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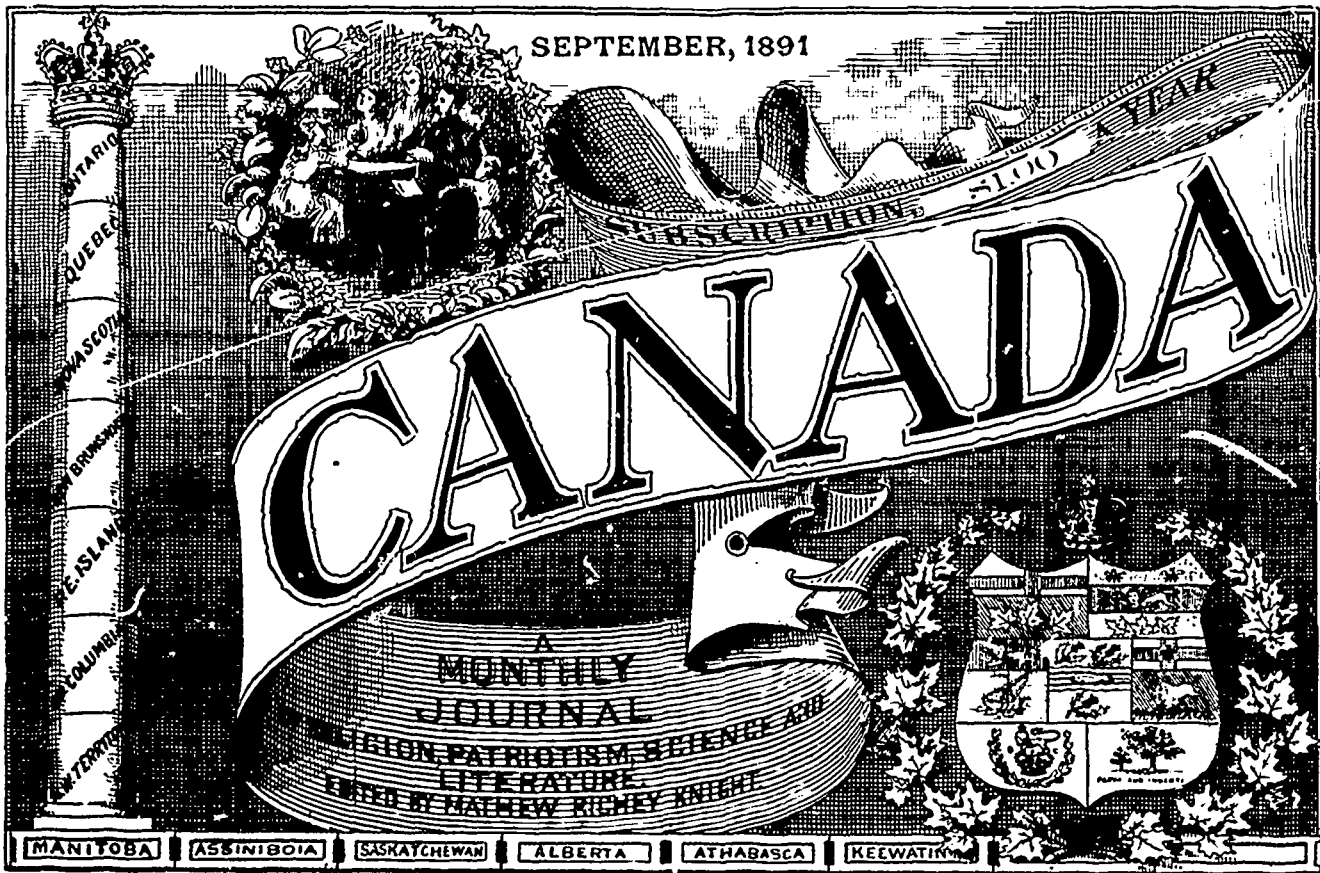
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Vol. I.—No. 9.

SEPTEMBER, 1891.

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Contents of September Number.

	PAGE
OUR SHORT STORY:	
Head or Heart: a Southern Story. By Maude L. Radford	109
OUR CONTRIBUTORS:	
Dreams. By E. W. McCready	111
A Memory. By L. L.	111
The Flowers. By J. H. Chant	112
Montcalm and French Canada—From the French	112
Surprise. By M. R. Knight	113
OUR YOUNG FOLKS SERIAL:	
The White Cottage. By S. A. Curzon	113
FROM CURRENT PERIODICALS:	
The Mother. By W. W. Campbell	117
William Willfred Campbell	117
Haying. By J. F. Herbin	118
A Canadian Heroine. By Edmund Collins	118
THE EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO:	
Editorial Notes	121
Recent Publications	122
The Magazines	122
Literary and Personal Notes	123
Olla Podrida	124

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.

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Our Short Story.

HEAD OR HEART?

BY MAUDE L. RADFORD.

(Concluded.)

"Why, you didn't expect me to stay here forever, did you?" he laughed, packing up his brushes. "The mountain air is lovely, but one could not be happy under it forever."

When he turned round, she was sobbing, a little forlorn heap on the grass.

"Why, Sallie, Sallie, what's the matter?" he asked, picking her up. "Why, my dear little girl, what are you crying for?"

He stroked the curly hair lying on his arm again and again, and leaned his cheek on her tear-stained face.

"Are you crying because I am going away?" he said, with a tightened feeling at his heart,

A renewed burst of sobs was the reply.

"There, little girl, don't cry, I'm not going yet, we shall have a good many walks and talks still, *carissima*, my dear, my dear, do *not* cry so."

He bent over impulsively, and kissed the little, quivering mouth.

She leaped up, and rushed away from him down the steep road towards home, with her face in a glow, and her heart full of happiness.

"He kissed me, he kissed me", murmured the little, innocent heart again and again, "he kissed me, and he must love me or he wouldn't 'a done it".

Frank walked slowly after her, his brow unusually thoughtful.

"Poor little girl", he said, "I wish she were not so fond of me, and I wish, O, I wish I cared less for her. The little thing has twisted herself round my heart. I'm the biggest fool of thirty that ever walked this earth. Dear little heart! No! I won't go away just yet".

So the next day, and many days, they chatted together in the old friendly way, and the artist painted the sweet face in other pictures. In each bit of work, in every sketch he made, there was always a girl with her whole soul in her innocent eyes.

"If I am ever famous, Sallie", he said, one day, "it will be your face which will make me so".

"I'm mighty glad", she said, simply, "that I kin he'p you that a-way, I should think you'd be a-gittin' tired of my face".

"No, *mein Schützchen*. You see, it is not one face, it is twenty faces. You change the expression so often. It is not features alone which make up the beauty of a face, it is expression".

"En hev I heaps of expression?"

"A great deal, little girl, you are so unconscious. A veritable mountain flower".

"You tell right smart of nice things", she said happily, "en if you like my face, I'm glad, glad, glad I'm pretty".

There was something touching in her innocently affectionate tone. The artist had seen so much of the world, knew so well its hollowness and mockery, and had drunk to the dregs some of its bitter cups of disappointment.

He was sometimes heart sick, and sometimes indifferent. Now, when this girl said these few happy words, he bitterly wished she could give him her innocence of heart.

He laid down his brush with a groan.

"I wish to God, Sallie", he said passionately, "that every one was like you. I wish, O, I wish we were all pure-hearted and guileless like you, my star-flower, my pure little star-flower. I wish you could be forever beside me; I am better under the influence of your innocent soul. O, my little girl, if I could only feel always as I do now, and have you and only you my guardian angel forever, I think I would be fit some day for heaven".

She did not understand half he said, not half, but she felt his arms about her, his kisses on her curly hair, and was happy.

He gently rose, and leaning her head on his arm, paced up and down the soft grass with her.

"My little girl", he said, "if I could but cast away my heart and soul and share yours—if I could be Frank Lyman no more,—if I could create a little Utopia for you and me far away on the very top of these mountains. O, if I could, if I only could!"

"I can't understand you sometimes"; she said, half-frightened at his vehemence, "I wish you'd not talk that a-way".

"I won't, then", he said, with another change of mood. "Little treasure, let us be happy, just for once, just for to-day, *ma chérie*, let me forget everything but you. Come here, and kiss me".

He had never asked her to kiss him before, but she came straight to him, put her arms around his neck, and did as he asked.

His heart smote him remorsefully as the innocent eyes met his own.

"O! I am a wretch!" he cried passionately, as he shook her off half-roughly. "Go away, Sallie, go away, I tell you, I have no right to love you, but O, I do, I do! O! have I hurt you, my darling? There, kiss me only once more and run home, I am coming after a while".

She sobbed as she hurried down the familiar road. He had pushed her away so harshly, and yet he said he loved her. That made her heart light, but O! he had pushed her away! She was angry, she would make him repent that.

"I know what I'll do", she said, compressing the red lips determinedly, "I've got to go en see Jim's mother this yere week, anyhow, Maw said I should, so I'll call for the other Sal, en we'll both go, so now. He'll be 't'out me all day, but O me, O me, I'll be 't'out him. But I'm a-goin'".

Next morning Frank looked about vainly for his little guide.

"I forgot to tell you", explained Mrs. White, "that Sal ah gone down to Mrs. Woods' at the foot of the mountain fur to spend the day. She'll be back to-night, I reckon".

"Ah! I shall miss her", said the artist disappointedly.

He did not leave the house that morning, but dragged out the time reading and smoking.

At noon Mr. White brought him a telegram.

"This yere orter got yer' fore, suh, but the messenger only brought it jes' now".

Frank tore it open hastily, and a frown gathered on his brow while he read.

"Mr. White, I must go home to-day. Important affairs summon me. Can I send a note to Charlottesville?"

"Sartin, I'm a-goin' thar direct'y. I'll take it, suh".

"Very well, I want a carriage from the livery stable, you know. To catch my train it must be at the foot of the mountain at eight o'clock. I'm sorry I must go".

"Me to. This hev been a pleasant six weeks fur we all, Mr. Lyman, suh".

"I'm glad to hear you say so, and now I must pack my traps".

About seven o'clock, after bidding good-bye to Mrs. White and her husband, who had returned from Charlottesville, the painter started on his walk down the mountain, followed by a negro, bearing his luggage.

"I must get there before eight to bid Sallie good-bye", he said walking quickly.

But it was nearly that hour when he reached Mrs. Woods' house, Sallie had evidently heard the news. She, the other Sal, and Jim Woods stood near the door.

As the girl saw him she rushed forward, and drew him behind a great tree which screened them from the others.

"You a-goin'!" she cried excitedly; "O, you can't be a-goin', you can't, you can't! O, you said, you said——".

"Hush, hush, O, heaven, can I ever forgive myself?"

"You said you loved me".

"I do, I do, God knows I do".

"Then you can't leave me. You said we'd live up to the top of the mountain, you and me would. O! you said you loved me. You, you kissed me".

"I tell you I do love you, better than anyone in the world", he said sharply, "but I can't stay".

"Then, take me with you", she cried, stretching her arms towards him, "I'll leave em all fur you, I will. I'll walk to the ends of the airth with you. O", she said pressing his hand to her cheek, "don't leave me, I'll try to be a lady fur you, I will. I'll try to be fit fur your wife".

He closed his eyes and thought. To help him in his search after fame he ought to make a splendid alliance, he ought to marry a woman with position and money. He knew he could do so, and yet, he loved this child. But as he opened his eyes, his glance wandered to the other Sal, who, twelve years ago had been exactly like this girl clinging to him.

"My God!" he cried, with a groan, "I tell you years of education would never eradicate all these traits, and mannerisms, and tricks of speech which have been in your blood for generations. In twelve years you would be like

that woman, as coarse, as ugly. You could never reach my level, you would drag me down with you".

"O, you cruel, you cruel", she wept. "But you don't mean it. I love you. Be quick, the carriage ah a-cômin'; I hear it. Tell me to come with you".

She put her hand on his shoulder and looked at him tearfully, but O, so trustingly.

"Wait a minute", he said, "wait." He had his luggage put in the carriage and ordered the driver to walk the horses down the road.

"Let us walk a little", he said, trying to speak gaily. "My dear, I agree with Pythagorus, the great philosopher, who states that there are two factors in a man's composition, the rational and the irrational. The brain, the head governs the rational, the heart, the irrational. Now, considering what is expected of me, and what I hope to become, I must let my head govern. It won't do -O! my child", with a sudden change of tone, "I can't explain myself. You wouldn't understand. Won't you forgive me and forget me?"

"O! I can't, I can't forget you", she cried, "O! take me, take me with you".

He bent over and kissed her again and again, with his own eyes full of bitter, scorching tears. For one wild minute he thought he would lift her in his arms, put her in the carriage, and ride away with her to home and happiness.

"Curse my ambition!" he cried, in an intense, fiery one, "I wish I were dead. I wish these horses would run away, and dash my brains out. Kiss me, little pure heart, little one, whom I shall never see again. Forget me, forgive me that I have been happy with you. I will never be happy again. Let me look at your face once more. Then, little star-flower, good-bye, and God forgive me, and bless you".

He held her to his heart a moment, then put her gently down, and jumped into the carriage. As the horses dashed away he glanced backwards and there, sobbing and weeping, her heart broken, she, his little star-flower lay, on the grass, under the twilight sky.

Our Contributors.

DREAMS.

BY ERNEST W. MCCREADY.

SILENCE. The jewelled curtains of the night
Are drawn at last. Now is the breathing spell.
The dusky shadows as they swiftly fell
Hid from Earth's tired eyes the lingering light,
And wooed her children to forget the flight
Of time. Upon the flowing Lethæ-tide
Of sleep they rock and slowly onward glide
Into the land of Nod. There all is bright.

The hills are green; the fields all gay with flowers;
Warm the glad sunshine of the golden hours,
And soft the perfume of this day of dreams.

The river broadens now. The sleeper seems
To hear before his bark an ocean's roar.

It is the sea of life. The night is o'er,

St. John, N. B.

A MEMORY.

ON the shores of the Ottawa River, almost midway between Ottawa and Montreal, lies the little French Canadian village of Carillon, near the scene of Dollard's heroism. It is rather picturesquely situated at the foot of a large hill, thickly wooded almost to its base, and if you will come with me some day I will show you where the best butternut tree grew "long ago".

Thirty-five or forty years ago Carillon was a much more thriving place than it is now, and also, it must be confessed, a much rougher place. The timid wives and daughters of the farmers from the surrounding district, when on their way to St. Andrew's, the County Metropolis, were always glad when Carillon lay behind them on their journey. The rough portion of the community was chiefly composed of a floating population of bargemen and raftsmen, whose natural lawlessness was very much assisted by the fiery quality of the liquor that was dispensed in the place in those days.

All this is changed, however, and it would be a difficult task to get up a good sized crowd to witness a fight now-a-days. Half of the houses are shut up and crumbling to decay, and save for a waggon track, the grass is growing in the streets.

The Carillon Canal skirts the upper end of the village and is, in fact, its "raison d'être". The whistling of boats, shouting of bargemen, and the noise of the chains which control the opening and shutting of the lock gates, are the daily and nightly sounds which fall on the ears of the inhabitants.

What familiar sounds they once were to me. On the wings of imagination I am carried back to Carillon. It is a drowsy August afternoon, and one side of the roadway is bathed in golden light. The two principal stores are opposite to each other, and the proprietor of the one on the sunny side of the way is sitting in friendly converse with his neighbor, whose premises, on this hot afternoon, are cool and pleasant. Rocking chairs have been brought out on the sidewalk, and the two men are comfortably rocking, and watching the antics of a small boy. At an upper window sits the fair mother of the boy, with another child upon her knee. A girl comes up the street, and goes into the store on the sunny side. The proprietor rises from his seat with a half sigh of regret, and goes to serve her, but when his duty in that direction is done returns, just as the aforesaid small boy is standing on his head. "Take care", he cries in French, "you'll kill yourself; you are a regular little 'Irlandaise'", and then he looks up and meets the laughing eyes of the "Irlandaise" mother of the boy, whose ambition it is that her children should be as "Irlandaise" as circumstances permitted. He is confused for a moment, but then laughingly remarks that to be "Irlandaise" is to be all that is good and beautiful.

But the glory of the summer afternoon has departed. The beautiful "Irlandaise" mother lies in the graveyard,

and her little son beside her. The old store is closed and silent, and weeds grow in the garden. Death has cast a shadow over all, but the same sounds are still heard from the Canal, beating an accompaniment to other lives and other hopes.

L. L.

THE FLOWERS.

BY J. H. CHANT.

SOME flowers are brighter far in hue
Than others by their side ;
But God baptises all with dew,
And spreads his mantle wide
To cover them, for half the day,
From rays of scorching sun,
Though some may shine in colors gay,
And some in sober dun.

And I account each one my friend,
The stately, and the plain ;
Divers their hue, but not their end, --
For me none blooms in vain ;
For all proclaim their Maker's skill,
And point to bloom above,
In God's great plan their parts fulfil,
And whisper, " God is love ".

Their fragrance lades the summer air
With health-inspiring germs,
Ascends on high, as nature's prayer,
Suggesting well the terms
Of God-accepted prayer from man,
Odours of grateful praise,
For though in penitence began,
It ends in joyful lays.

But though God cares for every flower,
And every flower I prize,
If I would build my love a bower
To greet the bending skies,
I'd carpet it with mignonette,
And daisies, pure, and white,
And bright verbenas round it set,
To bloom in golden light.

I then would seek some shady nook
To plant a pansy bed,
Suspend o'erhead, on golden hook,
Some vine with blossoms red,
Sweet peas about its posts should twine,
Geraniums grace the d-or,
Clematis and the trumpet vine
Should cover it all o'er.

I then would place on dainty shelf,
All covered o'er with gold,
Some vases of the purest delf,
Well filled with richest mould,
And in them plant with greatest care
A lily—a primrose—
An hyacinth—begonias rare—
All bright with lovely blows,

Vienna, Ont.

MONTCALM AND FRENCH CANADA.

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

III.

AT the time when the three small ships of Jacques Cartier ascended a great unknown river in the northern part of America, the immense forest territory which stretched along the banks of its water-course, and its affluents was inhabited solely by a race of men to whom their copper colour caused the name of Redskins to be given.

The race was divided into two families, they being sub-divided into numerous branches. Of the two principal groups, the one comprehended the tribes whose idiom was the beautiful Huron tongue ; in the other mingled the nations speaking the various dialects of the harmonious Algonquin language.

All these nations were war-like and disputed bravely with the " pale faces " their native soil, without giving up their intestine wars which had lasted for ages. Our soldiers found valuable allies in the French missionaries, who, in the sixteenth century, undertook the conversion of America and came to preach peace, the pardon of injuries and humility to the savage who breathed only war, vengeance and pride.

To dominate these terrible heavers who measured man by his contempt of life, it was necessary not only to be equal to them in braving death, but superior in consecrating it. An angelic courage was the weapon of these priests, who went into the depths of the forests, at the peril of a thousand lives, to recruit servants for Christ and friends for France. They found few catechumens, but many friends, and disarmed by their gentleness even those whom they could not persuade.

Gradually, with some the want of union or the recognition of their evident inferiority, with others the influence of the missionaries, drew to us many tribes, out of which a certain number of members, once converted, left the forests and, renouncing the savage life, took in the colony the name of *domiciliés*.

In short, after a time, almost all the tribes " buried the tomahawk " and became our allies. But the war continued against the five nations of the Iroquois confederation which, established on Lake Ontario, separated New France from the Dutch colony, afterwards New York, when the English took the place of the first colonists.

Between us and the five nations, this was an implacable war, in which the French troops found themselves face to face with adversaries worthy of them, warriors without fear and without pity, zoies of the New World making sport of their pain and, in their fierce pride, affording a dreadful example of human dignity. To tell the truth, they were sustained by our rivals, the Dutch, and afterward by the English ; they accepted from them powder and arms, but without clasping the hand that was offered to them, for they had in their hearts a mortal hatred of the stranger, from whatever shore he came, and they wished that civilization had but one head to scalp.

The war against the Iroquois lasted a century ; several tribes of our allies were exterminated, among others those of the Hurons and the Algonquins, the trembling fragments of which came for refuge into the heart of the colony, under the cannon of Quebec. Finally, in 1701, a treaty of general pacification was concluded : thirty-eight deputies from as many nations came to Montreal to smoke the pipe of peace in midst of solemn feasts and to swear a friendship among

all their tribes and with France "which would endure as long as the rivers followed their course and the stars kept their brightness."

The era of blood was ended; Canada breathed again and the half-century which followed was the epoch of the true development of colonisation.

As varied as the tattooing of their warriors were the manners, the dialects and the political organization of these peoples. Some were sedentary and industrious, as the Iroquois, the true Kabyles of Canada; others were nomads, as the Algonquins, and lived only by hunting and fishing. Democracy with all its abuses, disturbed the tribe of the Sewanais, and the fierce nations of the Huron language had established among them aristocratic republics, while the Miamis obeyed a supreme chief, a very king. Here, behind the high palisades of the Wyandot villages, the women governed the state; elsewhere, in the wigwam of an Illinois for example, they were only the numerous slaves of one and the same master.

But, as the copper-coloured skin reappeared alike in all, so in their character one recognized the common origin of the race. All were slaves of their dreams, strangely fickle and always carried away by eloquence, a formidable siren when she has for an instrument a language like that of these nations, as rich, as full of images, as oriental poetry; everywhere in the depth of these hearts hardened by pride and cruelty, when Christian charity was successful in breaking her way in, she found watching there the innate ideas of justice and the immortality of the soul; everywhere these wills, which seemed untameable, bowed at the voice of the feeblest old man. Not an Indian who had betrayed his host, not one who had neglected to honour the dead; the hospitality of the tomb and that of the hearth were equally sacred. In fine, all were brave and capable of self-devotion; who knew it better than France. Little by little she had conquered these fickle hearts and, more astonishing still, they remained faithful to her when her fortunes turned. Between France and England, the sympathies of the natives seldom hesitated; they were almost all our allies.

There existed between their nature and ours, as the English have said, a secret affinity, some common traits of an adventurous and fickle character. What matters a thing of so little weight in the scales; what brought the tray down was our heart. Without effort, almost without intention and by the impulse of our nature, we treated these *savages* as equals, as friends, only making them feel our superiority musket in hand, and never forgetting that with these childlike tribes gentleness was as necessary as force.

(To be continued.)

SURPRISE.

BY MATTHEW RICHIEY KNIGHT.

THE thing that we expected,
Is old before it comes,
As though 'twere resurrected
From newly hollowed tombs:

But that we looked for never,
All radiant with surprise,
A thing of beauty ever,
Brings new light to our eyes.

Welcome the cloud-rack drifted
Before the distant star!
Let not the veil be lifted
That hides the joy afar!
If thou canst see the banner
It raises in the sky,
Tell me not of its coming,
Lest ere it live, it die!

Benton, N. B.

Our Young Folk's Serial.

THE WHITE COTTAGE:

Or the Fortunes of a Boy-Emigrant in Canada.

BY MRS. S. A. CURZON.

(Continued.)

BUT the voyage was not all sunshine; about the eighth day out the weather grew very much colder than it had been since we left England, the sea grew very rough, and a driving snow storm sent us all below; some one said we were nearing Newfoundland, that it was a dangerous coast, and we were likely to have heavy fogs and perhaps meet ice-bergs. A great many grew sea sick again, especially among the women, the little children did not seem to get sick like the rest of us, but we all went to our berths immediately after supper hoping the storm would abate before morning. But it grew worse instead, the great masts creaked and shook down to the very hold, the engine seemed to work by fits and starts, and it was as much as some of us could do to keep in our berths; sometimes we should be rolled violently from side to side; again, our heels would fly higher than our heads; then we should be startled by a fearful blow on the ship's side that would make her quiver from end to end, and her masts creak as though they were being torn out, and again she would seem to be sinking into the depths of the ocean. Now and then we could hear the hoarse voice of the captain on deck; and again nothing could be heard but the terrific noise of the waves; it was a fearful night; some were crying, some on their knees at prayer, and others rocking themselves to and fro in the agony of fear. Through it all I could not but notice how soundly most of the children slept, and I was glad for their sakes. I could not sleep, however, and the pitchy darkness, for we were allowed no lights between nine at night and six and seven in the morning, made the storm seem very terrible. The morning light came at last, and with it breakfast, and then it occurred to me how good it must be to be taught to obey and to do one's duty under all circumstances, for although the storm still raged furiously, the cook had prepared our breakfast, and the steward and his boy were serving it as usual, and all through that fearful night the captain, his officers, and the sailors had been on deck work-

ing the ship, the engine drivers and stokers had been in the stilling hot engine room keeping strict watch of every detail of their duty, lest the storm should find some point of advantage over us, and all this time we had been sheltered from wind and wave, if not free from anxiety. It was quite impossible to use knife and fork, so we took the food in our hands, and drank what we could catch as we staggered about like drunken men; the steward told us to put food in our pockets, as he might not be able to bring our dinner at the usual hour if the storm continued or grew worse, and he kindly fetched some cakes and biscuits down for the children; he also allowed many of the daily duties of cleaning, &c., on which he generally insisted very strongly, to go unperformed. We were not allowed to go on deck, but lights were hung up, for the daylight was very faint; the first mate came down, as was his usual practice each day, but he looked grave, and gave only a few directions, instead of his usual string of jokes. As it got nearer noon, I began to feel very unhappy, my courage gave way, and I thought sorrowfully of the home I might never see again. I pictured to myself the agony of my dear mother, the dull sorrow of my poor father, who, I felt, loved me well though he had been so chary of showing it, and of the tears and grief of my sisters and brothers, and good old Granny, if I should be drowned. I am not ashamed to say that I cried a good deal, for my loneliness pressed upon me with a weight that became almost insupportable, and I felt the truth of the saying that "all a man hath he will give for his life". To be sure I hadn't much to give, and if I had had the whole world it would avail me nothing in the jaws of the great ocean. But these thoughts, sad as they were, led to my comfort, for I began to realize that death is not the end of us, and to think of the future that was before. Almost the last words the good clergyman and my dear mother had said to me were on this very subject; they had urged me to always remember that in the midst of life we are in death, that a moment only might remove us from one life to the other, from Earth, to Heaven or Hell, and therefore to see that I was prepared for the great change. Nor had they left me ignorant of the way to become prepared. I knew that Jesus Christ had died on the cross to bear the punishment due to the sin in our nature, and to furnish an atonement for the sins we actually commit, and I knew that my part was to repent of my sins and humbly ask forgiveness of God the Father. I knew also that if I did so I was sure of His forgiveness, because He had not only promised to give pardon to repentant and suing sinners, but had shewn His great mercifulness towards men, by being the Person who had devised this plan of salvation, and had given His own Son to be the means of accomplishing it: I had been taught to fear God as pure and just, but I had been taught also to love Him as being true and merciful, and in the quiet of my berth I prayed God to forgive me all my sins, and they seemed very many, so many that it was hopeless to suppose

that there was a clean good spot in me, --and take me to live with Him, if I should now be drowned.

This was not the first time I had prayed God's forgiveness for my sins; my mother's talk and the sermons I had heard at church, with the lessons taught me at Sunday school, had led me before to think upon the life to come, and the best way of doing my duty here, for I didn't want to grow up a stupid, careless man, who didn't know where he was going, and didn't care whether any one else did wrong or right, or went to Heaven or Hell; it seemed to me that I had better have been a beast of the field, than such a man as that, so I had tried to begin square by asking forgiveness for the sins I had committed and trying to do right in the future. I was sure that God had forgiven me, but I was not so sure as to my power of always doing right. When I came to think over matters at any time I could always find something I had done wrong, either from want of thought or from habit, or idleness, for I have found out that there is such a thing as spiritual idleness, when we grow weary of well-doing, as well as physical idleness, and I got discouraged, it seemed to me I had always something to ask forgiveness for; one day mother was talking to me I told her this, and to my surprise, she said she was glad to hear it, she said that it showed that my conscience was active, she begged me always to listen to its complaints, and if ever I felt as though I was pretty good and had no sinfulness to be sorry for, I need then be afraid, and implore the good God to shew me what I looked like in His sight. Such self examination as dear mother recommended always shewed me plenty of faults, and effectually knocked over the pride that was sure to be the grand master of me at such times. She told me also that what God expected of us was not absolute purity, as that is impossible for us as human beings, but a constant striving after it, and a humble reliance on His forgiving mercy in Jesus Christ; this was the fruit he looked for, and that which would shew whether we were servants of God or not. She also told me to study my Bible, not merely read it, but think about it, and try to serve God as He has shewn us he desires, and also to read my *Pilgrim's Progress* which, she said, if I took it as a history of the Christian's inner life, would be like a lamp to me in shewing me my own heart. I tried to follow my mother's advice, and now in the midst of the dreadful storm that threatened to engulf us at any moment, I felt a strange, peaceful calm, and a sure hope of heaven. I felt also a great love to all who were in the ship with me, it seemed to me that I could have willingly given my life for the sake of more time to the young men I have before mentioned as being so wild, for I felt that they were no servants of God. But my life could not save their souls, since I could not save my own, and I felt that each man is responsible for himself to God, but I prayed for them as I knew I might and ought to do.

I was accused from my own thoughts by a boy a year or

two older than myself, who stopped in his hurried walk about the ship, by my berth, and said :

"I say, youngster, ain't you afraid of being drowned; it's a terrible storm I can tell you".

"I won't say I'm not afraid", I replied, "but I hope we shall get through all right, please God".

"Well hope is a good thing if it can keep you so calm as you seem, perhaps it is because I have no hope that I cannot control my agitation".

"If we have no hope to be saved from drowning there is hope in the future, sir".

"That's it, that's it. You have this hope, I suppose, and I have not".

"I am sorry to hear that, sir, but why cannot you get it? God will hear you".

"Why what a coward do you take me for to suppose that I shall ask a favor now, when I have laughed Him to scorn when the sun shone".

"But you are sorry now that you did so, sir".

"I don't know that I am as sorry as I ought to be; such times as these are not favorable to self-examination, even if I was fond of it".

"My mother told me that if I prayed to be able to repent as I ought, God would hear me".

"So mamma has told me, but you see I am none the better for it".

"Oh, sir, I fear you are mocking God who gave you a good mother; she must have taught you to pray".

"I have learned a good deal since then, my boy, and have forgotten how to pray. Do you pray?"

"Yes, sir, I do, I dare not forget".

"Pray for me then, will you? Oh, this is dreadful".

As he said this the ship gave a great lurch, the noise of water pouring from a great height upon the deck above, the shrieks of nearly every passenger on board, the tumbling about of trunks and boxes which had broken from the fastenings with which they had been bound at the commencement of the storm, made us both spring up, and with terror look for the next event, which I, at least, thought must be the loss of the ship, but it was not so, the noise and cries subsided, and soon after the second mate came on board to enquire if we were all safe. Many had been thrown down, the tumbling boxes had hurt others, and some of the poor children were so terrified that their friends, themselves pale and agitated, could not quiet them. The mate said that the ship had not rightly answered to her helm, and had consequently received a tremendous wave broadside, which had torn away some of the bulwarks. He told us that it had been impossible for the cook to prepare dinner, consequently we must be satisfied with the remains of our breakfast; very few of us felt inclined to eat, and the general cry was that the cook should be spared the trouble of serving any food at all, but this the mate would not allow, saying that we must not add faintness to our other evils, and that he

hoped the storm was at its worst now. As he left the steerage a tremendous volume of water came pouring down the hatchway, knocking him down as well as several others standing near; he sprang up laughing and gained the deck safely, closing the hatch firmly after him, but some of the others who were not used to being wet through, and were hurt also, began to grumble; we had been far too damp to be comfortable before, for the steam from so many human beings, the pools of water that came in dribblets from the upper deck, and the impossibility of ventilation during such weather, had made all below in a fog, but now the floor was flooded, and all the consolation we had was in the assertion of somebody that "nobody ever caught cold from sea-water".

When the steward was seeing our meal—of which he had persuaded many to eat—removed, we learned from him that the captain considered the storm to be breaking, and we might look for further news by sunset; he confirmed the account of the mischief in the first cabin, and told us to be thankful, for that many of the ladies had not a dry article of dress to put on, their bedding and carpets were wet through, and some of the passengers had lost a considerable amount of property through the damage done by sea-water. The steward also shewed us also how to make ourselves a little more comfortable, and though the ship continued to pitch and roll frightfully, he and his boy swabbed up the floor, rubbed the lanterns dry, put the trunks and boxes in more convenient places, encouraged some of the men to get washed, and helped the women to make the children neat; many laughable accidents occurred during these operations, one man declared he had swallowed the soap, another fell on his back with a tin full of water which flew all over him, another dropped his comb, and, instead of picking it up, sat on it, the steward taking advantage of everything to make a laugh, and so raise our spirits. We were astonished how much better we all felt, and how the time had slipped away by these simple means; some declared that the ship was much quieter, and that the great swashes of water overhead did not come in so frequently as usual; for myself I saw little change in these things, but I began to hope we should be safe after all. The boy, of whom I have before spoken, came and sat down on his bag beside my trunk, on which I was sitting, and entered into conversation with me again. He was rather a nice looking youth, with a moustache just growing, small soft hands, and the manner of a gentleman; he was in company with a man much older than himself, a frowning, moody-looking fellow, whom I, nor any one else on board, appeared to like; they were both dressed in dark suits of rough cloth, and neither had a trunk with him, the younger one only having a carpet bag stuffed pretty full. It was evident that both belonged to a better class of society than those they were travelling with, but they joined the wilder part in all their frolics, and seemed bent on occupying a low position among the general passengers, for they acted as roughly, spoke as rudely, and behaved as

coarsely as the roughest. The elder kept the younger one quite under his thumb, and I sometimes fancied I could see a very angry glance pass over the boy's face when the other checked him, but he was quite submissive.

"Do you think things are a bit quieter overhead than they were this morning?" began the youth, speaking to me.

"I don't know, sir", I replied, "I don't find much difference, but the steward seemed to think so".

"You are not travelling alone, are you?" he asked.

"Yes sir, quite alone", I answered.

"Run away, perhaps, like me", he said.

"No sir, I am not running away", I replied, half-offended; "I came with the consent and help of my parents".

"They think you are going to make a fortune in Canada, I dare say, but you won't".

"I shall try to do as well as most other people, and I might make a fortune too; others have done it".

"Well, I'm going to make a fortune, but not by hard work; I don't like it".

"I have no other way to get on but by my labour", I replied, "perhaps you have".

"Yes, if the luck doesn't run against me, but it always has done so yet: new country, new luck, I hope".

"I don't understand you, sir", I replied.

"It's just as well you don't, I wish I didn't either, but I know too much now, and must go on".

"You said you were running away just now, sir", I replied; "if that has anything to do with what you know I hope you will not go on".

"I must go on; I'm in that fellow's power", and he indicated his companion, who was in the far end of the steerage watching with bad eyes the actions of a group of young men. "My friends think I'm at college now, safe in Auld Reekie, studying away as hard as my brain will let me, and instead of that, I'm here going to the States with a companion they would despise. I wouldn't care only for my mama's sake, and my favorite sister Alice, but its too late now, *too late! too late!*" and he dashed his face into his hands, and swung himself up and down for a minute or two in a perfect agony. I thought his face was paler than ever when he looked at me again, and I felt very pitiful towards him, but he laughed a wild bitter laugh, and said, "I'm past praying for, you see, boy".

"No, sir, you are not; I shall pray for you every day".

"What, as long as you live?"

"Yes, unless by some means I find out that I need not".

"That I'm dead, eh?"

"No, sir, till you pray for yourself".

"I'm afraid that will be a long time; I couldn't pray to God and lead the life I do with that fellow".

"Why not give up his society?"

"I tell you I'm in his power, I can't give it up if I would".

"Oh, sir, try; and go home to your friends also".

"Why, my father wouldn't let me in if he knew what I'd been up to, he's very proud, is the old gentleman".

"Oh, I'm so sorry you have done so ill, but I think your father would be glad to have you home if you promised to do better".

"I shan't ask him".

I felt so completely at a loss with such stubbornness and wrong doing, that I did not know what to say. It was a dreadful thing to see a young man a little older than myself, going on in such a wicked course, and no one to control him but a man worse than himself; it seemed to me that the only hope was praying for him, and this I resolved to do, I could not think it hopeless, though I thought painfully of his own self destruction. I therefore asked him his name.

"Why do you wish to know?"

"That I may pray for you".

"Do you think *He* will know my name?"

"I am sure so".

"Well, pray for the repose of the soul of John Carter then, for I tell you it was a terrible storm just now. Tell me your name".

"My name is Thomas Jones", I replied.

"Well, Tom, I shan't forget you in a hurry".

"I hope you won't, sir", I replied, "I shan't forget you".

"Look here, boy, don't call me sir, just call me plain John, *he* doesn't like it, its his game to look poor and mean, and he can do it very well, though he belongs to a very respectable family, higher in society than mine is, and my father's a lawyer, a barrister, I should say, but he wants us to pass as the sons of poor shop keepers, until we are safe; we're not dodging the law you know, but he can't live under restraint, he wants freedom, and as he has me in the same boat with him, we are going where we can get it".

"I'm sorry to hear it", I replied, "it is better to be under good restraint than have bad liberty, I think".

"Well you needn't change your opinion on my account, Tom", — he was going to add more, but his companion just came up and, in a very rough tone of voice, ordered him to "come away and not let his tongue run". I saw his face flush with anger, but he obeyed at once, so that it was evident he was quite in the other's power.

This was the only conversation I held with Mr. Carter for his master, as I must call him, scowled and frowned each time he came near me, so that at last he left off taking any notice of me whatever, but I scarcely ceased thinking about his sad case until he landed, and hoping and praying for his welfare.

In the evening it was evident that the storm was abating. The ship was much steadier, and we were beginning to walk about without the aid of our arms. A good meal was brought to us and we did fair justice to it, and people congratulated each other on our renewed safety. The weather grew very cold, however, it was like mid-winter we passed Newfoundland in a fog, and there were daily snow storms, until, as the steward said, we were "standing into the Gulf".

(To be continued.)

 From Current Periodicals.

 THE MOTHER.

I.

IT was April blossoming spring,
They buried me, when the birds did sing;

Earth, in clammy wedging earth,
They banked my bed with black, damp girth.

Under the damp and under the mould,
I kenned my breasts were clammy and cold.

Out from the red beams, slanting and bright,
I kenned my cheeks were sunken and white.

I was a dream, and the world was a dream,
And yet I kenned all things that seem.

I was a dream, and the world was a dream,
But you cannot bury a red sunbeam.

For though in the under-grave's doom-night
I lay all silent and stark and white;

Yet over my head I seemed to know
The murmurous moods of wind and snow;

The snows that wasted, the winds that blew,
The rays that slanted, the clouds that drew

The water-ghosts up from the lakes below,
And the little flower souls in earth that grow.

Under the earth, in the grave's stark night,
I felt the stars and the moon's pale light.

I felt the winds of ocean and land
That whispered the blossoms soft and bland.

Though they had buried me dark and low,
My soul with the seasons seemed to grow.

II.

I was a bride in my sickness sore,
I was a bride nine months and more;

From throes of pain they buried me low,
For death had finished a mother's woe.

But under the sod, in the grave's dread doom,
I dreamed of my baby in glimmer and gloom.

I dreamed of my babe and I kenned that his rest
Was broken in wailings on my dead breast.

I dreamed that a rose-leaf hand did cling;
Oh, you cannot bury a mother in spring.

When the winds are soft and the blossoms are red
She could not sleep in her cold earth-bed.

I dreamed of my babe for a day and a night,
And then I rose in my grave-clothes white.

I rose like a flower from my damp earth-bed
To the world of sorrowing overhead.

Men would have called me a thing of harm,
But dreams of my babe made me rosy and warm.

I felt my breasts swell under my shroud:
No stars shone white, no winds were loud;

But I stole me past the graveyard wall,
For the voice of my baby seemed to call;

And I kenned me a voice, though my lips were dumb:
Hush, baby, hush! for mother is come.

I passed the streets to my husband's home;
The chamber stairs in a dream I clomb;

I heard the sound of each sleeper's breath,
Light waves that break on the shores of death,

I listened a space at my chamber door,
Then stole like a moon-ray over its floor.

My babe was asleep on a stranger's arm:
"O baby, my baby, the grave is so warm,

"Though dark and so deep, for mother is there!
O come with me from the pain and care!

"O come with me from the anguish of earth,
Where the bed is banked with a blossoming girth,

"Where the pillow is soft and the rest is long
And mother will croon you a slumber song,

"A slumber song that will charm your eyes
To a sleep that never in earth song lies!

"The loves of earth your being can spare,
But never the grave, for mother is there."

I nestled him soft to my throbbing breast,
And stole me back to my long, long rest.

And here I lie with him under the stars,
Dead to earth, its peace and its wars;

Dead to its hates, its hope, and its harms,
So long as he cradles up soft in my arms.

And heaven may open its shimmering doors,
And saints make music on pearly floors,

And hell may yawn to its infinite sea,
But they never can take my baby from me.

For so much a part of my soul he hath grown
That God doth know of it high on his throne.

And here I lie with him under the flowers
That sun-winds rock through the billowy hours,

With the night-airs that steal from the murmuring sea,
Bringing sweet peace to my baby and me.

—By W. W. Campbell, in *Harper's Magazine*.

 WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

THE Canadian public may be relied upon to recognise the merits of its greatest men after their praises have been sounded so loudly in the United States that only the wilfully deaf could fail to hear them. It was not until after the charms of "Among the Millet" had been pointed out at length in the critical department and by the very critical reviewer of *Harper's Magazine*, that Mr. Archibald Lampman began to take his rightful place in the estimation of Canadian readers. The same degree of sleepy-headedness is being exemplified in the case of Rev. William Wilfred Campbell. Perhaps never before has the dry skep-

the air of this science-smitten age been stirred by a strain of such surpassing sweetness as that contained in his poem of "The Mother", first printed in *Harper's* for April. It must have been a weird seizure of the poet's mind that led to such a wondrously imaginative delineation of a dead mother's longing after her first-born. There is a nameless pulsation and warmth in every verse before which the reader cannot remain unmoved, and a strength of genius in the way the impossible situation is at once idealised and yet made vividly real that has never been excelled. Had this little masterpiece been signed by the name of Tennyson or Swinburne, the fame of its appearing would have gone forth through the civilised world. But it was the work of a Canadian poet, and consequently no Canadian journal, so far as we know (with the exception of the London *Advertiser*), saw anything in it at first glance worthy of even appreciative comment. It was left for the *Chicago Even-Ocean* to declare that nothing so truly great as "The Mother" has appeared in American literature for many a day, and that it is worthy to be classed among the scant half-dozen immortal poems in the language. Then ensued a great stretching and yawning and rubbing of eyes among Canadian book noticers. One could almost hear them say, "Yes, it is a real ray of the sun, just as the *Inter-Ocean* says, but that is always such a difficult thing to distinguish from the gleam of a tallow candle".

Is it, indeed, a difficult thing to distinguish? There is rhyme enough in the world—verses, verses all around, and not a word worth reading. And in addition there is a vast amount—a daily increasing amount—of metrical ease and grace and general pleasurableness which is generally spoken of as poetry, but which does not haunt the memory, nor stir the imagination, nor touch the heart. The only way is to judge for one's self. Accept no critic's indifference or praise. Read the poem of "The Mother" yourself, and see if you are not thrilled and penetrated by the genius of motherhood's ideal interpreter.

Mr. Campbell's is by no means a new name in our literature. His volume of "Lake Lyrics" contains a large number of exquisite poems, of which "A Canadian Folk Song" is one of our special favorites. The poet's literary work is subordinated to his vocation. He is a Church of England clergyman at Southampton, Bruce county. Last November, in a private parlor, we were privileged to be his sole auditors, while he read page after page from a pile of unpublished poems of unvarying excellence, finishing all with "The Mother", which was read as such a poem deserves to be read. "You will never again be so great as you were when you wrote that", we said, as the "Good-nights" were spoken. That was a memorable evening, and the lasting impression it has left is that those who know not true poetry, though they may have every other form of riches, are poor indeed.—*Wives and Daughters, London, Canada.*

HAYING.

BY J. F. HERBIN.

FROM the soft dyke-road, crooked and wagon-worn,
Comes the great load of rustling, scented hay,
Slow drawn, with heavy swing and creaky sway,
Through the cool freshness of the windless morn,
The oxen, yoked and sturdy, horn to horn,
Sharing the rest and toil of night and day,
Bend head and neck to the long, hilly way,
By many a season's labour marked and torn.

On the broad sea of dyke the gathering heat
Waves upward from the grass, where road on road
Is swept before the tramping of the teams,
And while the oxen rest beside the sweet
New hay, the loft receives the early load,
With hissing stir, among the dusty beams,

Wolfeville, N. S.

—Independent.

A CANADIAN HEROINE.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

ON the north shore of Lake Superior, not very far from Prince Arthur's Landing, was a large granite rock, about twenty square yards in area, which stood directly in the line of steamers and coasters passing up and down the lake. It stood only a few feet above the water level, and as eight or ten ships had struck against it on dark nights and in thick weather, going almost immediately to the bottom, the Dominion Government decided to build a lighthouse upon it. The building was made of stout oak timber and the whole structure was secured to heavy stringers, which were bolted and fastened to the rock as firmly as architectural skill could devise. The top of the lantern was made of heavy sheets of copper riveted firmly together; the bars of hammered steel and the panes, which were diamond shaped, were of glass nearly half an inch thick. The light was a revolving red-and-white, flashing one a minute, and the machinery was built of steel, brass, and Swedish iron, the whole weighing eight or ten tons, stood on the top floor of the tower.

That part of the coast where the island lay was so dangerous and the sea ran so high over the rocks in a gale that the government sought long for a keeper and could not find one with courage enough to undertake so perilous a duty. But at last Joshua Alcott accepted the government's offer, taking with him his daughter Gypsy, who was just sixteen years old, and all his worldly goods, out to the desolate rock. The lighthouse lay about three-quarters of a mile from the shore, but there were not many days in the fall that a small boat could land at the rock. Gypsy Alcott and her father moved there in August when the weather was calm, nevertheless when the wind rose at night during the first month's residence there and the sea whooped and boomed about the

base of the tower, the father and daughter trembled with dread.

One day late in September the light keeper and his daughter got into their little boat and rowed to the nearest settlement. The father had some business to do a couple of miles distant in the settlement, and as they hauled the boat up the dock he said to his daughter:

"Now, Gypsy, I shall be back in a couple of hours, so do not be far from here when I get back. We cannot trust the weather, and it isn't looking very well now". Then he hurried away, and Gypsy ran off to visit some of her friends. She visited three or four houses during the next hour and then the sky grew dark. Great armies of clouds gathered to windward and trooped across the heavens, and up the lake the storm had struck the water, turning the blue, drowsy surface into racing white caps.

When Gypsy noticed this she started up and exclaimed:

"Oh, the storm is rising and papa cannot get back before it is too rough to cross to the lighthouse. I will row over alone. Someone come and help me to launch the boat". Her friends advised her to remain until her father came, but she said it was going to be a wild night and the lamps must be lighted.

Three or four of the villagers followed her down the dock, but when they reached there she wind was whistling and shrieking and the lake between the shore and the island had been already roused by the wind. One of the villagers said:

"My girl, your boat can't live to reach the island now; look at those white caps. Better wait until your father comes back".

"But it will be worse soon; I want to get off at once; will not one of you", looking appealingly at the group, "row across with me, four oars are so much quicker than two?" But no one responded to her request, and two of them were moving away homeward, when Gypsy cried out passionately:

"I suppose you will help me launch my boat?" Still they made no sign to assist her, and running impetuously at the boat, she gave it a strong push, which sent it down the spruce ways and into the boiling surf.

"Look here, girl", shouted the oldest man in the party, "no skiff can live out in that sea now; wait for your father".

"It will get worse, and by the time papa comes it will be impossible to go over; I must be there to light the lights", and saying this she pushed the boat out with her pole, then sat upon the thwart, seized her sculls, and rowed out into the angry water. She made a very brave picture with the drift of the spray driving over her like a rain storm, her hair loosened in the wind like a dark flag. The waves rolled so as to strike the boat on the side, so when she saw a billow larger than the rest she pulled her little skiff around to meet it head on, and the tiny cockle mounted the roaring crest like a water fowl. She had had much experience in rowing on the lake in smooth as well as pretty rough water,

so now in the teeth of this fierce gale, she handled the oars with a sure, steady grip and the boat responded to every pressure of her wrist. The fishermen stood together as they saw the brave girl move further and further out through the roaring storm and drift. They felt ashamed of themselves for their cowardice for refusing to go in the boat with this young lion-hearted girl; but they shuddered as they saw the great white-topped billows rolling toward the little boat and every minute threatening to swamp it.

As for Gypsy she had no fear, though the foam swept over her boat in a constant stream, and it was half full of water. Any faltering of her nerves would now be fatal, and she kept constantly watching the seas, which every minute were growing more furious, and swinging her skiff around to meet them head-to. The sun had set and in the gloom which began to gather over the noisy water she could see the rock and the lighthouse not far away looming darkly through the spray. Two or three shipments of water over the low quarter and then the girl was in the shelter of the rock.

Springing lightly from the bow and carrying the painter with her she ran up to the windlass and drew her boat high out of the water and secured it as firmly as she could. The sea had already commenced to boom against the rock and at each shock columns of spray were flung up to half the height of the tower on the windward side. The evening was made so dark by the storm that Gypsy knew the light should be lighted at once; moreover she could just see about a half a mile to windward a ship whose course lay along by the island. She tripped lightly up to the tower, the wind shrieking by the building, and in a few minutes the ruddy light gleamed out upon the sea. Then as the darkness deepened, the ship showing her lights, passed safely by the ledge under close reefed sails and Gypsy felt herself all alone in the midst of this wilderness of raging sea. When the great iron weight was wound up and the lantern panes wiped, she set the fans of the balance wheels to regulate the revolution of the flashes and went down to the basement of the tower. There she laid upon the table some cold lake fowl, bread and butter and then brewed herself a pot of fragrant coffee. As we know she was brave, so she did not mind the prospect of having to stay alone all night on this rock, but the sea grew more tumultuous every moment and the wind howled louder and louder. Before supper was ended she knew the maddened waters had burst over the rock and were striking the tower, for she could feel it quiver. She sat there for nearly two hours reading a book, but the fury of the gale increased constantly and the tower shook so violently under the pounding of the thundering sea that she grew alarmed and, closing her book, took her brass lamp and went up to the lantern to look out to sea. She stood upon the trimming path or grated iron footway that ran around inside the lantern. The piercing light shining upon the sea revealed such a state of tumult that her heart almost stopped beating. The waves rolled

and foamed and smoked one after another, moving in ranks toward the little rock like some terrible army. As each one struck it flung up its arms of cold, white spray, as if grabbing at the tower, then it recoiled backward, like a runner who retreats before making a spring, and reared up again each time going higher and drawing nearer to the top of the tower. Hour after hour she sat there, spell-bound with terror, and the raving ocean seemed constantly to rise higher and draw nearer to her. Birds driven from their rook by the gale rose upon the murky tempest, flying head-long toward the streaming light, striking the lantern with sharp blows and falling backward stunned or dead. Other birds flew more cautiously toward the lantern and came peering through the pane with wild, affrighted eyes, gently fluttering their wings.

She had not now the courage to go down to the basement, but remained there on the trimming path actually fascinated by the rampant sea. Higher and higher rose the waves till now they began to surge against the waist of the tower, and hogheads of water were flung against the lantern. Under some of the onsets the building quivered from top to bottom, and sometimes fairly reeled. The machinery of steel and brass clattered under a heavy shock, and under the smaller ones rang like a number of little bells. She stood there with her face white as one of the foamy waves, her hands against the heavy steel bars, looking seaward, and not moving except when she turned to trim a lamp or empty the burnt oil from a brimming save-all. She remained in the lantern till probably an hour before dawn; then the gale swelled into greater fury, and the storm went howling and bellowing past, as if ten thousand condemned spirits had burst loose and went floating by on the hurricane.

The swells grew longer and seemed to roll from the very bottom, and then ran nimbly and noiselessly up the rock, up the tower, and flung their cold, white arms with a swishy yet thunderous sound completely around the lantern, almost throwing the heavy machinery from its place at every sally. Then as she still gazed to windward out into the gray drift she uttered a great cry, "Oh, God, deliver me", for she saw a mighty wave towering nearly twice as high as any of the rest, rolling, foaming, and storming at its crest, moving toward the rock. As it drew nearer it grew larger, and when it had reached within twenty feet of the lighthouse it seemed as if the whole lake had gathered itself up for one onslaught upon the rock. She had very little time to wait, for the awful invader combed and curled several feet above her head, and then fell with a crash of terrible thunder upon the tower. Then the light seemed to go out of her eyes, and she felt as one does in some turbulent dream; she could not tell how anything happened; but the cold lake water gurgling at her lips brought her to consciousness. The Tower was in the sea.

It had broken away close at the base, the posts breaking off short, and leaving part of the floor still fastened to the

rock. The upper part of the tower being heavy—owing to the machinery and the heavy metalwork of the lantern—when it fell over into the sea the top sank perpendicularly into the water, the base remaining uppermost, and two of the floor beams still lay across it with some of the flooring.

As for the brave girl, she never knew how it came to pass, but in some providential way she floated upward from the lantern to the base, and when consciousness returned, found herself in the midst of the wild sea with a large beam at her elbow. This she at once seized with both arms, holding firmly and stooping her head when a great wave came breaking over the top of the wreck. At the base of the tower there happened to be a coil of weight rope, such as is usually kept in these lighthouses, and when the tower tumbled over this remained upon its hook upon the wall. The girl espied it, and putting a coil of it around her waist she fastened it with two half-hitches, and then secured the hight to a stout broken timber above her. Then she lay across the beam smitten by the cruel billows, praying for the dawn. The constant pounding of the waters upon her body began to stupefy her and make her insensible to pain. Then she lay scarcely caring what fate befel her; but through her numb senses she knew the storm was abating.

The tower drifted far out into the lake and when the sun rose touching the subsiding waves with yellow gold her father and the anxious folk on the shore saw the base of the tower holding up and down in the waves. Just as soon as it was smooth enough they launched a couple of boats and went out to tow the wreck to shore, the father broken-hearted at what he naturally believed to be the destruction of his daughter; the fishermen sorrowing over the fate of the brave young girl; but think of their joy as they neared the wreck to see her lying fastened to the timber at the base of the tower, her hair floating in the water and feebly raising her arm as she espied them. They unlashed her, took her into the boat and rowed swiftly to shore again. She could not speak on the way and was partly unconscious, but after they had swathed her in blankets and forced a draught of brandy down her throat she revived and told them the terrible story of her experience.

The government did not build another lighthouse upon the rock, and it remains to this day a menace to ships, while Gypsy has developed into a beautiful woman, admired and beloved by everyone for her heroism.

The Dominion Government, in recognition of the brave conduct of the young girl, settled upon her a pension of \$1,000 a year for life.

THE meeting of the Electrical Convention in Montreal brings before us very prominently the remarkable advances that have been made in recent years in the use of electricity. The utilising of steam revolutionized the world; the rapid succession of discoveries of new ways of turning to our use the mighty powers of electricity promises to revolutionize the world still more wonderfully. We have our telegraphs, our telephones, our electric lights, our electric smelters; we may soon see electricity taking the place of steam in everything where great power is required.

The Editor's Portfolio.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is expected that October will witness the beginning of reciprocity negotiations at Washington with both Canada and Mexico. According to the *New York Tribune*, any treaty agreed upon must be in harmony with the policy of protection. This probably indicates the stand which will be taken by the United States Government. We are afraid that a treaty which is made to harmonize with the policy of protection will not be any very great improvement upon the present state of affairs.

No reciprocity treaty which is likely to be negotiated will meet the wants of Canada at the present time. What we want is free trade, not only with the United States, but with the world. Providence never intended, surely, that nations should punish themselves and other nations as well to foster products which are unnatural or which can be produced more easily and cheaply elsewhere. Every country cannot produce everything any more than every man can be soldier, statesman, teacher, merchant, mechanic and farmer at the same time. Trade should be absolutely free throughout the world. But it takes two to make a bargain, and it would be folly to admit the products of another country into Canada free of duty where that other country does not fully reciprocate. The surest, if not the shortest way to free trade with the United States, of course excepting annexation, which is altogether out of the question, lies, it appears to us, through imperial federation. If Great Britain values her colonies, and wishes to retain them, she must be willing to make temporary sacrifices for them and not expect the sacrifice to be all on one side. If Great Britain would discriminate fiscally against the United States and in favour of Canada, and against the rest of the world for the sake of the Empire the tide of immigration would soon set in the direction of the Canadian North West in a giant stream, there might be a slight rise in the price of food in Great Britain for a year or so, and then either the colonies would be able to feed the Motherland as cheaply as she was ever fed, or the markets of the world would be thrown open without tariff restrictions to the whole Empire.

THE Printing Bureau at Ottawa was a mistake from the beginning, and now the whole country is finding it out. There never was any good reason for establishing it. The old system worked well enough. It is always a mistake when the Government takes business into its own hands that can be as satisfactorily and economically done by arrangement with private individuals or firms. The amount of business carried on by the Government through its employees should be reduced to the lowest possible minimum instead of being increased to the highest possible maximum. Work that is not open to competition can never be done so cheaply, and where the business bureaus of the Government are multiplied, the temptation to misappropriate public moneys and to use the offices created for political purposes are proportionately increased. The fewer offices there are in the gift of the Government the better, for they are seldom filled by the most efficient unless they happen at the same time to be friends of the party in power.

THE Party-System has been tried in Canada, and in our opinion has been found wanting. The extreme to which party sentiment has been carried has blinded men to the moral qualifications or disqualifications of those who seek their suffrages, so that if a man be an out and out Conservative, that is all a Conservative

elector asks, or if he be an uncompromising Liberal, that will cover a multitude of sins in the estimation of a Liberal voter. The same effect is seen in the partisan press. It is almost impossible to gather from either a Conservative or Liberal paper any intelligent idea of any public question, unless it is one uncoloured by party contentions. The exaggeration more than verging on falsehood, and the insincere abuse assuming the attitude of righteous indignation, which cause us to turn away in disgust from many party journals, have a tendency to make men fanatics and fools instead of developing an intelligent and independent judgment. Our country will never be what it ought to be until the press shakes itself clear from the trammels of partyism, and when you read our leading journals you can feel that men are behind them, and not fanatics or hirelings.

A great deal of indignation has been aroused because it has been proposed to increase the sessional allowance of members of parliament to \$1500. We do not think that would be too much if the House were wholly made up of fifteen hundred dollar men, but we are afraid some of the members would be dear at two hundred dollars for the session. If the sessional allowance were doubled, men who steer clear of politics now might be induced to give their service to the country for a part of the year, men who would preserve their trust uncorrupted and above suspicion. With men of the right stamp in Parliament, two thousand dollars a session would be no more than our country would owe it to herself and to them to give.

It was certainly the duty not only of the Liberal Party in Parliament, but also of every member of the Conservative Party as well, to demand an investigation of suspected irregularities in the departments; but all that any one had to demand was a thorough and judicial trial of each case. We believe it is a principle of British law that a man should be considered innocent until he is proved guilty; at any rate it is a principle of Christian charity. The course pursued by many of the Liberal papers of our country in exaggerating the irregularities, in dealing with suspicious facts, in condemning men before they were heard in their own defence, in making what was then confined to one or two departments of the Government the ground of declaring that the whole Conservative Party was morally rotten through and through—such a course was undignified, unjust, unpatriotic, and unchristian. The Conservative press, on the other hand, was almost equally bitter in its denunciation of those concerned in the Quebec scandal. What a spectacle for the world! Two parties publishing to the ends of the earth the shameless dishonesty and utter immorality each of the other! The two parties composing almost the whole nation, what conclusion must the world draw! The man who will uncover his father's nakedness, who will publish his mother's shame, is beneath contempt.

WE have no dearth of writers in Canada, although many of our best have gone where they could find the market for the product of their brains and hearts which their own country denies them. If such a market were to arise, most of these would come back to us. But we have still in Canada a number of names that would be an honour to any country, and if our people would evidence the reality of their patriotism by subscribing for and inducing others to subscribe for such publications as *The Week*, *The Dominion Illustrated*, *The Land we Live In*, and *CANADA*, the publishers would be enabled to employ all our best writers at home. To do this, they must have a large circulation. If our people want CANADA to be the equal of the leading American and English magazines, they can have it so; it rests wholly with them. Subscribe and canvass for the magazine, take as much interest in its success as the editor does, who has no private ends to serve in its publication, and you will soon have a magazine that the whole Dominion will be proud of.

THE success of our little magazine has exceeded the anticipations of the doubtful and disappointed the prophecies of those who had sympathy with the enterprise. It has been sufficiently successful to give assurance of its continuation at least until the end of 1892. But we must have a much larger circulation if we are to carry out the improvements which we have in view. Do you think we ask too much from our subscribers when we ask each of them to send us three new names and three dollars before Christmas? No other Christmas-box would be so welcome to us as this. Surely it would not be a difficult matter for each of you to secure three new subscribers among his friends. You have three months in which to do it. We shall know in this way that you are heartily in sympathy

with CANADA, and want to help us all you can. If you send us the three names, we will send you your own copy for another year free. Or you can share the discount with your friends, and each copy of the four will only cost seventy-five cents for the year.

THE strongest feeling with almost every one when the result of the census was first announced, was one of disappointment. We were cherishing the expectation that the census would give us a population of at least five and a half millions, instead of the bare five millions which it tells. The fact that this census has been much more carefully and correctly taken than the last one was, however, may cause a very creditable gain to appear as a very small one. Is it not a mistake to depend too much upon numbers anyway as an evidence of prosperity? On such a ground, China might claim to be the most prosperous country in the world. A great deal of the immigration into the United States during recent years has added nothing to the wealth of the country, and the Republic would be better off without it. You cannot measure progress by the multiplication of heads. If fifteen hundred thousand Canadians are living at present in the United States and are doing well for themselves, the Republic is welcome to them for a time; most of them will eventually return, and as an offset to those who will not, are the Americans who take up their residence in Canada and help to develop her resources and build up our nation. If a large number have left the country for a time, those who remain are better off and no country has a better record of progress in many ways than Canada has for the past ten years. Don't croak, Canadians! The chronic grumbler will always find cause for complaint, if he doesn't find it he will make it; but you will never build up the noble country God has given us by looking on the dark side only and decrying its prosperity.

THE following publications have been denied the privilege of the Canadian mails, on account of the immoral influence of the advertisements they publish: *American Fireside and Farm*, *The American Homestead*, *The American Household Journal*, *The American Cottage Home*, all printed at Jersey City, N. J.; *The Police Gazette*, *Our Country Home*, *The Welcome Friend*, *The Illustrated Companion*, all published at New York; *The Home*, published at Boston, Mass.; *The Saturday Blade*, published at Chicago; and *Comfort*, *Golden Moments*, *Victory's Fireside Visitor*, *Happy Hours*, *Sunshine*, *Hearth and Home*, all published at Augusta, Maine. Such publications as the above are a curse to the homes of our country, and it is to be hoped that the commendable step taken by our Post Office authorities will have the effect of very largely diminishing their circulation in this country. Of course they will be brought in by other means, but we trust that the eyes of parents will be opened, and that they will prevent the papers in the above list from bringing their defiling influence into our Canadian homes. The land has been flooded with this trash, and it is about time for the flood to find an outlet.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

ANECDOTAL LIFE OF SIR JOHN MACDONALD. By E. B. Biggar. Montreal: John Lovell & Son. Price 50 cents.

We are promised a number of Lives of Sir John, but this of Mr. Biggar's will likely be the most popular of all. The facts in a man's life do not teach us as much about the man himself as such a collection of sayings and repartees as we have in this volume. No one can rise from the perusal of it without the impression that, whatever may have been the weaknesses in the character of the late Prime Minister, he was "a man for a' that", a warm-hearted, cheery, patriotic and unselfish man. The book is a perfect storehouse of anecdotes, some of them old, but very many of them new, and they will bear reading more than once or twice.

SONGS AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. By John Imrie. Toronto: Imrie & Graham. Price \$1.50.

While the poems in this volume of 348 pp do not give evidence of genius of a high order, the tone of them is pure and sweet. The author does not offend against the canons of taste; he does not indulge in bombast or attempt to soar beyond his strength of wing. Many of the songs are really songs, intended to be sung, and the air is printed on the opposite page. Mr. Imrie is thoroughly

patriotic. Over sixty pages of the book are devoted to verse on Scotland and Canada. Some very tender poems are contained in the section, Love, Home, and Friendship. Children seem to have a large place in the poet's heart. We quote one stanza from a poem called "Niagara Falls":

Worthy art thou to be a nation's pride--
A patriot's boast—a world's unceasing wonder;
Like some bold monarch calling to thy side
Subjects from every clime in tones of thunder.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE character-sketch in the *Review of Reviews* for September is "Queen Lihoukalani and her Kingdom". Current History in Caricature gives one in a pleasant way a very good insight into the political situation the world over. There are articles on "The Summer School of Ethics at Plymouth", "Working Girls of Chicago", and "Profit-Sharing in the Pillsbury Mills". He who reads the Progress of the World, Leading Articles of the Month, and Periodicals Reviewed, has a pretty good idea of what men are thinking, saying and doing throughout the world.

THE publisher of *The Preacher's Magazine* has purchased *The English Pulpit of To-Day*, and that magazine is now consolidated with it. The opening sermon in the September number is on "God is Love", by Rev. W. Hay M. H. Aitken. Next we have a harvest homily, "How to be Satisfied", by Rev. Mark Guy Pearse. The Outlines, Notes and Illustrations, and Notes on the Sunday School Lessons are fresh and suggestive, and we are not sure but we like this magazine better than any publications of the sort we have seen. (2 Cooper Union, New York. \$1.50 a year.)

"AN Unconventional Holiday", by Lady Macdonald, is continued in the September *Ladies' Home Journal*. "An Ugly Little Girl", by Catherine H. Birney, is a touching little story. The subject of the editor's pen-portrait this month is "The Wife of Will Carleton". The scene of the serial, "A Golden Gossip", is partly in Canada. The many departments are in general up to the usual high mark. The *Ladies' Home Journal* has secured the monopoly of Palmer Cox's "Brownies", and the first of a series of adventures of his funny little men will appear in the October number. The October issue will also contain the first instalment of Mrs. Beecher's memoirs of her husband, under the title of "Mr. Beecher as I Knew Him".

THE September number of *Current Literature* has an additional feature, a department devoted to "The Literature of the Drama". The idea is to bring together the admirable editorials, special articles, and essays now being written on theatrical subjects. This periodical is indeed a treasury of good things. We do not see how any lover of literature can be content without it. The first reading in this number is "My Sister's Strange Story", from Walter Besant's new novel, "St. Katherine's by the Tower"; another reading is "The Price of a Coronet", from the French of Pierre Sales; and a third is "A Storm on the Moors", from "A Romance of the Moors", by Mona Caird. The Life Studies in "The Sketch Book" are always gems; this month we have "A Soul-Semblance", "A Cautious Wooer", "An East-Side Ball", and "A Brave Defence".

THE September *Eclectic Magazine* offers an appetising variety of matter. "Sir John Macdonald", by J. G. Colmer, from the *Fortnightly Review*, is the opening article. Mrs. E. Lynn Linton wages war against the enfranchisement of women in her paper on "The Wild Women", from the *Nineteenth Century*. The fiction consists of "The Blessed Opal", a Mexican story, and "Captain Kitty: a Salvationist Sketch". His literary appetite must be somewhat dull who cannot enjoy the following: "The Union of the Australias", by Sir Henry Parkes, "On the Right of Revolu-

tion", by Count Tolstoi, "Life in Honaer's Time", by Andrew Lang, "A War Correspondent's Reminiscences", by Archibald Forbes, and "Morality in Fiction", by Canon McColl. This magazine is now in its forty-eighth year, and we think it is better than ever.

The *Methodist Magazine* for September contains three illustrated articles—"Through the Hungarian Plain", "Locarno and its Valleys", and "The Mont Cenis Route". A review of Bishop Hammington's Life and Work is reprinted from *The Christian Miscellany*. Mary S. Daniels, B. A., contributes an interesting article on "Methodist Deaconesses at Work". An excellent biographical sketch of Rev. John Geddie, from the pen of Miss May Tweedie, is entitled "A Nova Scotia Missionary among the Cannibals". "Cottonopolis" is the appropriate heading of a short paper on Manchester. Terra Nova writes concerning "The Class-Meeting: its Place and Power in Methodism". "Undaunted Dick" is a sketch of Richard Weaver. John Habberton's story, "All He Knew", is concluded. In addition to the above, extracts and departments make up a very good number of this popular magazine.

All the articles in the *Cosmopolitan* for September are written by women. The variety and timeliness of the subjects make the number a very interesting one. The new story by Amélie Rives grows in insight and power; it will be concluded in the October number. The opening article, on the celebrated artist, Edouard Detaille, is by Lady Dilke, and is profusely illustrated. Anna Vernon Dorsey writes on "Society Women as Authors". The Countess Ella Norraikow (a Canadian by birth) contributes on "Woman's Share in Russian Nihilism". Other titles are "A Forgotten City", "Malmaison in the Market", "The Ladies New York Club", "The Evolution of the Society Journal", "Tattersall's", "The Romance of Count Königsmark", and the usual departments. "Il Mandolinista" is a pretty story by Daisy O'Brien. The poems are by Kathrine Grosjean, Mrs. Charles B. Foote, Ellen B. Findlay and Susan Hartley Swett.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

Outing for June contains an article on "The Rowing Clubs of Canada".

A POEM by Bliss Carman, "The Last Watch", appears in the *June Atlantic*.

THE *Edinburgh Review* for August has an article on "Colonial Independence".

ERASTUS WIMAN puts "The Farmer on Top" in the July *North American Review*.

GRANT ALLEN has an article in the *New Review* for June on "The Mystery of Birch".

IS *Lippincott's* for June Grace Peckham answers the question, "Is Alaska worth Visiting?"

GEORGE STEWART contributes to the *Arena* for July a paper on "Oliver Wendell Holmes".

A PAPER by Grant Allen in the *Fortnightly Review* for June is entitled "Letters in Philistin".

AMERICAN literature has lost one of its greatest leaders in the death of James Russell Lowell.

MARTIN J. GRIFFIN contributes a paper on Sir John Macdonald to *Blackwood's Magazine* for August.

LADY BLAKE contributes "A Chat about Newfoundland" to the *North American Review* for June.

J. G. COLMER's recent character-sketch of Sir John A. Macdonald in the *Review of Reviews* has been elaborated into a capital article in the *Fortnightly Review* for July.

THE August number of *Harper's Magazine* contains an article on "New Zealand" by Principal Grant.

ONE of the papers in *Leisure Hours* for August is entitled "The Great Canadian, Sir John Macdonald".

THE *Magazine of American History* for July contains an article by the Editor on "The Royal Society of Canada".

IS the July *Magazine of Western History* T. J. Chapman writes concerning "Our Early Troubles with the French".

IS the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* for July is a paper on "Francis de Montmorency-Laval, Bp. of Quebec".

THE *Week* is always a welcome visitor. Its sustained excellence is a proof of the growing literary activity of the Dominion.

"SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD on Imperial Federation" is the title of an article by S. B. Boulton in the *Nineteenth Century* for July.

THE *Educational Review*, of St. John, is bright and timely, and full of interest to educationalists, especially in the Maritime Provinces.

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH contributes to the *North American Review* for August an article entitled, "New Light on the Jewish Question".

AMONG the papers in *Outing* for August are two of special interest to Canadians, "Canoeing on the Miramichi" and "A Day with the Woodcock".

MR. W. B. HARTE's "Brief for Continental Unity" in the July *New England Magazine* has attracted much unfavourable comment in the Dominion.

THE August *Century* contains a Canadian story, "The Little Renault", by Mrs. Catherwood, and a poem, "Gray Rocks and Grayer Sea", by Prof. Roberts.

THE *Critic*, of Halifax, is one of our most valued exchanges. We do not know where you will find better value for the money than in this wide-awake and independent journal.

SIR ARTHUR HALIBURTON, who has been appointed to a responsible position in the English War Office, is the youngest son of "Sam Slick". He was called to the bar in Halifax.

FROM a remark of Mrs. Curzon's, in the *Dominion Illustrated*, we infer that there is a possibility of our having a volume etc long containing the later productions of Mr. Charles Sargster's muse.

OUR *Dumb Animals*, published by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is an interesting little monthly, and is calculated to do much good. The price is only fifty cents a year.

IN the papers of the *American Historical Association* for July are two Canadian contributions, one from George Stewart, on "Historical Studies in Canada", and one from J. G. Bourinot, on "Canada and the United States."

WE have a number of young men engaged in missionary work in Japan. CANADA pays its monthly visits to some of them. Rev. J. W. Wadman's present address is Hirotsuka; Rev. B. Chappell's is Aoyama, and Rev. Wm. Ayers' is Shidzuoka.

MATTHEW H. RICHEY, D. C. L., ex-Governor of Nova Scotia, has, with his wife and daughter, returned to Halifax after several years' absence in Europe. We hope that CANADA will receive some measure of the benefit of his seeing and hearing in other lands.

MR. LEMOINE continues his "Memoirs of P. A. DeGaspé" in *The Land we Live In* for August. E. T. D. Chambers contributes a paper on "Fishing for Ouananiche", the favourite ground for which is the Grand Discharge of Lake St. John. This species of fish seems to be similar to the land-locked salmon, and ranges in weight from two to eight pounds. Miss Maud Ogilvy begins a new story, "Marguerite de Roberval: a Legend of French Canada".

THE pictures in the *Dominion Illustrated* are its strong feature, and are worth the price of it even without the reading matter. We notice in the issue for August 26th one of Pastor Felix's inimitable papers, on "Memory and Bells". A touching poem, "Gaspé Lighthouse Tower", is by Beatrice Glen Moore. Mrs. Curzon's Toronto Notes are always good, a Christmas number is foreshadowed already, and we have the promise of one even better than the last.

Olla Podrida.

MONDAY'S child is fair of face,
TUESDAY'S child is full of grace,
WEDNESDAY'S child is born for woe,
THURSDAY'S child has far to go,
FRIDAY'S child is loving and giving,
SATURDAY'S child must work for a living,
But the child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is bonnie and happy, and wealthy and gay.

MAMA, (proudly): "I think that Johnnie will make his mark yet". Papa (wearily): "Yes, it will probably be an interrogation mark".

MAN wants but little here below,
He is not hard to please;
But woman—bless her little heart!--
Wants everything she sees.
--Woman's World.

Is all their wars the British have won the splendid average of 82 per cent. of the battles.
--Current Literature.

ONE thing of Noah must be said --
Nor will the truth be strained;
Without a doubt he knew enough
To go in when it rained.--Hay Press.

THERE are known to be 209 cities in the world with populations of over one hundred thousand persons each.--Current Literature.

A GENTLEMAN said to a minister: "When do you expect to see Deacon S. again?" "Never", said the minister solemnly, "the deacon is in Heaven".

"You advertise that there is a fine stream of water on the place; but I don't see it", remarked a stranger who wanted to rent the place. "Just work that pump-handle a little, and you will see a fine stream of water. You don't expect to have the Niagara Falls on the place for fifteen dollars a month, do you?"

THE mad king of Bavaria sometimes smokes as many as one hundred cigarettes a day. For each cigarette he uses an entire box of matches, touching off the others to see them burn after he uses one to secure a light. He has two new suits of black broadcloth made for him twice a week.--Daily Star.

A high personage, visiting a small country place, asked the Sindaco: "How is it that all the children go barefoot in this neighborhood?" "Beg your pardon, Excellenza, they were born so".--Italian paper.

THE natives of the Malay peninsula have in use the smallest coin in the world; it is a wafer made from the resinous juice of a tree, and its value is estimated to be one ten-thousandth of a penny.--Current Literature.

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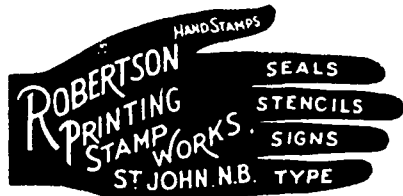
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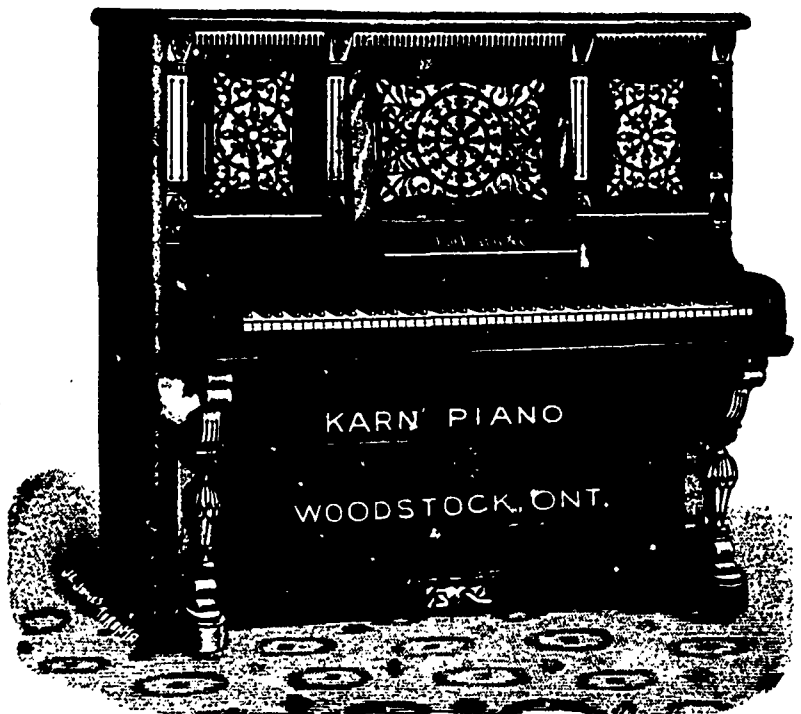
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