of an estuary, and it will afford an easy explanation of the changing of river channels, and the erosion of wide valleys now occupied by insignificant streams. During the subsidence and elevation of continents, an immense area must have been subjected to these tidal ice-phenomena during past ages, and it is apparent that both in erosion and transportation, tidal ice has exercised a vast power in moulding the valleys subject to its influence.

Commingleing of Débris and Drift by Ice Blocks.

In the Basin of Minas there are three great estuaries, one at the mouth of the Avon, another at the mouth of the Cornwallis River and a third at the mouth of the Shubenacadie, at the head of Cobequid Bay.

At the first named, spring tides rise 48 feet; at Cornwallis River, a little less; and at the mouth of the Shubenacadie, they may attain 65 to 70 feet. The tide rushes through the channel leading into the Basin of Minas at a speed of from seven to eight knots an hour on the south side.* At its narrowest part this channel is about four miles broad, but from 30 to 57 fathoms deep. The tides divide after entering Minas Basin into two parts, one flowing into Cobequid Bay, the other into Windsor Bay. The Windsor Bay tide again divides, one current flowing up the Avon estuary, the other up the Cornwallis River estuary. At ebb tide, blocks of ice, loaded with sand, gravel, and shingle, are carried down the Avon into Windsor Bay, and if the wind serves during the stand, they may drift either into the range of the Cornwallis or Shubenacadie flood tide; and, as the case may be, are carried into one of those estuaries. The reverse of this interchange of range takes place, and Shubenacadie River ice blocks may drift into the Avon or Cornwallis Rivers. Consequently debris from Triassic Trap and Lower Carboniferous rocks become commingled, and materials from different rock systems may

* *Vide* Tyndall on "Regelation."

* Sailing Directions.

thus find their way to positions the reverse of the supposed direction of ice drift; and this explanation may apply to far wider areas under different conditions of sea level, climate, and coastal configuration. In order to arrive at an approximate estimate of the quantity of tidal mud daily transported up and down the estuaries, I selected portions of two average blocks of ice, one having been frozen to the bottom and subsequently liberated, the other, tidal ice, which did not show any signs of having grounded. Both were seamed with light chocolate coloured lines of fine mud, and more resembled dirty rock-salt in appearance than ice.

Block No. 1, or the block which had grounded, contained a proportion of 7 ounces of tidal mud in one cubic foot.

Block No. 2, contained about 3 ounces of tidal mud in the cubic foot.

The average of the two being five ounces of mud to the cubic foot of ice.

Assuming the ice-blocks, when aggregated at the flood tide in an estuary, to cover the surface approximately measured late in January of this year, in the Avon, as follows :

Breadth	3,000 feet, or about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile,
Length.....	50,000 feet, or about 10 miles,
Thickness, average.	4 feet,

the total quantity of tidal mud carried by this ice-field amounted to 93,750 tons. A strong south wind would blow the mass with the ebb tide into Windsor Bay, and into the tidal current leading into Cornwallis River estuary, where much of it would be deposited.

7. THE SWING OF THE TIDES OF THE BAY OF FUNDY.

Standing on the bold mural cliffs facing Chignecto Channel, leading to Cumberland Basin, where Sir William Logan made his celebrated section of the carboniferous rocks of Nova Scotia, the observer may look upon the broad expanse at his feet, any time during January, February, and March, and in some years to the middle of April, and watch the ice floes drifting with the tide. If there be a prominent mark, such as sometimes occurs late in April—namely, a too venturesome schooner caught in the ice, he may gaze upon the mark drifting with the flood and ebb, forwards and backwards for weeks together, in a huge swing up and down an inclined plane, and within a range varying from twenty to thirty miles.

Selecting the estuary and the time where the highest tides occur (head of Cobequid Bay spring tides), we may stand face to face with a tide which rises in six hours thirty-five feet above the mean level of the sea, and, in six hours more, falls nearly thirty-four feet *below* the mean level of the sea.* Going lower down the bay to Noel, and adopting the low estimate of the Admiralty charts, we may in six hours witness the tide rise twenty-five feet above, and sink in the following six hours twenty-four feet below, the mean level of the sea. In Cumberland Basin, where one terminus of the Baie Verte Canal is proposed to be situated, the mean range of high water, that of the plane of the marshes, carries it nineteen feet above the mean level of the sea, and its swing sinks it eighteen feet below.

Theoretically, the rise above the mean level of the sea and the fall below it should be the same; the difference observed in Mr. Baillaireg's tables are, however, slight, and would no doubt be less if the mean level of the sea, to which they are referred, were accurately ascertained by observations continued for a longer period. It is also to be noticed that the tidal record extends only to day tides, no observations having been taken to ascertain the altitude of night tides. As there is a difference between the day and night tides, the night tides being the highest in the Bay of Fundy, an addition of a constant yet to be ascertained will have to be made to all the figures showing the range of the tides.

We may now see without difficulty how it is that ice, vessels, and indeed any floating object, moving with the tide from four to eight miles an hour, may drift backwards and forwards for a space of twenty or thirty miles, or until the ebb meets the incoming flood, and this for weeks and months together, not only in estuaries and the tidal portions of rivers, but on the open bays themselves. This drifting is a swing too and fro, with brief intervals of rest at the "stand" or each turn of the tide, and it is continued up and down an inclined plane four times every day, throughout the winter, throughout the year, in a word, throughout time. A floating block of ice or a vessel descends

* *Vide* Mr. P. S. Hamilton's paper, before referred to (On the Tides in the Bay of Fundy). Transactions of the Nova Scotian Institute.

with the ebb, passes the mean level of the sea, and continues to descend to low water, where, after a brief interval of rest, it meets the incoming flood, which carries it up the inclined plane to the place whence it had set out on its monotonous journey. Down the inclined plane for six hours, and up the inclined plane for six hours, and so on without ceasing.

8. RELATIVE EROSION AND TRANSPORTING POWER OF THE FLOOD AND EBB.

It now remains to consider the effect of the tides upon the different kinds of material conveyed from place to place by the ice blocks during their winter work. It is clear that the shingle, stones, and fragments of rocks or boulders will generally remain where they are dropped for one season at least. The fine mud and sand will be distributed by the tides according to the transporting power of the flood and ebb: and these great tidal currents differ very materially in their action in the Bay of Fundy; they operate, it must be observed, essentially as currents, and not as breakers on an open sea-coast. Of two currents possessing equal volume, and flowing in similar channels, that which has the greatest velocity will necessarily possess the greatest scouring influence.

Mr. Baillaigé's observations included the hourly rate of rise of the tide, and the rate of fall, in feet, by which we are enabled to form an opinion of the rapidity of the current during flood and ebb tides.

In all cases the duration of the fall or ebb exceeded the duration of the rise or flood of the tide.

From Mr. Baillaigé's tables it appears that the mean duration of rise was five hours and thirty-two minutes, the mean duration of fall six hours and thirty-five minutes, showing a difference of one hour and three minutes.

In other words the ebb tide was one hour and three minutes longer in falling than the flood tide in rising through the same vertical distance. From this apparent difference in the velocity of the flood and ebb tides we should infer that the transporting and erosive power of the flood was greater than that of the ebb tide. But it will be shown hereafter that the ebb carries by far the largest amount of water arising from the drainage of numerous rivers, and consequently requires longer time to pass any fixed point.

But there is a phenomenon of singular interest developed by Mr. Baillaigé's valuable observations, which shows itself not only in the different velocities of the currents during the ebb and flood, but especially in the distributions of these velocities through the different hours and half hours of the flood and ebb.

In his table, it is shown that while during the rise of the tide, the flux, during springs, is extremely irregular, during ebbs, it is comparatively an even and tranquil flow. On the 25th of October, 1870, the flood rose 47 feet 8 inches in six hours, but no less than 30 feet 11 inches rushed in during the first three hours, and during the second and third hours of the flood the waters rose 22 feet 10 inches. We may form some conception of the titanic forces exercised by a flood tide rushing in with such "Eygre" like violence as to rise that height in such a short space of time. According to the limited number of observations made at the period of change or new moon in Cumberland Basin, the following were the elevations attained during the second and third hours of the flood in August, September, and October, 1870.

Date.	Rise of Tide during second and third hours	Flood in feet.
1870.		
August 31st.	20 feet	9 inches
September 27th.	22	" 8 "
" 30th.	19	" 11 "
October 25th.	22	" 10 "
" 28th.	20	" 6 "

If observations had been made during the night, when the tides are higher in the Bay of Fundy than during the day-time, and continued so as to embrace the vernal equinox, there can be no doubt that the records would show a greater rise during the second and third hours of the flood, and consequently fiercer and more uncontrollable currents, than those indicated by the rush of waters in the table given. It is a rush down an inclined plane, urged by a tidal wave. The ebb obeying the law of gravity descends, so to speak, just as much below the level of the sea as the flood is forced above it by the tidal wave.

Standing on the dykes of Cumberland Basin, the observer, at the close of the ebb, may be said to look upon the bottom of the ocean laid bare twenty-four feet below the mean level of the sea, by the backward swing of the ebb momentum, carrying it as much

below the mean level of the sea as the moon and sun's attractions, assisted by the configuration of the land, elevated the waters of the flood-tide above it.

What eroding and transporting power tidal-ice must have had in all countries and climates, where configuration of the land thus elevated the tides, and winter cold caused the formation of tidal-ice !

It is not improbable that many of the fiords which distinguish the coast line of countries lying north of the 40th parallel have been moulded or enlarged by tidal-ice, independently of glacial action ; and vast surfaces must have been exposed to the action, as already stated, during periods of gradual submergence and emergence in the Northern and Southern temperate zones. It is to the terrific rush of the flood-tide over its bed that the excessively turbid character of the tidal waters in the upper part of the Bay of Fundy is due. The "Eygre" grinds the shingle into minute particles, sorts the debris into mud and sand ; much of the mud is carried suspended, even to the top of the flood, and the sand is distributed in the form of bars which are remodelled by the ebb.

As a general principle Mr. Mitchell* states that "a greater proportion of the scour of channels is executed by the ebb than by the flood, because the former is *concentrative*, while the latter is *dispersive*." He illustrates his argument by showing that the tide-wave travels more rapidly in deep than in shallow water ; so that in the middle of the bay the water is more elevated on the rise and less elevated on the fall than along the shore ; the rise is therefore attended by a current pressing shoreward, while the fall induces a running in toward a central axis. The consequence is, that although the inflowing and outflowing volumes may be equal, in a supposed case, the ebb, *concentrated*, is more rapid, and therefore plays the greater part in excavating a central channel-way to the sea.

The proposition is no doubt sustained in all cases where the ebb and flood have nearly the same duration, and particularly when the ebb is of shorter duration than the flood, as is not unfrequently the case on the open Atlantic Coast. The flood current, pressing shorewards during the rise, is of

vast importance in connection with the action of ice, for it presses shorewards in making the great bend in Cumberland Basin, and in many other land-locked water areas. The scouring of the flood and ebb tides there may take place in the following manner :—

The flood-tide, entering the basin with great rapidity, carries along with it mud and sand, and the wear of the coast and bottom, which it throws off shorewards, and distributes the heavier particles on the sloping beach on either side. During the stand the mud and sand are deposited. The ebb, assisted by the waters of all the rivers flowing into the area under review, carries back a portion of the fine mud and sand towards the centre of the channel, where the current is strongest, and then conveys a part back to the deeper portions of Cobequid Bay. The resultant of these antagonistic operations is seen in the accumulation of mud on the marshes and of sand on the bars ; but the *amount* of mud and sand thus deposited is, in the aggregate, less than that which is conveyed by the ebb-tide towards Cobequid Bay, otherwise the basin would long ere this have been silted up. The ebb has to convey the drainage of a large extent of country, the accumulated waters of the Maccan, the Hebert, the Napan, and many other streams of less dimensions ; hence, though the duration of the ebb is longer than that of the flood, we may not infer that its current is less potent, for it has a much larger body of water to discharge. Mr. Page states that the current of the outgoing tide is *stronger* than when it is rising ; and it is by observing the direction and shape of the bars and flats that we are enabled to arrive at the conclusion that the ebb exercises the greatest scouring effect in the basin. The direction of a current is shown by the shape of a bar, either in mid-stream, or with one extremity joined to the land. The bars in Cumberland Basin point seawards ;—that is, their broad base is landwards, their narrow extremity seawards. The great expanse of sand, forming Minudie Quicksands, turns its north-western point seawards ; hence, it appears that the resultant of the two currents, flood and ebb, is in favour of the ebb.

In the shape of the coast where the marshes have been deposited, we recognise the grand effect of the flood-tide. The shore line there formed is a smooth and sustained

* United States Coast Survey, 1869.

outline, along which the flood-tide throws the ice, and compels it to hug the shore in its transit round the Basin. Any obstruction, natural or artificial, would have to bear the brunt of the ceaseless attacks of innumerable cakes of ice loaded with mud; and in the gravel deposit, described by Mr. Baillaigé, we may recognise the influence of the transporting power of ice. A literal cordon is thus formed, which protects the banks, just as a cordon is produced by the breaking waves of the sea when a headland is worn down. If we knew the mineral character of the boulders, shingle, and gravel lying near the mouth of the Missaquash, the La Planche, and Cumberland Creek, we could tell whether they originated by the wear of a former headland, such as Cumberland Ridge, or St. Lawrence Ridge, or whether they are constantly brought by ice, from headlands lying seawards with the flood-tide, and thrown off towards the margin of the marshes, where they now act as a protecting shield. It is probable, under all circumstances, that if these boulders were removed the banks would be undermined. Hence the nature of this littoral cordon becomes a subject of interesting enquiry with regard to an anchorage ground at the mouth of the Baie Verte Canal. In many of the Bay of Fundy harbours, vessels loading or discharging rest on soft mud when the tide is out. But if boulders are liable to be deposited in the mud, this would be a very dangerous expedient.

9. THE EFFECT OF OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE FORM OF PIERS IN THE TIDE-WAY.

The present relative position of the marshes, bars, channel, and coast line is the resultant of ages of action on the part of the flood and ebb tides, and it becomes an interesting subject of enquiry to determine the extent of the readjustment which would probably be produced by changing the direction of the fierce currents which sweep through Cumberland Basin, by the construction of piers at the entrance of the proposed Baie Verte Canal.

Selecting the best locality for the terminus of the canal, where all are bad, Mr. Baillaigé suggests a pier, 1,500 feet long, at Au Lac Point. According to Mr. Page, the slope of the bottom of the Basin at this point is as follows:—

In the first 500 feet the slope from the surface of the marsh is.	18.77 feet.
In the next 300 feet.....	5.00 “
In the next 400 feet.....	12.00 “
<hr/>	
Total slope in 1,200 feet.....	35.77 “

The construction of a pier 1,500 feet long on this slope, will be about equivalent to a pier 1,000 feet long and 17.88 feet deep in the tide-way. The sectional area of the whole tide-way, or channel, from Au Lac Point to the dykes of the Minudie marshes on the opposite side of Cumberland Basin is, according to the Admiralty chart, about as follows, but actual measurement may considerably modify these estimates :

Breadth of channel.....	2.80 miles.
Distance of middle of channel from Au Lac Point.....	0.606 “
Distance of middle of channel from Minudie marsh.....	1,194.00 feet.
Depth of water in channel at low water.....	12.00 “
Depth at high water.....	54.00 “
Approximate sectional area of channel at high water.....	27,701 sq. yards.
Approximate sectional area of pier.....	1,800 “

The obstruction to the tide-way would be equivalent to reducing its present available sectional area across the basin. Its effect would be felt chiefly in the diversion of the currents and their increased velocity. The same quantity of water must come up to the pier, but the tide-way being diminished, a portion of the flood, which hugs the Au Lac shore, would go up the Tintamarre river, and probably overflow the dykes and flood the present marshes throughout Cumberland Basin. The current past the end of the pier would be vastly increased, and if we regard the rising flood as a river, with the pier as a wing dam, the effect upon the elevation and velocity of the water would be in most respects similar. The quantity of water passing up the Marcan and Hebert rivers would be lessened, and some effect produced upon the sand bars, and also upon the navigation of these rivers.

Mr. Page describes the existing currents at Au Lac Point, from which we may infer the extent of the eddies which would be produced by a pier 1500 feet long, and form a conception of the nature of the deposits which would gather by means of the transporting power of the ice-blocks in winter, as already described.

The effect of the eddies referred to in Mr. Page's description appears to be shown on the Admiralty chart by a circular sand-bar lying due south of the Tintamarre river. It would be interesting to know whether the substratum of this bar, or even part of the bar itself, does not consist of gravels and shingle deposited by ice during winter, and covered with sand during summer.

There can be little doubt that an eddy of considerable magnitude would be produced during flood tide, on the east side of the pier farthest from the flood, and at ebb tide on the west side farthest from the ebb. Here, bars, or rather accumulations of sand, would be produced by the debris melted off the bottom of the ice-blocks. But these incessant carriers bring gravel and shingle besides mud, which, when dropped in the eddy, would be sorted, but not carried away, as they would lie under the protecting shelter of the piers. But they would gradually invade the entrance to the canal, and the accumulation would take place uninterruptedly during three or four *winter* months, when no dredging operations could be carried on, with a rapidity only to be appreciated by those who have watched the effect produced by the mud-ice of the Bay of Fundy.

It has been shown that the construction of a pier 1500 feet long at Au Lac Point, where the tide-way is 2.8 miles broad, would exercise a very material influence upon the bars and marshes, and upon the velocity and direction of the currents; and it may with propriety be asked, what effect would a pier 2500 feet long, as suggested by Mr. Keefer,* produce in a tide-way, where the sectional area is only one-half of that opposite the mouth of the Au Lac?

It would certainly deluge the Cumberland marshes, sweep away the Minudie marshes, and probably soon convert the pier into an

island, by removing the mud soil in its rear. What would be the effect of a wing dam 2500 feet long, constructed in the deepest part of a swift flowing river 7000 feet, or even double that distance, in breadth?

10. CONCLUSION.

The ice-drifts and the tidal currents of the Bay of Fundy present, I venture to suggest, an insuperable objection to the construction and maintenance of piers, similar to those proposed at the mouth of the Baie Verte Canal in Cumberland Basin. The construction would involve the raising of the dykes by several feet all round the basin, and a corresponding increase to their strength. The winter frosts would fill the slip formed by the piers with a solid and uniform mass of tidal mud-ice, which would protract the opening of navigation for some weeks. The eddies produced, would rapidly promote the formation of bars or deposits on the outside of each pier, which would gradually invade and ultimately block the entrance to a greater or less degree, and dredging operations would be very difficult. The remedy for these objections is apparently simple, if the expense be not too great, and if the purposes of navigation can be served. The mouth of the canal must be flush with the shore line, and constructed at a point where solid rock forms the shore. This, I believe, exists some short distance south of the mouth of Tintamarre river. The mouth of the canal must be closed during the winter, to prevent the *growth* of tidal and mud-ice within it, or it will be filled with a solid mass of ice during the winter, like the open slips at different parts on the upper part of the Bay of Fundy.

These are the deductions to which a study of the ice-phenomena of the Bay of Fundy necessarily leads, and which cannot be overlooked in preparing for the construction of such an important national work as the Baie Verte Canal.

* *Vide* Mr. Page's analysis of Mr. Keefer's Report, page 11, Baie Verte Canal Reports.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

POOR rose-bud—dead as he—
 Hast thou no message—dost thou bring no word
 From him to me?

Out of his dead hand thou
 Wert taken, I have placed thee in my vase ;
 Why dost thou bow

Thy head to make me weep?
 As if his soul wearied and found no heaven,
 And could not sleep—

As I sleep, after pain,
 Rocking my griefs to rest a little while ;
 And wake again

To see thee lift thy head—
 No withered rose-bud, but a glorious rose
 Scented and red !

And he, who lay awhile
 So sternly fixed in death, begins to wear
 The corpse's smile.

As to me, from the dead,
 Thou wert his greeting,—“ I, even as the rose,
 Am perfected.”

ALICE HORTON.

LOST AND WON :

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

By the author of "For King and Country."

CHAPTER XX.

"SOMETHING HAPPENS."

"So foolish,—but death's quiet teaching
Is making me slowly wise ;
My heart, too poor for my keeping,
Thou, God, wilt not despise !
My soul, too weak for earth's battle,
Thou wilt gird up anew,
And the angels shall see me doing
The work I was meant to do."

THE winter gradually wore away, as all winters do. Helped, he could hardly have told how much, by the earnest faith and wise, kindly counsels of Ralph Myles, Alan's mind gradually adjusted itself to the altered conditions of his life, gradually threw itself more and more into the interests of his daily duties, into the thoughts suggested by the books which Mr. Dunbar still willingly lent him, and which he began once more to enjoy ; bringing to the higher poets in particular, a vision purified by love and sorrow, which could see and comprehend beauties which had formerly been to him almost a sealed book. Though he did not know it, he began to be more truly happy, more truly master of himself than in the days of feverish alternations of hope and fear when Lottie, with a feline grace, had tortured him with her smiles and caprices. So, in faithful discharge of his duties to the Arnolds, in steady self-improvement, learning "to labour and to wait," the winter he had dreaded passed away, and a fairer season began. The spring came very suddenly that year. In March set in a sudden thaw which carried everything before it. The roads were ankle deep in slush ; little rivulets ran down the streets and roads, which in some cases were so flooded as to present rather formidable fords, the turbid yellow water rushing along them with great rapidity. At Carrington the Arqua made a "shove," *i.e.* the rapid stream, suddenly set free from its icy fetters, shoved the ice that still impeded its

course into a high range of glittering masses along the river bank, sometimes extending for some distance beyond it. The mills and mill-dams were in serious jeopardy, requiring the most watchful care to prevent their being broken up or greatly damaged ; and one small mill building, less securely placed than the others, was carried away bodily to some distance down the stream. Mr. Arnold's mills, though they did not meet this fate, sustained considerable damage, enough to entail a pretty heavy loss, which, people said, the firm could ill afford to bear just then. Alan worked hard, getting weak places strengthened and doubtful ones watched, and it was in no small degree owing to his watchfulness and foresight that much greater damage was averted.

Then, as suddenly as the thaw, came a few days of sharp frost ; enough at least very much to decrease the flooding from the river, while it encased all the trees and shrubs in a glittering crystal panoply, and made the streets, which had been covered with running water, for a short time sheets of glare ice, Winter's last encroachment before he resigned his hold completely. Alan walked home that afternoon feeling a load off his mind. All danger from the flood was over now for the season, for the water was subsiding gradually, and the anxiety and responsibility he had felt—for George Arnold was not of much use in an emergency—might be thrown aside.

Ralph Myles came in an hour or two after him. He was just then in Carrington for a short time, previous to going up to Heron Bay, intending to remain in that neighbourhood for a time. His face was very grave as he came up to Alan.

"Do you know a man named Hollingsby?" he said.

"I should think so!" was Alan's rather emphatic answer.

"He wants to see you very much," rejoined Ralph.

"Me!" exclaimed Alan; "I should have thought I was about the last man he'd want to see! I can't say I have any desire to see him!"

"He has met with an accident," pursued Ralph gravely, without noticing Alan's last remark. "Coming into town to-day with a load, his horses took fright and ran away over the slippery streets. The load was upset, falling on the man, who fell with it, and he has had his leg broken in two places, besides some internal injuries. The doctor doesn't think he can live very long."

"Poor fellow!" Alan could not help exclaiming. It seemed impossible to keep up an old enmity when things had come to this issue. "How did you come to know about it?" he added.

"I was near when the accident occurred," he replied, "and helped to bring him in. Then I stayed with him to see if I could be of any use, and the poor fellow seemed to take a kind of fancy to me, and liked me to stay near him till they sent for his wife; so I read and talked with him, and he told me he had a great deal on his mind, in particular one thing that concerned you, and he wants to see you and tell you about it before he dies."

Alan was startled. "It must," he thought at once, "be something about the affair of the farm."

"Well, I've no reason to like the fellow, certainly," he said; "for I believe he was the means of ruining my father, first and last, and helping to turn us out of the old home. But I'd be glad to hear what he has to say, and I don't want to bear him a grudge now. There's the bell for tea, and you look as if you wanted it, old fellow! You've tired yourself out, as usual! But I'll go to see Hollingsby the moment we can get off. I suppose you'll come, too?"

Ralph assented; and as soon as it was possible, the two young men were on their way to the "British Lion," where, in a bare, dull upper chamber, poor Hollingsby lay groaning with pain.

Alan could not retain any anger when he saw the wreck of the once strong man, extended now, helpless as a child, on a bed from which he would probably never rise. He bent over him and spoke a few kind words.

"Oh, it's you, is it! Well I'm 'most ashamed to see you," murmured Hol-

lingsby, faintly. "I've got a lot to tell you, if I only had the strength!" and he motioned for the glass that stood, filled with brandy, on a table near.

"Don't hurry yourself," Alan said. "I'll stay as long as you like, and you can tell me as you feel able."

For besides his wish to humour a dying man Alan had a presentiment that this, which Hollingsby wished to tell him, might turn out to be something important. And it did. Slowly and by degrees, as he had intervals of sufficient strength, Hollingsby told his broken and disjointed story, which would hardly have been intelligible had not Alan been able to supply, from his familiarity with the circumstances, much that was lacking in the actual narration. The story was a painful one, of selfish trickery and dishonest combinations, and then of a quarrel and a breach of faith among the conspirators themselves. The fact that Leggett held a mortgage on Mr. Campbell's land, through a considerable portion of which it had been early discovered by Sharpley that the intended railway must pass, had suggested to the two kindred spirits the idea of securing possession of it for a comparative trifle, without, however, allowing their own names to appear in the transaction, which would thus have been rendered both discreditable and illegal. Hollingsby, who had been accustomed to accompany Mr. Campbell in his visits to Mr. Leggett's office, and whose character they had pretty quickly seen through, occurred to them, or rather to Sharpley first, as a likely tool to serve their purpose. They tampered with him on his visits to Carrington, and found him quite willing to be tampered with; and when the train was laid, and they were ready to pounce down upon Mr. Campbell at a fortnight's notice, Sharpley had visited Hollingsby to finally arrange matters, on the night on which Alan had overheard a portion of their conversation. Hollingsby was to buy the land at as low a figure as possible, ostensibly on his own account, while, at the same time, Sharpley made him sign a document stating that he bought and held it merely for them, they supplying the money for the purchase. The profits to be gained by disposing of the portion along which the railway was to run, were to be shared, of course, between Leggett and Sharpley; while, as a reward for his acting in the mat-

ter, Hollingsby was to be their tenant for the farm at a merely nominal rent for a number of years.

The plan had been carried out, and, as we have seen, had succeeded admirably, and for the first year Hollingsby had been left in peaceable possession of the farm, according to the agreement between them. But now, he said, breaking faith with him and departing from the arrangement, they demanded from him an excessively high rent on pain of ejection, saying that owing to the unexpected delay which had taken place in the carrying out of the railway and in the payment for land purchased for its use, they could not afford any longer to lie out of the interest on their money, and that if he would not pay them the rent they wished, they could easily find a tenant who would. "If I only had had the sense to make them give me a writing!" groaned poor Hollingsby. "I might have misdoubted that if they acted that way by one, they might by another, but I was so pleased with the stroke of good luck, and Sharpley, he spoke so fair, you'd never ha' thought there'd be any trouble about it." Hollingsby had been trying to hold them to their promise, but in vain. His pleading was of no avail, and threats of exposure were ineffectual, "because," said Hollingsby, "he had me there, had Sharpley. He knowed a little matter of mine, a while ago, that wasn't altogether on the square, and he said if I exposed him, he'd expose me, and it would be worse for me than for him!"

Alan, as may be supposed, listened to Hollingsby's story with intense interest, and with his indignation and hatred against Sharpley, which had been half sleeping of late, stirred up into more vigorous life than ever. Wrongly as Hollingsby had acted, Alan could not help feeling a sort of sympathy with him, now that his enemy had wronged *him*, too, in turn. Then again it occurred to him that his discovery might be utilized.

Accordingly, when the poor man had said all that seemed to have been burdening his mind, and Alan saw that his presence seemed to be of no further use to him, he went, late as it was, to seek Mr. Dunbar, leaving Ralph Myles to keep patient, loving watch beside the poor sufferer, and to try to shed some of the light he bore through the thick spiritual darkness that surrounded the wily,

scheming tavern-keeper,—the tempter of other men,—now that he was confronted with the awful messenger who was to "change his countenance and send him away."

Alan found Mr. Dunbar surrounded by books and papers, deep in an article he was writing for a Scottish periodical* to which he occasionally contributed, for he had kept up the literary connexions he had formed in Edinburgh in his student days. Few of his Carrington acquaintances, however, were aware of the existence of these literary productions, which were much appreciated by the readers of the periodical in question for their clear strong sense and forcible language; but then they lay quite out of the line of reading of the average Carringtonian.

But for this Mr. Dunbar cared nothing. He wrote for the pure pleasure which thinking and writing gave him—a pleasure to which a little petty local fame would have added nothing, and he was perhaps a little too indifferent to the sympathy of those for whom he had but little respect—a circumstance which may account for his not being better liked in Carrington. But however deeply interested he might be in the subject that occupied him, he was always able, partly from professional habit, and partly from natural kindness, to throw his full attention at once into the business of another. So now, when Alan, breathless and eager, broke in upon him with his news, observing with an apology for disturbing him that he thought it might prove of some importance, Mr. Dunbar withdrew his thoughts, seemingly without any effort, from the profound political problems in which they had been absorbed, and was ready, at once, with full attention and sympathy, to listen to Alan's account of Hollingsby's confession.

"Of course it's of the greatest importance," he exclaimed, startled for a moment out of his usual composure, when Alan had given him a hasty outline of the story told by Hollingsby. "Why, if it can be established on sufficient evidence, a proceeding so illegal and fraudulent is quite enough to cancel the sale. The Court of Chancery would set it aside, most unquestionably; and that rascal would be exposed as he deserves! But I must go at once, and take this fellow's affi-

* The *Canadian Monthly* was not at that time in existence.

davit, while he's strong enough to make it. I'll go with you immediately."

The affidavit was taken and witnessed with all necessary formalities. It seemed to give Hollingsby some small ray of comfort to find that he was able now to do something towards undoing the wrong he had aided in accomplishing, and when Alan left him, he murmured in faint and broken tones, for he was exhausted by the speaking and the excitement he had undergone :

"Mind and tell your father not to think too badly of me. I was ashamed of myself when I found what I'd done, but I wanted to make a bit for the young ones, and tavern-keeping money seems to melt away, you don't know how !"

Poor Hollingsby lingered for a week and then passed away to his last account. Ralph Myles attended him faithfully, and hoped at least, with his large and loving charity, that he saw some signs of true repentance.

Mr. Dunbar and Alan held several consultations as to what course it would be best to take. There were two open, Philip said. One was, at once to enter upon a legal action, which would, he had no doubt, be successful in setting aside the sale, and would expose, also, the villany of the lawyer and the usurer. The other way would be to intimate the discovery to Sharpley, and arrive at a private compromise. Mr. Dunbar believed that Sharpley would be so anxious to hush up the matter, in order to save his own credit, that he would be glad to make a compromise on almost any terms.

"The private settlement would, I think, be the most advantageous," he said. "If the sale is set aside, you will be just where you were before, with Leggatt's debt, principal and interest, to pay, and the sale to arrange for over again, as I suppose you wouldn't want to keep the land now. Then I have no doubt Leggatt, having so much to do with the railway, has bargained for better terms in the sale of the land to them than you would be likely to get, and if you get a pretty good sum down from him and Sharpley by private compromise, to make up for what they made you lose by contriving to buy the place under value, I have no doubt you will find it a profitable arrangement. Sharpley would be willing to offer pretty good terms rather than risk the exposure ; not that he would consider the affair so serious, but he likes to stand

well with the people of his church connection. He finds it good for his business," said Mr. Dunbar, with a cynical half-smile, "and I know it would damage him a good deal in that respect to have his conduct in this matter exposed. But the fellow richly deserves it, and, if you just say so, I'd thoroughly enjoy bringing him out in his true colours !"

Alan craved a few days in which to make up his mind. He could not decide till his mind had had time to calm down into a soberer judgment. His pulses were all tingling with the desire to expose and disgrace, so far as it was possible, the man from whom he and his family had received so much wrong and injury, the man by means of whom his home had been broken up, who had robbed him of what he, at least at the time, believed to be his life's great treasure and centre, and so had made that life seem for a time scarcely worth living. He had seen very little of Sharpley while he had lived in Carrington. Each, by common consent, seemed to avoid the other, and when they met, veiled the smouldering hostility under a cold civility, and there were long periods when Alan had scarcely thought of him, and the old hatred seemed to sleep. But it was not dead—it lurked still in his heart, notwithstanding the new and holier impulses that had, of late, taken deep root there too, and must, more or less, tend to counteract it ; and now that the deliberate and calculating wrong had been fully unveiled, the smouldering hate seemed to blaze up anew. He had seen, or fancied that he had seen, in Sharpley a certain half-concealed exultation in having, by his shrewdness, won the day over his rival, and this, to Alan's proud, sensitive mind, had been almost intolerable. It would be a satisfaction, indeed, to turn the tables upon him, and show him that selfish trickery sometimes, even in this world, meets with its appropriate reward. Even if he could make better terms by the suggested compromise, it would be well worth while to forego the pecuniary advantage for the sake of the gratification of the vindictive feeling that possessed him. The thought of Lottie did not tend to soften, but rather to harden him, for even in the little he had seen of her with her husband, it did not need any very acute observation to detect the absence of any real affection on her part. She cared

for her husband's success only so far as it concerned her own prosperity and ease, and there was nothing in such a tie as that to soften a just indignation.

But the current of our feeling is often most unexpectedly altered, and by the most unlooked-for events. Alan was sitting alone in his room one evening, considering the subject at present uppermost in his thoughts, which, however, he had not confided to Ralph Myles, conscious that his advice would be sure to run counter to his inclinations, when Mrs. O'Donohue's shock-headed little maid-of-all-work knocked at his door, holding out a letter and a book.

"Please, sir, here's a telegraph for you, and the boy's waitin'."

It was the first time Alan had ever received a telegram, and he felt proportionately startled. Even those to whom they are much more familiar know the feeling of anxiety, more or less definite, with which we receive the well-known missives, and write, often with trembling fingers, our signature in the worn receipt books before we venture to open communications which may alter, perchance, the whole course of our lives. Before the vague fear with which Alan broke open the envelope had had time to shape itself he had read:

"—— Hospital, April 10, 1865.

"Your brother Daniel very ill. Come at once.

"Signed, ——,

"Surgeon, —— Hospital."

It was some minutes before Alan could fairly take in the meaning of the words. Dan had not been much in his thoughts lately. They had all been feeling comparatively at ease about him of late, as the months had passed into years, and he seemed still to come scatheless out of the skirmishes and engagements about which he now and then wrote so enthusiastically. Their fears had been so often soothed by being assured of his safety, that their solicitude had been in a great measure lulled to sleep, and they had come to feel as if bright, fearless Dan bore a charmed life. Alan remembered, with a throb of remorseful pain, that he had allowed Dan's last letter to lie for more than a fortnight unanswered owing to his own mental excitement and pre-occupation. The last letter was dated in February, and had been written in anticipation of one of the slight

skirmishes to which Alan was wont to look forward as school-boys do to an exciting game. No one had connected any special danger with it, and Alan had not thought of it twice. Had he met with some fatal wound there? Telegrams are mercilessly laconic! There was no use in poring over the few easily read words, to try to extract some further light from them—something to alleviate the intense load of anxiety that was oppressing him. It was clear that the only thing to be done was to obey the summons as speedily as possible; leave by the very earliest train—seven in the morning that would be—and wait till then with all the patience he could muster.

He hastened to see Mr. Dunbar and ask him to undertake the painful task of writing to Mapleford, to announce the receipt of the telegram and his own hurried departure. He felt as if he could not write himself, so completely did his powers seem prostrated by the heart-sickness and suspense. To his relief, Philip at once promised to do as he desired, and even offered to go out to Mapleford to try to cheer them up a little during the time of suspense which must intervene before they could hear more.

From Mr. Dunbar Alan hurried on to Ivystone, where he secured a few words with George Arnold, just as he was going to bed, and easily obtained the required leave of absence. George's easy good nature was always ready to grant such requests even in far less urgent cases, and was, indeed, not seldom presumed upon by his *employés*, often to Alan's vexation, when he saw important business delayed by such weak indulgence. But at the present crisis he was gratified by George's readily expressed sympathy and willingness to do all in his power to facilitate his journey. Indeed, he would hardly listen fully to Alan's list of matters that would require to be attended to in his absence, but said, in his light, off-hand manner,

"Oh, never mind bothering about all that, Campbell, just be off, and set your mind at ease. Things will go on well enough. Good night, and try to get some sleep to set you up for the journey."

Alan obeyed the first part of the injunctions willingly enough, but the second was rather beyond his power. After he had made his few preparations, he threw himself

down on his bed and tried to go to sleep. But sleep, for hours, would not come, and when it did come, it was in such uneasy, troubled snatches, that it was a relief to open his eyes and find that the painful visions which had been oppressing him were but dreams.

Long before dawn Alan was up, and waiting impatiently till it should be time to go to the station. Ralph Myles was up, too, doing what he could, by wise, kind words, to soothe Alan's heavy anxiety, and lead him to take his burden where alone he could find help to sustain him. Mrs. O'Donohue had prepared a comfortable breakfast, early as it was, which, however, Alan was hardly able to touch, much to the regret of her warm Irish heart.

"Sure ye'll need it all before ye get far in them joltin' cars, that's enough to wear a body's flesh off their bones," she said. But Alan only thanked her and hurried off to the station, accompanied by Ralph, who went to give him the comfort of his cheering presence to the last, and a strong, reassuring parting clasp, the memory of which seemed to go with him, strengthening him on his way.

That long railway journey seemed to Alan more like a dream than anything else. It took him through a wide extent of country entirely new to him, at which, at another time, he would have looked with keen and vivid interest, noticing varieties of landscape, of people, and of life, with the fresh eye of one whose experiences of the world have hitherto been restricted within very narrow bounds. But now, with the heart-sickness of anxiety oppressing him, with the one desire uppermost in his mind of getting as speedily as possible to his journey's end, and the suspense as to what he should find awaiting him when he reached it, his eyes almost refused to take in what he saw, and his mind utterly refused to act upon it, consciously at least. Long afterwards, in looking back upon it, from the confused chaos of crowded trains—rapid motion—ticket-demanding conductors—names of stations shouted in almost unrecognisable accents, there came out, here and there, vivid pictures which showed that his powers of observation had not been so inactive after all, but had been working with that strange kind of independent action which the mind often exercises at such times of intense pre-occu-

pation. He pursued his journey as directly as was possible, going on by night as by day, with only the interval of occasional hours of weary waiting at stations for trains to connect—perhaps the hardest part of the journey—when the minute-hand of the clock would seem almost as if it never moved, and the hours crept on with the most leaden-footed slowness. Now and then, when quite worn out, he would catch an hour or two's uneasy sleep in his seat, while the train sped along through the darkness on its unresting, undeviating course. Then he would waken with a start from a painful dream, to hear the next station shouted out, see sleepy passengers rising from their seats and gathering their packages to go out into the darkness, through which the station lights glimmered. Then a short cessation of motion, and then again the steady shake and quiver of the train, on, on, through the night, till the grey spring dawn awoke the sleeping earth.

It was with an exhaustion of body, which mental excitement prevented him from feeling, that Alan at last emerged from the train at his destination, and, securing the first vehicle he could find, drove rapidly to the — Hospital. He had stepped into a different climate here from the one he had left behind him in Canada. There, the spring could hardly be said to have begun; the air was still chilly with lingering frost, the branches still bare, their swelling buds only showing some faint signs of coming life. Here, all was balminess and warmth, soft caressing sunshine, trees already green with young leaves, sweet blossoms everywhere, the air redolent with the sweet odours and delicious softness of advanced spring. At another time he would have noticed the change with delight; noticed also the wide, handsome streets through which he drove so rapidly—here and there, also, the vistas of palace-like residences behind the avenues of fresh green foliage. But now, every faculty was absorbed in getting on, and he seemed only conscious of arriving, at last, after what seemed an interminable drive, at the Hospital.

There arrived, after sending in his card to the surgeon in charge, and waiting till some necessary formalities had been gone through, he found himself following his guide through long corridors, full of the military appointments of sentries and order-

lies, swift-footed, grave-faced nurses passing and re-passing. At last his conductor opened the door of a long ward, filled to the farthest extremity with rows of little pallets, each with its pale occupant, along which Alan eagerly ran his eye, seeking the familiar, well-loved face he longed yet dreaded to see. The surgeon had replied to his eager enquiries that his brother was "much the same," thereby relieving his worst lurking fears, while at the same time the gravity of voice and manner seemed to strike a chill to Alan's heart, confirming his apprehension as to the result which might be anticipated.

As they slowly advanced between the rows of beds, where soft-voiced, soft-footed nurses were gliding about, tenderly ministering to the prostrate sufferers, Alan noticed a slight female figure, dressed in deep mourning, standing beside a bed at the furthest extremity of the ward, apparently saying some farewell words to a patient. Alan's eye was vaguely caught by her figure, though he could not see her face, and half-unconsciously he wondered whether she, too, were a relative of some poor sufferer there, come on some such errand as his own. While he was still at some distance, she drew down her heavy crape veil, turned away, and passed quietly out of a door that opened from that end of the room into the corridor. Somehow, her air and gesture seemed to remind him strongly of some one he knew, and had his mind been less pre-occupied, he might have followed up the clue. As it was, all his thoughts were absorbed in seeking his brother's face. To his surprise, his guide conducted him to the very bed which the lady in black had just left. Alan looked in vain for the thick masses of wavy brown hair so familiar to him from childhood. The poor patient's hair had been cut as short as was possible, and a bandage surrounding his head, with the pale, sunken cheeks, and heavy, half-closed eyelids, completed a transformation so great that Alan could not believe his brother lay before him. He thought the surgeon must have made a mistake. Only for a moment, however. On hearing the surgeon's voice the lad languidly raised his heavy eyelids till his eyes rested on his brother's face. Then the light and animation that came into them were Dan's; there was no mistake about that!

"Alan! Alan!" the poor boy murmured, feebly stretching out to his brother the arms

that had been so strong and full of energy; now languid and powerless. "Oh, Alan, is it you? I thought I was to go, and see none of you at all."

Alan broke down altogether. It was too much for him, after the long strain and tension of mind and body, to find Dan thus—so changed, so different even from anything his fears had pictured. He bent over the pale face, and, giving up all attempt at self-control, wept unrestrainedly, as he had not done since he was a child.

The surgeon gently recalled him to the need of controlling himself, lest he should do his brother harm. There were tears in the kind professional eyes, that had looked on so many a scene of suffering in these sad times, yet never lost their power of sympathy. His voice and manner soothed Alan somewhat, even while they roused him, and he kindly drew forward the chair the lady had left and made Alan sit down, still clasping one of Dan's thin hands in his; and then he hurried away to attend to pressing duties, leaving the brothers alone.

"Don't grieve so, Alan!" said Dan, speaking feebly, while Alan could not yet find voice for speech. "Don't; I'm so glad to see you once more; for a little while. I have so much to say."

There was a good deal to say, and it was said at intervals, with long pauses between, while Dan was collecting his exhausted strength, and Alan, still much overwhelmed, would now and then say a few broken words, or ask a necessary question. A change, greater than the outward and physical one, had passed over Dan during the weeks of suffering he had spent lying prostrate in that Indiana Hospital, to which he had been brought when exposure after a severe wound had induced a raging fever and malignant inflammation. Till within the last few days the doctor had hoped that Dan's youth and vigorous constitution would yet overcome the malady which had prostrated him, and so long as this was the case Dan would not have his friends at home made uneasy by being informed of his condition. It was only when, in answer to his own enquiries, the doctor intimated that he had now no hope of his recovery, that Dan begged him to send for his brother. But before that time arrived Dan had learned much—learned, in the stern school of suffering, and the gentler one of loving Christian teaching

and consolation, the best lesson human hearts can learn. He told his brother, brokenly, of the lady who had come so kindly, day after day, to read to him, in her kind gentle voice, out of the little Testament she always carried; how, gradually, he had come to see all the evil and wickedness of his own past life,—how like he had been to the Prodigal she read about; yet how, though he could never be welcomed back to his earthly home, he had found the loving welcome of the Heavenly Father; which had come to comfort and give him peace. "You mustn't be vexed, Alan, dear," he said; "but I don't feel as if I really wanted now to get well! You see He knows how weak I am, and how I used to keep thinking I'd try and do better for mother's sake, and then go falling back into the old bad ways that I never told any of you about. You can't understand it, you see, Alan, for you always were such a good fellow, and never got into trouble. And perhaps He knows it would be too hard a fight for me to go on, and so he takes me out of it all; though it does seem mean, doesn't it, Alan, to have gone on, never minding about pleasing Him all the time I was well and strong, and now just to come to Him for help when I can't do any better? Only, I told her that, and she said I mustn't think that way, only believe He wants me now; that perhaps He sent this to bring me; and that I must just come to Him, all weak and helpless as I am, and He would take me up. There's a text, you know, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' And I know He will not cast me out! There's a verse she repeated to me once; it's in rhyme, so I can remember it easily; it's just what I think—about her, you know:

She taught me all the mercy,
For she showed me all the sin;
Now, though my lamp is lighted late,
There's One will let me in!

I often keep saying that to myself, when something else keeps saying, 'You won't get in, you won't get in; you've been too wicked.' But I know He'll let me in, and He's the strongest."

It seemed very strange to Alan to hear wild, reckless, fun-loving Dan speaking in this fashion, while he himself, who used to be his counsellor and mentor, seemed to sit by and learn from him. But approaching death, which tears away disguises, sometimes

communicates strange power and authority to weak lips, and occasions curious reversals of position. Alan could acquiesce in what Dan said,—glad, inexpressibly glad, that he *could* say it; but he could not help or teach him now. Dan had found a better Helper and Teacher, who was leading him, with loving, gentle clasp, along the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

The level, golden sunset rays stole in at the western window and played on the pale face of the sufferer, and then they faded, and the dusk stole on; and still Alan kept his position, motionless, save for occasionally reaching for the cup that stood near, out of which to moisten his brother's parching lips. He had had no refreshment after his journey—hardly any on the way; but he felt no need of it. And so the night gradually stole on, and Dan now and then sank into short, uneasy dozes, from which he would wake with a start, and begin again to talk more languidly and with longer pauses than before, giving, by fits and starts, loving, penitent messages to his father and mother, sometimes murmuring incoherently about the old times at Braeburn.

"I'll never see the old places any more," he said, at last, more connectedly. "You'll say good-bye to them all for me, Alan, when you go back! Oh, I'm so glad that it's me, Alan, that's to go, and not *you*! You're so much more use to them than ever I could be. You'll, all of you, be good to mother, I know; and tell Hughie to be a better boy to her than I have been. And I'll be looking for you all, you know! Tell mother I'll be waiting for her there—there—in the City, you know, where there is no more death, nor sorrow, nor—"

And in the effort to recall the old, familiar Scripture verse, one of many which his mother had taught him long ago, at Braeburn Farm, and which, forgotten awhile, had come back to him in his hour of sore need,—Dan's voice failed, and he sank into partial unconsciousness. His little remaining strength had indeed been sorely overtaxed by his excitement at meeting his brother, and his eager desire to say so many things that had been pent up till now. He lay back now, in a sort of stupor, from which his brother's anxious, loving words would sometimes rouse him for a moment, to give a half smile, or a faintly uttered word, or a feeble hand pressure in response. But by degrees even this

failed ; though the glazed eye was half open, there was no response, even when Alan bent close and whispered into his ear. Alan felt, though it was his first experience of the kind, that all communication between them was as much cut off as though the spirit had already taken its flight.

They were long, long hours, those silent hours of lonely watching—so lonely, even though the living form was so close. The breath still faintly came and went, though high up now in the heaving chest. And, sitting there, a new sense of the comparatively trivial nature of mere earthly successes seemed borne in upon Alan's heart,—a glimpse of life as it really is, so poor in itself, so rich in momentous issues, when its bearing upon the endless future is considered ;—such as we do sometimes get when the shadowy gates of the Infinite are opened for some beloved existence to pass through, leaving us still behind. Seen in that strange, new light, the thoughts which had but lately been so agitating his mind seemed unspeakably petty. Seen in the white light of infinite purity which seemed to him to shine from the Invisible Presence that, he felt, shared his solemn watch by his brother's bed, the evil of his own nature looked darker than he had ever seen it before. His brother's words about his always having been "such a good fellow," had pierced his conscience as no reproaches could have done. He wished passionately that he could explain to Dan that it was not so, that even as to external evil he wished to take no higher place than his penitent brother ; that he needed as much the forgiving love and help, in the consciousness of which his brother was rejoicing ; and gradually that consciousness, so solemn, yet so sweet,—the most blessed, the most ineffable experience that a human heart can know, seemed to fill his own suffering heart. In the very presence of physical death, his heart seemed to rise to the higher region of spiritual life, to grasp the mystery of "the power of an endless life." And in the new atmosphere of Divine Love and sorrow for sin, that seemed to surround him now, the thoughts of hatred and revenge that he had so recently been cherishing seemed to him unspeakably abhorrent. The

sense of his own offences against Infinite Love and Infinite Purity, seemed to make the offences of others against him sink into nothing. The injuries which Sharpley had done to him and his seemed, also, immeasurably small as compared with those that the former had done to himself ;—the guilt of selfish fraud which, for a petty pecuniary gain, he had voluntarily assumed ;—the lowering of the whole nature which must be the necessary result of the deliberate choice of an evil course. As Alan thought of what Lenore had first suggested to him—the time when one must find out what an awful "mistake" a life of self-seeking has been, of the time when those who had done him wrong must come to be as his brother was,—all earthly supports and possessions slipping from their grasp, themselves brought face to face with eternal realities for, perhaps, the first time,—a softening feeling of intense pity found its way into his heart, a pity which was the herald of a deeper feeling still ; for in those solemn hours of silent and sorrowful waiting, all bitterness seemed taken out of Alan's heart, and the Divine white flower of forgiveness sprang up in its place.

It was just as the night was passing into grey dawn that Alan noticed the "change" come over his brother's face, which even the most inexperienced watcher beside the dying can hardly mistake. The breath came more and more slowly, with long pauses now between each respiration. A nurse noticed the change, and, coming gently up, stood by, watching too, with finger lightly laid on the almost motionless pulse of the hand that lay on the coverlet. A rather longer, slightly shuddering breath ; then no following one. The nurse waited a minute or two, to be sure it was the last, then gently closed the half-shut eyes, and turned towards Alan with a gesture more expressive than words. He knew, without needing to be told, that something had happened—the extreme, ineffable "something" which must, in the natural course of things, happen to all, and than which, in this world of change, we know no external one so great or so momentous.

(To be continued.)

MIDSUMMER MUSINGS.

FAIR Nature breathes within my breast,
 A joy fraught with sadness ;
 So eerie she where loveliest,
 Pensive in her gladness.

For sad and silent rest I here,
 Beneath this summer sky ;
 For melancholy sad appear
 Her beauties to mine eye.

The murmuring breezes tune their lyre
 To sweetest melody,
 Sweet as love-lorn might desire,
 And gentle as a sigh.

Yet fraught with meaning doth it seem,
 As whispering Nature's mind ;
 To me 'tis all a mystic theme—
 What saith the wandering wind ?

Mayhap it is the harmony
 Of vast Creation's laws,
 Proclaiming Him by whom they be,
 The wonderful First Cause.

Of wondrous things it speaks, perchance,
 Its music I can feel—
 But O ! that its significance
 Some spirit would reveal !

RELICS OF LOYALTY, OR SCRAPS FROM THE CATACOMBS:

BEING REMAINS OF THE COFFIN FAMILY.

BY U. E. L.

TWO families of the name of Coffin, Loyalists *pur sang*, came from Massachusetts to British America at the time of the American Revolution, 1775-78. One of these families settled on the River St. John, New Brunswick. The others established themselves at Quebec. The Dominion claims both, and owes something to either.

The Coffins are an ancient race. In the olden world, they prevailed before the time of the Pharaohs. In the new, they came in with the Pilgrim Fathers. Twenty years after the landing from the *Mayflower*, in 1643, the first of the name put in an appearance from Brixton, near Plymouth, South Devon, England, at Newbury Port, in New Hampshire, moved on from thence, and settled for a time at Haverhill, where his name exists on the town books—Tristram Coffyn, spelt with a “y.” In 1662 he bought one-tenth of the Island of Nantucket, moved there, and died in 1681, aged 71. His son, James, was Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, County of Nantucket, from 1708 to 1712. His grandson, Jodiah,* filled the same office from 1754 to 1774. Two of the same family, John and Jonathan, were assistant Judges about the same time.† From thence the family moved to Boston, but the descendants of old Tristram Coffyn multiplied exceedingly on the prolific shores of Nantucket, and it is no light credit to a race of hardy seamen and skilful mariners, that they should have inspired that popular creation of the genius of Fennimore Cooper, the character of “Long Tom Coffin;” or, passing from fiction to fact, have given to the Dominion of Canada, as Minister of the Crown, a worthy Receiver-General, in the person of

the Hon. Thomas Coffin, M. P. for Shelburne, Nova Scotia, who, both in moral and physical structure, not inaptly reproduces one of the happiest embodiments of American romance.

In the fifth generation of lineal descent from Tristram Coffyn, William Coffin, born in 1690, married Ann, daughter of Eben Holmes; was a merchant, ship-owner, ship-master, farmer of excise and distiller, sailed a vessel, and traded between Boston and Charleston, S. C., in days when assorted vocations were as common as assorted wares. He died in 1774, aged 83, amid the first throes of the American Revolution, leaving four sons, Ebenezer, Nathaniel, John and William, all staunch Loyalists. The daughters, Mrs. De Blois, Mrs. Amory, and Mrs. Dexter, married all into some of the best families in Boston, and, woman-like, partly from love for their husbands, and partly from the love of some new thing, took the other side.‡

Of the sons, Ebenezer, the eldest, was father of Thomas Aston Coffin, for long private secretary to Sir Guy Carleton, by whose side he sat in the last boat which left Castle Garden on the evacuation of New York, 25th Nov., 1783. When Sir Guy Carleton became again Governor of Quebec, 1784, Coffin accompanied him, and by his influence was appointed Commissary-General to the British forces in Canada. With his friend and patron, then Lord Dorchester, he went to England, and died in London in 1810, very wealthy. He was grandfather to Mrs. Bolton, wife of Col. Bolton, R. A., who took an active part in the Red River Expedition of 1870, and earned thereby the distinction of C. M. & St. G. A younger brother of Thomas Aston, Eben, so called for the sake of pleasant shortness, carrying with him, pos-

* Farmer's Genealogical Register of first settlers of New England. Lancaster, Mass. 1829.

† See Washburn's Judicial History of Massachusetts.

‡ Memoir of the family of Amory. Boston, 1856, by T. C. Amory.

sibly, the coloured chattels of the Boston family, went South, where he acquired property, and wallowing in a wealth of "Sea-Island" cotton, begot Thomas Aston Coffin, of Carolina, whose descendants, with an hereditary instinct, distinguished themselves by their chivalrous devotion to a failing cause in the late Confederate war.

The second son, Nathaniel, brought up as a merchant, became King's cashier of the Customs at Boston, and acquired property. When the Royal troops evacuated Boston, in 1776, he withdrew to England, but returned to New York in 1781, and died on landing. He left two sons, afterwards General John Coffin, of New Brunswick, and Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart., of both of whom more hereafter,

The third son, John, married Isabella Childs, of Boston, 5th Dec., 1738, and took refuge in Quebec in July, 1775.

William, the fourth son, also came to Canada, and was Sheriff of Kingston, Ont., towards the end of the last century.

Of the four sons, Ebenezer, the eldest, died before the Revolution. The three younger, Nathaniel, John, and William, were *stiberon*, unyielding, incorrigible Loyalists, and as such were, with many others, proscribed by name, in an Act of the Massachusetts Legislature, passed Sept., 1788, and banished under penalty, in case of return, "of the pains of death without benefit of clergy."

The descendants of Nathaniel, to wit, General John Coffin and family, made for themselves a place and a name among the earliest settlers of New Brunswick. John, his uncle, with a wife and eleven children, came to Quebec. Both of these families sacrificed much in the cause of their king and country, accounting it as nothing, for the sacrifice carried with it enough of honour to be its own reward. Nor was the reward wanting even in the flesh. The greatest of nations cannot restore to its despoiled adherents houses and lands, the proud results of honest labour, or the scenes of early affection: but all that could be done was done. The nation was not ungrateful to those who had earned its gratitude, and who knew how to utilize it. Employment, competence, and honourable advancement in the public service were offered freely to all. The men of these families were not wanting to themselves or to their opportunities, and, as may

be shown hereafter, have not failed, each in his allotted sphere of duty, to justify the modest motto of their family—

Extant recté factis præmia.

General John Coffin, of New Brunswick, was the eldest son of Nathaniel Coffin, above mentioned, a merchant of Boston, and was born in 1756; was sent to sea at an early age, most probably in a ship wherein his father had an interest, and became chief mate at the age of eighteen, navigated his ship to England in 1774, where the Government took her up for the conveyance of troops to America. He brought out part of a regiment under Sir William Howe, reached Boston on the 15th June, 1774, and landed the regiment under Bunker Hill the day of the engagement, the 17th. Young, enthusiastic, and full of fight, he contrived to play so conspicuous a part in the action as to lead to his presentation to General Gage, who made him an ensign on the field. Not long after, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant. In 1776 he was detailed to New York, where he raised a mounted rifle corps, called the Orange Rangers, of which he was made commandant, and from which he exchanged into the New York Volunteers in 1778. He took part in the battle of Long Island, in the year 1777; in those of Germantown and Ste. Lucie, in 1778; in Briar Creek, 1779; and Camden, 1780. Being ordered to the Southern States, he there raised a corps of partisan cavalry, composed chiefly of loyal planters, inspired by the cavalier spirit of the early settlers. Coffin and his corps took a telling part in the actions of Hampton, Hobkirk's Hill, and Eutaw Springs, all of which were fought in 1781. General Greene, one of the ablest of the lieutenants of General Washington, endeavoured to overwhelm the British Commander, Colonel Stuart, who had fallen back on a strong position at Eutaw Springs. Greene was supported by Colonel William Washington, a distinguished partisan leader, with a numerous cavalry. Coffin and his troopers were with Stuart. Washington Irving, in his "Life" of his great namesake, relates how the advance on Eutaw was averted by Major Coffin with 150 infantry and 50 cavalry; and, further on, how "Colonel Washington had rashly dashed forward with his dragoons, lost most of his officers and many of his men, had a horse shot un-

der him, and would have been slain had not a British officer interposed, who took him prisoner.* This version of the story is the truth, though not the precise truth. The fact is, that the two leaders of the cavalry on both sides, the one pursuing, the other covering the retreat, came into personal collision. Both were powerful men, splendid horsemen, and good swordsmen, and neither inclined to cry "hold, enough." The scene of the conflict was the top of a dyke or narrow road, with water at each side. Washington's horse swerved or jibbed; in bringing him round the rider drew a pistol and fired, but missing his mark, shied the weapon at his antagonist, knocking him off his horse; but the effort and the delay had isolated him from his following, his horse was shot under him, and he was taken prisoner. We may be sure that Coffin would have interposed had there been any risk of his being slain. It is still more sure that these two brave men, who had known each other well in private life, with a grim joke at their mutual mishaps, rode back to camp to share the same meal and the same tent.

At the close of the conflict in Virginia, Coffin received from Lord Cornwallis the gift of a handsome sword, accompanied by a letter conferring on him the rank of Major by brevet. Not being included in the capitulation of Yorktown, he withdrew to Charleston, in South Carolina, attracted by the charms of Miss Annie Matthews, daughter of William Matthews, of St. John's Island, to whom he was shortly after married. Conspicuous and obnoxious, he was eagerly sought for as one of those malignants who should be smitten hip and thigh, and had many narrow escapes from capture. A story is told of him, which has been told of others who, in like strait, stood not upon the order of their hiding, but hid at once. On one occasion, being closely pressed, the fashion of the day was his salvation, the gallant soldier took refuge under the hoops of his brave mistress, which, seeing he that was six feet high and proportionally stalwart, must have been no slight feat of compression.

When Charleston was evacuated, Major

Coffin made his way up to New York, crossed the Hudson, having eluded all attempts at his capture, and presented himself at headquarters, to the great astonishment of his friends in the British Army. In 1782, 28 August, he was the subject of the following general order:

"Sir Guy Carleton, Commander-in-chief: Brevet-Major John Coffin of the New York Volunteers having repeatedly received the public thanks of the principal officers under whose command he has served, and on the 8th Sept. 1781, (Battle of Eutaw Springs), being only 25 years of age, having distinguished himself very particularly, is, for those services, appointed Major of the King's American Regiment, vacant by the death of Major Grant."

Previous to the evacuation of New York, and probably in view of it, Major Coffin and others, who were looked upon by the victorious Republicans as contumacious beyond hope, and who were, therefore, thrust out beyond the pale of redemption, were shipped off by the British Government to New Brunswick, a magnificent country, but then unreclaimed and unknown.

At seven-and-twenty he laid down his sword and took up his axe, accompanied by a wife, delicate and delicately nurtured, but full of spirit, three black men and one black woman, all brought from Charleston. He went to work energetically, housed and established himself in a beautiful situation on the river St. John, and in twenty years made for himself a valuable property, which he named Alwington Manor.

Although retired from active employ, he still remained in the service. In June 1794, H. R. Highness the Duke of Kent, then Governor of Nova Scotia, visited New Brunswick, accompanied by the Duke of Clarence. The Royal Brothers honoured Major and Mrs. Coffin with their company at Alwington Manor, and graciously permitted one of their youngest children, a boy born a few days previously, to be named after them, Henry Edward.

The fine person, soldierly bearing and gentle manner of the brave cavalier, no doubt stood him in good stead when opportunity offered, and combined with the zealous exertions of such friends as the Marquis of Hastings, the Lord Rawdon of the American War, and Lord Dorchester, the Sir Guy Carleton of the American War, under

* Washington Irving's *Life of George Washington*, vol. 4, pp. 364-5. Also, Stuart's despatch to Earl Cornwallis, 9th Sept., 1781, given in Parleton's *Campaigns in 1780-81*, p. 512, wherein Stuart publicly thanks Major Coffin. Also, "Lee's *Memoirs of the War*, pp. 285-7-9-90, vol. 2.

both of whom he had served, obtained for him the rank of Lieut-Colonel in 1804. In 1805 he went to England, where he was received with much distinction, and was presented to the King by the commander-in-chief. He returned to his adopted country, New Brunswick, in that year, where he occupied himself in improving a valuable property and continued in a career of active public usefulness. He became Member of the House of Assembly for King's County, a Member of Council, and Chief Magistrate for King's County for many years, Commissioner for the Indians, &c.

In 1811, the impending struggle with the United States aroused all the warlike instincts of the old partisan, he snuffed the battle afar off, and at once offered to raise a regiment for local service. Early in 1812 he had under his command 600 men, ready for the field, which enabled the Government to send the 104th regt. on to Canada, then hardly pressed by invasion. In 1812 the regiment known as the "New Brunswick 'encibles," mustered 600 strong, composed of young men, the friends and neighbours of their respected commander. At the peace of 1815, the Colonel was promoted to the rank of Major-General, the regiment was disbanded, and General Coffin returned to half-pay for once more. By the slow progress of seniority he rose, at last, to the top of the Army List as the oldest general officer, and having, for many years, alternated in his residence between England and New Brunswick, died at last, at the house of his son, Admiral John Townsend Coffin, in King's County, on the 12 May, 1838, aged 82. The foregoing sketch has been epitomized from a more lengthy memoir compiled by his youngest son, Admiral Henry Edward Coffin, but the writer of this, who knew the General well in his later days, recalls with affectionate recollection the noble presence and generous character of the chivalrous old soldier, a relic of the days in which giants were, in stature and in heart true to his king and country, a humble Christian and an honest and brave man, who united to the heroism of a Paladin the endurance of the pioneer, and when he could no longer serve his Prince in the field, served him still better, by creating a new realm of civilization and progress in the heart of the primeval forest. His name will ever be held in honour in New Brunswick.

Eight of the children of General and Mrs. Coffin, all natives of New Brunswick, lived to make their way in the world, thanks to a grateful and helpful country.

The eldest son, General Guy Carleton Coffin, died in April 1856, at the age of 73, a General Officer of the Royal Artillery.

The second and third sons, are living still, both at an advanced age, and both admirals in the British Service.

John Townsend Coffin, the eldest of the two, entered the British Navy as a midshipman, in 1799. He was Master-mate on board of the *Harrier*, 18, when she captured the Dutch Frigate, *Pallas*, 36, near Java, 26 July, 1806, and for his gallant conduct obtained a Lieutenantancy. He was appointed to the *Valorous*, 74, when on the 21 of Feb. 1812, she encountered the *Rivoli*, 74, with convoy fresh out of port. A desperate conflict ensued of four hours and a half duration, in which the British ship lost 126 killed and wounded, and the brave Frenchmen 400. The *Rivoli* and consorts surrendered, and were safely brought into port, under charge of Lieutenants Coffin and White, who received great praise for seamanship and bravery in *Gazette* 1812, p. 552. He was promoted to the rank of commander, 1st July, 1841; post captain, 26 Dec., 1822; rear admiral, 1841.

Admiral John Townsend Coffin is the present proprietor of the Magdalen Islands, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which he holds under the will of his late uncle, Sir Isaac Coffin, to whom they were granted by Letters Patent under the great seal in 1798, and by whom they have been strictly entailed in the family. Admiral Coffin has been a thoughtful and beneficent proprietor of these islands, having visited them upon several occasions and done much to improve their material condition.

Henry Edward, named after the Dukes of Kent and Clarence, entered the British navy, 1st Dec., 1805, served on shore in Egypt, in 1807, on the home and North American stations, in the East Indies, on the coast of Africa, the Brazils, and in the West Indies, amid scenes where the British seaman is wont to battle with the tempest and against climate and disease, for want of having something better to do.

He became lieutenant, 1814; commander 1829; post captain, 1841; rear admiral, 1856.

The eldest daughter, Caroline, married the Hon. Charles Grant, of Canada, afterwards Baron de Longueuil, and died at Al-
 ington, near Kingston, in 1868, aged 84.

A second daughter married General Sir Thomas Pearson, K.C.B., an officer very much distinguished in Canada during the war of 1812.

A third married Colonel Kirkwood of the British Army, and is still living in Bath, England.

A fourth married John Barnett, Esquire, also an officer in the British Army, and who subsequently occupied a high official position in the Island of Ceylon.

The fifth, Mary, married Charles R. Ogden, Esquire, Attorney-General, Lower Canada, and died in 1827.

Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart., was a brother of General John Coffin, of New Brunswick, and a younger son of Nathaniel Coffin, of Boston, before named. He was born in 1760, and, under the patronage of Rear-Admiral John Montague, entered the Royal Navy in 1773, remained constantly afloat, serving in different ships, until 1778, when he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant; was appointed second lieutenant of the *Adamant*, 1799, and in 1781 was on board of the *Royal Oak*, engaged in a very severe action with the French fleet, under M. de Ternay. In 1782, having been made master and commander, he took the command of the *Avenger*. Thence he volunteered into the *Barfleur*, 74, under Captain Alex. Hood, when the English fleet sailed from St. Kitts with the spirited design of attacking the fleet of Count de Grasse, in Basse Terre Roads, and he was enabled to share in this glorious achievement, 12 April, 1782. Very soon after he was appointed, by Admiral Rodney, post-captain of the *Shrewsbury*, 74. Early in 1783, a general peace having been proclaimed, the *Shrewsbury* was paid off. In 1786 he was appointed to the *Thisbe* frigate, and brought Lord Dorchester and his family to Quebec, taking refuge, when very late in the season, at Halifax, but in the spring of 1787, he returned to Canada on leave, and remained about a twelvemonth. At this time he applied, by petition, formally to Lord Dorchester for a grant of the Magdalen Islands in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence. It appears that, in the preceding autumn, the *Thisbe* had been becalmed off these Islands, and Cap-

tain Coffin, struck by their appearance, had asked Lord Dorchester to give them to him, if in his power. The request was renewed in the following year, but the Letters Patent were not expedited until 1798, during the governorship of Robert Prescott. In 1790, at the time of the Nootka Sound difficulty with Spain, Captain Coffin was appointed to the *Alligator* frigate, 28 guns, but the Dons gave in and made reparation, and the armament was discontinued; but while laying at the Nore, under sailing orders, and the wind blowing strong, a man fell overboard, Coffin plunged in after him, and saved his life; but in the effort suffered a personal injury which clung to him ever after. In the spring of 1791, the *Alligator* was ordered to Halifax and Quebec to receive Lord Dorchester and family, and, with them, returned to England. The ship was then laid up, and the captain and crew paid off. In 1793, at the outbreak of the great French War, Captain Coffin was appointed in command of the *Melampus*, 36 guns, and was actively employed in the Channel and among the Channel Islands, but, from over exertion, the injury received in saving the life of the sailor at the Nore became aggravated, and for four months he was crippled. But the vigour of his character had been noted, and his services appreciated. On his recovery, he was employed on shore—first at Leith, in what was called the regulation service. In 1795, he was sent to Corsica, as one of His Majesty's Commissioners of the Royal Navy. Thence, in the same capacity, he was transferred to Lisbon. Thence, in 1798, to Mahon, in the Island of Minorca. Thence, he was brought home and put in charge of the King's yard at Sheerness. In April, 1804 he was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the White Squadron, and was appointed second in command at Portsmouth. As a further reward for service of unusually long continuance and merit, Rear-Admiral Coffin was, on the 19th of May, 1804, advanced to the dignity of a Baronet of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.*

In 1811, he married Elizabeth, only daughter of William Greenly, Esq., of Titley Court, Herefordshire, and, assuming the lady's name, became Sir Isaac Coffin Greenly, but this union proved to be ill-

* See "Naval Chronicle," 1804, vol. 12.

assorted. The lady indulged in literary tastes of a religious tendency. She was said to be addicted to writing sermons at night, to the disturbance of the slumbers of her rollicking spouse, and so, after a space, they separated. She remained Lady Greenly, and he resumed the name of Coffin. The fault was certainly not with the lady, who was a clever and exemplary woman, but somewhat eccentric in her ways. In after life she was well known in Bath, England; remarkable for wearing, Welshwoman fashion, a man's round hat, a riding-habit cut short, and for wielding a gold-headed cane.

Sir Isaac, having tried matrimony with poor success, and having nothing better to do, took to politics, affected Liberalism and consorted with the Whigs. He represented Ilchester in Parliament for some years, and was noted for the rough humour of his sayings, which savoured much of "tar and feathers." He was a personal friend of the Duke of Clarence, who, when he became William IV., continued to show him favour. When, in 1832, to accomplish the passing of the Reform Bill, it became necessary to swamp the House of Lords by the creation of a new batch of Peers, the name of Sir Isaac Coffin appeared upon the King's private list, but the King's Ministers opposed the creation, and it was dropped. It appears that, about this time, Sir Isaac had been guilty of a nautical freak which was regarded as unpatriotic. He was fond of visiting America, and of associating with his Boston relatives, and had fitted out a schooner as a floating nautical school, manned it with lads of his own name—who were as plentiful as codfish on the coast of Nantucket—and brought them, on show, round to Quebec, flying the American flag. The flag and the story took wind in the same direction, and spoiled his prospects, not without just reason.

He was a clever, pushing, energetic seaman, much given to rough humour, and the practical jokes in vogue in his day. He was equally ready with hand and tongue, having upon one occasion pugilistically fought his way through a cabal of disappointed Portuguese contractors at Lisbon, intent on his destruction with the knife. Of his ready wit many stories are told—one will suffice. Once, on his way to Titley Court, stopping to bait at Chepstow, he was informed by the innkeeper that an American, a prisoner,

confined in the castle hard by, claimed to be his relative, and prayed for an interview. Sir Isaac, curiously, acceded, went to the prison, and was introduced to "a gentleman of colour." Both surprised and amused, he was informed by Sambo that he was an American, a namesake, and must therefore be a relation, as no one would be likely to take his name for the fun of the thing. "Stop, my man, stop," interjected the Admiral, "let me ask you a question. Pray, how old may you be?" "Well," replied the other, "I should guess about thirty-five." "Oh! then," rejoined his interlocutor, turning away, "there is clearly a mistake here, you can't be one of my Coffins—none of my people ever turn black before they are forty."

Sir Isaac Coffin, dying without direct issue, in 1838, at Cheltenham, England, the baronetage expired with him. He left the bulk of his fortune to his nephew, Admiral John Townsend Coffin, and by his will the Magdalen Islands are strictly entailed *substitués*, on members of his family, who must continue to bear his name, and the coat of arms given to him by the King in 1804.

It has been said that two families of this name left Massachusetts at the time of the American revolution, and that one of the two took refuge in Quebec.

John Coffin, the father and the leader of this second family, was born in Boston, Mass., 1730, and was brother of Nathaniel, the father of General John and Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin. In 1758 he married Isabella Childs. In the Boston Confiscation Act, Sept. 1788, he is styled distiller, and combined this business, no doubt, with that of merchant and shipowner. Loyal to the core, and knowing that he was a marked man, he resolved, early in 1775, to place his family in safety. Embarking, therefore, his household goods and his household gods, his wife, eleven children, and effects, on board of his own schooner, the *Neptune*, he brought them safely round to Quebec, where, on the 23rd August, 1775, he bought from "La Dame Veuve Lacroix," a piece of land at the "*près de ville*," well known during the siege which followed as the "Potash." He went to work, with characteristic energy, to establish a distillery, when his work was interrupted by that celebrated event. In the autumn, the American forces under Montgomery and Arnold invaded the Province—

Quebec was invested. Late in the year John Coffin joined the Quebec-enrolled British Militia; and the building he had designed for a distillery became a battery for the defence of the approach from Wolfe's Cove. This battery was armed with the guns of a privateer frozen in for the winter. Her commander, Barnsfare, and his seamen handled the pieces, and by his side John Coffin, the American Loyalist, shared the merit of the defence.

Before that battery, on the memorable morning of the 1st January, 1776, fell General Montgomery, and the chief officers of his staff, and with them the last hopes of the American cause in Canada.

In a paper prepared by his grandson, Lieut.-Col. Coffin, of Ottawa, read before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, 18th December, 1872, and printed under their auspices,* it is shown on the testimony of Sir Guy Carleton, then Governor of Canada, and of Colonel Maclean, then Commandant of Quebec, "that to the resolution and watchfulness of John Coffin, in keeping the guard at the *près de ville* under arms, awaiting the expected attack, the coolness with which he allowed the rebels to approach, the spirits which his example kept up among the men, and to the critical instant when he directed Captain Barnsfare's fire against Montgomery and his troops, is to be ascribed the repulse of the rebels from that important post, where, with their leader, they lost all heart."†

There can be no question but that the death of Montgomery saved Quebec, and with Quebec, British North America, to the British Crown, and that, of the brave men who did this deed of "derring do"‡ John Coffin was one of the foremost.

It is mortifying to relate, but the truth must be told, John Coffin was but ill requited. He had suffered great losses, and he had rendered services, and was deceived by promises. He was promised both money and land. He got neither. In those days "how to do nothing" constituted the science of Colonial Government. Between the Chateau de St. Louis and Downing Street lay

the very limbo of circumlocution, paved the whole length with good intentions. Downing Street objected to grants of land and grants of places, unless bestowed on their own creatures. Canada, on the other hand, disliked monopolies which it could not exclusively appropriate. Hence arose a bickering of references and reports, consideration and reconsideration. Now, a man astride upon a reference is like a child upon a rocking-horse, always in sluggish motion but never onwards. In 1795 Lord Dorchester, who had returned to Quebec as Governor-General, appointed John Coffin Surveyor-General of Woods, but Downing Street disapproved of an appointment which impinged upon patronage, and the salary—the *pabulum vite*—came in dribbles. Little wonder if the sturdy old Loyalist, worn by undeserved ill success, had, like the soldiers of Montgomery when they lost their leader, "lost all heart."

But stiff old John Coffin did not lose heart. He worked on cheerily. He possessed the advantage of an abiding faith in the honour of the Crown. He well understood the nature of the obstacles which stood between him and the light of royal justice. No doubt he denounced the administration with vigorous expletives. Had he lived in our days he would have been strong in opposition, and in due course, possibly, would have administered to his own relief, but as it was, he worked on without repining, brought up and maintained a large family—he had had 15 children born to him (eleven survived him)—in the enjoyment of a clear conscience and of comfort, if not of affluence, and died 28th Sept., 1808, aged 78, as the record of his burial has it: "one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the City of Quebec, and Inspector of Police for the said City."

Whatever may have been the shortcomings of the Government so far as related to John Coffin himself, his children had no cause to complain. Directly, or indirectly, all thrived under the fostering protection of the Crown. The men obtained employment in the public service, and in due process of time, that share of promotion to which their talents and their opportunities fairly entitled them. The women, if unable to do service personally, married those who did.

The eldest daughter, Isabella, became the wife of Colonel McMurdo, H. M. — Regt.

* Handsomely commended in the London *Spectator*, Oct., 1873.

† Letter from Colonel Allan Maclean, dated Quebec, 28th July, 1776. Also from Sir Guy Carleton, dated Jenningsbury, 25th Dec., 1779.

‡ "Derring do." See "Ivanhoe," cap. 29.

Her sons served in India. A grandson was captain in the Royal Canadian Rifles when that fine regiment was disbanded at Kingston in 1870.

The second, Susannah, married the Hon. John Craigie, of Quebec, Provincial Treasurer, a brother of Lord Craigie, Lord of Session in Scotland. One son, Admiral Craigie, a very meritorious officer, died at Dawlish, in 1872. A daughter married Captain Martin, who led one of the storming parties at the capture of Fort Niagara in 1814, and another survives yet, the mother of the Hamiltons, of Quebec, one of the first of the mercantile houses of the Dominion.

Margaret, the third daughter, married her cousin, Roger Hailes Sheaffe, born in Boston, the son of a U. E. Loyalist, and who, through the kind interest of Earl Percy, had obtained a commission in the British Army. At the time of their marriage he was Major in Brock's Regiment, the 49th. The name of Brock is so far identified with all that was great and good in the war of 1812, as to be, in death, inseparable from the victory of Queenston Heights (13th October, 1812); but Brock's great feat of arms was the capture of Detroit, coupled with the surrender of General Hull and his army. Sheaffe won the Battle of Queenston Heights. Brock was slain at 7 o'clock in the morning, and for some hours the action was in suspense. At noon Colonel Sheaffe moved up from Niagara to the rescue, and at 3 p.m. attacked the American force in flank and rear, and hurled them from the rocks of Queenston into the Niagara River. For this great service he was made a baronet. At Brock's funeral, Sheaffe was chief mourner. Capt. Coffin, A. D. C., and Asst. Com.-General Coffin, were pall-bearers. Nothing could be more honourable to the Americans than their conduct on this occasion. They paid every mark of respect to the memory of Brock, and fired minute-guns during the ceremony.

Of the sons—the eldest, John, was an officer in the Commissariat, and died Deputy Commissary-General, at Quebec, March, 1837. The second son, William, obtained a commission in the 1st Bat. of the King's Royal Regiment of New York, or Sir John Johnston's Regiment. Subsequently, through the kind influence of His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, he

obtained a commission in the regular army, and served half the world over. He retired from the service in 1816, a Captain in the 15th Regiment and Brevet-Major, and died in England in 1836. His only surviving son, William Foster Coffin, was Sheriff of the District of Montreal for some years, and is now Commissioner of Ordnance and Admiralty Lands, Department of the Interior, Canada. This gentleman married, in 1842, Margaret, second daughter of Isaac Winslow Clarke, of Montreal, who, in 1774, was the youngest member of the firm of Richard Clarke and Sons, of Boston, Massachusetts, to which was consigned the historical cargo of tea. Mr. Clarke, collecting debts at Plymouth, in 1774, was thwarted in his unpatriotic design by a mob. Pelted, hustled, hounded for his life, he fled to England. He had asked for bread, and received a stone. The British Government took him by the hand, appointed him to the Commissariat, and sent him to Montreal, where he rose to the rank of Deputy Commissary-General, and, after 50 years' of service, died in 1822, greatly respected as a citizen and by the services, and another instance of the constancy of England to those who are true to her.*

The third son, the Hon. Thomas Coffin, was a member of the Legislative Council of Lower Canada and Lieut.-Colonel of Militia. He married a Demoiselle de Tonancour, and lived and died at Three Rivers, Province of Quebec, 1841. A son of his was for many years Prothonotary for the District of Montreal.

The fourth son, Francis Holmes, entered the Royal Navy, and served during the long war with France, and died an Admiral in 1835. His eldest son, General Sir Isaac Coffin, K. C., Star of India, died at Blackheath, Oct. 1872.

The fifth son, Nathaniel, lived and died in Upper Canada. At the outbreak of the war of 1812 he joined the volunteer companies, and was aide-de-camp to Sir Roger Sheaffe at the Battle of Queenston Heights. After the surrender of Colonels Scott, Totten, and the other American survivors of the conflict, the leading officers were invited to dine by Sheaffe, and here the following incident occurred, as given in Mansfield's "Life of

* See Lorenzo Sabine (American Loyalist). Boston, 1847: p. 212.

General Wingfield Scott," p. 48, illustrated by an engraving: "Previous to the announcement of dinner, a message was delivered to Scott, that persons without wished to speak with the "tall American." Scott stood 6 feet 5 inches in his boots. He left the room, and found himself confronted, in a narrow passage, by two Indian chiefs, Captain Jacobs and Young Brant, who questioned him abruptly, and in broken English, as to shot marks in his clothes, each alleging that he had fired repeatedly, but without success, at his conspicuous person. One of them seized Scott by the arm as if to turn him round, and when he was flung off indignantly with the exclamation, "off rascal, you shot like a squaw," both drew their knives. At this moment Captain Coffin, A. D. C., entered the door behind the Indians, and seeing at a glance how things stood, called instantly to the guard, and seizing one of the aggressors by the arm, put a pistol to the head of the other. This prompt demonstration quashed the tumult, and probably saved Scott's life."* (See also Stone's "Life of Brant," vol. 2, pp. 514, 515). Coffin had obtained at an early age, a commission in the 71st Regt., and retired from it under circumstances which show the vigour and the rigour of British discipline. His regiment was quartered in Ireland, and on the occasion of an election riot had been confined to barracks; but an attractive ball being on the *tapis* for the same night, three of the subalterns, mere boys, "broke bounds," and entered the charmed circle. The *escapade* reached the Colonel. The culprits were summoned before him, charged with insubordination, and informed that they must either stand a court-martial or retire from the regiment. They accepted the latter alternative. Coffin returned to Canada, and to his last day deplored, among his friends,

this juvenile indiscretion. But the Government, though stern, were not ungenerous, and to his last day he received his half-pay as an ensign in the 71st regiment. Colonel Coffin filled for many years the office of Adjutant-General of Militia in Upper Canada, and it is no slight proof of the esteem in which he was held, and of the popularity he had earned, that in his later years the Legislature, not prone to such weakness, voted him a very liberal retiring pension, which he enjoyed to his death, 1835. He died at Toronto, very much beloved and regretted.

The sixth son, James, died at Quebec in 1835, an Assistant Commissary-General.

These men and women were all living instances of the loyal faith in which they were born, and of its honourable and just reward.

It is not pretended for one moment that the loyalty of these people was of better quality than the universal loyalty around them; but it was of the oldest date; it had stood the test of trial and of time, and those who had suffered much may be pardoned some degree of pride in the strength of their endurance. To an Englishman, the outspoken loyalty of Canada is a matter of surprise. To the English mind it looks like a work of supererogation; and with reason; for an Englishman *at home* would no more prate of his loyalty than he would of his honesty or his pluck, or of any other of those sterling qualities which are justly held to be the characteristics of Englishmen; but on this side of the Atlantic, in days antecedent to the American Rebellion of 1862, loyalty has been a mark for persecution, and a byword of reproach. The descendants of those who suffered, and gloried in their sufferings, bear no limp or lukewarm testimony to the faith that is in them, and to effects as honourable to the land of their allegiance as to themselves. If they have been true to the Empire, the Empire has been true to them, and they are proud of any opportunity to acknowledge their share of the obligation.

* A story somewhat similar is told of Washington after the Battle of Monongahela. See Spark's Life," 1st vol., p. 66. Boston, 1839.

THE FISHERS.

BY CHARLES SANGSTER, OTTAWA.

A LONG the shore, like huge fireflies
 Revelling through the dark,
 Many a fisher's light
 Flashes and flames to-night
 At the prow of the gliding bark ;
 And the black smoke floats
 From the pitch-pine knots
 That light the swift spear to its mark.

Glancing and dancing like shooting-stars,
 Glimmering, gleaming bright,
 Far up and down the bay,
 In beautiful disarray,
 They glide all this autumn night ;
 Like Auroral gleams
 Flushing the streams
 As far as the eye can sight.

You see them all from the pebbly beach,
I can see only one.
 One in the stern sits there,
 Guiding her bark with care ;
 Brownd by the summer sun ;
 And her eyes are bright
 As the stars to-night—
 Would mine be the look they'd shun ?

See, as the light falls full on her face,
 Mark you her glance of fire !
 Passions in youth that sleep
 Slumber there far and deep,
 Pricking her like a briar,
 Yet bearing wild-flowers,
 Sweet as the hours
 I pass when I linger nigh her.

Here as I sit at our trysting-place,
I am all eyes to see ;
Far up and down the stream,
Watching the lights, I dream
Only of her and me ;
I can tell the dip
Of her paddle's tip—
The sweep of her arm so free.

Dancing and mingling, that whirl of lights,
You could not tell her now ;
I, that do love her well,
By a rare test can tell
Which is her swarthy brow ;
By her black, braided hair,
Trace her distinctly there,
Guiding her shallop's prow.

Long after cock-crow, thrice in the week,
Patiently here I lie,
Watching my maiden-star
Threading the night afar,
Distant, but ever nigh,
Were she a star above,
Such is my lofty love—
Ev'n there I could hear her sigh.

And from her silent seat in the stern
She can perceive me where
Love's patient sentinel
Keepeth his watch so well
Over his planet fair ;
Over his world so brave—
His world who's that world's slave—
For mine's the new Venus there.

PRAYER AND MODERN DOUBT.

BY FIDELIS.

IT must have been a cause of deep regret to many readers of the *Canadian Monthly*, that the author of such earnest and thoughtful papers as that, for instance, on "The Intellectual Life," should have felt constrained to advocate the views expressed in his article on "Prayer and Modern Thought." The earnest tone of his remarks would, however, inspire the hope that his present objections may be but temporary, and may disappear with fuller thought and fuller light. Let it be at once admitted that, to our limited comprehension, there *must* be theoretical difficulties connected with this as with *every* subject touching on the connexion of the material with the spiritual, man's free action, and the sovereignty of God. In meeting the objections expressed in the article referred to, we simply suggest those answers which have already satisfied many who have perplexed themselves in vain with the same insoluble problems, and have come to rest satisfied in the conclusion that what *reason cannot grasp* faith happily *can*, being in this sense, as in others, most truly "the evidence of things not seen." And in doing so, the plural pronoun "we" is used, because the present writer is conscious of expressing, not individual opinion alone, but the general *consensus* of many able and intelligent Christian writers of this and other times, among whom, notwithstanding slight superficial differences, a strong unanimity exists in regard to the important matters of Christian life and practice.

In saying this, however, we must disclaim any wish to argue merely for the sake of maintaining a position or a system. Such an aim must necessarily be lost in any cense of the awfulness of the spiritual problems that beset us. Rather would we say, let every *human* position and *human* system perish, if thereby we could come one step nearer beholding that divine and awful face

of Truth, of which only the *honest* seeker can hope to obtain a glimpse. We most heartily agree with Mr. Le Sueur as to the importance of being *true* "to ourselves and to one another." If there is *one* thing more than another demanded by the Scriptures, it is *truth*. He who is revealed as the Hearer and Answerer of Prayer, is also described as a God who "requireth truth in the inward parts;" who *must* be worshipped "in spirit and in truth."

We admit also that, as human beings, we are all naturally under some mental bias, whether the result of education or inheritance, and therefore our diverse conceptions, candidly made known, may serve to correct and supplement each other. We may gain a sort of mental parallax, so to speak, by trying to look from the point of view of another; and by entering, candidly and sympathetically, into the honest difficulties of *really true and earnest souls*, Christians may not only help such materially, but may also clear and expand their own conceptions of that Truth which we hold to be infinitely fuller and higher and grander than our fullest and highest and grandest conception of it can possibly be.

A few words first about the "Phases of Faith," or rather of doubt, alluded to by Mr. Le Sueur, which are especially characteristic of the present age. For this, as for every phenomenon connected with our complex human nature, there is, doubtless, a variety of causes. *Much, no doubt, is traceable* to an always fruitful source of opposition to Christianity, the natural pride and self-reliance of the human heart, which both observation and Scripture tell us, rebel against the claims of a religion that boldly demands the hardest of all sacrifices, the sacrifice of self-will and self-dependence. *Much, too, springs from the very spirit of evil, hatred of the light and love of darkness.* Many of the present-day attacks on Chris-

tian are so pervaded by unfairness, misrepresentation, bitterness, and malignant sneers at Christianity and Christians, that the most simple reader, with any degree of enlightened Christian consciousness, will at once "know them by their fruits," and recognize them as emanating from the source of hatred, in direct antagonism to the spirit of love, which is the core and essence of Christianity. Another reason for the prevalent scepticism of the day—among scientific men especially—is, that the enthusiastic study of natural science has a tendency to concentrate the mind on the *phenomenal*, leading men to forget that their knowledge does not penetrate to the real Causative Influence behind; the very manifestations of the creative mind and will acting in too many cases as a screen which shuts out altogether the recognition of that mind and will. And so we find men giving expression to such short-sighted absurdities as that, because *they* cannot dissociate thought from the molecular action of the brain, and because *they* see no proof of the existence of any vast brain in the universe, and no room for anything save atoms and ether, *therefore* the idea of any guiding providence, any mind but the mind of man, must be given up altogether!

This, however, is far from being the scepticism of such men as Newman* and Clough, in producing which other causes have come into play; though even in *these* there may exist a subtle infusion of the first element named. In how many hearts and lives have Wordsworth's lines found an echo:

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy;
 But he beholds the light, and thence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy;
 The youth who daily further from the east
 Must travel, still is nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended.
 At length the man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day."

F. W. Robertson says: "God is approached more nearly in that which is indefinite than in that which is definite and distinct. He is felt in awe and wonder and worship rather than in clear conceptions. Moments

* Of course the history of the *one* Newman is no more a plea for scepticism than that of the other for Romanism.

of tender vague mystery often bring distinctly the feeling of His presence. When day breaks and distinctness comes, the Divine has evaporated from the soul like morning dew." And so we often see more *truly* in the tender half lights of morning and evening than in the glare of intellectual day, when the mind often relies more on its own imperfect processes than on the source of spiritual light. Let us hope that with such as have thus been bewildered, the lengthening shadows will bring a clearer vision, and that "at evening time it shall be light." Then, human *conceptions* of Christianity, like human conceptions of other truths, are naturally imperfect, and are influenced, to a considerable extent, by the general state of development, whether of the individual or of the age. Now the present *is*, in many respects, a time of transition and "shaking."

"The thoughts of *men* are widen'd with the process of the suns."

New truths of various kinds are coming into fuller recognition, and our old conceptions of others become either modified or expanded. But while there has been expansion in other directions, there has been too great a disposition to treat conceptions of Christianity as fixed and rigid; to take traditional human representations of the truth for the intrinsic and essential truth itself.

We are thankful for the rudest and most inadequate conception of Christianity that has ever given rest and peace to the most ignorant human soul; but we are thankful, too, that the essence of Christianity itself is something higher and deeper than the highest and deepest conception of the most enlightened.* Dogmatic teaching is simply the imperfect attempt of men to formulate truths which transcend the power of human thought and of human expression satisfactorily to formulate them. Till we recognise that it is the imperfect conceptions that are at fault—not the Truth itself, which has such an

* "We read and fancy we know the truth about God, when it is not that, but what men have said about it, and what we can apprehend of it, that we know.

"Mystery is not an external veil over so many objects, that is but a figure of speech; the reality of the figure—the veil is the *incapacity of the soul* in its child-state to comprehend God and its own surroundings."—Rev. P. Gray—*Printed Sermon*.

infinite depth and elasticity that our widest intellectual life can never find it too narrow; can never even gauge its depth and extent—there is unavoidably a time of chaotic confusion and conflict, a putting of old wine into new bottles, which must be detrimental to both. Men find *their own* conceptions of what Christianity teaches unsatisfactory; find that they conflict with other intellectual convictions which they cannot cast aside; and, mistaking their defective and often careless apprehension for the reality, they cast away the substance, because, in a false light, they see the distorted shadow. And of course, the narrower and more rigid the creed, the more violent is the reaction.

We think there is a better way; the way of seeking by a humble and prayerful study of Revelation, what *is* the real nature of its teaching. We would not ask any man to receive even *Truth* on mere authority, nor do we make Truth our *own* by a mere indolent reception of it, but by realizing it as a living power. Where difficulty is *honestly felt*, we think there is nothing to be feared, eventually, from a candid and earnest sifting of traditional beliefs, provided such a process of sifting is carried on in a humble and reverential spirit, conscious of the imperfection and limitations of human reason, and its constant liability to be biassed by inclination and passion, and looking earnestly for the wisdom that cometh from above, in whose pure light we may see light clearly. *Enquiry* has been called the first stage of belief, the very gate of faith; and this is probably the true sense of Tennyson's much abused couplet:

“There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.”

But, to be *honest*, enquiry must be willing to *receive*, not pre-determined to *reject*!

What *is* to be feared, however, in the meantime, is much suffering and paralysis of faith, caused by the perplexing effects of plausible difficulties and objections upon minds which see the objections without seeing the answers—answers, however, which have satisfied, with the fullest satisfaction, intellects as keen and hearts as true as any that new mystify themselves with the old, yet ever renewed problems. And what is to be feared still more is, that many who hate the religion of Christ, simply because it condemns the evil that is in them—evil which they have no wish to give up—are glad to catch at anything which de-

creases its authority and lowers its galling claims, and so raise once more the old defiant cry: “Let us break their bonds asunder, and cast their cords from us!” We think that if the consequences of this could be realized by those who are now, perhaps unconsciously, helping to promote it, they might hesitate a good deal before seeking further to break down the moral breakwater which Christianity opposes to the tide of human evil and corruption.

But though, like all times of transition and conflict, the present “conflict of opinion” must, while it lasts, be productive of much suffering and evil, we have a firm hope and trust that out of it will emerge a fuller, stronger, purer, more intelligent, and more living faith. If there is a “shaking” going on, it is that “things which cannot be shaken may remain.” For we altogether decline to admit that a time has arrived, or is in the least likely to arrive, when “all distinct recognition” of God, or of His direction of *all* things shall have—even temporarily—“vanished from the minds of man.” Why should we be asked to conceive anything so awful, unless forced to conceive it by its actual occurrence? And if men *should* be so blinded by “the god of this world,” as to cease to recognize the Eternal Father, why should we be asked to conceive of Him as “looking down upon them with at least as great favour as upon previous generations, who at least availed themselves of the light He gave them, and sought nearness to Him and purification from Him? And why should it be quietly assumed, that “unworthy* conceptions of His nature,” were entertained by those who have worshipped Him most truly throughout the ages—by such as Noah, Abraham, David, Isaiah, the Apostles, Bacon, Newton, Chal-

* One of the “unworthy conceptions” alluded to in a note, is simply one of those “unworthy misconceptions of the God of the Bible, which might, we think, have been avoided by a fuller and fairer study of its general teaching. God is *not* represented in Scripture as “torturing His children,” but as loving them and seeking their good. Apart from those judgments in sin without which we could conceive of no moral government at all, and from poetical and figurative expressions which no reasonable criticism would force into a literal interpretation—there is nothing to bear out such an assertion. It is *sin* that tortures, not God. Gethsemane and Calvary answer for *Him*. If *words* are wanted, besides expostulation, entreaties, pleadings without number, we have the authoritative statement that He “willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness *and live*.”

mers—all or almost all the good or saintly men who have ever lived, because while recognizing His awful Majesty, they also looked up to God and cried "Abba Father?" From some remarks that follow, it would appear that because there have been cataclysms in nature, *therefore* the writer of the article thinks our thoughts about divine things are of little importance. This certainly seems an instance of *non sequitur*; and we have the strongest evidence that our thoughts about divine things are of infinite importance *to us*, since upon them depend—not only our peace and happiness, but our finding our very life, here and hereafter. More important they could not very well be! Further, the writer would appear to be of opinion that Christianity is about to perish, and that something better is about to take its place. What the new light is, that is supposed to be dawning, is at best somewhat vague. To some of its prophets, it evidently means simply the deification of man. We have heard something like this before, and its fruits—as, for instance, about the close of the last century—have not been tempting. Until the so-called "gospel of humanity" can give us something better than Christianity, or indeed *anything* good that it has not borrowed from Christianity, we naturally prefer that which has been tried and not found wanting.

No! We believe that the time is even now approaching for a fuller and completer realization of all that is essential in Christianity. We believe that there will be a return to much that has been by many too hastily thrown aside as antiquated and effete, simply because it was carelessly misconceived, and de-vitalized by unreality. Men shall "dig again the old walls that their fathers have digged," and "walk again in the old ways," when they find that it was the chaff of words without life—the incrustations of a too formal and rigid theology, that made the one too shallow, and the rubbish of empty forms and the weeds of tangled misconceptions that encumbered the other. We have already an earnest of what is coming in the greatly increased interest in spiritual things, which presents a striking contrast to the comparative indifference that prevailed only a few years ago. It is no longer necessary to speak of these most important of all matters apologetically, and in the most distant allusions. A shadowy, formal, half-hearted Christianity—

the most fruitful source of misconception and error—must be more and more crowded out, for men will find that, if they would retain their Christianity, they must hold it with a firm and a realizing grasp—and be infinitely benefited thereby. Already this has happened to many. Not only is it believed that during the last five years, owing to the remarkable "revivals" that have occurred in various parts of the world, sometimes *with*, and sometimes *without special* human instrumentality—there have been more conversions to vital Christianity than during the previous ten; but, while some men have, to our inexpressible regret, been losing their faith in perplexity and bewilderment, numbers of Christians are living out a firmer, happier, more realizing faith than they ever knew before—enjoying a fuller victory over sin, and waging a more determined war with evil in every form. The present season of doubt and darkness to many, may be, in God's wise counsels, but the darkness before the breaking of a brighter dawn; but of this we may be sure, that the fuller light of the future will be but a development of all that is essential in Christianity;* just as Christianity itself was but a development of the faith of Patriarch and Prophet. So long as human nature remains what it is; so long as men suffer from the piercing sorrows of life, from the bondage of sin and the agony of an awakened conscience, so long must they find their only hope and satisfying rest in a faith that shows Divine Love descending into the suffering that we might be raised out of the sin and the suffering, with purified and pacified conscience, into a blessedness greater than heart can conceive.

These preliminary remarks have been called forth by the introduction and peroration of the article in question. We shall now proceed to consider the more special objections to prayer.

The first of these objections is, that the writer considers aspiration and prayer to be different things, and thinks that aspiration fulfils itself. Now, in the first place, we do

* What St. Augustine wrote fifteen centuries ago, many writers of the present day do not seem to know or comprehend. "What is now called the Christian religion has existed among the ancients, and was not absent from the beginning of the human race, until Christ came in the flesh, from which time the true religion, which existed already, began to be called Christian."

not admit the validity of the distinction ; we think that true prayer *includes both* aspiration and petition. In the next place, while we believe that "they that hunger and thirst for righteousness shall be filled," yet we know from the experience of thousands, that a man may and often *does* long for purity, and yet feels that he is infinitely, hopelessly far from it, that by his own exertions and aspirations he can never attain it. Fasting, vigils, mortifications, penances, whether of monk or Brahmin, all bear testimony to the fact that the most earnest aspirations *cannot* raise a man to purity and righteousness ; *cannot* free him from the corruption of his nature ; that "the just shall *live by faith.*" In the next place, when a desire for "moral or spiritual good" is expressed in "aspiration," that aspiration is surely addressed to an object, whether that object be called an "Unseen Power," or by any other name. Does then, this unseen power, which is presumably the source of all spiritual good, answer our aspirations in any way ? If so, it has really answered *petition*. If not, we were in error in uttering an *aspiration* towards it. The good has come not from it, but must have been innate in us. Then, if growth in holiness is a result of aspiration or petition to the "Unseen Power," and there is no such power, then growth in holiness is based on a lie—which is of course absurd. But if there is such a power, and if there exists even a spiritual relation between us and Him, we must suppose His acting upon our spirits. But *man is a unity*. If our spirits are affected our whole beings are affected. And if we are affected, circumstances are affected, for we to a certain extent control circumstances. And the word "circumstances" is just another name for temporal things. Our spiritual and temporal life are often so completely interwoven that a distinction is fanciful. The spiritual is the higher, and therefore we should pray chiefly for the spiritual, praying *alwa vs*, "Thy will be done." But such resignation is by no means incompatible with prayer or effort, either in the spiritual or the temporal region.

In so far as the objections stated in the article in question refer to the relation of prayer to Natural Law, the present writer would refer the author to the Burney Prize Essay of Mr. Romanes, entitled "Christian Prayer and General Laws ;" the *appendix* to which, *alone*, was the basis of the former

article, which was not so much directed against the argument founded on the scientific conception of law, as against the inconsistencies of writers who deny the legitimacy of prayer in the physical, while conceding it in the spiritual. In this Essay, which is well worthy of an attentive perusal, Mr. Romanes—himself a thorough student of natural science—discusses the relations of prayer to natural laws much more exhaustively than would be possible in a Magazine article, and much more profoundly than an unscientific writer could do. He shows, as it seems very clearly and conclusively, that so great is our ignorance of the reciprocal relations of natural laws, of the very nature of second causes, and of their relation to the intelligent First Cause, that anything we do know affords no reasonable assumption against the belief that the all-controlling First Cause can and does answer the prayers of His creatures in and through what we call "Natural Law."*

It may be remarked, however, that there are two conceptions of the order of the Universe ; one, which seems to have long been formed in many minds, being that God had "in the beginning" imparted to nature a certain order and sequence, and then left it, like a self-directing machine, to proceed in its course without His further care and intervention. The other, which is now maintained by writers who are at once able physiologists and psychologists, and which

* Dr. Chalmers, who, in one of his Astronomical discourses—written more than fifty years ago—asserts the constancy of nature as strongly as any modern physicist could do, thus explains the relation of prayer to this established uniformity : "It is not by a visible movement within the region of human observation, but by an invisible movement in the transcendental region above it, that the prayer is met and responded to. The Supernal Power of the Universe, in immediate contact with the upper extremities of every progression, there put forth an overruling influence which tells and propagates downwards to the lower extremities ; and so, by an agency placed too remote either for the eye of sense, or for all the instruments of science to discover, may God, in answer, if He choose, to prayer, fix and determine every series of events—of which, nevertheless, all that man can see, is but the uniformity of the closing footsteps—a few of the last causes and effects following each other in their wonted order. It is thus that we reconcile all the experience which man has of nature's uniformity with the effect and significance of his prayers to the God of nature. It is thus that, at one and the same time, we live under the care of a presiding God, and among the regularities of a harmonious universe."

seems at once simpler, grander, and more in harmony with the Infinity and Omnipresence of God, is that all we can ever know of the actual material universe around us, is that natural forces (equivalent to *matter* so far as our knowledge goes) are simply manifestations to us of the mind and will of God. This conception makes all external nature a direct revelation, to some extent, of the Infinite First Cause,—the outer garment, so to speak, in which the Invisible Father clothes Himself to our senses. The “laws of nature” are simply His *chosen modes* of action, and the sublime descriptions of the Psalmist are no longer figurative, but almost literal truth: “Who covereth Himself with light as with a garment, who maketh the clouds His chariot, who walketh upon the wings of the wind.” This conception, at least, removes the ideal barrier of a sort of iron framework of “natural law” intervening between us and God,—makes “nature” what it *is*, a mere figure of speech, and suggests, at least, the reasonableness of the belief that while God, for wise reasons, follows a certain uniformity of procedure, He may occasionally, for equally wise reasons, follow a different mode of procedure which we call miracle.*

The author of “Prayer and Modern Thought” considers it only an “enlarged fatalism” to suppose that the two spheres of God’s spiritual and physical government have been adjusted to each other, so as to provide for meeting our needs by what we may call the action of circumstances. Now the question is,—Is the universe order or anarchy? From the supposition that all things are the sport of “chance,” uncontrolled and undirected, we think any thoughtful mind must recoil with horror; while, on the other hand, while believing in a Divine Intelligence foreseeing all events and controlling all issues, while constantly tracing the workings of a “Providence that shapes

our ends” to far better results than we could ever have conceived, our sense of moral responsibility compels us to believe in our own free choice of action. We need not discuss “fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;” problems which, if they did not perplex man in Eden, have done so ever since. But in regard to what are called the physical and spiritual spheres, we may well ask: Are not these two spheres really *one*; inasmuch as both are subject to *one* Being; or is that one sphere controlled by law without regard to that Being, while in the other sphere there is no law at all? Has that Being set the world in motion, while He stands apart to see it go, while, to make up for this exclusion of Himself from the physical, He has denied Himself foreknowledge or foreordination in the spiritual? Apart from this theory being inconceivable, it is unscientific. It is dualistic, also, implying two Gods,—one of nature and one of grace, the one having no control over the arrangements of the other. And we believe—what the objector does not seem to think we do—that every craving of a human soul *has been* provided for, if that soul will take God’s appointed way, though not by any means always by supplying it with the *literal* object of its craving. We are asked to suppose the case of a mother, watching over a sick child, who is supposed to be consoled by two friends, one of whom believes that the issue of the disease depends upon the skilful use of remedies and the strength of the child’s constitution; while the other believes it is under the control of an all-foreseeing and all-disposing God. Now, the idea of a necessary natural sequence of cause and effect, pushed far enough, according to the views of modern physicists, would show the one result just as much determined as the other. We are asked which of these views would seem to a mother the most “hopelessly fatalistic?” We think there are few mothers who would not say with David:—“Let me fall into the hand of God, for His mercies are great, and let me not fall into the hand of man.” We are confident that to any mother’s heart it would be infinitely more consoling to be told that the issue of the disease was under the control of a wise and loving Father, who, though He acts in and through natural laws, has proclaimed Himself the Hearer and Answerer of Prayer; to Whom, while using every means of relief that He has permitted to be

*“A miracle is commonly defined to be a contravention of the laws of nature. More properly speaking, it is only a higher operation of those same laws, in a form hitherto unseen. What we call laws are simply the subordinate expressions of a Will. There are emergencies in which it may be necessary for the Will to assert itself, and become not the mediate, but the immediate antecedent to the consequent. No subordinate agent interposes; simply the First Cause comes in contact with the result. A miracle is the manifestation to man of the voluntariness of Power.”—F. W. ROBERTSON.

known, she might also prefer her earnest prayer, for the success of these means, sure that even if He does not even give her the life of her child, He will give her the felt support of His strengthening love, and enable her to believe that he has guided the event wisely. The difficulty is just the old difficulty, how to reconcile God's sovereignty and man's free-will. But the difficulty is not met by calling God's sovereignty law, nor by ignoring either fact. Both are facts, contrary, but not contradictory. We simply accept both.

The argument which runs through the objections seems to be, in effect, that, as the will of God must be perfectly wise and good, it is presumptuous to hope to affect that will by prayer. But this objection must fall to the ground if, as we believe, on good grounds, to be specified hereafter, *it is the will of God to establish a connexion between prayer and the bestowal of blessings.*

If it be His will to establish a connexion between the prayer and the gift, even though that connexion, owing to His greater wisdom and the purposes of His moral government, may be far from uniform, it would surely be presumptuous arrogance to ignore it. Those things which "God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." The causation may be different from any physical causation that we can conceive of. We know there are many kinds of causation, the nature of which is to us inconceivable, "many things in heaven and earth not dreamt of in our philosophy." At all events, if it be His will to make believing prayer a link in the chain of causation, it is

"Ours not to make reply,
Ours not to reason why,"

but thankfully and reverently to avail ourselves of what is at once a command and a privilege. "In *everything*, by prayer and supplication, let your requests be made known unto God." And in so doing we find "the peace that passeth all understanding," which, we humbly believe, cannot be reached otherwise.

Moreover, they who see the direct hand of God in all that surrounds them, thank Him for every blessing they receive. But if prayer is illegitimate, *so is gratitude*—a conclusion that few, we think, would be willing to arrive at, or think their moral nature raised thereby. There is a colloquial

expression that "what is worth having is worth asking for;" and surely if the request were only the recognition of our child-like dependence, it would be right and proper. But we believe there is more *real* connexion than that.

The immutability of God is another objection against belief in prayer, which the objector seems to think a reversion to "the anthropomorphism of primitive times."* If by that he means, for instance, the time of Noah, he forgets that the teaching of the Scriptures is the same in the Apostles' times as those of Noah; and that that teaching is followed by the great mass of humanity, including the wisest, as we believe, in the "modern world." "There is nothing new under the sun." In "primitive times" there were people who denied the efficacy of prayer just as there are now. And Mr. Tyndall himself professes to be little more than the disciple of Democritus. This objection however, is, curiously enough, urged only against petition for "blessings *not* of a spiritual kind." But there is as great a difficulty involved in petition for spiritual as for physical blessings. In either case, the prayer implies the supposition that it will have an *effect*. It is the same old difficulty that no human mind can solve—how to reconcile God's eternal purpose with our *freedom of action and will*.

When an objector asks us to prove that a prayed for event would have taken place, whether it had been prayed for or not, he is asking what is in *the nature of things* impossible. The realm of the *contingent* is completely beyond our ken. No one can tell how the course of the world's history might have been changed, had one single link,

* The Jews had just as correct ideas of God's immutability as the "modern world," but they were able to see two sides, which many in the modern world do not seem able to do. Where do you get such descriptions of the perfections of Jehovah as in the Bible? "God is not a man that he should repent," is as old as some of the other expressions in which the word "repent" is used as quoted; nor is there any inconsistency between them. The word translated "repent" in these passages has for its primary meaning *simply* that of *sorrow* or *compassion*—not change of purpose, which is quite a distinct word, usually applied to man's repentance. It is simply a strong expression of God's strong compassion for sinning, suffering man—clinging to sin which unrepented of *must* lead to endless misery; the same compassionate love which found its supreme expression in the cross of Christ.

either of physical or human action, been omitted. He seems to think that, because we cannot trace the efficacy of prayer in the uniform safety and prosperity of those who pray, or are prayed for, therefore we may presume it to have no efficacy at all. To this we reply that the very objects prayer is designed to serve—among others the exercise of faith—would be defeated if we could always trace the workings of God's hand in answer to prayer. Any mechanical theory of prayer—any proposal to establish a prayer-gauge, is an utter absurdity. If we believe at all in a providential government by an all-wise ruler, we must expect that many prayers *cannot* have a literal answer, especially as comparatively few ask wisdom "what to pray for as they ought." The objection is simply a new statement of an old problem: "How dieth the wise man?—as the fool." But to our limited vision many things *look* alike which are *not* alike. Our interpretation of God's dealings with individuals must often be wide indeed of the mark. Most readers will remember Parnell's "Hermit," who observed with so much astonishment and horror the inexplicable proceedings of the angel in disguise, until their reasons were revealed to him. The rain *does* "fall on the just and the unjust,"* and it would be a *bribe* to prayer if it did *not*, though we can at least conceive that the rain which blesses the fields of the wicked man may be an answer to the prayers of his Christian neighbour. But "one event happeneth to all." The "righteous" and the "perfect" are destroyed together. Nay, more, we often see the wicked prospering "like a green bay-tree," while the good man is overtaken by a long course of calamity. It is the old puzzle, which wrung the heart of suffering Job, and perplexed the Psalmist and the "Preacher." What then? Shall we conclude that good and evil are alike to a holy God; that the "righteous is forsaken;" that our Heavenly Father does not hear and answer the prayers of His

* "These words were spoken to exemplify the Divine beneficence and long suffering, without the least shadow of implication that they were intended to cover the entirely distinct question as to whether or not the children of God are a greater care to Him than the impious. Indeed, so far as this passage bears upon the subject at all, it clearly tends to the inference that they are so; for if the Lord is merciful even to the impious, much more will he give good gifts to His children who ask Him."—ROMANES.

children? No, surely! But that life here is incomplete and fragmentary; that we see but a small part of God's dealings with man, and of *that* only the outside; that He is dealing with His children in loving wisdom, and answering their prayers in ways far better than they could devise. Very often what seems to us unmitigated evil is but a blessing in disguise. "Whom the Gods love die young," is a saying not without its truth. What seems to us the prematurely cut off life in the ship lost at sea (to take one of the illustrations adduced), may be simply an entrance on an infinitely blessed immortality, without the greater degree of care and suffering which is usually inseparable from a longer life on earth.

But, though we cannot *see*, we have every reason to believe—(as great a certainty as we can have in our present state) and none to doubt—that the heart of the Divine Father responds to every true prayer by *such an answer as is seen by Infinite Wisdom to be fitted to the special needs of the individual suppliant*. And can we expect or conceive of any other kind of answer as possible? Has any one the least right to say that we do not receive an answer because a request is not literally fulfilled? Apply the same test to human relations. When we appeal to a friend for aid in our distress, and instead of the precise aid we asked for, he sends us help in some other form—it may be only in the assurance of his love and sympathy—do we think our appeal *unanswered*? If we *fully trust* our friend, we feel sure, even if his reasons are unexplained, that we have had the best answer he could give us in the circumstances. And can we say that a mother does not *answer* her child's pleading cry, even though she may withhold the dangerous plaything he is longing for, if she hastens to clasp him to her heart, and teach him to forget his disappointment by the love and sympathy he *can* understand, though he could not understand her reasons for withholding the special object of his desire? This is an analogy that we have a Divine warrant for using. "As one that his mother comforteth;" "Like as a father pitieth his children,"—are words most fully realized by those who have passed through the sorest distress. To insist that answers to prayer must always be literal fulfilments of requests, would be to "*invade* and not to *pray*." And there is no failure to

"trust ourselves in God's hands," because we use all possible means for procuring the fulfilment of our legitimate desires, of which means we believe prayer to be one.

It is not quite an accurate statement of the case to say that we believe we should "pray only for such things as, for aught we know, may happen whether we pray or not." Out of the certain and the impossible we cannot possibly tell whether anything may happen or not; but we do not, therefore, remain inactive. The "region of uncertainty" is, undoubtedly, the region of human prayer as it is of human effort. Where we see a thing to be impossible, we neither pray nor labour. A passage in the present writer's original paper has been somewhat unfairly treated. It was said that no one would be "so presumptuous as to pray for the reversal of those conditions of our mortal life, on the uniform action of which all human calculations depend," and we are asked whether every physical law is not "a condition of our mortal life?" But, in the first place, we do not ask for a reversal of any "physical law," and in the next place, of course, what was meant was, that it would be selfish and wicked to pray, for instance, for our own convenience, that either seed-time or harvest might not come,* whereas, it is neither selfish nor wicked to pray for a timely shower or restoration to health, the granting of which, so far as we know, need injure no one. Neither the present writer, nor any one else, has "made it a Christian duty to imitate Elijah," in praying for what was a miraculous or an exceptional cessation of rain. The instance is given by St. James, not to show that we should imitate Elijah in the object of his prayer, but simply

to show that "the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," in the physical as well as the spiritual sphere. We believe that God does not give the special direction and impulse to pray for anything of a miraculous nature except when, for wise reasons, He intends to answer it by a departure from His ordinary mode of procedure; and this is our answer to those who ask why we do not now pray for things we call miraculous. Our Lord Himself worked no needless miracles, and would not cast himself from a pinnacle of the Temple, when tempted to do so for an inadequate or unworthy end. Much more, for His followers to petition for the miraculous, without special direction, outward or inward, would be presumptuous in the extreme. We are told that, in praying for the removal of disease, we wish "that the case may not be left to the action of the ordinary laws of nature." To their undirected, spontaneous action, we certainly do not wish it left; otherwise we should not call in a physician or apply remedies, by which we desire to alter the course of these laws, and probably change the result. If man can thus direct and modify the course of these laws, are we to suppose that God cannot do so, either through these laws themselves, or by a direct act of power? Are we to forget that He can and does "bless human agency for the production of physical effects," or to assert that "God never can or never does use any other agency than that of man to act upon physical causation?" If so, we make at least a very groundless assertion. How often, in disease, does it happen that its course is determined by a seeming "accident," or a train of such. Are we to suppose that He who controls and directs all things has nothing to do with these, because free and responsible human agents may intervene? Sometimes the joy of the sudden presence of a beloved friend has recalled the ebbing tide of life, when all seemed hopeless. There is surely nothing unreasonable, nothing at variance with true science, in believing that He from whom life comes at first, might directly impart to that mysterious principle which we call vitality, sufficient force to enable it to throw off the disease. A well authenticated case is known to the present writer, in which the recovery of a little girl from an apparently hopeless malady was attributed by the at-

* The objection to this distinction "implies the argument that the possibility of prayer being answered does not depend at all on the reasonableness or unreasonableness of the petition, and that a prayer for something which involves the ruin of a world is quite as absurd as a petition for something which, for aught we know, or for anything that is probably true, may be done without any greater disturbance than is produced by any of our own actions in 'changing the existing order.' This argument is against common sense, and is obviously founded solely on the assumption that the reasonableness or unreasonableness of a petition has no bearing whatever on the possibility of its being granted, which possibility is absolutely negated, wherever any physical change is concerned, however small this change may be."—Duke of Argyle, in *Contemporary Review*.

tending physician to the calmness—resulting from spiritual peace—of the patient in prospect of death. It will not be said, we think, that *this* was not a direct gift from the source of spiritual good. Yet, in the opinion of a scientific observer, it altered the *result*. There have been other well authenticated cases also, in which recovery from an apparently hopeless disease has taken place without the intervention of any means save that of prayer. How are such cases received? Generally by some attempt to maintain that there must be some occult cause eluding observation. Anything rather than a recognition of the direct action of God! It was He who knew what was in man who said, "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe though one rose from the dead;" And we know they did not!

If the author of "Prayer and Modern Thought" had read a little more carefully the original article he would have seen that neither the present writer nor Mr. Romanes is responsible for the supposition that "a suggestion darted into the mind of a physician" may be the cause of preserving life,—but the Rev. Mr. Knight, who agrees with him completely in most of his remarks, while he entirely disagrees with him in others.* He would have seen, also, that that passage was quoted by Mr. Romanes from Mr. Knight simply to show that *this admission implies* that "any theory of fore-ordination we can rationally frame must suppose the influence of prayer to have been so pre-related to physical forces that its exercise by man is a means to the accomplishment of physical results." But certainly it is not easy to see what there is either "grotesque" or unreasonable in the supposition that such

* As there seems to be some misunderstanding as to how far the Rev. Mr. Knight's views agree with those of the article in question, the following, extracted from a note appended to his last article in the *Contemporary Review*, will show how far they differ:—"I say again, explicitly and distinctly, that I do not deny (1) the lawfulness of bringing our desires to God for all things whatsoever. On the contrary, I affirm and enforce the duty of doing so. Nor (2) do I deny the legitimacy of petition for physical things, as the *evolution of the divine* and benignant will. On the contrary, I affirm and enforce the duty of doing so. Nor (3) do I deny the legitimacy of petitioning God for the removal of disease, or of all that is interfering with the perfection of terrestrial life. On the contrary, I affirm and enforce the duty of doing so.

a suggestion should come from the source of all light. Anyone who believes in what we call *inspiration* in any sense, even the lowest, must believe in the infusion into the mind of ideas and thoughts which we do not think would have come there in the ordinary course of things.† When, as has often happened, a physician having tried all ordinary remedies in vain, has suggested to him, by mere accident it may be, some simple but unusual remedy, which proves successful, is it unreasonable to suppose that He, without whom a "sparrow falls not to the ground," has ordered that very suggestion? And it *does* happen, not seldom, that the remedy suggested may, owing to some, perhaps, occult peculiarity of the case, be successful in one instance, while it may have no effect at all in others apparently similar. Some Christian physicians have thought it neither unreasonable nor hopeless to make a practice of praying for guidance, and for a blessing on the medicines they administer, and have ascribed much of their success thereto. But no doctor possessing conscience or common sense would lay on Divine Providence the blame of his own culpable carelessness or forgetfulness. Yet on any supposition of an all-knowing, over-ruling Providence, can we say that even *these* are not foreseen and taken into account?

To object that the "direct trace of God's special action" is not seen in answering prayer for the removal of disease, is to complain that He acts there as He does in all things. The voice of all science as of all philosophy is: "Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself." A modern writer, truly says, "God's hidings are revelations, and His revelations are also hidings. Always there is far more concealed than can be made manifest." Nothing short of a direct revelation of Divinity to sense, a thing of which we may well question the possibility, would satisfy those who complain that God, in answer to prayer, acts through what we call "natural causes."

We are asked whether strong faith in prayers would not have a tendency to supersede the use of means. Certainly the fact

† "We breathe with regularity, and can calculate upon the strength necessary for common tasks. But the record of our best work, and of our happiest moments, is always one of success which we did not expect, and of enthusiasm which we could not prolong."—RUSKIN.

is, that it *does not*; that they who most truly believe in prayer, as a means appointed by God, are ordinarily they who are most diligent in the use of other means, which, also, they believe to be appointed by Him. That there are one-sided fanatics in this, as in all other matters, proves only what we know already—that there are people devoid of common sense. We are asked, also, if “the nations whose faith in prayer and in the miraculous generally is strongest, are not precisely the ones that show least self-reliance and energy.” Certainly not! There is no people among whom the first-named quality is stronger than in the Scottish people, and none is more proverbially remarkable for the two last. The same may be said of the Scandinavian nations generally. And what people have been more remarkable for self-reliance and energy than the Jews? On the other hand, we never see less of those than among a certain class of English emigrants, whose minds seem absolutely dead to anything that rises above sense.

We think it a perfectly reasonable and valid distinction that we should not pray for things which we see clearly to be against God’s will; while we may, and should pray for things which we have *no* reason to suppose He may not be willing to grant. Yet, because it was admitted that a clearer vision *might* show us His will in some things in which we do not now know it, and because it is *supposed* that “the science of meteorology will probably be placed upon a new basis, with vastly increased powers of prediction”—*therefore* prayers for rain or sunshine are likely to be proved unreasonable. We certainly think this is *supposing* a good deal! We know that the regular rotation of the earth, for example, is according to the will of God, because it is constant and invariable, and cannot, in any wise, be affected by human agency. But we have *no* such knowledge respecting the coming of a drought or of a shower. On the contrary, we know that the conditions on which rain and sunshine depend are constantly affected by the action of man. If, as Mr. Knight says, “the fluctuations of the weather between two seconds of time are rigorously determined by law,” that “law” must take into account the action of man, voluntary and involuntary, which to us at least must make the result infinitely uncertain. The currents of air on which atmospheric phenomena depend are

affected by man’s instrumentality and machinery, to a large extent. And not only can he alter to a considerable extent, the disposition of water over the earth’s surface, by aqueducts, reservoirs, canals, &c., but we know that the very climatic conditions of a country are often changed by his action; that by denuding whole regions of their forests, both droughts and floods are not seldom produced. By his action, also, the causes which produce pestilence are often modified or removed. Shall we then say that phenomena which are so infinitely plastic towards *man*—are absolutely rigid toward their all-powerful originator; and knowing what this century, in particular, has revealed of the infinitude of His resources, shall we dare to say that a drought, a flood, a cyclone, or a pestilence could, in the *nature of things*, be none other than it has been? If any one does say so, he is evidently making an assertion of the nature and grounds of which he knows nothing—which need not, therefore, be taken into account. True, we know that man, in the modifications referred to, acts in and through natural causes, (we believe God does so, also); and we know that we do not need to suppose any *after-thought* in the plan of an all-foreseeing God. But this is a region to which, as we have said before, our thoughts cannot rise. We are only at present showing the unreasonableness of the *assumption* that such events have an *inherent fixity* which places them out of relation to prayer, and to the *present* action of God. And, as we have said before, it is the region of uncertainty, in which we cannot beforehand know God’s will, that is the region of both prayer and effort. We do not strive to effect the impossible, or to pray for it, and we cannot tell whether we shall accomplish all, or nearly all, that we work or pray for. But are we, therefore, *not to try*?

The allusion to the subject of famines and pestilences in the original article was suggested, not “by the exigencies of a theory,” but by a consideration of what we know of God’s dealings with man, *especially* as these are unfolded in Revelation. To this latter, objection is taken because the objector thinks that the punishment, in some cases, was disproportionate to the offence. So many have thought with regard to the punishment that followed Adam’s sin. But man is not the Judge. God knows what sin deserves. Further, he considers it wrong

that the people should suffer for the sin of their sovereign, or posterity for the sin of their ancestors. But is it not the fact in Providence that both these things happen every day? And is not the Bible the mirror of Providence? Constantly are we forced to say, "Thy judgments are a great deep." But we can say *as* surely, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" But while we cannot always *understand* God's judgments, this does not preclude us from believing in the *remedial* intention of suffering, whether national or individual. Surely it is more compatible with a belief in a benevolent controller of the Universe to suppose that material calamities may bring moral blessings, than that they are mere chance, causeless, purposeless suffering! We are solemnly warned against setting down any special judgment to specially flagrant sin. "Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all other Galileans?" But while we are not to decide upon the *why* in any particular case, we certainly may believe, generally, that God has a gracious purpose in *all*, and that no afflicted nation has either no need of the affliction, or receives no benefit from it. That, in some cases, God's chastisements do seem to harden is the fault of the perverseness of man—not of the loving purpose of God. Sunshine and darkness are both good for the living, they only hasten the corruption of the dead. A child is benefited by gifts and by correction. The rebel heart is hardened by both. That the remedial purpose of such judgments should not be recognised by the ordinary press is not at all surprising. The strong tendency of ordinary unspiritual thought, whether ancient or "modern," is never to look beyond second causes.

Objection is taken that when men are led by temporal judgments to look to God for help, the appeal is still a selfish one, and so cannot produce spiritual good. To this we reply that even the upward look is something—that any recognition of God is more hopeful than the hardened disregard that takes the gifts as matters of course without a thought of the Giver. It is true that we reap as we have sown, but it is also true that we reap much that we have *not* sown—that we continually "enter into other men's labours," and that God leads us "by a way that we knew not." It is no "sowing"

of ours that surrounds us, from our birth, with unearned, undeserved blessings, and from no "sowing" of our own comes even the impulse to seek spiritual blessing. "No man can come to me except the Father draw him." And yet—"whosoever *will* let him come!" It is a paradox. So must many things be paradoxes that we cannot fully comprehend. How much of a loving father's treatment of his children must be paradoxical to them at present! But the history of many will testify that they have begun by seeking earnestly some lower blessing, and have ended by finding some blessing which they had *not* consciously sought, and infinitely higher than they could have conceived.

When Mr. Romanes said that, of two petitioners, each of whom might pray for the same object, each prays "that what on the whole is best may be done," he, of course, means those who add "*Thy will be done*," and who, knowing their short-sightedness, are willing even that the special request made may be denied, if that is seen by a higher wisdom to be the best. And the disappointed one, if his prayer be a true one, will have given to him a sense of rest and acquiescence in the event which he will feel a real answer to his prayer. We may observe, also, that the expression "*Thy will be done*," is a real prayer when it is an earnest expression of real desire. It is moreover not only a prayer that God will do his own will, but that men also may be brought to do it. And if God graciously permits us to be fellow-workers with him in *action*, in bringing about this great result, why not in prayer also?

It is undoubtedly true that the more spiritually-minded men become the more will spiritual blessings be *chiefly* sought in prayer—the more will they pray in the spirit of acquiescence in the Divine Will, and *thus* more truly "in the name of Christ." But that is no reason why any one should seek to divide our nature* or needs, or to restrict

* "Specially the Redeemer of the soul, he was yet more emphatically the Saviour of the body. He 'taught the people,' but He did not neglect to multiply the loaves and fishes."—F. W. ROBERTSON. The present writer has not been able to find any passage in which F. W. Robertson maintains the spiritual to be the *only* sphere of prayer. With the above and other passages such a position would be at least inconsistent.

our prayers, or "limit the Holy One of Israel." And while we pray always in a spirit of *submission*, we are *not* called upon to extinguish any natural innocent desire, apart from our acquiescence in the result. The instinct to express our needs in prayer is truer than the unnatural passiveness of ancient Stoic or modern Turk or quietist. Christianity does not call upon us to

"Wind ourselves too high
For mortal man beneath the sky ;"

but deals with us as we *are*—conscious of many longing desires that it is an infinite relief to bring to a Father "able and willing to help us." In some future state we may have every separate individual desire ab-

sorbed in the will of God. But this we are not required to do yet by Him who leads us as we can bear it. "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." If any one feels he has nothing to pray for, we can hardly expect him to pray—however desirable it may be that he should. But to those who feel that they *have* much to pray for, it is an unspeakable comfort to know that "in everything we may make our requests known unto God." And we have the warrant of the example of Him who was as truly man as He was truly God: "*If it be possible*, let this cup pass from me! *Nevertheless*, not as I will, but as *Thou wilt!*"

A LOVE SONG.

AS an imprisoned lark set free
Soars up to Heaven with joyous strain
Till, lost to sight, his rapturous trill
Falls in a shower of music rain,
Then with one loud impassioned burst
His full heart breaks! his song is done,
And sinking down to earth again,
He sobs his life out 'neath the sun—

Even so I lying at thy feet,
Would sing my love in ardent strain,
Pouring my full heart out in song,
In hope one favouring smile to gain ;
And if I died from joy's excess
Beneath the sun of love like thine,
I'd deem the power of Heaven to bless
Could give no bliss to equal mine.

CANADIAN NATIONALITY AND ITS OPPONENTS.

BY WILLIAM NORRIS, INGERSOLL.

IT may be asserted, as almost indisputable, that all changes in established governments necessarily affect the material interests of a large class or classes of individuals. No system of government can be in existence for any length of time without creating such interested classes. The officials receiving salaries from a Government, those who have formed expectations from having supported it, and numbers who enjoy social and political prestige by being connected with its members, are all interested in its existence. Besides these classes, however, there is the more numerous one which actually enjoys the power. After a struggle of half a lifetime power is sweet. No one knows what the reformer has to pass through but the man who has occupied that position. At first, he experiences nothing worse than social ostracism; but as he is generally a man who has never-failing resources in himself, he does not mind this much. As he succeeds and obtains strength, this is followed by dislike, then come bitter hate and oppression, abuse and ridicule; his dearest feelings are lacerated, and he is attacked in every relation that he holds most sacred. It not unfrequently happens that his very means of living are attempted to be taken away. No wonder that power is sweet to the man who has passed through such an ordeal, and has arrived at the goal of his desires, and that he should fiercely resent any attempt to weaken his position. All the feelings of his nature are gratified; he sees those who despised him at his feet, and he can deal out the same ruthless contempt upon those from whom he received his bitterest pangs. This is to many a pleasure, but it is nothing to that derived from a gratified vanity. All the predictions which have been laughed at and ridiculed, have become living realities; and a full consciousness of personal power adds to the charm on which a man lives, who has conquered all difficulties and attained the object of his ambition. Where it happens,

as it sometimes does, that one man enjoys all the pleasures and honours of power, while all the labours and responsibilities are borne by others, it enhances immensely the pleasures of the position. All the means within their power are used by such men in their own support; and the means of coercion, intimidation, and reward, which are in the power of even the smallest Government, are very great; and hence the advantages which every Government has over its opponents, who generally have nothing but a sentiment to offer against so many material interests. Hence, while over eight-tenths of the population of Canada are native born, the number of native Canadians, or men imbued with Canadian sentiments, in power, are very few.

There is another large class of the Canadian people which will always be opposed to Nationalists. These are the natives of England. The glory of their country is enhanced wonderfully by having a country like Canada as an appendage; and it would be correspondingly reduced by a separation of the two countries. No doubt the feeling which prompts this opposition is the same as that which actuates Nationalists. It is the same feeling with a different object; and is, like that of the Nationalist, perfectly justifiable, as no doubt this common sentiment of patriotism arises from circumstances—birth and education—over which individuals have no control; and this fact ought to create tolerance instead of bigotry and dislike.

Having regard, therefore, to these reasons, it is not surprising that Canadian Nationality should have a large number of opponents in Canada. This opposition comes as a matter of course, and Nationalists should be and are prepared to accept it. They expect to have their motives questioned, their objects misrepresented, and their characters assailed; but they also expect that this shall be done in decent language, at least, as

befits the times. Those who defend vested interests, under the character of advocates of a United Empire, should not present so great a contrast between the vastness of their subject and the smallness and scurrility of their language. "Traitor," "rebel," "nuisance," will only excite contempt, in the breast of every right-thinking man, instead of conviction; not to speak of the estimate formed of the character of the writer who adopts such a style. As the world advances, all revolutions become more decent; and we have good reason to hope that a different class of men is getting interested in the Canadian question.

Among these many signs that a different style of writing is approaching among the anti-nationalists, is a paper which appeared in the July and August numbers of the *Canadian Monthly*, by Mr. Jehu Matthews. While the remains of the old style are noticeable in this paper, it is happily free from the glaring coarseness which disfigures the writings, and lessens the influence of other men. This gentleman is to be congratulated on being the first "anti" to inaugurate such a style. His nativity may possibly be a reason for it; but it is nevertheless no less pleasing to think that we are indebted to a Canadian for the change.

In the opening part of that paper, a good many speculations are indulged in with regard to the meaning of the expression, "Canada First." There is not much difficulty in ascertaining the meaning which the advocates of Independence attach to this expression, as their position is unmistakable. There is no standing ground between the "Liberals" of Canada and the advocates of Independence. Hence, as free discussion spreads national principles, and removes timidity, all those who adopt the motto, "Canada First," must sooner or later avow their belief in Independence. There is therefore, no necessity for the present writer to notice the first part of the paper.

As to the general argument in the paper, respecting the danger arising to Canada from her proximity to the United States, facts are against the theory. The United States never forcibly annexed an alien people. They have purchased, conquered, and absorbed territory, but never a people. They did not conquer Texas, they absorbed it. There was no nationality in that State, and, as a consequence, when it obtained the

power, it joined the Union to obtain the material benefits the Union could give. California and Alaska may be said to have been uninhabited when acquired, as modern diplomacy does not take into account the wishes of the aborigines. There is no attempt made to acquire Cuba, although it could be done with the consent of all civilized states; and only the other day we find the American people expressing their strong opposition to the admission of an alien people into their Union in refusing to annex St. Domingo, contrary to the strongest efforts of their own powerful executive.

If it was the settled policy of the United States, previous to the civil war, not to receive alien or disaffected peoples into the Union—which can be easily proven—one can easily understand why they refuse now to do so. They have just conquered more than a third of their own people, not by the works of peace and good-will, but with fire and sword, and all the horrors of a dreadful war. As a consequence, a hate has arisen between the two sections which will take a hundred years to allay. If the Americans were at war with a foreign power now, it is more than probable that the South would again take up arms. It is almost certain that they would not oppose another landing at New Orleans. Indeed, a large portion of the American army is still required to preserve order and keep down disaffection in the Southern States. Under these circumstances it would be madness for the Americans to forcibly add 3,000,000 of disaffected people to the north of them to the Union, and it is utterly impossible to suppose they would do it; or that the state of the South would enable them to attempt it, until such time as Canada would be able to successfully defend herself. Indeed, their recent conduct with respect to St. Domingo, Cuba, and the Sandwich Islands, gives no reason to suppose that there would be any desire to make such an attempt.

This is where the great mistake is made by anti-nationalists. They either make a mistake in terms, or they purposely beg the question. Nationalists scarcely ever speak of conquest. They know there never would be any necessity for it on the part of the United States. If there were no feeling but that for England to prevent it, the Americans could offer us such advantages as would induce three-fourths of the Canadian people

to advocate annexation to-morrow. Nationalists, consequently, address themselves continually to the question of absorption; and their opponents either avoid the issue, or consider conquest and absorption equivalent terms, when the words have totally different meanings. It is true that some of their opponents affect to pooh-pooh this idea of absorption, and say it is a mere bugbear which can have no existence so long as there is British connection. Without, however, going into the first principles which affect this question, and which are attempted to be set out in my pamphlet on the "Canadian Question," a few remarks are necessary. In astronomy, all theories are capable of being demonstrated. For instance, a theory is enunciated as to the progress of a certain comet in a given direction; actual measurement is afterwards made, and the distance travelled is found correct. Let us apply this same rule to Canada. From the principles stated in the pamphlet mentioned, the conclusion is drawn that "the absorption of Canada by the United States, unless something be done to prevent it, is only a question of time." Now let us glance back and measure the distance, if any, travelled. Responsible government should not be taken as an advance, as that is the normal condition of British subjects; but every improvement since that was conceded, is a step towards the United States. For instance, the separation of church and state, and the secularization of the clergy reserves, are American ideas. Our municipal system is taken from the Americans; we have only improved it a little by adding the County Council. Our school system is American; and our currency and decimal system are taken from them. Our system of public roads, and the laying out of public land, with its settlement, are American. Our federal system of government is confessedly American; and so is our election by ballot; and if any thing further were wanting to shew whither we are drifting, the projected change in our Senate is conclusive. This change, the principle of which has been acknowledged by our House of Commons, is clearly after the American model, the only difference being the equal number of representatives from the American States in their Senate.

Again, by the recent postal arrangements between Canada and the United States, the principle is admitted that convenience

and economy are objects to be attained. Hence, a Canadian postage stamp prepays a letter to any part of the United States. Hence the abolition of scores of custom houses and offices, and hence one government for both countries. We have now a postal union, what is to hinder a commercial union, and after that a political one?

Will any sensible man examine these things, and say Canada is not advancing towards the United States? Assuredly not. Now, Nationalists ask, where is the centripetal force? and their opponents say British connection or a federal empire. Why, all this advance has been made while you are claiming that Canada is an integral portion of the empire, England. Why, many of these American ideas—the ballot for instance—have been forced upon us through England; and if a large number of people there had their way, we should be given over altogether to our neighbours. The remarks of Sir Charles Dilke, in his "Greater Britain," respecting Canadians, show what his school of politicians think best for Canada. It is to be feared that Canada is leaning on a broken reed if she depends on the English connection as a means of preserving her own autonomy. There is a good deal of fervour in England just now under the reign of a Tory government, but it will not last long. Grenville will shortly be in power again, and the whole tone will be changed.

Now, if being an integral portion of the British Empire will not prevent this advance, how is the connection of the Federal Empire to prevent it? It may again, therefore, be said, that "Independence would create a nationality which would unite the people as one man against all encroachments of the United States, and effectually prevent the *absorption* of the country by that power."

Mr. Mathews is a little incensed at the expression in the "Canadian Question," that people betray their adopted country when a question arises between that and their native land. The facts stated in the pamphlet may or may not justify such an opinion; but how does the fact that there are five native Canadians—or for that matter five hundred—to one foreign-born, disprove it, or even affect it. Evidently what Mr. Mathews means is, that no matter what may be the opinion of foreigners, their number,

in comparison with that of native Canadians, is such as to make them powerless. Again, facts are against him. Who are "at home," attending state balls and associating with dukes and earls on the strength of their power over Canadians? Two *Scotchmen*, who by force of party organization have arrived at the top. The number of Canadians, or men imbued with Canadian sentiments, in power in Canada, could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and these are pointed at as if they had committed some crime in loving their native land better than one three thousand miles away. This state of things must continue so long as Canadians allow the machinery of party to make them the mere tools of designing men. Another reason for it is the fact that all our institutions of learning are in the hands of foreigners, who crush all free thought out of our young men, or make of them, by their teaching, Englishmen, born in Canada. In the most despotic of countries—Germany and Russia—we find the germs of free thought permeating all the universities, and throwing light on the darkness that envelops the land; while in "democratic" Canada the universities are simply extinguishers in the hands of anti-nationalists. What is the consequence? An intellectual dearth pervades the country; men are afraid of shadows; and a mean, despicable tyranny crushes out all free thought and speech. Witness even Mr. Mathews's own interesting book by "a Colonist."

Mr. Mathews says that spoils won from independent Canada would be just as valuable as those won from England in Canada. There is not much probability, however, of a Canadian Alabama preying upon American commerce, nor is there any reason to fear that, with a boundary well and carefully laid down, and acknowledged by the United States, any difficulty would arise between the two countries not susceptible of amicable adjustment, if the irritating influence of British superiority and British aristocratic hate were taken away, especially considering the time required by the States to pacify the South.

The most ingenious of Mr. Mathews's arguments remains to be considered. It is asserted in the "Canadian Question" that the political position of Canada prevents immigration, and figures are given to prove the assertion. Mr. Mathews states that it

is not the political position that gives the difference in favour of the Western States, but other causes, and cites the case of Australia, a country in a colonial position, which has increased in population greater than any of the Western States mentioned in the pamphlet. Mr. Mathews, unfortunately, fails to remark the discovery of gold in Australia, or doing so, to contrast the rate of increase with that of the State of California, a country in analogous circumstances, not mentioned in the pamphlet. Nationalists are content to compare the progress of Australia, before the discovery of gold, with that of any Western State, except California, during the same time, and they have no fear of the result.

He also stated, as an argument against the statement that the colonial position prevents the investment of capital, that there are \$85,798,000 of the debt of Canada payable in London. This sum is not much in London. He failed to say the amount of British Capital loaned to the United States Government, not to speak of the State debts and the innumerable private enterprises built up by English money. If it were possible to learn this sum, the amount of British capital in Canada would appear utterly insignificant. In the future, owing to the late investigation by Sir Henry James, British capitalists may be more careful; but, heretofore, it is a notorious fact that Provincial governments stood no chance in the English money market as against the most feeble independent power.

If all this be correct, if Canada can support Independence, and if it be the interest of England to see her independent, then why do you prove recreant to your principles, asks Mr. Mathews, by wanting a guarantee. No one proves recreant to national principles by wishing a guarantee; nor is there any contradiction in England's being interested in Canadian freedom, and also being willing to give a guarantee. Canada is able to support Independence in her ordinary freedom from attack; but no one knows what the exigencies of States may require. Her ordinary freedom from attack enables Mexico to support Independence, although her people are not so capable of self-government as Canadians; but no such ordinary freedom could protect her against such an event as the French invasion to enthrone Maximilian. Such an event is not likely to happen to Canada; but nevertheless,

Nationalists would like to make assurance doubly sure. Again, Nationalists want no quarrel with any of their countrymen. The fustian that is uttered by anti-national papers, about supporting British connection, "even at the sword's point," is all thrown away. It is the "lip loyalty" uttered by gentlemen, snug in their homes in Toronto, while Nationalists are going through the military schools, catching disease in cadet camps, or defending their country on the frontier. If it be possible, all classes of Canadians must be brought by argument to see the necessity for the change desired. The English guarantee would leave the present connection almost untouched, while it would enable us to develop a nationality that would defy absorption, and ultimately conquest. The only control that England now has over Canada, is the direction of her foreign policy. She would have the same control by the guarantee. England directs the foreign policy of Belgium. This guarantee system, if properly explained, would, it is believed, satisfy the legitimate desire of Englishmen to remain connected with England, while Nationalists do not desire Independence without it. This cannot be obtained without the free consent of England. Therefore the grandiloquent appeal to the sword will never be necessary, although it is questionable if the men who talk about it would ever make it if it were. There is no danger of civil war in Canada: Canada will require the assistance of all her sons to work out her national salvation.

Again, if England desires to see Canada independent, why should she give a guarantee? Assuming that she does desire it, the present helpless condition of the country is an assurance that by giving it up she would only be handing it over to her rival, the United States. Whereas, by fostering it under a guarantee for twenty years, she would have the assurance of having made an ally for all time, while she would prevent it from increasing the power of her formidable rival. The question might be put in this manner: Would it be better to have a dependency helplessly hanging on to England for all time, embarrassing her movements, and preventing her free action with the United States; or to give a guarantee for its independence for twenty, or even forty years, which guarantee might never cost her a cent? It might happen that England would be forced,

in the interest of Canada, to give up the connection. The *Times* says that the advance of Russia from the east on India is inevitable; and that all that England can do is to prepare to meet her with all the resources of the Empire. If, when the struggle came, the United States should choose the time to pick a quarrel with England, there would be no other resource for England than to cast off Canada and defy the States. If that time comes, and there be no national feeling in Canada, she will surely share the fate of Texas. England might, therefore, reasonably desire Canadian Independence, and at the same time give the guarantee.

But Mr. Mathews says such a guarantee is not attainable; though he does not say why. Aliens in manners, race, language, and customs, like the Belgians, can get a guarantee; but British subjects cannot, although the *Standard* says that Canada would be defended by England like Kent. It is said that, independent, Canada could embarrass England by declaring war; but that is impossible, as she would always, like Belgium, have to consult England on her foreign policy.

Again, it is urged that Belgian independence was guaranteed because an attack on England might be apprehended from Antwerp or the Scheidt. Who would have made the attack?—Holland! No other power could. Before the British guarantee was given, Holland was the kingdom to which Belgium belonged, and there was not a question about the integrity of that kingdom, or its power to protect its neutrality. From what Mr. Greville says of the transaction in his Memoirs, it would seem that the guarantee was given in order to make a stable throne for an able and politic prince who had been the husband of a British princess, and who was a near relative of the Queen. The Canadian people, no doubt, could present considerations as weighty to sustain their application. As to there being more than one guarantee, there may be; but it is only nominal. The whole brunt of protection fell upon England, in obtaining treaties from Prussia and France during the late war.

Another very important circumstance is in favour of Canada. The Belgian guarantee is for all time; no such guarantee is wanted for Canada. Twenty-five years under

Independence would put Canada in such a position as not to require it; and what is twenty-five years in the life of a nation? And if Canada would be defended, like Kent, by England, surely such a guarantee would be given. However, this will never be known to a certainty until it is asked for and refused. When this is done, it will be then time to consider seriously the suggestion of Mr. Mathews and some others, to return to Downing Street rule, for this is what Imperial Federation really means.

It is asked what advantages, over what we have now, a guaranteed independence would give us, if we would have to consult England on our foreign policy? It would do the same thing for Canada that it is doing for Belgium. It prevents Belgium from being absorbed by France or Germany; it would prevent Canada from being absorbed by the United States. It would preserve Canadian territory, as there would be no losses sustained by the United States at the hands of Canadians to be paid for by Canadian territory; it would induce immigration, by enabling Canada to offer citizenship and a national status to all who came to her shores; it would induce the investment of capital by lessening the chances of Canada being made the theatre of a devastating war; it would stimulate progress and enterprise as it does in Belgium, by giving the inhabitants of Canada self-reliance and protection to their industry, as there would be no "Mother Country" to shut out; and, lastly, it would build up a nation, strong and powerful, that would not only secure freedom and happiness to its own people, but ultimately to millions of the human race.

So long as Mr. Mathews confines himself to practical measures he is strong and definite, but the moment he touches Imperial Federation he becomes hazy and nebulous. The writer must candidly confess that on this subject Mr. Mathews eludes his grasp. It seems almost self-evident that Imperial Federation involves one of two things—either England must give up her sovereignty and assume a secondary position, or Canada must return to Downing Street rule. This is admitted. In the necessary measures mentioned in the paper, Mr. Mathews says, "The Colonies should be left in possession of the local self-government at present enjoyed by them; and that means be taken to

secure the same privileges to the British Islands." It may not be irrelevant to suggest that we might give them a guarantee. Again, "That the Federal Legislature should succeed to all the prerogatives now enjoyed by the Imperial Parliament, excepting only those granted to the body or bodies appointed to legislate for the local governments of the British Islands." A guarantee is not attainable, but in the interests of Canada, the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain, that claims an existence of five hundred years, that is the proudest body in existence and the most jealous of its privileges, will give up all its Imperial powers, and render itself subject to a House largely composed of despised "Colonists!" Clearly Imperial Federation is not a dream; for very few dreams are so absurd. And then, after we have convinced England of the necessity of such an arrangement, we have also to convince Canada, and three or four more colonies. If Mr. Mathews will be good enough to refer to Mr. Bright's reply to an Irish Home Ruler, he will find a full answer to his proposition.

Then, if England will not give up her Imperial powers, what next is necessary in order to carry out the scheme of the Imperialists? Very opportunely, England again furnishes an answer in another book, entitled the "Great Game." In this scheme of federation, a council is constituted to secure free trade, and to seize and confiscate any money obtained by any colony through levying customs duties. Is any system like this possible for Canada? Any sensible man, not to speak of a patriotic Canadian, must say it is utterly impossible. Even the writer of that book excludes Canada from his imaginary despotism. The rule of Downing Street in Canada was, happily, destroyed during the last generation of Canadians, and will this generation render naught what was then accomplished? These gentlemen, with their talk about an impossibility, and the offers of individuals, anxious for knighthoods and Imperial honours, to share the burdens of the Empire, may again induce the Imperial Government to attempt things in regard to Canada which proved so disastrous just one hundred years ago. Do they want a scene for their ambition, an object for their enthusiasm, scope for their federalising abilities? Let them turn their eyes to a country stretching

from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, endowed by nature with everything which can make a great nation. Let them take a bird's-eye view of this grand territory, and see on its extreme verge a small colony whose people are divided by different religions, different governments, and different races, having scarcely anything in common, and at present hanging together by a mere thread. Here is work for you, gentlemen, worthy of the noblest of you. Help to do away with the foolish passions that separate the people, and the men who influence those passions to further their own selfish designs. Soften the asperities which antagonistic races in the same country engender. In a word, federate your own country, and when that is done, you can then, with justice, and not before, turn your attention to others. As to the future of our country, its destiny is unalterably fixed—whether for good or

ill depends on ourselves. Mr. Gladstone is reported to have said, in one of his speeches, that the laws which tend to the formation of states are not under the control of the English House of Commons. Neither are they under the control of Canadians. We cannot change them one jot or tittle. We may by our own exertions accelerate the time of their full fruition, and anti-nationalists may delay that time, or by weakening our self-reliance throw us into the maelstrom which surges to the south of us. But it is the plain duty of all Nationalists to work on with full faith in their work, content in the hope that, if not themselves, their children shall enjoy the fruits of their labours, and behold their dreams fully realized in seeing our country, strong in the love of all her children, take her place with credit among the independent nations of the world.

 AT PARTING.

FOR a day and a night Love sang to us, played with us,
 Folded us round from the dark and the light ;
 And our hearts were fulfilled of the music he made with us,
 Made with our hearts and our lips while he stayed with us,
 Stayed in mid passage his pinions from flight
 For a day and a night.

From his foes that kept watch with his wings had he hidden us,
 Covered us close from the eyes that would smite,
 From the feet that had tracked and the tongues that had chidden us,
 Sheltering in shade of the myrtles forbidden us,
 Spirit and flesh growing one with delight
 For a day and a night.

But his wings will not rest and his feet will not stay for us :
 Morning is here in the joy of its might ;
 With his breath has he sweetened a night and a day for us ;
 Now let him pass, and the myrtles make way for us ,
 Love can but last in us here at its height
 For a day and a night.

THE CLERGYMAN'S CONFESSION.*

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND PART.

CHAPTER VI.

THE stranger made his appearance punctually. I guessed him to be some two or three years younger than myself. He was undeniably handsome; his manners were the manners of a gentleman—and yet, without knowing why, I felt a strong dislike to him the moment he entered the room.

After the first preliminary words of politeness had been exchanged between us, my visitor informed me as follows of the object which he had in view.

“I believe you live in the country, sir,” he began.

“I live in the West of England,” I answered.

“Do you make a long stay in London?”

“No. I go back to my rectory to-morrow.”

“May I ask if you take pupils?”

“Yes.”

“Have you any vacancy?”

“I have one vacancy.”

“Would you object to let me go back with you to-morrow, as your pupil?”

The abruptness of the proposal took me by surprise. I hesitated.

In the first place, (as I have already said), I disliked him. In the second place, he was too old to be a fit companion for my other two pupils—both lads in their teens. In the third place, he had asked me to receive him at least three weeks before the vacation came to an end. I had my own pursuits and amusements in prospect during that interval, and saw no reason why I should inconvenience myself by setting them aside.

He noticed my hesitation, and did not conceal from me that I had disappointed him.

“I have it very much at heart,” he said, “to repair without delay the time that I have lost. My age is against me, I know. The truth is, I have wasted my opportunities since I left school, and I am anxious, honestly anxious, to mend my ways before it is too late. I wish to prepare myself for one of the universities; I wish to show, if I can, that I am not quite unworthy to inherit my father’s famous name. You are the man to help me, if I can only persuade you to do it. I was struck by your sermon yesterday; and, if I may venture to make the confession in your presence, I took a strong liking to you. Will you see my father before you decide to say No? He will be able to explain whatever may seem strange in my present application; and he will be happy to see you this afternoon if you can spare the time. As to the question of terms, I am quite sure it can be settled to your entire satisfaction.”

He was evidently in earnest, gravely, vehemently in earnest. I unwillingly consented to see his father.

The interview was a long one. All my questions were answered fully and frankly.

The young man had led an idle and desultory life. He was weary of it, and ashamed of it. His disposition was a peculiar one. He stood sorely in need of a guide, a teacher, and a friend, in whom he was disposed to confide. If I disappointed the hopes which he had centred in me, he would be discouraged, and would relapse into the aimless and indolent existence of which he was now ashamed. Any terms for which I might stipulate were at my disposal, if I would consent to receive him for three months to begin with, on trial.

I still hesitated; I consulted my father and my friends.

They were all of opinion (and justly of

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opinion so far) that the new connection would be an excellent one for me. They all reproached me for taking a purely capricious dislike to a well-born and well-bred young man, and for permitting it to influence me, at the outset of my career, against my own interests. Pressed by these considerations, I allowed myself to be persuaded to give the new pupil a fair trial. He accompanied me the next day, on my way back to the rectory.

CHAPTER VII.

My senior pupil (you will find out his name for yourself before I have done) began well in one respect at least: he produced a decidedly favourable impression on the persons attached to my little household.

The women, especially, admired his beautiful light hair, his crisply-curling beard, his delicate complexion, his clear blue eyes, and his finely-shaped hands and feet. Even the inveterate reserve in his manner, and the downcast, almost sullen, look which had prejudiced *me* against him, aroused a common feeling of romantic enthusiasm in my servants' hall. It was decided, on the high authority of the housekeeper herself, that "the new gentleman" was in love—and, more interesting still, that he was the victim of an unhappy attachment which had driven him away from his friends and his home.

For myself, I tried hard, and tried vainly, to get over my first dislike to the senior pupil.

I could find no fault with him. All his habits were quiet and regular; and he devoted himself conscientiously to his reading. But, little by little, I became satisfied that his heart was not in his studies. More than this, I had my reasons for suspecting that he was concealing something from me, and that he felt painfully the reserve on his own part which he could not, or dared not, break through. There were moments when I almost doubted whether he had not chosen my remote country rectory as a safe place of refuge from some person or persons of whom he stood in dread.

For example, his ordinary course of proceeding, in the matter of his correspondence, was, to say the least of it, strange.

He received no letters at my house. They waited for him at the village post-office. He

invariably called for them himself, and invariably forbore to trust any of my servants with his own letters for the post. Again, when we were out walking together, I more than once caught him looking furtively over his shoulder, as if he suspected some person of following him for some evil purpose. Being constitutionally a hater of mysteries, I determined, at an early stage of our intercourse, on making an effort to clear matters up. There might be just a chance of my winning the senior pupil's confidence, if I spoke to him while the last days of the summer vacation still left us alone together in the house.

"Excuse me for noticing it," I said to him one morning, while we were engaged over our books "but I cannot help observing that you appear to have some trouble on your mind. Is it indiscreet, on my part, to ask if I can be of any use to you?"

He changed colour—looked up at me quickly—looked down again at his book—struggled hard with some secret fear or secret reluctance that was in him—and suddenly burst out with this extraordinary question:

"I suppose you were in earnest when you preached that sermon in London?"

"I am astonished that you should doubt it," I replied.

He paused again; struggled with himself again; and startled me by a second outbreak, even stranger than the first.

"I am one of the people you preached at in your sermon," he said. "That's the true reason why I asked you to take me for your pupil. Don't turn me out! When you talked to your congregation of tortured and tempted people, you talked of Me."

I was so astonished by the confession that I lost my presence of mind. For the moment I was unable to answer him.

"Don't turn me out!" he repeated. "Help me against myself. I am telling you the truth. As God is my witness, I am telling you the truth!"

"Tell me the *whole* truth," I said; "and rely on my consoling and helping you—rely on my being your friend."

In the fervour of the moment I took his hand. It lay cold and still in mine: it mutely warned me that I had a sullen and a secret nature to deal with.

"There must be no concealment between us," I resumed. "You have entered my

house, by your own confession, under false pretences. It is your duty to me, and your duty to yourself, to speak out."

The man's inveterate reserve—cast off for the moment only—renewed its hold on him. He considered, carefully considered, his next words before he permitted them to pass his lips.

"A person is in the way of my prospects in life" he began slowly, with his eyes cast down on his book. "A person provokes me horribly. I feel dreadful temptations (like the man you spoke of in your sermon) when I am in the person's company. Teach me to resist temptation! I am afraid of myself if I see the person again. You are the only man who can help me. Do it while you can."

He stopped, and passed the handkerchief over his forehead.

"Will that do?" he asked, still with his eye on his book.

"It will *not* do," I answered. "You are so far from really opening your heart to me, that you won't even let me know whether it is a man or a woman who stands in the way of your prospects in life. You use the word 'person' over and over again—rather than say 'he' or 'she' when you speak of the provocation which is trying you. How can I help a man who has so little confidence in me as that?"

He twisted and untwisted his handkerchief in his hands. He tried, tried desperately, to say more than he had said yet. No! the words seemed to stick in his throat. Not one of them would pass his lips.

"Give me time," he pleaded, piteously. "I can't bring myself to it all at once. I mean well. Upon my soul, I mean well. But I am slow at this sort of thing. Wait till to-morrow."

To-morrow came, and again he put it off.

"One more day!" he said. "You don't know how hard it is to speak plainly. I am half afraid; I am half ashamed. Give me one more day."

I had hitherto only disliked him. Try as I might (and did) to make merciful allowance for his reserve, I began to despise him now.

CHAPTER VIII.

The day of the deferred confession came,

and brought an event with it for which both he and I were alike unprepared. Would he really have confided in me but for that event? He must either have done it, or have abandoned the purpose which had led him into my house.

We met as usual at the breakfast-table. My housekeeper brought in my letters of the morning. To my surprise, instead of leaving the room again as usual, she walked round to the other side of the table, and laid a letter before my senior pupil, the first letter, since his residence with me, which had been delivered to him under my roof.

He started, and took up the letter. He looked at the address. A spasm of suppressed fury passed across his face; his breath came quickly; his hand trembled as it held the letter. So far, I said nothing. I waited to see whether he would open the envelope in my presence or not.

He was afraid to open it in my presence. He got on his feet; he said, in tones so low that I could barely hear him, "Please excuse me for a minute"—and left the room.

I waited for half an hour—for a quarter of an hour after that—and then I sent to ask if he had forgotten his breakfast.

In a minute more I heard his footstep in the hall. He opened the breakfast-room door, and stood on the threshold, with a small travelling-bag in his hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said, still standing at the door. "I must ask for leave of absence for a day or two. Business in London."

"Can I be of any use?" I asked. "I am afraid your letter has brought you bad news."

"Yes," he said shortly. "Bad news. I have no time for breakfast."

"Wait a few minutes," I urged. "Wait long enough to treat me like your friend—to tell me what your trouble is, before you go."

He made no reply. He stepped into the hall, and closed the door—then opened it again a little way, without showing himself.

"Business in London," he repeated, as if he thought it highly important to inform me of the nature of his errand. The door closed for the second time. He was gone.

I went into my study and carefully considered what had happened.

The result of my reflections is easily de-

scribed. I determined on discontinuing my relations with my senior pupil. In writing to his father (which I did, with all due courtesy and respect, by that day's post), I mentioned as my reason for arriving at this decision:—First, that I had found it impossible to win the confidence of his son. Secondly, that his son had that morning suddenly and mysteriously left my house for London, and that I must decline accepting any further responsibility towards him, as the necessary consequence.

I had put my letter in the post-bag, and was beginning to feel a little easier after having written it, when my housekeeper appeared in the study, with a very grave face, and with something hidden apparently in her closed hand.

"Would you please look, sir, at what we have found in the gentleman's bedroom, since he went away this morning?"

I knew the housekeeper to possess a woman's full share of that amiable weakness of the sex which goes by the name of "Curiosity." I had also, in various indirect ways, become aware that my senior pupil's strange departure had largely increased the disposition among the women of my household to regard him as the victim of an unhappy attachment. The time was ripe, as it seemed to me, for checking any further gossip about him, and any renewed attempts at prying into his affairs in his absence.

"Your only business in my pupil's bedroom," I said to the housekeeper, "is to see that it is kept clean, and that it is properly aired. There must be no interference, if you please, with his letters, or his papers, or with anything else that he has left behind him. Put back directly whatever you may have found in his room."

The housekeeper had her full share of a woman's temper, as well as of a woman's curiosity. She listened to me with a rising colour, and a just perceptible toss of the head.

"Must I put it back, sir, on the floor, between the bed and the wall?" she inquired, with an ironical assumption of the humblest deference to my wishes. "*That's* where the girl found it when she was sweeping the room. Anybody can see for themselves," pursued the housekeeper indignantly, "that the poor gentleman has gone away broken-hearted. And there, in my opinion, is the hussy who is the cause of it!"

With those words she made a low curtsey, and laid a small photographic portrait on the desk at which I was sitting.

I looked at the photograph.

In an instant my heart was beating wildly—my head turned giddy—the housekeeper, the furniture, the walls of the room, all swayed and whirled round me.

The portrait that had been found in my senior pupil's bedroom was the portrait of Jéromette!

CHAPTER IX.

I had sent the housekeeper out of my study. I was alone, with the photograph of the Frenchwoman on my desk.

There could surely be little doubt about the discovery that had burst upon me. The man who had stolen his way into my house, driven by the terror of a temptation that he dared not reveal, and the man who had been my unknown rival in the by-gone time, were one and the same!

Recovering self-possession enough to realize this plain truth, the inferences that followed forced their way into my mind as a matter of course. The unnamed person who was the obstacle to my pupil's prospects in life, the unnamed person in whose company he was assailed by temptations which made him tremble for himself, stood revealed to me now as being, in all human probability, no other than Jéromette. Had she bound him in the fetters of the marriage which he had himself proposed? Had she discovered his place of refuge in my house? And was the letter that had been delivered to him in her writing? Assuming those questions to be answered in the affirmative, what, in that case, was his "business in London?" I remembered what he had said to me about his temptations, I recalled the expression that had crossed his face when he recognised the handwriting on the letter—and the conclusion that followed literally shook me to the soul. Ordering my horse to be saddled, I rode instantly to the railway station.

The train by which he had travelled to London had reached the terminus nearly an hour since. The one useful course that I could take, by way of quieting the dreadful misgivings crowding one after another on my mind, was to telegraph to Jéromette at

the address at which I had last seen her. I sent the subjoined message, prepaying the reply:

"If you are in any trouble, telegraph to me. I will be with you by the first train. Answer in any case."

There was nothing in the way of the immediate despatch of my message. And yet the hour passed, and no answer was received. By the advice of the clerk, I sent a second telegram to the London office, requesting an explanation. The reply came back in these terms:

"Improvements in street. Houses pulled down. No trace of person named in telegram."

I mounted my horse, and rode back slowly to the rectory.

"The day of his return to me will bring with it the darkest days of my life." . . . "I shall die young, and die miserably. Have you interest enough still left in me to wish to hear of it?" . . . "You *shall* hear of it." Those words were in my memory while I rode home in the cloudless moonlight night. They were so vividly present to me that I could hear again her pretty foreign accent, her quiet clear tones, as she spoke them. For the rest, the emotions of that memorable day had worn me out. The answer from the telegraph office had struck me with a strange and stony despair. My mind was a blank. I had no thoughts. I had no tears.

I was about half-way on my road home, and I had just heard the clock of a village church strike ten, when I became conscious, little by little, of a chilly sensation slowly creeping through and through me to the bone. The warm balmy air of a summer night was abroad. It was the month of July. In the month of July, was it possible that any living creature (in good health) could feel cold? It was *not* possible—and yet the chilly sensation still crept through and through me to the bone.

I looked up. I looked all around me.

My horse was walking along an open high-road. Neither trees nor waters were near me. On either side the flat fields stretched away bright and broad in the moonlight.

I stopped my horse, and looked round me again.

Yes: I saw it. With my own eyes I saw it. A pillar of white mist between five and

six feet high, as well as I could judge—was moving beside me at the edge of the road, on my left hand. When I stopped, the white mist stopped. When I went on, the white mist went on. I pushed my horse to a trot, the pillar of mist was with me. I urged him to a gallop—the pillar of mist was with me. I stopped him again—the pillar of mist stood still.

The white colour of it was the white colour of the mist which I had seen over the river on the night when I had gone to bid her farewell. And the chill which had then crept through me to the bone, was the chill that was creeping through me now.

I went on again slowly. The white mist went on again slowly—with the clear bright night all round it.

I was awed rather than frightened. There was one moment, and one only, when the fear came to me that my reason might be shaken. I caught myself keeping time to the slow tramp of the horse's feet with the slow utterances of these words, repeated over and over again: 'Jéromette is dead. Jéromette is dead.' But my will was still my own: I was able to control myself, to impose silence on my own muttering lips. And I rode on quietly. And the pillar of mist went quietly with me.

My groom was waiting for my return at the rectory gate. I pointed to the mist, passing through the gate with me.

"Do you see anything there?" I said.

The man looked at me in astonishment.

I entered the rectory. The housekeeper met me in the hall. I pointed to the mist, entering with me.

"Do you see anything at my side?" I asked.

The housekeeper looked at me as the groom had looked at me.

"I am afraid you are not well, sir," she said. "Your colour is all gone—you are shivering. Let me get you a glass of wine."

I went into my study, on the ground-floor, and took the chair at my desk. The photograph still lay where I had left it. The pillar of mist floated round the table, and stopped opposite to me, behind the photograph.

The housekeeper brought in the wine. I put the glass to my lips, and set it down again. The chill of the mist was in the wine. There was no taste, no reviving spirit in it. The presence of the housekeeper oppressed me. My dog had followed her into the

room. The presence of the animal oppressed me. I said to the woman, "Leave me by myself, and take the dog with you."

They went out, and left me alone in the room.

I sat looking at the pillar of mist, hovering opposite to me.

It lengthened slowly, until it reached to the ceiling. As it lengthened, it grew bright and luminous. A time passed, and a shadowy appearance showed itself in the centre of the light. Little by little, the shadowy appearance took the outline of a human form. Soft brown eyes, tender and melancholy, looked at me through the unearthly light in the mist. The head and the rest of the face broke next slowly on my view. Then the figure gradually revealed itself, moment by moment, downward and downward to the feet. She stood before me as I had last seen her, in her purple merino dress, with the black silk apron, with the white handkerchief tied loosely round her neck. She stood before me, in the gentle beauty that I remembered so well; and looked at me as she had looked when she gave me her last kiss—when her tears had dropped on my cheek.

I fell on my knees at the table. I stretched out my hands to her imploringly. I said, "Speak to me—O, once again speak to me, Jéromette!"

Her eyes rested on me with a divine compassion in them. She lifted her hand, and pointed to the photograph on my desk, with a gesture which bade me turn the card. I turned it. The name of the man who had left my house that morning was inscribed on it, in her own handwriting.

I looked up at her again when I had read it. She lifted her hand once more, and pointed to the handkerchief round her neck. As I looked at it, the fair white silk changed horribly in colour—the fair whitesilk became darkened and drenched in blood.

A moment more—and the vision of her began to grow dim. By slow degrees the figure, then the face, faded back into the shadowy appearance that I had first seen. The luminous inner light died out in the white mist. The mist itself dropped slowly

downwards, floated a moment in airy circles on the floor—vanished. Nothing was before me but the familiar wall of the room, and the photograph lying face downwards on my desk.

X.

The next day, the newspapers reported the discovery of a murder in London. A French-woman was the victim. She had been killed by a wound in the throat. The crime had been discovered between ten and eleven o'clock on the previous night.

I leave you to draw your conclusion from what I have related. My own faith in the reality of the apparition is immovable. I say, and believe, that Jéromette kept her word with me. She died young, and died miserably. And I heard of it from herself.

Take up the Trial again, and look at the circumstances that were revealed during the investigation in court. His motive for murdering her is there.

You will see that she did indeed marry him privately; that they lived together contentedly, until the fatal day when she discovered that his fancy had been caught by another woman; that violent quarrels took place between them, from that time to the time when my sermon showed him his own deadly hatred towards her, reflected in the case of another man; that she discovered his place of retreat in my house, and threatened him by letter with the public assertion of her conjugal rights; lastly, that a man, variously described by different witnesses, was seen leaving the door of her lodgings on the night of the murder. The Law, advancing no farther than this, may have discovered circumstances of suspicion, but no certainty. The Law, in default of direct evidence to convict the prisoner, may have rightly decided in letting him go free.

But I persist in believing that the man was guilty. I declare that he, and he alone, was the murderer of Jéromette. And now you know why.

THE END.

LAON ON "MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY AND REVIVALISM."

BY REV. G. M. GRANT, HALIFAX.

A FRIEND has called my attention to an article entitled "Messrs. Moody and Sankey and Revivalism," in the June CANADIAN MONTHLY, and has sent me a copy of the *Liberal*, of June 17th, in which the writer defines one or two of the expressions used, and explains his object and intention in writing the article. I do not object to anonymous writing, though some may be disposed to think that when "the whole burden of the essay was a simple summons to intellectual honesty, addressed to multitudes who occupy an equivocal position," the multitudes have a right to know who it is that addresses them so authoritatively. Laon represents himself as occupying the place of an Elijah, summoning the people, "choose ye this day whom ye will serve," and Elijah, in giving the summons, showed himself to the multitudes, though king and court, priests and populace, were against him. But all that I wish now to call the attention of the readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY to, is the acknowledged fact that anonymous writing imposes a special responsibility on the writer to be scrupulously just towards the men of whom he treats, and with whom he differs in opinion, to exaggerate nothing, to set down naught in malice, and to abstain from taunts and unjustifiable innuendo. Laon has written, if not in complete ignorance, certainly in complete defiance, of such honourable responsibility. A very slight examination of the article in question will show whether this charge is true or not.

In criticising any writer, it is always well to have regard to his intention. Fortunately, in this case, we have not only the article but the explanation. He tells us that his "article was not in the least intended to influence men of the Moody and Sankey type" (here follows a description of the 'type' in language I prefer not to quote), "but was addressed exclusively to those who

rejoice, more or less, in the liberalistic philosophy of the day, who find themselves very much at home in its literature . . . but who do not acknowledge to themselves that there is any fundamental contradiction between all that they find so pleasant, so natural, so reasonable, and that doctrine which was to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness." Well, to say the least, it is singular that an article entitled "Moody and Sankey and Revivalism," should be neither an estimate of the men named nor of the movement referred to, nor in the least intended to influence those who think with them; that it should have "not one line nor one word for such as these," but that its whole intention should be to tell other men that there was a fundamental contradiction between culture and the doctrine of Christ crucified. Why identify such doctrine—which is undeniably the essence of Christianity—with Moody and Sankey? Simply that the doctrine might be caricatured, and made to appear in an offensive light. Does modern culture hold such tactics to be legitimate? We who know that Moody and Sankey preach the Gospel, know that millions of Christians do not accept them or their methods, and neither we nor they accept any two men as representatives of Christianity. The subject of the article is the fundamental contradiction between culture and the doctrine of the Cross—the heading of the article is "Moody and Sankey and Revivalism." Is this the style of controversy that we are to look for in the interests of modern culture, even when the controversy has not been provoked?

So much for the name of the article. What's in a name? Laon may retort: 'I had my own reasons for choosing the name.' Admitting this, and merely suggesting that a writer whose object is to remedy "the existing confusion in the theological region" is under some obligation to be explicit in

his own little region of a "brief contribution" to literature, I pass on to the article itself. Here my charge in brief is that it misrepresents the evangelists, misrepresents Christianity, and misrepresents modern thought. In proving this, I could take up almost every sentence, and show that it is based on misunderstanding, and that the article as a whole is the production of a writer who has little conception of the sacredness of the subject or the gravity of the issues involved. The space at my command forbids this method of treatment. I must be content with selecting a few sentences, and even with regard to these remember Gibbon's question, "Who can refute a sneer?"

I. It is a caricature of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to represent them as teaching that "as knowledge is no advantage, ignorance is no drawback; in fact, according to these authorities, the more ignorant a man is, the more contracted his mental horizon, the more likely it is that God has given him a mission to enlighten his neighbours and the world." These authorities have never taught any such doctrine. Only a fool would utter, and only a fool could fancy that sane men would listen to such nonsense. Mr. Moody is certainly no fool. I never met a man of more downright honest intellect. Like other great ones, he had not in his youth the advantage of a college education, but he has never disparaged sound learning. And, as he always calls a spade, he would not be at all likely to write an article on colleges or culture, and publish it with a nickname for heading. What are we to think of a writer who throws accusations of dishonesty at others all round, and gives the above as a summary of Mr. Moody's position, without quoting a single sentence from his published utterances in proof?

What Mr. Moody has said on this subject, and illustrated over and over again, and what Laon has got hold of in a vague sort of way, is the declaration of St. Paul that "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are; that no flesh should glory in His presence." Now, if Laon really

thinks that his summary is an honest interpretation of the Apostle's noble truth, further controversy with him would be unprofitable. I would only remind him that though Paul in his modesty considered himself weak, and though the world then thought him a fool, Matthew Arnold now, and probably Laon too, ranks him among the great and wise. Yes, Paul was one of the foolish things of the world, but none the less was he one of the wise things of God. So, too, Moody counts himself a nobody. He is one of the foolish things of the world, or of "culture." But he and his work shall stand, when the works of those who are wise in their own conceit shall be shaken.

Again, Mr. Moody's teaching is caricatured in the two sentences, the first of which it is sufficient to quote:—"To realize vividly the falling down of the walls of Jericho, to believe intensely that Noah manufactured an ark, and that the beasts of the four quarters of the globe came trooping into it under Divine guidance, does not constitute the best preparation for living in an age of the world in which, so far as any human eye can see, everything takes place in obedience to natural law." Mr. Moody has never said or dreamed that belief in such incidents constitutes the best preparation for living in this or in any age. Far from thinking so, he would say that we might realize and believe such things without being one whit the better. True, he and I believe that the walls of Jericho fell down in the manner described in the Book of Joshua. We also believe that Noah manufactured an ark, but would Laon be so good as to quote where Moody says that "the beasts from the four quarters of the globe came trooping into it." But we believe that men are prepared for living and for dying only by faith in Jesus Christ, and that faith—need I add—must be not merely historical, but spiritual and transforming. It works by love, purifies the heart and overcomes the world. Mr. Moody "illustrates" his arguments and appeals by referring to Old Testament examples of faith, but is it belief in the illustration that prepares men for life? As to "clinging" his arguments by such examples, the central truth Mr. Moody preaches needs no clinging save the hearty acceptance of it by the individual soul. Has Laon met, talked with, heard, or read the sermons of Mr. Moody? If he has he ought to know that

he has caricatured his teaching. If he has not, what are we to think of a professed champion of intellectual honesty gratuitously misrepresenting one whom tens of thousands call benefactor and friend?

II. It is merely an extension of the above to charge Laon with misrepresenting Christianity; because, in his article, he indirectly, and by side-trusts, over and over again identifies the teaching of Moody and Sankey with Christianity. It is, indeed, a little unfortunate that this advocate of candour should be so much in doubt as to what he means, or would like to say, that his explanation requires to be explained. Thus he writes to the Editor of the *Liberal*:—"You seem to think I identify modern culture with avowed disbelief in Christianity. I do nothing of the kind, however." Farther on in the same letter, he tells the multitudes that they must choose "between doctrinal Christianity on the one hand and free thought on the other," and he rightly mentions the cross, or Christ crucified, as the essence of doctrinal Christianity. Which of these two statements of his own does he hold to? Candour here is desirable—is it not?

In brief, my charge here is that Laon's article is one sustained caricature of Christianity, and one sustained insult to all who believe. When a writer gives a summary of views held by others and not accepted by himself, it is a rule of honour that he should state them as far as possible in their—not in his—language. In this case he could have been at no loss, for the Bible abounds in summaries of saving truth. We believe that men are sinners. Does Laon deny the manifest fact? We believe that the kindness and love of God our Saviour towards men hath appeared; that we are saved not by works of righteousness done by us, but by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost which He hath shed upon us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that we are justified by His grace and made heirs according to the hope of eternal life; and that if they who despised the law of Moses or any law worth the name suffered, of how much sorer punishment shall they be thought worthy who reject the Son of God! These glorious doctrines St. Paul would have us affirm constantly for the specific purpose that believers might be careful to maintain good works. These doctrines are caricatured in the passage beginning "accor-

ding to the views of the Revivalists, man is by nature ruined and lost, and only by availing himself of a special machinery," &c. The ever present prevailing tender love of our Father and Saviour might be called by a worthier name than "machinery" by the most sceptical writer.

Again, it is a caricature of the position of Christianity to say that "all scientific and historical objections to any portion whatever of the Bible are as idle as human folly and presumption can make them." We believe that scientific truth is God's truth, and we accept it reverently. We ask, and I hope shall always insist, that a distinction be made between scientific guesses and scientific truth. We believe that theologians have erred in their interpretations of Scripture, that scientists have erred in their theories or interpretations of phenomena, and that the critics modern culture glories in most, have erred in their criticism; that, in one word, to err is human, and that therefore modesty becomes the true scholar. We believe that history is the record of Providence, and we believe that history truly read shows the miracles recorded in Jewish history in "a different light from those recorded in Roman, Grecian, or Indian history."

Is it a characteristic of the "sober, accurate, and rational habits of thought," that are rightly valued, to indulge in the misrepresentations I have alluded to; or to speak of the truth taught by Moody in common with tens of thousands of teachers whose pure lives and thorough education attest their honesty and ability, as "the most irrational beliefs," as "superstition for the masses," and as a "teaching that cannot rouse the conscience without insulting the intellect?" Is it as "clear as noonday that confusion of thought and logical contradictions are regarded as perfectly in place in the theological region;" and that "there is one whole department of thought from which candour and intellectual honesty are all but totally excluded?" In what terrible school of theology has Laon studied, for all this is news to me? Because of this dreadful state of things in theology, we are assured that "it is impossible that candour and intellectual honesty should be common virtues;" and that "a very hurtful trifling with arguments in other regions," and even dishonesty in the ordinary transactions of life, are attributable to the fact, that "it is a so-

lemn duty to sum up two and two, and find the product five in theology." All which means, I suppose, that if our shopkeepers would only discard doctrinal Christianity, commercial morality would rapidly improve, as they would discard the short-weights, false balances, and all adulteration, along with the noxious theology.

But enough of this. It is certainly not a pleasant task to have to deal with a writer whose utmost charity is put forth in the half-extorted acknowledgment that he does not, in the majority of cases, impute deliberate want of candour to those with whom he differs in opinion. Were it not that his communication appeared in a periodical so respectable as the CANADIAN MONTHLY, and for the fact that I contribute to the pages of the same periodical, self-respect would compel me to keep silence. As it is, my answer must be in the nature of a protest rather than an answer. When some unknown person calls out in the street that most of the people walking beside him are fools or knaves, I believe the remedy is to take no notice of him, or to hand him over to the police.

III. If the teachings of the Revivalists be true, Laon declares that "then all that we dignify by the name of modern culture is a damnable illusion and fraud." This is what is called strong language, but it is not the strength of wisdom. In his explanatory letter he defines modern culture as "the every-day beliefs and sentiments of modern society," which again are "the results of the educational process through which the modern world has been passing;" and this educating force consists of modern science, philosophy, poetry, literature, criticism, in one word, of modern thought. Had Laon proved, or attempted to prove a contradiction between those departments of thought and Christianity, or shown that rejoicing in the one was incompatible with rejoicing in the other, he would have been entitled to a respectful hearing. But when he simply asserts that there is a contradiction, all that can be done is to deny the assertion and to call for the proof. Until proof is offered, there are only the two contrary affirmations; and the matter not being personal, should not rest on personal character, as *Æmilius Scaurus* was satisfied his case should rest when he was accused by one *Varius* of *Suero*. "*Varius Sacerdotensis ait, Æmilius Scaurus negat. Utri creditis, Quirites?*" I might, in the

mean time, therefore, content myself with denying Laon's position, and calling it a libel on that modern thought which is really the child of Christianity; but for the fuller illustration of the subject I shall add a few remarks.

First, as to the process of training. Our modern teachers are myriads in number, and who has read them all with sufficient care to classify their works according to their attitude to Christianity? I do not profess to have beside me such an Index, *Expurgatorium* or otherwise. Some modern writers are professedly unbelievers; others, equally eminent to say the least, are devout believers. But as the work of the great majority does not require of them a profession of their faith, they are satisfied with doing their work without unnecessary exposition of their creeds; and we say of them, "those that are not against us are on our side." For Christianity takes knowledge of and sanctifies all the relationships of life, counts all work honourable, and commands us to be diligent in our business and faithful in our callings. I am not warranted to call out names on one side or on the other. That too is, at the best, but a poor way of deciding what is truth. But taking the names given by Laon as representatives of that culture which is opposed to Christianity, I must charitably suppose that he is very imperfectly acquainted with their writings. Of only one of them—alas for the son *Arnold of Rugby!*—ought it to be said, that he is not a Christian. Even he might think us uncharitable in refusing to him the honourable name, but he denies the resurrection, and if Christ be not risen our faith is vain. But fancy the indignation of *Walter Scott* or of *Thackeray*, had either been told that the tone and bent of his writings was in fundamental contradiction to Christianity. And they would do well to be angry. Now they are dead, and it ill becomes any one, under the plea of admiration, to dishonour their memories. True, they were not preachers of the Gospel, but they helped on the good cause. They were noble Christian men, and their writings made men better, braver, truer, tenderer. But Laon's delusion reaches its height when he speaks of *Tennyson*:—"The poet who hints that 'good may somehow be the final goal of ill,' and that some virtue may reside in 'honest doubt,' what terms of execration can be too strong for him?" I see no call for "execration."

Scripture enjoins "honest doubt" when it commands us to "prove all things." It is dishonest doubt, it is the evil *heart of unbelief*, that Christianity condemns. And as to the hint, or hope, or yearning expressed by Tennyson, what Christian has not felt it, not in modern times only, but in all times? Oddly enough, Carlyle, the other apostle of culture mentioned by Laon, has a most orthodox belief in future punishment. His language on the subject is not deficient in rigour and vigour. For instance, in his *History of Frederick the Great*, concerning the author of the "*Matinées du Roi de Prusse*," a pamphleteer whom he calls a Prince of Coxcombs, and whose theory of the universe he calls the doctrine of devils, he storms forth in the following fashion: — "If God made the world, and only leads Beelzebub, as some ugly muzzled bear is led, a longer or shorter temporary dance in this divine world, and always draws him home again and peels the unjust gains off him, and ducks him in a certain hotlake, with sure intent to lodge him there to all eternity at last, then our pamphleteer and the huge portion of mankind that follow him are wrong. But if the sacred voice of their own soul do not conclusively admonish men of this fact, there will be little use in my logic to them. For my own share I want no trade with men who need to be convinced of that fact. If I am in their premises and discover such a thing of them, I will quit their premises; if they are in mine, I will, as old Samuel advised, count my spoons. They are of the set deserving to be called, and this not in the way of profane swearing, but of solemn wrath and pity, I say of virtuous anger and inexorable reprobation, the damned set. For in very deed they are doomed and damned by nature's oldest Act of Parliament." I doubt if in any of Moody's sermons such a mouthful of cursing could be found as in this outburst. But what is only a choleric word in a man of "culture" would be flat blasphemy in a revivalist. The quotation is rather lengthy, but it is very characteristic of the grand old Chelsea seer, and it indicates that to disprove the vague generalizations of Laon all that is needed would be space sufficient to quote from the very writers he has himself selected.

There is a comical simplicity about Laon's method of proving that modern

thought and doctrinal Christianity are contradictory. He simply eliminates all Christians from his calculations. If you are orthodox, you are not modern. If you are modern, you cannot be orthodox. His words are "The orthodoxy of Mr. Gladstone or Lord Cairns, far from being distinctively modern, boasts of nothing so much as its antiquity; whereas the opinions of the men I have named belong wholly to the modern world." But how is it possible for orthodoxy to be distinctively modern except in as far as it is accepted by honest and intelligent modern men! Because it is old is it necessarily false? Because other opinions are new are they therefore true?

Laon would have saved himself all the misconception he complains of had he candidly stated at the outset that by modern culture or thought he meant culture opposed to doctrinal Christianity. But then his article would only have amounted to this, "infidel modern thought is opposed to Christianity." No one would have denied that, but whether it was worth while writing so much to say so little might have been questioned.

Secondly, as to the results of the process of training. It is quite certain that as our representative modern writers vary infinitely, and often indefinitely, so the every-day beliefs and sentiments of modern society vary according to the teachers or leaders followed. In some circles I believe that boarding-school misses prattle about protoplasm as if the word were a mystical Abracadabra that solved all mysteries, and ladies bring up their children without teaching them the Lord's Prayer. Laon may have been unfortunate in his society, but let him take comfort in the assurance that his coterie is not the world. There are, I believe, more persons now living to the Lord, and willing to die for Him, than ever were on the earth before.

I conclude with a word which I hope shall not be misunderstood. Christianity asks only for a fair field. In the past it has commanded itself to human consciences by manifestation of the truth. It seeks to do so still. If, therefore, an honest enquirer starts a doubt or states a difficulty, let him be heard, and let Christian men give the best answer they can. But is it not a very different thing when an article is published that does not attempt to prove, but assumes,

that no honest thinker can believe in Christianity? It may be said that in the interests of "free discussion," even such articles must be allowed. Very good. Are the publishers of the *CANADIAN MONTHLY* prepared for the first consequence? We must be allowed space to show the reasonableness of our faith, and its consistency with all true modern thought. And it is impossible to do so in anything like the space that is sufficient for an assumption. In one line it can be assumed that the moon is made of green cheese. An astronomer, if obliged to disprove the assumption, could not be confined to a paragraph.

A book of three hundred pages lies before me. It was written 140 years ago, and the author thus explains why it was written: "It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is not so much as a subject of enquiry; but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious. And accordingly they treat it as if, in the present age, this were an agreed point among all people of discernment, and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were by way of reprisals for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world." We do not expect a Bishop Butler in every age. But if he

required to write the *Analogy of Religion* to disprove the contemptuous assumption of his time, to what length would the writing of men far inferior necessarily extend?

A generation or two passed, and the French Encyclopedists took the place of the English Deists. David Hume was present at a supper in Paris with a score of philosophers, and found that he was the most orthodox man in the party. He alone thought it possible that there might be a God. As for the miserable Jews who wrote the Scriptures, it was too much honour to refer to them. Well, the Encyclopedists too are forgotten, and the history of Christianity since has been a succession of Revivals which have prepared, and are preparing, the way for a greater Revival than has yet been known. The Church's answer has been like the answer of Nehemiah to the Sanballats who despised his wall—"Let us rise up and build."

I have given two modern instances that might suggest the propriety of modesty to those who say they cannot believe. Every generation back to the days of our Lord could supply instances of its own. Truly, the iron and the earthen jars have sailed in company. But which is the iron? And where are the earthen?

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE eloquent plea put forth by Mr. Blake on behalf of a wider liberty in thought and discussion, may have appeared to many a work of supererogation. Canadians are in the habit of boasting that they live under the freest constitution in the world, at the most enlightened period of the world's history. They enjoy perfect immunity from the invidious supremacy of classes and creeds, and here, therefore, if anywhere, tolerance might be expected to do its perfect work. Under these circumstances, it was not flattering to our national pride to be reminded by the Minister of Justice that much had to be learned, and some toilsome struggles to be undergone, before we attained the serener level occupied by the thought and culture of England. The burning words in which Mr. Blake expressed his shame and indignation at the imperfect recognition in Canada of the essential conditions of intellectual progress, may have had, in his mind, a narrower application than we are disposed to give them. Addressing a popular audience on public questions, he may have confined himself purposely to the political aspect of the matter. For the moment, this is no doubt of pressing importance; because the yoke of Dictatorship is more widely and more severely felt here than elsewhere. So far from being surprised that Mr. Blake and his friends in and out of Parliament felt themselves at last constrained to speak their minds freely, we are only astonished that they were able to keep silence so long. The effect of that protest was immediate and striking; its echo comes to us from all quarters, and finds manly expression in the utterances even of the party press. The leaven is at work with admirable potency, and although it works slowly, that may be endured, if only it works surely. That the unreflecting members of the dominant party, fascinated by the delights of power, should deprecate any appearance of schism because, in the end, it may jeopardize their newly won enjoyments, is natural. Never having been permitted to think for themselves, they can hardly be blamed if they are slow in learning the secret of their strength.

Those who have long worn the badge of servitude are always long in casting it away; yet "Reformers" are already restive and mutinous, and the time is not far distant when they will discover that, even from a party point of view, they will be the gainers by throwing off an irksome and intolerable yoke. For years the "Reform" party has been governed, under the guise of popular forms, by a grinding despotism. Its alliances, religious and political, have been bargained for and concluded arbitrarily by a cabal; its principles have been settled for it in conclave; and any divergence from the dictator's programme has always called down upon the wanderers unmeasured denunciation, culminating in gross personal abuse. By well-manipulated machinery, borrowed from the other side of the lines, the managers at public meetings and conventions have deluded their followers with a semblance of power it was never intended they should exert. The resolutions are always prepared in advance and rigidly adhered to, because criticism, however friendly, indicates insubordination, and suggestions of amendment, even in phraseology, are viewed as wanton attacks upon infallibility. The sacred text of the *sanctum* must not be tampered with, it being an article of faith that verbally and literally it is inspired—by its own dogged wilfulness. Like a more distinguished despot, the Canadian autocrat's self-complacency finds expression in the phrase, "*Il me semble, qu'il n'y a que moi qui a toujours raison*"—it appears to me that it is I alone who am always right. The game of "follow my leader," becomes a serious rule of political action, and woe to him who turns to the right hand or to the left. Over hill and dale, on sharp flints or through treacherous quagmire, the "true Reformer" must advance without regard to consequences. It is enough for him to know that the route is laid down at head-quarters, in the interests of "the party." His business is to obey and not to question—*salus factionis* being *suprema lex*. The abiding faith of the rank-and-file is marvellous in its simplicity. No inconsistency troubles, no change of front confuses them.

They have not even retained the faculty of amazement, so blind and docile are they under the party whip. A new colour may be selected from the political spectrum every year without exciting either surprise or resentment. Orange and green, buff and blue, have become absolutely indifferent to these political Daltonists—each being worn without discrimination as the master commands.

In the selection of party candidates for the legislatures again, the farce of popular selection is performed with a refreshing air of seriousness. On such occasions, three mechanical powers are employed as circumstances require. The requisition is only resorted to where the party is likely to prove recalcitrant; the nomination at public meetings, where it is desirable to daunt any possible independents by a *coup de main*; and the convention, where nothing is needed but a skilful manipulation of the wires. The last is always adopted, where practicable, because it commends itself to the taste of those mediocre politicians who prefer finesse and caballing to a manly independence in principle and action. In any case the mandate of the political Pope, accompanies the call for party action; like the *congé d'élire* to an English dean and chapter, it always contains the name of the man to be chosen. An insignificant clique established in Toronto tampers with the rights of the electorate, assumes the absolute disposal of seats in Parliament, and chouses its flock out of their rights before their very eyes. The Opposition party has some consideration for Conservative self-respect; for while its Committees also nominate, they ask their followers only to ratify, which is all the others actually do, however ostentatiously they parade the sham of popular selection. In short the latter, having decided whom the people shall choose or what the people shall say, themselves choose the men and speak for the people, and then make a mock of public opinion by inviting them to Hobson's choice—this man and that policy or none. Accept them and you belong to us, the great Reform party; reject them and you are a Tory or a traitor, as it may seem convenient to class you. The redoubtable tailors of Tooley street were unquestionably the first Clear Grits.

The immediate consequence of this political autocracy is the disappearance of all political freedom. Reasoning is out of the question where to doubt is to be a pariah;

deliberation and judgment are excluded, because everything is settled in advance in the short formula—*sic volo, sic jubeo*; intelligence yields to prejudice; place is preferred to country; and even consistency—that boast of mediocrities—yields to the sinister needs of the self-seeking and self-willed. It must be obvious even to partisans that until this iron tyranny be broken, there is no hope for broad and comprehensive views on questions of public policy. Under it the people are not led, but driven; and their independence is mortgaged to Grand Lodge or hierarchy without greater pretence of consultation than a husband makes when he puts into his wife's hand the pen with which she is to bar her dower. A great deal of breath and ink is wasted in declamation about "Reform principles;" let the question be put again, what are they? Tolerance of opinion cannot be one of them, for the fashionable policy is distinctly and avowedly repressive; the idea of progress was eliminated by the *Globe* when it poured its wrath upon the head of Mr. Mills; coalitions are no longer to be deprecated, because three of them have been constructed by "the party" in two years. As for purity, economy, popular control over expenditure, and all the other cries that served in former times, they are the peculiar property of an Opposition of any party and are never carried over to the right of Mr. Speaker. Oppositions are always exigent, and often unreasonable in the attacks they make upon Ministers; but they are not so fatuous as to measure their own cloth with the same stick when their fortunes are to be rehabilitated. The tattered garments are left in "the cold shades" for their successors; it is a first and most obvious duty with them to suit their principles and their *modus vivendi* to that more exalted state of existence to which the simple-mindedness of a dazed people has been pleased to call them. There are then no distinctive principles, Reform or Conservative, to contend about. They agree on the only principle they have between them, "the good old rule" of Wordsworth's familiar couplet—the acquisition and retention of power. Mr. Edgar, in his speech at Welland, undertook to reprove the Nationalists for attacking the Reform party, although, we are happy to say, not in the vituperative Billingsgate of the *Globe*. He entirely misapprehends, however, the nature of the movement. The

disastrous ascendancy of party has led to the use of its phraseology for want of a better. Those who prefer country to the interests of faction, have been styled, and in default of a happier term, have sometimes styled themselves, a party. It should be clear to Mr. Edgar and those who think with him, however, that those who denounce party spirit as being inimical to patriotism, cannot, in strictness, be called a party. So far from separating from either of the existing parties, their great object is to induce the thoughtful men on both sides to sit loose to party ties. Nationalism has its adherents, more or less committed to its leading principle, in both the so-called parties. So that if the question be put—"Where is your party?" the answer is, we have not the vestige of a party; but if we are asked for those who are pledged to our principles, we can point to them in office and out of it, Reformers as well as Conservatives. It is one of the many mischiefs wrought by partyism that it cannot fancy the existence of a powerful principle unless it be formulated in political creeds and catechisms, enrolled in hostile sects and making great demonstrations of a schismatic nature at the polls. Let it be understood, then, that Nationalism consists in principle without party, as Gritism and Conservatism are parties without principle. When Mr. Edgar shall have realised this fact, it will lead him to a cognate one: that we are opposed neither to this nor to that party, but to the party-spirit which animates both, to the manifest injury of the country's best interests. Like most party men, Mr. Edgar is fond of pointing to what his party achieved in by-gone days, and Conservatives do the same when they desire to appeal to popular favour. This is a virtual admission that they have no claim to preference because of anything they are now achieving or can promise to achieve. The services of both may be acknowledged without any concession from us. It is not with the past we have to do; but with the present and the future. When we find one rough gouging out the eye of another in a brawl, we do not accept as an excuse the fact that he once paid a butcher's bill or saved a child from drowning. The *laudator temporis acti* is not of much use to his generation; he is for the most part either an elegant trifler, an impervious obituary, or a politician by trade. For a party to look

back is stagnation and death. The moment the "Reform" party is convinced that it must live on the interest of past debts due to it by the people, it is superannuated by its own confession—out of race and reckoning in active political life. That the old leaders of this party have either betrayed it or are ready to abdicate is evident from a feeble protest against "Canada First" in a late issue of the *Globe*. That "mischievous little snake in the grass," as the organ, with characteristic elegance of diction, terms it, has had the impudence to call itself Liberal. No one is entitled to the name, it would appear, who is not also Grit, greedy of place, subservient and docile under the party whip. Then follow a claim to unity and infallibility and a profession of faith, perhaps the most humiliating ever put forth by a Reform journal: "There were no real differences, no real divisions, but one common purpose and determination to resist all attempts to unsettle the political system their past efforts and struggles had originated." In short, the Reform party has turned Conservative. Like Mr. Disraeli and Lord Salisbury it is opposed to any more legislation of an "exciting and sensational" kind. Its creed is thus avowedly negative, since "no change and no reform" is the only article in it. Its leaders are now "finality Johns," simply because they have secured place and power, and their motto is "rest and be thankful" or else "*nous avons l'avantage, profitons en*"—the latter bequeathed to them by Sir George Cartier. As for the affectation that there are no differences or divisions in the party, everybody knows, and no one better than the *Globe*, that it is a false and hollow pretence. No doubt matters would be more pleasant if the self-appointed leader could issue such a bulletin as French generals put forth under the Empire—"France is tranquil." Its policy is coercion and terrorism, and it may be policy to shut its eyes to inconvenient facts; still the *Globe* should not expose its mendacity with so unblushing a face. The "party" is not united, nor is it likely to be whilst a portion of it succumbs to backstairs influence. Last session Messrs. Mackenzie, Blake, Moss and Mills, with the bulk of Reformers at their back, declared their intention of "unsettling the political system" by re-organizing the Senate. Has the *Globe* assurance enough to whisper that the "party," cowed by newspaper brow-beat-

ing, has submitted to dictation? It dares not do it, not so much because it is untrue, for that would be a minor consideration, but because the effects of such an insinuation might be inconvenient. Have the *Globe* and its handful of Parliamentary followers yielded to the majority? They must of necessity answer in the negative; to do otherwise would be to rip up the only plank left in their platform. Again, if there be no division in the party, how does it come that the ablest and best-informed journals in Ontario are in open rebellion against the organ? The "differences of opinion" are open and palpable, whilst the "common purpose and determination" is a figment of the imagination.

When men are in earnest about any great political principle they naturally associate together, and, for the immediate purpose, organization at such crises becomes a benefit, perhaps a duty. Meanwhile, subordinate questions are postponed to the more important one, or compromised upon in its interest. Thus party, at its best, is not an unmixed good; and when, on the other hand, no salient principle is at stake, when party lines are practically obliterated, its innate mischief comes to the surface. If our existing political system should not be unsettled, as some contend, its adherents are Conservatives, and not Liberals in any sense. Moreover, if those who advocate reform in the Constitution be wrong, still less ground is there for tightening, instead of relaxing, party pressure. Supposing the *Globe* to be right, an incontrovertible argument would exist, on its own showing, against parties altogether. They are sometimes a necessary evil; but, as soon as they can be dispensed with, patriotism—and not faction—ought to take their place. This is what we mean by Nationalism—not independence, still less annexation or any other speculative theory.

The *Pall Mall Gazette's* remarks on parties in France may be applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to our own:—"The conduct of all parties in their successive tenure of office has been so distinct a repudiation of liberty for all but their own adherents, that there seems to be a sort of tacit consent to let the subject drop. They all of them practically adopt the maxims of the Jesuits: to ask for liberty when bereft of power, and to refuse it when power is in their own hands." And again—"The notion that government or public

men should be judged on their merits, is a simple-minded British notion which excites laughter in France; and not what they say and do, but who they are, is the question asked in France. According to the politics of the critic are they black or white." The consequence is that genuine tolerance of opinion is impossible in France, as it will be in Canada if its people lack the necessary spirit to resist dictation. In England this would not be endured for an instant. What would be thought of Mr. Gladstone if he were solemnly to read Sir Charles Dilke or Mr. P. A. Taylor out of the Liberal party for their theoretical republicanism; or of Mr. Disraeli if he were to ostracise Lord Robert Montagu because he supported Home Rule and apologised for rattening? The question would arise, it appears to us, not as to their tact, but as to their sanity. Of all parties, a *soi-disant* Liberal party ought to be the most broadly tolerant and comprehensive. In Canada, if some people have their way, it will be the most illiberal in the British Empire. The idea of progress is one on which divergency is inevitable, unless we stifle, by coarseness and menace, the expression of individual opinion. Men will differ as to the extent to which innovation should be carried, as to the form it should take, and as to the ultimate shape their institutions should assume. There is, therefore, need of absolute freedom of discussion on all points, and the policy of a true Reform party, if it could be got, would be to try all things, and hold fast to that which promises to be good.

Instead of arguing, the prevailing tactics combine personal attack with appeals to popular prejudice. All non-party men or Nationalists favour independence or annexation, is now the cry, and it is a false one. It might have been thought that the *argumentum ad invidiam* was too worn and threadbare to delude any one, but it appears that partyism still thinks it likely to do service by turning and patching. In other pages we insert a reply of Mr. Norris to papers which Mr. Matthews contributed in previous numbers. We do so, because we believe in freedom of discussion on all subjects, practical or speculative; because that gentleman's opinions have been criticised in the *MONTHLY*, and he has the right to reply; and also because we know that the so-called Liberal press would not allow him to be heard, if it could prevent it. Having done

this simple act of justice, our responsibility ceases. Attached to British connection, both by feeling and by a regard to the national interests, we demur to Mr. Norris's conclusion, and are answerable neither for his manner nor his matter. Our contributor calls himself a Nationalist, and he is at liberty to do so, if he chooses, although his views of Nationalism and ours differ widely. When Mr. Brown and his admirers consent to be bound by the utterances of the nest of Independents and Annexationists they now cherish, it will be time enough to question the loyalty of the MONTHLY.

The spirit of party, as we have before observed, has spread its virus everywhere. It has been imported into our educational institutions, and forms an important element in the medical controversy now going on. In the sphere of theological belief, we had a notable instance the other day, in a spiteful notice of a contribution which appeared last June in these pages. The imputation was made that the paper in question was written by an atheist, and that the MONTHLY was controlled by a Bradlaugh. Of course, retraction of these malignant falsehoods was not only refused, but the writer immediately concerned was denied the courtesy of a reply. The only answer we shall deign to give may take the form of two extracts. Principal Tulloch says:—"No one has a right to fasten upon another the charge of atheism. If any choose to take the title, the affair is their own. No one has a right to fix a personal charge on mere grounds of inconsistency in reasoning." Mr. Fitzjames Stephen observes:—"The true ground of moral tolerance in the common sense of the word appears to me to lie in this—that most people have no right to any opinions whatever upon these questions, except in so far as they are necessary for the regulation of their own affairs. When some wretched little curate calls his betters atheists, and the like, his fault is not intolerance, but impudence and rudeness."

The elections in South Victoria and Russell call for no special remark. Mr. Wood's return, as a Cabinet Minister, was a foregone conclusion. A sparsely settled constituency will always be biassed in favour of a Minister, from self-interest, enlightened or otherwise. As a general rule, especially in the case of Provincial Assemblies, it seems

imprudent from a party point of view, to resist re-election in such cases; indeed it may be doubted whether it is just to embarrass a government by defeat at a bye-election, so soon after the general elections have been held. Mr. Wood's majority in this case was reduced from three hundred to seventy-four, but this seems to have been caused by the superior popularity of the Opposition candidate on this occasion, and the efforts put forth by his party and friends. Mr. Wood's ability and energy are generally approved, and there is every prospect that he will fulfil popular expectations. Mr. Baker, Conservative, regains his seat for Russell, by a much larger majority than he obtained in January. Here it would seem that the Government candidate laboured under the double disadvantage of being a Roman Catholic of French extraction, and was therefore distasteful to a large number of the Grit voters. Messrs. Mackenzie and Devlin have been unseated in the Montreal contests. In the latter, the petitioners have appealed on the disqualifying clauses. Mr. Devlin made a ridiculous appearance by his foolish attempt to gain popularity from political martyrdom. Chief Justice Dorion speedily deprived him of the honours coveted, by refusing the *habeas corpus*, and the pseudo-sufferer was compelled to apologize and to testify. In Mr. Mackenzie's place, we hope to see Mr. Thomas White, of the *Gazette*, elected by a good majority, not because he is a Conservative, but because he is an able and energetic man, well-informed in matters of trade and finance, and therefore a proper representative of the commercial metropolis. In Ontario we shall have a batch of elections during the current month, in seven constituencies, for the Assembly; in most cases, the old members will probably be returned, except in South Oxford, where Mr. Crooks will, no doubt, succeed Mr. Oliver.

The remarks made last month regarding ecclesiastical influence at the recent Quebec elections are justified by at least one election petition, supposing the facts to be proved in court. M. Langelier, a defeated candidate, protests against the return of M. Landry for the following amongst other reasons:—"Because 'the priests and ministers of the Roman Catholic religion, which is the religion of all the electors in the district, did, in the interest of the said P. Landry, and with his

knowledge and consent, exercise a moral and religious pressure on the said electors, by representing falsely and illegally that the political party to which the said Langelier belonged was an infamous and dangerous party, the foe to the doctrines and ministers of the said religion," and their opponents "as the only party for whom Roman Catholics could or ought to vote, and by threatening those who should vote for the said Langelier with the pains and penalties of the Church, and also with the punishments of another life," both in sermons and private conversations with the electors. Now, that all this was done is not denied by the *Minerve* and the *Canadian*; their plea is one of justification. Priests are the conservators of morality and religion, therefore they have a right to interfere in party politics—a *non sequitur* obvious to any one but the thoroughgoing Ultramontane. It is singular, as showing how serious a change has passed over the Church since the Vatican Council, that the hierarchy and its chosen champions formerly maintained an entirely different position on the same question. In 1869 a committee of the Provincial Assembly reported on a protested election and return for the County of Bagot. A similar complaint of ecclesiastical pressure was then urged by the petitioner, but it was rejected because the committee had no proof that the sitting member had any knowledge of the pressure. Then they add these significant words: "Which said spiritual influence, had it been proved to have occurred as alleged, would have been sufficient of itself, in the opinion of this committee, to render the said election absolutely null and void." One of the majority who subscribed their names to this report was M. Masson, the very man who is declared by Mgr. Bourget to be the Church's chosen defender. As to the character of all such priestly tampering with the electorate, it is clearly what we have described it—"undue influence and intimidation" of the worst character.

It is to be regretted that the Chief Superintendent has again surrendered to the *cacòthes scribendi*. In nothing does Dr. Ryerson appear to less advantage than in epistolary polemics, his letters are so long, so wordy, so inconclusive, so egotistical. It would be ungrateful, as well as ungracious, to deny or undervalue the Doctor's services to the

cause of education, but that is no reason why he should be always talking of them. Everybody knows or ought to know by this time, that he meditated on and devised our school system "on the tops of some of the highest mountains in Europe," but that does not make the present state of the Department any better. Parliament has decided that our educational system shall cease to be an autocracy, and be governed hereafter by a popular body of which he is not the master, but the adviser and executive officer. It is, therefore, undignified on his part to take the earliest opportunity of quarrelling with the elected members of the Council, and rushing thoughtlessly into print with his grievances. In the matter of the Depository, there is imperative need of a most searching investigation by Parliament. If the facts that came out in court may be taken as an example of the general management of the Department, the sooner ruder hands than those of Dr. Wilson or Mr. Goldwin Smith are laid upon it the better. It has been asserted that the Depository is a sham, so far as the schools are concerned, and an injustice to the trade, and that the text-books, maps, and apparatus provided are disgracefully behind the requirements of the age. Until Parliament meets, we have no means of confirming or denying these assertions. When it does meet the public will expect a thorough and fearless probing of the whole establishment. Certainly, neither the past services of the Chief Superintendent, nor his present impatience of control must be allowed to stand in the way.

The Ontario Government will soon be called upon to select a Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy for University College. Those who are best acquainted with Prof. Cherriman are unanimous in expressing their regret at his retirement. His abilities, his acquirements, his aptitude for communicating knowledge, and his unobtrusive modesty of manner, eminently fitted him for the chair he has so long and so honourably filled. In choosing his successor the Government will have no easy task, unless they take care to have some real acquaintance with the applicants, or some better guarantee of fitness than mere *pro formâ* testimonials. We are happy on this occasion to unite with the *Globe* and *Mail* in saying that, *cæteris paribus*, a Cana-

dian should be appointed. It will hardly be said, at this time of day, that our efforts to diffuse higher education have left us without a competent native mathematician. Adequate professional knowledge is, of course, the first requisite, but knowledge of our people, especially of our youth, and a ready adaptability to their ways and needs are scarcely less essential. The candidate who unites these *desiderata* should have the best chance of success. If one may be discovered who can claim long intercourse with the students, and continued residence amongst them as graduate or tutor, so much the better. We have no desire to press unduly the claims of any applicant, but we think the man who combines all these qualifications may be readily found.

The Report of the Toronto Ladies' Educational Association reminds us that the lecture session will soon be opened both here and at Montreal. In both cities the experiment of cultivating a taste for higher education amongst our young women has been amply justified by its results. We have no recent information regarding the sister association of Montreal, but the report before us shows that in Toronto there is a growing appreciation of the efforts put forth by the Association. The financial results unfortunately have not kept pace with the interest manifested in the lectures. This is not as it should be. The Association depends for its support mainly on the fees of members properly so called, and when it is borne in mind that a sessional ticket admits two ladies to four courses of eighteen lectures each, the annual contribution required cannot be called high. The other sources of revenue arise from the exchange of members' for students' tickets, and the charge for admission to single lectures. Now it is obvious that there ought to be a much larger number of well-to-do ladies who take a sufficient interest in the movement to become members. If unable or indisposed to attend the lectures themselves, they may, by the payment of a small additional fee, afford to one or two of their less fortunate sisters the opportunity of profiting by them. We heartily commend the Associations, both of Montreal and Toronto, to earnest and intelligent ladies, especially the young, amongst us. The principal value of these courses lies not so much in the instruction immedi-

ately imparted—though that is by no means inconsiderable—as in the education of a taste for the higher walks of learning. The training and discipline of the intellect in accurate habits of thought and profitable methods of study are the first steps in the way of progress, and as these lectures afford them in an exceptionally beneficial way, they ought to receive the warmest encouragement from all who desire to see the female sex occupy its rightful place in the sphere of intelligent thought.

Whether the process of disintegration will go on amongst American parties, until November, 1876, may be doubted. Still there are at present all the signs of a general break-up in the old camps. Many elements of discord are at work just now amongst the politicians. Of these, the financial question occupies a prominent place. The inflationists are mostly western men, and the amazing growth of the population in the States, from Ohio to Colorado, has given them immense weight in national contests. The Democrats, who have hitherto as a party advocated a speedy return to specie payment, perhaps only because Republicans introduced greenbacks, are beginning to trim their sails to the popular breeze. In Ohio, their State Convention boldly repudiated "hard money," and the result is that they will lose the support of some of their more intelligent leaders and supporters. On the other hand, Governor Tilden, Bayard, and other prospective candidates of the party, are strongly opposed to inflation. President Grant himself, Washburne, Wilson, and others are here in accord with them. On the other hand, Butler and some of the Republicans are almost rabid in crying for "more paper." The next disruptive element is the question of Southern policy. This, although it may not figure so prominently as the currency question, will probably be the "rock ahead," on which, if at all, the Republican barque will go to pieces. That Grant desires a third term is now beyond question, and that so long as he remains at the helm the policy of repression will be continued, is also a settled matter. Against him are ranged the Vice-President, some of his own Cabinet, and generally all who are sick of martial law and opposed to the third term on any "platform," or under any circumstances. The Democrats are agreed on a conciliatory treatment of the

South, but in addition to the monetary issue, they have difficulties of their own. In New York there is schism: Tammany Hall has been divided into two factions, or rather one of them has been thrust out of the "Wig-wam" by the other. Governor Tilden's drastic measures against municipal and departmental peculation, are displeasing to "bosses," canal contractors, and officials generally. Then there promises to be a sectional division arising from western jealousy of New York. The South and West decline to accept Governor Tilden, on the ground that he would be the fourth New York Democrat nominated in succession. A solution for the difficulties of this party might be found in the nomination of Charles Francis Adams, who would secure the anti-Grant wing of the Republicans, as a Conservative of independent and sterling character. It is, perhaps, unlikely that any such nomination will be made, however; for the Democrats have not yet forgotten how they burned their fingers with Horace Greeley. An attempt at "fusion" from the Republican side is being made in Massachusetts, but unfortunately it has a birth-taint—it is the offspring of personal ambition. The National Union party, as it is called, complains of the deep-seated corruption in all departments of government, opposes inflation and advocates the breaking up of existing parties. Speaking on the last point, the platform urges that, however necessary the support of extreme party organizations may have been in the past, it is "now dangerous and unpatriotic, inasmuch as it keeps in sight the ghosts of issues, long since dead, and tends to prolong an animosity injurious to our national prosperity, and to our credit and influence abroad." Another resolution declares that it is time "the people should resume their sway over the affairs of the nation, and organize anew." All this would have been much to the purpose, if the cloven foot had not been exposed in the call to the Convention, which submits the names of General Banks and Lamar of Mississippi, as candidates for 1876. Of course General Banks, in imitation of the President, can say that "he is not an aspirant or candidate for the Presidency," but every one knows what that means. The great difficulty with the old parties is, that they are divided on the two chief questions at issue—the Republicans on Southern policy, and the Democrats on the currency. The

Americans are adepts at wire-pulling, and will be able before next summer, by seceding, fusing, and welding, to present tickets and platforms to the electors in orthodox fashion.

The battle between Gov. Tilden and the canal contractors has ended in the discomfiture of the latter. Messrs. Denison, Belden and Co.—contractors, by the way, for Section No. 1 of the Welland Canal—have been turning an honest penny—in round numbers about half a million of dollars—by bribing Government officers, and securing fraudulent returns. To say nothing of the larger action, in which \$417,000 is claimed by the State, there are several minor ones—such as the Otisco dam. In this case, according to the *Herald*, it was originally intended, under the contract, to clear three acres of land at \$70 per acre. Afterwards, the contractors managed, by lobbying, to press a Bill through the Legislature providing for the continuance of the work, and the clearing of the lands round the Otisco Lake. They then cleared four hundred acres of their own motion, and drew \$30,000 from the Treasury, in addition to the value of the wood. We hope Mr. Mackenzie will take care that these gentlemen have no opportunity of displaying their peculiar talents in Canada. The exposure of the disagreeable condition of things in the New York Police Department, and in its municipal government generally, has nothing novel in it. On the other hand, the gigantic frauds in the Indian department at Washington, have not been paralleled since the downfall of Tweed and his associates. Everybody knew that the Indians were systematically cheated by the government agents, that their annuities were paid in rotten food, clothing, and tobacco; but it is amazing to hear that all this wrong has been systematically perpetrated with the consent, or at least the connivance, of Grant's bosom friend, the Secretary of the Interior. It seems to matter very little which party is in power, for both appear to be irretrievably corrupt. The civil war, creditable as it was to American valour and self-sacrifice, left behind it a baneful legacy in the demoralization of the people. For fifteen years, fraud and peculation have been gnawing at the vitals of the Republic, until they seem to have paralyzed its moral sense and depraved it nationally, commercially, and socially. It cannot be that a nation, in the

main sound and honest, which possesses illimitable powers of recuperation, will long consent to see its good name dishonoured by swindling contractors, dishonest officials, and fraudulent stock-jobbers. By what agencies this new and more important Revolution will be brought about, it is, for the present, difficult to foretell; one thing, however, is certain, that the very foundations of society are threatened by the torrent of vice and crime which rushes down upon it from every side, and that the restoration of a healthy moral tone is a matter of life or death to the American Republic.

The O'Connell Centenary was "a great day for Ireland," although not in the sense anticipated by its promoters. Some fatality seems to attend Irish demonstrations of every kind, and those who are in the habit of forecasting events by an easy reference to national idiosyncracies, were not slow to predict a *contretemps* on this occasion. The facile method of attributing such misadventures to inherent vices of race ought to have been abandoned long ago. Every ethnologist knows that the Celt and Saxon, however hostile they may have been in contemporary history, are of the same stock, and that the peculiarities of Irish, as well as French, history must be sought for in some other quarter. Still it remains true that Ireland has been as helpless a prey to faction as it has been to tyranny, and it seems like a bitter piece of irony in the sequence of events, that the memory of Daniel O'Connell, the only leader about whom the masses rallied, should be the starting-point for new dissensions. From the time when Samuel Lover's parish priest settled the date of St. Patrick's birth, by a sum in simple addition, until now, the mass of the Irish people, content, perhaps, with their singular unanimity on that occasion, has preferred, with one exception, to live at sixes and sevens. "Don't be always divided, but sometimes combine," was the advice of the worthy father, and the only man, in her history, who taught Ireland to do so, was O'Connell. No one, of course, expected that the Orangemen of Ulster would pay homage to the great agitator, but with skilful management, Liberals, Protestant as well as Catholic, English and Scotch, as well as Irish, might have been induced to join cordially in the posthumous commemoration of a dead struggle. In-

deed it would not have been impossible, as we read the signs of the times, to induce Mr. Disraeli to bury the hatchet and pronounce a eulogy on the festive occasion. Blood, however, will tell, and the decorations and parade apart, Dublin made a notable *fiasco*.

The cause of the trouble was evident at the first blush. The Lord Mayor, Mr. Mc-Swiney, inspired by Cardinal Cullen, had determined that O'Connell should be celebrated as a son of the Church; the Home Rule and Fenian parties were equally determined that he should be fêted as the champion of Repeal. The English Liberals could hardly take part in a demonstration, in which the Pope's health was to be the first toast. They are helplessly divided just now, but it is obvious that the alienation of the English and Scotch Nonconformists which would follow such a step must be death to them, without the hope of resurrection for years to come. The Mayor and his hierarchical backers, being in possession of the field, and desirous of renewing the Liberal alliance, strove to put Home Rule and its troublesome auxiliaries in the back ground. Their orator, Lord O'Hagan—a classic patronymic by the way—was repudiated by the rabble of recalcitrants as a "pensioner of Gladstone and the British Crown." O'Connell was a patriot, the proof of which is with national quickness at the tongue's tip—he refused to be Master of the Rolls. Most of us know that the great Daniel had his choice between accepting judicial preferment with one-third of the amount of his "rent"—the poor people's coppers collected on Sundays at the chapel doors, and keeping the whole of the "rent," and being a patriot to boot. He wisely combined a regard to country with a marked *penchant* for self. There were, then, three parties, all desirous of doing suitable honour to the memory of the great agitator, and all working at cross purposes. The loyal Liberals, so soon as it was definitively decided to prefer the Pope to the Queen, washed their hands of the business altogether, because, though they were willing to commemorate the services O'Connell rendered to the cause of religious liberty, they were not willing to be dragged into the slough of despond, by the fanaticism of the Ultramontane or the unreasoning demagoguism of Home Rule. There remained, then, two parties to fight

it out between them, and it was fought out accordingly.

There has never been any real cordiality between the Church and the native agitation in Ireland. Ecclesiastics are always jealous of popular movements over which they are denied absolute control, especially when, as in the case of the Fenians, the oath of a secret society raises a barrier against them. For years, indeed ever since the later years of O'Connell's career, they have been losing ground with the laity. The Vatican decrees forced the question to an issue, and the popular voice of Ireland, if Mr. Butt, The O'Connor Don, and other Home Rule members represent her, has declared that there is a breach between the people and the priests. Cardinal Cullen thought, when he broke with the English Liberals and cast himself on the support of the Home Rulers, that all would be well. He has, by this time, found out his mistake. The agitators now, as always, are happy to receive hierarchical support, but only on condition that the Church shall be an ally, and not a master. Hence the rage of McSwiney, the cutting of the traces, the quarrel at the banquet, and the turning down of the gas, just when Mr. Butt was preparing to extinguish the Lord Mayor and his clerical superiors. Out of all the clamour and confusion arises this fact, that a final severance has been made between the clerical and lay movements in Ireland. Henceforth Ultramontaniam and Home Rule will walk apart.

Of O'Connell himself, who seems to have filled a subordinate place on this occasion, little remains to be said. He had not much of the hero about him, and still less of the saint. How he came to be patronized by the Ultramontane clerics of Britain, France, and Germany it would be difficult to say. It was he who prompted the Irish bishops to make their frank declaration against Papal infallibility quoted by Mr. Gladstone; and if he could have been present at his own Centennial, he would have sided with Isaac Butt and John of Tuam, not with Paul Cullen, Mgr. Dupanloup; and Lord Mayor McSwiney. His claims to saintship are more than doubtful, for he was, perhaps, the most untruthful man that ever led a people. In mendacity he traded, and, on the whole, the peasantry liked him for his lying. The claim to moral courage set up on his behalf we believe to be without

warrant; his policy was to work the people up to the verge of rebellion and then to show his power by exhorting them to abstain from insurrection. He might boast at Tara or Mullingar that he could bring women enough into the field to beat all the royal forces, but when the mailed hand of power was shown he was easily cowed. That is the grain of truth in what Lord O'Hagan uttered as a eulogy:—"His aim was to keep Ireland profoundly submissive to the laws, yet morally ungovernable (!); to stir to its depths the passions of the people, and yet to make them shrink from violence and outrage." All these drawbacks must enter into an adequate estimate of the man; yet the services he rendered to the cause of civil and religious liberty were great, and, in spite of the glaring moral defects of his character, we can look back at this distance of time with something like admiration upon the figure of the Liberator, his ready humour, his thorough mastery over the hearts of his countrymen, and their emancipation, under his guidance, from a cruel bondage. He is not the man history will canonize, whatever the Church may do; yet we can afford to sympathize with those who remember him with gratitude for what he did.

Mr. Disraeli broke up the Parliamentary establishment on the 13th ult. We can fancy the feelings of the national pedagogue as he locked the doors of his educational establishment for a long vacation of five months. The general opinion amongst the pupils, and perhaps some of the under-masters, seems to be that he has disappointed reasonable expectations. When he seized the reins which Mr. Gladstone had thrown on the dashboard, after vainly flinging a sop in the shape of income-tax to his galled team, Mr. Disraeli was regarded as a heaven-sent agent of some Divine society for the prevention of cruelty to animals—in this case the British electorate suffering from furious driving. Sensational handling of the ribbons was to give place to the art of the veterinary surgeon; the whip, bit, and curb were to be superseded by the curry-comb, the bottle, and the sponge. In short, Mr. Disraeli and his Ministers were to raise the *physique* of the nation without regard to its speed.

What they have really done may be read in the comments of the English press. It amounts, for the most part, to a bundle of

permissive measures which people may obey or not as their interests dictate. The judicial system has been remodelled for a year; the Government, as the result of Mr. Plim-soll's "dramatic scene," are to have absolute power over the merchant shipping, also for a year. Mr. Assheton Cross's Labour Bills, which are really of value, are, at the same time, the only thorough measures of the session. Mr. Disraeli's Agricultural Holdings Act and the Artizan Dwellings Act may or may not be successes, according as land lords are liberal and corporations enterprising or the reverse. The Premier's *bonhomie* has occasionally relieved the tedium of legislation, but age and infirm health have set their mark upon him, and he has not turned out the brilliant minister he was expected to be. Future sessions may prove that his lethargy and dulness have been the results of temporary indisposition; if so, the English people will rejoice at it, because they desire to see one whom fortune has somewhat hardly dealt with, quit the stage with credit when he makes his final bow. The Liberal party remains in a shattered state, just as when it was hurled to Pandemonium, and no leader has yet given a rallying cry powerful enough to summon the prostrate legions to renewed war.

The financial world in England has met with one or two disagreeable experiences lately. The report of the Foreign Loans Committee has disclosed some facts which all but the monied dupes who hunger after high rates of interest knew before. They knew that there were brokers and adventurers whose occupation it is to float bubble loans, and that Central and South American scrip was not worth the paper on which it is written. The Baron Grants and the Bischoffheims ply their trade, and become millionaires by downright swindling; everybody—certainly every novel reader who believes in the truth of fiction—was aware of it all long ago. The only pity of it is that the dupes, in many cases, belong to the classes who can least afford the loss—because it is their all. The aged, the widows, and others whose whole store for the future, naturally invested at the highest promised rates, has been swept away, are sincerely to be commiserated. But for those who have fallen victims to greed rather than simplicity and trustfulness nobody need care a halfpenny.

The flight of Alexander Collie shows another weak spot in the paper business. Whether the manager of the London and Westminster Bank was or was not to blame, it is quite certain that there is something culpably loose in the bill and discounting business. That any man should be permitted to earn the reputation of being a millionaire, occupying a "palatial mansion, suitable for a nobleman or gentleman of large means," at Buckingham Palace Gate, by paper bearing a lie on its face, is strange; that a well-established bank should discount notes, without asking questions, on their bare presentation by the endorser, is inexplicable on any ordinary theory of financial prudence. These things will, however, work their own cure, and it is somewhat surprising to find that some of their own papers have discovered it as a novel fact that these tricks are played in England as well as in America. That discovery is no new one, as those who remember the Roupell, Redpath, and Watts cases are aware. The difference between the United States and England lies in this, that in the former corruption and swindling is a disease of the bone and marrow, eating into the nation's vitality; in the latter it is merely an eruption on the surface, easily expelled by soundness in the constitution of the patient.

Affairs on the Continent are not of special interest this month. Bismarck is rusticated, with great benefit to himself and no slight advantage to the peace of the world. German diplomats are less troublesome and *exigent* than usual, and Europe is tranquil with the exception of the slight speck of war in the Herzegovina and the monarchical duel in Spain. The insurrection of the Christian population of the former state is an event which ought to stir the sympathies of the world. The little province itself is not of much account in European politics; its population is a mere handful, and even its name very rarely mentioned except in atlases and gazetteers. Hemmed in by mountains and cut off from the Adriatic by Austrian Dalmatia, it is practically out of diplomatic reckoning; yet from its neighbourhood to Bosnia, Servia, and Montenegro, it might be made a dangerous starting-point for insurrection. The Imperial triumvirate, however, have taken orders against any premature re-opening of the Eastern problem. Austria affects a humane interest

in the fate of the insurgents, but they do not trust her, and she is distasteful to the Porte as a mediator, because of her recent negotiations in trade matters with Roumania. The Herzegovinians have fought with the valour desperation arouses, and there is little doubt that they are being aided in the unequal struggle by the Servians. Their position is a most pitiable one. More than a twelvemonth ago an outbreak of Turkish fanaticism drove a considerable portion of the population into exile. The rayahs or tax-collectors determined to exact the same revenue from the remaining inhabitants they had gathered before the migration. To a Canadian, the visits of tax-gatherers are sometimes annoying; but in the Christian provinces under Moslem rule they mean every species of brutality which a ruffianly soldiery can inflict on men, women, and children. If the Pasha in command succeeds in quelling the insurrection, the unfortunates will be exterminated in a way that should make humanity shudder. There is no hope except from a determined intervention of the powers, or a general revolt of Bosnia and Servia, as well as the Herzegovina.

In Spain the Carlist party seems to be on its last legs. Leo d'Urgel has fallen, and, if we may believe the latest telegrams, Don Carlos, having lost heart and hope, is on the point of disbanding his army.

The French Assembly adjourned for three months early in August. Before separating, the new Republican Constitution

was formally completed by the passage of the Senate Bill—the vote being 559 to 37. This seems to promise well, but the depths are not so placid as the surface. Ever since M. Gambetta assailed M. Buffet as a concealed Bonapartist, matters have been going to the bad. The passage of the University Bill, which leaves collegiate education in clerical hands, showed the weakness of the coalition, the Conservatives have taken courage, and they seem now to have conceived the idea of carrying on the government without the aid of the Left. The attitude of MM. Buffet and Dufaure on the question of dissolution is eminently unsatisfactory to the Radicals. Ministers declined to say whether they would sanction a general election or not, but they are to announce their policy in November. This, of course, means that they will plot and manœuvre during the recess, so as to stave off the dreaded day of reckoning until next year. They know very well that the bulk of those who clamour for dissolution are at heart opposed to it, and would vote against it if they dared. The Left meanwhile is growing restive, and M. Gambetta, if his desire to restrain them be more than seeming, will find some difficulty in keeping his sleuth-hounds in leash. The prospect is not encouraging for the success of the Wallon constitution; still it is to be hoped that by some lucky chance the old alliance may be sufficiently patched up to ensure for the Republic a fair chance of going into practical operation.

BOOK REVIEWS.

PRAYER AND CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM. Five Sermons by R. Henry Roberts, B. A., London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1873.

A BRIEF DEFENCE OF SUPERNATURAL CHRISTIANITY. Being a Review of the Philosophical Principles and Historical Arguments of the Book entitled, "Supernatural Religion." By John Kennedy, M. A., D. D. London: Daldy, Isbister & Co. 1875.

We bracket together these two books because they both treat, in a popular way, of the

religious questions at present in controversy. They are, of necessity, only slight contributions to Christian apologetics, by no means profound and not always satisfactory. Both are the work of Nonconformist ministers of recognized ability; and Dr. Kennedy is Professor of Apologetic Theology, in New College, London—a colleague therefore of Dr. Stoughton. It may be remarked as the characteristic weaknesses of such defences that they are too rhetorical in their method, and that although they are ostensibly replies to philosophical or scientific unbe-

lievers, they are not addressed *to* them, but *at* them, through the medium of friendly readers or hearers. Their object, in fact, is not so much to refute or silence opponents, as to allay disquietude in orthodox bosoms. The result is that the logic is often faulty, and much of what is written is mere padding of the *ad captandum* sort. The little works before us partake of these weaknesses; yet the writers display considerable literary ability, a thorough appreciation and a generous treatment of opponents, and no slight skill and acuteness in handling the great subjects of which they treat.

Mr. Roberts's work on Prayer was published some two years ago, but as it does not appear to be widely known, and especially as it deals with a topic about which our readers have recently read something on both sides, we may give it the benefit of a brief notice. The first sermon is devoted to the proposed "prayer test" of Messrs. Galton and Tyndall. We have always thought the challenge an unreasonable one to make, from the believer's point of view. Christian prayer is only recognized in Scripture as the fruit of belief; to pray, in order to test the promises of God, is to admit that there may be a doubt upon the subject. Moreover, it involves the conception that the Deity is bound to give His creatures all that they desire—we may almost say demand—and in the precise way in which they desire it, without regard to the Divine plan of government, or the real necessities of the case. A Christian would instinctively shrink from calling upon his Maker to heal the sick, in order that His creature might have the means of defeating a scientific opponent. To do so, he would justly regard as an insult to the Divine Majesty. His reply, as Mr. Roberts puts it, would be, "If your course is one which does not commend itself to my conscience and common sense, I can't put prayer to the test; for the vital element of prayer—the very essence of its power—would be absent," and this because "the object prayed for must be one which the supplicants feel that they may fittingly and believing seek at the hands of God." Our author submits also the following considerations. The test would require Christians to set aside the evidence of the Bible, the experience of believers in all ages, in order to take up for three or five years an attitude of uncertainty and suspense. Who, he asks again is to guarantee that the prayers of "the faithful are to be concentrated upon one or more persons, or upon one hospital or ward?" Moreover there might be reasons why God could not near such prayers, or He might refuse to be tested in this way. In brief, Mr. Roberts declines the experiment, "because it is generated in a spirit and connected with ideas which have no sort of sympathy with Christian habits of thought." The answer must be that of the Master: "Jesus said unto him, it is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

In treating of Elijah and the prophets of Baal at Carn ul, (1 Kings, xviii. 36-40) the author claims that we have prayer tested directly offered by Divine authority at a rugged crisis in the history of Israel "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, *before whom I stand*," were the words of the prophet. Stress is laid upon the low intellectuality and spirituality of the time and of the people, and upon the fact that it seems part of the Divine plan to educate the world gradually, by means adopted to the wants of each successive age. Mr. Roberts acknowledges the moral difficulty involved in the slaughter of Baal's prophets, at the brook of Kishon, and he is ingenious enough not to defend it. He regards it as simply Elijah's work—an excess of fanatical zeal on his part, of which there is no evidence that God approved any more than he did of Peter's dissimulation at Antioch. Other sermons on the statistical argument advanced by Mr. Galton, and another on the spiritual efficacy of prayer, we must pass over—the one because the argument could not be compressed within reasonable limits, and the other, because its subject-matter hardly forms part of the controversy. The last of the course treats of prayer for the sick, the text being that on which the peculiar people hang their anti-medical creed, James v. 14 and 15. This sermon is ingenious, but not conclusive. There is something, no doubt in the ambiguity, purposive, Mr. Roberts contends, of the words of the text, The apostle does not say that prayer "shall heal the sick," but merely that it shall "save" him. This he regards as equivalent to leaving the matter entirely in the hands of God. On the whole, the book is able; yet, perhaps its strongest point is a concession from Professor Tyndall, which we may quote in conclusion:—"The theory that the system of nature is under the control of a Being, who changes phenomena in compliance with the prayers of men, is, in my opinion, a perfectly legitimate one. It may, of course, be rendered futile by being associated with conceptions which contradict it, but such conceptions form no necessary part of the theory. It is a matter of experience that an earthly father, who is, at the same time, both wise and tender, listens to the requests of his children, and if they do not ask amiss, takes pleasure in granting their requests. We know also that this compliance extends to the alteration within certain limits of the current of events on earth. With this suggestion offered by one experience, there is no departure from scientific method, to place behind natural phenomena, a universal Father, who, in answer to the prayers of His children, alters the current of those phenomena. *Thus far, Theology and Science go hand in hand.*"

We had intended, at the outset, to enter somewhat fully into Dr. Kennedy's "Defence of Supernatural Christianity," but we find ourselves constrained, for this occasion at any rate,

to be content with a brief indication of its character. It originally appeared as a supplement to the *Nonconformist*, and considering that the entire ground traversed in the two ponderous volumes of "Supernatural Religion" is galloped over in a small volume of seventy-four pages, the work is by no means thoroughly done. The subject of miracles is divided into two parts—*fundamental*, treating of the absolute denial of miracles under any circumstances, and *transitional* (Sup. Rel. Chapters IV., V., and VI), of the distinctive criticism applied to the Gospel miracles, "by a prejudgment, founded on the superstitiousness and ignorance of the age." Finally, the bulk of the work criticised, which treats of the authenticity of the Gospels, is taken up, and twenty-seven pages devoted to it. We had marked a number of passages in Dr. Kennedy's book for special comment, but we must simply commend this very fair and able defence to the attention of our readers. Some of the arguments strike us as fallacious and untenable, and sometimes the author seems to have misinterpreted his opponent's meaning. To expose these weak points would, perhaps, be to do injustice to Dr. Kennedy, as fragmentary criticism of a book always does, and as the author himself, unconsciously no doubt, does to the subject of his animadversions. The rhetorical style will crop out here, of course, but as a rule, the logic of the subject is never lost sight of or drowned in a torrent of verbiage.

THE GRIP CARTOONS. Vols. I and II. May, 1873, to May, 1874, with Notes and Introduction by J. W. Bengough. Toronto: Rogers and Larminie, 1875.

It is generally acknowledged that for the purpose of chastising the graver sins of public men, the proper weapons are denunciation, invective, and sarcasm. For their lighter misdemeanours, however,—their follies and peccadilloes—these would be out of place. To break a butterfly upon a wheel is a ludicrous waste of power. The appropriate instrument of punishment here is ridicule. This being so, it is a subject for congratulation that, after a long list of failures, we have, in our friend "Grip," now in its third year of existence, a *censor morum* which appears to be assured of a permanent vitality. This success is doubtless owing to the cartoons of Mr. Bengough, the first year's issue of which are here collected into book form. These excellent productions have been re-engraved on wood, and, as regards finish of execution, are a decided improvement on the originals on stone. The most noticeable qualities of Mr. Bengough's facile pencil, are dexterity in hitting off a happy likeness, and a certain degree of cleverness in filling in the accessories of a picture. Still, these excellencies are not uniformly displayed. Some of the likenesses are not nearly so happy as others. Among the best are those of Mr. Beaty and Mr. McKellar; but in those

of Mr. Blake, Mr. Mowat, and Mr. Patteson, the cartoonist is not so fortunate. There is moreover a want of variety in facial expression, the result being that each likeness tends to become stereotyped, and consequently monotonous. With regard to the filling in of details, it must be conceded too, that, though in general there is considerable imaginative power, some of the cartoons display a noticeable poverty of invention.

The most glaring defect, however, is a want of accuracy in drawing. Too often, indeed, there is not even an attempt to reproduce the natural curves of the human form. The only cure for this grave defect is severe study under competent teachers. If Mr. Bengough would undergo a course of careful training in anatomy and anatomical drawing, he might aspire to become the Tenniel or Leech of Canada. At present, there are no signs that constant practice for nearly three years has effected the slightest improvement in this supremely important particular. In the matter of drawing the cartoon of last week is as crude, as raw, and as unrefined as the very first one issued. Whether Mr. Bengough will be contented with merely clever mediocrity, or will aspire to become a genuine artist, and a master of his craft, rests with himself to decide. It is earnestly to be hoped that his choice will be the latter: it would be a subject for great regret were gifts such as he possesses comparatively wasted for lack of culture. Let him remember the wise words of the late John Stuart Mill, in his noble inaugural address to the students of St. Andrews University: "No other human productions come so near to perfection as works of pure Art. In all other things, we are, and may reasonably be, satisfied if the degree of excellence is as great as the object immediately in view seems to us to be worth; but in Art, the perfection is itself the object. If I were to define Art, I should be inclined to call it the endeavour after perfection in execution. If we meet with even a piece of mechanical work which bears the marks of being done in this spirit—which is done as if the workman loved it, and tried to make it as good as possible, though something less good would have answered the purpose for which it was ostensibly made—we say that he has worked like an artist." "Perfection in execution" is the ideal which Mr. Bengough should have in view, and if he has the true spirit of an artist, he will be content with nothing short of this.

We understand that it is intended to continue the reissue of the *Grip* Cartoons, and that those from May, 1874, to May, 1875, are now in course of preparation.

BACON *versus* SHAKSPERE; a Plea for the Defendant. By Thomas D. King. Montreal: Lovell Printing and Publishing Company. 1875.

Mr. Nathaniel Holmes is one of the most recent advocates of the alleged Baconian origin of Shakspeare's plays. We do not suppose that the supporters of this theory intend or expect to be taken in serious earnest. Like the disputants in the schools, they simply aim at the praise of ingenuity. No one, they would probably say, is bound to believe them. While, however, we feel that Mr. King, in devoting a small volume to the refutation of Mr. Holmes, has performed a work that was superfluous, we nevertheless with pleasure add that he has taken occasion, during the process, to furnish

the reader with some fresh and pleasant matter on an old subject. We shall regret, by the way, if in Canadian literature the established form of Shakspeare's name should be superseded by that which is adopted on every page of the volume before us. If, as Mr. King very properly argues, the authority of Heminge and Condell, of Meres, Weever, &c., is of weight as to the authenticity of the plays, it is equally good on the point of the common contemporary mode of rendering the great poet's name.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"TWO names," says Dr. Lightfoot, "stand out prominently in the churches of provincial Asia during the age immediately succeeding the Apostles. Polycarp, of Smyrna, and Papias, of Hierapolis. Having disposed of the one in a former paper, he devotes a rather lengthy chapter in the *Contemporary* to the latter. Papias is rather a shadowy figure in church history—his age, his abilities, and the precise nature of his treatise in five books, are all matters of controversy. Irenæus says that he was a hearer of John and a companion of Polycarp. If this be true, especially the first clause, he forms a most important link stretching over a barren period in Christian literature, and thus bridges the chasm between the Apostolic age and the appearance of the earliest writings now extant more or less in their entirety. With regard to the age of Papias, on which much of the controversy between the author of *Supernatural Religion* depends, we think Dr. Lightfoot has made out his case here as in the case of Polycarp. The statement that Papias was "a hearer of John," that is of the Apostle, is not pressed, although the Professor regards it as by no means improbable. There were clearly two Johns named by this writer, and distinguished the one as of "the Lord's disciples" and the other as Presbyter or Elder John. Eusebius seems to think that the latter was the author of the Apocalypse. With characteristic acuteness Dr. Lightfoot succeeds, we think, in showing that Papias's martyrdom, as well as Polycarp's, have been post-dated by the Tübingen school and the author of *Supernatural Religion*. It is obvious that if Polycarp suffered in A. D. 164 his birth could not have been earlier than the year 80, which would make his intercourse with the personal followers of the Lord scarcely possible. Yet nothing is more certain than that he was on intimate terms with

one at least of the Apostles and a large circle of the first adherents to the Christian faith after them. The secret of the mistake in both cases is traced to the *Chronicon Paschale*, a compilation of the seventh century. No earlier writer mentions any date, "not even Eusebius;" but the *quasi*-authority starts boldly with the 133rd year of the Ascension, and jumbles together the martyrology of several generations which Eusebius has distinctly related as successive, instead of simultaneous. This is shown here by placing the extracts from the *Chronicon* side by side with the source of the compiler's information. As if to settle the question beyond cavil Dr. Lightfoot's quotations show that in the compilation, Papias was written by the transcriber, when Eusebius has Papyrus. We have no space to follow the writer in his statement of the positive evidence for Papias's date. It must suffice to say that his birth is placed at A. D. 60-70, and the publication of his work at A. D. 130-140. The author of "*Supernatural Religion*" has been singularly unfortunate here, for in his first volume he dates his work at "about the middle of the second century," whereas in the second volume he speaks of him as "flourishing in the *second* half of the second century"—an altogether untenable assumption. The work of Papias, which was one of considerable size is only known to us by extracts made by Irenæus and Eusebius, and its very title forms part of the controversy. The author of "*Supernatural Religion*" contends that if Papias had any written documents before him they were only the *λογια* or discourses of our Lord and not one of our canonical gospels. Great stress is laid upon his remark "I did not think that I could get so much profit from the contents of books as from the utterances of a living and abiding voice;" but everything depends on the real purpose of the work. Was

it an exposition or exegesis as its author called it or was it a new Gospel of his own. Prof. Lightfoot claims that exegesis means a commentary on some text and "the Lord's discourses" should be rendered the "Dominical Oracles," an expression covering facts as well as discourses. (Rom. iii. 1.) When he speaks of the contents of books, he is, in short, speaking of the fanciful exegesis adopted by the Gnostics and not of the text at all.

Mr. Plimsoll's "dramatic scene" has been fruitful in results not immediately contemplated by the member for Derby. Mr. Brassey, in a brief paper, exposes the character of the Advance Note given to seamen by masters of ships on the owners of ships. It is in fact a post-dated cheque payable to the holder at a certain interval after the ship's departure, provided the sailor fulfils his part of the contract. The latter endorses it, gets it discounted, as Mr. O'Dowd states, "at 2s. per pound discount," or at between 30 and 40 per cent. per month, and then pays, or is supposed to pay, for his board and outfit, and then goes, or is carried, on board, as the case may be. The pretext for this demoralizing custom is that board must be paid for on shore and an outfit procured. In point of fact this is only done in exceptional cases; so that from the time the sailor lands till he re-embarks he is absolutely at the mercy of crimps and abandoned people of every sort. When his ship arrives in port he is paid off and is immediately in the hands of the sharks who fleece him unblushingly; when his money is exhausted, he is pressed into the service again by the crimp, gets his advance-note and squanders what is left of it till he is compelled to go on board. The crimp is, of course, directly concerned in the man's engagement with a new ship and in seeing him safely stowed in the fore-castle, because otherwise the advance-note would be worthless; but a system could hardly be devised which offers less opportunity for provident and steady habits. Canon Todd contributes a paper on "The Roman Catholic Marriage Laws" from a Roman Catholic point of view. There is nothing very new in the paper, except that the charge made by Mr. Gladstone against the Church, that it regards Protestant marriages as "mere civil contracts" is rebutted, but that had already been done by Dr. Newman. We observe that Father Todd treats two passages in St. Matthew in a decidedly rationalistic style; Mark and Luke, he urges, declare that the marriage tie is indissoluble, and state no exception to the rule. Matthew, on the other hand (v. 32; xix. 3-9), regards fornication as a valid cause of divorce. Now the writer honestly declares that no explanation of this difference is satisfactory; he suggests, however, that Matthew was writing for the Jews only, and that the other evangelists who must have known what he had written deliberately omitted the exception. If this method

of solving a difficulty be admissible, the Infallible Church will soon be travelling in the groove of Renan and Strauss. The explanation of "most theologians" that St. Matthew meant merely a separation *a thoro et mensa* is untenable also, because the words "put away" must mean the same thing as applied to Christian law as when quoted from Moses (v. 31-32).

Mr. Julian Hawthorne continues his lively papers entitled "Saxon Studies," dealing on this occasion with the army. There is much in it that is amusing, and one or two things which are amazing if not exaggerated, as it is to be hoped they are. Mr. Rowsell gives a history of the acquirement of parliamentary control on expenditure and the present machinery of audit. To financiers it will form a valuable study; to Canadian financiers, especially those portions of it which relate to the establishment and regulation of the Consolidated Fund and the Comptroller-Generalship of the Exchequer. It seems hardly fair in the writer of "Carlo Cattaneo" to complain that the writings of that distinguished economist are not so well known as those of Mr. Mill. The reason is because they only exist in fugitive newspaper articles and MS. notes. The picture of the backward state of Italy from a literary point of view is even darker than we should have fancied it, and it is, therefore, unreasonable to ask foreigners to care for a reputation which is not appreciated at home. Carlo Cattaneo is connected in history with the celebrated "Five days," when Milan might have successfully contended with Radetzky if she had only been united. Cattaneo's part in the affair was extremely creditable to him. He refused to be prematurely led into the toils by the aristocratic party and Charles Albert, although he seems to have had no strong objection to the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont. Theoretically he was a Republican; but his first aim was to drive the Austrian from the soil. "Fight and hold your tongues" was his advice. Under favourable circumstances, he might, like Castelar, have gained the highest place in his country, and there are some reasons for thinking that he would have used his advantages to better purpose. He was a Federal Republican, not a Mazzinian nor even a Garibaldian; yet he was a warm admirer of both as patriots. He hated Bonapartism, but he differed from his brother leaders in the view they took of Napoleon's intervention on behalf of Sardinia. His constant cry was—"Fight when you can, how you can, where you can, and *with whom* you can—no matter, so that you fight against Austria—and get used to fighting." The biographical reminiscences in this paper are of great interest, for Cattaneo was an able, learned, earnest, and withal simple-minded man, who lived and died in poverty without a selfish aim or an ignoble action.

"Institutions and their Inmates," by Mrs.

Synnot, is a protest against the scandalous waste of money and mechanism in some charitable institutions. One instance will suffice. At an Asylum for Aged Governesses at Kentish Town, London, the expenses of the year, and there are only seven inmates, are £1,430 odd. In addition to a thorough exposure of this wanton extravagance, by Government statistics, the writer puts in a plea on behalf of the family system, in preference to the ordinary asylum plan for children, especially girls. The facts brought out in the Local Government Board Reports regarding Scotland, and also the Protestant Orphan Society of Ireland may be commended to the attention of benevolent ladies and gentlemen in Canada. Mr. Arthur Arnold's "Liberal Party and the Catholics" can hardly be called a reply to Mr. Pope Hennessy's article of the previous number, because both coincide in their conclusions. Nevertheless Mr. Arnold makes a personal onslaught on the ex-Governor of Sierra Leone which is scarcely warranted. Above all, he falls into the blunder of quoting Mr. Froude as an authority, which he is not, because he garbles documents and is deficient in judgment. If there be one thing more than another we should feel suspicious of, it would be Mr. Froude's inferences—unless we make an exception, for the worse, of his quotations.

The *Fortnightly Review* contains no article of striking importance this month. Mr. Fawcett contributes a graceful and touching tribute to the memory of the late Prof. Cairnes, his brother economist. Sir Rutherford Alcock's article on "The Inheritance of the Great Mogul," contains a good deal of information regarding Central Asia, but is much too diffuse. So far as the future is concerned, the writer thinks that England's chief danger in India is from China, which seems to be on the eve of another forward movement west and south-westward. He is satisfied that "the conquest neither of India nor of China has yet entered into the plans of Russian rulers or statesmen." Yet he appears to think that Russia might be led to encourage Mongol invasion. If so, Buddhism and Mahomedanism would meet in deadly conflict. Sir Rutherford urges Britain to foster the alliance with Japan as the most effective check to the designs of the Chinese rulers. Lord Lytton's "Liberty of the Press" is a supplementary poem to "Fables in Song." It contains some striking passages, but is scarcely as clear in its application as the ordi-

nary reader could wish. Mr. Payne's paper on "Parliament and Popular Government," although written by a Liberal, contains evident traces of the Conservative reaction, not so much in spirit as in argument. The writer desires the repeal of the Septennial Act or else some understanding that Parliaments are not to last so long. His contention is that a hasty general election may give one party so great a pre-dominance as to render Parliament practically independent of the people for seven years. So far from desiring anything radical he strives to show, in an interesting historical sketch, that England would only be going back to the old paths, by doing away with the fixed duration of Parliaments. Speaking of parties, Mr. Payne remarks, "The questions between them are limited to a more narrow issue than at any previous time. In fact it is curious to observe how little dissimilarity exists between them upon anything resembling a broad principle." What would he say if he knew anything of Canadian parties, falsely so-called? Mr. Bridge gives a very seductive picture of the Mediterranean or great Inland Sea of Japan—not so large as its namesake, but differing from it in having regular tides. The general effect of the paper seems to suggest that the writer has studied *The Earl and the Doctor* to some purpose. Professor Hunter's sketch of the history of labour from slavery to equality and its ultimate triumph, in "Mr. Cross's Labour Bills," is well worthy of perusal. With the exception of the Criminal Amendment Act, the Professor's criticisms on the Home Secretary's legislation are, in the main, eulogistic. Some of the verbal confusion in the Conspiracy Bill was cleared up, we may remark, by Lord Cairns in the Lords. Mr. Symonds, always clear and well-informed, gives an account of the Eleatic fragments of Xenophanes and Parmenides, the facts of which are valuable, although we have some doubts as to the philosophic inferences. Mr. Digby's "Home Rule Experiment in Ceylon" is rather misleading in its title; it really amounts to nothing more than a re-establishment of the old municipal system to village communities. The Rev. Percival Frost treats of "Some Clerical Obliquities of Mind." The object of the paper, which is written with considerable vigour, is to show the futility of the excuses some advanced Ritualists make for disobeying the law of the Church and yet remaining in its fold.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

AN event of some musical interest last month was the second annual Sangerfest of the German-Canadian Singing Societies, which was held at Berlin on the 17th, 18th, and 19th ult. It has been generally conceded that these gatherings actively stimulate a desire to cultivate the art of music in one or other of its various branches, and on this account alone, should receive the warmest support and encouragement from the public at large. The enthusiasm which the festival under notice excited among the Germans in Ontario was something remarkable; certainly nothing like it in point of unanimity and thoroughness has yet been witnessed, in connection with such an occasion, among other sections of our community. Our German fellow-subjects have but to continue their meetings in the spirit in which they originated, to attain that experience and executive ability which are necessary to a successful production of the choral masterpieces of the great composers, for it may be expected that, as the programmes of the festival exhibit a periodical elevation in character, a time will be reached when detached choruses will no longer satisfy the demands of the public, or the developed capabilities and taste of the singers.

If we divest the Berlin Sangerfest of the merry-making, the harmless conviviality, and the festivities that attended it, all of which have been accorded full justice by the daily press, there will remain but two concerts which demand notice. In the first of these, the choral music was supplied by the male singers of societies of Toronto, Hamilton, Berlin, Preston, and Waterloo, and the Berlin mixed choir. The numbers were selected principally from the compositions of Abt, Kucken, and Fischer, and were in every instance sung *con amore*. It would, of course, be idle to deny that a proportion of the material of which these singing societies are composed, is comparatively raw and inexperienced, but it has to be borne in mind that their formation is but of recent date. Nevertheless, many of the choruses were remarkably well given, and the keen interest and delight which each individual singer took in rendering his part, contrasted strongly with the listless indifference, both to the music and the conductor, so often observed in our English

Choral Unions. The professional soloists were Madame De Ryther (mezzo-soprano), Herr Warner (violoncello), and Mr. J. W. Baumann (violin). The engagement of Madame De Ryther was well judged, as the lady possesses one of those full and powerful-toned voices which was exactly what was required to fill so large a hall as that in which the concerts were given. Herr Werner, whose principal *morceau* was Vieuxtemps' celebrated "Reverie," delighted even the most critical by his masterly playing. The purity and volume of tone that he drew from his instrument, his perfect toning and stopping, and finally, the refinement of phrasing and expression, proclaimed him to be an artist of a very high order. Mr. Baumann, whose name is familiar to concert audiences in this Province, played with more than his usual care and taste, and perhaps this was most apparent in his violin *obligato* to the singing of Madame De Ryther, in Lachner's "Thou everywhere." The Toronto Musicians' Association band, and the Hamilton Artillery band, both gave rather long and noisy selections; their playing was, however, good.

The second concert, which took place on the afternoon of the 18th ult., was distinguished from the first by a number of choruses by the combined male choirs, and by the appearance of the Buffalo Orpheus Society and Sangerbund, and the Detroit Orpheus Society, the last named being an English singing society, and the only one that sang at the festival. The combined male choirs naturally produced more effect than the individual choirs at the first concert, and although the rehearsals under the musical director, Mr. Zollner, had been necessarily but few, the *ensemble* was very creditable. The singing of the Orpheus Society of Buffalo, and of the Orpheus Society of Detroit, was undoubtedly the best at the Sangerfest, and the superiority was cheerfully acknowledged. The Buffalo Sangerbund came next in point of merit. The accompanist at both the concerts was Miss Lindsay, of St. Catharines, a young lady who gives great promise of future success as a *pianiste*. The second concert practically brought the festival to a close. It is proposed to hold the next Sangerfest at Hamilton in 1877.

LITERARY NOTES.

A thoroughly revised edition of "Prehistoric Man," by Prof. Daniel Wilson, of University College, Toronto, is announced for publication this autumn, by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., London.

The same firm have in preparation a Library Edition, in three volumes, of Green's "Short History of the English People," which has met with so favourable a reception in its one-volume shape. The work, we learn, has undergone a thorough revision, and has been considerably extended, particularly in the treatment of the history of the 18th and 19th centuries.

John Hill Burton, whose History of Scotland to the extinction of the last Jacobite insurrection is so well known, is engaged on a "History of the Reign of Queen Anne."

A complementary volume to Mr. W. F. Rae's "Wilkes, Sheridan and Fox," is about to appear in a volume from the same author, to be entitled, "George Washington; the American opposition to George III."

Mr. Ashton Dilke's work on "The Russian Power," is approaching completion, and will be issued at an early day.

The Marquis de Lorne, it is said, has a narrative poem of considerable length in the press, entitled, "Guido and Leta: a Tale of the Riviera." The story is founded on an incident in one of the Saracen invasions, which troubled the coast of Provence during the tenth century.

A second edition, with supplement completing the work to the present time, of Cates's Dictionary of General Biography, with classified and chronological index of principal names, has just issued from the press.

Messrs. Appleton have just published a reprint of Darwin's Insectivorous Plants, which has lately appeared in England; also, a cheaper edition of the same author's "Descent of Man."

Messrs. Longmans, of London, announce as in preparation for publication, "The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," by his nephew, G. O. Trevelyan, M. P. The work will be issued in two volumes, and will probably appear in the early part of the book season.

Mr. John Forster, the biographer of Dickens, is, we understand, engaged on the Life of Dean Swift, and is about to issue a new edition of his Life of Goldsmith, and other of his works. Mr. Thomas Hughes, M. P., and author of "Tom

Brown's School Days," is said to be busy upon a work on the present aspect of the Church of England.

Mr. R. G. Haliburton, a native of Nova Scotia, and the son of the Judge of that name, who has given us the creation of "Sam Slick," is about to issue in London, a Volume of Essays on Colonial subjects. The most important contribution to the volume is a paper entitled, "How We Lost an Empire a Hundred Years Ago."

A work of some interest in these times of stirring ecclesiastical excitement, appears from the press of Messrs. Longmans, entitled, "The New Reformation: a narrative of the old Catholic movement, from 1870 to the present time." It appears with an historical introduction by Theodorus, and is a good sized octavo volume, published at twelve shillings sterling.

The English Publishers' Circular has the following paragraph, concerning the Revision of the Scriptures now being undertaken by a committee of scholars in England:—"The New Testament of the Revisers has, it would seem, reached that stage at which we may sum up what has been done, and take stock of the work. The well-known Unitarian scholar, Dr. Vance Smith, is the first of the Revisers to break silence, and to tell us where we stand irrespective of those curt bulletins which note only how many chapters they have read, and at what verse they have stopped. The most important portion, the four Gospels, Mr. Smith says, have been completely revised, with the exception of two disputed points yet to be decided. The Acts of the Apostles and small Epistles have been revised once, but have to undergo a second revision. The Epistles of St. Paul come next, and would take a long time. The Revisors, twenty in number, met for a week, once a month during ten months in the year. They had been engaged five years, and he estimated that their work would take them five years longer. The travelling expenses only, of the Revisers, were paid from a fund formed by a sale of copyright to the University Press. He could not say whether the new version of the Testament would be published in parts. That question had not arisen. But there could be no doubt that the revision in question would be a great improvement—here improving the expressions, and there bringing out the meaning more clearly."



INTRODUCTION TO SECOND PART.

THE *ancien regime* having passed away, the first duty of the King's Lieutenants in Canada was to provide for the new order of things, and nobly did they bend themselves to the task before them.

The Treaty of Paris had hardly been signed before General Murray, at the instance of the clergy of Quebec, had referred to the British Cabinet for instructions as to the position of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada. The See of Quebec was vacant, and peace having been established, it became necessary to fill the vacancy; but it was by no means clear how this could be done. Hence arose the necessity for dealing at once with the Church question. The British Ministry lost no time in submitting to the law officers of the Crown the whole case as presented to them by General Murray, and, with a liberality which did them credit, the law officers expressed the opinion that the Roman Catholic subjects of the King in Canada were not liable to the disabilities imposed by statutory enactment on their co-religionists in Great Britain.

From this time until the passing of the Act of 1774, the question of the future Government of Canada was constantly engaging the attention of the leading lawyers of Britain.

Norton, Yorke, deGrey, Marriott, Wedderburn, Thurlow, men who successively filled the highest legal positions in Great Britain, devoted their best energies to the solution of the difficulties which were encountered in framing a scheme of government for the new Colony, and so well did they succeed, that when, in 1775, emissaries sent by the Congress of the American States came to Canada to induce the Canadians to throw off their allegiance, they found the new Colony without a single cause of complaint, and returned utterly discomfited to report the failure of their attempt.

In after years as population increased, and conflicting interests developed, further attempts were made to adapt the Government to the altered circumstances of the people, and in 1791 the country was divided into two Provinces, and two separate Governments were established.

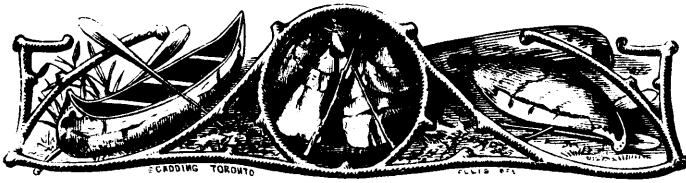
INTRODUCTION TO SECOND PART.

The constitution given to Canada in 1791 was well received, and the current of events ran smoothly for a time. Parliamentary discord, however, arose before long, until, under the administration of Sir J. H. Craig, party warfare reached a height which boded ill for the future of the Colony.

The advent of Sir George Prevost, and the change in policy which he introduced, tended greatly to allay the political fever of the previous administration, so that when the war broke out in 1812, Canada was able for the second time to present an unbroken front to the enemy, and to declare to the world, by the noble conduct of her sons at Queenston Heights and Chateauguay, her unshaken loyalty and devotion to her Sovereign. The events of the war tended in fact to draw closer than ever the bonds which connected Great Britain and the Canadas.

The conclusion of the war of 1814 left the Canadians once more at liberty to turn their attention to political matters, and party strife soon regained its former strength. In 1827 matters reached a crisis, and the state of Canada again engaged the earnest attention of the British Government. The report upon Canadian affairs by a committee of the House of Commons, seems, however, to have left things pretty much as they were, and in reality to have decided nothing.

Agitation and dissatisfaction became rife again, and so continued until the passing of the *Ninety-two Resolutions* in 1834. The passage of these resolutions led to further discussion in the Imperial Parliament, but no satisfactory solution of the difficulty could be arrived at, and matters progressed from bad to worse until the outbreak in 1837 led to those changes in the Government which resulted in the union of Upper and Lower Canada, and thus paved the way for the Confederation of the Dominion in 1867.



THE ANNALS OF CANADA.

PART II.

FROM 1763 TO 1837.

1763. On the 25th April the General Assembly of the Province of Nova Scotia met at Halifax. The session was opened with a speech by Lieutenant-Governor Belcher. This Assembly was prorogued on 21st July.—On the 10th May a treaty was signed at Paris,* by which the whole of the possessions of France in North America, except the Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, were ceded to Great Britain.—Pontiac commenced the seige of Pittsburg, which he carried on until the place was relieved by General Bradstreet in 1764.—General Amherst, before leaving for New York, divided Canada into three districts, and appointed a Lieutenant-Governor for

each, namely: General Murray for Quebec, General Gage for Montreal, and Colonel Burton for Three Rivers.—August 26th—Governor Belcher announced that Colonel the Honourable Montague Wilmot had been appointed to succeed him as Lieutenant-Governor.—September 24th—Colonel the Honourable Montague Wilmot reached Halifax, and on the 26th he took the oaths of office, and entered upon his duties as Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia.—On October 7th a proclamation was issued by King George III., defining the position of the new colony, and virtually abolishing the French laws and substituting those of England.—The

* In the treaty of Paris, the following clauses were inserted to regulate the rights of fishery, &c.:

“ V. The subjects of France shall have the liberty of fishing and drying on a part of the coasts of the Island of Newfoundland, such as it is specified in the XIII. article of the treaty of Utrecht; which article is renewed and confirmed by the present treaty, except what relates to the Island of Cape Breton, as well as to the other islands and coasts in the mouth and in the Gulph of St. Lawrence. And his Britannic Majesty consents to leave to the subjects of the Most Christian King the liberty of fishing in the Gulph of St. Lawrence, on condition that the subjects of France do not exercise the said fishery but at the distance of three leagues from all the coasts belonging to Great Britain, as well those of the continent as those of the islands situated in the said

Gulph of St. Lawrence. And as to what relates to the fishery on the coasts of the Island of Cape Breton, out of the said Gulph, the subjects of the Most Christian King shall not be permitted to exercise the said fishery but at the distance of fifteen leagues from the coasts of the island of Cape Breton, and the fishery on the coasts of Nova Scotia or Acadia, and everywhere else out of the said Gulph, shall remain on the foot of former treaties.

“ VI. The King of Great Britain cedes the Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, in full right, to His Most Christian Majesty to serve as a shelter to the French fishermen; and His said Most Christian Majesty engages not to fortify the said islands, to erect no buildings upon them, but merely for the convenience of the fishery, and to keep upon them a guard of fifty men only for the police.

islands of St. John and Cape Breton (Isle Royale) were annexed by royal proclamation to the government of Nova Scotia.—October 19th—The session* of the Nova Scotia Legislature was opened by Lieutenant-Governor Wilmot.—On 21st November General Murray succeeded Lord Amherst as Governor-General of Canada. He was assisted in the government by a council consisting of the Lieutenant-Governors at Montreal and Three Rivers, the Chief Justice, the Inspector-General, and eight of the principal inhabitants.—November 27th — Seventy soldiers, being part of a detachment on the way from Niagara to Detroit, were drowned in a storm on Lake Erie.—Since the death of M. de Pontbriand the Episcopal See of Quebec had remained vacant. When hostilities ceased, application was made by the clergy to General Murray for permission to the chapter of the diocese to exercise the rights possessed by bishops and chapters in all Catholic countries. This application was recommended by General Murray, who sent his secretary, M. Cramahé, to London to support its prayer. The documents relative to this subject were submitted to the attorney and solicitor general for the time being—Sir F. Norton† and Sir W. de Grey—who gave it as their opinion, that in view of the stipulations in the treaty of 1763 regarding the church

* During this session, which closed on 26th November, it was ordered that mahogany chairs be made for the members, the chair for Mr. Speaker to be somewhat larger than the rest.

† Fletcher Norton was born 23rd January, 1716. He was the eldest son of Thomas Norton of Grantley, County York; he was educated for the law, and became solicitor-general in December, 1761; in November, 1763, he became attorney-general; in 1770 he was chosen speaker of the House of Commons, which position he retained until 1780. On 9th April, 1782, he was created a peer, as Lord Grantley, Baron of Markenfield, in the County of York.

in Canada, the Catholics of that colony were not liable to the operation of the disabilities imposed by statute on their co-religionists in Great Britain. The chapter of Quebec met accordingly towards the end of the year, and elected as their bishop M. de Montgolfier,* superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice at Montreal; but the government taking exception to this nomination, Montgolfier declined the charge by a formal renunciation made at Quebec in 1764. He, at the same time, designated Jean Olivier Briand, a native of Brittany who had come to Quebec in 1741, as secretary to M. de Pontbriand, and was one of the canons and grand-vicar of the diocese, to fill the vacant Episcopal chair. M. Briand was elected by the chapter on 11th September, 1764, and shortly after repaired to London, where his election was confirmed by King George III., and he received his bulls of investiture from Clement XIII. M. Briand was consecrated in Paris as Bishop of Quebec, and then returned to his diocese.

1764. Prince Edward Island (Island of St. John) was surveyed by the British Government, and divided into sixty-seven townships.—The first number of

* M. Montgolfier was elected by the chapter of Quebec to the then vacant bishopric on 15th September, 1763. The consent of the King was given on condition that, like the Catholic Bishops in London and Dublin, he would not assume the insignia of his rank, and also provided General Murray approved of his election. This approval General Murray declined to give, and at the same time intimated that he would prefer M. Briand, who had been secretary to the late Bishop (M. de Pontbriand). On the 9th September, 1764, Montgolfier resigned, and on the 11th September, two days afterwards, M. Briand was elected. On 30th April, 1785, Lord Stanley, in the King's name, offered Montgolfier the coadjutorship of the diocese of Quebec, paying him at the same time a high compliment on account of his acknowledged ability, but the offer was then politely declined, advancing years being urged as a reason for refusing so important a position. Montgolfier died on 27th August, 1791, aged 78.

the *Quebec Gazette* published on the 21st June.—In November the governor and council established a system of equity jurisdiction, being in fact an introduction into Canada of the Court of Chancery;* French laws and customs were, however, to be allowed and admitted in all causes in the courts of civil jurisdiction between the natives of Canada, in the controversies originating before the 1st October, 1764.—September 28th—Permission was given to the Acadians to settle in Nova Scotia, and to hold lands upon taking the customary oaths.—Mr. Henry Ellis having resigned his office of Governor of Nova Scotia, an office, by the way, the duties of which he never attempted to fulfil, Colonel Wilmot was, on the 8th October, appointed Governor of Nova Scotia.—About 600 Acadians, having received full permission from the authorities to leave, departed from Halifax towards the end of November to settle in the French West Indies.—The Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas were established.—The Governor-General was appointed Vice-Admiral of the Province of Quebec, and the territories thereon depending.

1765. The fourth General Assembly of Nova Scotia met at Halifax on 28th May. The session was opened by Governor Wilmot; Mr. Nesbitt was elected speaker. The chief business which engaged the attention of the members was an act to re-arrange the constituencies,† the County of Sunbury and Township of Sackville (in what is now the Province of New Brunswick)

* The Governor was to preside as Chancellor with two Masters, two Examiners, and one Registrar. In 1774 this court merged into the courts erected by the Act 14 George III., cap. 83.

† This Act was, however, disallowed by an order of the king in council, 11th September, 1767, and an instruction was at the same time given forbidding the passing of any Act of this kind in future.

being included for the first time in the electoral divisions. The session closed on 15th June. Collections were made in Nova Scotia in aid of the sufferers by the great fire at Montreal.—Very large grants of lands in Nova Scotia (Benjamin Franklin's name appears among the grantees) were made by Governor Wilmot and his council, and the advancement of the province was, in the opinion of many, much retarded by this rashness in locking up large tracts of country.—A great fire broke out in Montreal, which was not subdued until more than one hundred houses had been destroyed. The greater part of the Grey Nunnery was burned down during this conflagration.—22nd March—The Stamp Act* received the royal assent. The news of the passage of this act created the greatest excitement in Boston and the New England States, but in Canada and Nova Scotia it seems to have been accepted without much opposition.—28th May—The fourth session of the Legislature of Nova Scotia was opened by Governor Wilmot. This session terminated on the 15th June.—August 21st—William Henry, Duke of Clarence, born.

1766. Memorials had been forwarded from Canada to the Board of Trade complaining of certain matters in connection with the administration of affairs in the colony, and these memorials had been submitted by the Board of Trade to the law officers of the Crown,* by whom a report was pre-

* The Stamp Act was based upon a resolution passed by the House of Commons in 1764, "That towards defraying the necessary expenses of protecting the colonies, it may be proper to charge certain stamp duties upon them."

* William de Grey, one of the Crown lawyers at the time, was born on 19th July, 1719. He was educated at the University of Cambridge, and called to the bar. He became King's counsel 30th January, 1758; Solicitor-General to the Queen September, 1761; Solicitor-General to the King 16th December,

sented in April, 1766. This report failed, however, to meet with the approval of the government, and was laid aside.—The obnoxious Stamp Act was repealed in the House of Commons on 24th February by a majority of 275 to 167—William Pitt being the most earnest and eloquent of those who urged the repeal. In the House of Lords the vote was 105 to 72. The royal assent was given on the 18th March. The rejoicing in America on receipt of the news of the repeal of the Stamp Act was universal.—Governor Wilmot died at Halifax on 23rd May, and the administration of the government was assumed by Mr. Benjamin Green.*—The General Assembly met at Halifax on the 3rd June, and the session closed on 31st July. An address to the Crown on the repeal of the Stamp Act was agreed to.—Michael Francklin,† having being appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, was sworn into office and assumed the command of the province on

1763; Attorney-General 6th August, 1766; knighted and appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas 26th January, 1771, which office he resigned 8th June, 1780. On 17th October, 1780, Sir William de Grey was created Baron Walsingham. His lordship died on 9th May, 1781.

* Benjamin Green was a native of the Province of Massachusetts. He was born in 1713; the youngest son of the Rev. Joseph Green of Salem. He accompanied General Pepperell to Louisbourg in 1745 as secretary to the expedition, and after the capture of that place he remained there as government secretary. When Cape Breton was restored to France in 1749, he removed to Halifax and was appointed a member of the council. On the death of Governor Wilmot, Mr. Green, being at the time the senior councillor, was appointed administrator of the government. He died at Halifax in 1772.

† Michael Francklin was a native of the south of England. He came to Halifax in 1752; was elected a member of the House of Assembly in 1759, and appointed a member of the council in 1762. He married a grand-daughter of Peter Faneuil of Boston. Mr. J. B. Francklin, for forty years clerk of the House of Assembly of Nova Scotia, was his eldest son. Governor Francklin died at Halifax on 5th November, 1782.

23rd August.—The General Assembly met at Halifax on 23rd October, when the session was opened by a speech from the new Lieutenant-Governor. The Assembly was prorogued on 22nd November.—November 27th—Lord William Campbell,* who had arrived at Halifax from England in the *Glasgow* on the 24th, was sworn in as Governor of Nova Scotia.—General Murray,† who was charged with too great partiality for the military, and whose measures had failed to secure the approval of the Canada traders both in the colony and in the mother country, was recalled, and was succeeded by Brigadier-General Guy Carleton.‡ It is only fair to General Murray to add that a committee of the Privy Council, to whom the charges against General Murray were referred for investigation, absolved him entirely. With General Carleton came a new Chief Justice, (Hay), Gregory

* Lord William Campbell was the fourth son of John Campbell, fourth Duke of Argyll. He married a daughter of Ralph Izard of Charleston, South Carolina, and died 5th September, 1778.

† General Murray presented to the Corporation of Hastings, England (he was a Jurat of Hastings) a shield which was taken from one of the gates of Quebec at the time of its capture in 1759. On the shield are the arms of France, surrounded by a collar (probably of an order of knighthood), from which is suspended a Maltese cross, and surmounted by a royal crown. Mr. J. M. O'Leary of the Civil Service, Ottawa, recently obtained from Thomas Ross, Esquire, Mayor of Hastings, a very handsome photograph of this shield.

‡ Guy Carleton was born on 3rd September, 1724. Married on 21st May, 1772, Maria Howard, daughter of Thomas, second Earl of Effingham. General Carleton successfully resisted the attack upon Quebec by Arnold and Montgomery in 1775, and subsequently compelled the American army to recross the St. Lawrence. He succeeded Sir Henry Clinton as Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in 1782. He evacuated New York on 5th November, 1783, after signing the treaty of peace. General Carleton was created Baron Dorchester on 21st August, 1786, and in October of that year became, for the second time, Governor of Canada. Lord Dorchester was a K. C. B., and Colonel of the 4th regiment of dragoons. He died in England in 1808.

having been superseded, and an Attorney-General, Maseres.*

1767. The General Assembly of Nova Scotia met on 1st July; the session was opened with a speech from Lord William Campbell, the new Governor, in which he expressed the great satisfaction of His Majesty at the behaviour of the colony of Nova Scotia. The reply of the Assembly was couched in strong terms of loyalty and gratitude to the Crown. This session terminated on the 1st August.—On 5th October permission was given to a number of Acadian families to settle in the vicinity of Barrington and Yarmouth.—The Assembly met again on 17th October, and after passing three Acts, was prorogued on the 19th. The session was opened and closed by Lieutenant-Governor Francklin in the absence of Lord William Campbell, who had sailed on 1st October in His Majesty's ship *Glasgow* for New York.—A number of Acadian families were permitted, on taking the oath of allegiance, to settle on the eastern coast of the province.—A new seal for the Province of Nova Scotia was received at Halifax on 1st December from England.—Prince Edward's Island (then called the Island of St. John) was divided into three counties, King's, Queen's and Prince's. Isaac Deschamps was appointed by Lieutenant-Governor Francklin to superintend the affairs of the Island, and men and materials for the erection of buildings at Charlottetown accompanied him.—The whole Island of St. John (Prince Edward Island), which had, in 1764, been surveyed and laid out in sixty-seven townships, was granted by the

King in Council to a number of persons who were, for the most part, residents of the United Kingdom.

1768. Lieutenant-Governor Francklin acknowledged receipt of an order from the Secretary of State forbidding the digging of any more coal in Cape Breton. The Lieutenant-Governor was also preparing a return of the manufactures of Nova Scotia; the manufacturers of Great Britain were beginning to exhibit great jealousy of a growing inclination to establish manufactures in the North American colonies.—On the 18th June Lieutenant-Governor Francklin opened the sixth session of the fourth General Assembly of Nova Scotia; this session lasted until 9th July, when the House was prorogued.—On the 22nd June the Courts of Common Pleas and General Sessions of the peace were opened at Charlottetown, (or rather at the place selected as the site where Charlottetown was to be built, as there was at the time nothing but a few huts hastily put up to serve as a protection from the weather) and justices of the peace were sworn in.—On the 10th September Governor Lord William Campbell arrived at Halifax in the *Mermaid* frigate from England.—Governor Lord William Campbell opened the seventh session of the fourth General Assembly of Nova Scotia on 22nd October; this session (with several long recesses) lasted until 23rd January.

1769. Walter Patterson, Esq., was appointed Governor of the Island of St. John (Prince Edward Island).—The eighth and last session of the fourth General Assembly of Nova Scotia was opened by Lord William Campbell on 10th October, and lasted until 9th November, when the prorogation took place.

* Francis Maseres was born in London in 1731; he was the grandson of a Huguenot refugee who had settled in England. He left Canada in 1773, when he was appointed Cursitor Baron of the Court of Exchequer. He died at Reigate, in Surrey, May 19th, 1824.

1770. All the reports which had been made from time to time upon the form of government, jurisdiction of the courts of law, and other matters connected with the new colony of Canada, had been transmitted to England, and they were now submitted to a special committee of the Privy Council, which recommended that all the papers should be placed in the hands of the King's advocate (Marriott), the Attorney-General (Thurlow),* and the Solicitor-General (Wedderburn),† with orders to compile a civil code and a criminal code suited to the wants of the colony.—M. d'Esgris, a Canadian by birth, having been born in Quebec in 1710, was elected by the chapter of Quebec coadjutor to the Bishop of Quebec; the mode of election having been questioned by the authorities, two years elapsed before Clement XIV., with the assent of the King, granted the requisite bulls of confirmation, and M. d'Esgris was not recognized as a bishop until 22nd January, 1772, when he became Bishop of Dorylœum, *in part. inf.*, with the right of succession to the See of Quebec.—On the 6th June the first session of the fifth General Assembly of Nova Scotia was opened at Halifax by Gov-

* Edward Thurlow was the eldest son of the Rev. Thomas Thurlow, rector of Ashfield, County Suffolk. He was born in 1732, educated at Canterbury School, and afterwards at the University of Cambridge, and called to the bar in 1758. Mr. Thurlow entered parliament in 1768, became Solicitor-General in 1770, Attorney-General in 1771, and Lord Chancellor on 3rd June, 1778, when he was raised to the peerage as Baron Thurlow. Lord Thurlow withdrew from public life in 1792, and died 12th September, 1806. Lord Thurlow was a ripe scholar, and in his private relations generous and affectionate, but as a statesman he was rather arrogant and factious, and rough and rude in debate.

† Alexander Wedderburn was the eldest son of Peter Wedderburn of Chesterhall, County Mid-Lothian. He was born in Scotland in 1733, received his education at Edinburgh, and was called to the English bar in 1757. In 1763 he obtained a silk gown King's Counsel. Entering parliament as member

ernor Lord William Campbell; this session lasted until 2nd July, when the House was prorogued.—On the 17th July the Council of Nova Scotia set aside lands in Cumberland for the endowment of a public seminary of learning to be established at Windsor.

1771. It has been computed that the export of wheat from Canada amounted to 471,000 bushels for this year; the greater part being from the Sorel district.—On the 6th June the second session of the fifth General Assembly of Nova Scotia met at Halifax; this session closed on 6th July; no business worthy of note was transacted.—On the 17th October Lord William Campbell sailed from Halifax for Boston, and Benjamin Green assumed the administration of the government.

1772. The British Parliament granted £3,000 for the erection of public buildings on the Island of St. John (Prince Edward Island).—The third session of the Nova Scotia General Assembly was opened by Lieutenant-Governor Francklin on 9th June; this session ended on 8th July.—Lord William Campbell returned to Halifax, and assumed the government.—Great improvements were made in the lighthouse on Sambro Island, (Halifax).—Benjamin Greene, senior councillor, died at Halifax on 14th October.

1773. The first House of Assembly was summoned in the Island of St. John

for Richmond shortly after; he became Solicitor-General 26th January, 1771, Attorney-General 10th June, 1778. On the 14th June, 1780, Wedderburn was appointed Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas with a peerage, as Baron Loughborough, and on 27th January, 1793, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. On 21st April, 1801, Lord Loughborough was created Earl of Rosslyn on his retirement from office. He died 3rd January, 1805, and was succeeded in his title by his nephew, General Sir James St. Clair Erskine. G. C. B., a distinguished officer and an intimate friend of the Duke of Wellington.