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# CANADA:

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

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

Vol. 1.—No. 4.

APRIL, 1891.

50 Cents a Year.

## Our Contributors.

### CANADA.

**T**HERE dwells a maiden by the Western Sea,  
Wildly the deep sea dashes on her strand,  
Her rock-bound coasts do compass fertile land,  
And guard her too from all indignity.  
'Tis true, indeed, her wide domain doth roll,  
Where that still greater ocean calmly lies,  
And her vast mountains, piercing the blue skies,  
Do claim as one great Fatherland the whole.  
Ocean and land, both hers, let no one dare,  
Counting their fair birthright but pottage cold,  
For love of power, or a mean rivals gold,  
Of her just rights yield one. Let them take care,  
Who with dark, greedy eyes, and blood-stained hands  
Would snatch one foot of this fair maidens' lands.

THOMAS C. ROBSON,

Minden, Ont.,

Author of "My Canada! My Canada", &c.

### PATRIOTISM.

BY P. P.

"The mystery of holy shrines lies deep in human nature. For, however the more spiritual minds may be able to rise and soar, the common man during his mortal career is tethered to the globe that is his appointed dwelling place; and the more his affections are pure and holy, the more they seem to blend with the outward and visible world.—"Kinglake's Crimea".

**I**T may be on some cold winter's eve, in turning over the contents of your desk, you come upon a dried up sprig or blossom. Outside the blustering wind, catching up the light and feathering snow flakes, whirls them hither and thither as it carries them ever onward in its headlong race. Ever, and anon, the window casement trembles under the rude onslaught, and the persistent rattle of the tiny crystals as they are dashed against the panes induces you to turn apprehensively towards the fireplace, to assure yourself that the coals are kept well replenished, and your garrison thereby secured against the inroads of the enemy. But as the faint perfume, which lingers around the withered blossoms, reaches your nostrils, the scene changes. The wintry wind

ceases to blow, the air becomes balmy, and redolent of the perfume of spring flowers; the sun sparkles upon the myriads of dew drops which hang thickly upon leaf and blade, and you find yourself emptying your lungs, that you may fill them again to repletion with the freshness of the early morning air. A furious gust hurls itself against the house, the wind forcing an entrance at every crack and crevice; you wake with a start; the vision vanishes, and you are back again to the present.

Or perchance, when journeying you have had to pass a Christmas upon the ocean. As the eve of the festival approaches, how absent minded all the passengers become; how prone to take refuge in solitary musings. What a relief the dinner bell affords, and how eagerly each forces himself to concentrate his attention on the immediate business of the hour. After dinner, a young girl seats herself at the piano, and idly runs her fingers over the keys. Presently, the strains of "Home Sweet Home" break in upon the hum of general conversation, a hush falls upon all further speech. Look around. How many are conscious of their immediate surroundings? A few seconds since there were hundreds present, now all are absent, scattered far and wide over earth's broad surface. Smith, who a moment ago was endeavoring to organize a party at whist, now sits staring vacantly before him. He is treading again the familiar lane, up to the old farm house; the lowing of the cattle comes softly to his ears, entering, he hastens through the rooms, never pausing until he finds, and greets, his mother, and is oh, so warmly welcomed in return; then, tearing himself away, he hurries through the barnyard to the cattle shed, where father is busy, seeing that each animal is cared for, how eagerly he grasps his hand, and how reluctantly he releases it.

Or turn to Brown, that smile, which softens every outline of his rugged face, is called forth by the vision he sees of the home fireside and his wife beside it, her little ones gathered at her knee. She is telling them of father, how, though far away, he is thinking of them, and wishing that he was beside them to share in their Christmas joys.

And so it is with all around. Ay so it ever is, and ever will be, with each member of the human family, for, involuntary, even the most spiritually minded thus identifies his most sacred and subtle emotions with definite external

objects. Netlike cords of association, crossing and recrossing, unite the whole fabric of past experiences, and a touch upon even the tiniest strand may be communicated to those great central fibres, which have wrapped themselves around the inmost life of the soul.

Perhaps history affords no more striking instances of this faculty of association, than those evidenced in the emotion we term Patriotism. Love of home and of country has called forth some of the most heroic deeds, and most devoted lives of earth's noblest children; yet, after all, it is only a sentiment, founded upon association of ideas. Few would covet the home of the Scottish crofter, yet he clings more eagerly to his native soil, barren mountain though it be, than does the inhabitant of earth's more favoured spot. Patriotism is not in any sense dependant upon external advantages, but is absent, or present, in each individual, according as home is associated with cherished emotions, as the heroic deeds of his ancestors awaken kindred emotions in his own bosom, and as he realizes the true nature of the bond which unites him to his fellow-countrymen. As happiness depends not upon material advantages, but upon moral development, so patriotism depends not upon the possession of certain externals, but upon the existence of certain emotions in the breast of the individual. A readiness to assert superiority over our neighbours, is not patriotism, though, like the jackdaw of the fable, it often arrays itself in borrowed plumes. True patriotism comes from true lives. Given the former, the latter must follow. It matters not how poor the country, or the home may be, if the associations connected therewith are true and noble, the human heart will kindly cling to it.

There has been a vast deal of discussion of late regarding Canadian patriotism, but in the main it has been confined to the one special phase of nationality. The union of the several provinces which make up our Dominion is of too recent a date to admit of the national idea having fixed its roots in the hearts of any but the youngest generation of our people. Time, and time alone, can do this. But the important question to be asked just now is,—to what extent do we possess that love of home, and love for what is true and noble, from which the spirit of true patriotism springs?

In Canada we hold a noble heritage,—a country rich in every natural resource, and suitable, in all respects, for the home of a great and vigorous nation. Short, too, as has been our life as a people, history tells us that our forefathers were not false to the traditions of the great historic races from which they sprang. Scarcely a spot on the surface of the older settled districts of our country, but has been the scene of heroic actions, the stories of which have yet to be told, and which, when inscribed in the as yet unwritten annals of our country, will awake corresponding thrills of emotion in the hearts of our children's children. We have already given evidence that in industry and enterprise, the Canadian may boldly challenge comparison with the most

advanced natives of earth; but have we striven and are we striving to cherish that appreciation of the true realities of existence as embodied in our home and religious life, without which any people, whatever its degree of material advancement, must lack the elements essential to all true development. In the past, we have much to be thankful for. In the present the outlook is in the main promising; let us then but be true to our better selves, and we need have no fears of the future.

There is a movement at present, looking towards the union of Canada with the great nation to the south of us—the principle argument adduced being, that such action would undoubtedly advance our material welfare. In its proper place, this plea should be allowed all due weight, but material advancement ought not, surely, to be our first consideration. Would our religious life be adversely effected by such a change? What of the institutions which guard our home life? What of our neighbours' existing standards of morality? What effect would the introduction of their political and judicial systems, have? Would these all conduce to advance our present standards? If not, be the material advantages what they may, let us work out the problem of existence on our own lines; and, in proportion as clinging closely to the unseen realities of our being, her people learn to appreciate the true joys of home, learn by personal experience something of the beauty of noble and heroic action, and, as they gain a knowledge of the capabilities of this great country of ours, will Canada take her proper place amongst the nations of the earth, and Canadians be known as a nation of true patriots.

*Charlottetown, P. E. I.*

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### BEST AND STRIFE.

**R**EST awaits us soon. What does it mean?  
 Our work all done? all effort, conflict o'er?  
 To grasp all good? to conquer nevermore?  
 To idly grow, like trees forever green?  
 Unmoved by that to be and that hath been,  
 Since we have gathered all into our store?  
 If such the guerdon lies at heaven's core  
 For us, better the life that we have seen!

If this the rest of soul that will be given,  
 To know all wisdom, no new way to wend,  
 Better to still come short and strive for Heaven  
 Than to attain and see the utmost end!  
 For perfect rest is death, and life, true life,  
 That brings salvation, is eternal strife.

*MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.*

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CANADA is now an excellent advertising medium, and advertisers who know a good thing when they see it are already securing space for yearly contracts, forseeing that in a few months space cannot be secured at present figures.

## THE BURNING OF MIRAMICHI.

BY PASTOR FELIX.

ON, on it came, a sea of flame,  
 In long, deep rolls of thunder,  
 And drawing near it seemed to tear  
 The heavens and earth asunder!  
 How those waves snored, and raged, and roared,  
 And reared in wild commotion!  
 On, on they came, like steeds of flame  
 Upon a burning ocean.

How they did snort, in fiendish sport,  
 As at the great elms dashing;  
 And how they tore 'mong hemlocks hoar,  
 And through the pines went crashing;  
 While serpents wound the trunks around,  
 Their eyes like demons gleaming,  
 And wrapped like thongs around the prongs,  
 And to the crests went screaming!  
 —*Alexander McLachlan, "Fire in the Woods."*

THE crackling noise, and dreadful blaze,

They, not pursued by fate,  
 Half-clothed, half-naked, hastily retire;  
 And frighted mothers strike their breasts too late  
 For helpless infants left amid the fire.  
 —*John Dryden, "Annus Mirabilis, 1666."*

GIANT trunks, bleak shapes that once were trees,  
 Tower-naked, unassuaged by rain or breeze,  
 Their stern grey isolation grimly borne.  
 —*Charles G. D. Roberts, "Burnt Lands."*

### II.

**O** YE who love storms; and take a fierce pleasure in them, akin to that of the gloomy creator of *Manfred*,—this is your opportunity! And ye whose spirits are soothed and quieted, and who are exalted in spirit like Robert Burns, by that shrieking, maniacal charioteer, the wind,\*—mark what a tempest is now upon you! Will not the most saturnine among you be emptied of your grim delight, in pity of weakness overwhelmed! Fire is here, for a little space, one of the most terrible of the contending elements: it intensifies, usurps all others. God's own hand seems to be thrusting here and there with fiery bayonets of the lightning; while to the human cries, bewildered and bewildering, voices of wind and thunder make terrible response! The calm of the air, once violated, never a more mad-begotten spirit whitened the wrathful features of the

\* "THERE is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know if I should call it pleasure—but something that exalts me, something which enraptures me,—than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood, or high plantation, on a cloudy, winter day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees, and raving over the plain. It is my best season for devotion; my mind is wrapped up in a kind of enthusiasm to Him who, in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, 'walks on the wings of the wind'."—*Burns' letter to Dr. Moore.*

river and tore its caps of foam. But these fail suddenly, for they are the immediate births and harbingers of the destroyer,—the avant couriers of *Fire*! Yes! Fire! Fire! Fire everywhere! A million of its stallions, unharnessed, unbridled, careering, chasing every living thing before it! Fire! Fire!—in the air—outclimbed on the river—ward branches—scorching the roof—smouldering stack and thatch—springing spontaneously, as though ignition were bred in ten thousand centres at once, and flames are about to envelope everything!

See! if you can find vantage from which to be a spectator, and dare to look where no relief is possible, upon the woes of others—see how the people are scattering, as if uncertain whither to fly for a refuge! The river—that were a blest asylum, but that the tempest of wind, lulled for a moment, is on again, shrieking wildly as ever. Yet they do fly thither, plunge in and stand in dismay, with but their heads uncovered,—pallid faces, terrified, agonised, on which the blazing forest flares! Some who have taken to the little cockle-boats fare more ill than those who stand in this double baptism of death; for the waves and the wind have made playthings of them, and they are engulfed; a final glimpse of their burning homes—a momentary pang a gasp, and time's oblivion. Some spring frantic into the forest, and are lost. Ah! where in this melee are the little children? Mothers will clasp their babes, as they fly, if they have time to gather them; but wild storms and wild convulsions of the earth, are circumstances of hardship amid which to huddle the little ones together.

South-west of Newcastle a marsh stretches away, beat upon by wind and sea, and swept by wing of sea-fowl. Thither hundreds lie them, as if some fortunate angel conductress herded them out where, with the sea before them and airs somewhat less stifling, and with nothing between them and their burning homes that could convey fire, they find themselves among the safest of the refugees. But some of these are distracted by the absence of their kindred, and bewail their safety where life seems so little worth. The madcap flames leaping out riverward come hotly to hands and face exposed above the water, and snatch at sail and cordage of vessels afloat there. See the submerged people flinging water over their exposed parts! Diligently the sailors ply the buckets, and for a time succeed in staying the prevailing fire; but now—!o! one of their barks flames suddenly up to the mast's peak! Another! and yet another! burning down to the edge of that wild water. On—on rushes the fire-tempest through league after league of the groaning forest, hurrying life before it or tramping it under; filling the land with desolation, and thickening the air with smoke and cinders that are wafted to Nova Scotia and Maine.

The work is done, and the ancient region of Acadia had never had such a visitation. I turn to the page of a contemporary and onlooker, and find him recounting some details, and telling how the picture of the fire-devil's march,

and its attendant misery defies his skill, and surpasses all description. Yet he strikes out boldly a few vivid outlines. He lifts us to a bird's view of a rapid river, broadly rolling through its forest domain for more than a hundred miles, with settlements scattered here and there all along its banks—wooden houses, stores and barns, turned to touchwood by the scorching summer, and containing such dry crops as men who combined agriculture with lumbering had been able to gather. There was plenty of combustible stuff in the stores and warehouses; powder for the sportsmen, spirits for the lumbermen, and all such food as fire feeds most greedily on—it was waiting in fullest supply. He bids us survey an expanse of thickly-woven woods—an almost interminable forest of primeval trees, stretching along the precinct of the river, and all along its winding shores; with a narrow strip of clearing, cultivated, with a settler's home here and there—a stumpy slip of arable land on an average of half a mile wide. Back from the river the dark green billows like the sea lifted far away, till, beyond the eye, imagination might go over more than six thousand square miles—into Canada, and beyond where lumberman's axe had not yet been heard; and all this turned absolutely to touchwood by the protracted summer heat, and by frequent fires occurring here and there.

Then scattered through this wilderness he gives animation to the picture by bringing to our mental eye the countless tribes which are the attraction of the hunter—herds of moose, caribou and deer, and the more puny species—the innumerable children of earth and air; the hundreds of domestic creatures, and the thousands of men in that leafy interior, fleeing before the re-harnessed furies; whereby we get some conception of the wide expanse, and, the forest denizens, which were at this memorable time suddenly deluged by fire.

Truly a vastness of desolation! The green forest is seen lying a blackened waste for over a hundred miles. Newcastle, when another morning dawned feebly through the smoke, was lying in its ashes, its thousand people gone—whither? And Douglstown, of lesser dimensions, had shared a kindred fate. In that blazoned night, on the pyre of the forest went up an awful holocaust of human lives; for it is estimated that one hundred and sixty persons perished in that sea of fire, or in the treacherous waters whither they vainly went for refuge. The citizens in many parts of the country heard with a thrill of horror the story of their woe and of their fate, and benevolent hands—for where can they be found who cannot be moved by a brother's misery?—reached hastily out with succor for the destitute living. So passed the burning of Miramichi—the most appalling calamity in the early history of the lower Canadian Provinces.

*Cherryfield, Maine*

OUR readers will confer a favour on us, if in answering advertisements they will mention CANADA.

### TO ONE DEAD.

REST in peace where Christ is feeding  
Sainted souls of heav'n possess,  
Where his lov'd ones he is leading  
Rest.

All thy children call thee blest;  
Not a friend forgets the pleading,  
In the Master's name address.

Full of all good works, exceeding,  
Here on earth thou wast a guest,  
To thy home returnedst, needing  
Rest.

Montreal.

HUGH COCHRANE.

### AN INCIDENT IN OUR EARLY HISTORY.

BY T. G. MARQUIS.

THE month of September, 1759, is the most important in Canadian history. In it the Battle of Quebec was fought and won, and the name of the dauntless Wolfe placed among the immortals. His sustaining spirit was no more, but it is with mingled sorrow and heroic joy that we recall his glorious death. He could not long have held up against disease, and there is a pathetic grandeur in his death on the plains of Abraham. No more thrilling and inspiring death has perhaps ever occurred in the world. He had fought a good fight, and died a conqueror without a blemish on his character, and with the consciousness of having done his entire duty.

It was decided to take his remains home to England to honor him with a national funeral. Some delay occurred, and it was October before the *Royal William* sailed out of the St. Lawrence into the stormy Gulf. The autumn gales were sweeping from the cold north-east with furious might, and the vessel beat about for days vainly striving to get out of sight of the iron-bound coast, and into the waters of the mighty ocean. At last the captain was compelled to cease his efforts, and seek for shelter from the tempest. He changed the ship's course and made for the mouth of the Miramichi. The gale was lashing the fierce waves against the sandy islands at the entrance of the river, and there seemed but little chance of getting within. At last a channel was discovered. The *Royal William* felt its way carefully with the lead, and soon was peacefully rocking on the broad river.

The Miramichi valley had long been peopled by the French, and, while its streams abounded in fish, and its forests teemed with animals, the inhabitants were prosperous and happy. For several years previous to the "Great Siege of Quebec", a round of circumstances had greatly impoverished the inhabitants. Disease and famine had dealt harshly with them, and in 1758 over eight hundred of the French are said to have gone to their last resting place on Beauvoir's Point. When the *Royal William* sailed up the

river the batteries and forts were manned by a very feeble force of half-starved men. The captain, wishing to replenish his supply of fresh water, sent six men on shore for this purpose. As they were searching for the water they were captured and tortured with all the devilish ingenuity the rude savage could devise. The captain learned that several Frenchmen were among the murderers and determined to teach them a lesson. The sixteen guns at French Fort Cove offered a resistance, but they were soon silenced. The settlement at Canadian Point was next visited. It took but a short time to raze it, and slaughter the famished inhabitants. As the ship sailed seaward the church at Neguak (Neguac) attracted the attention of the English. That too was set on fire, and left a smouldering mass of ruins. The neighborhood in which it stood has to this day been known as Burnt Church.

Kingston, Ont.

## MONTCALM AND FRENCH CANADA.

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

(Continued from page 31.)

THE planters of Virginia began by forming a settlers' association which took the name of the Ohio Company and obtained, in 1750, from the British Government, the *soi-disant* proprietor, a concession of 600,000 acres of land in the valley.

This same year, the new Company sent out agents from the other side of the Alleghanies, commissioned to turn against the French the savage tribes of the country, the Iroquois, the Miamis, the Mingoes, and the Delawares.

"Our chiefs have raised the war-hatchet: we have killed and eaten ten Frenchmen and two of their negroes: we are your brothers, come to our help: the French have sounded their war-song". Such was the message brought before long by the envoy of the Miamis, bearing a necklace of wampum, a scalp lately taken and a calumet adorned with feathers, to the shrewd Dinwiddie, who conducted the business. Virginia, with the redskins for an advance guard and knowing that all the colonies were behind her, hesitated no longer. She opened a road through the defiles of the mountains and sent workmen to construct a fort at the fork made by the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers where uniting they give birth to the Ohio. The advance of the American people westward had begun: it would not now be stayed until the sons of Penn should reach the shores, then unknown, of the Pacific Ocean.

But the French were beforehand with their enemies, and themselves constructed, on the spot and according to the plan adopted by the Virginian Company, a fort to which was given the name of Duquesne, at that time Governor of

New France; there stands to-day the great city of Pittsburg. After this events grew larger and followed more quickly.

At the news of the work executed at the fork of the Ohio, a regiment of American volunteers, under the command of an ardent young man of twenty-two years, a lieutenant-colonel in the Virginia militia, descended with cannon into the valley. Augmented by some Mingo braves, the force marched upon the new fort. May 28th, 1754, fatal date in the common history of the United States and of France, a platoon fire filled with echoes at sunrise the Great Prairies. A small band of French was surprised in bivouac, and the thirty men who composed it were, without warning, slain or taken captive. In the midst of the fire, one of the Frenchmen attempted to read a paper; he fell dead upon the bodies of his companions. This was an officer, named Villiers de Jumonville, sent as a truce bearer to meet the English. These took refuge behind the ramparts of Fort Necessity, constructed upon the bank of the Monongahela. Vengeance is upon their track. The brother of Jumonville, the truce-bearer, with six hundred Canadians, rushes upon the fort and imposes upon its defenders a capitulation, at the foot of which the chief of the English expedition subscribes as his signature the unknown name of "George Washington".

In spite of this unfavourable beginning of the campaign, the Anglo-Americans could congratulate themselves; they had attained the end pursued by them for ten years; an opening was made; the Alleghanies were no more. The national honour of the two parent states, caught in the machinery thus set in motion, could not now escape except on tides of blood: the question of the West was stated.

The echo of the shots fired in time of peace in the Great Prairies had reached to the other side of the Atlantic. The two rival nations trembled, the one with indignation, the other with joy; for England welcomed a new war which would permit her to accomplish the destruction of the French navy. Each of the two governments set itself to work to maintain its hold upon the colonies. While England sent to America General Braddock with two new regiments, there embarked at Brest, for Quebec, 3,000 picked soldiers. Within sight of Newfoundland, three French ships, which were separated from the body of the squadron, were encountered, June 8th, 1755, by the English fleet and, muzzle to muzzle, without signal, riddled with cannon-balls.

Meanwhile the official peace still lasted. Soon all the frontier of Canada was on fire. In Acadie, whose population was dispersed, the forts constructed by the French on the Isthmus were destroyed by the English. In the valley of the Ohio, Braddock and his two regiments marched upon Fort Duquesne, when they were attacked by a handful of Canadians and six hundred savages, their allies. Two-thirds of the force, the General and all his staff perished; only one officer escaped, George Washington. To this encounter has been given in history the name of the battle of Belle Rivière

or the Ohio (July 9th, 1755). On Lake Champlain fortune was less favourable to us. The operations in this quarter were directed by the Commander-in-Chief of the French troops in Canada, Baron Dieskau. He was a friend of Marshall Saxe, but, as for military talents, he had learned nothing in his intercourse with that great captain. September 11th, 1755, he allowed himself to be defeated, wounded and taken prisoner, near Lake Saint-Sacrament, by the militia of New England.

## Red Pencil and Scissors.

### THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC.

BY MRS. A. D. MACLEOD.

**O**UT over the quiet waters in sheen of the starry night,  
With sword, and gun, and bayonet, equipped for fervent  
fight,

On, on by the towering headlands, in shade of frowning steep,  
Ere flickering day-dreams banished sweet dreams of friendly sleep.  
Ere lingering morn had oped its eyes to greet the orient sun,  
They moored beneath a rugged cliff they scaled it one by one.  
Up over moss-hid precipice, with tangled growth o'erhead;  
Well was it he who led the van was of the mountain bred.

Up went the hardy Highlanders, with eye and footing clear,  
As when, in their own mountain land, they chased the nimble deer,  
O'er broken boughs, through network green, the bright-hued tartan  
wends

In single file, a living streak with darksome foliage blends.  
When, hark! midway the sentry's ear had caught the muffled  
sound;

He halted the approaching step ere paced his further round.  
"Qui vive?" he queried, quick response dispelled all fear of wrong;  
"La France" came back assuringly, he heard and passed along.

Before the darker hue of night gave place to morning grey,  
A force well-nigh five thousand strong stood firm in war's array.  
They climb the heights, they choose the ground upon the rearward  
plain,

Prepared to fight for Britain's might, no worthless prize to gain.  
A land of nature's lavish gifts, a store of boundless wealth;  
Rare land where pestilence ne'er stills the bounding pulse of health,  
Where, over richly-yielding plains majestic rivers roll;  
Where tyranny may forge no chains to bind the freeborn soul.

Though Britain's war-blast sounded forth its warning loud and  
shrill,

Though Britain's daring rank and file be-crowned the rock-bound  
hill,

Montcalm, undaunted of surprise, showed never sign of fear;  
He and his gallant countrymen would sell their trust full dear.  
With prompt and steadiest action he ranged his battle plan,  
Inspiring with his ardent will the will of lesser man.  
Clear ran along the listening lines the order to "Advance."  
And golden eagles waved aloft and shouts went up for France.

Alas for prudent reckoning! sole valor led the way,  
And hastened on to conflict dire, whose only succor lay  
In calm, reluctant rallying within their fortress walls,  
Till compassed of invading tide, till neared the bugle calls.

Unbroken columns moved ahead; with firm, free step they trod  
The plain where many a hero's blood would early damp the sod.  
Upon their well-matched foe they oped with rain of deadly fire;  
The British stirred not from their post, but hailed their presence  
nigher.

Ho, courage of the mariner who dares the fiercest storm!  
Ho, valor of the warrior who fears no hostile form!  
Yet braver he who stands erect nor bows the craven head,  
Though murderous fire is laying low the living with the dead.  
Not theirs to flinch, though comrades fell, theirs only to obey;  
Their brave young general had said, and who might say him nay.  
As manfully, in face of death, he hastened to and fro:—  
"Reserve your fire till forty yards divide you from the foe".

See Europe's proudest martial powers with rival flag unfurled;  
Intent in blood to seal the fate of this fair, western world.  
To plant upon those echoing heights that standard which would  
gleam

O'er sea-wide lakes, o'er prairies vast, o'er forest, mount and stream.  
The ancient feuds, the after-curse of many a needless fray,  
The jealousies of race and creed revive their wonted sway,  
Impart a zest to willing minds, a force to vigorous hand,  
And nerve the soldier's arm to fight for king, and fatherland.

On came brave Gallia's war-like sons, shone helm, and sword, and  
plume;

On like a mountain cataract which rushes to its doom  
Of loss amid the foaming surge that sweeps o'er ocean bed;  
So mote the surge of battle sweep o'er many a noble head.  
No further halt! the voice is raised, the expectant order given,  
When, loud as if a thunder bolt had rent the vaulted heaven,  
Out belched from thousand iron throats a thousand tongues of fire;  
Out flashed the British musketry as torch for funeral pyre.

The blow, long pending, did its work among the assailing host;  
Who stood the shock, through blinding smoke, could see that all  
was lost.

Still Montcalm strove, with voice of cheer, due order to retain;  
His veterans, with a small redoubt, he marshalled once again.  
But vain! ah vain, his arduous task! the stronghold of Quebec  
Was doomed to pass from Gallia's hand;—yet rise from out the  
wreck

A queenly city on the wave, a beacon on the sea,  
Fair monument of Britain's might in Canada the free!

Short space the balance wavered—one fierce and final blow,  
And the flower of Europe's chivalry on foreign field lay low.  
Ere golden beams of noontide spread their glory o'er the sky,  
The plain was sodden, far and near, with streams of crimson dye,  
And din of battle slackened, save tread of flying feet—  
Pursuers hurrying onward to intercept retreat;  
Whilst on the field of carnage, of groans and shattered spear,  
The Chief of either army lay, each on his bloody bier.

Serene of soul in youth's bright dawn, Wolfe laid him down to die;  
From strife profound, from mortal pain, peace gently closed his eye.  
Whilst Montcalm, loyal to the core, avowed with parting breath  
His greatest guerdon in defeat, to die a soldier's death.  
True brotherhood of heroism! in God's eternal laws,  
One equal spirit ruled their course, how'er adverse their cause.  
And high on pedestal of Fame, where victors bear the palm,  
Beside the British General there stands the brave Montcalm.

—The Examiner, Charlottetown.

WE will send "Stories of New France", to any of our  
subscribers, on receipt of \$1.00.

## The Editor's Table.

### THE MAGAZINES.

THE March number of *La Glaneur*, a new literary monthly published at Lévis, Quebec, combines variety, instruction and *finesse*. It contains four poems and four prose articles. The titles of the latter are: Charles III. de Bourbon. Quart d'heure de littérature, La jeunesse, Monseigneur de Lévis. We recommend this little monthly to students of the French language. The address is, P. O. Box 55, Lévis, Que.

*The Cosmopolitan* for April is full and varied. This cheapest of the illustrated magazines keeps well to the front. Miss Elizabeth Bisland writes concerning "The Eldest of the Arts". Very interesting are the illustrated papers on "The President's Office and Home", "The Nicaragua Canal", "The Master of Genre", and "The Japanese Theatre". "The Story of a War Correspondent's Life" is continued. Some months ago *The Cosmopolitan* offered a prize for the best essay by a farmer's daughter, descriptive of farm life and suggesting how to make it attractive and happy. The prize was won by Miss Jennie E. Hooker, of Indiana, and her essay appears in the current number. There is one story, "The Mystery of a Studio", besides the usual departments, "Current Events" and "Social Problems", a criticism by Brander Matthews on "Certain Recent Novels by American Women", and poems by F. Peterson, J. Patterson, C. A. Lord and Julia C. R. Dorr.

*The Methodist Magazine* for April is largely devoted to Wesley Centennial matter. There is an article by the editor on "A Visit to the Grave of Barbara Heck". Dr. Carmen discourses on the "Moral Momentum of Methodism". Some observations of Dr. Egerton Ryerson on the "Loyal Origin of Canadian Methodism", are reprinted. There is a further "Symposium on Methodism", contributed to by Rev. Dr. Sheraton, Mr. James Croil, Hon. Richard Harcourt, Q. C. and Rev. Dr. A. H. Newman. Installments of three illustrated articles. "Through Hungary", "Canadian Tourist Party" and "Round about England", with a biographical sketch of Rev. Dr. Rose, papers on "Messianic Prophecy" and "The Reign of Ice", the continuation of John Habberton's story, "All He Knew", and departments make up an excellent number. Alternating with the articles are short poems and selections, among them Mr. Lockhart's beautiful verses, "Jerusalem".

*The Land We Live In* is a publication that should have a very large circulation in Canada. We want more of such literature. Canadians should patronise their own journals, if they want the country to grow intellectually as it has grown materially. The March number of this interesting Journal has quite a variety of fare to offer us. A biographical sketch of Dr. Robert Millar, with portrait, comes first. There is a very attractive contribution from J. M. Lemoine, F. R. S. C., "Style of Travel of the High French Officials at Quebec in Olden Times." Mr. Lemoine's papers are always of both profit and interest. A view of Lake Megantic has descriptive letter-press. An article by Rufus Reddy on "Woman and Marriage", a story for boys, "Our First Hunting Trip", a lively description by Didymus of "A Trip to Capetown", and miscellanies, in addition to the above, are a cheap ten cents' worth. To the first five hundred new subscribers to this publication, CANADA is offered free. The two journals will be sent for one year for \$1.00.

EVERY cultured Canadian must feel proud of *The Week*. That it is now in its eighth year is a proof that there are a considerable number of people in Canada who can appreciate a literary journal of a really high order. It is a pleasure indeed to turn from so many cheap, trashy publications which have a large circulation in our country to this excellent weekly magazine, for that is what it is. The number for March 20th contains, besides the usual editorials on questions of the day, a paper by Rev. Principal Grant, entitled "Canada the Land of Waterways". "A Few Notes on the Production of Iron and Steel in Ontario", "The Hope of Immortality", "An Idyl of Hope", a letter from Rev. F. G. Scott, on "A Canadian National League", some interesting notes from "The Rambler", poems by Minnie G. Fraser, Annie

Rothwell, and G. H. Needler, and the departments, "Art Notes", "Music and the Drama", "Literary and Personal Gossip", etc. Put all this in magazine form, and we would have a magazine.

*The Dominion Illustrated* is a credit to Canadian enterprise and the Canadian public. Its illustrations are its strong feature, and these alone are worth more than the price of the publication. The number for March 21st contains a biographical sketch of Mr. J. Talon-L'Esperance, whose name has long been one of the foremost in Canadian literature. Although not born in Canada, this gifted *littérateur* came from a stock originally Canadian; this fact, combined with his long residence in our country, and the large and valuable contributions made by him to its literature, makes him our own beyond a doubt, and his recent death has brought sorrow to the hearts of very many who have not known him personally. "The Wedding Ring", by Robert Buchanan, is continued. Mrs. Curzon's notes on "Literature and Art in Toronto", are always interesting. Douglas Sladen's notes from New York are another good feature. "The Sagamore" is not very funny. The stories are not Canadian, and we think this a pity.

### JUST A WORD.

POSTMASTERS will find it to their interest to communicate with us and get our special terms.

Boys and girls may always have pocket money by canvassing for CANADA. Write for sample copy and terms.

Now is the time to work for CANADA, if you are really interested in its success. Do not wait until it does not need your help.

Do not forget that those who wish to take part in the New Popular Competition must pay full subscription price, and must remit direct to us.

A GOOD travelling agent in each province could find profitable employment in canvassing for CANADA. Liberal inducements will be offered.

THE body of choice original Canadian literature that the 12 numbers of CANADA for 1891 will contain will be a perfect marvel of cheapness at 50 cents.

IF you want to know with what warm appreciation CANADA is received by those who are capable of judging, read the column of "Press Notices" on page 48.

FRIENDS living near together may obtain CANADA for 25 cents a year by having their copies sent in one parcel. We will send four copies to one address for one year for \$1.00.

IN the May number will be commenced a serial story for young people, entitled "The White Cottage", written expressly for CANADA by one of our most charming story writers.

AMONG other good things, the number for May will contain a short story, "A Queen of Hearts", by an Ottawa lady; poems by Miss A. M. Maclachlan and Pastor Felix, and an article on "Politics and Literature" by Prof. Roberts.

WE want to largely increase our subscription list at once, and so we make this offer to our subscribers for the rest of the year:—If you have sent us the full subscription price of 50 cents for your own copy for 1891, we will give you 25 cents commission on every subscription you send us, provided you do not send less than four subscriptions the first time.



# CANADA:

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

— or —

Religion, Patriotism, Science and Literature.

EDITED BY MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

TERMS:—One year, 50 cents; 4 copies to one address, \$1.00. Subscriptions may begin with any number. When not paid in advance, the subscription price is 75 cents.

A few Advertisements, unexceptionable in character, will be received at \$5.00 per inch per annum; one or two insertions, 50 cents per inch each insertion.

Remittances should be made by post office order or registered letter. Post office orders should be payable to M. R. KNIGHT. One and three cent Canadian stamps and two cent United States stamps will be taken in payment of single subscriptions.

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

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

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## The Editor's Portfolio.

AGAIN the throes of an electoral campaign are ended! Again the representatives of the people, of the combine, of overweening personal ambition, of the power of "the almighty dollar", of the gullibility of many, of the corruptibility of many more, are about to meet in inextricable confusion on the floors of Parliament! Who shall say, who can say which party, which individual member is the choice of the people? By bribes to provinces, by bribes to sections, by bribes to combines, by bribes to individuals, by buying and selling the franchises of men for a few paltry dollars at the polling booths, in the very face of the sheriff or his deputy, both parties have elected their men, and what, in the

name of everything that is honest and true, do these men represent? Neither party can condemn the other for both are equally guilty. The limit of the bribery on either side was determined only by its financial resources. Is this sort of thing to continue? Every time that a general or local election is held, is the public mind to be darkened, the public conscience weakened, the public character demoralised, by this wholesale and overt bribery and corruption? Good men and pure, true patriots, are lifting their hearts to heaven and asking, O Lord, how long? O that the manhood of our country would rise in its might and destroy this serpent that is foling itself with treacherous, terrible power about the young electorate of Canada, the hope of our future! Some searching, stringent remedy must be devised at once, or our noble country, of which only noble men are worthy, is lost.

There seems to be a want of enlightenment as to the character of a bribe. What is a bribe? The word is never properly used in a good sense. It is thoroughly bad. It is a price or reward given to a person as an inducement to do something wrong, to violate some law that is written on his conscience. Some of our politicians and electors will accept this definition and by casuistry and sophistry attempt to evade its application. They will say that this definition can be strictly applied only to one case, where a voter has settled convictions as to the rightfulness of the claims of one party, and convictions so strong as to clothe his fidelity to them with the force of a moral obligation, and his infidelity to those moral convictions is purchased by the gift offered. We are sorry that we are compelled to believe that even this clear and indubitable case will cover a very large proportion of the ground we are considering. But what of the man who has no settled convictions in the matter? Is he not an ignoramus, not possessed of sufficient intelligence to be a proper subject of the franchise, or at any rate one who has not troubled himself to investigate the policies of the opposing parties, one who has not enough interest in the welfare of his country to ask which party is the right one, and so is disqualified by his indifference for having anything to say as to his country's government? Honest, earnest, patriotic men have settled convictions, and men of a different stamp have no more right to vote, are no more qualified for voting than the bones of the dead or the stones by the roadside. Moreover, whoever touches this election money sanctions its employment, abets and encourages the unholy work for which it is used. It is blood money, it is accursed, and none can touch it without being defiled.

But, says another, it keeps the money in circulation, it helps trade. Bribery is not the only crime in whose defence this has been urged. It has been repeated a hundred times by advocates of the liquor traffic. Have things, however, come to such a pass in Canada that money will not circulate without burning, blighting and demoralising as it passes to and fro? We are better off a thousand times without such a circulation. We pay in better, costlier things many times

more than can be gained by it. Pleads another, while the money is going, we might as well have our share with the rest; if we do not take it, others will. The same man would be ashamed to make this defence in any other cause. Every man is responsible for his own honesty and integrity before God and men. But it is our own money, still another perseveres; these men who would buy us did not get it honestly. It came out of our pockets; and we are simply putting it back where it belongs. You do not know where it came from. This is all surmise and subterfuge. Two wrongs do not make a right. If a thief has robbed your friend, you do not right the matter by sharing his gains.

We have referred to two classes of compensated voters: the first having settled convictions one way and for the sake of a bribe voting the other way; the second, either through incapacity or indifference, having no settled convictions at all. There is a third class—nay, a fourth, this latter comprising those who take bribes from both parties or take a bribe from one candidate and vote for the other, the men of this stamp are beneath contempt, worse than criminals, lower than thieves; for there is honor even among thieves. We are glad to believe that this class is as small as it is contemptible.

The third class consists of those who have voted according to their convictions and received compensation. The members of this class say, we have not been bribed; we have voted according to conscience; we would scorn to do anything else; all the money in the province would not induce us to vote on the other side. Why should we not receive a gift from a friend? Very plausible, no doubt, but is it a gift, pure and simple? Are you, able bodied, in health, capable of earning a living, of supporting your families, the proper objects of charity? Would not many of you resent it, if it came under the name of charity? Is there not a proper time and place for charity? Is election time the very best time and the only time? Is the polling place the proper place? Why should men be charitable then and there and dam up the tide of generosity at all other times and places? Are politicians richer in the milk of human kindness than other men? Do they throw money around recklessly, where it is not needed, where they obtain no *quid pro quo*. If some mysterious influence had flooded the candidate's soul with generous impulses at or about election time, his money would be devoted to relieve the necessities of those voting against him as well as those voting for him, and charity would be justified of her children. Depend upon it, my credulous friend, the candidate who offers you compensation for your vote regards you with suspicion, doubts your loyalty to his cause, does not suppose that he is purchasing nothing for something. The very offer of compensation is an insult to your incorruptibility, an insult that never would be repeated if you were a man. O shame upon him who degrades this noble franchise into a matter of bargain and compensation! He is demor-

alising his own soul, the souls of his children, the soul of his country. It is one of the noblest prerogatives we possess, one of the most important parts of our duty to God and men. When you succour your neighbour, when you relieve the distressed, when you weep with the mourner, when you defend the character of your friend, when you pray for those in need, do you not feel that these are things that are profaned by the touch of money, things whose value can never be measured by rows and columns of figures? So is it, when we have learned to see things rightly, with this noble franchise. My vote for justice, righteousness, purity, the exaltation of my country in all things good and true,—the patriotic impulses that have flowed through the veins of my ancestors into mine, that have made my love for her every natural feature as well as my anxiety for her prosperity and glory an absorbing passion—ah, my dear brother Canadians, these things are not marketable, these things are not for sale; no merchant is rich enough to carry such a costly line of goods; they are as far removed from the market and its traffic as the east is from the west.

No, let the manhood of this fair Dominion rise and shake itself free from this reproach, rise in the glory of its honesty and strength, and visit with severest penalties those who buy and sell the conscience of our people. Let new and more stringent laws be enacted! Let every candidate be required to give strict account under oath of every dollar employed in election expenses! Let the buying or selling of votes be placed on a par with seduction, with thievery, with arson! It is more than a misdemeanour; it is a crime.

THE *Independent* of March 13th contained an editorial on "The Result of the Canadian Elections", which we were pained and indignant to see in a journal generally so just and unprejudiced. It is a lamentable exhibition either of ignorance or spite to declare that "the Government of Sir John Macdonald is based politically on antagonism to the United States and commercially on economic isolation". When such journals as the one mentioned are driven by disappointment and chagrin to make such absurd and unwarrantable statements, it certainly looks as though an understanding had existed that something more than a Liberal triumph would be involved in the defeat of Sir John and his party. That Sir John "indulged in the most violent language of hostility to" the United States, is either an inexcusable exaggeration or a deliberate falsehood, unless protestations of fidelity to the dear old flag, which will float over us when the Republic is celebrating the end of its tenth centennium, are of necessity hostile to the United States. The statement that "Nova Scotia and the other Maritime Provinces are always at auction" because of their remoteness, imperfect incorporation in the Dominion and impoverishment, reveals an ignorance of the true state of things in these Provinces that is simply colossal, and utterly inexcusable in any journal, especially a religious one. Evidently the disappointment over the result of the elections is very bitter among

our American neighbours, when such a journal as *The Independent* has become so blinded and is led into so flagrant misrepresentations and inaccuracies of statement.

Not satisfied with its editorial of the 13th ult., however, the journal referred to publishes on the 19th, an article by Prof. Goldwin Smith, on "The Day after Election in Canada". This article has convinced us it is altogether superfluous for Mr. Smith to assure us that he is not an aristocrat; he is not even a gentleman. We do not suppose he claims to be a Canadian, if he did, no one would believe it. But for the present at any rate he enjoys the hospitalities and is protected by the laws of Canada, and it is both ungentlemanly and cowardly to write in an American paper in the style of the article mentioned. He invites the Republic to turn its attention to Canada, to improve its fortifications and defences, to regard the interest manifested by Great Britain in her great colony as an impertinent interference in American affairs. He deplors the existence of patriotism in Canada; he deplors its decline in the United States. He stigmatises our Government as one of corruption, which is "carried on to the political and moral ruin of the Canadian people". He closes this remarkable article with the pseudo-prophetic rhapsody: "The day has dawned in which this continent will be finally set free from European interference and given up without reserve to its own destiny (that is, the destiny which Mr. Smith's Platonic judgment marks out for it) as the home of a new and a happier humanity".

Besides the discourtesy, ingratitude and poltroonery of expressing such sentiments in a foreign journal, we must, in deference to Prof. Smith's information and judgment, ascribe to him the wilful perversion of facts, more dangerous and therefore less venial in a foreign journal than in one of our own. He affirms that "among the Canadian politicians none have been more corrupt or vile than the bearers of pseudo-aristocratic titles." He does not say whether he includes Sir Richard Cartwright in this untrue and uncourtly utterance. Certainly the courtesy of the Professor would not adorn a coronet, and he will be wise never to accept one. He despises the Maritime Provinces as "small, poor and remote". As to their remoteness, that depends upon where you put the centre. Perhaps all men do not locate that where the Professor does. As to their poverty, the Professor knows very well that the assertion is untrue, that no part of the Dominion is wealthier in proportion to its population and none more prosperous. As to their being small compared with Ontario and the North-West, it is known throughout America that their importance to the Dominion cannot be estimated by their area. Few acres of that area are unproductive; where the surface is not adapted to agriculture, there is hidden wealth that far outweighs in value the fertility of other sections of the Dominion. That the unrestricted reciprocity sentiment is more powerful in the Maritime Provinces than elsewhere, indeed that it has any considerable hold upon the people there, is emphatically disproved by the results of the recent elections. There is too much bribery and corruption in every part of the Dominion, but no more in the Maritime Provinces than elsewhere, and no more, to our personal knowledge, on the part of the Conservatives than on the part of the Liberals. The greatest bribe of all that have been employed in the late contest was the promise of unrestricted reciprocity held out to the people by the Liberal party, held out by those who knew that the thing can never be accomplished except at the price of annexation. It is notorious that the Liberal election fund was almost inexhaustible despite the affirma-

tion of the Professor that "there was barely sufficient to meet the most necessary expenses of the campaign".

This American-Canadian-Englishman says further, in his own defence, as though conscious that his action needs justification: "If an ex-Governor-General of Canada is at liberty to write in the American press on one side, Canadian Liberals are equally at liberty to write on the other, and their freedom will be used without fear". The consequence does not follow. The two are as wide apart as pole and pole, as right and wrong. It would be as reasonable to argue that if one man saves a neighbour's life, I am at liberty to destroy it; if one man gives another a fortune, I am at liberty to rob him of it. The ex-Governor-General was true to his oath, true to the Empire, true to the bond of affection and gratitude which binds Great Britain to Canada and Canada to Great Britain as closely as mother and child were ever united for life and death; the other untrue to everything that men should hold most sacred and dear. *The Independent* has a large circle of readers. The harm which this man does through its columns cannot be mended by us. We are small, and are content to share in the disdain with which the Maritime Provinces are regarded by Mr. Smith. But the time is coming when these things will be remembered, when the men held in honour by the Canadian people will be those who according to their strength and opportunity have upheld the British connection and have pointed out where the noblest and highest destiny of Canada lies. These will be honoured, while those whose policy has been to give up all that experience has proved wise and stable, and sacrifice this country to their closet schemes of impossible economy and alien sentiment, will be covered with the shame which they deserve.

## MEN AND MATTERS CANADIAN.

1500 men will be employed on the Chignecto Ship Railway next summer.

MR. ERASTUS WIMAN lectured on the 10th ult., in the Calvary Baptist Church, New York, on "The Great North Land and its Relations to the United States".

ATTORNEY GENERAL LONGLEY, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for March, declares that annexation is impossible, imperial federation is unlikely, and independence the probable destiny of Canada.

EX-SENATOR HOWLAN goes to London to furnish Sir Douglas Fox with needed data, in order than an estimate of the cost of the Northumberland Straits Tunnel may be prepared in time for presentation to Parliament when it meets.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER, Sir John Thompson, and Prof. Foster are going to Washington, it appears, to prepare the way for the Reciprocity Conference. We do not believe that anything advantageous to Canada will come out of it, and they are not the men to consent to anything else.

THE growth and influence of Methodism have been brought prominently before us of late, in connection with the centenary of John Wesley's death. It is now the largest Protestant Church, not only in Ontario, but in the Dominion. Its condition, aims, resources, are such that we predict for it a still greater future. We believe, however, that the great Protestant Church of Canada at no distant date, strong in all the elements that give victory over infidelity and unrighteousness will comprise both the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches, and it may be others. What a power that united Church will be!

Juvenile Canada.

QUESTIONS IN CANADIAN HISTORY.

- 26. Who was the founder of Quebec?
- 27. What fierce and powerful Indian tribe infested the forests around and above Quebec?
- 28. In what year did the Jesuit fathers first come to Quebec?
- 29. What great Company was formed by Richilieu in 1627?
- 30. What privileges were bestowed upon it?
- 31. What conditions were exacted from the company?
- 32. In what year and on what day did the founder of Quebec die?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN CANADIAN HISTORY.

- 9. Sieur de Roberval.
- 10. Francis I.
- 11. Starvation, scurvy, mutiny and ignominious failure.
- 12. Marquis de la Roche.
- 13. Sable Island.
- 14. Baron de Poutrincourt and Champlain.
- 15. On an island in the Saint Croix.
- 16. To Cape Malabar.
- 17. To Port Royal.

HIDDEN ORE FOR YOUNG MINERS.

OCTAGON PUZZLE.

1	0	2
0	0	0
8	0	0
0	0	0
7	0	0
0	0	0
6	0	5

- From 1 to 6 is a Canadian city.
- From 2 to 5 is a river flowing into the Saint John.
- From 8 to 3 is a county in New Brunswick.
- From 7 to 4 is a county in Ontario.
- From 2 to 1 is a large bottle.
- From 2 to 3 is an explanation.
- From 4 to 3 is publicity.
- From 5 to 4 is the young of a certain animal.
- From 6 to 5 is a sort of tree.
- From 7 to 6 is to invite.
- From 7 to 8 is know.
- From 8 to 1 is a low person.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

- I am composed of 10 letters.
- My 3, 4, 1, 10 is to draw.
- My 3, 2, 5, 9, 6, 10 is a body of people.
- My 1, 2, 7, 8 is a hammer.
- My whole is a Canadian island.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

The first among our young readers to answer correctly the Canadian History Questions and Hidden Ore contained in the March, April, May and June numbers of this Journal will receive *The Youth's Companion* for one year, subscription price, \$1.75, the second will receive "Stories of New France", price \$1.50; the third will receive a book worth \$1.00.

The answers for the four months must be sent in at one time, after the appearance of the June number.

Competitors must be under eighteen years of age.

Some member of the competitor's family must be a subscriber to CANADA, and only one can compete where only one copy of the Journal is taken. The subscriber's name must be sent with the competitor's.

Olla Podrida.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive".  
"What is"? "Medicine".

Stories of New France	.....	\$1 50
The Scottish Canadian, one year	.....	1 50
CANADA, one year	.....	50
We furnish the three for	.....	2 25

Maiden and Postmaster. - "Any letter for me"? "What name, please"? "Must I tell"? "Certainly". "Well, Tom Dolan; but he'd be mad if he knew I told on him".

Stories of New France	.....	\$1 50
The Cosmopolitan, one year	.....	2 40
CANADA, one year	.....	50
We furnish all three for	.....	3 00

"ALL poets seem fond of the sunset".  
"Yes, it tells them they have no more meals to buy for that day".

The Scottish Canadian, one year	....	\$1 50
The Cosmopolitan, one year	.....	2 40
CANADA, one year	.....	50
We furnish all three for	.....	3 00

THE superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little.

Laura Secord and other Poems	.....	\$1 75
CANADA, for one year	.....	50
We furnish both for	.....	1 75

SOME men refuse to patronise a journal which differs from them in politics, religion or criticism. If one man could be editor, contributor and subscription list, all would be pleased.

Poems of Ten Years	.....	\$ 40
CANADA, for one year	.....	50
We furnish both for	.....	60

WE all respect those who know more than we do, but we do not want them to run our business.

In Divers Tones	.....	\$1 00
CANADA, one year	.....	50
We furnish both for	.....	1 00

SHE: "The man I marry must be handsome, brave and clever". HE: "Dear me! how fortunate we have met".

The New England Magazine, one year	.....	\$3 00
CANADA, one year	.....	50
We furnish both for	.....	3 00

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LITERARY NOTES.

MR. W. BLACKBURN HARTE has been appointed assistant editor of *The New England Magazine*.

MR. P. S. HAMILTON begins in *The Week* for March 27th, what promises to be a valuable and fascinating series of papers, entitled "Old New-World Tales".

THE success of *Progress*, Saint John, has been phenomenal among Canadian journals. In its recently enlarged form of sixteen pages, it is in the front rank of our secular papers, if it does not lead them all.

A FARCE by a Canadian author was received with great enthusiasm at Madison Square Theatre, New York, on the 16th ult. The title of the comedy was "Dinner at Eight", and the writer, Mr. J. A. Ritchie, a son of Sir William Ritchie, Chief Justice of Canada.

CANADIAN literature has sustained a loss in the death of Rev. K. L. Jones, who died during the first week in March. He was a frequent and interesting contributor to several Canadian and continental periodicals, writing with equal facility in prose and verse.

MANY are looking with interest for Mr. Douglas Sladen's "Younger American Poets", on the eve of publication in London, which will contain an appendix, "Younger Canadian Poets", edited by Goodbridge Bliss Roberts, a brother of Prof. Roberts, and literary editor of *Progress* a year or two ago.

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**PRESS OPINIONS OF "CANADA".**

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

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

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

CANADA must be congratulated on having such a brilliant staff of contributors.—*The Land We Live In*, (Sherbrooke, P. Q).

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

The February number of CANADA is an excellent one, and we are glad to know that this valuable journal is meeting with so much success.—*The Carleton Sentinel*, (Woodstock).

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

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

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

THE February number of CANADA comes to hand in enlarged form and well filled with Canadian literature. There is a good opening for this new periodical and it ought to succeed.—*The Woodstock Press*.

It is what its name implies, Canadian, and first, last, and only Canadian. It seeks to represent Canadian sentiment, Canadian poetry, Canadian nationality and Canadian history. As such may it have hearty support.—*The Daily Gleaner*, (Fredericton).

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

THE numbers before us are well filled with good literature by the best of our Canadian writers, and the publication is a credit to its enterprising publisher and to Canada. What we want is a larger amount of such good, sound reading, to crowd out the American literature that is flooding our homes and our land.—*The Acadian*, (Wolfville, N. S.)

CANADA for March has just come to hand, and presents a most attractive appearance in its artistic cover. The contents bear the stamp of high literary tone and character. Such a monthly journal devoted to religion, patriotism, science and literature, forms a valuable medium of publication for Canadian writers, and merits generous patronage.—*The Wesleyan*, (Halifax).

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