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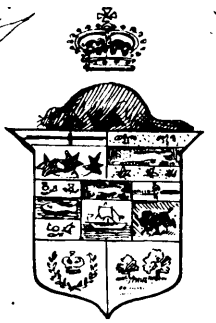
IAN MACLAREN. AN ILLUSTRATED STORY—THIS ISSUE.

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1896.



PUBLISHED BY
THE
ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO. (LTD).
TORONTO

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MEN WHO MADE McGILL.
THE NATURE OF ROBERT BURNS.
HUMAN STIRPICULTURE.

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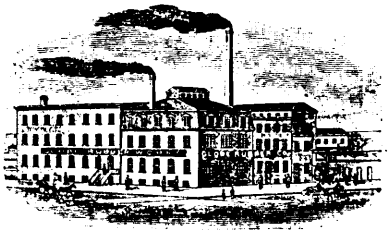

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI. | MARCH, 1896. | No. 5.

CONTENTS.

THE POETRY of the issue is contributed by Sam Greenwood, John McCrae, Florence Hamilton Randal, Reginald Gourlay, Agnes Isabe Bayne, Edward Byron Nicholson, A. B. DeMille, Norma, Isabe le E. Mackay, Jean B ewett and Theodore H. Rand.

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JOHN A. COOPER, B.A., LL.B., *Editor.* T. H. BEST, *Business Manager.*

OFFICE: 36 Canada Life Buildings, King Street, Toronto.

APRIL

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE *will present the public with a most taking Table of Contents in its April number. The articles will be of more than ordinary passing interest and of a high-class literary value.*

IAN MACLAREN.

One of the chief features, so far as fiction is concerned, will be Ian Maclaren's "Kate Carnegie," Chapters V. and VI. These carry the reader into the heart of the tale and give him a clearer insight into the purposes of this sketch. Of this story, the "Review of Reviews" says: "It shows the quaint charm and pathos which Mr. Watson's former work have led us to expect of the homely folk who live about the bonnie brier bush."

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

An article on the Canadian Pacific, written in a most charming vein, by J. Macdonald Oxley, will be one of the leading features of the issue. This article will be a surprise to many of those who think that there is no romance about that railway.

SENATOR L. G. POWERS.

Politicians will read with interest an article on "The Prerogative of Dissolution," by Senator L. G. Powers. This gentleman has given a considerable amount of thought and time to the subject and presents some conclusions especially applicable at the present time.

EDWARD MEEK.

One of Canada's most forcible writers on legal and constitutional questions is Edward Meek, Barrister, Toronto. His writings have appeared in the leading American Magazines. He will contribute an article on "Representative Government and Federalism," which will show the superiority of the Canadian system of executive responsibility over the United States system of executive irresponsibility.

CANADA'S UNIVERSITIES.

The March number gives some interesting facts concerning McGill University. The April issue will contain an article on "The Presidents of Toronto University," by Prof. Fraser, of that institution. Further articles on Canadian Universities will appear in subsequent issues.

A CANADIAN BICYCLE IN EUROPE.

In January two bright young Canadian ladies left Toronto for Genoa, taking their bicycles with them. They are to describe their journey across Western Europe on their wheels in a series of illustrated articles. The first instalment has arrived and will appear in the April number. The articles will be very light, very chatty and brightly descriptive.

OTHER FEATURES.

These are not all the features of this number. The Magazine is determined to keep the reputation it has gained for being well abreast of the magazine times. That the public are appreciating it, is shown by the fact that the subscribers to it have increased nearly fifty per cent. during the past six months.

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1895 Shows—An Increase in Gross Assets.
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—An Increase in Income.
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—Over 105,800 Members Interested.

The gross assets have increased during the year from $5,536,115.99 to $5,661,707.82.

The net surplus over liabilities shows a net gain for the year of $306,329.43, and now amounts to $3,582,509.32.

The income from all sources shows a gain for the year of $631,541.97, and amounts to $5,575,281.56.

Death claims to the amount of $4,084,074.92 were paid during the year.

The business in force shows a gain for the year of $15,293,265.00, and now amounts to $308,659,371.00.

Counting three hundred working days in the year, the daily average income for 1895 was $18,583.27.

The daily average payments for death claims were $13,652.25, and the daily average gain in business in force within a fraction of $51,000.

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Bonds, Stocks and Mortgages -	4,037,997.50
Interest and Rents Due and Accrued	15 798 69
Premiums in course of Collection -	514,973.14
Real Estate - - - - - -	479,000.00
Gross Assets - - - - -	$5,547,673.00

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From a Statue executed by B. E. Spence, in 1868.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI. MARCH 1896. No. 5.

THE NATURE OF ROBERT BURNS.*

BY J. CAMPBELL, M.D., SEAFORTH, ONT.

WHILE on a visit to "The Land of Burns," the writer resolved to examine as far as he could every place that was connected in any way with the immortal name of our favorite poet. It was, however, with a melancholy feeling, such as one would experience in visiting the scene of some national disaster, that I entered Irvine one bright April morning. This feeling of sadness was caused by my knowledge of the fact that, according to his brother Gilbert, it was here that the poet first crossed the moral Rubicon, so to speak, and committed the first great blunder of his life, by disobeying the teaching and ignoring the counsel of the wisest and best of fathers.

At the time Burns lived in it, Irvine swarmed with smugglers and rough-living adventurers, "from which," says his brother, "he contracted some acquaintances of a freer manner of thinking and living than he had been used to, whose society prepared him for over-leaping the bonds of rigid virtue, which had hitherto restrained him." At any rate, the poet's sojourn in Irvine was an unfortunate one—as he was robbed by his partner in trade; had his flax-dressing shop burned down, and returned home impaired in purse, spirits and character, to find his father on his death-bed at Lochlea.

Mournful must have been the scene when the last hour of the old man, his father, drew nigh, and he raised himself in bed and said that there was one of his children of whose future he could not think without fear. Robert, who was in the room, came to the bedside and said, "Oh, father, is it me you mean?" The old man said that it was. Robert turned to the window with tears streaming down his cheeks, and his bosom swelling, from the restraint he put upon himself, almost to bursting.

The old man had early perceived the genius of the boy, and had frequently said to the mother, "Whoever lives to see it, something extraordinary will come from that boy." He had also noticed the strong passions with rather weak will, which, he feared, along with loose habits contracted in Irvine, might drive him like a vessel in a storm on the shoals and quick-sands of life.

Burns saw all these things himself ten years before his death, when he wrote his own epitaph:

* Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a small road-side cottage about a mile and a half inland from Ayr, on the south-western Scottish coast. He died at Ellisland, near Dumfries, on the 21st of July, 1796, in his thirty-eighth year.

" Is there a man whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs himself life's mad career,
Wild as the wave?
Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.
The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know;
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stained his name.

" Reader! attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flight beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit:
Know, prudent, cautious, self-control
Is wisdom's root."

Burns was no hypocrite. He never professed to be what he was not. He was always foremost in confessing his faults and in exposing his own shortcomings. We find this prominently brought forth in his "Prayer on the Prospect of Death," a short poem that has been severely, and we think unjustly criticised. In a short introduction to it in his commonplace book, he says: "The grand end of human life is to cultivate an intercourse with that Being to whom we owe life with every enjoyment that renders life delightful."

" O, Thou unknown, Almighty cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear.

" If I have wandered in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As something loudly in my breast
Remonstrates I have done.

" Thou know'st that Thou hast form'd me
With passions wild and strong;
And listening to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

" Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, All-good, for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

" Where with intention I have erred,
No other plea I have,
But Thou art good and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive."

The 'something' of which he speaks is his conscience, the voice of the soul, which always speaks the truth, and never yet led man astray. The part that is often held up to condemnation is where he says:

" Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong."

Let us examine these lines. All mankind are formed with animal propensities. These are natural to them, and there are no two alike in this respect. All our passions are intended, however, to be kept in subjection to our reasoning powers and our moral nature. It is only when our passions are allowed to run "wild as the wave" that they become sinful and unnatural. "But," says the critic, "Burns allowed them to do this." "Aye, there's the rub." He himself confessed it and deplored the fact. But did not King David do the same? Burns sinned—how deeply I do not know—but however heinous his sins were, David committed sins of a still deeper dye. David was an Oriental autocrat, and belonged to a warm-blooded and somewhat voluptuous race, and these qualities no doubt go far to palliate or even excuse his offence in the eyes of some. With fair judges, Burns also does not want for palliators. He was a fervent poet like the son of Jesse, and like him he had hot blood and quick nerves. He had dynamite in his composition, and we all know that dynamite is a powerful explosive. We cannot estimate the actions of a man of this kind as we would a cold-blooded precisionist, who had been trained from infancy in the strict proprieties of life—without feeling, impulse, or soul. As well judge cold fishes and hot salamanders by the same law. They are not fed on the same food. They have nothing in common.

"But David repented," says the critic. So did Burns, we reply, and we have no reason to doubt that his repentance was less sincere than that of the crowned Hebrew sinner. The prayer we have just quoted bears out in this statement. Both men sinned; both men repented. We claim the

same even-handed justice for the Scot as for the Jew.

"But David was inspired," intercedes the critic. So much the worse for David then, we reply. If the inspired King of Israel, who had been surrounded by good influences from his earliest years; who had been hedged around as it were by a wall of inspiration; who had been anointed and led in the path of rectitude by the good old Samuel; if he, the highly favored leader of a divinely-chosen race, fell and committed sins before which the combined sins of the Scottish poet dwindle into insignificance, surely we ought not to deal too harshly with Burns when we consider the age in which he lived, and the malign influences by which he was surrounded. Let us rather use the language of the Divine Being, who knew what was in the heart of man: "First cast the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast the mote out of thy brother's eye." "Except for grace," said John Bunyan, pointing to a criminal on the scaffold, "I should have been yonder sinner." The "Prince of Dreamers" had strong passions, and had been a great sinner, but had repented. That made the difference.

ROBERT BURNS.

Says Carlyle, in his essay on Burns: "Granted the ship comes into harbor, with shrouds and tackle damaged, and the pilot therefore is blameworthy; tell us first whether his voyage has been around the globe or only to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs." This puts Burns' case in its true light. In sitting in judgment upon him, if we are justified in doing so, let us in all reason consider his fiery, poetic temperament, and the strong passions of the man. We find this idea strongly put in the "Vision," where the Guardian Genius of old "Coila" addresses her poetic son in the following words:

"I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,
Mislead by Fancy's meteor ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven."

This does not appear at first sight to be strictly orthodox, but when we consider that the Creator was the author of his wonderful genius, his strong passions, his fertile imagination, his matchless fancy, and of all those other qualities which constitute a true poet, he was in a sense inspired, had a message for mankind from the great author of his existence, who was therefore to a certain extent responsible for the results of those incomparable qualities with which he had so richly endowed him. In this sense, at any rate, allowing for poetic license:

"* * * the light that led astray
Was light from heaven."

We do not wish to be heterodox in our views, but at the same time we claim to exercise our reasoning powers, and desire to be guided by the dictates of common sense, and from the mandates of both we think we have not swerved.

We ought never to lose sight of the times in which Burns lived, and the religious teachers by which he was surrounded. The clergymen of Ayrshire with whom Burns associated were not Samuels by any means. They appear to have been as liberal in their modes of living as they were in their religious tenets, and both were loose and broad enough in all conscience. When we remember that there was no temperance movement in Burns' day, and that his spiritual guides often drank longer and deeper than the poet himself, the injustice of judging him in this respect by the light that obtains in our day becomes apparent.

Moreover, his convivial habits have been very much magnified indeed, for we have it on the authority of Professor Wilson, whose essay on Burns we have consulted, that at the time of Burns' death not a man, woman or child in Dumfries could truthfully say that they had ever seen the poet intoxicated, the universal testimony being that it was the literary society and intellectual company that attracted him to the "Public House," where all kinds of meetings in those days were held, and not the intoxicating liquors which were sold there. Those who drank with him likewise averred that the poet never seemed to care how little was in his glass, it being the toast, the sentiment and the song that he honored, according to the cus tom of the times, and that the flow of interesting conversation was what he valued.

Again, it has been shown by Professor Wilson that up to the time of Burns' removal to Dumfries he had family worship regularly. The Professor does not know whether the habit was discontinued then or not—but at any rate it has been proved that even then when heart and flesh were failing, and he was scarcely able to walk, disease having made fearful inroads on his constitution, even then he was wont to gather his children around him on the Sabbath day, and question them on their knowledge of the Scriptures. We have never believed that the author of the "Cotter's Saturday Night," or the "Lines to a Young Friend," was the grossly irreligious man he is sometimes represented to be. Witness the prominence he gives to religion in the following lines, which are worth a dozen ordinary sermons, and should be seriously pondered by young men of the present day:—

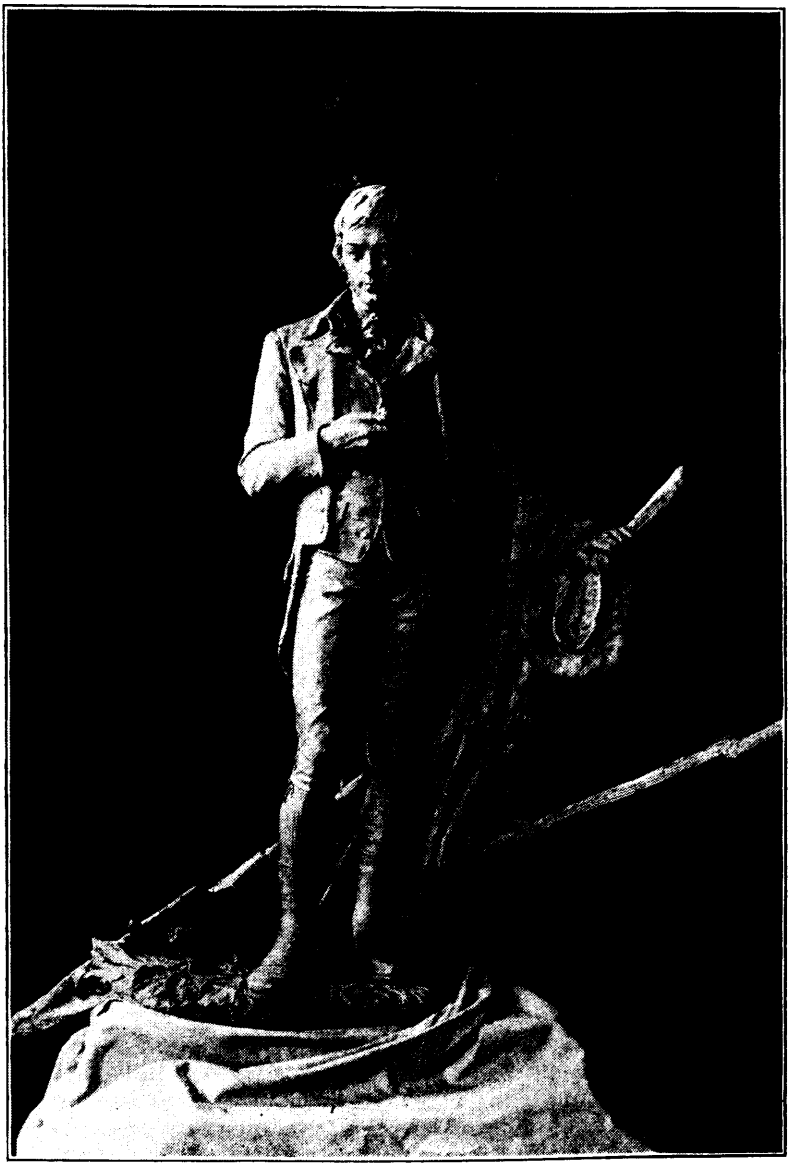
"The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature.
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended,
An Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended.

"When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded,
Or if she gie a random sting,
It may be little minded.
But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
A conscience but a canker,
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n
Is sure a noble anchor."

Was the man who wrote these lines irreligious at the time, or was he habitually a godless character or a scoffer? We think not. Hear also what he says in reference to the Covenanters, who are frequently ridiculed and abused by literary characters in these wise days in which we live:—

"The Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood, cost Scotland tears,
But faith sealed freedom's sacred cause,
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers."

It seems to us that the poet puts the case in a nutshell in his "Address to the 'Unco Guid,'" where the ideas are brought prominently before us, that most men owe their good name to the fact that the world knows not their characters, and many of the sons and daughters of Adam are virtuous because they were not exposed to the temptation or had not the opportunity to sin. The real questions after all are:—"What strong passions have we subdued or kept under control?" "By



THE BOSTON BURNS' STATUE.

The Boston Caledonian Club have just erected this new statue of Robert Burns, it being unveiled by the Governor of Massachusetts, in January. It is almost life size. The composition is simple and quite original, showing the poet in the fields, with one hand resting on the plough-handle, while in the other he holds a field flower, over which he is in contemplation. The sculptor, Hugh McNair Cairns, gives us a youthful face and figure, suggestive of Burns at the age of 22, just before he made his debut among the great literary lights of his time. The fine contour of head and the air of kindly contemplation are deserving of notice. The pose is graceful, and the face thoughtful and earnest. This cut is by the kindness of the "Scottish American," New York.

what temptations have we been surrounded?"

After considering these things the poet draws the following moral for our guidance, which we think is a just one: —

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human;
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias;
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it,
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

We believe that Burns, like most thinking men in all ages, was often harassed with doubts in matters of religion—but we also know that during his lingering illness, when he had come to look upon this world as "all a fleeting show," and all its allurements as "Vanity of Vanities," he settled down in right earnest to the grand old book, which he made his constant companion, and read earnestly during the latter days of his life. Indeed, the last time that he was seen out of doors, he was poring over his Bible on the banks of the River Nith. In those days of fever and weakness he read no other book. This was surely a good sign—a sign that he was preparing at any rate, if not already prepared for the great and important change that was awaiting him.

For many weeks if not months before he died, Burns knew that his end was approaching. He removed to a place called "Brow" on the Solway shore to get the benefit of the sea-bathing, but the relief from this source was only temporary, and he resolved to return to Dumfries. The following anecdote in reference to him has been preserved. A night or two before Burns left Brow, he drank tea with Mrs. Craig, widow of the minister of Ruthwell. His altered appearance excited much silent sympathy, and the evening being beautiful and the sun shining brightly through the casement, Mrs. Craig was afraid that the light might be too much for him and rose to let down the window blinds. Burns immediately guessed what she meant and regarding the good lady with a look of great benignity, said,

"Thank you, my dear, for your kind attention; but oh! let him shine, he will not shine long for me."

When Burns knew that he was dying, he expressed no terror at the prospect. Like many men under the circumstances, he seems to have kept his profoundest thoughts to himself. Who can blame him for that? The future of his immortal soul was a subject that he had to settle with the Great Author of his existence, and we have no right to rush in between God and the conscience, at such an awful moment as that; as little right have we to speculate on the future and consign him to darkness, because he did not in all things conform to the standard which we may have adopted and in our vanity and arrogance set up for the guidance of the human race. Away with such narrow-minded bigotry! No man has suffered more in this respect than Burns. Critics have persistently harped upon what was ill done by the poet, conveniently shutting their eyes to what was well done in his short and stormy life. They have harped upon the imperfections of the man and of his writings, forgetting his impulsive, passionate nature, and the temptations which he must have resisted, on the one hand, and the glorious ideas and immortal truths which he has given to his country and the world, on the other.

If all the workings of our hearts and our inmost nature were exposed to view as they were with Burns, like the operations of bees in a glass hive, who on earth would come forth scathless from the fiery ordeal? Who then could be saved? Do we find nothing

to admire in the solicitude for his wife, who was confined to a sick bed and unable to attend him in his last trying moments, and the children that were so soon to become orphans? Or in his

TAM O'SHANTER TAVERN.

lament that his brother Gilbert might be put to straits to pay back the money the poet had lent him years before, but which his soon-to-be-widowed wife and his orphan children would so soon require?

Here was a struggle between poverty on the one side and brotherly love on the other, which discloses the finer feelings of his nature, which the critics generally pass over in silence.

About this time a cool, calculating scoundrel who was aware of his poverty, offered Burns fifty pounds for a collection of those unguarded and rougher pieces which the poet intended to consign to oblivion. This offer he repelled with indignation and remorse. Money could not induce the dying man even when in indigent circumstances—with want staring his family in the face—money could not induce him to betray his better nature and give to the world what his conscience condemned, and what he regretted from his inmost soul that he had ever written. He even wished that he had power to consign to the flames much that had already become the property of the world. The temptation was indeed a strong one to a man in such circumstances.

What percentage of mankind would have resisted it?

Another thing that has been mentioned to the discredit of Burns is that the nobility and "gentry" of Dumfries gave him the cold shoulder during the latter part of his life, and the inference was that his life had been disreputable. Professor Wilson, who was a strong Tory, shows conclusively that it was on account of the advanced political views of our poet that the gentry turned their backs upon him, and not on account of his character, which would compare favorably with theirs. The "gentry"—have in all ages as a rule, turned their backs towards the light. They gave the cold shoulder to a greater and mighter than Burns, or any who ever trod our planet, while the "common people" heard Him gladly. Burns, moreover, having been the poet of the common people, we wonder not that they proved his truest friends in life and the last to desert him in the trying hour of death.

HOLY WILLIE.

Burns purified the songs of his country and gave them as a legacy to the people—a legacy of which they might well feel proud—and this was perhaps his noblest work. The lasting

and beneficial effect of this work can hardly be properly estimated in our day.

He stimulated patriotism and dignified labor, and made the sons of old Scotia proud of their country. He did much to instil principles of civil and religious liberty into the minds of a people who were strongly biassed in that direction; and his "A man's a man for a' that," and "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," will continue to ring down through the centuries and make tyrants and oppressors tremble in the ages yet to be.

He was the true poet of nature, and his large sympathy extended not only to the brute creation, but even to inanimate nature itself; while he mourned the fate of the "wee sleekit, cow'ring, tim'rous beastie," he did not forget to sing of the "wee modest, crimson-tipped flower," whose existence he had terminated with his ruthless ploughshare. He has even been blamed for being too humane—censured for showing sympathy for the sad and unalterable fate of even Satan himself. This is what we might expect from a man of his exquisite sensibilities. His unapproachable ridicule and withering sarcasm in reference to certain religious gatherings and so-called pious teachers in his day, which have been quoted to his hurt, we are assured did much to bring about a reform of abuses, which had become the scandal of the times. In this respect, at any rate, he may be classed as a religious reformer.

We do not wish it to be understood that we hold Burns up to our youth as an example for them to follow, any more than we would ask them to follow King David in all his ways; we would not ask them to follow a brilliant meteor or an erratic comet while the glorious Sun is shining in the firmament—the Sun that has arisen with healing in his wings.

We think the reader of Burns' works should pass over what is worthless or hurtful and accept the good and the true, reject the chaff and appropriate the wheat, prove all things and hold fast that which is good. We even go so far as to say that we ought to forgive him for whatever is evil on account of the imperishable good he has done.

Whoever may malign his name or speak evil of the works of Robert Burns, we think it ill-becomes a Scotsman or a descendant of a Scotsman to do so, for he owes him a debt of gratitude which he can never repay. Rather let him say, "whatever others may do in this matter, as for me and my house, we will stand loyally by the gifted son of toil, who has thrown a halo of glory around the rocky land of our forefathers."

RE-UNION.

A sudden touch upon some hidden spring,
A half-forgotten song of long ago,
And lo! the doors of memory open swing,
And face to face we stand with life aglow.

With life aglow and love enraptured smile,
Our wedded hearts across the darkened space
Meet once again in our old trysting place—
Ah! Death, I cheated you for that short while.

SAM GREENWOOD.

HUMAN STIRPICULTURE.

BY REV. W. J. LHAMON, M.A.

DURING the years 1869 to 1870 inclusive, Oneida, New York, was the scene of a most interesting experiment. John Humphrey Noyes was the promoter and guiding genius of the movement. Since humanity seems fated to spend the major part of its time and energies in learning how not to do certain things, that man must be esteemed a benefactor who has made a monumental failure. This is not saying that the experiment of Mr. Noyes was a failure in every respect, though it was decidedly so in some respects. Stirpiculture is the breeding of particular stocks or races. As the horticulturalist improves his potatoes by careful crossing, and as the horseman improves his trotter by a pains-taking selection of parental "steppers," so similarly, it is supposed, the race of man might be indefinitely improved.

Mr. Noyes was born in Vermont in 1811. In 1834 he was a divinity student in Yale. By inheritance and education he was thoroughly religious. Intellectually he was clever and recklessly original. Without attempting to give his religious teachings in detail it will be sufficient to state that he was a perfectionist, and that he was excluded from the Congregational church. He was a perfectionist; that is, he believed in such a relationship to Christ as insures against sin, disease, and death. Following the example of many another heretic excluded by the presumably orthodox majority, he immediately became prominent and established a sect. Like Mohammed his first converts were among his kinsmen. Like Mohammed also he attempted to destroy the family by striking at monogamy, but in a different way; Mohammed by the exclusiveness of the harem, Noyes by the promiscuity of the whole community. It is significant that he seems to have been led to this by the way of community of goods, which he had adopted as one of the corollaries of his doctrine of perfection. Mr. Noyes was too keen not to see the inevitable conflict between a community of goods on the one hand, and an exclusiveness in the marriage relation on the other. He said:

> "Love in the exclusive form has jealousy for its complement, and jealously brings on strife and division. Association, therefore, if it retains one love, exclusiveness, contains the seeds of dissolution, and those seeds will be hastened to their harvest by the warmth of associate life."

Selfishness was the *bete noire* of Mr. Noyes' system, and he sought to rid his community of it by putting an end to all possible private ownership. He asserted that the possession of a wife or husband is a species of both selfishness and of slavery, and he tried to show by the Bible that in the Kingdom of Heaven no such monopoly of any one by any other is tolerated. Seeking to make a little heaven on earth of his Perfectionist community, he endeavored to rid it at once of selfishness and slavery by "an extraordinary system of regulated promiscuity." Community of possession both of property and of person was the leading plank in the platform of his hypothetical heaven.

In 1846 the little community, then at Pultney, Mass., began to practice the system that has since been known as "complex marriage." Such a state of perfection was not congenial to the traditional Puritanism of the New England village, and it presently became convenient for Mr. Noyes and his promiscuous husbands and wives

to emigrate. Hence the settlement in 1848, at Oneida, N.Y. Thus the way was prepared and the place was found for the experiment in stirpiculture immediately to be detailed.

Experience soon taught Mr. Noyes that perfection could not be attained in one generation. He began, therefore, to plan for the realization of his darling ideal in times to come and in generations unborn. "It was quite self-evident to him that for the attainment of his object, each generation must surpass the preceding one in holiness, and to accomplish this he devised the method of stirpiculture practised by the community. Its first principle, founded on stock-raising experience, was that of judicious in-and-in breeding, with occasional crossing with foreign blood."

Shakespeare exclaims :—

> "In religion,
> What damned error, but some sober brow
> Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
> Hiding its grossness with fair ornament?"

And Whittier flies into a fine poetic pet of anger over those—

> "Who steal the Bible from the Lord
> And give it to the Devil."

Perhaps Mr. Noyes did not mean to be so bad; perhaps none of our misguided reformers do; but for one I heartily wish they would leave the Bible where it belongs, and try their experiments on purely experimental grounds. However, having gone to the Bible to equip himself for an attack on marriage, Mr. Noyes next betook himself to the same book for his defence of incest. In an article on "Scientific Propagation" he fortifies himself by a genealogy of Abraham and his family, "showing the frequent mating of cousins, of brother and sister, of father and daughter, or uncle and niece, in only half a dozen generations." Having in this primitive and lawless tribe found a Biblical basis for in-and-in breeding, the next step was the selection of those who might be deemed fit to become the parents of the proposed generation of more perfect Perfectionists. A committee headed by Mr. Noyes himself took charge of this matter of selection. To become the enviable parent of a Perfectionist child according to the rulings of this committee one must have an acceptable ancestry; he or she must be free from physical defects; the father must be older than the mother; mental capabilities must rank well with the physical; and between the parents there must be mutual attraction, "at least in a slight degree." Under these regulations sixty children were born. Uncle and niece were twice mated, and several of the children were of Noyes parentage on one or both sides. Five of the children died in early infancy; fifty-five were most carefully reared by the community, being taken from their mothers at about nine months of age. One died at thirteen years of age, having been delicate from his birth. One, a boy, was deficient in co-ordinating power over his muscles. These two are the noteworthy failures of the experiment. In 1891 when the oldest among them were twenty-two it is said of the boys that they were tall, broad-shouldered, and finely proportioned; and of the girls, that they were robust and well built. "They are exceptionally intellectual, and have not taken largely to the farms of their fathers, or the manual occupations of their mothers. Most of the older boys are in business as clerks and foremen; one is a musician, another is a medical student, another a college student of unusual promise in mathematics. The girls likewise take to artistic and intellectual pursuits. One is making a specialty of Greek, and one of the kindergarten system. Their favorite amusement is a debating society of three girls and four boys, which meets in the summer when all are at home."

In 1878, Dr. Theodore R. Noyes, son of the founder, made a report on the health of the children in the Oneida Community. "In this it was

stated that serious sickness was unknown, and that the mortality at birth and until nine years of age was less than one-third that of the United States at large, as given in the census of 1870." This difference he attributes partly to "excellent sanitation, protection from infection, and other favorable post-natal conditions." He concludes that, "first, a little commonsense in the mating of men and women must largely increase the proportion of viable children born; second, a viable child, once past the perils due to its mother, is nearly sure to grow up free from checks to its growth under sanitary conditions as good as those now prevailing in the community."

"It is evident," said a speaker before the American Science Association in Washington, in 1891, to whom I am largely indebted for the facts and quotations above, "that pre-natal culture did not lessen the need of post-natal care, for the experimenters knew that the eyes of the world were upon them, and, moreover, they believed that the future of the community rested with them."

"But alas! 'The best laid plans o' mice and men, gang aft aglee.' Stirpiculture was planned to insure the future of the church and community; stirpiculture destroyed both." For twenty years complex marriage was enforced as nearly as it could be; but the spirit of monogamy asserted itself to such an extent that one-fourth of the adult communists were found living in pairs. The experiment in stirpiculture so far from checking the tendency to monogamy seemed to further it, and on Aug. 26, 1879, the community listened to a proposition from its founder to the effect that complex marriages be abandoned, "in deference to public sentiment," and that ordinary marriage be substituted, or celibacy enjoined. Out of the two hundred and sixteen adults in the community only three opposed this proposition, and within four months there were twenty marriages. Upon the return to family life there followed a return to the private ownership of property. On Nov. 20, 1880, the property and business of the community was transferred to a joint stock company.

One such experiment may be suggestive of many lessons; it cannot be the basis of a science. One of the lessons suggested by this experiment is that the family must continue to be the unit of society, at least until the Bible shall be read no more, and the customs of men revert to prehistoric and barbarous types.

Another is, that any sort of stirpiculture that comes into conflict with monogamy is foredoomed to failure. A geneology that can be traced with certainty only along the line of one's mother, and her mother, and her mother's mother, is not a document to be especially prized by the average civilized human being.

Another lesson suggested by the experiment is, that little is to be expected in the way of the betterment of society from stirpiculture except negatively so far as legislation is concerned, and positively so far as force of circumstances is involved.

There is a negative field for legislation in favor of the normal birthright of human beings. This field may be accurately ascertained by the scientific study of heredity and its laws. For instance, in a work entitled "Abnormal Man," published by the Bureau of Education of the United States, in 1893, Charles Darwin is quoted as saying: "It is remarkable that all the evils coming from alcoholism can pass from father to son, even to the third generation, and they become worse if the use of alcohol is continued, until they result in sterility."

In the same work, Dr. L. Grenier, a French writer and physician, is quoted as follows:

"Alcohol has come to be a social question. It is one of the most active agents in the degeneracy of races. The indelible effects

produced by heredity are not to be remedied. Alcoholic descendants are often inferior beings, a notable proportion, coming under the categories of idiots, imbeciles, and debilitated. The morbid influence of parents is maximum when conception has taken place at the time of drunkenness of one or both parties. Those with hereditary alcoholism show a tendency to excess ; half of them become alcoholics. A large number of cases of neurosis have their principal cause in alcoholic antecedents. The larger part of the sons of alcoholics have convulsions in early infancy."

If, therefore, the alcoholic is shown to be a breeder of inferior beings, of idiots, imbeciles, and criminals, it follows with very little argument, and with much force of practical logic, that such creatures should not be permitted to marry, or, if married, they should be taken from their families and penned up so effectually as to be harmless. The basal, moral right of such legislation is precisely that of quarantine. And further, since social tipplers as a rule, rapidly degenerate into alcoholics, it follows that young men who tipple should not be permitted to marry. This still on the principle of quarantine against a probable generation of idiots and criminals.

So of morphomaniacs. A man or a woman who is known to go about with a hypodermic syringe in the pocket, puncturing the skin with it, and injecting poison at regular intervals, should not be granted a license to marry.

So of persons who are known to be unchaste, for they are subject to venereal diseases that are transmissible to more than one generation.

The history of the notorious Jukes family, beginning with "Margaret," a criminal and pauper in Ulster County, New York, a little more than a hundred years ago, should be a warning to every community against laxity as regards the propagation by birth of its inferior and criminal classes. Dr. Behrends says:—

"To that one woman, born between 1755 and 1760, who was a harlot before marriage, never had any property, and died a pauper, 709 descendants were traced, of whom 280 became pauperized adults, receiving nearly $60,000.00 in relief ; 140 became criminals, 60 were habitual thieves, 50 were prostitutes, 300 died prematurely, while the total cost to the State in arrests, trials, imprisonments, relief, property stolen and destroyed, and loss in productive energy, was found to have been over a million and a quarter of dollars. Yet, during all these years, no attempt was made to break up this hideous nest of disease, insanity, crime, idiocy, and pauperism, its foul stream polluting the country for over a hundred years."

It is the province of legislation, acting purely in a negative way to eliminate such families and such classes from the problem of human reproduction.

When this shall have been done the field will be free for the action of positive forces that are brought into play by progress herself, such as the mingling of the races, natural selection, and survival of the fittest. In our periodical literature some months, or may be years ago, there was offered a receipt for genius. As nearly as I can recall the conditions, they were these. A series of inter-marriages between the best representatives of tribes differing in habits and tastes, and the careful weeding out of the feeble and deficient products of the process. For instance, the best divers and fishers among the tribes along the shore were to be crossed with the best hunters and climbers of the neighboring mountains, their progeny to be carefully watched and weeded, and remated in a similar way. The author, who, by the way, must have been himself a genius, thought that in five hundred cases you might possibly hit upon one genius, provided your plans did not miscarry, and your genius did not die before the age of precocity.

The mingling of peoples, and nations, and even of races, hinted at by the humorist in his receipt, is taking place historically, and on a grand scale all over the Western Hemisphere, and especially on the North American continent. The day of hermit fami-

lies is about past. Travel, intercommunication, world-wide progress, all the conditions of modern life, are more and more imposing upon us a beneficient intermixture of parent stocks. As to the selection of the fittest, that, barring the legal elimination of the deficient and criminal classes spoken of above, can be safely left to the average bachelor and maid.

After all: far beyond all questions of heredity rises that of education. The author of "Abnormal Man," a work above referred to, says in his preface:—

"Since education concerns the moral, mental, and physical development of individuals and of society it bears directly on those pathological elements that tend to social degeneration. As there is no specific for any of society's diseases, the general remedy is to implant and develop in individuals (the earlier the better) such mental, moral, and physical habits as will serve to prevent or lessen delinquency, dependency, or defectiveness. Such a therapeutical method is distinctively educational."

Again, quoting from the body of the book, on the subject of the teaching of practical morality, the author says:

"There is much to indicate that the sociological problem involved in the delinquent and dependent classes is at its foundation an educational one. Teaching of practical morality in such a way as to form good habits in the young is doubtless the surest preventative from a criminal career. Perez says that the business of education should be much more concerned with the habits that children acquire, and with their wills, rather than with the moral conscience. The latter is the blossom that will be followed by fruit, but the former are the roots and branches. While the moral and intellectual sides of education exist together, yet society is most solicitous about the former, for an individual may be a good citizen with little instruction, if he has sound morality, but the reverse is not true."

Ethical and spiritual culture rather than stirpiculture must be the hope of humanity. Heredity may mean much, but morality means vastly more. Inspiration to right living is the best repression of wrong living. Society rests upon the average conscience of its component parts. As men are improved individually, society is improved collectively, and the improved society in turn fosters the individual improvement. Ultimately character, individual character, what John Ruskin calls, "The royalty of a truer thoughtful state, and of a stronger moral state," must be the solution of our social questions.

Education was the method of Jesus. By it He sought to reduce legislation to its minimum; inspiration to its maximum. He began with the individual; by education he prepared for organization. His society was a teaching brotherhood. To Him the mitre and the crown were equally repugnant. He disdained the sword, but healed its wounds. His death is the seal upon His life of a true teacher's limitless love, and His resurrection is proof of a perfect teacher's rightful regnancy. And so, high above all else, by virtue of all else, he holds aloft His position as educator, and therefore Redeemer; Master of masters in moral and spiritual realms; crying to His disciples with the emphasis of pierced hands and thorn-marked brow, "Go teach." The way onward to a social millenium is the way back to the method of Jesus.

The school-room and the Christly pulpit are not cousins, they are brothers; to these the kindergarten and the university are younger and elder sisters; the ballot-box, press, and parliament, when not prostituted to partisan purposes, are members of the same noble family. The fireside prayer-meeting is the "little child" of this family group, and it is the leader of them all.

AFFINITIES.

BY MARY HAMPTON LLOYD.

IT came to me as I lay in the darkness and stillness last night, that we are apt to make too much of this little space of time which we each individually measure as his or her "life." We think that all that is ever to be ours, all of love and friendship, wealth and happiness we are ever to experience, is to be crowded into sixty or seventy or eighty years of "life" here. Yet we know this cannot be so. All history, science, and modern investigation prove the contrary. Evolution rises up and denies such theory. Fisk, Darwin and Huxley give us the lie if we would fain persuade ourselves that such be the case.

Then, if our real true lives reach onward and upward through the ages, and we feel that we taste not a tithe here of that which shall be ours in a grander fuller life hereafter, why should we each expect here to meet and become united to our affinity?

AFFINITY: The word makes one pause and wonder at all that it contains. I think if the society youths and misses who talk so glibly about this and that mystery in ethics, psychology and kindred subjects, gave even half an hour once a week to think instead of talk, their tongues would not run quite so fast at the next reception or progressive conversation party. The one word "Affinity" would give them something to ponder over if they chose to reflect more and talk less.

What is an affinity? I take it to mean as the Holy Book has it "bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh." One mind, one heart, one ambition, one opinion. Think of it,—one opinion. Did you ever meet any one, your nearest and dearest, with whom you thought alike on all subjects? Yet to me an affinity can mean no less than that. It would doubtless become monotonous if everyone thought alike. But this is not my meaning. What I mean is that each man and woman who are affinities to each other should be thus in undivided harmony; not that all the world should be modelled after one pattern.

I scarcely feel qualified to write upon this subject, it seems so large, so solemn and so sacred. If we measure what we call life here as but a moment in the eternal ages yet unlived, why should we lay down a law that here and now we are to become acquainted with, possibly united to, our affinity? It seems a beautiful thought for all lonely ones, that somewhere in time, in space, there waits patiently and restfully a mate for each of us, who will be more to us than all the rest when the time comes for mutual communion.

It gives quite a fresh, new aspect to history when looked at in this light. I have always felt myself irresistibly drawn toward England's Martyred King. Why should not he prove hereafter to be my affinity? Perhaps some one else has the same kind feeling towards Cromwell, and he too may find a gentle mate to soothe his iron soul. The possibilities thus opened up give endless room for speculation, and for myself my thoughts wandered far afield.

Perhaps the first "Pollywog" bearing in himself the infinite germs of all that has since been evolved therefrom may at this epoch have his affinity gracing a European throne, gliding as a star over the boards of well-known theatres, or posing as a queen of beauty in some famous artist's studio. Perhaps some giddy nineteenth cen-

tury flirt may yet be destined to meet and assimilate with one of Bulwer's grand Coming Race, with mastery of that mysterious Vril which is to change the universe, and with god-like wings o'ershadowing a majestic face.

Most of us know Europe and America; possibly some among us India and Japan; yet we have not become acquainted with each individual residing in those countries during our hasty trips therethrough, and vast indeed are the fields entirely unexplored. If our affinity then be in this mortal guise at a period contemporaneous with our own, may he not now be dressing bear skins among the Esquimaux, surf-swimming in Pacific reefs, a Maori hurling the boomerang in the wilds of an Australian bush?

We are in too great a hurry about this as about most other subjects in this feverish age of ours. We must have an affinity ready made to hand just when we want him. Then, disillusioned, think we are badly treated and forthwith recommence the search, ending too frequently as any of the daily papers can testify, in the scandal of the divorce court,

There is little doubt that much of the attraction between ordinary men and women is animal magnetism, pure and simple, and as such should be overcome and outgrown rather than yielded to. Were this rule observed there would be fewer unhappy marriages in the world to-day. Do I not then believe in the law of affinities? Most assuredly I do. In the beginning,—not now alluding to the Adam and Eve myth, but to the spiritual man and woman who were created in the image and likeness of God,—in the beginning God made the male and female,—"in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them."

All acknowledge that the most perfect man yet lacks some feminine qualities; and likewise woman, pure, tender and loving as she may be, is still wanting in certain manly attributes. These elements can be supplied but by perfectly harmonious sympathy and fellowship, and these can be obtained only in that oneness of communion which constitutes ideal marriage. And when I spoke above of Cromwell needing a gentle mate, when he himself was such an iron soul, I but stated my theory regarding affinities. That which we ourselves most lack is to be supplied by our affinities. And this certainly pre supposes growth toward each other in all ages until at length united into one completed whole.

So, men and women, when you wed, and during the first year or two find all not exactly as smooth and easy as you imagined in the days of your courtship, do not at once rashly conclude you have made a mistake, that forsooth you are not affinities, and, therefore, can never suit each other. Have a little patience; give and take from each other; and at the end of the second year you will be closer together than at the end of the first, and so on through a long life together, until when the time comes to part here for a space you can look forward to meeting again hereafter as true affinities.

Marriage is a closer relation than any other, and pre-supposes a more entire affection and unselfish regard. But these can be accorded without loss of individuality or suppression on either side. As the years pass, more and more will come greater union, stronger similarity of tastes and inclinations, until somewhere afar in the ages will come the time of which I speak, when there shall be one heart, and mind and purpose.

"The more we know, the larger is the circle of our ignorance," says one of our English sages, and this truth must not be overlooked in agitating these social questions of marriage and divorce laws. All I urge on everyone is to wait; to do nothing rashly; and above all, husbands and wives, never separate for difference of opinion.

We are living in, not for, eternity. We do not know all that our lives are to be and to mean and to accomplish in the Great Unknown before us. Our lives must unfold gradually, beautifully, naturally, growing in the spirit and light of Truth, whom men now own and name as God.

Walking thus in an attitude of responsiveness to that which is good and true and pure, we cannot any of us make shipwreck of our lives and homes.

Above all, wait.

"For yet we trust that something good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood;

"Behold, we know not anything:
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring."

PENANCE.

MY lover died a century ago,
Her dear heart stricken by my sland'rous breath;
Wherefore the gods forbade that I should know
The peace of death.

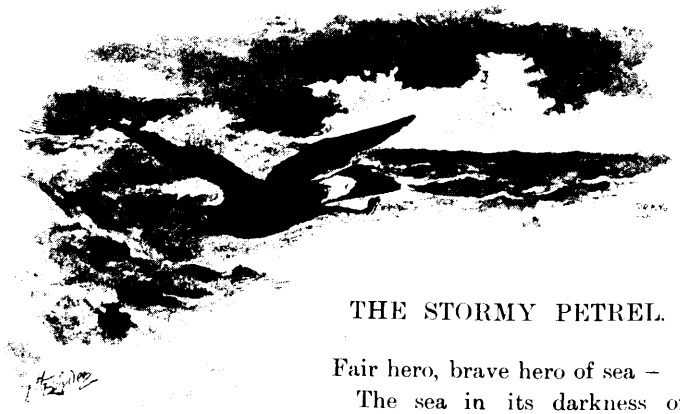
Men pass my grave and say "'twere well to sleep
Like such an one, amid the uncaring dead!"
How should they know the vigils that I keep,
The tears I shed?

Upon the grave, I count, with lifeless breath
Each night, each year, the flowers that bloom and die,
Deeming the leaves, that fall to dreamless death,
More blest than I.

'Twas just last year—I heard two lovers pass
So near, I caught the tender words he said:
To-night, the rain-drenched breezes sway the grass
Above his head.

That night, full envious of his life was I,
That youth and love should stand at his behest;
To-night I envy him that he should lie
At utter rest.

JOHN MCCRAE.



THE STORMY PETREL.

Fair hero, brave hero of sea –
The sea in its darkness of wrath!
I run down the breaker with thee,
I mount the next in its path.

Our hearts beat together, charmed one,
Lift their wings as fearless as free,
Ride the gloom as if 'twere the sun
Gold-bridled for you and for me.

Summer rain, the cold, drifting sleet
That whistles as spiteful as hail!
A roadstead, the billows that fleet
Under the black lash of the gale!

We laugh at their seething, their roar,
Draw our breath full in their face,
We have wings, we know we can soar,—
Your secret and mine in embrace!

Wings, wings, the soul of our life!
Outspread they victory tell—
Upliftings amid gulfs of strife,
Wafts from heaven that keep us from hell!

Brave hero, winged hero of sea—
The sea with black tempest in breast,
Here we mount on the breakers, free,
Soon to soar into calm, into rest!

THEODORE H. RAND.

SNAP SHOTS AT DEER AND MOOSE.

BY A. C. SHAW.

SOME fellows believe that they are deer hunting because they go into the backwoods loaded with whiskey and repeating rifles, and hire a guide to stir up the deer in their immediate neighborhood. Others again, go out in the autumn, loaded heavier as to the rifle than the pocket pistol, and after some roughing it have good sport.

If red deer hunting means hard work, moose hunting means harder toil. One particular autumn and winter I had a crack at both kinds of game, and if a few incidents of the trip are noted it is with fear and trembling. At college, years ago, driven by the rules of the Literary Institute, I wrote an "essay," forsooth, on bear hunting, which I had to read through to the assembled students. There was too much gore, or something of the kind; so, on this occasion, though moose and deer are killed, they shall die as unobtrusively as possible.

In the autumn in question, perched on top of a waggon-load of boats, fat pork and two quart bottles of whiskey, I. C., Cyrus and myself started for the far north country. Five or six hounds, tied to the waggon, howled behind, and we thought we were happy. No doubt we were. Anyway we had plenty of time in which to rejoice before we reached our destination, as we had eighty miles of bad road to drive over, and five miles an hour was the speed our load permitted.

Apart from shot guns, I. C. was carrying what we called a ton of iron in the shape of a full magazine 45-75 Winchester—the best killing gun in the possession of the party—while I had the new model 38-55 Winchester, which I am inclined to think is too small in calibre to do good work on big game. Cyrus was armed with an old-fashioned rifle, but Cyrus can shoot very well with his mouth. Night found us at the hospitable house of Robert Jordon, where the charms of a hot supper of fat pork, and a pretty school "marm," awaited us. The pleasant impression left by the latter lingers yet, but two more days of fat pork finished me, and I swore off—pork. Ever after on the trip, when the pain under my belt caused me to growl, I. C. complained of "dispepsy" and tackled our scanty stock of firewater. Truly he seemed to rejoice in my trouble.

Amid the hills on the Opeongo Road we met our guide, and later on engaged a young Frenchman, dubbed "Freezy" for short, as cook's assistant. We then located ourselves in old man Freezy's vacant cabin on the shores of Crotch Lake.

Lots of people, many of whom know nothing about the matter, say that it is unsportsmanlike to drive deer to water with dogs, and allege that the deer has no chance for its life. Without going into an argument on the subject, I will simply say, that no greenhorn can watch a lake and kill one-tenth of the deer driven there by dogs. Moreover, the deer killed in the lake are almost always brought to bag when hit, as only the head and part of the neck are above water, and a wound is likely to be fatal, while many a deer wounded on the runway escapes the hunter, only to die a miserable, lingering death. Anyway, we watched both lakes and runways and still think ourselves sportsmen.

Deer hunting with hounds has many charms and many chances. Just at dawn the guide or starter leads one or two dogs, and sometimes more, in the direction which he knows or believes

DRAWN FOR CANADIAN MAGAZINE BY A. H. H. HEMING.

"OUR GUIDE POINTED EAGERLY AHEAD."

Hunter and Guide on Snowshoes following a Deer Track.

to be the best from which to drive the deer to the lake or runway on which his party is watching, having due regard to the direction of the wind, as the deer although it will almost invariably describe several circles, will eventually run down wind, so that the sound and scent of the dogs may reach it more readily.

The starter usually tries to make the "start" some distance from the lake which is watched, as if it is made near the shore the deer is more likely to run to some other water. Having gone a suitable distance, the dogs are let loose, and if they are good ones will soon hunt up a fresh track or work up an old one, and with many an eager whimper the scent is followed till the deer is roused, when with ringing roars they dash off on the trail.

If the deer is a buck and has fed well during the night he will often make a short and comparatively straight run for the lake, but a fawn will frequently run for half a day, so that a fawn's track is avoided when possible. A doe also will often make a long run, but the length of all "runs" varies, and is governed by many different circumstances. For one thing, a fast dog will usually "water" a deer quickly, as he does not give it time to do much circling. The fast dog is therefore the best for lake work, while a slow one is best for the runway, as the deer will dawdle ahead of a slow dog and stick to the runways.

The starter now makes for the lake, or for the camp to get fresh dogs, or perhaps waits for the return to him, on the back track, of the dogs already started, and tries to make another start, if the hunt has gone wrong and the dogs have had a short run.

The deer usually takes to the water at one of half a dozen places where runways lead thereto, but often puts in an appearance where least expected. The man on watch must be ever vigilant, for a deer may pop in when the dogs are out of hearing and a mile or so behind. Shooting a deer from a small boat, with half frozen fingers, panting lungs and tired arms, is no easy contract, and the head and neck of a plunging deer is a mighty small mark under the circumstances. On the runway a man must be equally vigilant and perhaps a better shot, for if he does not plant his bullet in the right place the deer will run many a mile and often escape altogether.

To resume; Crotch lake was partly frozen over when we arose before daylight to begin hunting, but, nevertheless, one of us watched it, while the others guarded the runways. Other parties with plenty of dogs, were stationed on many of the small neighboring lakes, and from dawn till dewy eve the woods rang with the music of the hounds. This was all very nice, but when I had waited hour after hour until the cold had thoroughly chilled me, and no deer came around looking for trouble, I began to think what a fool I was to leave the comforts of civilization to hunt for shadows. Deer were numerous but perverse, and the first day was a blank. However, if deer hunting, or any other kind of hunting, was a sure thing, the excitement would be gone.

We had some excitement at night, hunting fleas, and they did considerable hunting on their own account too. I slept in a cot and escaped, but Steve and I.C. (Steve had now joined us), slept in one of old Freezy's bunks, and became very profane accordingly.

After two more days of bad luck, a couple of deer were bagged; one killed by I.C. on the runway, and the other on the lake after an exhausting paddle, and the exercise of all the skill at my command.

It is worth watching for hours, to hear on the hillside the bugle-like notes of the hounds now approaching and then receding out of hearing, till finally you hear them along the runway to the lake, and presently the puff, puff of the deer, like a locomotive in the distance, is followed by the

DRAWN FOR CANADIAN MAGAZINE BY A. H. H. HEMING.

THE DEATH OF THE MONARCH OF THE FOREST.

splash as he throws himself into the water. Then your greenhorn strikes out to get within range, frequently merely to get a snap shot, as the deer with white flag erect pops up the bank and disappears.

By careful management, coolness and good judgment the old hand often bags his deer, seldom without a most exciting chase; but for five deer started, the watcher on the lake does not get an average of more than one.

Owing to the ice we did not even do so well as this.

Watching a runway one day, I had an exciting chase after a wounded deer, which, hard hit by the man with the dogs, passed a few hundred yards from my stand, but out of sight. Following the blood-red trail, we ran like mad, heedless of falls and bruises, till we came to the lake, where we found the deer dead on the shore. It had broken a space in the thin ice twenty feet square, where it and the hounds had fought to the death.

Steve said the fleas were too lively, and I. C. said the "dispepsy" medicine was done, so we decided to break camp for a time, and migrate into Quebec when the snow was deep enough to hunt moose on snowshoes.

Deep snow found us in Quebec, on the warpath for moose, with an Indian named Whiteduck as guide. Apart from the fleas and the onions, which our commissary-general, Cyrus, produced at every meal, we had had a very comfortable time at Crotch lake, but this time we did not expect any picnic. We proposed to run the moose down in the deep snow, and had been in training for some weeks. Handicapped as he is by the deep snow, in which he sinks to his belly, the moose can make a lively run for life, and no drawing-room hunter need tackle the contract of running one down on snowshoes.

Making our headquarters at a lumber shanty, we started out with a pair of blankets apiece, plenty of thick socks and heavy clothing, prepared to bring home a moose if possible. Whiteduck carried some tea, hard tack, and pork, and led the way at a pace which soon bathed us in perspiration. Indeed, I suspect that a sweat bath constituted our guide's tub for the winter. In single file we trudged the whole morning without the sign of a track. Refreshed about noon by a hearty snack and a smoke, we kept pegging away. Suddenly Whiteduck stopped at an enormous track in the snow, and said, "moose pass here three day." The track didn't look very fresh, and for all we could tell it might have been a month old. "There is no use in following this old track," said Steve, but with a knowing look, the Indian replied, "ayubâh (the moose) may be close, close." That settled the matter, and though it was getting late in the day, we buckled to our work and raced uphill and down, over logs and through brush, falling down and getting up as best we could, but ever forward at the top of our speed.

Steve, the youngest and most active stuck close to Whiteduck's heels, while I formed a weary but determined rearguard. I. C., who was making good time, was heard to say that he wished that he had some "dispepsy" medicine; but there wasn't any.

Just before dusk, after a run of two miles, we came to the deeply trodden depression in the snow, where the moose had been yarded; and the break in the snow walls on the side opposite to us, showed that he had left on important business at our approach. The yard was a new one, but was pretty well tramped down, and the broken twigs about it proved that the game ahead of us had not fasted.

After a hurried consultation, as night was at hand, we decided to camp where we were, and resume the chase in the morning. Whiteduck scooped out a space about ten or twelve feet long and five feet wide in deep snow, and the rest of us proceeded to collect wood and balsam boughs

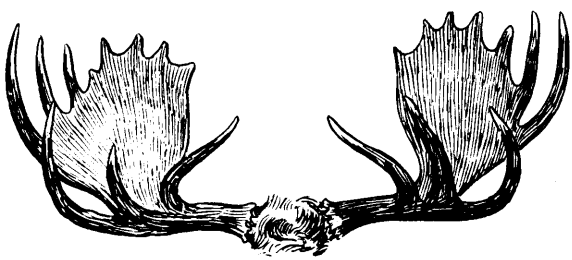
for our bed, for it was getting very cold.

The trench dug by the Indian was about four feet deep, and when we had built a fire at one end of it, and had a square meal and a smoke, we were quite comfortable ; so cuddled under our blankets and with our fur caps drawn over our ears, we slept the sleep of the very tired. Twice during the night the Indian replenished the fire, and although it was at least 10 degrees below zero, we did not suffer from the cold.

Bright and early next morning, our tramp was resumed, and after an hour's hard run we found ourselves gaining rapidly on the moose. Whiteduck in great excitement now urged us to our utmost speed, as he said the moose was making an effort to reach a lake, now near at hand, where on its frozen surface he would gain rapidly upon us.

With added speed we pushed on, throwing our blankets and other impedimenta to the winds. Soon we observed the redskin pointing eagerly ahead, and we saw our game desperately struggling towards a lake a few hundred yards distant. Steve, who was still to the front, with a big burst of speed got within range and fired as the moose crossed the brow of a hill and disappeared. Then pandemonium reigned, as with yells and hoots we breasted the hill, to find the trail covered with blood from a bad wound, while out on the lake the stricken brute was to be seen making frantic, but vain efforts, to keep up the pace. He was evidently too hard hit to go far, so Steve and Whiteduck rushed ahead and soon gave him his *coup-de-grace*. He was a big one but as I desire to retain what is left of my character for veracity, I do not give the measurements.

We killed one more within the week, and then headed for civilization, several inches taller in our own estimation.



THE MEN WHO MADE McGILL.

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN, B.A.

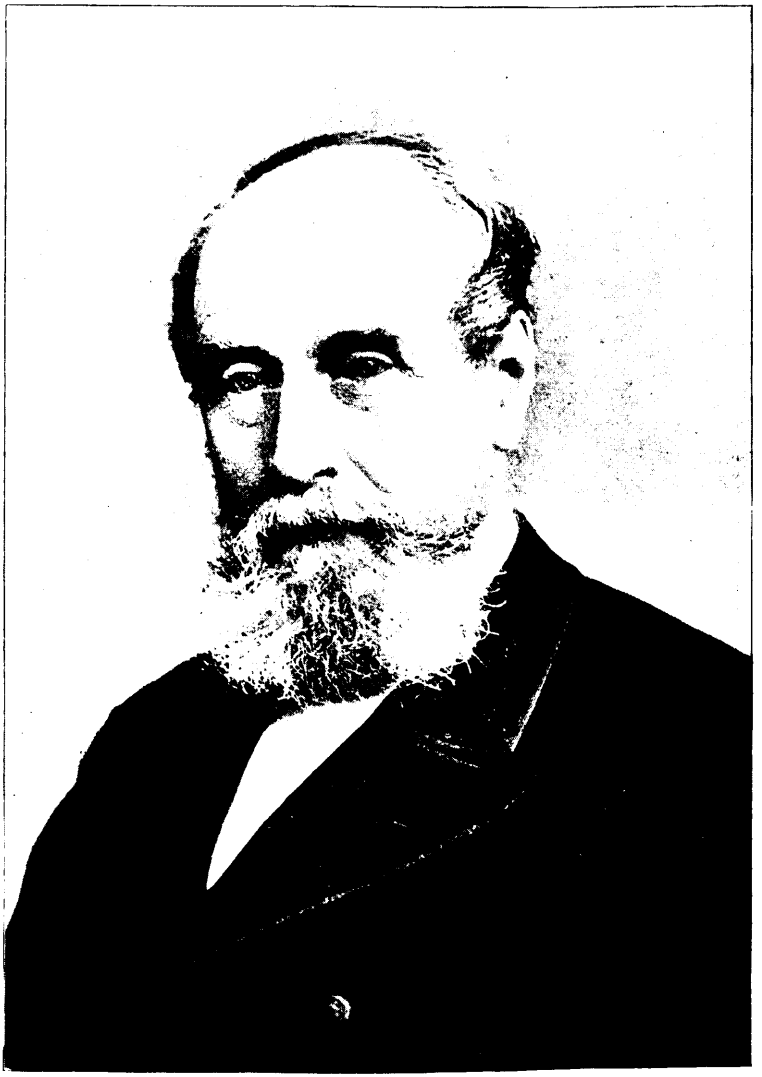
McGILL University is essentially the creation of a few individuals. It owes nothing to the state, except the memory of a grievous spoliation. It has grown up to greatness in a community naturally disabled from providing an adequate constituency of students. It had, in the early days, to grapple with the active hostility of avowed enemies, and the shortsighted apathy of those who should have befriended it. The ultimate success of an institution thus handicapped is as wonderful an achievement as any in the history of education; the story of its vicissitudes and its triumphs is as interesting as a romance.

The Province of Quebec was peculiarly unfitted to be the nursing school of a great English university. Numerically weak and, except in the city of Montreal, spread over a large area of country, the English-speaking minority of Quebec, as a body, showed at first little real concern for their own educational needs. In Montreal they early devoted their energies to business pursuits. They are the pioneers of our commerce, and theirs is the credit of having created and developed the rich trade that has made Montreal what it is. But an opulent community is not the natural birthplace of institutions of learning. It happened, however, that the minority in Quebec counted in its ranks an influential element of Scotsmen, who have carried with them into every quarter of the world the national love of education, and the national sagacity to give practical effect to their opinions. James McGill was a Glasgow man, who came to Canada in the years preceding the American Revolution, and made a fortune in the fur trade. He became a prominent citizen of Montreal, commanded the local militia, represented the west ward of Montreal in Parliament, and occupied a seat in the Executive Council of the Province. Of the personality of the man the records of the past tell us little. He was, it appears, "in his youth, a very handsome man, but became corpulent in his old age. He was a prominent member of an association of fur magnates, known as the Beaver Club, and the reminiscence of a contemporary represents him, when a very old man, at one of the meetings singing a voyageur's song with accurate ear and sonorous voice, and imitating, paddle in hand, the action of a bowman of a North canoe in ascending a rapid." Mr. McGill was fond of reading, and cultivated the society of the few men of literary tastes then living in Lower Canada. In association with them he doubtless formed the resolution to leave the bulk of his fortune to found a college.* It was, we are told, no deathbed design, but the deliberate plan of a shrewd and intelligent mind. At this time the educational future of the Province was under discussion. A system of schools was demanded, and Mr. McGill announced that if the Government carried out the necessary measures he would give, during his lifetime, twenty thousand dollars in aid of a university. Some preliminary steps were taken. The Legislature passed, in 1801, an Act creating the Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning. Pecuniary aid was pledged, both in grants of money and in the shape of sixteen townships of

* I am indebted to the kindness of Sir William Dawson for many facts relating to the foundation of McGill University, contained in a collection of addresses by himself on University subjects recently republished—a volume which the distinguished Principal Emeritus has generously presented to the McGill Graduates' Society of Toronto.

land set apart for education. But the French clergy were opposed to any general system of education controlled by state authority. Desirous of retaining in their own hands the training of their people, they successfully blocked the measures proposed by Government, and the result seems to have been that political vacillation and bad faith, robbed the English-speaking minority of the state aid which had been faithfully promised by the representative of the Crown.

But James McGill sympathized neither with the irresolute conduct of the politicians, nor with the retrograde policy of the French clergy. He was a man of his word, and his will, made



FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PHOTO.

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON, C.M.G., LL.D., F.R.S.

Principal of McGill University, Montreal, 1855-1893.

two years before his death in 1813, bequeathed the property of Burnside and the sum of £10,000 to found a college in the contemplated Provincial University. The entire bequest was valued, in 1813, at $120,000. In the end, the whole proposed state endowment vanished, and the cause of higher education in Quebec, as far as the minority was concerned, rested upon the wise benefaction of a single individual.

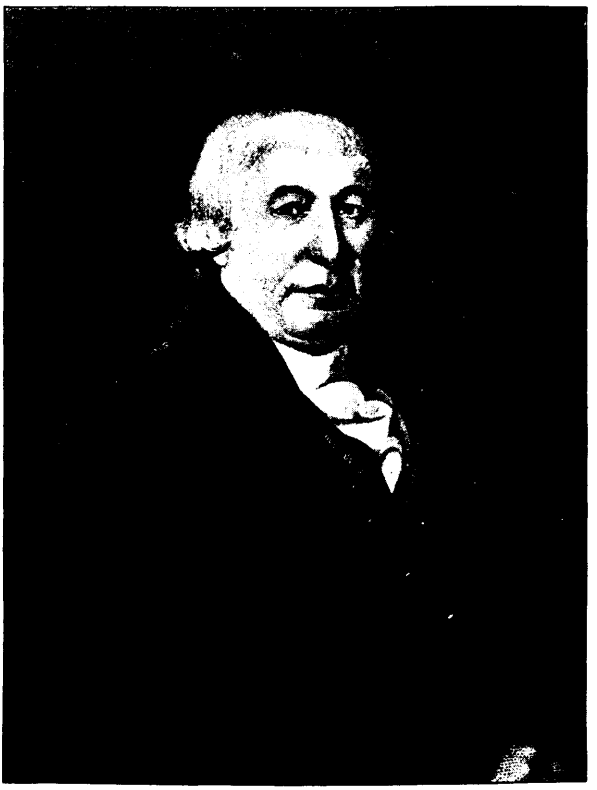
The institution thus founded obtained a royal charter in 1821, and was administered by the Board of the Royal Institution, a body originally placed over the provincial school system, but whose powers were subsequently restricted to the control of McGill College alone. An attempt was made in 1823 to organize the new University, and Rev. John Strachan, afterwards Bishop of Toronto, who was an intimate friend of Mr. McGill and connected with him by marriage, was offered a professorship. But he declined; and, as the property, owing to the litigation over the will, did not pass into the hands of the trustees until 1829, the actual beginning of the University must be placed at that date. At this time the Montreal School of Medicine was amalgamated with the College, and became its Medical faculty. This was a fortunate move, because the Medical School even then was a flourishing one, and it gave the University a real existence during the troublous years that were to come. The opening ceremony in 1829, took place in Burnside House, the old home of the founder, and a Principal, Dr. Mountain, afterwards Bishop of Montreal, and two lecturers formed the first teaching staff of the Faculty of Arts. The staff looks very imposing on paper, and is thus recorded in a book printed at the time: Principal, Rev. G. J. Mountain, D.D., Cambridge; Moral Philosophy, Rev. J. L. Mills, D.D., Oxford; History and Civil Law, Rev. J. Strachan, D.D., Aberdeen; Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, Rev. J. Wilson, M.A., Oxford; Medicine, Thos. Farques, M.D., Edinburgh. But the start was made under very poor auspices. At this date the Imperial Privy Council, to which the lawsuit was carried, had only handed the Burnside property over to the trustees, and no decision had been rendered as yet regarding the money legacy. The rent from farm land situated some distance outside the city, and the fees of students could not produce a sufficient revenue for a college.

The income of the institution was, therefore, quite unequal to the demand upon it, and no assistance could be procured from the Government. The charter was practically unworkable, since appointments to the staff, and statutes regulating the internal management had to be sent across the sea for the approval of the Crown. The students in Arts numbered from six to a dozen, and the instruction was of the most meager kind. During some years no lectures at all were delivered.

In 1835, Dr. Bethune, rector of Christ Church, Montreal, became Principal. The history of his connection with McGill is one of the most extraordinary episodes in our educational records. The particulars are to be found in a return laid before the Parliament of the Province of Canada in 1849. The bitter controversies which took place would be laughable, if the picture were not painful evidence that the very existence of the University was imperilled by the bickerings and disunion that existed among its administrators. One cause of the trouble lay in the conflict of authority between the Governors of the College and the Board of the Royal Institution. The latter under the will were the trustees of Mr. McGill's property, and with some show of legal right, claimed to have large powers in the administration of the institution. The Governors, the controlling member being the Principal, contended that the duty

of the Royal Institution was to hand over the revenues of the estate to be disposed of by Dr. Bethune and his colleagues, one of whom we may mention, was the late Sir John Robinson, of Toronto. But the chief cause of difficulty was Dr. Bethune's avowed determinatlon to make McGill College a Church of England institution. James McGill had, indeed, been a member of the Anglican Church, but his will contained no instructions upon the question of religion. After the lapse of half a century it is surely possible to take a dispassionate view of the whole matter. That Mr. McGill never intended his bequest to be diverted to sectarian purposes seems very clear now. At the same time, one may fairly conclude that Dr. Bethune was not actuated by selfish motives in clinging to the Principalship and to his residence in Burnside House. He was, no doubt, honestly zealous, as a staunch dignitary of the Church of England naturally would be, to secure for his communion so valuable an acquisition, and one so badly needed in Lower Canada just then, as an endowed college with university powers. His determination must have been confirmed by the evident fact that up to that period the institution had signally failed to fulfil the founder's hopes, while the support of an influential religious body would certainly insure it a larger measure of prosperity. But, fortunately, his well meant endeavors met with defeat. Dr. Bethune's appointment as Principal had never been sanctioned by the Crown, and in 1846 this was formally refused and his connection with the college terminated.

The ensuing ten years form a critical and yet highly interesting stage in McGill's progress. Two excellent appointments were made in the Faculty of Arts in 1846, and if the finances of the college had not been hopelessly involved, the institution might have taken a fresh lease of life that would have vastly facilitated the work of the man who, later on, after many years of brilliant management, repaired its fortunes and brought to fulfilment the noble design of James McGill. The Governors met in July, 1846, and appointed Mr. Edmund Allen Meredith to the vacant Principalship. He assumed the lectures in mathe-



FROM A PAINTING.

HON. JAMES MCGILL, (1744-1813).

Founder of McGill University, Montreal.

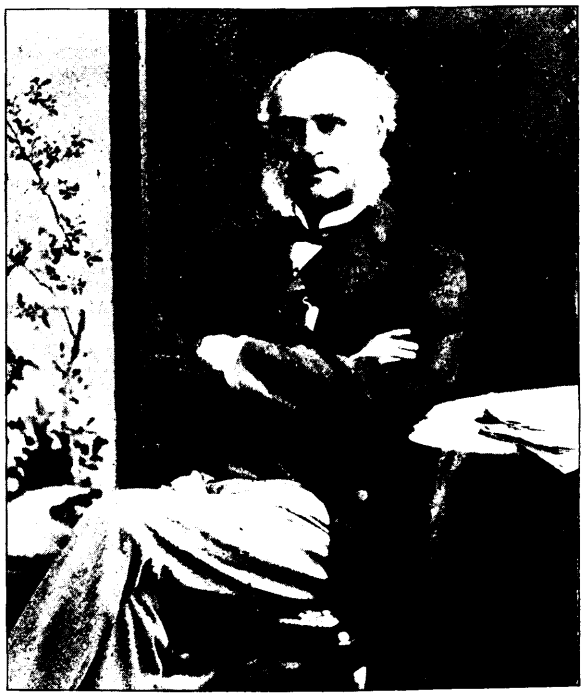
matics besides. Rev. W. T. Leach had been previously made Professor of Classical Literature. The new Principal was a man of scholarship and talent. He came of a distinguished Welsh family who had settled in Ireland. His father was the Rev. Thomas Meredith, D.D., a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and a mathematician of note. His mother was a daughter of the Very Rev. Dean Graves, also a Fellow of Trinity and a learned theologian and author. The young Principal had proved himself worthy of the stock from which he sprung. During his course at Trinity College, he had won the second classical scholarship, and on taking his degree of B.A. in 1837, had carried off the medal in science, as well as the prize for political economy. On coming to Canada in 1843, he resumed the study of law begun in Ireland, and before his appointment to McGill had been admitted a member of the Irish bar, as well as the bars of Upper and Lower Canada. For a year he delivered lectures in mathematics, and filled the Principalship with satisfaction, devoting himself especially to the task of securing a new charter for the University. This was not, however, actually obtained until 1852. In 1847, Mr. Meredith was offered and accepted the post of Assistant Provincial Secretary, and as the seat of Government was then at Montreal, his connection with McGill did not terminate. He remained a Governor, and his name appears as Principal in an official return as late as 1849. As the University had paid him no salary, it seems natural that he should have accepted a more lucrative post. More than forty years passed away before his term of service received any tangible recognition, except the degree of LL.D. from the University; but in the will of the late Thomas Workman, a few years ago, there was a provision that the sum of $3,000 should be paid to the former Principal, "inasmuch as I have long been convinced of the value of the services rendered to the University of McGill by Edmund A. Meredith, LL.D., during a very critical period of its history." Mr. Meredith subsequently became Under-Secretary of State for Canada, and did not retire from the Civil Service until 1878. He removed to Toronto, where he now resides. When the graduates of McGill living in Toronto organized a society a few months ago he was appropriately elected its Honorary President.

Another trying period now ensued for McGill. It is recorded that but for the persistency with which the late Vice-Principal, Archdeacon Leach, clung to its interests, the College, except the Medical Faculty, which was always prosperous, must have become extinct. A few prominent citizens of Montreal resolved to resuscitate the institution. Three of these men deserve special mention, namely Senator Ferrier, Hon. Christopher Dunkin, and Mr. Justice Day. The latter was Honorary Principal after Mr. Meredith's resignation. They consulted Sir Edmund Head, the Governor-General, who advised them to select for Principal Mr. J. W. Dawson, who had been Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia shortly before, and whose labors as a geologist with Sir Charles Lyall had already won him marked distinction. The circumstances of this important appointment have been related by Sir William Dawson himself:

"My plans for life (he says), lay in an entirely different direction. I had prepared myself, as far as was possible at the time, for field work in geology; and my ambition was to secure employment of this kind, or next to this, to have the privilege of teaching my favorite science with sufficient spare time to prosecute original work. . . . . A deputation of the Board of McGill College waited on Sir Edmund Head, and one of the subjects on which they asked his advice was the filling of the office of Principal, which was yet vacant. Sir Edmund mentioned my name as that of a suitable person. At first, as one of them afterwards admitted to me, they were somewhat disconcerted. They were very desirous for the best reasons to follow Sir Edmund's counsel; but, with his knowledge of available men in England, of some of whom they had already heard, they were somewhat surprised that he should name a comparatively unknown colonist."

This appointment, made with misgivings, proved the salvation of the University. With the advent of Dr.

Dawson the new era of McGill began. To an extraordinary capacity for organization and administration the new Principal added untiring energy and love of his work. He at once grasped the truth that the success of McGill College must largely rest upon the advancement of primary and secondary education amongst the Protestant population of Quebec. His own prestige attracted always an increasing number of students from the Maritime Provinces, and the excellence of the Medical Faculty, then as now second to none in America, drew men from distant parts of Canada and the United States. But from Quebec itself, he saw, would have to come the bulk of the students in the Faculty of Arts, and in the creation of the McGill Normal school to supply the province with qualified teachers, and in constant efforts to raise the standard and efficiency of the Protestant schools in Montreal and throughout Quebec is to be seen the far-reaching policy of the new Principal. The record of the twenty years following his appointment is a long series of gifts and benefactions to the University by private individuals. Chairs were endowed, and scholarships, prizes and medals bestowed. In 1856 the general endowment was increased by over $36,000, and the William Molson Hall erected in 1861 completed the buildings according to the original design, and added a library, convocation hall and museum to the college. The community became proud of the University, and rich men vied with one another in adding to its equipment and its resources. By this voluntary assistance chairs were founded in English, Natural Philosophy, Geology, Moral Philosophy and other departments, until McGill began to hold the position and fulfil the purpose contemplated by its public spirited founder. But if, in these years from 1855 onwards, McGill grew in prosperity, the fame of its Principal grew still faster. The name of Dawson soon ranked with the first scientists of the time and shed a lustre upon the institution from which it could hardly fail to profit. As early as 1862 he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in the realm of science on two continents was recognized as one of the highest authorities. When one remembers the immense labours imposed on Dr. Dawson,—his duties in the lecture room, which were heavy and constant; the difficult and delicate task of administering the affairs



E. A. MEREDITH, LL.D.

Principal of McGill, 1846-1849.

of a college inadequately endowed and continually pressed for money; the personal attention devoted to provincial education—it is hard to understand how the time was found to pursue original and important researches in geology and kindred departments, and to embody them in writing. And this, one must bear in mind, was not continued during a few years, but for over a generation. The sacrifices which a life of this kind involved are considerable, because it is abundantly manifest to anyone who considers the progress of science in the last forty years, that powers like those of Dr. Dawson devoted wholly to science and developed in the larger centres of thought and action, would have reaped for him richer rewards, both in renown and in material results, than the restricted field of a young and struggling colony rendered possible. But that such a thought ever occurred to him, there is not the faintest hint or suggestion in any of his writings or speeches. The interests of McGill College were always paramount to his own. In the addresses delivered from time to time on University subjects the allusions to James McGill and his noble bequest show that Principal Dawson rated high the value of the work to be done, and believed that the same public spirit and the same unselfishness which had actuated the founder should be repeated by men possessed of similar resources. It was by the zealous inculcation of this belief that the community became educated up to the knowledge that what the state had ignobly failed to do the Quebec minority must do for itself. The Principal did not impress this doctrine on other people alone, for one finds his own name in the subscription lists.

The general public considers itself quite competent to form a judgment upon the career of an eminent man of science who proved a conspicuous success in educational work; who has been president of distinguished scientific bodies like the British Association and the American Association; who has written books that are widely read; and who has been knighted by the Crown for his fame and his public services. This is a record that all are ready to pronounce upon. But there is another sphere of action about which, in the nature of things, the public at large can have little personal knowledge. In the lecture room and the college halls a great part of Sir William Dawson's life has been passed. The opinion of the student world, while it may easily be condemned as crude and capricious, possesses at least the value of being formed from close contact with the man. The success of Sir William Dawson within the college walls has equalled his achievements in the larger world outside. His authority over the student body was unquestioned, chiefly because, while a strict disciplinarian, he exercised control only when necessary, and his personal intercourse with the students has been marked by a kindly courtesy and consideration which won the staunch support and respect of all who were worth winning. To his own house every student was regularly invited, and the freedom of this social intercourse never compromised the dignity and control of the Principal when he had to deal with students collectively. In the lecture rooms his charming and fluent style has attracted as many students to the courses in Botany, Zoology and Geology, as his fame in science. If his students could bear a grudge against him, which is hardly conceivable, it would be due to the fact that at times the temptation was almost irresistible to lay down the pencil and listen for the intellectual pleasure involved, rather than to attend to the serious business of taking notes. His powers of rapid and vivid generalization on points of science, have drawn many a round of applause from his absorbed listeners, and his invariable modesty of demeanor and utter absence of egotism

or vanity, served to enhance the pride of the undergraduates in their Principal.

Sir William Dawson has declared in one of his public addresses that he has in his possession a bundle of memoranda labelled "abortive schemes"—projects he had designed for the further good of the University, but which he was never able to carry out. But what of the immense work which Providence has given him strength to accomplish! He found McGill College a decaying institution with fifteen Arts students; he passes over to his successors a splendidly equipped and flourishing University with new Faculties in Applied Science, and Veterinary Medicine, with an endowment 25 times the original foundation, and a prestige that attracts over 1000 students to the classes. He has helped to bring Protestant education in Quebec to a high grade of efficiency, by years of unremitting labor in the Provincial Council of Instruction. The English minority, in no slight measure owing to his personal exertions, can boast a system of primary and higher education which far exceeds the most sanguine expectations of half a century ago. On every side are convincing proofs that he has rendered English-speaking Quebec the same priceless service which Ontario owes to Egerton Ryerson, and that when the events of his career are passed in review, we may justly apply to Sir William Dawson, the epitaph bestowed upon the architect of a great cathedral: *si quæris monumentum, circumspice.*

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PHOTO.

W. PETERSON, M.A., LL.D.

Present Principal of McGill.

It is not possible, in the brief compass of a hasty sketch, to do full justice to those later benefactors of McGill University who have at once vastly enlarged its usefulness and done honor to themselves. Because the advantage of private munificence in cases like this is not all on the one side. As the President of Harvard pointed out, with gentle satire, at a recent University function in Montreal, colleges like McGill preserve wealthy persons from the epitaph: "And the rich man died also and was buried." No one, however, can grudge the lasting honor and fame which must ever attach to the names of those who have worthily followed in the footsteps of James McGill. The gifts to McGill University of the late William Molson, the late Peter Redpath, and the late Thomas Workman, as well as those of Sir Donald Smith, Mr. W. C. Macdonald, Mr. John H. R. Molson, Mrs. John H. R. Molson, and others, have been bestowed with a discrimination and liberality which cannot be too warmly commended. The University now possesses, in addition to the

original structure, a fine library, a complete museum, two magnificently equipped science buildings, accommodation for the law school, and a woman's department, while the Principalship has been adequately endowed, thanks to Mrs. John H. R. Molson's sagacious generosity.

To the chief place in the University has lately come a new man, in the prime of intellectual and physical vigor, and with a high reputaion for scholarship and administrative ability. Sir William Dawson's successor, Dr. Peterson, was educated at the High School of Edinburgh and at Edinburgh University, where he graduated in 1875 with first class honors in classics. He subsequently studied at Gottingen and Oxford, and his record was again a most distinguished one. He became Assistant to the Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh, and, subsequently, Principal of University College, Dundee. His translations from the classic languages have earned for him the cordial approval of competent critics, and he was known in Scotland as "one of the finest Latin men of our time." No less emphatic are the encomiums upon his force and skill in university management at Dundee, and we read that "as an administrator he is the happy possessor of a rare business acumen, which has won for him the gratitude and respect of his collegues and the admiration of his opponents." Principal Peterson has only been a few months at McGill, but already he has adapted himself with tact to the new surroundings, and from all quarters testimony comes that the anthorities, in selecting him, chose wisely.

The old institution has many hundred graduates, scattered over distant lands, who will follow this new chapter in its history with keen appreciation and loyal affection.

THE TWILIGHT FAIRY.

WHEN little heads are drowsy, and little bodies tire,
The time has come to gather round and watch the glowing fire,
And in the inky corners, where all danger lurking lies,
The Twilight Fairy hovers in the dark of sleepy eyes.

Round all the room she flutters, and waves her dusky wings,
And shadows play upon the walls—the queerest looking things!
The firelight flickers cheerily, and darts into the gloom
Its fierce, red eyes to search in all the corners of the room.

But yet it cannot reach them, and the darkness grows apace,
The Twilight Fairy softly laughs as she flits from place to place.
Her shadowy form you never see, but yet the children know
That every night she stealeth in, with movements soft and slow.

And little heads are fallen now, and eyes are fast asleep,
Only one boy a-dreaming sees the fire flame and leap.
And the Twilight Fairy loves him, and wraps her veil around,
For the world would be a poor place did we never leave the ground.

FLORENCE HAMILTON RANDAL.

A QUINTETTE OF VETERANS.

Five relicts of the Legislature of the United Canadas who are now Members of the House of Commons.

BY J. E. ATKINSON.

THE parliament which is living out its last days at the capital city and dying with the violence and death throes of some leviathan, is the seventh which confederated Canada has known. In that it has held six sessions and paid six indemnities it occupies a unique position Two parliaments have held five sessions and thus filled out their ordinary span of life: three ran each one session short, while one had but an ill-fated existence of one session and a fraction of another. Looking back over the years to that November day in 1867 when first assembled in one chamber the representatives of the four old Provinces, among the ideas which are likely to come to one who looks down upon the men filling the places of those first members, the question half curious and half respectful asks itself: How many are left of those who stood sponsors at that historic baptism. Gray heads and bald there are in plenty among the two hundred-odd who, when the chamber of the Commons is full, are seated there. But which of these were present on that memorable day when Governor Monk with his troopers came clattering up to the building to speak to the people of the new-born federation?

Nine members there are who, despite the vicissitudes of popular elections and ups and downs of party fortunes, are sitting in the closing days of this seventh parliament—some of them in the late evening of their political careers, and one or two it may be in the nightfall to which there follows no daybreak, no waking to further service. Checkered and varied have been their careers—varied the

measure of their success and varied the honor and returns with which they have been rewarded. The names of the nine are Sir Charles Tupper, Bart.; Sir John Carling, Sir Richard Cartwright, Sir Hector Langevin, Messrs. Bourassa, Costigan, Bowman and M. C. Cameron, and Dr. Cameron of Inverness. Not all have remained in the House continuously ever since. Five were members of the old legislative assembly of United Canada and have most nearly had an unbroken service throughout the intervening years, and portraits of these five gentlemen accompany this article.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT.

Prominent among them is one whose introduction to parliamentary life was at that period in the history of the union of Upper and Lower Canada when the "dead-lock" between the political parties held the constitution in suspense. Both parties had tried to carry on the government and failed. Successive dissolutions had served no purpose save to intensify the spirit of faction and to array the parties more bitterly against each other. To that state of affairs described as the parent of Confederation, Richard J. Cartwright made his bow in 1863 as member of the united counties of Lennox and Addington. Wealthy, educated and already an authority on finance, he seemed destined for success. Since that time he has seen the virile generation, to which the Fathers of Confederation belonged, with few exceptions, pass off the scene. For thirty-odd years he has sat in parliament without absence for one session, except in 1883 when his constituency was "redistributed" out of existence.

Now in his sixty-first year he is regarded by many people as the strongest mind in our public life, although as to that there will be differences of opinion. If one sought to sum up his personality in one word, that word would be—force. His physique and mentality alike suggest it. His arguments are forged as with the strokes of a trip-hammer and projected with the force of a seige-gun. His ready speech and forceful language make it difficult to believe that he began his career as a slow and hesitating speaker with the additional handicap of a mannerism of pronunciation. Now he is one of the most notable orators whom Canadian legislatures have developed. His language is a model of strength and polished simplicity, vigorous and luminous, with a smack of old Saxon in the turn of some phrases which gives it a distinctive and piquant style. As a debater, he is cool and not to be moved out of his perfect self-possession. Bitter as are his denunciations of his opponents when he essays to deliver a set speech, he is in ordinary intercourse with his opponents considerate and courteous. His criticisms, except upon occasions of set speeches, are moderately worded and generally quite fair, as his opponents will admit.

He has never lacked the good will and admiration of his political friends although he is less understood by the rank and file of his party, than some other of their leaders, for which, no doubt, his own reclusive habits are responsible. He is admitted by every one to be scrupulously honest, and with his honesty, to be shrewd enough to circumvent the dishonesty of others. How great his usefulness and influence have been, cannot be measured in the same way as the services of men who have filled long terms in office. But we may be sure that the services are not void of effect and value which are given to his country by every public-spirited man, whether those services be as administrator or critic, as a practitioner of honesty, or assailant of dishonesty.

SIR JOHN CARLING.

Political fortunes, like other fortunes, are subject to inscrutable fluctuations. The enjoyment of office is denied to some men until late in life,

and then they die in harness, as a faithful worker may well desire to die when his time shall have come. To other men the responsibilities of government come early in their lives. To the latter Sir John Carling belongs. He commenced his political career in 1857, when he was elected member for London to the Canadian assembly. With one exception his record is the longest of any member of the present Parliament. Office came to him five years after his first election, when he was appointed Receiver-General of Canada. From confederation until 1871, he sat both in the Commons and the Legislature of Ontario, and in the latter held the portfolio of Agriculture and Public Works. When dual representation was abolished, he made his choice for the Federal House. He was taken into Sir John Macdonald's Government in 1882, and was Postmaster-General until 1885, when he changed to the Department of Agriculture. He was for years an influential figure in the politics of Western Ontario. His wealth, doubtless, gave him some advantage, but he was also possessed of an urbanity of manner and kindness of heart which won him many friends. It would be too much to suppose that the heat of party fires should not have forged some shafts of attack, but there can be no doubt that his long record, if we may except the election transaction, for which the responsibility should be distributed among his advisers, although the penalty of public opinion has fallen upon his head alone, is such an one as may be pointed to with pride by his friends. Sir John Macdonald used to say that no man could be as honest as John Carling looked. Whether that be so or not, true it is that no gentler, or more benevolent, or honester countenance could easily be found than that of the old man, whose tall, straight figure these two or three sessions past may have been seen walking about the corridors of the buildings in which a few years ago he exercised the power of office. That was before younger men with methods different from his, and with younger energies, pressed him out of the place he filled for so long a time in the councils and leadership of his party. For him, too, this session is the last he will sit through as the representative of the city which first elected him as a young man to commence the long career now closing under circumstances which cannot but arouse certain sympathetic reflections.

SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN.

SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN.

Among the Fathers of Confederation was one whose name has ever since occupied a prominent position in contemporary history, and who is the only survivor in the House (except Sir Charles Tupper) of the men who met at Charlottetown and Quebec. Sir Hector Langevin held a portfolio in the Government of the United Canadas from 1864 until Confederation. He attended the conferences of the delegates from the four provinces in 1864, and there took part in the

fashioning of the constitution of the Dominion. He was sworn of the Privy Council and appointed Secretary of State on the 1st July, 1867. From that day he held office continuously down to 1891, except for the five years that the Conservative party was in opposition. From the "sealing-wax department" he steadily worked his way up the ladder of ministerial importance. After the death of Sir George Cartier, he was elected by the Conservatives in the session of 1873 to be the Conservative leader in the Province of Quebec. And when he was put in charge of one of the great spending departments in 1879, he had reached a position which gave him great influence, and at the same time entailed responsibilities in connection with the administration of the public works of the country, which twelve years later wrought his downfall in the session of 1891.

He was never an eloquent platform speaker. This fact, and the further one that the Hon. J. A. Chapleau, one of his colleagues, was a popular orator of remarkable power, gave ground for the notion that between the two a bitter rivalry prevailed, a notion to which subsequent development gave color. Sir Hector's almost sole characteristic was his great industry. Since his retirement from the Government, under the stress of the revelations of 1891, he has dropped out of current politics, except that his name is used by Liberal speakers to illustrate their speeches. He seldom takes part in the proceedings of Parliament. On two occasions since 1891 he has risen to his feet to discuss the non-political subject of the boundary between Quebec and Ontario. Whether or not he hopes to see the clouds roll by, and to be able to re-establish himself, can only be guessed, for he is a silent man, with an inscrutable exterior. A few weeks ago, during the Ottawa crisis, his name was mentioned as a possible member of the Bowell administration, but the mere mention was enough to show that his propitiation is not yet complete. It is a healthful sign politically that it should be so, for whether it be true or not that Sir Hector and his offences were not worse than other politicians, there would be no hope for a country in which moral sense was dead, and the memory of public unfaithfulness so short.

There is always in Parliament a body of men who, while not making much glare in the public eye, yet possess the strong sound judgment and experience which is as essential to the despatch of public business, and as useful as the more showy qualities of those whose names fill the newspapers, and occupy large places in the public mind. There must be leaders and spokesmen, but first there must be something to be spoken. Well and good if the thing to be spoken is spoken eloquently, and in such fashion as gratifies our ears, but no greater mistake could be made about parliamentary government, and no more superficial view of the underlying forces which control it than to forget in how large measure the leaders are but spokesmen, and in how far the responsibility for, and the character of what they speak rests upon the men who sit silent behind them.

There must be captains and officers on the ship of state; a practised hand must be at the wheel, but these are helpless if the ship's crew are not also practised in seamanship (or statesmanship).

ISAAC ERB BOWMAN.

There is a desire among the electorate that their representatives should make speeches on the floor of Parliament. But, happily, the great public, in its shrewd fathoming of the true value of things, is not deceived for long by a mere maker of speeches, nor blinded long to the worth of men whose good qualities are unobtrusive. A score of men there are in the House of Commons whose voices are never heard in the debates, and whose names

seldom figure in the press, yet whose advice is listened to by their leaders, and their counsel received with respect in any emergency. The value of their

ISAAC ERB BOWMAN, M.P.

services, we may believe, is not less because they perform a quieter part in the government of the country. Among the men of this type is Isaac Erb Bowman, whose black hair and beard not yet thickly sprinkled with gray do not mark him out as one of the fathers of the House. His entry into public life dates back to 1864, when he was elected to the old Legislative Assembly of the United Canadas for the County of North Waterloo. Like a majority of his fellow members he served an apprenticeship in municipal trusts, and by his discharge of local responsibilities as well as by commercial success, reached and held the larger confidence which he has held for so many years. The close of this session will see his leave-taking of the political arena, and his departure will be regretted by those who have been his associates.

FRANCOIS BOURASSA.

Three or four rows behind the front seats on the Opposition side, and almost under the press gallery, is the seat of the oldest member of the House. It is frequently empty these two sessions past, for the weight of years grows heavy for a head over which have passed the number of his winters. When he is in his place, a visitor in the galleries is not likely to see many more notable among the heads of the legislators than that of the member for St. John's, Que., with its crown of white hair, and the kindly features and shrewd eyes, half buried by a beard white as the crown above it. Few men there are in the House who were in public life when Francois Bourassa was not old. It was in 1854 that he entered upon his long political career, at the time when Separate Schools for Upper Canada, "Rep. by Pop." and other questions of a past generation were agitating the two Canadas and filling their legislative halls with religious and sectional bitterness. He has seen those disputes laid to rest, but unhappily he has also seen their places taken by succeeding

FRANÇOIS BOURASSA, M.P.

broods of racial and religious misunderstandings. Comparing the relationship of the races in the fifties with the nineties, we may flatter ourselves

there is some improvement towards mutual understanding and some loosening of prejudices, but must we not also admit that it is not encouraging that these forty years of living under one roof have brought Ontario and Quebec no nearer together than they are, and that Catholic and Protestant, French and English, show still so much disposition to fly at each others' throats—"for the glory of God and patriotism."

It is many years since Francois Bourassa's voice has been heard in Parliament. At no time did he take a prominent part in the debates. From this he was precluded by the fact that in all the years he has been attending there, he has never learned to speak the English. Of his platform powers Quebec members speak in highest terms. Many are the stories told of how this small, plain-spoken man, with his keen wit and homely farmer ways used to make sport of certain city-bred orators who would come gaily enough into the lists against him.

Down to a few years ago his mind retained much of the keenness and activity which belonged to him in his prime. But 83 years have left their mark, and his memory begins to play sad tricks upon him. Sitting in his seat some morning he will forget the hour of the day, and seeing about him few members in their places will wonder why the House does not adjourn when it has lost its quorum. Or on a Monday he will forget the day of the week, forget that he has just returned from his home where he spends his Sundays, and, under the belief that the day is Friday, will insist upon returning to L'Acadie. His memory is vague or altogether at fault so far as matters of recent occurrence are concerned, but the politics of twenty, thirty or forty years ago he discusses with the clearness which is often a peculiarity of age. In the redistribution of seats which was made in 1892, St. John's was united with the neighboring riding of Iberville. Mr. Bourassa's friend and neighbor, Mr. Bechard, who represents the latter, is to be the Liberal candidate for the new constituency, so that with the dissolution of this Parliament, Francois Bourassa will make his exit from a stage on which he has so long played a part.

'NEATH SUMMER SKIES.

IN the dream and the hush of the summer night,
Stood two 'neath the pines on the mountain height,
A man and a woman with radiant eyes,
Clear as the stars of those summer skies.
And as they stood in the odorous air,
That July's flowers had breathed out there,
The man that gazed in that woman's face,
With form so perfect in curve and grace,
Had dreamed of a life of love and pride,
With that sweet woman by his side.

'Tis summer once more on that mountain height,
But they meet no more in the July night;
For summer dreams are like summer skies,
And are gone when the cold winds of winter rise

REGINALD GOURLAY.

THE FACE IN THE TAM O' SHANTER.

I'VE met it so oft in the busy street;
'Tis framed in a Tam o' Shanter;
That face so grave and shy and sweet,
That face in the Tam o' Shanter;
I single it out from the surging throng,
That trim little figure that trips along,
So firm, yet so free and so airy.

Each evening I watch for the brow so grave
Of the face in the Tam o' Shanter,
Where soft and silky the tresses wave
Round the face in the Tam o' Shanter.
Often I've watched for a passing glance,
That beauty and truth so sweetly enhance,
Sweet face in the Tam o' Shanter.

A man can but see as he learns to see,
Sweet face in the Tam o' Shanter;
One picture by rote I know I have got,
Of a face in a Tam o' Shanter.
The light in the eye is so steady and true,
No flippant philander its sparkles bestrew,
Sweet face in the Tam o' Shanter.

If Cupid dare sport in a city street,
Sweet face in the Tam o' Shanter;
I fear for his arrows so straight and so fleet,
Sweet face in the Tam o' Shanter.
I never could dawdle or sigh or repine,
But each hour (I own it) I wish you were mine,
Dear face in the Tam o' Shanter.

AGNES ISABEL BAYNE.

COLINETTE.

(From an unknown French poet.)

Colinette she had for name
In the summer of my prime;
For the happy harvest time,
To her village home I came;
I was but a school boy yet,
But a simple girl was she,
And she died in February,
Little Colinette.

Up and down the leafy close,
Hand in hand we used to run;
How I revelled in the fun,
How she panted with the chase.
Finch and linnet, when we met,
Sang our loves that knew no wrong,
Made the burden of their song,
Little Colinette.

Then at last we met to part;
Sat with darkening skies above;
Love, (I knew it not for love),
Throbbing in my inmost heart,
Hiding all my soul's regret,
"'Till another year," I said
As I took her hand, "Good-bye,
Little Colinette."

Oh, the story's very old,
Very common, that I tell,
Not the less will tears upwell
Whensoe'er the story's told.
Many a witching young coquette,
Now I woo with poet's pen,
Once alone I lov'd, as then,
Little Colinette.

EDWARD BYRON NICHOLSON, M.A.

IN ABSENCE.

What of the world?
The world is old,
And cold.
The wind, through darkness hurled,
Sweeps in from sea.

What of the night?
The night is dark;
And hark!
The surge, in ominous flight,
Moans in from sea.

What of the hearth?
The hearth is warm;
The storm
Mars not, in all its wrath,
One thought of thee!

A. B. DE MILLE.

King's College, Windsor, N.S.

THE BROOKLET.

I'm only a little brooklet,
But merrily do I sing,
And kiss the stones as I roll by,
With a splash and an echoing ring.

I never loiter on my way,
But am always on the run,
From late at night to early dawn,
My work is never done.

For travel on I always must,
Until I reach the sea,
Where cradled on the great blue waves,
A part of it I'll be.

But till the ocean do I reach,
I still must ripple on,
To make life pleasant on my way,
I'll sing my merry song.

Montreal. NORMA.

ONLY JUSTICE.

BY WM. BLEASDELL CAMERON.

"And I will teach thee, in the battle's shock
To pay with Huron blood the father's scars."
CAMPBELL.

IT was not Gabrielle's fault. It all came of a little joke of her mother when the girl was but a child, for which she could in no wise be considered responsible. Unless, indeed, the mere fact of her existence—but who might hold her accountable for that?

Yet had it not been for her all that is here chronicled would never have taken place, nor this tale ever have been been written. For, as everybody knows, there is always "A woman in the case."

Chief Thunder told me the story the other day, sitting in the Hudson's Bay Company's Post at his reservation on the Winnipeg River. Chief Thunder is very old—perhaps ninety—wrinkled, bent and deaf, and walks with a stick; this thing occurred when he was a stripling.

He removed his cap, and laid it carefully on the bench beside him; pushed his straight black hair back from his brown, leathern face, smoothing it with his hands, and regarded me silently for a moment out of his dull old eyes. Then straightening himself up against the counter, he began:—

"You ask me, my grandson, for a story of the old fur trade days. Well, this is one—something that was acted here—right on the river bank there which you see through the window. It is a true one.

"When I was a boy the interpreter at the fort was Paul Lajeunesse, a French half-breed. He had a son named Baptiste, as well as a daughter, Gabrielle. He also took and reared as his own an Indian lad, whom we called "Mahingin" (The Wolf), but to whom he gave a French name which I do not now recollect.

"One day while these children were still young, Lajeunesse's wife said to the adopted boy, in fun—laughing and talking for lack of something else to do, as women will:—

"'Boy! when you grow up you will marry my daughter, Gabrielle.'

"Now, the girl was fair, tall and graceful, with long black, wavy hair—much handsomer than were our Indian maidens; and the boy, Mahingin, did not forget the words of his foster-mother, but kept them laid up within his mind.

"So when he had grown to be tall and strong and active, and commenced to think himself man enough to have a wife, he went to his foster-father and asked him for Gabrielle, saying that she had been promised to him in his boyhood by her mother.

"The old man was mending a snow-shoe. He paused, with the *babiche* between his fingers, and looked up sharply at the youth, incredulous. . . . He laughed loudly, in derision: then stopped abruptly, while his brow clouded, and snorted in a voice thick with anger:—

"'*Quoi?*—Give my girl to a wolf—to have a dog for a grandchild? . . . *Kah win!—kah win!* (No!—no!)'

"So Mahingin went about as before —only keeping *this* also in his mind.

"A year passed, and the master at the Fort sent the interpreter, Laju-

CHIEF THUNDER.

nesse, up the river to visit the camps of the hunting Indians and bring back their furs. He rode in a carriole, and Mahingin went with him and drove the dogs.

"As you know, my grandson, the driver of a dog-team always runs behind. Now, when they were gone a day and part of the next, the thought came into the head of Mahingin to kill his foster-father, and so possess himself of his daughter. Also he thought of the insulting words of his father who had adopted him, when he said his child would be a dog! . . .

"From the sled he took the gun which the trappers always carry to fill the kettle with meat. The old man sat leaning against the upright end of the sled, nodding. He did not dream, my grandson, of the dark design born under the wolverine cap of the young man who had grown up as his own child. There was nothing strange about his taking the gun out.

"And so, when Mahingin had loaded it—with ball, my grandson—as he ran, he placed the muzzle between the shoulders of his father and pulled.

"The dogs, startled, stopped and looked back; the old man raised himself with pain and effort to his feet in the carriole and faced his assailant, who stood holding the gun still pointed towards him.

"His breath came in short, hard gasps. He looked, half in sorrow, half in reproach, at his adopted son.

"'Do not shoot again, my son,' he pleaded. 'Don't you see you have already given me my death wound?'

"But Mahingin was not so sure. He raised the rifle to the level of the old interpreter's head and pulled again.

GABRIELLE.

"The ball went smashing through his forehead. He dropped forward with a groan, over the end of the carriole; his blood stained the snow.

"Now, when Mahingin saw what he had done he became afraid. He left the carriole and the dead man with the dogs on the road, and ran away to the tents of his brethren who were hunting in the woods.

"Well, as you know, my grandson, a train of dogs left to themselves for a time, cut the traces with their teeth. So, when Lajeunesse's train came home with nothing but the harness they knew something must be wrong. The two men, whom the master sent to search for him, soon found out what it was, and they brought his body—hard, ah, so hard, like flint, and with that black, ugly hole between the eyes—to the fort. Baptiste — Lajeunesse's boy — said nothing, my grandson; he *looked* only, stood and looked, *looked* at the corpse of his father. But he made a *vow*, my grandson; he swore—but that comes after. . . . Only remember that he said nothing—ever—that he told of it to no one.

PAUL LAJEUNESSE—THE INTERPRETER.

"Four, five years went, but Mahingin never turned up at the fort to claim the hand of Gabrielle, the old man's daughter and Baptiste's sister. Perhaps he forgot all about her—who knows?—and took another wife. That is the way men frequently do, and women also, especially women, my grandson."

The old chief leered and laughed softly to himself, the odd, vacant chuckle of senility. His feeble thoughts were ranging far, far back amid the scenes of a dead time, on a voiceless shore from which he was the last echo. . . .

He seemed to have forgotten his story. At length I ruffled the still waters of his dream—

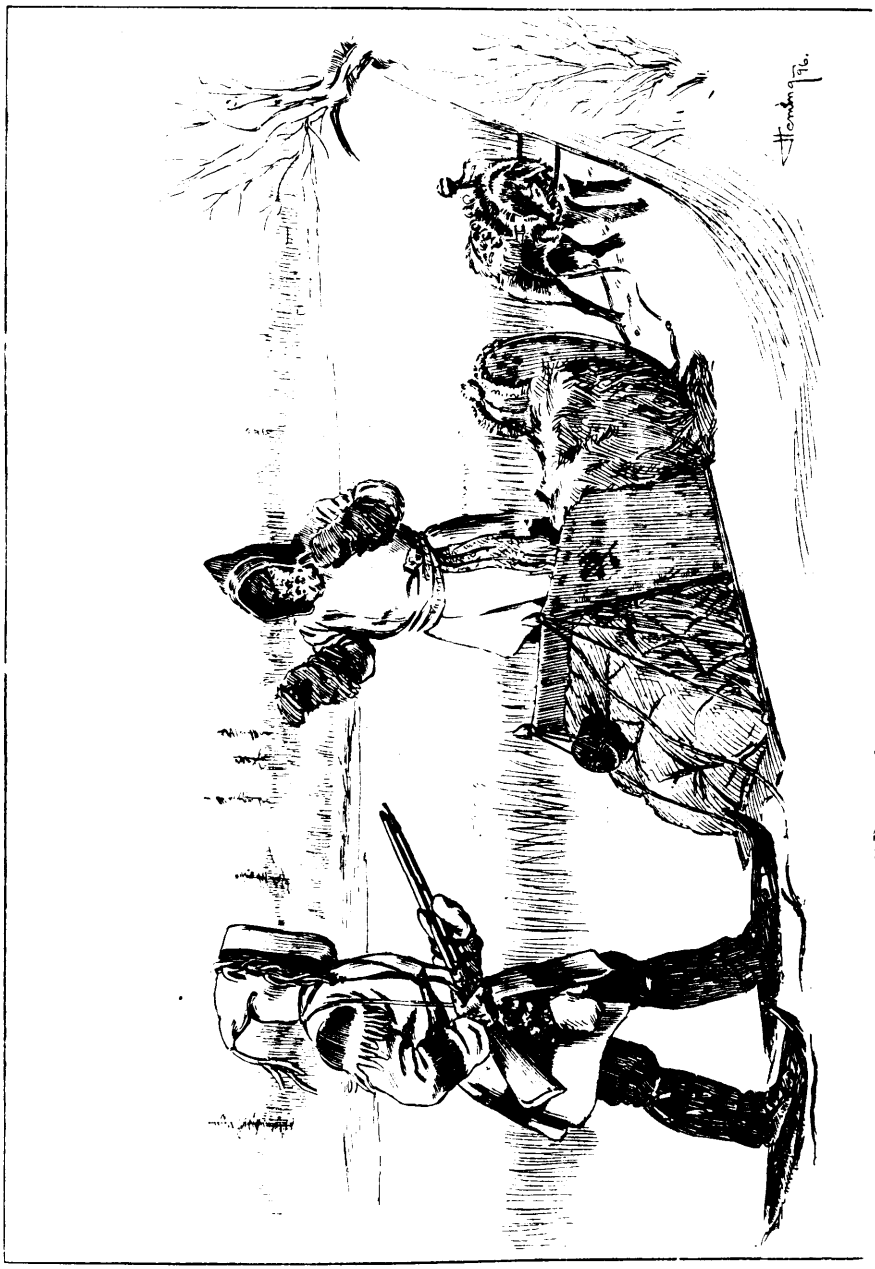
"Well, did Mahingin never return to the fort?"

"Wait," he replied. . . . "Baptiste was now interpreter in his father's stead. He enquired of the Indians each spring and fall, when they came with their furs to the fort from the hunts, if they had seen Mahingin, but they said no. Of course they knew where he was, but they would not tell. For, though he had killed the interpreter's father, was he not of their own tribe and blood? . . . So Baptiste said nothing, but waited."

He paused again and sat with his head bowed, musing.

"And ———," I prompted.

"I was a boy, my grandson; and one afternoon in the Moon of Leaves, I was playing down there on the



"Do not shoot again, my son!" he pleaded.

wharf, though it was a fine one then, and higher, with a house on the end and seats and railings along both sides.

"Looking up the broad sweep of the river, where the sun rested, I saw approaching a great brigade of bark canoes. It was the hunters returning in a body from the spring hunts. . . I heard a voice at my elbow mutter, with a sound of grating teeth :—

"'Perhaps, Mahingin,—*the dog !*—may be with them . . . in a big party he might think himself safe.'

"I glanced back, afraid ; then slunk away. It was Baptiste, the interpreter. He was waiting,—waiting still. . . .

"Well ; as it neared the fort, a salute rolled from the guns of the little fleet ; and soon it was drawn up on the sandy beach alongside the wharf there.

"Baptiste walked down, and as each hunter stepped from his canoe, he shook him by the hand, welcoming him. . . . No one could have noticed any change in his face or his ordinary manner, my grandson, as he strolled leisurely down the bank towards the boats. Yet there seemed to be unusual warmth in his greeting, and his eyes danced with a strange wild fire of gladness. For ah ! *at last*, Mahingin was there ! . . . No one saw, either, the long, thin, keen-edged knife which lay along the under side of his right forearm, covered by his sleeve—the handle downward toward his palm !

"Mahingin was the last of the hunters to set his foot upon the beach. As he did so, Baptiste put forth his hand—not his *right* hand, my grandson, his left—and grasped the other's, placing himself thus, to the right of Mahingin, or more facing his left side. I stood off a little space watching.

"Suddenly Baptiste leant forward, . . . there was a flash in the sunlight, his right hand descended on Mahingin's back ! . . . Again the hand was raised, and again it fell,—once—twice—on his chest this time, with a sound like footfalls above one of our shallow graves. Ah ! how the blood did leap red from the wounds as the knife left them ! . . . Baptiste still held his hand ; but at the third thrust his foster-brother gave a long, terrible cry, like a wolf, my grandson, like his name, and stumbling forward, fell with his face in the sand.

"Baptiste knelt down and threw him over on his back. He was not like a man, then,—Baptiste ; he was like the Great Lynx that sinks his teeth in the throat, from whom there is no escape ; his eyes were red and hot, like the sun in smoke ; he did not know where he was ; he did not see anybody—except Mahingin—he has a *devil !* He felt for his *heart*, my grandson,—and I suppose it still thumped, for *uh !* he pressed the blade in—and then—turned the handle—with his wrist—slowly—round and round ! . . . . Ah, he was wicked, that Baptiste—my grandson—when mad ! . . . *Eigh !—Eigh !* . . . He wished to be sure he was dead !"

The old man leered as he looked at me, and chuckled insensately once more :

"After a moment, he got up, and taking the point of the knife between his thumb and forefinger—so—swung it slowly back and forth, watching the blood dripping from it at his feet ; then opened his fingers and let it fall, as it swung, out into the stream. Then he turned to the hunters gazing dumbly by :

"'Thus, O brothers and warriors, I avenge my blood, and deal death for death ! . . . . Five winters gone my father fell beneath the crack of a rifle in the grasp of this dastardly foundling, reared up as his son and my brother—under the same roof with me,—shot—with intent ?—*Ay !* with intent—and when no one was near to see (but *I* knew—*I* learned the truth —he told . . . but no matter !)—*shot*—and shot in the *back !* To-day I have killed his murderer—like a man, before you all. I have paid him

a stab for each bullet—with a couple thrown in for good measure; and if any say I have not done well,—let him speak—let him come and kill *me* —if he can.'

BAPTISTE.

"Now the silence which followed these words was fearful; for our people were many and strong in those days, my grandson, and had one weapon been pointed Baptiste would have been the mark for a handful of hissing lead.

"'He slew my father, I slew him.' he went on—'it is but justice—justice is all I ask. . . . . Follow me to the master's house. There you shall have presents, and we will talk this matter out.'

"And turning his back to the sullen group, he led the way up the hill to the Big House in the centre of the Fort.

"The master was greatly alarmed; for he feared—and with reason, my grandson—that the Indians would destroy the Fort and slaughter all in it. He made them presents of tea, tobacco and other things. Then Baptiste got up in the middle of the great hall round which the warriors sat in a circle, and made a long speech. The walls rang with that speech—for he could speak, my grandson, as one of ourselves—and in it he told again all I have told you now. How Mahingin had been brought up as his brother by his father; how he had cruelly shot that father, like the coward he was, from behind, and then—when he begged him not to shoot again—had sent a ball crashing through his head. How he himself had nourished the sweet thought of revenge, waiting and watching silently all these years. And then the time he waited for came—and he killed him—so—as they had seen.

"Still there was silence, till the chief rose. 'It was truth,' he assented, 'it was only justice. Say,' said he, 'you warriors, had this man slain the father of any one of you, would you not seek in return to slay him? . . It is but natural; it is just.'

"The master made the last speech. He said:

MAHINGIN.

"'I see, brothers, that you hold this in the right way. It is bad when the blood grows hot. But there will always be one to do wrong, among red

or white. . . . See, here are two kegs of rum. Take it up to your camp and drink, that it may give you good hearts.'

"So they shook hands, everyone: and after that Mahingin was buried in the bank there, under the steps leading down to the wharf. Then everything was *mee-u-pi-u*; the blood of our people no longer ran hot and the trouble was put at rest.

"He had few words, the master, my grandson, but he knew the path to an Indian's heart was down his throat."

He picked up his cap, and as he placed the plug of *stemow* I handed him in his fire-bag, concluded:

"Baptiste was long interpreter at the Fort here."

"But Gabrielle?"

"Oh she married, of course, a clerk who afterwards became a big master in the company. You may see her descendants to-day all over the country."

MY LADYE.

My ladye's name is Madeline,
Her coming clothes the earth with green
And spreads the sky with fairer sheen,
With sunlit cloud-dreams in between.

The sunset pauses in the West
In brighter evening glory drest,
The wild-bird twitters in her nest,
The twilight falls with deeper rest.

It seems that when my ladye smiles,
The cool deep shadows of her eyes
Are lit with radiance from the skies,
Like purple clouds where sunlight lies.

No coiled or braided locks hath she,
But auburn tresses rippling free,
Where sunbeams hide right winsomely
And weave a golden net for me.

And when she meets me by the stream,
So pure and childlike doth she seem,
I fear me 'tis a teasing dream—
My ladye's name is Madeline.

ISABELLE E. MACKAY.

PHOTOGRAPHY EXTRAORDINARY.

BY F. TILLEMONT THOMASON.

PROF. RÖNTGEN.

HERR WILHELM KONRAD RÖNTGEN, (pronounced Runtghen), the professor of Physics in the small university of Würzberg, is the discoverer of a phenomenon which has sent the educated world into a buzz of excitement as never before: and the enthusiasm has extended from physicists themselves to the members of almost every profession and trade.

Würzburg, the Capital of Lower Franconia in Bavaria, is situated on the River Maine, and is a small manufacturing town of about 63,000 population. It was the seat of an ancient bishopric, and principality of the old German Empire, was founded in the year 741, A.D., and was the capital city of a grand-duchy in the days of the great Napoleon. Its university was founded in 1403, and although it fell into disuse shortly after, it was refounded in the year 1582, and has ever been famous for its medical and physical researches.

The present occasion is not the first time that Professor Röntgen has specially distinguished himself; on a former occasion, about the year 1889, he contributed to the scientific world very important observations concerning various phenomena of light and air.

THE NEW RAYS.

Some thirty years ago, Professor Hittorf of the Academy of Münster in Westphalia; and later on, Professor Crooke, in England, both discovered the qualities of rays produced inside vacuum tubes by means of electrical induction coils: and about two years ago, Professor Lenard published his full investigations on the rays—*Kathode*, or negative pole rays, as they are called—and he proved that they belong to the universal æther, and have the power of passing through every sort of body; these Kathode rays have their origin within the vacuum tube, and they can be deviated from their straight course by magnetic influence; their behaviour *within* the vacuum tube was fully investigated, and since then has been the subject of frequent experiments before physics classes in every university—and it was while experimenting with these Kathode rays within the tube, that Professor Röntgen discovered that the Kathode rays in passing through the tube, or rather *after* passing through, take on other qualities, producing entirely novel and most interesting phenomena.

It is now, thanks to an alert and enlightened press, a matter of universal knowledge how the Professor in the course of certain experiments with the Kathode rays chanced to completely cover his tube with a cover of black cardboard through which ordinary light could not pass, and was astonished, on looking round, to see a paper screen, standing six feet away, and prepared with a phosphorescing material, become instantly luminous.

Herr Röntgen immediately followed the matter up and found that the rays were able to penetrate other and denser materials—he pursued his investigations and experiments for several weeks before he announced his discovery to the Würzberg Physico-Medical Society last December, when it was translated from the original German into English, as soon as possible

PHOTO. BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL.

FIG. 1.

'Negative' photo. of Prof. Cox's hand, printed direct from the original 'positive' plate taken by Prof. Cox at McGill University.

PHOTO. BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL.

FIG. 2.

'Positive' photo. from a 'negative' plate or transparency, taken from the original 'positive' plate. This photo. gives the effect as seen on the original plate, and is the first one of its kind given to the public. *(See next page.)*

by Mr. Arthur Stanton, from the "Sitzungs-beritche-der-Würzburger Physic Medic, Gesellschaft, 1895," and printed in No. 1369 of vol. 53 of *Nature*, January 23rd, 1896; and since then has been flashed all over the world, and reproduced by thousands of newspapers.

EXPERIMENTS AT McGILL.

The instant that fateful number of *Nature* reached Canadian soil, Professor Cox, the eminent Physicist of McGill University, Montreal, started upon a series of practical experiments with the new rays, and achieved even finer results than those attained by Professor Röntgen.

On the afternoon of the fourth day of February, Professor Cox made his first attempt before a concourse of professional men and students and took photographic impressions of his own hand; which by his kindness I am able to present to my readers in figures 1 and 2.

The apparatus used by Professor Cox include a Crooke's tube of glass about two inches in diameter and eight inches long, to each end of which he attached the wires of a large induction coil, and battery capable of 100,000 volts; these were placed upon a table, and at a few inches distance was placed a heavy block of wood, supporting an ordinary photographic "plate-holder," containing an extra rapid, 50-sensitometer, Stanley "dry-plate" $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and covered with a mahogany lid, so as to exclude daylight—for the experiment was conducted in full daylight—and upon this lid Professor Cox rested his hand, Fig 3.

After an exposure of twenty minutes, the plate was taken away and "developed" in the ordinary manner, and shortly after Professor Cox re-entered the laboratory, and delighted his audience with a view of the "plate," (Fig. 2) shewing a *positive* picture, exact life size, of the bones of his hand, right up to the wrist; the flesh being daintly visibly around the bones; indeed, so exceedingly perfect was the result that even the lines of the palm can be distinctly observed.

The "plate" itself presents the appearance shown in Fig. 2, and is a *positive;* unlike "plates" in ordinary photography which are *negative* because ordinary lens photography is the result of reflected or reversed rays, while this is caused by the direct action of the new light on the plate *hindered only by the density of the bones:* hitherto Prof. Röntgen, *Nature*, and others have had prints made direct from the original *positive* plate for the purposes of illustrations as in Fig. 1, but I was happily able to point out to Mr. Notman, in time for publication in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, that such a print is a *negative* and therefore an incorrect representation of the original plate; Mr. Notman immediately accepted the suggestion and kindly caused an intermediate "plate," or transparency, to be prepared from the original "plate," and then printed from the transparency the photo reproduced in Fig. 2; thus the reader will have, for the first time the advantage of seeing exactly what the actual "plate" taken in the laboratory looks like, and on comparison will find that Fig. 2, gives a much clearer and more correct idea of the bones than Fig. 1, which latter only has hitherto been used for illustrative purposes—unfortunately.

Since this first experiment at McGill, Professor Cox has been literally beseiged not merely with enquiries but with applications from medical men, to take photographs of wounds and fractures that have offered unusual difficulties. Thus on Christmas eve last in a drunken fight a young man was shot with a revolver; probing failed to locate the bullet; however after two weeks detention the wound healed over and the youth left the Montreal General Hospital; all went well for nearly a month when the

wound again became troublesome from the fact that the bullet still remained embedded in the leg. On February 6th, the youth was taken to Professor Cox's laboratory and photographed—his leg was bound down to something solid and immovable, a plate and holder placed on one side, and a Crooke's tube on the other side, and when after forty-five minutes exposure the plate was developed in the usual chemical baths in the "dark" room, it was found to give a sufficiently clear indication that the bullet was lodged between the small and the large bones of the leg; owing to a too short exposure the plate is useless for reproduction, although plain enough to enable the surgeons to perform a successful and rapid operation the next day, and thus one poor suffering mortal has been sent his way rejoicing by means of Prof. Röntgen's discovery. This "plate" will be touched up enough for reproduction in the Journal of the Medical Association, as it exhibits a very interesting case of the tortuous course of a bullet inside the human body.

Professor Cox having now shown the medical profession here and in various parts of Canada, how to employ the new rays, has given up further experiments of this practical nature, and is engaged in experimenting upon and thinking out the physical philosophy of the phenomena involved; like a true scientist he wants to understand *the why and the wherefore.*

Perhaps there is not even one solitary university in the whole world which is not at this present time busily employed in experimenting with these new rays; either seeking to extend their practical utility like Mr. Edison is doing, or trying to discover their nature and causes.

PROPERTIES OF THE NEW RAYS.

So far, much is a mere matter of speculation, this, however, is certain, *within* the Crooke's tube the rays are ordinary Kathode rays; that within the walls of the tube these Kathode rays end in phosphorescence, and that where the Kathode rays end the new rays commence.

Kathode rays can be bent, and if they are bent *within* the tube it will be found that the new rays will take a different direction, *i.e.* will continue the new direction given to the Kathode rays; but once outside of the tube the new rays cannot be deviated from their straight course, nor can they be regularly reflected; therefore prisms and lenses have no effect upon them.

Of course these new rays have always existed in connection with the Kathode ray-experiments in Crooke's and other vacuum tubes, but as such experiments were always conducted in open daylight the tube had never chanced to be covered with any ordinarily opaque substance, and thus no one had ever observed the power of these Kathode rays to produce a special kind of ray, *beyond* the confines of the tube, of a different nature from the Kathode rays themselves *within* the tubes; until Prof. Röntgen happened to carelessly throw a shade over one of them and noticed a phosphorescing screen two yards away immediately light up.

The new rays differ from Kathode rays principally in that the former will not bend or deviate sensibly from a straight course, and again air absorbs the new rays to a much less extent than it does the Kathode rays; and all other bodies also seem more transparent to the new rays than to the Kathode rays.

As illustrating the power of the new rays I may mention that they will penetrate two ordinary packs of playing cards, or a book of one thousand pages, also thin plates of copper, silver, lead, gold and platinum; water and several other fluids are very transparent to the new rays, while the salts of the metals either solid *or in solution* behave like the metals themselves: increasing thickness increases the hindrance of any material to the rays

The following table gives the actual and relative thickness in millimetres, and the relative density to the new rays of the metal plates used by Prof. Röntgen.

METAL.	ACTUAL THICKNESS	RELATIVE THICKNESS	DENSITY.
Platinum....	.018 m m	1	25.5
Lead.....	.050 " "	3	11.3
Zinc.....	.100 " "	6	7.1
Aluminium..	3.500 " "	200	2.6

The new rays; called by Prof. Röntgen X rays, for the time being, because X is the mathematical symbol of any *unknown* quantity or quality; cause phosphorescence in various substances such as barium-platino-cyanide, calcium-sulphide, uranium glass, Iceland spar, rock salt, etc; and it is a question whether the photographic silver-nitrate plate is affected directly by the rays, *i.e.*, by physical fluorescence; or, by a secondary chemical result, *i.e.*, by chemical fluorescence, induced by the fluorescence of the material of the plate.

As might be expected of rays so like the ultra-violet rays of the *cold* end of the spectrum, these X rays do not produce heat to any noticeable extent, so that the phenomena cannot be explained on any calorific basis, as has been attempted by some enthusiasts, who were evidently in a great hurry to settle the matter.

The X rays are invisible to the eye, not because the material of the eye is impermeable by them, but because they are of an order to which the eye is not sensitive.

Most *thick* metal plates appear to be entirely opaque to the X rays; aluminum is relatively transparent; thin metal foils are slightly transparent, and while card-board, ebonite, leather, wood, slate, and carbon, are all very transparent, yet glass, especially that kind of glass invented by Faraday which contains borate of lead, is exceedingly opaque to X rays.

SUGGESTIVE THEORIZING.

Now everbody wants to know why all this is so; and I only wish I could tell them; the answer is one of Nature's most closely guarded secrets: a full and correct answer would almost open the door to the discovery of the essence of Life itself, as it would involve a perfect understanding of the prime causes and qualities of Energy, Matter and Æther: science has not yet attained to this enviable position, this miragic Mecca of the philosopher. Although it would be from the purpose of this article to enter very deeply into a scientific consideration of these phenomena, yet I think that a few words concerning the most recent ideas held by modern physicists about æther and matter and their *light* manifestations will perhaps give the unprofessional reader a better understanding of the significance and bearing of Prof. Röntgen's discovery.

A few years ago we were told that this world, and all the other world's around ours, were composed of atoms of matter in various degrees of motion, and that what appeared to be different substances were merely various manifestations of the same *matter* involved in different degrees of energy —we were told that all the worlds were suspended in a universal sea of a species of fluid called æther; we were told that each atom of solid, hard matter, however inconceivably small, yet had a distinct existence, and, moreover, was separately wrapped up in a quantity of æther; and, indeed, many physicists still hold to this view. But as the cap did not fit all round, and as the so-called electric fluid still remained inexplicable, a new theory arose out of the numberless experiments seeking the nature of electricity, and the idea began to gain ground some seven or eight years ago, chiefly headed by Sir William Thomson (now Lord Kelvin), that *everything everywhere* is composed of æther; that there is no thing in all the

worlds nor in all space other than æther.

We are now told that the universal Universe consists of *one continuous substance* filling all space, perfectly homogeneous and simple, existing equally everywhere, "*some portions* either at rest or in simple irrotational motion, transmitting the undulations which we call light; *other portions* in rotational motion, in vortices (whirlwinds inconceivably small), and differentiated (*i.e.* distinguished), permanently from the rest of the medium by reason of this motion—these whirling portions are what we call matter: their motion gives them rigidity, and of them our bodies and all other material bodies with which we are acquainted are built up."(1)

Electricity—as likewise everything else—if now spoken of by physicists, as simply a manifestation of æther in motion, as also is light: and thus, as all the various phenomena of Nature are apparently but modifications of the speed, of the size, of the shape and of the direction of these infinitely small whirlwinds of æther, we can understand, without any great mental strain, that vortices of certain speeds and certain directions coming into action against other vortices either of similar or dissimilar speed or direction or both, produce harmonious or inharmonious results accordingly.

Thus the vortices of Kathode rays, within the vacuum tube, coming into contact with the vortices forming the so-called glass of the tube, produce a new motion in connection also with the vortices of the air outside the tube, which resultant motion (now called the new X rays), in turn acts upon the vortices of the material placed in front of the phosphorescing screen or photographic plate (presumably in a more or less thoroughly harmonious manner), and thus react upon the vortices forming the air on the other side of the apparently opaque obstacle, and again act upon the vortices forming the phosphorescing material on the screen (this time probably inhar-

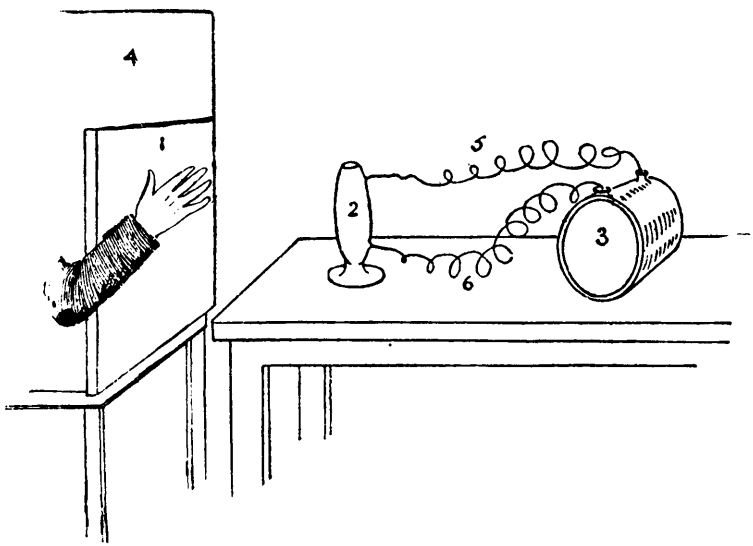


FIG. 3.

PHOTOGRAPHING A HAND.

1. Photogrophic Plateholder with plate.
2. Crooke's tube.
3. Induction coil.
4. Wooden block for steadying plate holder.
5. Negative pole.
6. Positive pole.

(1) Modern views of Electricity; by O. I. Lodge. Macmillan.

moniously, since a change is effected).

And thus is set at rest forever, *i. e.* supposing this æther theory is correct, the vexed questions of the difference between chemical and physical phosphorescence, and whether the "latent" image on a photographic plate is produced by direct physical impression upon the sensitive silver, or by chemical change.

The two ideas are now shown to be mere words, and the theory of change is limited to change of speed or size, or shape or direction, or all four together, of the vortices.

To give the reader a better idea of the endless variety of combinations possible on account of mere difference in speed only of these æther whirlwinds, I may mention that to produce æther waves one yard long 300,000,000 oscillations per second are required. An atom of sodium executes 500,000,000,000,000 vibrations in one second, this is about a medium pace and produces upon the retina of the eye a sensation called "deep yellow"; red light is produced by a much slower motion, viz., about 400,000,000,000,000 revolutions per second, while blue light is quicker, or about 700,000,000,000,000 per second; these figures represent the rotationary speed of the vortices forming the material or *effect* capable of appreciation by organs composed in turn of vortices that have directions and speeds either harmonious or inharmonious to those exciting the effect; or neutral, in which case no effect is perceived by such organ.

Now, finally to apply this rough sketch of the ætherial theory to Prof. Röntgen's X rays; we have seen that the vortices of the red-warm rays of light are the result of 400,000,000,000,000 oscillations per second: that heat is a slow form of motion: that the vortices of the cold-blue rays have nearly double the speed of warm-red rays, viz., 700,000,000,000,000 oscillations per second; that *somewhere* below the red, and *somewhere* above the blue speeds we must arrive at the limits of our limited human visual perception; that the X rays are not perceptible to our eyes; that being ultra-ultra-violet rays they are probably ultra cold, and finally, are probably of *far greater speed* of vortex rotation than the ordinary blue, or even ultra-violet rays perceived by the eye, which high speed would account for their *almost* perfect resistance to deviation by either prismatic or magnetic speeds and forms of vortex motion.

The vortices of Kathode rays are undoubtedly very rapid, but those of X rays are probably immensely more so —the oscillating vortices of the Kathode rays have probably, as the result of their action upon the vortices of the glass of the vacuum tube and upon the vortices of the denser air outside the tube, become geared as it were to an extra immense speed, which speed is probably reduced more or less in the wood or metal interposed between them and the phosphorescing screen or "plate," and becomes arrested or changed in speed, shape and direction of rotation by the vortices of the fluorescent material or the silver nitrate of the photographic plate.

But, at best, this is only a speculation based upon the Thomsonian theory of a Universal Æther, in various motions and speeds, constituting everything everywhere.

KATE CARNEGIE.*

BY IAN MACLAREN, AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH" AND "IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE."

CHAPTER III.

A HOME OF MANY GENERATIONS

IT was the custom of the former time to construct roads on a straight line, with a preference for up hill and down, and engineers refused to make a circuit of twenty yards to secure level ground. There were two advantages in this uncompromising principal of construction, and it may be doubtful which commended itself most to the mind of our fathers. Roads were drained after the simplest fashion, because a standing pool in the hollow had more than a compensation in the dryness of the ascent and descent, while the necessity of sliddering down one side and scrambling up the other reduced driving to the safe average of four miles an hour—horse-doctors forming a class by themselves, and being preserved in their headlong career by the particular Providence which has a genial regard for persons who have too little sense or have taken too much liquor. Degenerate descendants, anxious to obtain the maximum of speed with the miminum of exertion, have shown a quite wonderful ingenuity in circumventing hills, so the road between Drumtochty Manse and Tochty Lodge gate was duplicated, and the track that plunged into the hollow was now forsaken of wheeled traffic and overgrown with grass.

"This way, Kate; it's the old road, and the way I came to kirk with my mother. Yes, it's narrow, but we 'ill get through and down below—it is worth the seeing."

So they forced a passage where the overgrown hedges resisted the wheels, and the trees, wet with a morning shower, dashed Kate's jacket with a pleasant spray, and the rail of the dog-cart was festooned with tendrils of honeysuckle and wild geranium.

"There is the parish kirk of Drumtochty," as they came out and halted on the crest of the hill, "and though it be not much to look at after the Norman churches of the south, it's a brave old kirk in our fashion, and well set in the Glen."

For it stood on a knoll, whence the ground sloped down to the Tochty, and it lay with God's acre around it in the shining of the sun. Half-a-dozen old beeches made a shadow in the summer-time, and beat off the winter's storms. One, standing at the west corner of the kirkyard, had a fuller and sweeter view of the Glen than could be got anywhere save from the beeches at the Lodge; but then nothing like unto that can be seen far or near, and I have marvelled why painting men have never had it on their canvas.

"Our vault is at the east end, where the altar was in the old days, and there our dead of many generations lie. A Carnegie always prayed to be buried with his people in Drumtochty, but as it happened, two out of three of our house have fallen on the field, and so most of us have not had our wish.

* This story commenced in the February number. Chapters I. and II. describe the return to Kildrummie of General Carnegie and his daughter wtih interesting sketches of Muirtown Station and the Junction. Two other interesting characters are introduced, Peter, the brakeman, and young Carmichael, the Free Kirk Minister at Drumtochty. These Chapters have been issued in pamphlet form, and may be secured for a three cent stamp enclosed in a letter to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Toronto.

"Black John, my grandfather, was out in '45, and escaped to France. He married a Highland lassie orphaned there, and entered the French service, as many a Scot did before him since the days of the Scots Guards. But when he felt himself a-dying, he asked leave of the English government to come home, and he would not die till he laid himself down in his room in the tower. Then he gave directions for his funeral, how none were to be asked of the county folk but Drummonds and Hays and Stewarts from Blair Arnold and such like that had been out with the Prince. And he made his wife promise that she would have him dressed for his coffin as he fought on Culloden field, for he had kept the clothes.

"Then he asked that the window should be opened that he might hear the lilting of the burn below; and he called for my father, who was only a young lad, and commanded him to enter one of the Scottish regiments and be a loyal kingsman, since all was over with the Stewarts.

"He said a prayer and kissed his wife's hand, being a courtly gentleman, and died listening to the sound of the water running over the stones in the den below."

"It was as good as dying on the field," said Kate, her face flushing with pride; "that is an ancestor worth remembering; and did he get a worthy funeral?"

"More than he asked for; his old comrades gathered from far and near, and some of the chiefs that were out of hiding came down, and they brought him up this very road, with the pipers playing before the coffin. Fifty gentlemen buried John Carnegie, and every man of them had been out with the Prince.

"When they gathered in the stone hall that you 'll see soon, his friend-in-arms, Patrick Murray, gave three toasts. The first was 'the king,' and every man bared his head; the second was 'to him that is gone'; the third was 'to the friends that are far awa'''; and then one of the chiefs proposed another, 'to the men of Culloden': and after that every gentleman dashed his glass on the floor. Though he was only a little lad at the time, my father never forgot the sight.

"He also told me that my grandmother never shed a tear, but looked prouder than he ever saw her, and before they left the hall she bade each gentleman good-bye, and to the chief she spoke in Gaelic, being of Cluny's blood and a gallant lady.

"Another thing she did also which the lad could not forget, for she brought down her husband's sword from the room in the turret, and Patrick Murray, of the House of Athole, fastened it above the big fireplace, where it hangs unto this day, crossed now with my father's, as you will see, Kate, unless we stand here all day going over old stories."

"They're glorious stories, dad; why didn't you tell them to me before? I want to get into the spirit of the past and feel the Carnegie blood swinging in my veins before we come to the Lodge. What did they do afterwards, or was that all?"

"They mounted their horses in the courtyard, and as each man passed out of the gate he took off his hat and bowed low to the widow, who stood in a window I will show you, and watched till the last disappeared into the avenue; but my father ran out and saw them ride down the road in order of threes, a goodly company of gentlemen. But this sight is better than horsemen and swords."

They were now in the hollow between the kirk and the Lodge, a cup of greenery surrounded by wood. Behind, they still saw the belfry through the beeches; before, away to the right, the grey stone of a turret showed among the trees. The burn that sang to Black John ran beneath them with a pleasant sound, and fifty yards of turf climbed up to the cottage where the old road joined the new

and the avenue of the Lodge began. Over this ascent the branches met, through which the sunshine glimmered and flickered, and down the centre came a white and brown cow in charge of an old woman.

"It's Bell Robb that lives in the cottage there among the bushes. I was at the parish school with her, Kate—she's just my age—for we were all John Thamson's bairns in those days, and got our learning and our licks together, laird's son and cotter's daughter.

"People would count it a queer mixture now-a-days, but there were some advantages in the former parish school idea; there were lots of cleverer subalterns in the old regiment, but none knew his men so well as I did. I had played and fought with their kind. Would you mind saying a word to Bell . . just her name or something?" for this was a new life to the pride of the regiment, as they called Kate, and Carnegie was not sure how she might take it. Kate was a lovable lass, but like every complete woman, she had a temper and a stock of prejudices. She was *bon camerade* with all true men, although her heart was whole, and with a few women that did not mince their words or carry two faces; but Kate had claws inside the velvet, and once she so handled with her tongue a young fellow who offended her that he sent in his papers. What she said was not much, but it was memorable, and every word drew blood. Her father was never quite certain what she would do, although he was always sure of her love.

"I AM THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER."

"Do you suppose, dad, that I'm to take up with all your friends of the jackdaw days? You seem to have kept fine com-

pany." Kate was already out of the dog-cart, and now took Bell by the hand.

"I am the General's daughter, and he was telling me that you and he were playmates long ago. You'll let me come to see you, and you'll tell me all his exploits when he was John Carnegie?"

"To think he minded me, an' him sae lang awa' at the weary wars." Bell was between the laughing and the crying. "We're lifted to know oor laird's a General and that he's gotten sic honor. There's nae bluid like the auld bluid, an' the Carnegies cud aye afford tae be hamely.

"Ye're like him," and Bell examined Kate carefully; "but a' can tell yir mither's dochter, a weel-faured mettlesome lady as wes ever seen; wae's me, wae's me for the wars," at the sight of Carnegie's face; "but ye 'ill come in to see Marjorie. A'll mak her ready," and Bell hurried into the cottage.

"Marjorie has been blind from her birth. She was the pet of the school, and now Bell takes care of her. Davidson was telling me that she wanted to support Marjorie off the wages she earns as a field hand on the farms, and the parish had to force half-a-crown a week on them; but hear this."

"Never mind hoo ye look," Bell was speaking. "A' canna keep them waitin' till ye be snoddit."

"Gie me ma kep, at ony rate, that the minister brocht frae Perth, and Drumsheugh's shawl; it wudna be respectfu' to oor Laird, an' it his first veesit;" and there was a note of refinement in the voice, as of one living apart.

"Yes, I'm here, Marjorie," and the General stooped over the low bed where the old woman was lying," and this is my daughter, the only child left me; you would hear that all my boys were killed."

"We did that, and we were a' wae for ye; a' thocht o' ye and a' saw ye in yir sorrow, for them 'at canna see outside see the better inside. But it 'ill be some comfort to be in the hame o' yir people aince mair, and to ken ye've dune yir wark weel. It's pleasant for us to think the licht 'ill be burnin' in the windows o' the Lodge again, and that ye're come back aifter the wars.

"Miss Kate, wull ye lat me pass ma hand ower yir face, an' then a'll ken what like ye are better nor some 'at hes the joy o' seein' ye wi' their een. . . . . The Glen 'ill be the happier for the sicht o' ye; a' thank ye for yir kindness to a puir woman."

"If you begin to pay compliments, Marjorie, I'll tell you what I think of that cap; for the pink is just the very shade for your complexion, and it's a perfect shape."

"Ma young minister, Maister Carmichael, seleckit it in Muirtown, an' a' heard that he went ower sax shops to find one to his fancy; he never forgets me, an' he wrote me a letter on his holiday. A'body likes him for his bonnie face an' honest ways."

"Oh, I know him already Marjorie, for he drove up with us, and I thought him very nice; but we must go, for you know I've not yet seen our home, and I'm just tingling with curiosity."

"You 'ill not leave without breakin' bread; it's little we hae, but we can offer ye oat-cake an' milk in token o' oor loyalty;" and then Bell brought the elements of Scottish food; and when Marjorie's lips moved in prayer as they ate, it seemed to Carnegie and his daughter like a sacrament. So the two went from the fellowship of the poor to their ancient house.

They drove along the avenue between the stately beeches that stood on either side and reached out their branches, almost but not quite unto meeting, so that the sun, now in the south, made a train of light down which the General and Kate came home. At the end of the

beeches the road wheeled to the right, and Kate saw for the first time the dwelling-place of her people. Tochty Lodge was of the fourth period of Scottish castellated architecture, and till it fell into disrepair was a very perfect example of the sixteenth century mansion-house, where strength of defence could not yet be dispensed with, for the Carnegies were too near the Highland border to do without thick walls or to risk habitation on the ground floor. The buildings had first been erected on the L plan, and then had been made into a quadrangle, so that on the left was the main part, with a tower at the south-west corner over the den, and a wing at the south-east coming out to meet the gate. On the north-east and north were a tower and rooms now in ruins, and along the west ran a wall some six feet high with a stone walk three feet from the top whence you could look down on the burn. A big gateway, whose doors were of oak studded with nails, with a grated lattice for observation, gave entrance to the courtyard. In the centre of the yard there was an ancient oak and a draw-well whose water never failed. The eastern face was bare of ivy, except at the north corner, where stood the jackdaws' tower; but the rough grey stone was relieved by the tendrils and red blossoms of the hardy tropiolum which despises the rich soil of the south and the softer air, and grows luxuriantly on our homely northern houses. As they came to the gateway, the General bade Kate pull up and read the scroll above, which ran in clear-cut stone letters—

JANET MACPHERSON WAS WAITING IN THE DEEP DOORWAY.

TRY AND THEN
TRVST. BETTER GVDE
ASSVRANCE
BOT TRUST NOT
OR. YE. TRY. FOR. FEAR
OF. REPENTANCE.

"We've been a slow dour race, Kit, who never gave our heart lightly, but having given it, never played the traitor. Fortune has not favored us, for acre after acre has gone from our hands, but, thank God, we've never had dishonor."

"And never will, dad, for we are the last of the race"

Janet Macpherson was waiting in deep doorway of the tower, and gave Kate welcome as one whose ancestors had for three generations served the Carnegies, since the day Black John had married a Macpherson.

"Calf of my heart," she cried, and took Kate in her arms. "It is your foster-mother that will be glad to see you in the home of your people, and will be praying that God will give you peace and good days."

Then they went up the winding stone stair, with deep, narrow windows, and came into the dining-hall where the fifty Jacobites toasted the king and many a gathering had taken place in the olden time. It was thirty-five feet long by fifteen broad, and twenty-two feet high. The floor was of flags over arches below, and the bare stone walls showed at the windows and above the black oak panelling which reached ten feet from the ground. The fire-place was six feet high, and so wide that two could sit on either side within. Upon the mantelpiece the Carnegie arms stood out in bold relief under the two crossed swords. One or two portraits of dead Carnegies and some curious weapons broke the monotony of the walls, and from the roof hung a finely wrought iron candelabra. The western portion of the hall was separated by a screen of open woodwork, and made a pleasant dining-room. A door in the corner led into the tower, which had a library, with Carnegie's bedroom above, and higher still Kate's room, each with a tiny dressing closet. For the Carnegie's always lived together in this tower, and their guests at the other end of the hall. The library had two windows. From one you could look down and see nothing but the foliage of the den, with a gleam of water where the burn made a pool, and from the other you looked over a meadow with big trees to the Tochty sweeping round a bend, and across to the high opposite banks covered with brushwood. First they visited Carnegie's room.

"Here have we been born, and died, if we did not fall in battle, and it's not a bad billet after all for an old soldier. Yes, that is your mother when we were married, but I like this one better," and the General touched his breast, for he carried his love next his heart in a silver locket of curious design.

Three fine deerskins lay on the floor, and one side of the room was hung with tapestry; but the most striking piece of furnishing in the room was an oak cup board, sunk a foot into the wall.

"I'll show you something in that cabinet after luncheon, Kate; but now let's see your room."

"How, beautiful, and how cunning you have been," and then she took an inventory of the furniture, all new, but all in keeping with the age of the room. "You have spent far too much on a very self-willed and bad-tempered girl, and all I can do is to make you promise that you will come up here sometimes and let me give you tea in this window-seat, where we can see the woods and the Tochty."

"Well, Donald," said the General at table, to his faithful servant, "how do you think Drumtochty will suit you?"

"Any place where you and Miss Kate will be living is a good place for me, and there are six or maybe four men I hef been meeting that hef the language, but not good Gaelic—just poor Perthshire talk," for Donald was a West Highlander, and prided himself on his better speech.

"And what about a kirk, Donald? Aren't you Free, like Janet?"

"Oh, yes, I am Free; but it iss not to that kirk I will be going to hear, and I am telling Janet that she will be caring more about a man that has a pleasant way with him than about the truth."

"What's wrong with things, Donald, since we lay in Edinburgh twenty years ago, and you used to give me bits of the Free Kirk sermons?"

"It iss all wrong that they hef been going these last years, for they stand to sing and they sit to pray, and they will be using human hymns. And it iss great pieces of the Bible they hef cut out, and I am told they are not done yet, but are going from bad to worse," and Donald invited questioning.

"What more are they after, man."

"It will be myself that has found it out, and it iss only what might be expected, but I am not saying that you will be believing me."

"Out with it, Donald; let's hear what kind of people we've come amongst."

"They've been just fairly left to themselves, and the godless bodies hef taken to watering the whisky."

CHAPTER IV.

A SECRET CHAMBER.

"THE cabinet now, dad, and at once," when they went up the stairs and were standing in the room. "Just give me three guesses about the mystery; but first let me examine."

It was pretty to see Kate opening the doors curiously carved with hunting scenes, and searching the interior, tapping with her knuckles and listening for a hollow sound.

"Is it a treasure we are to find? Then that's one point. Not in the cabinet? I have it; there is a door into some other place; am I not right?"

"Where could it be? We're in a tower cut off from the body of the Lodge, with a room above and a room below;" and the General sat down to allow full investigation.

After many journeys up and down the stair, and many questions that brought no light, Kate played a woman's trick up in her room.

"The General wishes to show me the concealed room in this tower, Janet, or whatever you call it. Would you kindly tell us how to get entrance? You needn't come down; just explain to me;" and Kate was very pleasant indeed.

"Yes, I am hearing there is a room in the tower, Miss Kate, that strangers will not be able to find; and it would be very curious if the Carnegies did not have a safe place for an honest gentleman when he was in a little trouble. All the good houses will have their secret places, and it will not be easy to find some of them. Oh no; now I will remember one at Glamis Castle. . . . ."

"Never mind Glamis, nurse, for the General is waiting. Where is the spring? is it in the oak cabinet?"

"It will be good for the General to be resting himself after his luncheon, and he will be thinking many things in his room. Oh yes," continued Janet, settling herself down to narrative, and giving no heed to Kate's beguiling ways, "old Mary that died near a hundred would be often telling me stories of the old days when I wass a little girl, and the one I liked best wass about the hiding of the Duke of Perth."

"You will tell me that to-morrow, when I come down to see your house, Janet, and to day you 'ill tell me how to open the spring."

"But it would be a pity not to finish the story about the Duke of Perth, for it goes well, and it will be good for a Carnegie to hear it." And Kate flung herself

into the window-seat, but was hugely interested all the same.

"Mary was sitting at her door in the evening, and that would be three days after Culloden, for the news had been sent by a sure hand from the Laird, when a man came riding along the road, and as soon as Mary saw him she knew he was somebody; but perhaps it will be too long a story;" and Janet began to arrange dresses in a wardrobe.

"No, no; as you have begun it, I want to hear the end; but quick, for there's the room to see and the rest of the Lodge before it grows dark. What like was he?"

"He wass a man that looked as if he would be commanding, but his clothes were common grey, and stained with the road. He wass very tired, and could hardly hold himself up in the saddle, and his horse wass covered with foam.

"'Is this Tochty Lodge?' he asked, softening his voice as one trying to speak humbly. 'I am passing this way, and have a message for Mistress Carnegie; think you that I can have speech of her quietly?'

"So Mary will go up and tell the lady that one wass waiting to see her, and that he seemed a noble gentleman. When they came down to the courtyard he had drawn water for his horse from the well, and wass giving him to drink, thinking more of the beast that had borne him than of his own need, as became a man of birth.

"At the sight of the lady he took off his bonnet and bowed low, and asked if he might have a private audience, to which Mistress Carnegie replied, 'We are private here,' and asked, 'Have you been with my son?'

"'We fought together for the Prince three days since— my name is Perth. I am escaping for my life, and desire a brief rest, if it please you, and bring no danger to your house.'

"'Ye had been welcome, my Lord Duke,' and Mary used to show how her mistress straightened herself, 'though you were the poorest soldier that had drawn his sword for the good cause, and ye will stay here till it be safe for you to escape to France.'

"He was four weeks hidden in the room, and although the soldiers searched all the house, they could never find the place, and Mrs. Carnegie put scorn upon them, asking why they did her so much honour and whom they sought. Oh yes, it wass a cunning place for the bad times, and you will be pleased to see it."

"And the secret, Janet," cried Kate, her hand upon the door; "you know it quite well."

"So does the General, Catherine of my heart," said Janet, "and he will be liking to show it himself."

So Kate departed in a rage, and gave orders that there be no more delay, for she would not spend an afternoon seeking for rat-holes.

"No rat-hole, Kit, but a very fair chamber for a hunted man; it is twenty years and more since this door opened last, for none knows the trick of it save Janet and myself. There it goes."

A panel in the back of the cabinet slid aside behind its neighbor and left a passage through which one could squeeze himself with an effort.

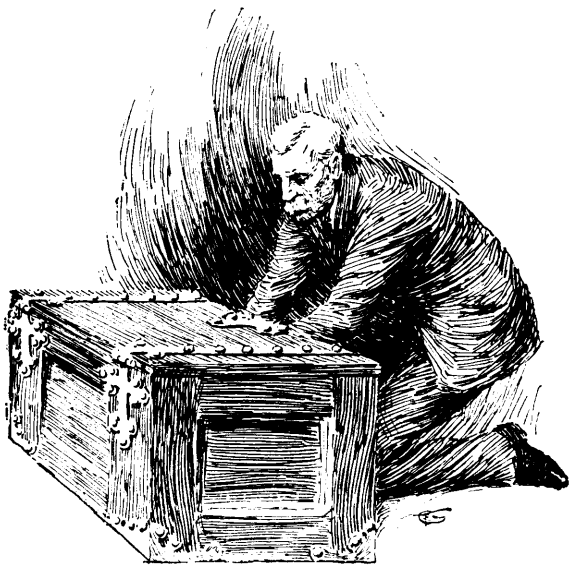
"We go up a stair now, and must have light; a candle will do; the air is perfectly pure, for there's plenty of ventilation;" and then they crept up by steps in the thickness of the walls, till they stood in a chamber under six feet high, but otherwise as large as the bedroom below. The walls were lined with wood, and there were two tiny slits that gave air, but hardly any light. The only furniture in the room was an oaken chest, clasped with iron and curiously locked.

"Our plate chest, Kit; but there's not

much silver and gold it, worse luck for you lassie; in fact, we're a pack of fools to set store by it. There's nothing in the kist but some old clothes, and perhaps some buckles and such like. I dare say there is a lock of hair also. Some day we will have a look inside."

"To-day, instantly," and Kate shook her father. "You are a dreadful hypocrite, for I can see that you would rather Tochty were burned down than this box be lost. Are there any relics of Prince Charlie in it? Quick."

"Be patient; it's a difficult key to turn; there now;" but there was not much to see—only pieces of woollen cloth tightly folded down.



"IT'S A DIFFICULT KEY TO TURN."

"Call Janet, Kate, for she ought to see this opening, and we 'ill carry everything down to my room, for no one could tell what like things are in this gloom.

"Yes, Perth lived here for weeks, and used to go up to the gallery where Black John's mother sat with her maid; but the son was hiding in the North, and never reached his house till he came to die."

First of all they came upon a ball dress of the former time, of white silk, with a sash of Macpherson tartan, besides much fine lace.

"That is a dress your grandmother wore as a bride at the Court of Versailles in the seventies. She was only a lassie, and seemed like her husband's daughter. The Prince danced with her, and they counted the dress something to be kept, and that night Lochiel and Cluny also had a reel with Sheena Carnegie, while Black John looked like a young man, for he had been too sorely wounded to be able to dance with her himself." And then the General carried down with his own hands a Highland gentleman's evening dress, trews of the Royal tartan, and a velvet coat with silver buttons, and a light plaid of fine cloth.

"And this was her husband's dress that night; but why the Stewart tartan?"

"No, lassie, that is the suit the Prince wore at Holyrood, where he gave a great ball after Prestonpans, and danced with the Edinburgh ladies. It was smuggled across to France at last with other things of the Prince's, and he gave it to Carnegie.

"It will remind you of our great days," he said, "when the Stewarts saw their friends in Mary's Palace."

Last of all, the General lifted out a casket and laid it on his table. Within it was a brooch, such as might once have been worn either by a man or a woman; diamonds set in gold, and in the midst, a lock of fair hair.

"Is it really, father? . . ." And Kate took the jewel in her hand.

"Yes, the Prince's hair—his wedding present to Sheena Macpherson."

Kate kissed it fervently, and passed it

to Janet, who placed it carefully in the box, while the General made believe to laugh.

"Your mother wore the brooch on great occasions, and you will do the same, Kit, for auld lang syne. There are two or three families left in Perthshire that will like to see it on your breast."

"Yes, and there will maybe be more than two or three that will like to see the lady that wears it." This from Janet.

"Your compliments are a little late, and you may keep them to yourself, Janet; it would have been kinder to tell me. . . . ."

"Tell you what?" And the General looked very provoking.

"I hate to be beaten." Kate first looked angry, and then laughed. "What else is there to see?"

"There is the gallery, which is the one feature in our poor house, and we will try to reach it from the Duke's hiding place, for it was a cleverly designed hole, and had its stair up as well as down." And then they all came out into one of the strangest rooms you could find in Scotland, and one that left a pleasant picture in their minds who had seen it lit of a winter night, and the wood burning on the hearth, and Kate dancing a reel with Lord Hay or some other brisk young man, while the General looked on from one of the deep window recesses.

The gallery extended over the hall and Kate's drawing-room, and measured fifty feet long from end to end. The upper part of the walls was divided into compartments by an arcading, made of painted pilasters and flat arches. Each compartment had a motto, and this was on one side of the fireplace:

A · nice · wyfe · and
A · back doore
Oft · maketh · a rich
Man · poore.

And on the other:

Give liberalye
To neidfvl · folke ·
Denye · nane · of ·
Them · al · for · litle
Thow · knawest · heir
In · this lyfe · of what
Chaunce · may · the
Befall.

The glory of the gallery, however, was its ceiling, which was of the seventeenth century work, and so wonderful that many learned persons used to come and study it. After the great disaster when the Lodge was sold and allowed to fall to pieces, this fine work went first, and now no one examining its remains could have imagined how wonderful it was, and in its own way how beautiful. This ceiling was of wood, painted, and semi-elliptical in form, and one wet day, when we knew not what else to do, Kate and I counted more than three hundred panels. It was an arduous labor for the neck, and the General refused to help us; but I am sure that we did not make too many, for we worked time about, while the General took note of the figures, and our plan was that each finished his tale of work at some amazing beast, so that we could make no mistake. Some of the panels were circles, and they were filled in with coats-of-arms; some were squares and they contained a bestiary of that day. It was hard indeed to decide whether the circles or the squares were more interesting. The former had the arms of every family in Scotland that had the remotest connection with the Carnegies, and besides swept in a wider field, comprising David, King of Israel, who was placed near Hector of Troy, and Arthur of Brittany not far from Moses—all of whom had appropriate crests and mottoes. In the centre were the arms of our Lord Christ as Emperor of Judea, and the chief part of them was the Cross. But it came upon one with a curious shock to see this coat among the shields of Scottish nobles.

There were beasts that could be recognized at once, and these were sparingly named; but others were astounding, and above them were inscribed titles such as these: Shoe-lyon, Musket, Ostray; and one fearsome animal in the centre was designated the Ram of Arabia. This display of heraldry and natural history was reinforced by the cardinal virtues in seventeeth century dress: Charitas as an elderly female of extremely forbidding aspect, receiving two very imperfectly clad children; and Temperantia as a furious-looking person—male on the whole rather than female—pouring some liquor—surely water—from a jug into a cup, with averted face, and leaving little to be desired. The afternoon sun shining in through a western window and lingering among the black and white tracery, so that the marking of a shield came into relief or a beast suddenly glared down on one, had a weird, old-world effect.

"It's half an armoury and half a menagerie," said Kate, "and I think we 'ill have tea in the library with the windows open to the Glen." And so they sat together in quietness, with books of heraldry and sport and ancient Scottish classics and such like round them, while Janet went out and in.

"So Donald has been obliged to leave his kirk;" for Kate had not yet forgiven Janet. "He says it's very bad here; I hope you won't go to such a place."

"What would Donald Macdonald be saying against it?" enquired Janet, severely.

"Oh, I don't remember—lots of things. He thought you were making too much of the minister."

"The minister iss a good man, and hass some Highland blood in him, though he hass lost his Gaelic, and he will be very pleasant in the house.

"If I wass seeing a sheep, and it will be putting on this side and that, and quarrelling with everybody, do you know what I will be thinking?"

"That's Donald, I suppose; well?"

"I will say to myself, that sheep iss a goat." And Janet left the room with the laurels of victory.

(To be continued.)

THE JUDGE'S GUINEA.

One of Life's Common Tragedies.

BY CHAS. P. DWIGHT.

IN a quiet little side street, some few moments walk from the main thoroughfare, stood a small, squatty, low-roofed edifice, known to the inhabitants of Hackett's Corners as Jacques Inn. Having been erected some years before the advent of the railway into that part of the country, Jacques Inn was ill-suited to cope with the more modern requirements of travel, and in consequence soon lost its prestige as the leading house of its kind in town. Other and more commodious structures had sprung up, and the little hotel was gradually forced into a back seat. Notwithstanding its disadvantages in this respect, however, it still managed to thrive with tolerable success, and on the broad ground of its comparative antiquity was accorded a measure of local patronage that served to keep it in comfortable existence. Besides this, Jacques Inn had long enjoyed an enviable reputation as the permanent abode of some of the best and foremost men in the community; a fact which in itself lent it an air of quiet respectability that was altogether beyond reproach. Some said that Jacques death was directly attributable to the galling effects of beholding the town grow steadily away from him rather than around him, as he had fondly hoped might be the case; but, whatever the truth of this, the old man's heart would probably have rejoiced, had he lived long enough to learn how staunchly many of his old friends stood by their first love, and still made Jacques Inn their headquarters.

In Madam, he had left a worthy successor, and despite her positive forebodings at the time as to the utter ruin which must follow her good man's death, the fortunes of Jacques Inn proved as little amenable to her direful prophecy as had she herself.

Madam was a short, stocky little Frenchwoman, with sad, almond-shaped eyes of black, and a quiet, unobtrusive demeanor, that totally belied a certain snappishness of temper which occasionally came to the surface when matters didn't run exactly right. On the whole, however, Jacques Inn was probably as well ordered a little house under her direction as it had ever been, and was indeed just such a place as one might expect Judge Arnton to choose as his permanent abode.

No less a dignitary than the Schoolmaster had also lived at Jacques Inn for the past thirteen years, and the stories told of his wondrous knowledge and powers of argumentation revealed a respect for this old fellow that was universal and profound. When thoroughly aroused, old Kenny had been known to emphasize his remarks with a quotation from the classics in a manner that had long since established his reputation as a scholar of marked attainments. There were few, indeed, who ever ventured on such dangerous ground, and probably the only man who had ever been known to cope with him with any degree of success was the Judge, when honors were so evenly divided that the point at issue would often become a theme of such absorbing controversy among the lesser lights who frequented Jacques Inn of an evening, that a free fight was not an uncommon result.

The Judge was somewhat more a

man of the world in his language and logic than old Kenny, and, as he strutted up and down the little bar-room of Jacques Inn, with long, flowing, white beard, and eyes that seemed to fairly blaze with righteous indignation behind a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, his figure was nothing if not impressive. Tall and erect, he paraded the streets of the little town with an air of such conscious and aggressive superiority, that few ever ventured to cross his path but with fear and trepidation, although those who knew him best often declared that behind this stern front the Judge was by no means an unkindly old soul. With the general public, however, he seemed moved for some mysterious reason to assume a vast amount of importance, and endeavored to exact a measure of personal deference towards himself that occasionally gave rise to little misunderstandings of a very serious nature, for, along with his other qualities, the Judge was a man of war through and through, and was seldom known to descend with any grace from the self-erected pedestal of dignity upon which he invariably stood.

Besides these there was yet another couple who went to make up the complete list of Madam's permanent boarders, and who, together with the Judge and old Kenny, formed a quartette in which she took a peculiar pride. The Major, alias "Bobby," a certain wiry, dried-up old patriarch of the plains, who from time immemorial had eked out a harmless existence in the neighborhood; and Attorney Moss, the solitary legal light of the place, had also made Jacques Inn their headquarters for as far back as any one could remember. Of the four, however, the Judge was perhaps the only one whose fame had ever extended beyond the limits of the town. Having once carried all the fire of his energy into a political campaign which had resulted in an overwhelming victory for his party, the old fellow was in return rewarded with the office of Probate Judge for the county, a dignity the remembrance of which he fondly cherished to his dying day. In the minds of most people, however, his fame was more directly associated with a certain old Spade Guinea he possessed, and which he had been in the habit of exhibiting upon the slightest pretext for the past twenty years or more. Whether it was simply a hobby, or a genuine pride in possessing so rare a coin, no one was quite able to discern, nor did any amount of provocation seem sufficient to abstract the slightest explanation, as the following little incident will serve to show.

The Major was one morning seated by himself in his accustomed corner when Mr. Moss, with paper in hand, entered the bar-room, ensconsed himself by the window, and proceeded to peruse its contents, as he was daily wont to do.

"Have you set eyes on the Jedge yet?" asked the Major, with a peculiar twinkle in his eyes, before Mr. Moss was well settled in his chair.

"Not this morning, Major," replied Mr. Moss, looking up from his paper with an air of the utmost condescension, "nor do I for one moment pretend to keep track of such a man's movements."

"Well, sir, there was great goins' on here this mornin' atween the Jedge and old Kenny," continued the Major. "They had it hot, sir, and all about that old coin the Jedge is forever trottin' out, a' showin' around as though no one had ever seen it 'afore. Old Kenny was examinin' it again last night, and in some way the durn old thing disappeared. The funny part of it is the Jedge never missed it until this mornin', and when he came down to breakfast he was the wildest man you ever see. He swore he'd been robbed for sure, and when old Kenny commenced to laugh it off, he up and tells him he thinks he's got it himself. Well, sir, you'd jest orter seen old Kenny then. He swore and tore around fit to explode, but the Jedge

he jes' kep' right at him, and said he believed there'd been some underhand work sure. Well, sir, I never seed 'em at it worse—no, sir, never—and before they got through with it in marches Madame, and lays the coin down right in front of the Jedge's eyes, sayin' as how she'd found it under the table that mornin'. Well, sir, the Jedge's face were a perfect study—a perfect study, sir, and no mistake. 'Twere rich—very rich," and the Major laughed and croaked until his sides fairly ached. Mr. Moss never once looked up from his paper, however, nor evinced the slightest interest in Bobby, the Judge, or the unfortunate pedagogue. But his interest was none the less keen, and as he strode quietly down the street towards the ramshackle old dwelling he called his office, the picture he drew in his mind of that awful encounter between the Judge and old Kenny was one which afforded him an inward satisfaction he could ill conceal.

For fully a week afterwards the baneful effects of this little encounter were painfully apparent in both old Kenny and the Judge. Indeed their bearing towards one another became so painfully savage that a second explosion seemed inevitable, for the remembrance of the occasion rankled in the bosom of each in such a way that had it not been for an event transpiring about that time which finally served to clear up the mystery of the Judge's Guinea, it would certainly have been difficult to predict the outcome.

A flurry of excitement had run through the town one afternoon as it became noised abroad that Death had stolen into their midst, and in the person of Mother Dolson removed a character long famous in and about the neighborhood of Hackett's Corners. Indeed her name was on everybody's lips, and the history of this wizened up old woman was a topic of the most earnest speculation among old and young alike. For years she had lived in the tumbled down remains of a solitary old hut on the outskirts of the town, where but few had ever visited her, and then only with the gravest misgivings, for the name of Mother Dolson carried with it a significance not lightly to be overlooked in the minds of a community as credulous at heart as were the good people of Hackett's Corners. Just exactly when or how she had happened to take up her abode in the neighborhood, none were quite able to say. From the crumbling chimney of the old hut some boys had one morning seen ascend a tiny curl of smoke. Attracted by a sight so unusual they ventured in, but the spectacle which greeted their eyes was one which caused them to turn on their heels, and trembling in every limb rush wildly home. An old woman, whose make-up they avowed was for all the world like that of a witch, was there squatted by a fire she had just kindled, mumbling and rubbing her hands in a manner that had almost caused their hair to stand on end. From that day on the name of Mother Dolson gradually became a byeword in the town for all that was weird and gruesome, and the stories told of her subtle powers were as numerous as they were startling.

Strange to say none had ever questioned her right to live in the isolated little hut she had chosen as her shelter, nor in any way molested her peace. In course of time it became whispered about that she was a most mysterious and successful combatant of nearly all the more common physical ailments peculiar to the neighborhood, and in this capacity she was accorded by many the most profound respect. Bobby, for instance, never tired of expatiating upon the wonderful cure she had wrought in his case, and declared that he had never once felt a twinge of rheumatism since the day he had first hobbled out to see her. Others, too, had the most implicit faith in the old woman's remedies, and some had gone so far as to hint that

even the Judge had paid her an occasional visit. Of this, however, no positive proof seemed forthcoming, and his indignant denial whenever the subject was broached left little room for further questioning on the point. There were, nevertheless, some who stoutly maintained that they had seen the Judge enter Mother Dolson's hut, and although never sufficiently venturesome to openly or directly tax him with what he himself had often declared to be a piece of shallow tomfoolery, there was a quiet, well founded belief in his inconsistency in this respect that no amount of denial could altogether upset.

Now, in point of fact, the Judge *had* paid many visits to the hut of Mother Dolson. Impelled first by curiosity, he had learnt from her random mutterings that the old woman possessed a knowledge of his native English county that puzzled him not a little, and caused him to return on a number of subsequent occasions, in the hope of being able to still further draw her out. But it was in vain that he endeavored to abstract any very definite information concerning her source of knowledge, or her early life. On these points she was obdurate, and when directly questioned would simply laugh and croak in his face in the most aggravating manner imaginable.

To Mr. Moss, the Judge had occasionally confided the secret of his visits to Mother Dolson's hut, and the curiosity he had long felt respecting the old woman's past, in the light of the knowledge she undoubtedly possessed regarding places and events well nigh forgotten in his own mind. The Judge had never been known to talk very freely of his own early days, so that when he asked Mr. Moss to accompany him one afternoon on a secret visit to the old woman's hut, the latter very readily acquiesced in the proposition; and together the two set out. After a curcuitous walk, intended by the Judge to conceal their real point of destination, they finally arrived at Mother Dolson's hut, and after considerable knocking were admitted. In squeaky tones she bade them enter and be seated, and as she busied herself over the fire preparing her mysterious potions for the sick and maimed, seemed to take but little heed of their presence, as the pair demurely sat in one corner watching her every movement. The Judge finally found courage to open fire, but the result of that momentous visit is better left to the telling of Mr. Moss. For it having leaked out that he and the Judge had witnessed the last great drama in the old woman's life, it certainly seemed incumbent on either one or the other that the event should be described with more or less minuteness.

Accordingly it was an eager little throng that assembled in Jacques Inn that evening, and listened with open mouthed interest as Mr. Moss again and again explained to them how the old woman, becoming carried away with the excitement of the moment, as the Judge eagerly plied her with innumerable questions, had toppled over in a faint and with the latter's name upon her lips, expired. The exact nature of the interrogation to which the Judge had subjected her, Mr. Moss, for some reason or other withheld, but his rambling story finished, there were few who had not supplied the missing links.

"It seems hard to believe," said Mr. Moss, after he had finished describing the event itself, "knowing Mother Dolson as we did, that she was ever anything else but what she seemed. Hard indeed," he continued, "to picture her as ever having been young for instance, or in fact anything else but what she was. But, gentlemen, there is more under the sun than you or I ever dreamt of, and of all enigmas in this world a woman's life often presents the strangest."

With this introduction it seemed plain that Mr. Moss was thoroughly alive to the importance of his undertaking. His profession demanded an

able presentment of a case so serious, and he was determined to show those present something of his keen insight into human ways. Laying his hat on the bar, and clearing his throat for the effort, he proceeded with the story in such slow and measured tones that it might have been the life of a client for whom the old Attorney was pleading,—so earnest and fraught with pathos was his manner.

"Long, long years ago," he went on, "in a little English village across the seas, lived a maiden fair and good, into whose ears was one day poured the old, old story, of a young man's love,—a love so strong, and broad and deep that the maiden's heart was powerless to resist the charm, and into the mesh the two were headlong drawn. Possessed of boundless ambition but of immature judgment, this young man seemed to make but little headway in his struggle for existence, and court Fortune as he would, She ever seemed to frown and shrug her shoulders in mocking derision at his misdirected efforts. Wilful and headstrong, he possessed but little patience, and when temptation one day crosssed his path he stumbled and fell. 'Twas a pleasant fall, he thought,—a gentle descent into a veritable bed of roses, for with the mere scratch of a pen had he not now secured what months of hard and grinding toil seemed bent upon withholding? Wildly exuberant, he almost defied the world, as with heart unnaturally light he planned the most lavish preparations for his bridal day, and she whom he was at last to claim for his own, exulted with him in his great joy.

"It was but a shortlived bliss, however, for like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky there one day came disclosure; and the grim monster, Law, pointing her finger in scorn at the young man, pronounced him Felon. 'Twas for love for her,' he madly protested, 'and surely it cannot be a crime,' but still the finger pointed in relentless accusation. It was indeed a cruel awakening from a roseate dream, and madly did the young man curse his fate. Forever branded in the eyes of the world, but worst of all debarred by crime from the object of his passion, he knew not where to look for solace and cast about him as one in a dream. With lightning-like rapidity, however, there came a grim determination to cheat at any cost the prison of its prey, and with a swiftness born of fear he planned a flight. One little secret parting, in which was mingled untold misery, the exchange of two small tokens in remembrance of their happy dream, and all was over. Across the seas the young man went, but the love in the maiden's heart lived on. Beside it all else was a dream. Alone it lived and absorbed her very soul. And, as secretly and swiftly as he had planned escape from the consequences of his crime, so she in time, impelled by a love now deeper than ever, set madly out in search of him who had gone before.

"Well, the story of the long and bitter years that followed,—of the hopes and disappointments in the one great passion of this woman's life, may better be imagined than told. Suffice it that the Angel of Death has to-day rounded out her long career, though not before her dim and aged eyes had knowingly rested once again upon the idol of that maiden's heart.

"'See!' she faintly whispered, pulling from out her bosom a queer little trinket, fastened to the end of a string. 'I have thy token, man! Hast thou the guinea?' For all doubt seemed now dispelled, and ——,"

"Enough! Enough!"

It was the Judge who here interrupted Mr. Moss. Quietly he had sat and listened to the story, until his pent-up emotions could withstand the strain no longer. Tremulously rising to his feet, the old man stood before them all, with eyes bedimmed and head bowed, while, with the guinea held between his fingers he told them in humble tones of an early love, and

how in the madness of his passion he had blighted with a crime his cherished hope, and had then fled. "But this," he said, holding the coin on high, "well,—— you know it's secret now," and the silence that followed his words was first broken by a sigh from Bobby, who wisely declared that "'twere a mighty queer world we live in, arter all."

MY CANADA!

MY Canada!
I would that I, thy child, might frame
A song half worthy of thy name.
Proudly I say—
This is our country, strong, and broad, and grand,
This is our Canada, our native land!

My Canada!
'Tis meet that all the world should know
How far thy sweeping rivers flow,
How fair to-day
Thy bonnie lakes upon thy bosom lie,
Their faces laughing upward to the sky.

My Canada!
We look alway with love and pride
Upon thy forests deep and wide,
And gladly say
"There giant fellows, mighty grown with age,
Are part and parcel of our heritage."

My Canada!
So rich in glow and bracing air,
With meadows stretching everywhere.
With garden gay,
With smiling orchards, sending forth to greet
Full breaths of perfume from their burdens sweet.

My Canada!
Thou art not old, thou art not skilled,
But through the ages youth hath thrilled;
'Tis dawn with thee,
Thou hast a glorious promise, and thy powers
Are measured only by the golden hours.

My Canada!
What thou art now we know full well,
What thou wilt grow to be, ah! who can tell?
We see to-day
Thy lithe form running swiftly in the race,
For all the things which older lands do grace.

My Canada!
With loyal sons to take thy part,
To hold thee shrined within the heart,
Proudly we say,
"This is our country, strong, and broad, and grand,
"God guard thee Canada, our native land!"

JEAN BLEWETT.

SEA DREAMS.

J. EDWARD MAYBEE.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, strategems, and spoils.
Let no such man be trusted.
—*Merchant of Venice.*

OUTSIDE a winter wind whistled and howled. Within a genial warmth and comfortable surroundings made the storm a scarce thought of incident to me leaning idly back in my easy chair.

The room was in darkness save that through an opening in the portieres a gleam of light streamed in a golden bar across the carpet. Day dreams and "castles in Spain" flitted vaguely before me, scarce interfered with by the sudden hissing of powdered snow against the panes as a furious blast rattled doors and windows, or marred by the indications of human presence in the adjoining room.

Fancy followed fancy and thoughts as idle and vagrant as the foam bells on a summer sea gave place to others as little worth. Gradually a train of melancholy meditation usurped the place of vagrant imaginings, and as a veil of mist blends all nature into one indeterminate blur, so a shade of sadness tinged my every reflection.

Suddenly, as I mused, a few preliminary chords sounded from the piano in the next room and then the invisible player glided into the soft, soothing strains of the "Pastoral Symphony" from the "Messiah."

Clear and calm the music flowed into the room full of hope and of the promise of help and comfort to all mankind. As at the command of a great Omnipotence, I was transported in spirit far from the influence of my brooding melancholy, and surrounding realities faded away "like the unsubstantial fabric of a dream." In fancy I was alone on the deck of a little yacht, just as the dawn was breaking in the distant east.

To the north the land loomed dark and indistinct, but the pearly radiance already faintly revealed lights and half-tones which promised the future unfolding of beauties yet concealed. A faint air aloft just gave steerage way and the boat stole noiselessly through the glassy water, ruffled and darkened here and there with transient catpaws. The sky was clear save for some high-floating cirrhus clouds in the west, tinted like mother-of-pearl by the rays of the yet unrisen sun.

Ahead still twinkled the yellow glare of a lighthouse, a friend whose past services were soon to be forgotten in rejoicings at the coming day. All things spoke of the old order of things rapidly passing away, and hinted at the reign of brightness, and beauty, and gladness soon to begin.

As I stood there on the dewy decks, there came upon me a spirit of thankfulness that the darkness of night was past and the voices of nature whispered to me, in many tongues, the *leit motif* of the dawn, Promise and Hope.

Still as I gazed, the scene vanished and resolved itself into clouds of rolling mist which, it seemed to me, were formed of the ultimate elements of all the fancies and experiences which form a yachtsman's life.

The music had changed and as the new theme was borne in upon my consciousness the rolling clouds took shape and again presented to me a scene of which I seemed a part.

A cheerful allegro movement filled my ears, changing as the vision gained

reality to the merry pipings of nature's songsters, greeting the smiling morn.

Our yacht lay moored close beside the reedy bank of a small river, winding its way to the lake through grassy meadows fringed with tall rushes and the glossy leaves and white blossoms of the arrowhead. To the right a small bluff crowned with trees approached closely the main stream, while a small tributary skirted its flank and gave its all unmurmuringly to the unconscious river.

From branch to branch of the overhanging trees a kingfisher darted, piercing with his beady eyes the depths of the placid stream. The old legend has it that fourteen days of calm and tranquility were granted by Zeus to the grateful earth while the kingfisher was brooding on its nest,—halycon days for which the bird was ever to be held in loving estimation.

Beside me stood a kindred spirit. "See," he said, "the symbol of our happy days. May we form as truly a part of the harmony of nature as he does, and so make life worth living."

In the dewy meadow a red-shouldered blackbird flitted about from shrub to shrub, through the long grasses, musically rustling in the morning breeze. Around the boat, dragon flies darted and hovered like "living flashes of light," or settled on the flower heads of the water crowfoot, their irridescent bodies scintillating in the sun like polished gems.

All around was light and life, and insensate indeed would we have been if we too could not have joined in the universal anthem of thanksgiving offered up by nature in a temple grander than any made by human hands.

The music which had been as it were a subtle tint diffusing itself through the colors of the vision, changed once more and the picture faded and vanished.

The finale of the Tannhauser Overture was filling the room. Sounds of conflict, the exhiliration of battle, and a note of triumph were in the swelling strains. The heart beat faster, the breath came quicker, and a proud sense of the power of achievement filled my being to the brim.

Ha! What is this? A broad and tossing sea, flashing to the horizon in tumbling mounds of emerald, capped with hissing white. Overhead great clouds lined in dazzling snow rush past the golden chariot of old Helios and momentarily darken the heaving emerald into deepest sapphire. The wind whistles boisterously past the leaping craft, whose rigging hums in Æolian tones to the touch of the wind god.

The fresh breeze blows abeam, and now and then a larger wave springs at the yacht, like an angry dog at the throat of a hunted stag. Broad on the bow it strikes, and the good ship shudders to the blow. Halfway up the mainsail flies the dazzling spray, irridescent to the kiss of the sun. Fore and aft the broken water runs, streaming in rivers round the skylight and companion. "This will not do!" "Luff her in time to the next."

Again a hissing wave springs madly at her, but a ready hand is on the tiller, and gracefully the good ship throws her bowsprit heavenward and then plunges unharmed down the far side of the white-capped wave now rolling away astern.

On the water-darkened decks the crew are stretched, clad in glistening yellow oilskins. Every sun-tanned face is set tense with the passion of the conquest of the sea, and from each eye flashes a light that shows every heart full of the intoxication of the mad, rushing, dazzling life of it all.

Ah! These are moments when one *lives:* better to know such, and then —good-bye—rather than stagnate in years of mere existence. At such times man feels like a god, but, alas! they cannot last. The great sea is as changeable as a half-tamed lion

of the desert which at one minute lies humbled in subjection to the will of a fearless keeper, and at the next turns and rends him in the moment of his victory.

The mournful strains of the Miserere are now sounding in my ears, and are still with me as I stand on a lonely shore looking out on the sullenly heaving waters of an erstwhile storm-tossed lake.

The sun had almost disappeared, but the heavy clouds massed in the west are still lurid with his rays. Here and there the oily top of a swell takes a bloody tint from the reflection of the sky, and one shudders at the idea that it is the blood spilt in a great battle.

A grim battle, indeed, there has been, and many this day have fought their last fight with the mighty waters. Do you not see? There! The broken spar of some goodly vessel sticking out from a wave hollow, like the arm of a drowning man thrown up as he sinks for the last time. An arm, indeed, it is, held up in mute appeal to heaven against the cruelty of the sea.

The sea has triumphed, but in the moment of victory its mood has changed, and in the cavernous base of the cliff at my feet the waves are sobbing a requiem for the dead blending in mighty harmony with the strains of man-born music still sounding in my ears.

Another story is welling from the instrument, responsive to the trained touch of the musician, who, all unconsciously, has been playing on the strings of my heart.

The peace that passeth all understanding is in it, and balm for troubled hearts. It speaks of purity and rest and love, and carries relief for world-worn souls momentarily tired of the battle of life.

In my dream I am alone on the dark waters. "The floor of Heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold," and pale Diana with her silver touch is brightening into beauty all the jarring ugliness the pitiless sun reveals. Like ivory are the sleeping sails, swelling into beauty like the rounded loveliness of a fair woman. Silver ropes throw inky shadows across the whitened decks into the darkness to leeward.

A light breeze is blowing, which builds on the ruffled waters a bridge of silver to the foot of the star-encircled throne of the goddess of night. Softly tinkling from the stem is a little spurt of spray, falling in drops, like pearls from the mouth of the gracious princess of the fairy tale.

Save the gentle lapping of the water all is still, and in the great hush of nature some of the "harmony that is in immortal souls" bursts in broken chords through "the muddy vesture of decay" which "doth so grossly close it in."

The music ceased. The vision vanished, and with a sigh I heard again the soughing winds, the hissing snow and distant tinkling of sleigh bells, but within me was the afterglow of the day-dreams evoked by music's mighty spell, and my spirit came back to earth refreshed and lifted up by the fleeting visions in memory's magic mirror.

THE CHURCH'S FATAL MISTAKE.

BY W. A. DOUGLASS, B.A.

CHRISTIANITY appeals not to a single faculty, but to the many sides of the nature of man. Emotion alone seeks ecstatic spiritual exaltation, or degenerates into mawkish sentimentality; intellectuality alone is frigid; enthusiasm alone is all canvas without rudder or chart. In all these respects errors are committed again and again; but perhaps the most momentous error of the Christian church to-day is the disregard of social rights and duties.

The theory of nearly all, if not all, evangelistic efforts, is wholly individualistic. "Save the individual," says the preacher, "bring to bear on him such influences as will develop and strengthen in him all that is holiest and best; let him yield up his life to his highest ideals of duty, and imbue his soul with thoughts and sentiments the loveliest and the purest. As society is composed of individuals, if we can succeed in bringing every one to this glorious condition, then the whole of society must be all right."

This doctrine seems so self-evident, so much like a mere truism, that the overwhelming majority of people accept it at once unquestioningly as axiomatic. A few illustrations will show the fatal character of this insiduous error.

"Get the best of bricks," said the architect, "if you wish me to erect a splendid structure, procure me the best of materials. If every part of the building is good, the whole must be good; for the whole is made up of the parts. Adjustment, arrangement and adaptation are of no importance." "Bring me stalwart soldiers," said the general, "men with muscles of iron, nerves of steel, and souls that know no fear. The army consists of men, and if every man is good, the whole army must be good. Strategy, tactics and organization—to the winds with these; they are of no consequence."

As a building is a great deal more than a pile of bricks, as an army is a great deal more than a mass of soldiers, so society is a great deal more than a mere aggregation of individuals.

Society is an organization, an adaptation of parts to one another, an adjustment. Just as bad architecture will ruin any building in spite of the goodness of the materials, just as bad organization will ruin any army in spite of the goodness of the soldiers, so bad adjustment will vitiate humanity in spite of the goodness of individuals.

No more fatal would be the mistake of the architect who would ignore adjustment; no more fatal would be the error of the general who would ignore strategy, than is the error of expecting to evangelize humanity, while ignoring the doctrines of social rights and social relationships. "Make the individual good," says the evangelist, "and society will be all right. "Adjust society aright," says the secular socialist, "and the individuals will be all right." Each of these expresses but a segment of the truth. To beget the richest fruition of a perfected manhood we must unite these two segments in the bonds of a holy unity; we want individual good, but we cannot obtain this in an environment of injustice.

What is social adjustment? What is social relationship? What are social ethics?

"I believe in God the Father, maker of heaven and earth." Such are the

initial words with which the universal Christian Church utters the acknowledgment of its belief. But if we really believe this declaration, there are many other things we must necessarily believe also. The laws of thought are as inexorable as the laws of the physical universe. If, therefore, we believe in the fatherhood of God, we must also believe in the brotherhood of man; from this there is no escape. And if we believe in the "maker" of heaven and earth, we cannot believe that the earth is manufactured as men make a stock of goods, or that it is raised as men raise a crop of wheat.

The moment, therefore, that we proclaim the doctrine of the fatherhood and the doctrine of the creation, do we not by that very act unfold to humanity certain truths of universal application and of overwhelming importance? Is it not a declaration to every man:—"Your father and creator for you?" Does it not at once place every one on an initial plane of equality—equality in sonship and equality to the rights of sonship! namely, heirship? Would any one dare to stand in the presence of any assembly and declare the contradictory of this? Would he dare assert that God is the father of a part of humanity only; that he created this world for the benefit of only a few, and that the rest are not equally the children of the Eternal Father, and not equally the heirs to His bounties?

Here, therefore, we have the basal idea of social relationship; the initial principle according to which we must erect our social structure; namely the right of all humanity to be recognized equally as the children of God, and equally the heirs to His bounties. Any denial of this doctrine is fatal to the fundamental and essential spirit of Christianity, and makes "our dearly beloved brethren" become the saddest of burlesques.

The grandest summaries of moral truths have been stated by the world's Master Teacher in two ethical equations. "As ye would that men should do unto you, so do ye also unto them." Whatever rights and privileges you desire for yourself, you must be willing to concede equally to your neighbor, "Love your neighbor as yourself." The altruism must be equal to the egoism. Here Christ strikes the true measure and the true application of the principle of equality, and these principles at once smite at all ideas of special privilege, special advantage, or of special monopoly.

Here we have principles of relationship, universal and eternal. The lapse of time, the revolutions in the methods of production, the changes in form of government can never abrogate or annul these primary and fundamental principles—equality of sonship and equality of heirship to the works of the Creator.

It makes no matter by what process, in the course of history, these principles may have been discarded or ignored, whether by the brutish arbitrament of the sword, or by the calmer methods of legislation, we must always recognize the fact that any law or ordinance that conflicts with these principles is antagonistic to Christianity; and the equities demand its rectification as speedily as possible.

In face of these principles of equality of right to the gifts of the Creator, what shall we declare respecting the system which now permits one part of society to say to the rest: "This earth is ours." If you wish a place for your home, for your shop, for your food, you will kindly pay us for the privilege. The crop you raise, the goods you produce, the products that result from your industry, belong not to you, but you must surrender part of them to us for permission to occupy the earth."

Now, here is an extraordinary relationship. When a man builds a ship, erects a building, clears and improves a farm, raises a crop, furnishes goods, then that he should charge for these

improvements, that he should demand service or product in return, that he should expect enrichment for enrichment is fully in accord with the golden rule and the equities of brotherhood; but that a man should say: "Pay me for that which the Creator furnished," is not a doctrine of equity, an exchange of service for service, but a claim for servitude and tribute.

How can a man ever in equity acquire the right to charge his fellows for the occupation of the earth, for that which he never produced or for that to which he has made no improvement.

The oversight of this principle is working out its terrible results and menacing humanity with dire disaster. When a few families, without bearing any of the burdens of civilization, can revel in the wealth of multi-millionaires, produced by the toil of their fellows, when a few men can claim as theirs all the fuel deposits of a continent, when some men in the large cities can claim for the rental of land alone, hundreds of thousands of dollars per acre yearly, and when at the same time, thousands upon thousands of people thus despoiled scarcely know how, even with the severest toil, to maintain the dignity of the humblest kind of a home; when every increase in population increases the power of plutocracy to lay industry under great tribute; when every improvement in mechanism, every improvement in transportation, every improvement in organization forces the prices of commodities down, intensifying competition where competition is already too great, and gives a greater purchasing power to every dollar of the millionaire; when we thus widen the ever growing distance between the palace and the hut, what can be more sad than the terrible mockery with which we thus separate humanity into a mastery and a serfdom and then ask them to repeat, "Dearly beloved brethren," what a travesty of Christianity does this present to the heathen world!

Civilization means specialization. The homogeneous differentiates into the heterogeneous. The savage is a universal mechanic, but makes no progress. The civilized man follows one line only, but he mounts from the canoe to the ocean greyhound, from the pack horse to the locomotive, from the drivelling superstition of astrology to the marvellous triumphs of modern astronomy. As men specialize so localities specialize; here is mining, there is lumbering; here is power and manufacturing, there is harbor and commerce. Society organizes and concentrates in those places which have special advantages for special purposes. Wherever the advantage is the greatest, there population grows most dense and land value rises to its highest figures. Land value is the peculiar product of civilized, organized society. Its origin and its continuance is due to the presence of the multitude. What does honesty demand should be the destination of this peculiar value? As the value of the crop honestly belongs to the man who raised it, so the value of the land honestly belongs to the community that causes it.

Let this value go to individuals and we inevitably split society into hostile ranks, the master living by the sweat of another man's brow, and the servant bearing all the burdens of civilization, but excluded from enjoying the benefits thereof. Brotherhood and equity are annulled.

Organized Christianity to-day sees labor despoiled and degraded, she sees the brotherhood of man ignored, and she silently acquiesces. She urges men to honesty, but maintains a system which inevitably deprives the producer of a part of the produce of his industry. She prays for peace, but leaves in activity the forces that beget antagonisms, which at times culminate in strikes, riots and lock-outs. She lauds honest industry, but pays homage to the wealthy speculator who gives her liberally of his unearned wealth.

"To every man his due," said the apostle, and for centuries the scribes and the Pharisees have fought over the inanities of theological refinements and barren definitions; but how to secure to every man his due, how to make the brotherhood not a mere empty platitude, but a living reality, is still the unattained.

NONDESCRIPT.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON, (MADGE MERTON.)

THE woman who is not liked by other women is not unseldom seen. Sometimes she is beautiful. Sometimes she is attractive. Sometimes she is a celebrity in art, literature, philanthropy, or music. But whatever may be her charms, she is lacking in her best having—her innate womanliness—if she is not liked by women. All good women admire womanliness. Women, too, discern its lack more quickly than do men. This is not a discredit to men, for they, in their turn, are more acute in the perception of manliness among their male fellow-creatures.

It is often admitted by a woman that she has no friends among women, and that all her friends are men. It is noticeable, too, that when a woman admits this, she does it rather boastingly as to herself, and rather deprecatingly as to the rest of her sex. She feels none of the shame which should cover her after such a confession. She rather glories in thus setting herself out of her natural place, and herding herself with men. She fancies far too often that she is superior to all the other women—that her gifts of nature, or attainments of intellect, place her above and beyond them. She measures herself by men's standard. Her womanliness and the attachment of women are gone from her at the same time. She sees it, and doubts not that the fault is theirs. She declares them to be unappreciative of her, or—jealous of her. Then she straightway increases the distance between herself and them. She is rude to those of her own sex, or indifferent, or condescending. They resent it, and the gulf widens.

No unhappier woman can be conceived of than the one who has drawn away from her own kind, who has no friends among women, who exchanges for honest, womanly sympathy and appreciation the half-contemptuous court and unwholesome flattery which some men amuse themselves by paying.

A thoroughly womanly woman will ennoble any work of which she puts herself alongside. It is true some women scorn women-workers, but the best women do not. They understand and sympathize with them. There is no need for a woman to draw away from others of her sex, because she works for her living. She ought to draw the nearer to them. Then, if at any time, she needs womanly sympathy and womanly counsel, she will be able to secure it. The measuring of so much work for so much money hardens one. Women who disdain those of their own sex grow harder still, and suspicious. A mannish woman is a failure.

She who keeps her womanliness, and who sees the good in other women, is sure of their confidence. She has the esteem of all women, the friendship of a few; the respect of all men,

and, if God is generous to her, the honest love of one man.

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Women are dying in many countries of a disease which the doctors do not diagnose. It is a curable disease —the causes can be attacked and dispatched without much delay, if only the patient be willing. She is, however, generally unwilling. This disease is contagious—very. There is a deal of inflammation about it, and varieties of delirium. Sometimes its effect is a life of lingering discomfort, often a speedy death, in which latter case the burial certificate does not tell the whole truth

The disease is "big house." The idea of many women seems to be the getting of a bigger house than can be rightly afforded, and the filling of that house with more furniture than can be used. Once the idea is realized, they barter their happiness on earth for the cares of a junk shop, and spend their eternity in being sorry.

Some women live too much for the neighbors on the other side of the street, the casual callers, or the dyed-in-the-wool "good house-keepers" of their name and a past generation.

They sacrifice comfort to show, and offer up their health to the worrisome little god of exact house-keeping. It is not to be denied that some women keep house in so particular a way that the house is the only thing which they can keep. They fail to keep their husbands or their boys at home; they cannot keep their servants or their tempers; they keep mental count of nothing but the number of their various sets of spoons, and take notice of none of the shifting affairs of life, beyond dust on drawing-room mantels and fashions in lamp shades.

Now there are excuses for big houses. The most palpable one is a big family. Entertaining requires a large house, but this pre-supposes a large income and servants. It is the woman of moderate means who sins against herself, and the very word home, when she apes an unwarranted importance in burdening herself with a large house.

It is such a pitiable confession of personal inferiority, if a woman must needs attract her circle of friends with the size of her house, the completeness of its equipments and the fatness of her purse. A woman will draw her own society to her, of her own power of attraction. That which comes by other means is far from being worth the having.

A house is the place to make a home, but it often happens that the more house there is, the less home can be found. Two rooms, or even one, can be made the very happiest and loveliest of homes if the wife so chooses.

The difficulty is that while the rich woman with a large income can maintain a large house and make a home of it, the woman with a small income makes it only a storehouse for things that are too expensive for her use, and while her strength is being taxed to take care of her white elephants, she has no time or inclination to make a home for the husband and for her little ones. She may have just as handsome a home, just as complete furnishings, but on herself comes the burden of work which the rich woman's servants do. The rich woman is free to make a home; the foolish, poorer one has no chance. She dusts and economizes, and pinches, and saves, till life is only one great misery and death cannot be much of an advantage.

Sometimes women look up wearily, and say: "I have no time to read, or go about; no time to think; no time for companionship with my husband; no time to make merry with my children;" then, with a dreary sigh, "But I do so like a big house, and it must be well kept."

The bitterness of it all is that the husband and children are neglected in order that this miserable makeshift made necessary by the climate, be kept in apple-pie order from garret to

cellar. And of course it must. No human being could decently argue for untidiness or dirt. The only hope of escape is in having less garret, less cellar, and less between them. The only hope of escape is in simplfying our way of living. It is not what we have, but what we are; what we strive for; what we hope for; what we think, that makes up our being. The things we gather about us through life, are only the paraphernalia of a journey. We commonly travel the more easily if we dispense with all luggage which is past our necessities. We get tangled with checking or registering our boxes and bundles. They fret us with the care they require. We scarcely have time to see what manner of country we are being hurried through, or how, and why, and to what ends the people about us live. It is so much better if we can be free to look about us—to absorb and breathe forth happiness—to dwell on wholesome beauty which Nature has spread over field and forest and sky, and which the dear bountiful mother of us all gives just for the looking—no entrance fee, no market-price attached.

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The responsibility in connection with marriage is usually the last theme to be considered, when a youth and a maiden love each other. It is not to be wondered at. The education which women too often receive, has in its curriculum of studies no mention of the puzzling future that comes unbidden to wives and mothers. What sin can be more loathsome or more far-reaching in its ill effects than the transmitting of taints of blood or masterful appetites to children. It is not that girls and women are going against all the good in their natures when they do not measure well this thing. It is not their fault. They simply are not taught, and they should be.

In a little cemetery a man and a woman stood over a grave. It was grass-grown, and there were a few flowers at its head. The girl's face was pale and drawn, and she moved restlessly, looking from the young man's face to the mound at their feet, then away across the clustering hillocks and the gleaming stones of brown and grey and white, to the weather-beaten old picket fence, and as she looked they dimmed before her—blurred, started, and lost themselves; for her eyes were full of tears.

The young man did not understand. They were lovers—almost. They had come for a walk, and she had brought him here. She was trying to say something, for she cleared her throat and looked up.

"You asked me to be your wife," the tears were wavering on the brink of her eyelids and her voice broke for a moment. Then, more steadily she went on. "I said I could not, and you did not understand. If I cared for you there could be no reason to say no, you thought; and if I did not care for you, I had been trifling. All my life long I have kept away from people. I was afraid that some good man might ask me to marry him. But you were different—you began by being my friend and I thought you and Annie were to be married. A motion of dissent was the man's only reply, and the low voice went on.

"It came upon me all at once—everything—that you and I—loved each other—that I dare not marry—that it was almost too hard to do what was right. My mother lies there—she died in an insane asylum. For years we spoke of her in whispers and tears, now with tears alone."

The young man looked pitifully across at the drawn face, and he tried to reach her hand.

"Disease," he murmured, "often accounts for these things," and he was troubled but not despairing.

"There is more," the girl said wearily. "My grandfather lies there, his sister beside him. They died in the same place." There could be no hap-

piness if I took my awful heritage into a home. I dare not buy my fireside with such a sin. It is hard—so hard to do right, but we must not be cowards.

* * * * * * *

That was years ago. The man has been successful in business and grown up girls call him father.

The woman is white-haired, with large restless brown eyes, and she is still Miss Martin.

It is only one case in many. The heroines are not all blazoned with medals. Some live in obscurity and suffer for the sins of others—ignorant sins perhaps, but bearing down the curse to others just as surely.

LOWELL'S BOOK ON MARS.*

A Review.

BY THE EDITOR.

FROM May 24th, 1894, to April 3rd, 1895, in a temporary observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, Percival Lowell, W. H. Pickering and A. E. Douglass studied the planet Mars through a steady atmosphere, and during that time made 917 drawings and sketches. The observations made at this last opposition of our fellow planet are now published by Mr. Lowell in popular form, with numerous and instructive illustrations.

Mars appears as a large, fiery-red star once in about every fifteen years, "rising at sunset through the haze about the eastern horizon." The orbit of Mars and that of the sun make a close approach at certain parts, and when the Earth and Mars happen to be in these close portions of their orbits at about the same time, we have a chance to examine it—and, perhaps, the inhabitants of Mars have an opportunity of viewing, in turn, that part of matter we call "The Earth." This planet comes closer to us than any other heavenly body except Venus and the Moon. Venus wraps herself in clouds and the moon is possessed of a "silent surface," but Mars is open and clear countenanced, and possessed of marks of intelligence—marks worthy of close scrutiny, constant observation, and deep thought.

The author premises that the other bodies of matter, besides our earth, are likely to be worlds, and to possess beings with minds; that science has, with the spectroscope, proved the oneness of the universe in point of matter, sodium, magnesium, iron, etc., being present in the stars, and that if one views the cosmos as a whole, the earth and man are, in the words of our politicians, "mighty small potatoes." He also states in a precautionary way, that while there may be life on the other planets, it is not necessarily human life, and then explains his idea of proof to be the preponderance of probability.

Mars travels in an elliptical orbit, that of the earth being more circular. The result is that at some times Mars is four and a half times brighter than at others, and sometimes it is 35,050,000 miles away, and sometimes 61,000,000. When Mars is brightest and nearest to the earth, then it is best observed. Sometimes Mars is 154,500,000 miles from the sun, and at other times it is only 129,500,000, and thus has more light and heat at one

* Mars by Percival Lowell, Fellow American Academy, etc. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 8vo. Cloth, illustrated, $2.50.

season than another. Its diameter is estimated at 4,215 miles, and thus has a surface a little more than a quarter of that of the earth. It has a night and a day, and rotates on its axis once in 24 hours and 40 minutes. It is almost round, but slightly flattened at the poles ($\frac{1}{170}$ of the equatorial diameter, the earth's being $\frac{1}{300}$).

For the sustenance of all natural life, air and water are necessary. The difference between a mummy planet like the moon and a planet on whose countenance many changes are seen, such as on Mars, is that the latter has an atmosphere which softens the sun's rays and the former has not. Mars has its polar snow cap, its greenish temperate zone and its reddish equatorial belt. The snow cap disappears in Mars' summer and reappears in its winter. The other belts change in aspect a the seasons come and go. Other technical experiments prove the existence of this atmosphere—an atmosphere without the clouds which the earth knows so well and in which Venus is almost obscured. Mars being smaller than the earth and hence likely to be less dense, *i.e.* to have greater volume for the same quantity of matter, has a thinner and rarer atmosphere than ours. This smaller mass would also have less attraction of gravity to exercise on the atmosphere around it.

Does Mars possess water? The polar snow cap is known to change, and as it changes in the presence of air, there must be water. As the cap disappears, a dark band appears surrounding it on all sides. This has been studied closely and observers are quite convinced that it is a belt of water occasioned by the melting of the polar snow. It keeps pace with the polar cap's retreat towards the pole.

Then Mr. Lowell takes up Martian geography or areography as he calls it and begins to explain, with the aid of his charts, the physical features of the Martian surface. Its small continents, its peninsulas, its bays and its canals are all brought into view and the reader may from the depth of his arm chair travel in spirit to a land he has no hope of ever reaching, for it is always over thirty millions of miles away. He may by reading this book add to this, the natural delight of an explorer for he will be gazing upon details of Martian geography never published until now.

This brief review of a most important and interesting book may be closed with a few quotations:

"Thus we see that several independent phenomena all agree to show that the blue-green regions of Mars are not water, but generally at least, areas of vegetation; from which it follows that Mars is very badly off for water, and that the planet is dependent on the melting of its polar snows for practically its whole supply. . . . But as a planet grows older, its oceans, in all probability dry up, the water retreating through cracks and caverns into its interior. . . . . Signs of having thus parted with its oceans we see in the case of the moon, whose so-called seas were probably seas in their day, but have now become old sea-bottoms."

"When the great continental areas . . . . are attentively examined . . . . their desert-like ground is seen to be traversed by a net-work of fine, straight, dark lines. . . . . There is nothing haphazard in the look of any of them. . . . . They are, each and all, direct to a degree. . . . . As a rule they are of scarcely any perceptible breadth, seeming on the average to be less than a Martian degree, or about thirty miles wide. . . . . A thousand or fifteen hundred miles may be considered about the average length."

"But, singular as each line looks to be by itself, it is the systematic network of the whole that is amazing. Each line not only goes with wonderful directness from one point to another, but at this latter spot it continues to meet, exactly, another line

which has come with like directness from quite a different direction. Nor do two only manage thus to rendezvous. Three, four, five, and even seven will similarly fall in on the same spot, a gregariousness which, to a greater or less extent, finds effective possibility all over the surface of the planet. The disk is simply a network of such intersections."

"When we put all these phenomena together, the presence of the spots at the junctions of the canals, their strangely systematic shapes, their seasonal darkening, and, last but not least, the resemblance of the great continental regions of Mars to the deserts of the earth,—a solution of their character suggests itself at once; to wit, that they are oases in the midst of that desert, and oases not wholly innocent of design; for in number, position, shape and behavior, the oases turn out as typical and peculiar a feature of Mars as the canals themselves."

BLISS CARMAN'S LATEST BOOK OF POEMS.*

A Review.

BY HARRY W. BROWN, B.A.

THE thoughts of the supernatural suggested by the title of this book are strongly confirmed upon getting a glimpse of the original cover, the shadowy outline engravings illustrating the text, and the heavy typography, making us think involuntarily of the old black-letter, of the "Ancient Mariner," and of sundry other things of olden times connected with the superstitious side of our beings. The making of the book as a piece of art is a distinct advance upon his earlier book, "Low Tide on Grand Pré," and, we imagine, will not be an unimportant factor in the number of sales made. The designs, which are the work of Mr. T. B. Meteyard, are all suggestive of old tapestry-work, whether in the conventional figures and flowers, or the old-fashioned galleons or house furnishings.

Bliss Carman requires no introduction to Canadian readers as a Canadian poet. His career may not be so well known. His name is generally classed with the list of young Canadian poets, but there is a tendency fostered by his present surroundings and shown in this latest volume towards his removal into other spheres. His ancestors, on both his father's side and his mother's, (whose name was Bliss) were U. E. Loyalists who had taken prominent parts in the Revolution, and who removed at the close of the war to the southern portion of New Brunswick. The artist side of Mr. Carman, who is a musician as well as a poet, is probably inherited from his mother, for from her side of the house has sprung Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Mr. Carman was born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, in 1861. After graduating from the University of New Brunswick in 1881, he went to Edinburgh for postgraduate work, first in law, then in engineering; but finding neither of these congenial, in 1886 he went to Harvard and returned to his old studies in English and philosophy. This residence in the States opened up for him work as editor of

* Behind the Arras: A Book of the Unseen. By Bliss Carman. Lamson, Wolffe & Co., New York; William Briggs, Toronto.

the New York *Independent* with which paper he remained until 1893. Since then he has been engaged in no permanent work, spending his time principally in editing and writing, and passing the seasons in New York, Washington, or Nova Scotia, as his fancy leads him. He suggested the idea of, and for some time assisted Messrs. Stone and Kimball in editing, the magazine, "The Chap-Book."

Mr. Carman's first published book of poetry was "Low Tide on Grand Pré," 1893. This was followed a year later by "Songs from Vagabondia," written in collaboration with Mr. R. Hovey, and in the spring of 1895 by "A Threnody for Robert Louis Stevenson."

Throughout all his poems, as throughout so much of the work of our Canadian poets, the keynote is sadness and gloom. The feeling of discontent is properly one with which we should all be imbued in order that the resultant dissatisfaction should inspire us to increased effort and power, and provide us with the satisfaction of knowing we have a latent force to open out before us a wider world. We Canadians are a young people, with the freest institutions in the world and with unbounded prospects and provision for future greatness, and therefore our poets should be filled with joy and ambition, and soar above present difficulties, even as Wordworth's Skylark binding us both to Heaven and earth. Carman's later poetry is more hopeful; he feels that good will somehow or other come out of evil, even though we be cast down now. But this later poetry of his has lost its distinctive Canadian tone, and is more in accord with the spirit of unrest beyond our borders. Let us hope that some of our young poets will throw off their lethargy and give us songs which will have the inspiriting effect of those young writers of Germany who yearned to rid themselves of the galling Napoleonic yoke.

Carman's two books, "Low Tide on Grand Pré," and "Behind the Arras," strike two distinctive notes. Unlike so many collections of poetry embracing all moods and subjects, there is a unity of subject in each book, with the second a natural outgrowth of the first. In his introduction to "Low Tide," he tells us the poems "are variations on a single theme, more or less aptly suggested by the title. "The title suggests to us a scene of nature, and upon glancing over other titles in the book, "A Windflower," "At the Voice of a Bird," "A Northern Vigil," "In Apple Time," we are strengthened in our surmise that it is a book on natural objects. But a perusal of the poems reveals to us that it is man's moods and feelings as revealed and interpreted by various aspects of nature. The following stanzas from the opening poem show the influence of beauty in nature on pleasure in the human heart, a beauty as transient in nature as it is fleeting in pleasure:

"The sun goes down, and over all
These barren reaches by the tide
Such unelusive glories fall,
I almost dream they yet will bide
Until the coming of the tide."

* * * *

"There down along the elms at dusk
We lifted dripping blade to drift,
Through twilight scented fine like musk,
Where night and gloom awhile uplift,
Nor sunder soul and soul adrift.

"And that we took into our hands
Spirit of life or subtler thing—
Breathed on us there, and loosed the bands
Of death, and taught us, whispering,
The secret of some wonder-thing.

"Then all your face grew light, and seemed
To hold the shadow of the sun;
The evening faltered, and I deemed
That time was ripe, and years had done
Their wheeling underneath the sun.

"So all desire and all regret,
And fear and memory were naught;
One to remember or forget
The keen delight our hands had caught;
Morrow and yesterday were naught.

"The night has fallen and the tide . . . .
Now and again comes drifting home,

Across these aching barrens wide,
A sigh like driven wind or foam ;
In grief the flood is bursting home."

In "Behind the Arras" we have the influence of the weird, the ancient, the supernatural in their relation to our feelings. The natural treasure house of a poet is nature herself, where eternal things strike the fancy and provoke ideas. When he goes to man's own experiences and feelings, he is taking a step distinctly in advance, and one where he must be cautious. The former appeals to local thoughts and coloring; the latter is for all mankind and all time, and the poet boldly challenges fame. In this volume, then, he depicts feelings and moods ; the soft enervating beauty of the June moonlight, and the cold and gaunt December snow; old heirlooms revered for their antiquity, and modern wonders with strange and startling power ; all in their peculiar power of influence over us.

In the first poem, "Behind the Arras," he gives us the scope of the collection :

" I like the old home tolerably well,
Where I must dwell
Like a familiar gnome ;
And yet I never shall feel quite at home :
I love to roam.

" Day after day I loiter and explore
From door to door ;
So many treasures lure
The curious mind. What histories obscure
They must immure !"

He tells us of the various rooms of the house and the bits of landscape to be seen from each of its windows.

" But most of all the marvellous tapestry
Engrosses me,
Where such strange things are rife,
Fancies of beasts and flowers, and love and strife,
Woven to the life ;

" Degraded shapes and splendid seraph forms,
And teeming swarms
Of creatures gauzy dim
That cloud the dusk, and painted fish that swim,
At the weaver's whim :

" And wonderful birds that wheel and hang in the air ;
And beings with hair,
And moving eyes in the face,
And white bone teeth, and hideous grins, who race
From place to place.

* * * *

" Sometimes they seem almost as real as I ;
I hear them sigh ;
I see them bow with grief,
Or dance for joy like an aspen leaf ;
But that is brief.

" They have mad wars and phantom marriages ;
Nor seem to guess
There are dimensions still,
Beyond thought's reach, though not beyond love's will,
Nor soul to fill."

Each person and thing on the tapestry grows in its vividness on the poet, until he believes himself haunted by strange beings in and behind it, brought into life by the wind blowing gently along. Passing through the strings of an old harp, it tells him of the weaver and of the characters he wove ; and then

" Give me a little space and time enough,
From revellings rough,
I could revive, reweave,
A fabric of beauty art might well believe
Were past retrieve.

" O, men and women, in that rich design,
Sleep-soft, sun-fine,
Dew-tenuous and free,
A tone of the infinite wind-themes of the sea,
Borne in to me,

" Reveals how you were woven to the night
Of shadow and light.
You are the dream of One
Who loves to haunt, and yet appears to shun
My door in the sun."

In the closing stanzas of the poem he sounds a note higher than that in his earlier volume :

" O, hand of mine and brain of mine, be yours,
While time endures,
To acquiesce and learn !
For what we best may dare, and drudge and yearn,
Let soul discern.

" So, fellows, we shall reach the gusty gate,
Early or late,
And part without remorse,

A cadence dying down unto its source
In music's course :

" You to the perfect rhythms of flowers and buds,
The heart-beats of the earth,
To be remoulded always of one worth
From birth to birth ;

" I to the broken rhythm of thought and men ;
The sweep and open
Of memory and hope
About the orbit, where they still must grope
For order scope,

" To be through thousand springs restored, renewed,
With love imbrued,
With increments of will
Made strong, perceiving unattainment still
From each new skill.

" Always the flawless beauty, always the chord
Of the overword,
Dominant, pleading, sure,
No truth too small to save and make endure,
No good too poor !"

" And since no mortal can at least disdain
That sweet refrain,
But lets go strife and care,
Borne like a strain of bird notes on the air,
The wind knows where.

" Some quiet April evening soft and strange,
When comes the change
No spirit can deplore,
I shall be one with all I was before,
In death once more."

In " Fancy's Fool," the mortal who has lost his love is soothed by the cornel flower, who tells him that her life though underground with her roots does not prevent her from blossoming.

" The Moondial," the third poem in the book,

" —— registers the morrows
Of lovers and winds and streams,
And the face of a thousand sorrows
At the postern gate of dreams."

* * * *

" Whenever the wild control
Burned out to a mortal kiss,
And the shuddering storm-swept soul,
Climbed to its acme of bliss.

" The green-gold light of the dead
Stood still in purple space,
And a record blind and dread
Was graved on the dial's face."

But no one may read these records, for of each one who has attempted it,

" —— always his innocent eyes
Were frozen into the stone,
From that awful first surprise
His soul must return alone.

" In the morning there he lay
Dead in the sun's warm gold,
And no man knows to this day
What the dim moondial told."

In the " Cruise of the Galleon," another hopeful note is struck. The Galleon is old Tellus, the Earth, who is riding at anchor off the Sun, surrounded with ice and storms, and without a chart But Man takes the helm and brings back hope :

" We'll crowd sail across the sea-line—
Clear this harbor, reef and buoy,
Bowling down an open lee-line
For the latitudes of joy ;

" Till beyond the zones of sorrow,
Past grief's haven in the night,
Some large simple world shall mirrow
This pale region's northern light.

" Not a fear, but all the sea-room,
Wherein time is but a bay,
Yet shall sparkle for our lee-room
In the vast Altrurian day."

" The Red Wolf " is perhaps the most dismal of these poems. The dwarf, of course, is grim despair, who cries out " wolf " to us.

" With the fall of the leaf comes the wolf, wolf, wolf,
The old red wolf at my door.
And my hateful yellow dwarf, with his hideous crooked laugh,
Cries 'Wolf, wolf, wolf!' at my door."

Not only at the fall of the leaf, but in the spring and summer time, in night and day does he appear, but a better time is coming when we shall get the mastery of despair :

" That day I will arise, put my heel upon his throat,
And squirt his yellow blood upon the door ;
Then watch him dying there, like a spider in his lair,
With a 'Wolf, wolf, wolf !' at my door.

" The great white morning sun shall walk the earth again,
And the children return to my door,
I shall hear their merry laugh and forget my buried dwarf,
As a tale that is told at the door."

The greatest difficulty presented to the ordinary reader in these poems is the obscurity. This arises probably from two reasons. In the first place the author has a very wide vocabulary, and in many instances he makes use of unknown words, and a person reading poetry for pleasure does not care to turn constantly to a dictionary. If the imagination could summon a picture to replace the word, the difficulty would be nothing; but generally there is no ground for the imagination to work from. The second difficulty is the trouble in finding the idea he wishes to convey. This is overcome only by re-reading and patient study, and the reader does not receive that pleasure from the study he receives on divining the ideas of Browning.

Mr. Carman acknowledges Browning to be his master in poetry. In the quotation given above, beginning:

"O hand of mine and brain of mine be yours."

the idea and the manner of presenting it are both suggestive of Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra." Browning's influence in the earlier volume is not apparent. Its poems are those of his earlier life; the poems in his newer book are those of a man in later life, with deeper thought and wider experience.

HIDDEN GOLD.

On Fisguard-street, in Victoria, B. C., stands a two story dwelling-house which has been tenantless for a quarter of a century. It is furnished throughout, even to the lace curtains and blinds on the windows, but its walls never re-echo the sounds of footsteps, or respond to the laughter of occupants. The rats and mice hold high carnival, and spiders weave their webs unmolested by the brush of the careful housewife.

There must be some strange story connected with this deserted dwelling, which, standing alone, with the wind whistling through its broken panes, with its broken picket fences and its yard and garden grown up with a rank growth of weeds and underbrush. There is indeed, nor is this the tale of a haunted house.

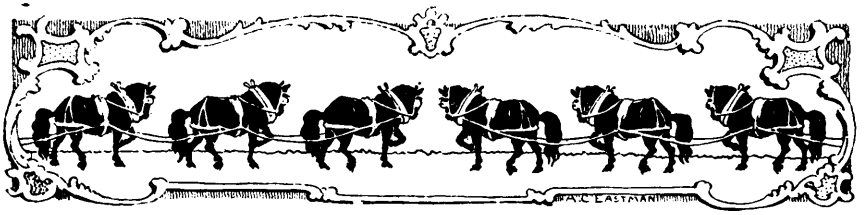
Many years ago, as the story goes, the dwelling was erected by a Mr. ———, who had arrived from Australia, with his wife and family. While in that far off colony he had amassed considerable wealth. This he brought with him in the form of gold coin. Eccentric in disposition, he had a horror of banks and bankers, so he placed his wealth in an earthen jar, which he buried in the yard surrounding his dwelling.

Years passed away. The prosperity which had attended him in Australia did not desert him in his new home. His store of gold increased, and the hoard in the earthen jar grew in volume. But sickness came, and death claimed him for its victim. While on his deathbed he called his wife to his side and made her take an oath that she would never reveal the place of the hidden treasure. That oath she has solemnly kept.

After her husband's death Mrs. ———, under the influence of some superstitious fear, could not bear to remain in the house, and removed to the country, leaving the house and its contents just as they were. When the business boom came she had frequent applications to rent the house, which was centrally situated and near the Chinese quarter, but her reply always was, "My house is not to rent."

So it stands just as it did twenty-five years ago, save that the hand of time has laid its mark upon it. Whether the pot of gold still lies buried in its deserted grounds cannot be known, for the wife kept her secret well. But there are tales of midnight visitors, who have sought by means of the divining rod to discover the hidden treasure. Perhaps some day, as told in the fable, the ground may be turned up, and if the gold is not found the place may become a source of wealth in some other form to its possessor.

The story of the hidden pot of gold is unknown to many in the western capital, but the deserted house is a well-known object of curiosity. J. J. Bell.



CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE DOGS OF WAR CHAINED.

A DIFFERENT tone is now noticeable in the United States newspaper and Congressional discussions of the Venezuelan question. The Dogs of War have been chained, locked and double-locked. While the President and the Monroe Doctrine have been upheld, the upholding has been performed in a fairer, juster and more reasonable manner. The leading warlike newspapers have ceased to declare that Great Britain is endeavoring to seize territory which belongs to Venezuela, and now content themselves with stating that there is some territory in dispute and that the desire, the only desire, of the United States people is that Venezuela should have fair-play and equal chances to prove her claim.

Lord Salisbury, through the Queen's Speech, has also declared for peace and says :—

"The Government of the United States of America have expressed a wish to co-operate in the termination of the differences which have existed for many years between my Government and the Republic of Venezuela, upon the question of the boundary between that country and British Guiana. I have expressed my sympathy with the desire to come to an equitable arrangement, and trust that further negotiations will lead to a satisfactory settlement."

Nothing could well be milder.

Both Governments seem anxious for a settlement of this question which will not endanger the measure of good-feeling which obtains between two great nations with a common language, the same blood, a joint literature and a civilization which is essentially indivisible. British patriots, British writers, British artists and British statesmen have labored that the British people might be great, and because the people of the North American continent have inherited the fruits and benefits of these labors of past and present generations, they can never cease to be Britishers. They may be called "Americans," but they remain British still—though not to the same extent as the inhabitants of the British Colonies and the British Isles. The members of one family should settle all disputes, as Senator Blanchard remarked, "along lines of kindred friendship and peace."

CANADA'S FEALTY.

Those who have carefully watched the course of public discussion in Canada during the past six months, can have come to no other conclusion than that Canada is as ready as ever to stand or fall, suffer defeat or gain victory, with the British Empire of which she forms a voluntary part. From all over the Dominion come evidences of deep-seated loyalty and of a fearless sense of duty. The Dominion House of Commons spent a sitting in making declarations which thrilled the nation when it heard them. And the following resolution was passed amid unanimity and cheers :—

"That in view of the threatening aspect of foreign affairs this House desires to assure Her Majesty's Government and the people of the United Kingdom of its unalterable loyalty and devotion to the British throne and constitution, and of its conviction that, should occasion unhappily arise, in no other part of the empire than the Dominion of Canada would more substantial sacrifices attest the determination of Her Majesty's subjects to maintain unimpaired the integrity and inviolate the honor of Her Majesty's empire ; and this House reiterates the oft-expressed desire of the people of Canada to maintain the most friendly relations with their kinsmen of the United States."

The Legislature of the Province of Ontario, about the same time, passed a similar resolution in the following terms :

"To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty : Most Gracious Sovereign,—We, your Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Ontario, in Parliament assembled, desire, in view of recent events in relation to the territorial rights of Great Britain in South America and elsewhere, to assure your Majesty of the unalterable loyalty and devotion of the people of Ontario to your Majesty's person and Crown, and to the empire over which your Majesty reigns, and that, in case of any trouble affecting the interests of the empire, no sacrifice which the circumstances might demand would be considered too great for the people of this Province, should they be called upon to repel invasion or to defend the integrity of the British Empire."

The Canadian Press Association, at its annual meeting, passed a similar resolution, and the discussion showed that the thinking men of Canada have decided that Great Britain's destiny is Canada's.

These resolutions do not mean loyalty to a royal personage alone, but a deeper loyalty to those principles of law, of government, of liberty, which have made the British Flag the indicator of civilization, and the British people the most advanced and most cultivated among the nations of the earth.

AN ABLE JURIST.

Great Britain owes a debt of gratitude to one member of the Canadian Parliament for his untiring services in her behalf. The voice of the Hon. David Mills may be seldom heard in proclamations of loyalty, but months, —yes, years—of his valuable time have been given to a thorough study of those international questions which affect British interests on this continent. His latest discovery includes his finding in the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa of several old maps, some French and some Dutch, giving the boundaries of Spanish and Dutch possessions in South America. These maps will strengthen very materially the British contention with regard to the boundary between British Guiana and Venezuela.

Mr. Mill's able article on the Monroe Doctrine in last month's issue of this MAGAZINE was, without doubt, the ablest presentation of the question from a British point of view, which has yet been given to the public.

But whether it has been the West Shore Difficulty, The Behring Sea Question, The Maine, or any other boundary line which has been under discussion, the Hon. David Mills was the man who presented the best results of patient research and of logical investigation. His services have been exceedingly valuable, yet they have been given without hope of reward, with an unselfish and unpretending patriotism, which could only arise from an extraordinary nobility of character.

A STIFFNECKED PEOPLE.

In a recent article in the *New York Herald*, G. W. Smalley, one of the most famous of modern journalists, speaks of Canada as "perhaps the most stiffnecked of all English colonies." But no further remarks throw any light on the real inwardness of this expression.

In their relations with the Mother Country, Canadians have certainly been unbending when either their rights or their duties were concerned. During the early years of the present century they agitated and fought for

responsible government. The Constitutional Act of 1791 granted representative government, but this was not enough. The responsibility of the Executive to an elective assembly, which now obtains in each of the Provinces and in the Federal Government, was then unknown. The colonists demanded this concession, and Lord John Russell finally granted it about 1842, but not before the agitation had resulted in the Rebellion of 1837. When the Provinces grew large enough to desire the right to control their own affairs, they pressed for another concession—the right to make their own regulations concerning commerce and impose their own customs duties. They pressed their claims, and the Imperial Government finally granted them. There have been other problems of a similar constitutional nature for which Canadians have requested solutions, and these have been invariably obtained.

But not alone in pressing for reforms and extensions of privileges, have Canadians been stiff necked. When a foreign power threatened in 1776, and again in 1812-13-14, and once again in 1866, to plant an alien flag over this portion of the British Dominions, Canadians were very unbending in their conduct. They announced their intentions with powder and ball, and wrote the confirmation with their lives' blood, with the result that Canada is still a colony of Great Britain, and stiff necked enough to be glad that such a circumstance still obtains.

FREE SILVER DEFEATED.

On December 20th of 1895, the President of the United States sent to Congress a message urging financial legislation. The gold in the Treasury was fast dwindling into insignificance, and war was a possibility. The House of Representatives at once passed two measures, a bond bill, and a bill to increase the revenue by certain tariff changes.

The bond bill went up to the Senate. It was intended to provide for the issue of bonds, redeemable in five years and payable in fifteen, and bearing interest at three per cent. These bonds were not to be sold below par. The proceeds of such sale were to be used to redeem legal-tender notes. When the Senate received the Bill it was amended by a provision to allow the free coinage of silver at the mints on the same terms as gold; also to allow the coinage of the seignorage on silver bullion purchased under the Sherman Act, and now in the Treasury, the immediate issuance of silver certificates against that amount of silver, the retirement of national bank notes of less denomination than $10, and the redemption of greenbacks and Treasury notes in either gold or silver, as might suit the convenience of the Secretary of the Treasury.

The bond bill thus amended came back to the House, where it was rejected by a vote of 215 to 90. In the meantime President Cleveland has issued bonds under an old law and it is probable that the bill will now be dropped.

There are two lessons to be learned from the discussion. The first is, the power of the United States Senate, and the impotence of the House of Representatives as compared with the corresponding bodies in Canada. The second is given in the words of the Buffalo *Enquirer*:—

> "The free coinage men in the Senate cannot have their own way, but they may kill the revenue measure passed by the House as well as the bond bill. They have made a combination against it with the Democrats, and it is not probable that it can be forced to a vote nor certain that it will pass if a vote should be taken."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Mr. W. E. Hunt, of the Montreal *Witness*, well-known in current literature as "Keppel Strange," has placed with William Briggs for publication a collection of "Poems and Pastels." The book will be a very welcome addition to Canadian literature We cannot well have too much of the kind.

**

The other day I became much interested in a cheap, Chicago novel, "Stanhope of Chester," by Percy Andreae*. Once started at it, I found there was no half-way stopping point. When I finished it, I discovred I had been reading a tale of the part played by an embodied spirit, a wronged being's self or counterpart. Through its influence a man shoots himself and his friend is tried as a murderer. This enables the author to give a stern and biting criticism of English police regulations and criminal law—English, you see, because like most United States novels, it was written by an Englishman.

**

For several years back, Clarence Hawkes, "the blind poet of New England," has been writing short stories and poems for the magazines. Some of these have appeared in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. Now he has ventured to bring out a volume of verses† and he deserves to be successful—not because he is blind, but because he is a thinker and a singer. Notice the suggestion in this one-verse poem ;

ENVIRONMENT.

A wondrous shell was thrown up from the deep,
Where it had lain long centuries asleep—
But, in a day, the sun light and the dew,
Had cracked and stained this shell of wondrous hue.

There is a volume in those four lines. Then he can be homely humorous too—like James Whitcomb Riley and Will Carleton. For instance take the following lines from "Bilin' Sap" :

Wall, jest about this time it gits ter look
Like sugarin', so when the wind gets right
An' it will freeze by night an' thaw by day
Then boys look out fer jest a rush o' sap :
'Tis then we git the spiles an' buckets out
An' set the camp.

But in a short notice, justice cannot be done to this gifted poet. I cannot say that he is always original, but there is sufficient originality in his book to entitle it to a place in the best libraries, and no dusty corner either.

"The King of Andaman,"* is a long novel by J. Maclaren Cobban, well-written it is true, but beyond giving an idea of some of the Chartist Weavers of '48, it does not seem to have any particular purpose. The characters are fairly strong, however. Another book in the same series* is "Strange Survivals," by S. Baring Gould, a collection of European superstitions, analyzed, compared and criticized. Traditions and legend's are related, grouped and dissected,—the poetry of life is laid bare by the scientist's scalpel. And yet those who wish or are so inclined may read of these "Strange Survivals," and in reading them may dream about the days and the years, and the people and the life of civilized Europe's earliest centuries.

**

For some time Roberts Bros. of Boston have been publishing Balzac's novels in English, the translating being done, and well done, by Miss K. P. Wormeley. I recently read "The Marriage Contract,"† and it is certainly a most powerful piece of work. It describes the French ceremony which leads up to an engagement, and incidentally gives some views on marriage—its usefulness, its basis and its possible effects on the participants "in that struggle of two beings always in one another's presence, bound forever, who have coupled each other under the strange impression that they were suited." The gay young bachelor, Paul de Manerville, wooed and won Natalie, the daughter of Madame Evangélista—the latter a Spaniard by birth. The trickery and subterfuges necessary before and after a French marriage —and some others, also—is portrayed in a most masterly manner.

**

A new Canadian volume of some importance is "Kaleidoscope Echoes ;" ‡ being a collection of sketches by Rev. Philip Tocque, A.M. Some of the titles are as follows : The Secular and Religious Press, Church Schools, Newfoundland as a Health Resort, Plagiarism in the Pulpit, The Fur Seal, Church Union, The Bocothics or Red Indians of Newfoundland, The Celebrated Pusey Family, Yellow-covered Literature, and Woman's

* Paper 50 cents, Rand McNally & Co., Chicago.

† "Pebbles and Shells," by Clarence Hawkes : Picturesque Pub. Co., Northampton, Mass.

* * Methuen's Colonial Library : Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co.

† Honorè de Balzac's Novels, Roberts Bros., Boston, 35 volumes.

‡ "Kaleidoscope Echoes;" by Rev. Philip Tocque., A.M. ; Toronto, The Hunter, Rose Co.

Rights. Mr. Tocque has spent most of his years in Canada, and has been a careful compiler of information The style of his writing is best explained by the word simplicity, and all his statements and arguments are made in a straightforward and precise manner. It is on Newfoundland subjects that Mr. Tocque is most at home, as he spent many of his best years and much of his wealth among the struggling fishermen of that British colony.

**

The masters and students of the Iroquois High School, will, the coming summer, celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of that thriving school, and with enterprise worthy of all commendation are having published by William Briggs, a comprehensive history of the school from its earliest beginnings. The book will comprise some three hundred pages, and be embellished by a large number of photo-engravings.

**

Autobiographies are seldom interesting, but that of Charles Francois Gounod.* the musical composer, is worth reading both for its information and for its literary style. In it we find that besides being famous as the producer of the opera "Faust," he was noted as a painter, and he is thus able to write cleverly of Michael Angelo and Raphael. What he says of music and musicians it is unnecessary to dilate upon, as he is an acknowledged master in this realm. It may be stated, however that his comments on the compositions of Mozart and Mendelssohn are of intense interest, and his meeting and subsequent friendship with the latter musician is touched upon with engaging freedom and delicacy. The book itself is a work of art with its illuminated cover and heavy, rough-edged paper.

**

A volume of much interest to students of pioneer American life is "The Story of the Indian"† It is the first volume in the "Story of the West" series. The object of this series is to preserve the picturesque and individual types of a life in the real West, which is rapidly fading away, and to offer the romantic stories of the Indian, explorer, cowboy, miner, soldier, and other representatives figures in a permanent form. Mr. Grinnell's intimate personal knowledge of his subject has enabled him to draw an admirably graphic picture of the actual Indian whose home-life, religious observances, amusements together with the various phases of his devotion to war and the chase, and finally the effects of encroaching civilization, are delineated with a certainty and an absence of sentimentalism or hostile prejudice which impart a peculiar distinction to this eloquent story of a passing life. In his Appendix the author gives a most scholarly and concise description of the ethnological characteristics of the North American Indians—of the nearly sixty distinct linguistic stocks to be found north of Mexico. The illustrations are also valuable, the one which shows the totem poles being a British Columbia picture, as are several others. As a book of reference it is very valuable.

**

"Jean, the Bobbin carrier, and Other Stories" announced for issue this spring by William Briggs, is a collection that will arouse more than common interest. The author, Mr. Clifford Smith, one of the editorial staff of the Montreal *Witness*, has by his contributions to periodical literature, already a reputation as a clever writer and a good story-teller. The publication of this collection of stories will give him a distinct place among the brilliant horde of writers of the day. Mr. Smith's stories are all Canadian in subject-matter and in treatment These glimpses of French Canadian life are photographic in their fidelity, and he handles the quaint broken-English of the *habitants* with exquisite effect. We bid our readers look out for this book. The appearance of such books as this one and "Old Man Savarin," are *events* in the life of our literature.

**

Since the days of Stanley's Life of Arnold, few books of biography or of a biographical character have appeared, which have given such great pleasure as the letters of Matthew Arnold* which have just been published.

By easy stages the reader is taken from the Chartist disturbances of 1848, to the year succeeding Her Most Gracious Majesty's jubilee. In the letter to his mother, dated April, 1848, describing the terror caused to some people by the Chartist Convention, Arnold, in about a dozen lines, draws a vivid word picture of the excited state of feeling, so vivid that any one can fancy out the whole scene for himself.

Arnold seems to have been a great admirer of Goethe. He describes him thus: "I have been returning to Goethe's Life, and think higher of him than ever His thorough sincerity—writing about nothing that he had not experienced—is in modern literature almost unrivalled." It was one of the greatest of charms in Matthew Arnold's character, that he was so thoroughly sincere and wrote and spoke of nothing he did not understand. Who has not experienced the agony of hear-

* "Memoirs of an Artist" an autobiography by Charles Francois Gounod; Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. Cloth, $1.25.

† "The Story of the Indian." By George Bird Grinnell, author of "Pawnee Hero Stories," "Blackfoot Lodge Tales, etc." With sixteen full-page illustrations. Cloth, $1.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

*Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848-1888, collected by G. W. E. Russell. Macmillan & Co., New York and London. $3.00.

lng some chattering youths o f ether sex ; or, perhaps, some conceited and would be considered clever woman, speaking of books and authors in the most dogmatic fashion, one that would not be attempted by the most profound students ?

We are afforded a glance at two famous women in a letter to Miss Wightman, dated December 21st, 1850 They are Harriet Martineau and Charlotte Bronte Arnold does not appear to have greatly admired the former, and says very little about the latter.

Arnold married in 1851, and in a letter to his wife from Birmingham, dated December 2nd, 1851, he gives a brief account of that famous city, which contains more real information in its dozen lines than many columns often do.

It is impossible to give any lengthened notice of these delightful letters, but there is scarcely a subject that has agitated the minds of politicians since 1848 that is not mentioned,—the Crimean War, the Mutiny, Parliamentary Reform, the Irish Church, the Franco-German war, the Burials Bill—and here it may be remarked that Arnold erred in his judgment and conclusions—Home Rule. Of the Queen's Jubilee, though there are several letters of the period, Arnold never directly writes.

One prophetic sentence is contained in a letter to Mrs Forster, dated May 12th, 1887. He says, speaking of English politicians, "I think the man with a future is Chamberlain."

I have to lay down my pen, being governed by the "inexorable logic of facts," which state that the whole is greater than the part. I have no space to descant upon any but a very brief part of these letters, and I should like—what a labor of love it would be—to go through the whole two volumes. As does their editor, I conclude with saying that to have known Matthew Arnold has been "Part of my life's unalterable good."

**

S. R. Crockett is one of the authors who have suffered at the hands of a certain class of publishers. Books such as "A Galloway Herd," and "Bog Myrtle and Peat," brought out without the author's sanction or permission, have done little to increase his reputation. They seem not to have come from the pen that gave us such books as "The Stickit Minister," "The Raiders," or "The Lilac Sunbonnet," but evidently are early productions that he would gladly see in the flames. After these poor efforts we are pleased to know that a book that shows this really great writer at his best is about to appear. The "Cleg Kelly" sketches that have formed a delightful feature in the *Cornhill Magazine*, are soon to be issued in book form. Smith, Elder & Co. have secured the English market, and D. Appleton & Co., the American. With the latter house, William Briggs. the Toronto publisher, has arranged to publish a Canadian Copyright Edition, which is announced for issue March 6th. "Cleg Kelly, Arab of the city : His Progress and Adventures," is the title in full of the book. which will be fully illustrated and handsomely bound. Crockett is at his best with his boy characters, and Cleg Kelly is a unique character, likely to live in literature in the company of Oliver Twist, and Tom Brown, and Tom Sawyer, and such choice spirits.

**

The Stolen Bacillus* and other Incidents, by H. G. Wells, is a collection of short sketches, written in a pleasant manner, treating of some of the crazes of the day. They are as impossible in many of their incidents as can be imagined. Perhaps it is this very impossibility that makes them so interesting. "The Flowering of the Strange Orchid" is one of the best of the stories, and also one of the most impossible. "The Hammer Pond Park Burglary" is also exceedingly good and interesting. But readers had better obtain the book for themselves.

**

The Standard Dictionary which is published by Funk & Wagnalls and which has had an enormous sale during the past year has been raised in price. It takes considerable nerve to say to the public "we have raised our price ; pay it or go without." Moreover, it requires the possession of an article which has an excellence unsurpassed by that of any competing article, and which cannot be easily equalled.

That Funk & Wagnalls possess such an article in the Standard Dictionary has been amply proven by the testimony of all the leading journals and public men who have examined the work and by the enormous sale which has taken place. The general plan of the work was the result of many years of patient study and concentrated thought. Every feature which had hitherto made dictionaries famous was adopted and improved upon, and many new ideas introduced.

The dictionary contains 301,865 vocabulary terms, or 176,000 more than the revised Webster. Some complaints have been made that it contains some terms which a dictionary should not contain, but such criticism is childish. A dictionary must reflect the language of the people and reflect it accurately and completely. By recording everything, the dictionary creates nothing. suggests nothing, and approves of nothing. But its completeness is its excellence.

The spelling of this work is conservative, and yet aggressively positive along the lines

*Methuen's Colonial Library. The Copp, Clark Co.

of reform agreed upon almost unanimously by all the leading philologists of England and America. It notes the preferences of each of the leading dictionaries where they do vary, so the difference can instantaneously be seen; whilst the spellings peculiar to Great Britain are preserved. All disputed spellings and pronuciations were referred to a select committee of over fifty leading authorities in English, Canadian, Australian, East-Indian, and American universities. In the Appendix, the tally of over 179,000 votes, or preferences, are recorded, showing the individual preference of each member of the committee on each word submitted. Whoever has occasion to differ with the preference of the editor will find that this dictionary furnishes the convenient data for the disputant to form his adverse or favoring conclusions.

**

A book on "The True Sphere of the Blind," by E. B. Robinson, B.A., a gentleman, blind since his birth, is in the press of William Briggs.

**

Edwin A. Grosvenor, whose sumptuous work on Constantinople, published by Roberts Bros., is attracting such attention, graduated at Amherst in 1867, being salutatorian and class-poet. He studied, says *The Bookman*, at Andovor Theological Seminary and in Paris, and from 1873 to 1890 was Professor of History at Robert College, Constantinople. An ardent and tireless student, all his time was devoted to work along historical lines. His extensive and frequent travels in Europe and Asia seem like romances, each vacation or leave of absence being consecrated to some special subject of historical research. Thus he has traced a great part of the routes of the Ten Thousand and of Alexander, many of the campaigns of Napoleon, the checkered career of Joan of Arc from Domremy to Rouen, and all the journeys of St. Paul. Mr. Grosvenor is a member of the leading learned societies of Southern Europe, such as the Hellenic Philologic Syllogos of Constantinople, and the Syllogos Parnassos of Athens an honor rarely accorded to foreigners. Resigning in 1890 from Robert College, he spent the following year in travel in the Balkan Peninsula, the Greek Islands, Asia Minor and Northern Syria. In January, 1892, he was called to Amherst College as Lecturer in history. During three years—June, 1892, to June, 1895—he was head of the Department of French Language and Literature at Amherst, and also for two years meanwhile, 1892-94, head of the Department of History in Smith College. At the Amherst Commencement of 1895, he was appointed to the new chair of European History, which position he now holds.

**

A translation of Emile Zola's book "Le Ventre de Paris" has been given to Americans under the title of "The Fat and the Thin."* It is a story of life in and around those vast Central Markets which form a distinctive feature of modern Paris. These place from a world of their own and teem at certain hours of the day and night with such exuberance of life, that a description of them becomes an interesting study. The novel is certainly accurately descriptive, but is also somewhat drawn out and lacking in exciting incident which ensures the persistent interest est of the ordinary reader.

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A new book, by Annie S. Swan, entitled "Memoirs of Margaret Granger," is announced by William Briggs for issue in the coming Spring. This book will, like her other works, have a great sale among general readers.

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*F. Tennyson Neely, New York and Chicago. Paper 50 cents.

PEN AND INK SKETCH. DRAWN FOR CANADIAN MAGAZINE BY F. E. SPRINGER.

"THE COUNTERCHECK QUARRELSOME."

HE—It is more fashionable to shave. I wonder how I would look without my moustache?
SHE—Probably no worse than you do with it.

IDLE MOMENTS.

A GOOD CHRISTIAN.—Mrs. Guilfoyle—Are you observing Lent, Mrs Goldfogle? Mrs. Goldfogle—Yes, strictly. I think by remaining away from the opera until Easter I shall be able to save enough to get me a nice spring outfit.

SHOULD WAIT—Miss Chance—I don't think a girl should feel sure of a man until she is married to him, do you? Bella Beenther—Not even then. She should wait until she actua ly has the alimony in her own hands.

NOT SURPRISING.—Kilduff—The forests are pretty well used up now. Hunker—I am not surprised to hear that. So very many schemers are constantly sawing wood.

EASILY EXPLAINED.—Mrs. Twickenham—How pale your little baby brother looks, Willie! Willie Slimson—I should think he would. They haven't fed him on anything but milk since he was born.

THEIR COMPROMISE.—Catterson—My wife wants me to take her to Europe next summer, but I can't afford it; so we've compromised. Hatterson—On what? "I'm going to stay home."

DESIRED A LIFT.—Beggar—Is this Mr. Sandow, the strong man? Stranger—Yes. Beggar—You can lift almost anything, I suppose? Stranger—Yes. Begger—Er—could you raise a dime for me?

HIS REASON.—Wilton—Why have you taken to the cycle so zealously? Kilton—To study stock. Wilton—What Kind? Kilton—Calves, principally.

TIME BY THE FORELOCK.—Higbee—Miss Duell said she received a valentine from you. Robbing—That's strange. I didn't send any. Higbee—Didn't you send one last year? Robbins—Yes, by a messenger boy. Higbee—This must be the one.

SAVED HIS LIFE—Mills—I heard that you won in your uncle's will contest, and yet you seem to be worse off than ever. Hills—Yes; I won $50,000, but——Mills—What? Hills—The lawyers' fees were $60,000, and it took my last $10,000 to pay them. Mills—Poor fellow! Here's a $1. Go and get something to eat.

A CHANCE FOR ITS USE.—"Shakey!" said Mrs. Gukenheimer to her husband. "Vell?" "Haf you read about dot new light which dakes pigshers of bones inside beoples?" "Vell, vot if I haf?" "Ve might have liddle Isaac's pigsher daken dot vay. Maype ve finds dot kavorter of ein tol er he svollered lasd week."

THE RAILROAD'S MISTAKE.—"I hope you enjoyed your bridal tour," said Spudds to Huggins. "Yes, in a way, but I should advise other couples to patronize another line of railway." "Why?" "Well the one we travelled on doesn't cater to the bridal traffic." "How's that?" "There isn't a tunnel on the entire line."—*The Conductor.*

FIRST LESSON.—The daughter had announced her engagement to the mother, and the mother was looking grave.

"Have you considered my dear Stella," said she, "the arduous duties of a wife or, at least, the duties that the husband expects from his wife?"

"I think so, mother," replied the young woman."

"You will have to look after all his clothes, you know—mend his shirts, see that his collars don't get frayed, keep an eye on his handkerchiefs, and press his trousers. Have you ever pressed trousers?"

"No, mother, you know you always pressed papa's pants," said the beautiful girl, "but I could learn, of course."

"Many wives rebel at pressing trousers," continued the old lady, as she conjured up the past, "but on the other hand, many husbands hate to pay the tailor for doing it."

That evening, about 10.30, the mother unexpectedly entered the parlor and discovered her daughter seated comfortably on the knees of her *fiancé*.

"Stella!" she exclaimed, in a voice fraught with meaning.

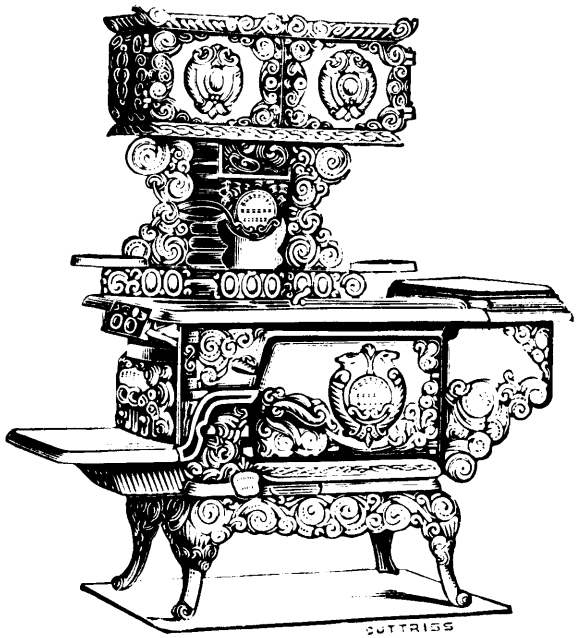
"Oh, don't be silly, mother," replied Stella, tossing her well shaped head. "I am pressing George's trousers for him."

The willingness to please is greater than rubies.

This Stove Breathes

Souvenirs

GIVE PRACTICAL RESULTS.
ONE WILL LAST A LIFETIME.



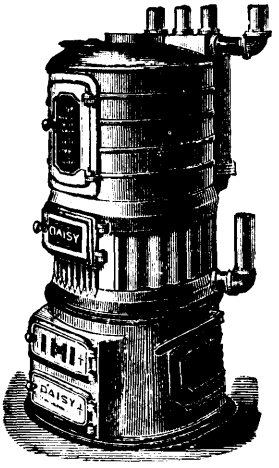
Fresh Air. That is practically what an Aerated Oven does. There can no nasty smells come from these stoves. All ordinary ovens bake with burned, impure and stagnant air. What a sickening odor comes out as you open the door; no wonder your food has a peculiar taste, is it? You see, Souvenirs are not like ordinary stoves: they cook your food with pure fresh air, and do it nicely too, with just half the usual amount of fuel, consequently they save much time, labor and money, and money saved is money earned, isn't it?

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

The Gurney-Tilden Co., Ltd.,

Sole Manufacturers. HAMILTON, ONT.

THE GURNEY STOVE AND FOUNDRY CO., Ltd., Winnipeg, Man.



MERIT ALONE

Has placed the

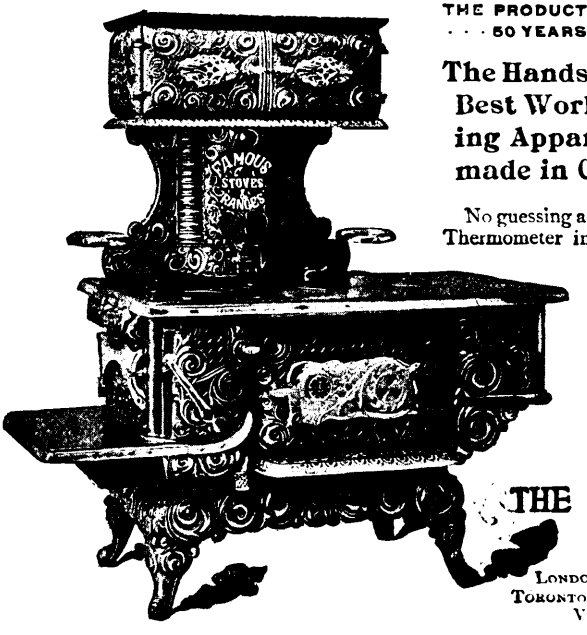
DAISY HOT WATER HEATERS

at the top.

Sales greatly exceed the combined output of all other Hot Water Heaters in Canada.

Warden King & Son,
MONTREAL
AND TORONTO.

The "Famous Active" Range



THE PRODUCT OF . . .
. . . 50 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

The Handsomest and Best Working Cooking Apparatus ever made in Canada.

No guessing as to heat of oven. Thermometer in door shows it exactly. Every cook will appreciate this feature.

Oven ventilated and cemented top and bottom, ensuring even cooking.

THE McCLARY M'f'g. Co.,
LONDON, MONTREAL,
TORONTO, WINNIPEG,
VANCOUVER.

If your local dealer does not handle our goods, write our nearest house.

The New Hot Water Heater, "THE WATSON."

CONSTRUCTED upon scientific principles, its successful operation practically demonstrates the correctness of these principles. The gases are consumed as soon as formed. No smoke, no soot, no dust, great economy in fuel.

The Grate so constructed that it is impossible to clog.
A child can shake it.

• • • •

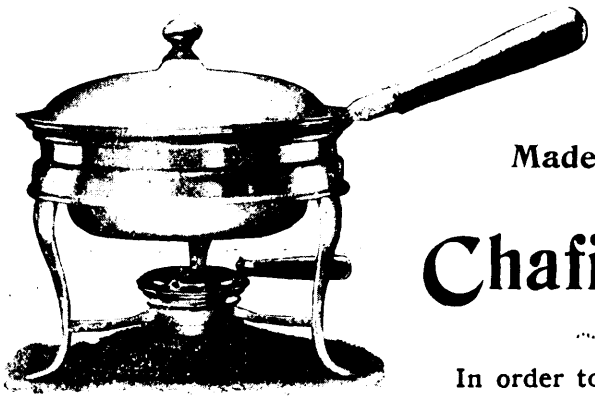
Send for Catalogue to

The Watson Heater Co.,

546 Craig Street, MONTREAL.

I.—Voice from within—"Just leave the bottle on the table, Mary."

"An Oyster Stew"



is a welcome relish these cold nights—

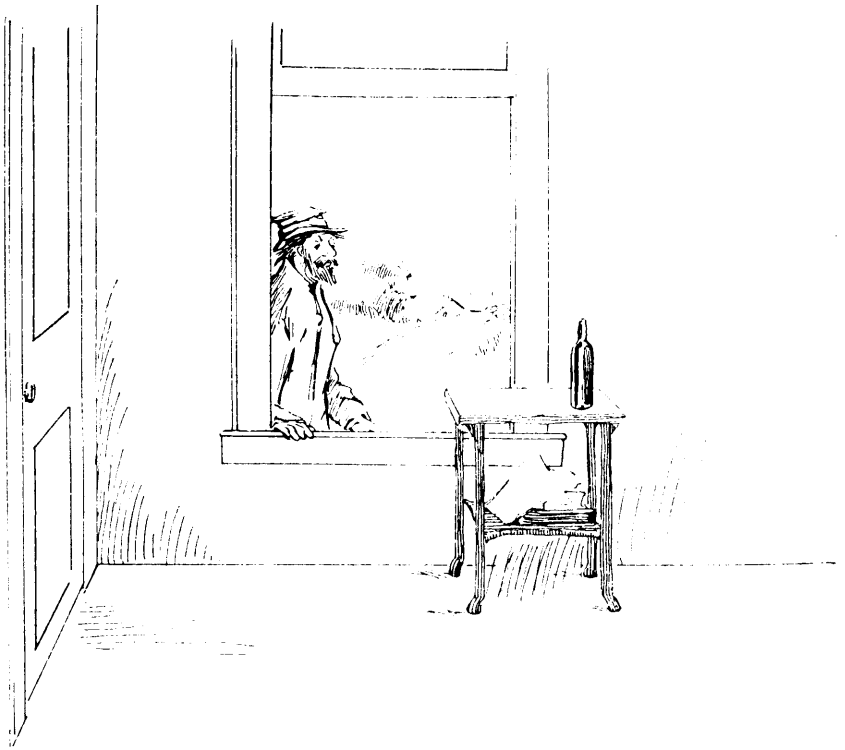
Made in 6½ minutes in our

Chafing Dishes

In order to introduce these goods will ship prepaid to any part of Canada for $3.75 cash with order or C.O.D. For ONE month only.

GEO. BOOTH, President.
JOS. WRIGHT, Vice-President.
C. H. BOOTH, Secretary.

THE BOOTH COPPER CO., Ltd., *119-123 Queen Street East, TORONTO.*

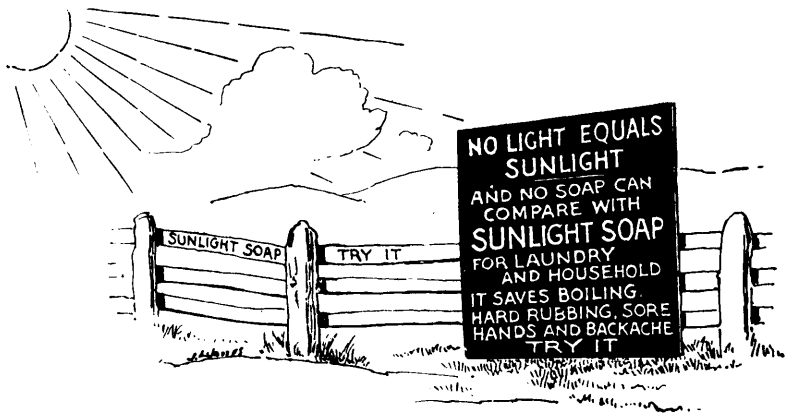


11.—Weary Watkins catches sight of the bottle.

III.—And rejoices greatly at the prospect of liquid refreshment.

YOU RUN NO RISK

☞All over the world where it is sold, SUNLIGHT SOAP carries with it a $5,000 Guarantee that it is Pure and contains no Injurious Chemicals.



SUNLIGHT SOAP ❋ MAKES WORK LIGHTER AND HOME BRIGHTER.

WE MAY NOT ALL BE BEAUTIES

But we may have SMOOTH, SOFT SKINS and CLEAR COMPLEXIONS, which are in themselves the first elements of BEAUTY and which make the plainest face attractive.

Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap

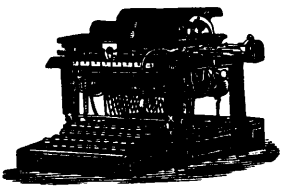
cause the skin to become SOFT, SMOOTH and VELVETY, and the COMPLEXION is made CLEARER and WHITER by the use of the above WORLD FAMOUS REMEDIES.

Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Wafers are a permanent beautifier, building up the wasted tissues underlying the skin, thus preventing the formation of WRINKLES, cleansing the pores thoroughly of their secre ions and all impurities which find lodgment in them. **Every Lady,** young or old, should use them. FOULD'S ARSENIC SOAP is a wonderful protection to the skin from the ravages of the wind, sun and weather.

Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Wafers and FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC SOAP are the only REAL BEAUTIFIERS of the COMPLEXION, SKIN AND FORM. They are simply wonderful for removing FRECKLES, BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES, VULGAR REDNESS, ROUGH, YELLOW or muddy skin, and, in fact, all blemishes, whether on the FACE, NECK, ARMS or body. Wafers, by mail, $1; six large boxes, $5. Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to The Lyman Bros. Co., 71 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont. Confidential letters should be addressed to H. B. Fould, 214 6th Avenue, New York. **Sold by all Druggists in Canada.**

THE LEADING DRESS STAY IN CANADA.

You do not want the experience pictured above, do you? Then buy only the **old reliable "EVER READYS."** They make the waist an inch smaller. Sold everywhere.



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Don't buy until you see us. We have a surprise in store for you.

Machines rented for practice or office use. Copying done. Situations procured for operators.

GEORGE BENGOUGH

77 ADELAIDE ST. E., TORONTO.

PHONE 2459.

☞ **Note Change of Address and 'Phone.**

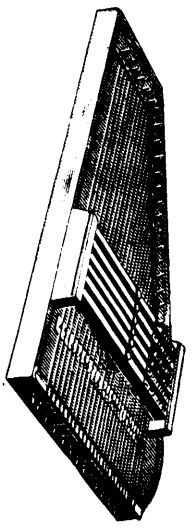
IV.—"Get out of this, you unspeakable scoundrel! You have drunk up my new hair tonic!!"
"Hully gee—I am a dead man!"

WATERPROOF,
YET POROUS.

Admits the Air and Keeps Out the Water.

This may seem an impossibility, but it can be explained. The RIGBY process renders the fabric a non-absorbent and a repellent to water. It makes the material so that it will shed water like a duck's back, otherwise it is not changed in appearance or feeling. It permits the free respiration of the skin, and at the same time keeps you dry.

Made in all woolen materials suitable for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments, Tweeds, Meltons, Serges, Mixtures, etc.



THE AUTOHARP. Any person can play it. This new and inexpensive Musical Instrument should be in every house. Can be learned in a few moments. WHALEY, ROYCE & Co., 150 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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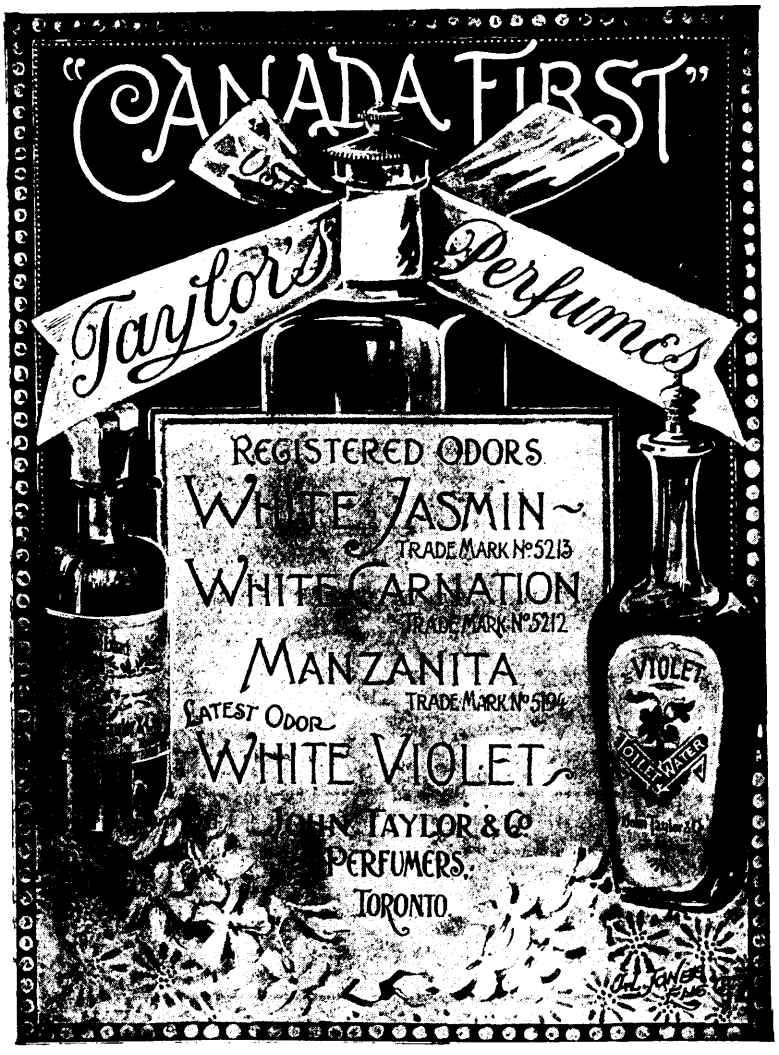
HYGIENIC
COCOA
ABSOLUTELY
PURE

WE Guarantee
COWAN'S
Hygienic Cocoa
For Health, Nutritive Properties, Purity and Fine Flavor, to be the Finest in the World.
MANUFACTURED BY
THE COWAN
Cocoa and
Chocolate Co., Ltd.,
TORONTO.

Risk & Edwards,
Dentists,
S. E. Cor. Yonge and Richmond Sts.
Specialty Crown and Bridge Work. **Toronto**

MEN AND WOMEN
Taught to make **Crayon Portraits** in spare hours at their homes by a new copyrighted method. Those learning my method will be furnished work by me, by which they can **EARN $8 TO $16 A WEEK.** Send for particulars
H. A. GRIPP, German Artist, Tyrone, Pa.

V. — "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good."



OUR GOODS ARE JUST RIGHT.

North American Life

Insurance Company.

The annual statement for 1895 of this solid and progressive Company has just been published the official re urns to the Dominion Government having been promptly made on the 31st of December last at the close of the year's business. The report shows that substantial and solid additions have been made to the insurance in force, assets, net surplus, the movements of which items from year to year indicate progress or the reverse of a company.

There are four items in a life insurance company's statement from which a very good idea can be obtained of its progress or retrogression. If these items are carefully compared at the end of certain years the company's record and standing can be ascertained The items referred to are cash income, assets net surplus, and insurance in force, and at the end of the last three quinquennial periods of the North American, were as follows :

	Cash Income.	Assets.	Insurance in Force.	Net Surplus.
1885	$153,401	$ 343,746	$ 4,849 287	$ 36,001
1890	354,601	1,034 325	10 076,554	127,159
1895	581,478	2,300 518	15,442,444	405,218

During the last quinquennium it will be observed that the cash income has increased by 64 per cent., the assets by 122 the insurance by 53, and the net surplus by 219.

The operations for 1895 were more successful than in any past year ; policies issued exceeded $3,000,000 the cash income reached $581,478, while the sum of $67,000 was added to the net surplus now amounting to over $495,000, after setting aside $25,000 out of the year's earnings as an additional contingency reserve fund to anticipate a change in the basis of valuation. The solid character of the company's assets is vouched for by the comparatively small amount of interest due, and the failure to find among them any trace of such undesirable items as "commuted commissions," "agents' balances or advances" "bills receivable." The North American claims a higher ratio of assets to liabilities than any other Canadian company, and compares most favorably in this respect with the very best of the American companies.

It is well known that mere size does not always guarantee strength or ability to make satisfactory profit returns to policy-holders, and this is practically borne out in the record of the North American Life, for not only is it relatively about the strongest life company in the field, if we guage strength by a comparison of assets to liabilities but it has for several years past been paying handsome returns under its investment policies which has tended to make the company one of the most popular in the Dominion, and a favorite with its agency staff. As an evidence of this, it may be mentioned several policy-holders have just received from this company a return under fifteen-year investment policies which have given them insurance for the term named, and then returned the whole of the premiums paid with compound interest thereon at a rate of about five per cent per annum. Certainly such a result as this should satisfy any policy-holder and no doubt will attract the attention of intending insurers to the special forms of investment policies issued by the North American.

The success of the company and the high standing it has attained, owing to its splendid financial position, it must be exceedingly gratifying to all those interested in the company. and also those who watch the progress of our Canadian institutions It has an excellent staff of officers, and the mention of the name of the president, Mr John L Blaikie is sufficient to inspire confidence and give assurance of caution and skill in everything connected with the investments of the company. while the name of the managing director, Mr. William McCabe F I A. is sufficient evidence that all that experience and actual skill so essential to the success of a life company, is being exercised in the management of the North American. In the efforts made by Mr McCabe, to push forward and promote the interests of the company, he has always been ably assisted by Mr. L. Goldman A.I.A., the company's secretary since inception.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.

Equipped with the Finest Day Coaches, Pullman and Wagner Drawing room and Sleeping Cars. Avoid Changes and Transfers by Buying Tickets over the Grand Trunk Railway.

The Great Tourist Route, touching or connecting with all the principal Fishing, Shooting, Hunting, Boating and Bathing Resorts, and serving all the Cities and Towns in Canada.

The Great International and Double-Track Route and "The Popular Tourist Line."

YOU CAN REACH THE FAMOUS

Georgian Bay, Muskoka and Midland Districts

"THE HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO"

Via Buffalo, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Port Huron, Rouse's Point, Massena Springs and Montreal.

☞ See that your Tickets read over . . . . **THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**

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Port Huron and Detroit

Is the short line to

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(Centres of the vast lumber interests of Michigan.)

Mt. Pleasant, Clare, Reed City, Baldwin, Ludington, Manistee,

AND

Milwaukee, Wis.

The last-named place reached by the Company's line of Steamships across Lake Michigan.

The line thus formed is a short and direct route from

MONTREAL TORONTO

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To ST. PAUL, DULUTH and Pacific Coast Points.

This road traverses a section of Michigan with unrivalled advantages to settlers. Cheap lands, thriving villages and towns, well watered with streams in all directions; a market for every product of forest and field.

The policy of the "F. & P. M." is known to all travellers and settlers.

A. PATRIARCHE, Traffic Manager,

GENERAL OFFICES, - - SAGINAW, MICH.

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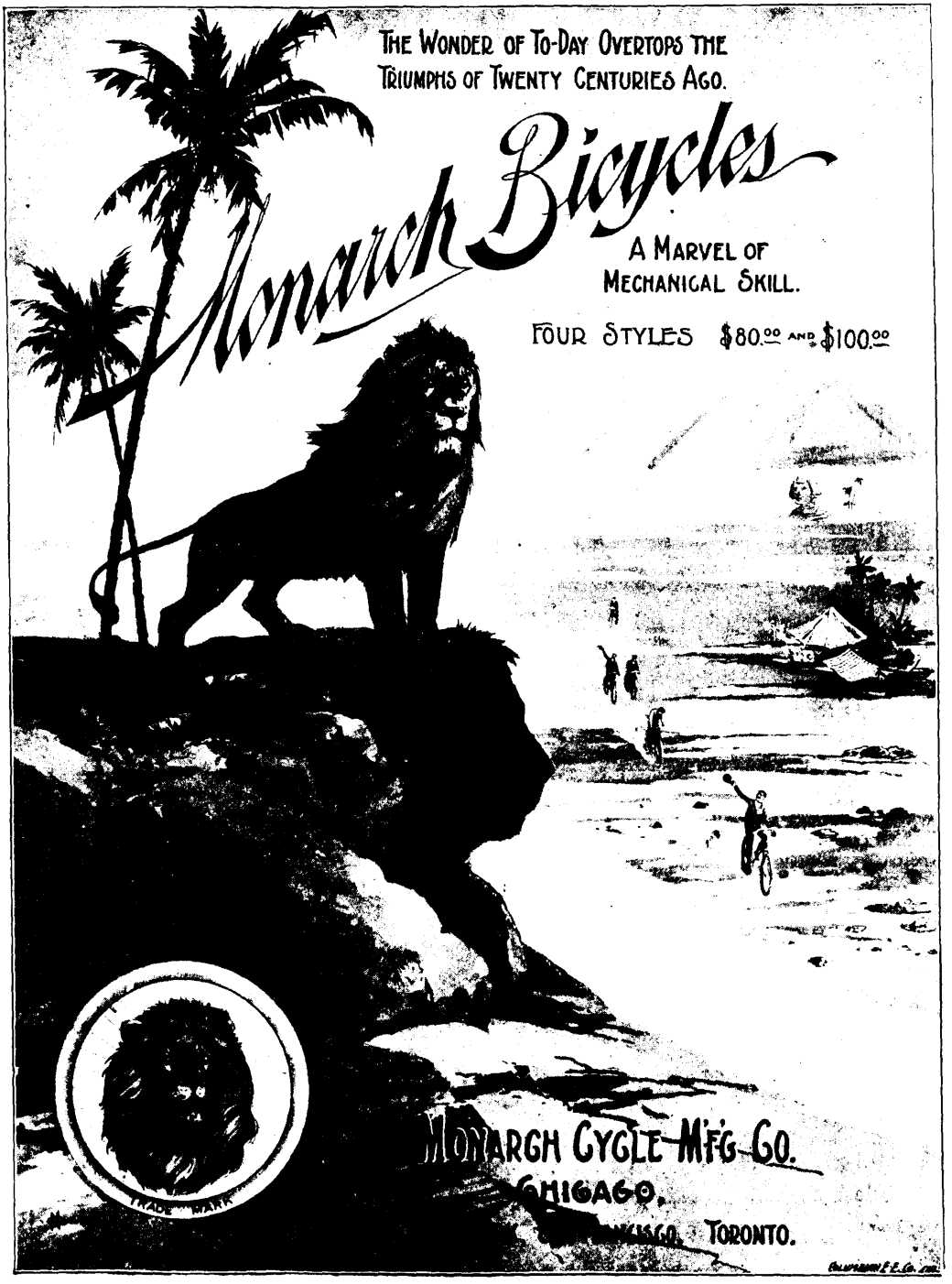
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A MARVEL OF
MECHANICAL SKILL.
FOUR STYLES $80.00 AND $100.00
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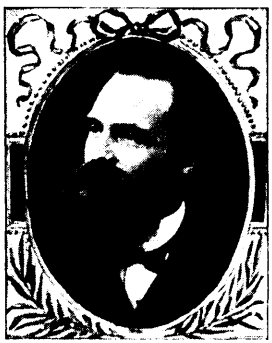
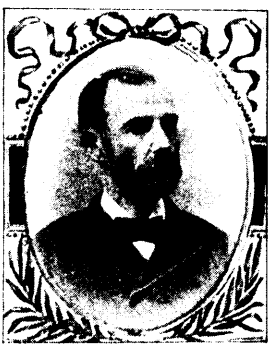


PROF. G. COUTURE.



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CONNOISSEURS...

who have purchased The Pratte Piano are loud in its praise.

We cull the following from letters received from three distinguished Montreal musicians:

PROF. G. COUTURE,

Conductor Montreal Philharmonic Society and Choir Master St. James Cathedral, says:

"Your piano is the most satisfactory and perfect instrument one could desire. Allow me to congratulate you, and at the same time express my admiration.

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Organist St. James Cathedral and Professor of the Piano and Organ, says:

"The upright pianos of your make, if one may form a judgment from the one I have acquired, possess a combination of all the qualities esteemed by musicians."

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Violinist to His Majesty the King of Belgium, writes:

"Your pianos are as remarkable for their delicate touch, which admits of the utmost variety of shade, as for their pure and sympathetic tone. The equality and the elasticity of the mechanism are admirable. Perfect in every respect."

THE BEST MATERIALS, MOST SKILFUL WORKMANSHIP and SOME NOTABLE IMPROVEMENTS ARE THE COMBINATION THAT HAVE MADE "THE PRATTE" THE ARTISTS' PIANO PAR EXCELLENCE.

It is made in one size and one quality only. The CASE may be more or less costly.

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