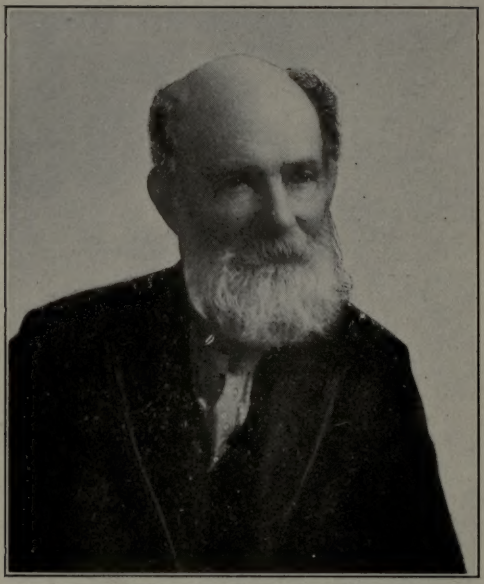
OLD TIME CUSTOMS

CALKIN



Portrait from photograph taken in 1915

John B. Calkins

Old Time Customs

Memories and Traditions

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Other Essays

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Preface.

This little book is made up of six essays:

"**Old Time Customs,**" comprising more than half of it, had its origin about ten years ago in a paper read by the author at a meeting of the Nova Scotia Historical Society in Halifax. Although it is still but a small affair, it has grown considerably by the addition of new topics and by enlarging on those originally included. As implied in the sub-title, some of the customs described were within the writer's experience, while others were obsolete or pertained to other lands.

"**Jack and Jill**" claims recognition in these pages on account of its close relationship to the olden times, it being one of the standard nursery stories associated with "Jack and The Bean Stalk" "Jack the Giant Killer," "Beauty and the Beast," and "Old Blue Beard," which brightened the days of children before we were born. When one looks closely into these little stories which gave so much amusement to young people in former days, one wonders if they were pure inventions of the imagination, or if they originated in some historic event.

"**Culture and Agriculture**" grew out of a short talk to an Agricultural Society. Subsequently, with some additions, it was read before The Nova Scotia Fruit Growers' Association at a meeting held in Wolfville.

"**A Vision**" may seem to some ultra-sober minded people as quite unworthy of a place within the covers of a book. Let me tell them that when one is caught away on the wings of vision resist-

ance is no easy matter, and, further, visions are not always visionary.

"**A Letter to a Young Teacher**" should be entitled to a place here from the simple fact that it introduces the interesting story of The Kindergarten and The Disobedient Boy.

"**Free Schools in Nova Scotia**" might be improved in the telling, nevertheless it is an important chapter in the history of the Province.

Old Time Customs

Memories and Traditions

*Multa senem circumveniunt * * * * difficilis, - laudator temporis acti se puero.*

—Horace, de Arte Poetica, 174 et seq.

"Say not thou 'What is the cause that the former days were better than these?' for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this."

Eccles. 7 : 10.

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Introduction.

An explorer from the South Pole or Central Africa has something to tell so very different from things at home that its very strangeness may lend it an interest all its own. So, too, have our grandfathers, who have come from the long ago to the now.

Each age has its own peculiar manners and its own customs. These distinguishing features may originate in environment, in the necessities and special conditions of society, or in mere accident. Then, too, a custom may wholly pass away with the condition that gave it birth, or it may outlive those conditions in whole or in part as a thing strange and unaccountable, perhaps becoming a matter of interest and research. As in the evolution of animal organisms higher forms retain traces of a lower from which they were evolved, so in the customs of every day life we may see vestiges or remnants of an earlier condition of society.

Our custom of bowing or removing the hat in recognition of respect is probably a remnant of an old time custom of pros-

tration of the body in the presence of a superior—a custom still prevalent in some parts of the world. It would seem that this remaining vestige is with us moving down to the vanishing point. Sometimes —perhaps more frequently than otherwise—a man merely touches the edge of his hat, as if to show that he has one. Nor does he always go thus far;—the token of respect or of recognition may be further weakened to a slight nod of the head, a waving of the hand or of a stick. With another generation it may be attenuated to the crooking of the little finger or a wink of an eye. The buttons on the back of a man's coat seem to serve no purpose either for use or ornament, and are supposed to be relics of an old time custom when they were used to hold up the coat tails of a person riding on horse-back or in other movements that might be hindered by dangling skirts.

Many English words had their origin in some social condition, custom or belief now obsolete. The word *influence* originally applied to a power or force supposed to go out from the stars to the earth, shaping and controlling the destiny of men.

The same idea attached to the word *disaster* which originally meant a calamity brought about by the influence of an evil star. Saying that a person had met with a disaster was equivalent to the statement that he was ill-starred, or that some serious ill had befallen him through the baneful influence of a star.

It is rather surprising that we have so many words in our language that appear to have had their origin in a period of infidelity or of unbelief in God as the supreme ruler of the world. Among words of this class we find *fate*, *destiny*, *luck*, *fortune*, *accident*, *happening*—words that appear to imply belief in some determinative force back of the God of the Christian faith. Or may such words have originated under conditions of society similar to those of the ancient Athenians who, in their ultra-religiosity, having duly recognized all the deities they had ever heard of and desiring to be quite safe, erected an altar to an unknown god? With some such object, wishing to keep on good terms with all the gods, our Anglo-Saxon forefathers had a god for every day in the week from *Sun*-day to *Satur*-day.

Judging from the meaning of the words derived from the names of the planets, the deities which these heavenly bodies represented impressed their temperament or character on the individuals who came under their influence. Thus he who was subjected to the power of Jupiter or Jove was *jovial*; one under Mercury was *mercurial* or excitable; one under Mars was *martial* or warlike.

The word *spinster*, often used in legal documents to designate an unmarried woman, was originally applied to the woman who did the spinning for the family. A few years ago some unmarried women in England, who, in legal phrase were *spinsters*, considering the term offensive, formed a club that they might use their combined influence for the expunction of it from the language. For equally good reason they might have objected to daughter which originally meant a milkmaid.

But yet again! Look at this English language of ours,—What a polyglot tongue it is, laying under tribute all, or nearly all, the tongues of the world! These borrowed words that make up a large part of our patchwork language, in their old-time

Greek, Latin, Anglo-Saxon, Norman, French or what-not form, served their own day in their native land; now, assuming new form, they have been commandeered to serve in the great army of words used by the English-speaking people. They form a large and goodly company, adapted to all our thoughts. Let us use them lawfully and righteously. Each has special adaptation for its own service, and we should not try to force them to do work for which they have no fitness or with which they have no fellowship.

The word *awful*, one of the most sacred words in the English language, is set apart, as it were, to express an idea which no other single word can fully do, combining a sense of fear and dread mingled with profound reverence. It is well employed in —"The awful majesty of Jehovah claims from man and angel the deepest heartfelt recognition." But how often we hear it used so lightly and with meaningless application, as—"The hat is awfully pretty," "The cake is awfully nice." The man who debases the King's coin by filing or clipping pieces from it, thus lessening its value, makes himself liable to severe punish-

ment. What should be done with him who debases the King's English?

The present has grown largely out of the past and what we are doing to-day is shaping the character of the future. It should be our aim to "hold fast what is good and to resist every appearance of evil," that we may leave the world better than we found it. Things are ever changing for better or worse—very gradually it may be, and if so, the more easily and stealthily do the changes make their way.

In weighing the past and the present we may well balance difference of poise by the thought that the two are really parts of one great whole without border line of demarcation between them. They shade into each other—the past ever foreshadowing the next thing, and the present growing out of that which went before it. It is cause and effect; or effect becoming cause for more remote effect.

I

Conditions of the Early Settlers.

IT is well sometimes to look backward to the days and the doings of our fathers who left their home in the old land beyond the wide ocean, that they might make for themselves and their loved ones new homes in this new world of forests, wild beasts and untamed Indians. We, of this age and in this Canada of ours, may well be proud of the heritage they have left us with its priceless privileges. By noting what we owe to our forbears we may be stimulated to higher endeavor to leave the heritage thus fallen into our hands, with so much added enrichment, that our children may in turn hold their fathers in grateful remembrance for what they have done for their betterment.

Few English people were found in Nova Scotia outside of Halifax before 1760, and the chief concern of those here was to guard themselves against the Indian scalping knife and the French forces sent from Quebec to recover possession of the country. Subsequent to this date the earlier English colonists, chiefly from New England,

succeeded to the lands near Annapolis, Canard, Wolfville, Grand Pré, Windsor, Truro, Masstown and Amherst, from which the Acadians had been removed in 1755. New settlers who came in later, including Loyalists from the United States—mostly farmers and disbanded soldiers—went back into the interior of the country where the more fertile lands were found, these new settlements in many cases being separated from the older ones by forest-covered lands less suited to agriculture. Through the forests the only roads were rough bridle paths. The smaller streams were crossed by fording, the larger ones the horses swam across, while their riders, having dismounted, crossed them in a rude sort of boat made of a big log dug out in trough fashion.

These pioneer settlers went in groups of five or six families, chose adjoining lots and built their houses about a quarter of a mile apart. Thus, in some measure, they provided for themselves the social advantages of larger communities. It was a truly simple life, that of our forefathers in their forest home. While the house-building was going on the home was in a domicile

hastily thrown together after the fashion of the Indian wigwam. The more permanent dwelling was but a log cabin of small dimensions, comprising two rooms with an attic under the roof. The chimney, made of stones held together by clay mortar, was in one corner, or sometimes outside the house against one end. Timber was plentiful—including pines and hemlocks large enough to be made into boards three feet wide. As yet, however, there were no saw-mills, so that the houses and other buildings were made of logs rudely dressed with an axe, the roof being covered with home-made shingles, or with the bark of a hemlock tree.

A maple grove was reserved near by for its maple sugar and other saccharine products which it yielded every spring. The manufacture of the sap into the finished product cost much labor, but it was in the season when little farm work could be done and, not to speak of direct reward, the "good time" it afforded was rich compensation for the toil. The beech, too, was a favorite on account of its beech-nuts which, in the autumn, when the frost-smitten leaves were falling, it sent down

in profusion. These home-grown nuts were then as highly prized by the children as are walnuts and other imported nuts in our day. The pigs, also, were fond of beech-nuts and they were sent in droves into the forests for several weeks to be fattened on nuts which they gathered for themselves from among the dry leaves. It was inexpensive food, but it did not make pork of the best quality. Wild animals, such as the moose, caribou, bear, fox, wild-cat and raccoon, were numerous. It was no uncommon thing for bears and foxes to visit the farm-yard and kill the farmer's cattle, sheep and poultry.

When the home was made ready the new settler brought hither his youthful wife. It was no auto-car or wheeled vehicle of any kind that was used for the journey. Now, and for some years later, they travelled on horse-back, both on the same animal, over the narrow bridle path. Later in their life history the same conveyance furnished additional accommodation for the growing family—at least for two more, one on the horse's neck in front of the father, and the other behind in the mother's arms.

Our fathers had a fashion of getting

amusement out of toil. It was customary in doing certain kinds of work for the men of the neighborhood to club together and, turn about, help each other. "Frolics" or "bees", such gatherings were called—"piling frolics" for rolling together and burning the big logs in clearing away the forests, "husking frolics" for stripping the husks from the Indian corn, and "raising frolics" for erecting the frames of buildings. Here it may be noted that beams, posts and other timbers used in buildings in the early times were much larger than those of the present day. Then, too, the timbers in the whole side of the building were put together and pinned firmly while lying in a horizontal position. At the "raising frolic" the whole side of the frame was erected in one piece, a process that required the combined strength of several men. In our day each piece is set up and put in place separately. It should be added that, whether as stimulus to physical energy or for good cheer, a jug of Jamaica rum was always considered an essential element of raising and piling frolics.

The "paring frolic" was an evening pastime for young men and maidens. The

first part of the evening was devoted to paring apples and stringing the pieces into which they were divided. On the following day, and for several weeks thereafter, the strings might be seen hanging in graceful festoons from the kitchen ceiling. Later in the evening the scene was changed. By way of interlude, pumpkin pies, doughnuts, pound cake and home made cider were passed round. Thereafter followed the "tripping of the light fantastic" to the tune of "Hunt the squirrel" discoursed on nature's choicest instrument, the human voice.

Everything was home-made, outdoors and in, as the conditions of the early settler required. Necessity made him a jack-of-all-trades. For two good reasons, he was unable to buy many necessary things—there were none to be bought and he had no means of paying for them. And so he built his own house, barn and pig-pen ; he made his farming implements—carts, sleds, harrows, yokes, rakes, baskets, barrels, milk dishes, cheese presses, brooms and many other things needed for indoors and out.

Within the house the industries were equally varied and comprehensive. The

home was by turns a cheese factory, a soap factory, a candle factory, a carding mill, a spinning jenny, a weaving mill, and factories of other sorts. The clothes of the family were made in these domestic factories from start to finish. Every farm had its flock of sheep. In the spring these animals were rounded up, driven to some pond or deep brook and washed. Then followed the shearing. The wool was sorted "picked" or pulled apart, carded—in early times by hand—spun, woven and made into garments of all kinds and for all occasions. In like manner the manufacture of linen was carried on from the sowing of the flax seed through all the intermediate stages to the bleaching, from which there came the snow-white sheets, table-cloths, napkins and towels.

Of all these processes in the making of linen, the spinning on the little treadle wheel, propelled by the busy foot while the dexterous fingers drew out from a bunch of flax on the distaff the thread which was eagerly devoured by the whirring spindle. This same little wheel, so useful in its day and, with its incessant hum, so vividly suggestive of Miles Standish

and his disastrous courtship of Priscilla, carried on by his proxy John Alden, had its day of toil and service. Then for long years in company with many other dust-covered castaways it stood in the attic, silent and neglected, awaiting another turn of the wheel of fortune to bring a more appreciative age. And now grandmother's little wheel, cleaned, polished and become a thing of beauty, is honored as a parlor ornament. In another part of the attic—we may call it the pharmacy—were stored the home-grown medicines. Doctors were many miles away, having their homes in more densely peopled places; and there were no telephones to summon them, nor auto cars to hasten them to the bed-side of the suffering. It might thus be many hours before their help could be obtained. It was prudent, therfore, to have first aid remedies at hand for emergencies, and Providence had beneficently stored them abundantly in forest and in field, in door-yard and by road-side. Herbs, they were called by those who gave thought to the maladies incident to the human body; often, however, they were rooted out with hostile intent by the farmer, forgetful of

their healing virtues, and cast aside as weeds. Having been gathered in the evening before the dew came on them, dried, enclosed in paper bags and labelled, were peppermint, spearmint, pennyroyal, balm, wormwood, camomile, burdock, life-of-man, celandine, tansy, mayweed, yarrow, marigold, each having its special properties and heal-all—having the reputation of a panacea—and many others too numerous to mention.

It may be noted that there were certain persons in almost every community—of the female sex they generally were—whose knowledge of the medicinal properties of herbs enabled them to prepare remedies suited to the healing of every disease. Like the druggists of the present day, they had their mortars and pestles for making various concoctions from the roots, leaves, bark, and blossoms of field and forest plants. Of such a good Samaritan we read in the report of a noted family reunion held a few years ago in one of our southern counties. What became of the mortar we are not told. The pestle, however, still to the fore, is religiously kept as a relic in memory of her who, following in the

footsteps of the Master, once went about doing good to all who needed her ministry.

It may be fancied that some people, ill-taught in the ways of the olden time, will be saying—"Tell us about the making of brooms out of ash and birch trees. Were they like our corn brooms?" Not very much. But they did the sweeping just as well, though, on account of narrower reach, they took longer time to do the job. Ash made the better broom, though it cost more labor in the making of it. The stick chosen was straight, free from knots, about three inches in diameter and about five feet in length. The bark was removed from about ten inches of the larger end. Here a ring of bark an inch and a half wide was left, and above this ring the bark was removed to the end of the stick. We now make a pencil line around the stick eleven and a half inches above the ring of bark and run a saw around this line evenly to the depth of about three-fourths of an inch, leaving the heart wood an inch and a half in diameter intact. We may now make a rough handle for our broom by dressing off the wood above the pencil line and to the depth of the cutting by the saw.

We are now ready to make the brush which will consist of two parts—an outer and an inner brush, making the inner brush first from the ten inches below the ring of bark. The sap wood is now pealed up, each year's growth being separated from that of the preceding year and turned back over the ring of bark. Birch wood may be easily stripped up, but the grains of ash adhere so closely that they require to be carefully pounded to loosen them up. This may be done by one person holding the end of the stick on a block and turning it slowly around, while another pounds it with the head of an ax. The pounding will need to be followed up separately for each year's growth. The process is thus continued to the heart wood which is then sawed off. The strips or ribbons are then divided into narrow threads and turned down forming the inner part of the brush. The part above the ring of bark is then treated in the same manner and turned down forming the outer part of the brush. The whole brush is now firmly bound by twine around its upper part next to the handle. Finally the handle is dressed to the proper size and made smooth. The broom is finished.

In no way, perhaps, is a people's progress in home comforts more clearly indicated than in its means of lighting the house in the evening. Nature's simple provision, often adopted in the early days, was the resinous pine knot. It was often split into several pieces and some sort of stand was used to hold the lighted section in erect position. Contemporary with it was the feeble *rush light*, consisting of the spongy pith of the leafless tapering rush which we see so common growing in tufts in wet land. The pith, with a strip of rind on one side left to hold it together, was dipped in hot grease, forming a sort of candle, giving a good light, but short lived. Different kinds of stands were used for its support, similar to the candle-stick. In early times, before carpets became common, rushes were strewn on the floors of houses as a covering which was sometimes allowed to remain so long as to be filthy as well as a lodging place for disease germs. A new layer of rushes was thus an important part of house cleaning.

From the pine knot and the rush-light to the electric light is a long stride, and there were various intermediate steps be-

tween them. A strip of cotton cloth saturated with grease was one of the rudest appliances. In some parts of the country a lamp fed by whale oil or some sort of fish oil was in common use. The tallow candle, made chiefly of beef fat with a wick of soft cotton yarn—rarely of tow—held a long time almost undisputed and brilliant reign as an illuminant. The time came, however, with "the widening of man's thoughts," when the tallow candle was compelled to share its empire with ambitious rivals,—*coal gas* and *kerosene*—now holding a wide field in the lighting of our homes. And yet the tallow candle with its attendant, the snuffers, is by no means extinguished; and it still holds honourable recognition as the standard in estimating the brilliancy of illuminators of higher power. In many a home, too, where the candle has been superseded by "modern improvements," the brass candlesticks, clean and bright, adorn the parlor mantel as memorials of "ye olden time." For the information of those by whom the making of this old time light is considered a lost art, some details of the process may be given.

It may be stated that tallow candles, at least in the olden days, were divided into three classes or ranks according to the service for which they were intended. First were the "moulds" made by pouring melted tallow into a tin mould — larger and smoother than the other kinds—a *tony* light for company occasions; those of the second class were the cotton-wick dips, made for ordinary use; the third and lowest class were the tow-wicks, dipped last, when the tallow was nearly used up. They gave a very uncertain sort of light and sputtered and spat like an angry cat. They were often called "sluts," probably on account of the menial service they were made for, being intended for work in the cellar for which little light was needed.

The material required for making the "dips" comprised good clean tallow, a ball or two of soft cotton yarn for the wicks, several dozens of stiff, smooth rods about twenty inches long and three-eighths of an inch in diameter, two poles eight or ten feet long with benches about two feet high to rest on—kitchen chairs often served the purpose—and a large iron pot or kettle about half full of hot water.

The wicking was cut into pieces about twenty inches in length, six or seven wicks were strung on each rod, so that the middle of the wick would rest on the rod and the parts hang down on each side. The two parts were then twisted together, six or seven wicks being thus strung on each rod about an inch and a half apart. When a rod was filled and the wicks were straightened out by pulling them down with the thumb and finger, it was placed across the poles. The pot containing the water and melted tallow was placed beside the suspended rods. It scarcely needs to be stated that tallow, having less specific gravity than water, must rest on the top of the water. It may be observed, too, that the pot must be kept filled to the top,—otherwise the upper part of the candle would not profit by the dipping. For this purpose a supply of hot water and melted tallow must be kept on hand.

Everything made ready the dipping began. Beginning at one end the dipper lifted the rods one after another consecutively and plunged them into the pot, took them out quickly, straightened out the wick where necessary and replaced them

on the poles. Thus the process went on through the whole row, and was repeated until the candles had grown to the full size. It will be understood that the growth was effected on the same principle as is that of the icicle suspended from the eaves of a building, only in the case of the icicle there is no wick to begin on and it grows vertically as well as horizontally, and is smallest at the lower end.

It is difficult to fully estimate the convenience and economic value of the friction match now universally used in making a new fire. The common way three-fourths of a century ago, when some of us were boys, was in the first place to follow the custom of the vestal virgins of ancient Rome in their precaution for the maintenance of the sacred fire. In his boyhood days the present writer observed the care with which his father kept the fire alive over night. A partially burned stick—a hemlock knot suited best—its face glowing with fire, was covered with a deep layer of ashes for the exclusion of air, thus arresting combustion. In the morning, when the covering was removed, there remained a fine bed of coals for starting the

fire. The last spark, however, may have fled! Then what to do? First, the small boy was sent to the nearest neighbor's "to borrow fire." Seizing the brand between two sticks he hastened on his homeward way. The faster he ran the more fruitless appeared the outcome of his errand. Sometimes, indeed, fanned by the opposing current of air, the inflammable tongs lost their grip, and the remains of the brand fell to the ground. It was seldom, however, that these laudable efforts were thus luckless, and never did he give up without resort to new expedient for overcoming the difficulty. The old flint lock musket, now hanging on the kitchen wall, which perhaps had seen service in the hands of a Loyalist in the American Revolution and had since proved its worth in the pursuit of a bear which had done mischief in the farmer's barnyard or sheep pasture, came to the rescue. The spark generated by the sharp blow of the hammer on the flint, fell on the powder, passed on to the tinder, and the morning fire was soon ablaze.

Other expedients were used for obtaining fire, most of them of a chemical nature.

We were often told that it could be done by briskly rubbing two pieces of wood together. The Indians had done it from time immemorial, it was said. But no responsible person claimed to have done it, or to have seen it done. The chemical match—a splinter of wood tipped with a mixture of chlorate of potash and sugar—when dipped in sulphuric acid was an effective, though rarely adopted, expedient.

In the early years of Queen Victoria's reign friction matches were sold as a curiosity in the streets of London. It is said that before this match had been perfected, Sir Humphrey Davy, one of the foremost chemists of the day, in writing to a friend, spoke of the newly originated match and wondered if it would ever come into common use!

It was a strenuous as well as a simple life that our pioneer ancestors passed through in clearing away the forests and securing for us the rich heritage they have left us. Being compelled to endure hardship and to rely on their own resources, they were developed into the robust, many-sided and resourceful men and women that they became—never non-plus-

sed, never lacking in expedients. In this there was wonderful compensation for many deficiencies. What they lacked in elegance and in culture, they gained in broadness and grit. The limitations attendant on specialization they escaped.

And here we must not forget that many of the early settlers in this country of ours were of the flower of the British people—among the choicest in manly vigor, in mental ability, independent thinking and moral culture. Above all they had the will to dare and to do.

Nor have the descendants of these many-sided men and women lost the initiativeness, the versatility and other virtues of their sires. The grit and the fibre are still there, flowing on as a precious inheritance to succeeding generations. Hence it was that in the late war in South Africa Canadian volunteers, though in war not to the manner born, were noted for their resourcefulness, ready application of mother wit in pressing emergency and possessed of unfaltering bravery that led to victory. The testimony, too, of our day, borne by the Great World War, has demonstrated that

Canadians are true to their ancestors, to themselves, to their country, to their King and to righteousness!

Portrait copied from daguerrotype taken in 1856

JOHN B. CALKIN

II

Schools and School Masters.

THE SYSTEM OF EDUCATION in the former days, if system it may be called, was very different from that of the present day. There was little machinery employed in carrying it on. Probably in new settlements it was a voluntary organization, without trustees, school-house or licensed teacher. Schools were private concerns supported by individuals who had children to be educated. The school was held in a private house and taught in winter by men, in some cases of fair ability and scholarship, but more commonly by such as had failed in almost everything else, and in the summer season by women. Frequently, a man having a family was employed for the whole year, taking farm produce in payment for his salary, and not being "passing rich with forty pounds a year," he supplemented his stipend by gardening or small farming. There were very few who made teaching a vocation or permanent business, and there was no such thing as a trained teacher or a Normal School. Teaching was a resort—too often a last resort—to which one betook

himself when he had failed at everything else.

For many years young men who desired higher education and professional training were accustomed to go to the Universities of the United States and Great Britain. Preparatory work for these institutions was generally done under the supervision of private instructors, chiefly clergymen who were graduates of universities in the old country. Candidates for law and medicine took a preparatory course under practitioners of their chosen profession.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century and in the early years of the nineteenth a movement began for the establishing of high schools and colleges in Nova Scotia. Kings College, organized in 1789, in Windsor, was the first institution of the kind in the Province. Through ecclesiastical restrictions, such as withholding diplomas from graduates who refused signature to the doctrines of the Anglican church, by which body it was controlled, it failed to meet the needs of the country and to become a provincial institution. At this time not over one-fourth of the population were connected with that church.

The lack of facilities for the education of a native ministry was felt seriously by the dissenting churches and led to the founding of Pictou Academy. It is said that some one—a man of sound judgment he must have been—having been asked to give the essential elements of an efficient college, replied,—"A big log with Mark Hopkins seated on one end and a live student on the other," or to that effect. Pictou Academy fittingly illustrated this definition. It got the cold shoulder, however, from the powers that barred the doors of King's College against Dissenters, and so it struggled to its feet under adverse conditions. It had not even a log that it could call its own. Its classes met in private houses; its Faculty comprised a single professor, Thomas McCulloch, D.D., but he was a whole man and all there. And while the Government of Nova Scotia refused to grant the institution degree-conferring power, the graduates had no difficulty on examination in taking degrees from Glasgow University. The institution became eminently useful, not only in the special sphere for which it was established, but also in the preparation of many for other professions, who

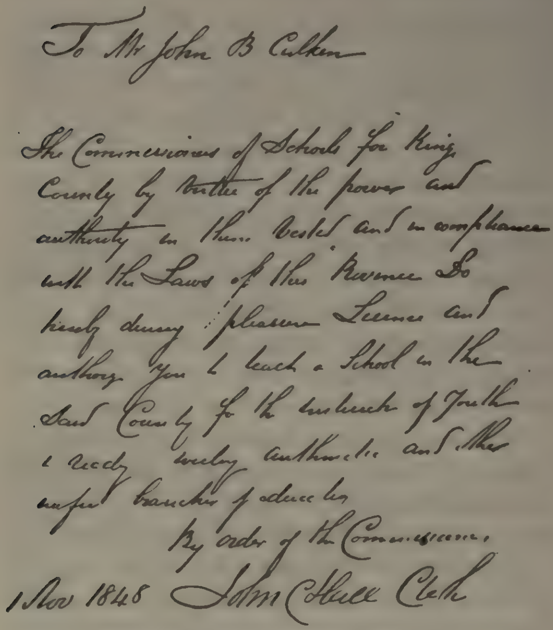
attained distinction in their lines of public service.

Somewhat similar work was done in the western part of the Province by Rev. William Somerville in his seminary at first established in Lower Horton and later in West Cornwallis. This institution was recognized by a provincial grant from the School Commissioners of King's County down to the time when the Free Schools Act came into operation. Strange to say this very Act took away the power of the commissioners to continue the grant to this distinguished educator unless he submitted to examination for license by men far below him in scholarship and ability.

Educational machinery came in at the time of legislative aid to common schools early in the nineteenth century. The counties were divided into school sections or *districts* as they were then called. Each county had its Board of School Commissioners having the power of licensing teachers and the distribution of government grants with a general oversight of the public schools. The section or school district was authorized to elect a Board of Trustees whose duty it was to solicit sub-

scriptions for the support of the school and employ a teacher. For many years the functions of the Trustees were little more than nominal, consisting chiefly in signing the teacher's report of work done during the term, by which they certified to the correctness of what they knew little about. According to the custom of the time a teacher's license was obtained from any two Commissioners, or from such other examiners as the Board chose to appoint, stating that they were satisfied as to the qualifications of the candidates.

In obtaining a license a candidate in Kings County was examined by a School Commissioner—an uncle of the late Sir Chas. Tupper, Baronet. The ordeal was not very serious. The candidate was required to read a few lines of Milton's "Paradise Lost," parse two or three lines of the poem and work an exercise in vulgar fractions. Having done the exercises to the satisfaction of the Commissioner he readily obtained endorsement of the Certificate by another Commissioner without further examination. The following is a copy of a Common School License issued in the year 1848.



To Mr John B Calkin

The Commissioners of Schools for Kings County by virtue of the power and authority in them vested and in compliance with the Laws of this Province Do hereby during pleasure License and authorize you to teach a School in the said County for the instruction of Youth in reading writing arithmetic and other useful branches of education

By order of the Commissioners,

1 Nov 1848 John C Hall Clerk

Facsimile of Common School License, 1848.

It was seldom that the Trustees stood in any responsible capacity between the teacher and the people. The contract was made directly between the Teacher and the "proprietors", that is the parents who sent their children to school. The teacher bound himself to teach a "regular" school

for a specified term, giving instruction according to the best of his abilities in certain branches, usually limited to reading, writing and arithmetic—sometimes adding geography and English Grammar. It bound the signatory patrons to provide suitable school room, fuel, books, and board for the teacher with the further item of paying the Teacher for work done. Sometimes the amount to be paid was a fixed salary to be divided among the patrons according to the number of days attended by their children; often it was a fixed amount for every week's attendance —nine pence or perhaps a shilling a week. The teacher was sure of his board and fairly sure of the Government allowance at the end of the half year—as for anything more he ran some risk. Then, as to board, he was a visitor at the homes of the children—he "boarded around," measuring out the time to each of his many homes according to the number of pupils he had in it. Of course he was not scrupulously exact in this matter. If he fell in with a good place, he showed his appreciation by prolonging his visit, with corresponding lessening of time in places where the fare

was less generous. Whatever might be urged against this custom of boarding around, this could be said in its favor—it was relieved from monotony, and the teacher had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the homes of his pupils. Nevertheless, with all its advantages, a teacher was known to object to the custom, especially as he desired to board where he could have a private room for undisturbed study. His objection was thought to be remarkable and the reason given most unreasonable. The people supposed that they were employing a teacher, not a student. The subscription paper was circulated by a trustee, some interested parent, or by the teacher. At the close of the term similar means of collecting the salary was adopted.

In these old times school books were neither large nor numerous, nor were they expensive. Indeed, at one time within the writer's memory, the whole school course was comprised in a single text-book and that a very slender one. This ideal text-book begins with the alphabet—the A B C's, as it was called, followed by the a b abs, the b a bas, and the b l a blas.

Then there were simple words of one syllable in which every letter was pronounced. In a more advanced stage these words were combined into sentences. Moving on, the pupil soon found himself in deeper water—words of two, three, four, or more syllables. Then there were words spelled differently with the same pronunciation as *air, one of the elements*; *ere, before*; *heir, one who inherits.* The lessons in reading included selections from the Book of Proverbs, Esop's Fables illustrated and Natural History. Lessons were given on Geography, English Grammar, Arithmetic and abbreviations in writing, and Latin words and phrases in common use. Nor was religious education overlooked. This little book contained "The Church Catechism," "Watts's Catechism," Prayers for use in school and for home use morning and night, "Grace before Meat" and "Grace after Meat." All these and more were in this book at the cost of one shilling or about twenty-five cents Canadian Currency. The book was entitled "*A New Guide to the English Tongue*" by Thomas Dilworth, School-master.

The school-room was fitted up in most

economic fashion. On one side was a large open fireplace, and in a corner near by was a desk or a table at which sat the teacher often writing copies, or making goose-quill pens—the steel pen is a modern invention. While thus engaged he heard a class of young children read. Around three sides of the room were the writing tables, consisting of a board about four inches in breadth, extending horizontally from the wall as a shelf for ink-wells, pens and other things. To the edge of this shelf was attached a slanting board about twenty inches wide for a writing table. Originally it was fairly smooth, but in course of time its surface had become much changed, showing various designs in wood-carving with jacknives by young artists. On the south side, opposite a window, one might find a deep cutting for use rather than ornament—a sun dial to indicate the noon time.

The seats in those days were made of slabs supported by legs made of stakes driven into auger holes on the under side. They had no support for the back, and their legs were long enough for a full grown man, adapted to the convenience of

Sunday meetings and singing schools in week day evenings, so that the children's feet did not reach the floor. When writing, the pupils faced the wall; at other times inward toward the master.

An amusing feature was the spelling exercise to which the last twenty minutes of the day were devoted. At first came the preparation of the lesson. The pupils seated on the high benches and facing inwards studied aloud and with no uncertain sound. As they pronounced each letter and syllable and word after this fashion—v o vo, l u n lun, volun, t a ta, volunta, r i ri, voluntari, l y ly, voluntarily—they swayed to and fro, keeping time in their bodily movements above the seat and below the seat with the rhythm of their voice, gathering up the syllables as they went along, and finally pronouncing the whole word. At the close of the preparation all stood in line around the room while the teacher heard the lesson. There was "going up and down," which excited much emulation, gravitating each way from about the middle of the line, the one at the foot seeming to be as proud of his position as was he at the head.

III

Religion and Law.

THE EARLY settlements in many parts of Nova Scotia were for some time without churches and regular ministers. Meanwhile congregations met in private houses and barns fitted up with temporary seats consisting of logs or slabs resting on benches. In summer they often held service in the open air under the shadow of a clump of trees, in confirmation of Bryant's statement—"The groves were God's first temples." It is said that the first meeting of the Pictou Presbytery met in a barn, and that on one occasion during church service in a private house in that part of the country, the floor gave way and the congregation went down with it into the cellar.

The limitations of the home and how emergencies were met may be shown by an incident which occurred in the western part of the Province. A clergyman was sent for during the cold winter season to marry a couple in a remote settlement. To vary the loneliness of a long drive he invited a friend to accompany him. After the marriage knot was tied and other

things befitting the occasion had received due attention, a guest who lived a few miles away invited the minister and his friend to be his guests for the night. The house was a small one, comprising a single room, call it a kitchen, parlor or bedroom, as you please, for in turn it served the purpose of each, like that piece of furniture described by Goldsmith—"a bed by night, a chest of drawers by day." The kitchen stove stood on one side of the room, an old fashioned high post bedstead on the opposite side. Attached to the posts were curtains so arranged with draw strings that the bed could be closely shut in or opened to view as occasion required. Under this high bed was a low one, known as a "trundle bed," arranged on wheels or casters, so that when not needed it could be rolled out of the way under the high bed. Above this room was an attic made accessible by a ladder at the top of which was a trap door.

When bed time came the guests were told that they were to occupy the high post bed of which privilege they at once availed themselves, the entrance and privacy being secured by aid of the draw-

strings. It should be noted that the family comprised the host, his wife and three small children. Shortly after retiring, a noise was heard, supposed at first to be the rumbling of distant thunder, but later found to have been caused by the movement of the trundle bed. In this the children were soon placed for the night. Presently the mother was heard climbing the ladder, and a voice from the trundle bed calling—"Mother, Mother, what are you going up there for? There aint any bed up there."

Church service in the country continued through a large part of the day, including morning and afternoon exercises, separated by an intermission of ten or fifteen minutes, during which the members of the congregation ate their lunch, strolled through the cemetery, or chatted about the latest happenings. At prayer time the congregation stood, turning their backs to the minister, perhaps to show that the occupant of the pulpit was not the object of worship. In the service of song when the congregation met in a private house, the choir usually stood in a semi-circle, in front of the minister. Taking their note from the leader's

pitch-pipe, they sang such old-time tunes as Devizes, Windsor, Old Hundred and Turner, without trills or solos, only swaying to and fro as they sang, repeating the last two lines at the close.

As there were not hymn books enough for all the congregation it was customary for the minister to "line out" the hymn, reading two lines at a time. After these had been sung, he read the next two, and so on to the end of the hymn. This plan relieved the service of monotony and was economical, but rather spoiled the effect of the singing. On one occasion, as the story goes, it had also a touch of the ridiculous:—

It was an evening service. The minister's eye-sight was much impaired, and he had forgotten to bring his spectacles. Wishing to state the facts to the congregation, he unwittingly fell into rime and measure suited to a familiar tune, as follows:

"The light is bad, my eyes are dim,

"I cannot see to read the hymn."

The choir, supposing this to be part of the hymn, sang the lines with accustomed

fervor. The minister, intending to call attention to the mistake, said—

"I did not say to sing this hymn,
"I only said my eyes were dim."

These lines were also rendered in appropriate style, and then the minister said,

"I think the d—l is in you all,
"I did not say to sing at all."

The minister's salary, like that of the schoolmaster, did not make him passing rich, but must have impressed him with the great truth "man wants but little here below." From $400 to $600 would probably be a fair estimate—half cash and half produce, or "out of the store" if the parishoner was a merchant. He was seldom consulted as to the kind of produce needed or the quantity. If two or three quarters of lamb or veal came at the same time from different places, part of it could be preserved in salt for time of scarcity.

Tradition tells an amusing story of what befell a worthy deacon one Sunday in the former days. He lived a mile or two from the church, and as there were no wheeled vehicles in the settlement he and his wife Esther went to church on horseback—she seated behind him on a sort of chair

called a pillion. At the close of the day's service he rode up to the mounting block for his wife to take her seat. After giving her sufficient time, as he supposed, he jogged along homewards, silent and probably meditating on the message proclaimed by the preacher. As he came near his home he passed his neighbor, who, observing the vacant pillion, called out,—"Hello, deacon, where's Esther?" Somewhat startled and looking around this way and that, the deacon exclaimed,—"Why, where is she?" He had not given her time enough to take her seat.

In the former times there were Fast Days; in our time we have what is called Thanks-giving Day, it might more appropriately be named Sporting Day. Doubtless there are many things to be thankful for; but it may be also that there are some things that we should be sorry for. We have no days set apart for fasting, humiliation and prayer. The judgments of the Lord are for the correction of wrong-doing. And so if there be trouble anywhere, — be it threatened famine, through lack of sunshine or shower, war or pestilence, it would seem to be a time for

searching of heart and of manner of life. Hereby is recognition that the Father in Heaven is not sleeping nor on a journey—that He is not standing aside as a spectator to see if the worlds which he has made and set in motion are fulfilling their orbits on time and without catastrophe. The Fast Day of our fathers seemed to recognize that according to their thinking, God was imminent in his works, and that His judgments experienced by the children of men were the corrections of a Father, that his erring children might repent, make confession and supplication and turn to the way of righteousness. In such manner might it not be showing that "God is in His heaven, all's right with the world."

THE EARLIEST LAWS made in Nova Scotia were enacted by the Governor aided by a Council appointed by himself. In the year 1758, under instructions of the Government of Great Britain, he called on the people of the Province to elect a House of Assembly. In October of the same year the first representative Parliament of the Province composed of twenty-two members met in the court house in Halifax. It should be remembered, however, that this

body had not a free hand in law making. Before bills passed by the Assembly became law they required the approval of the Council—called "The Council of Twelve,"—being made up of twelve members. Among the early laws were the following:—

"A person absenting himself from public worship for the space of three months without proper cause, if head of a family, shall pay a fine of ten shillings; every child over 12 years of age and every servant five shillings.

"That the church wardens and constables shall, once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon in the time of divine service, walk through the town (Halifax) to observe and suppress all offenders."

"Be it enacted that every popish person exercising an ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and every popish priest shall depart out of the Province on or before the 25th day of March, 1759. And if any such person or persons shall be found in the Province after the said day, he or they shall upon conviction be adjudged to suffer perpetual imprisonment, and if any person or persons so imprisoned shall escape out of prison, he

or they shall be deemed and adjudged guilty of felony without benefit of clergy."

"And be it further enacted that any person who shall knowingly harbor any such clergyman of the popish religion, or priest, shall forfeit £50, one moiety to His Majesty for the support of the Government of Nova Scotia, and the other moiety to the informer, and shall be also adjudged to be set in the pillory and find sureties for his good behavior at the discretion of the court." It may be worthy of note that these disabilities imposed on Roman Catholics, based on the laws of Great Britain at that time, were removed by the "Emancipation Act" passed by the Legislature of Nova Scotia in 1827. It should be stated further that in the earliest period spoken of while Dissenters had legal right to choose their form of worship, they were not wholly exempt from disability. For example their clergymen could not take out marriage license in their own name. As a matter of courtesy, an Anglican clergyman sometimes transferred to Dissenters, licenses which had been taken out in his own name.

The law in these early times, as it does

to-day, provided two ways under which marriage could be celebrated—by license issued under government authority, or by public proclamation stating that there was purpose of marriage by the persons named. One of the Presbyterian bodies in Nova Scotia at that time opposed marriage by license, considering that this method did not sufficiently safeguard the solemn obligations of the marriage tie.

A clergyman of the body referred to, however, was married in Halifax by license. On returning with his bride to his home in Pictou he soon learned that his brethren of the Pictou Presbytery were greatly offended by his violation of the church law. The matter came before the Presbytery. A Committee was appointed to wait on him and to hear what he had to say for himself. "I am very sorry," said he, "that any person should have taken offence by what I have done. But if you will forgive me this time I faithfully promise you that I will never do it again." The Committee reported that the offender had made a very humble acknowledgement and had solemnly promised not to do it again. Thus the matter ended.

Judging from examples already given, as well as from others that follow, it would appear that the early law-makers of other lands, leaned far over on the side of severity. Penalties for crimes must have been devised in the Draconian spirit which adjudged the lesser crimes worthy of death, so that there was little margin left for the greater. According to the laws of Great Britain a hundred years ago over two hundred different crimes were punishable by hanging. Among those capital offenses were picking a pocket of five shillings, shop-lifting to the same amount, stealing a fish from a pond, hunting in the king's forest, and injuring Westminster bridge.

Similar severity prevailed in Nova Scotia and other provinces. For clipping, filing or debasing a coin the offender was placed in the pillory with one of his ears nailed to the beam, and he was afterwards publicly whipped through the streets of the town. For forgery the penalty was a fine of £20; and in default of payment the criminal was put in the pillory and both ears nailed to the posts. For publishing a libel or scandalous report he was placed in the stocks for three hours or whipped at

the discretion of the court. In 1825, a man in Halifax found guilty of forgery was sentenced to a year's imprisonment, one hour in the pillory, and to have one of his ears cut off.

Ducking or plunging into a pond or lake was the punishment for minor offenses. For this purpose a kind of chair was fixed at the end of a long beam adjusted on a crotched post, similar to the old time well-sweep. The culprit, fastened in this chair, was then let down into the water. It is recorded in the early history of Nova Scotia that one Jean Picot, for the offense of slandering her neighbor, was sentenced to be "ducked" in Annapolis Basin. On the intercession of the injured woman the sentence was commuted to asking pardon at the church door on Sunday morning. In the Toronto Globe, June 12, 1852, was the following statement: "Franklin Baker, who was a few months ago arrested on a charge of abstracting a money letter from a mail bag, was tried a few days ago in Hamilton, found guilty, and sentenced to death. The jury recommended him to the clemency of the Executive on account of his youth.

The phrase "Without benefit of clergy," used on a preceding page, refers to an old and long continued custom under English law by which clergymen were allowed exemption from penalty. The immunity, at first allowed to clergymen, was afterwards extended to laymen who were able to read —a measure probably intended for the encouragement of education. At a later day, when the favored class became much larger, the privilege was often cancelled by adding to the decision of the court the clause "without benefit of clergy." It was provided, also, that a criminal who had once been admitted to the privilege should be debarred from it on second application. For the purpose of identification the letter M was branded with a hot iron on the thumb of the left hand of a criminal convicted of manslaughter who had been allowed the plea of privilege of clergy; for any other offense the letter T was branded on the thumb. A case of branding with verdict of manslaughter occurred in the court of Truro, N. S., about a hundred years ago.

IV

Farming and Business Methods.

NO LINE OF BUSINESS has received more attention from the inventor and the manufacturer than has that of agriculture. The implements of husbandry now in common use by the progressive farmer rival the human hand under mental guidance in precision and skill and far surpass it in amount of work done. By recollection and mental picture observe the movement of the sower of the former days as with sway of body and swing of arm he scatters broadcast his seed grain into the lap of mother earth, so picturesquely represented by the children of the kindergarten; and then look at the farmer boy as he rides over the ridges, sitting on the seeder duly regulated as by clock work. Note how this wonderful machine simultaneously implants the kernels of grain, the grass seed and the fertilizer in duly measured quantity and at proper depth for each in the soil and finishes the work by rolling the earth smooth and compact. In like manner one may compare the farmer of days that have been as, through the livelong day, sweltering under the burn-

ing sun, he toiled with his scythe in the hay field, and at the end of the day's work he had gone over but a small corner of his meadow, with him who, to-day, sitting on his machine, mows the same area before breakfast or in the cool of the evening. Or, again, see our fathers as with flail they pound out the grain, toiling at it for a month or more, and then waiting, perhaps a week, for a favorable wind to separate the grain from the chaff. To-day three or four men with the threshing machine do the work in a few hours with the winnowed wheat in one pile and the chaff in another. Herein the former days may be better in poetic suggestion; but they fail to count when measured by work done.

Our forefathers handled very little money. The early settlements were made up chiefly of farmers, and nearly every one had of his own raising all the farm produce that he required. Thus to find a cash market it was necessary to send these products to some city or town in which the people were engaged in manufacturing, fishing, trade, or business other than agriculture. Halifax was the principal place of this kind in Nova Scotia and it, though

a garrison city and a British naval station, was but a small place and was thus easily overstocked with such commodities. St. John, Boston and some other cities in the United States, which were accessible by water, were much used as market places, especially by farmers in the western part of Nova Scotia. The transport to Halifax was generally overland for distances varying from thirty to seventy-five or even a hundred miles by the King's highway.

The farmer's chief source of money was beef cattle. Oxen that had been used two or three years in doing farm work were after the harvest turned out on the marshes and other pasture lands, and then fattened in the winter on raw potatoes with perhaps crushed oats to finish off. In sending their cattle to the Halifax market two or three farmers often clubbed together and made a drove. In times of scarcity the Halifax butchers came to the country and bought cattle and lambs at the farmer's home. In this case the weight of the ox was generally estimated, so that the farmer became quite an expert in estimating the number of pounds of beef his fat ox would yield.

Other subsidiary means of raising money was by taking waggon loads or sled loads of pork, mutton, poultry, cheese and other domestic products to Halifax. The load weighed eight to ten hundred pounds and on the top of the load were two or three bundles of hay and a bag of oats for the horse. The farmer sometimes had also a basket of sandwiches, dough-nuts and other food for his own use. But with all this economy there was little money to meet the many obligations arising out of the maintenance of a family.

We have seen the method of paying the salary of the minister and the schoolmaster. In a similar way other debts were paid. The laborer, in haying and harvest time, was paid in wheat reserved from the preceding year's product. A half bushel was the usual payment for a day's work.

The country merchant chose his place of business where four roads met—"the corner" it was called. Though late in coming into the settlement, he soon learned to deal in all kinds of merchandise that was required—pins, needles, jewsharps, tea, sugar, tobacco, snuff, nails, jack-knives, rabbit-wire, salts, senna, factory cotton,

silk and broadcloth, and many other things, for which he was prepared to take in payment anything that the farmer had to sell. His was a "general" store and his mode of business was known as "barter trade"—an exchange of goods for other goods. Three or four times a year he sent the farm produce to Halifax market. It should not be omitted that previous to the coming of the store-keeper with his wares there was the itinerant merchant called the pedlar. Like the degenerate minstrel of the middle ages, he went his rounds from settlement to settlement and from house to house with his pack of dry goods snugly wrapped in green baize strapped to his shoulders.

Money—what little there was in circulation—was counted in pounds, shillings and pence—twenty shillings to the pound and twelve pence to the shilling. A *crown*, sometimes seen, was the fourth part of a pound. The silver coin in common use was British money, including the *half crown*, passing in Nova Scotia for three shillings and a penny ha' penny; the *shilling*, passing for twenty-five pence; the *sixpence*, passing for seven pence ha'penny,

and the *two shilling* piece or florin, passing for two shillings and six pence. The copper coins were penny and ha'penny pieces. The only paper money for some years was that issued by the Province of Nova Scotia. The first Bank established in the Province, was a private organization without incorporation or charter, opened for business in 1825. Among the leading partners were Henry Cogswell—the President—William Pryor, Enos Collins, James Tobin and Samuel Cunard.

V

Public Roads and Ways of Communication.

THE MODE of travelling and of sending letters from one place to another in the early history of the province has already been noticed. It was about the beginning of the nineteenth century before a road suited to wheels was made between Halifax, Truro and Pictou. In the winter of 1773-4 the pioneer settlers of Pictou, in need of food supplies, were compelled to transport flour and potatoes from Truro on handsleds. Several years later Dr. MacGregor of Pictou, in journeying to Halifax by way of Truro found only a bridle path between the two places In returning, also, he and his bride travelled on horseback.

In taking this journey travellers passed a night or two in the forest, under the shelter of a hastily constructed camp and slept on a bed of fir boughs. Sometimes, also, they strayed from the direct route and were thus a longer time on the way.

Early in the nineteenth century the roads between Halifax and Annapolis,

and those running northerly from Halifax to Amherst and Pictou, by way of Truro, were made passable for wheeled vehicles. The stage coach was then established as a public conveyance, continuing for half a century or more. From Kentville to Halifax was a day's journey. It was continuous travelling, except two short stops for exchange of horses and one for dinner. The coach was a covered vehicle drawn by four or six horses and seated twelve or fifteen passengers—nine inside and the others on top.

The sedan, a kind of covered chair, seating only one person, was introduced into Halifax in 1793. Poles along each side, passing through rings and projecting at the ends, formed handles for the bearers. It was thus carried by two men, one in front and one behind. The charge for conveyance varied from one to two shillings according to the distance.

As already stated there was no regular mail through the country in the early days. Letters were dependent on chance conveyance, often moving on from house to house as opportunity offered towards their destination; or, where they were of great

importance, they were sent by a special messenger. The peripatetic pedlar was often pressed into the service of a letter carrier. For many years after mail routes were established, postage was expensive compared with rates at the present day. In the early part of Queen Victoria's reign the postage on letters from Nova Scotia to the United States was nine pence or fifteen cents. The stage coaches, during their day of public service, carried the mail through the main routes, leaving mail matter at certain points for couriers who traversed branch routes through remote settlements.

Down to 1851 the Post Office in Canada was under the management of the British Government. It was then transferred to the Provincial Governments. More postal routes were then established and postage stamps were introduced. Previous to this time it had been optional to prepa y postage or to impose this payment on the receiver of the letter, who could decline to accept the letter if he pleased to do so.

In the early part of Queen Victoria's reign it cost from one to two shillings, according to the distance, to send a letter

from one part of England to another. The uniform rate of one penny postage was brought about in 1840 in a most unique fashion. The poet Coleridge, one day passing a cottage in the north of England, saw a postman hand a letter to a young woman. She took the letter, looked at it and stating that she had no money to pay the postage. returned it to the postman. Coleridge, pitying the poor girl, paid the postage and gave her the letter. After the postman had gone on his way she told Coleridge that she was sorry that he had gone to such unnecessary expense. The supposed letter was merely a blank sheet enclosed in an envelope. Her brother had gone to London, and that, being too poor to pay postage, they had agreed on this plan of informing her that he had arrived and was in good health. On returning to London Coleridge told the story to Sir Roland Hill who, through his influence, brought about the passing of a postal reform act in 1839, reducing the postage of letters under half an ounce to one penny. This reform measure caused only temporary loss to the public revenue.

The *beacon light*, was a singular way of

sending a message to a distant place, used to some extent in Nova Scotia. A chain of hills, of which any two consecutive ones were within sight of each other, was chosen as signal posts. These hills were kept supplied with brush, tar barrels and other combustible matter ready to be set on fire when occasion required. Of course such means of giving information could be made practicable only by previous arrangement between the parties concerned as to the significance of the fires

Seventy-five years ago mails between Nova Scotia and Great Britain were carried by sailing vessels which were from four to six weeks in making the voyage. In the year 1840 this slow way of getting news—as well as of travelling—was happily improved by the Royal Mail Steam-ship Line established by the enterprise of a citizen of Halifax—Sir Samuel Cunard.

VI

Cups That Cheer and Yet Inebriate.

THE DESIRE for stimulants seems to be characteristic of the human family in all ages and in all lands. Our immediate ancestors, including all classes of society, were no exception. Indeed, the use of intoxicants was more common in their day than it is at the present time. It was the custom throughout the Province for dealers in general merchandise to keep wines and rum which they sold by the gallon. In 1786, when Halifax had a population of about three thousand, there were, according to reliable statement, "upwards of one hundred licensed houses, and perhaps as many more which retailed liquors without license; so that the business of one half of the town was to sell rum and of the other half to drink it."

Rum was chiefly from the West Indies. It was rich in alcohol and was usually diluted with water before being sold at retail. Nor was the traffic considered at all disreputable. Nearly everybody used it,—some as an every day beverage; others occasionally, as in haying time, raising buildings and on social occasions to welcome a

friend. The clergyman, when calling on his people, was not thought to be properly entertained without being offered "some thing to drink."

It is related that in a certain part of the Province of Nova Scotia a clergyman announced at the Lord's Day service that he intended to visit a scertain section of his congregation on the following day. On Monday morning, meeting a boy on the street, he said to him, "Does your father know that I will be at his house this afternoon to catechise you children?" "O, yes," replied the lad, holding up a bottle, "and I am now going to the store to get it filled."

The following story is told of the rum traffic in another part of the Province. The rum cask was getting low and the dealer drove away early in the morning to a neighboring seaport to see if new supplies had arrived by a vessel that had just come in from the West Indies. On his return home he asked his clerk how the rum had held out. "Fine, I put several pails of water in it" was the reply. "Ah" gruffly retorted the merchant "you've spoilt it. I put in as much as it would stand before I went away."

Another story of the same merchant will show how the day's work began. On entering his store in the morning his salutation was—'Have you sanded the sugar?" "Yes, Sir." "Have you watered the rum?" "Yes, Sir." "Come in to prayers."

Perhaps to us of the present day, one of the most remarkable and revolting customs of the former days was the manner of the funeral in some parts of Nova Scotia. Through the use of liquor on such occasions the burial of their dead became to our ancestors a sort of grim good cheer. A table was spread with food and intoxicants for assembled friends. Unseemly occurrences often marred the solemnity of the occasion —sometimes ending in a drunken carousal. The custom was discontinued about seventy-five years ago. It will not be surprising to be told that the clergyman sometimes took a glass of rum while conducting the Lord's Day service.

It must not be supposed that the drink custom in Nova Scotia was worse than in other countries. In this regard Old Puritan New England had a bad pre-eminence, as shown in the following quotation from Hawthorne, describing funeral customs:

Speaking of funerals a noted writer says —"They were the only class of scenes so far as my investigation has taught me, in which our ancestors were wont to steep their tough old hearts in wine and strong drink and indulge in an outbreak of grisly jollity. Look back through all the social customs of New England in the first century of her existence and read all her traits of character and find one occasion other than a funeral feast where jollity was sanctioned by universal practise.

"Well, old friends! Pass on with your burden of mortality and lay it in the tomb with jolly hearts. People should be permitted to enjoy themselves in their own fashion; every man to his taste—but New England must have been a dismal abode for the man of pleasure when the only boon companion was Death."

Another writer makes this statement:

"A clergyman told us that when settled in Concord, N. H., he officiated at the funeral of a little boy. The body was borne in a chaise, and six little nominal pall bearers, the oldest not thirteen, walked by the side of the vehicle. Before they left the house a sort of master of ceremonies took them to

the table and mixed a tumbler of gin, water and sugar for each."

In the early days the minister's parish embraced a wide territory. His home and head quarters were in some central village or settlement, including scattered settlements separated by forests through which there were no roads, and often, these places were made more inaccessible by large streams over which there were no bridges. At the time of his occasional visits to these places the minister was accustomed to hold communion service, baptize the young children and marry such young persons as were about to establish a home of their own. It is related that on visiting one of these settlements the clergyman, being doubtful of the worthiness of a man who desired baptism for his children, referred the matter to the members of session. Assured by them that the character of the applicant was irreproachable he asked, "Does he not drink heavily?—get on a spree sometimes?" "Oh, yes," was the response, "We all do that."

It was less than a hundred years ago that temperance reform began. Lectures on the subject were given in churches, school-

houses and in the open air. Some of these lecturers, at least, were not characterized by sobriety of speech. It was no uncommon occurrence to hear from these temperance advocates such statements as "I would rather lose my right arm than take a glass of rum;"—"if a glass of rum made a man drunk, one-sixth of a glass makes him one-sixth drunk." Ill-advised statements of this kind tended to discredit the movement. Its opponents, feeling assured of its ultimate failure, contented themselves with harmless shots of ridicule, of which the following may be taken as a sample:

"Who killed Tom Rum?"
"I," says Father Channing,
"With my good planning,
I killed Tom Rum."

"Who saw him die?"
"I," says Bobby Chapman.
"With my little eye,
"I saw him die."

Tom Rum, however, was not so easily disposed of. Like the water fiend of Lake Lerna he was many headed, and for every head he lost there sprang out at least two

new ones. But "Tom" had to reckon with vigorous and persevering heroes whom defeat only inspired with new endeavor and endowed with new strength. And yet it may be well for temperance advocates to remember that the cost of victory over the foe they wrestle with is nothing less than eternal vigilance.

VII

The Surprise Party.

AMONG the social conditons of the old times one remembers "The Surprise Party". Near the eventide of a winter day, when sleigh-driving by moonlight was a delight, a sled load of young folks, drawn by two horses, might often be seen turning with full speed into this door yard or that, and unloading its goodly freight of a dozen or more young men and maidens. Uninvited and unexpected, they knew full well that they were none the less welcome. And so with all the hilarity and frolicsomeness of a picnic party they hasten to the door where with equal overflow of joy they are received.

As for entertainment they give it no thought—they are in for a good time and pot-luck will suffice.——Chance may be that the pantry is not fully prepared for an emergency; yet of doughnuts and molasses gingerbread, and, mayhap, at that season of the year, of mince pie—there cannot fail enough and to spare. At any rate one could supplement what another lacks. Then, if the bread basket is low, hot

biscuit will help out and give variety. But the butter,—the tub is nearly empty! "O, well, we'll make milk toast." One-half of the family is detailed to prepare the evening meal; the other half to entertain the company meanwhile.

The menu is soon agreed on,—milk-toast hot biscuit, ginger-bread, and doughnuts with plum preserves. For a moment, there comes a hitch, there is no *saleratus* for the biscuit. Here it should be explained that saleratus was the name then given to bicarbonate of potash, which was used, like bicarbonate of soda at the present time, with sour milk to generate gas for raising dough. The chief cook however, was ready for the occasion. In the attic—*the garret* it was then called—is a basket of corn cobs which contained a large amount of potash. A handful of these cobs placed on the hearth is soon reduced to ashes, and by filtering the ashes a solution of potash is obtained which is used in preparing the dough. And soon the scene is changed to a general gathering around the tea table.

After supper, games of sundry kinds are in order, "Auction," "Bridge" and other

games of card plays are modern inventions. Indeed, the then doubtful amusement of card-playing was tabooed as a game of chance. Country dances of various forms were in their highday, as were blind-man's buff, riddle-guessing and other forfeit games. Forfeits, it may be explained, were exacted for failures in guessing and were redeemed by a substitution imposed by an appointed judge. The forfeits were classed as "fine" and "superfine" according to the sex of the owner. A common substitute in redeeming "a fine" was—"Bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest, and kiss the one you love best." It was here that the chief fun of the game came in. The redemption of the "superfine" was less thrilling, as it seldom called for little more than recite a verse of poetry, telling a story, or bowing to the company.

In the small hours of the morning the party was ended, and the guests were on their way home, singing with variations,—

"Roll on, silver moon, guide the traveller on his way
Whilst the nightingale's song is in tune;
For I never, never more with my true love shall stray
By the bright silver light of the moon."

"Dashing through the snow
In a two horse open sleigh
O'er the field we go,
Laughing all the way,
Bells on bobtail ring,
Making spirits bright.
What fun it is to sing
A sleighing song to-night."

Chorus:

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,
O what fun it is to ride in a two horse sleigh.

VII

Fashions.

FASHION, as regards matters of dress and personal adornment of any particular age, is a difficult thing to handle, incoherent as a sick man's dream. A woman's hat is as short lived as Jonah's gourd. A fashion breaks in upon us suddenly, and we know not from what source it comes nor how long it will last. However good it may be, it seldom remains long enough to corrupt the world, and for this the world should be thankful.

Some of us remember the swallow-tail coats of blue broadcloth with gilt buttons which our fathers wore on special occasions. We remember also the camulet waterproof coats they wore on rainy days, with their broad flowing cape which displayed such wondrous dimensions when the wearer on horse-back faced the wind. This was before the rubber waterproof came into use. We have, too, a fairly distinct mental picture of the "hoop-skirt"—a petticoat expanded over hoops of whale-bone, rattan or other flexible material—ambitious of wide domain, but yet collapsible under pressure more exacting. Who could forget the hoop-skirt, if he had seen it even

once, or after reading the following: "The hoop-skirts now in vogue typify the swelling conceit, the empty pride and vanity which, beginning with the upper circles, is mimicked and caricatured by all orders of society, from the family of the millionaire down to that of the humble grocer and fruit dealer." Then there was the "arm-pillow," in like manner aggressive, encircling the fore-arm, which we in our younger days supposed the Jewish prophet Ezekiel was denouncing in his scathing woes. And, yet again, we recall the tight-lacing corsets or stays, suggestive of that little insect the ant, though not too small to be pointed out as a teacher of wisdom.

Time and space fail to describe how the perverse jade called Fashion compelled men to dress their hair with pomatum and powder and to wear it braided and tied with ribbon, forming a pendant pig-tail or queue over their shoulders. Other features that might be spoken of were the padded trousers, the scarlet waistcoat, the leather breeches, pieced out below the knee with silk stockings, and the shoes with their long narrow toes and their silver buckles.

IX

Signs and Charms.

OUR FATHERS often mistook co-incidences for premonitions and made unwarranted generalization through what logicians call an "undistributed middle term." A flock of geese walking along a street in single file was regarded as a sign of death in a house they happened to pass. These water-loving birds would probably be making for a brook or pond with the gander acting as leader and the various members of his family falling into line according to some law of precedence in the procession best known to themselves.

Other forebodings of evil of the same sort were based on the ticking of a small insect called a wood-louse, and the "winding sheet," on the tallow candle, formed by the overflow of melted tallow which had accumulated around the wick and cooled in crinkles as it ran down. Thirteen at table, fearful omen of evil, made one shudder. The spilling of salt was nearly as woeful.

Charms, resembling the fetishes of Cen-

tral Africa, imply the idea of an indwelling deity or supernatural power in some natural object, by which one may be guarded against evil, as witchcraft, disease or accident, or may become positively enriched by some blessing. The object in which this power is supposed to reside may be an amulet worn as an ornament or it may be a bit of bone or wood, a stone or a gem, and its use may be connected with an incantation or formula of words. The following are examples of charms once common and which may still be used in some places:

A horse-shoe placed over the door to prevent the entrance of witches on churning day. Warts rubbed with a candle were supposed to disappear when the candle was burned. Cut as many notches in a piece of red-pith elder as you have warts; rub the warts with the stick; throw away the stick and forget about the warts. Some day you look for them, and behold they are gone! To guard against rheumatism carry in your pocket a horse-chestnut, or a haddock bone.

Weather signs were many and mysterious,—and, in truth, some of them now

and then fulfilled themselves with marvellous accuracy. The moon—or the man who makes his home in this nocturnal luminary—seemed to be regarded as the chief controlling agent in these matters. Regardless of the fact that the moon in its waxing and waning is changing equally every day, the periods marked in the almanac were the precise dates for changes in the weather. Corn, cucumbers and other crops liable to be destroyed by late frosts must be planted at such time as not to expose their tender shoots at the time of a full moon that might happen late in May or early in June. It may be here noted that this supposed law of the full moon regarding frosts still persists, although no one seems to have verified it by actual written records.

Other old time rules of action based on the power of the moon seem to be forgotten. Peas and some other crops to ensure a full yield were sown during the waxing period of this satellite—that is between new and full moon. Beef cattle and fattened hogs required to be butchered at this period, otherwise the meat would "shrink in the pot"—there would be less of it when

cooked. These old-time faiths have largely gone out of fashion in our degenerate age. It may be observed, too, that Belcher's Almanac, adopting the infidelity of the times, records historic facts in place of prognostications on the weather.

X

Disease and Remedy.

THIS PHASE of The Old Times, though delayed so long, is by no means the least important. Indeed, it seems remarkable that old ideas of disease and their treatment, now considered so antiquated and unreasonable, should have so long maintained their hold and come down so near to our own day. The distinguished Dr. Osler says that within the past three centuries the average working life of English speaking men has doubled. "A few," he says, "lived as long as now, and some strong and favored ones had efficient working powers as long; but the common life was worn out in what is now middle age. In Shakespeare's time the 50's were venerable. Now when we hear of a death in the 60's we instinctively feel it an untimely cutting off in what should be still fresh and vigorous age, and even at 80, it seems but just fair ripeness for the sickle." When one looks closely into the character of medical treatment to which our more immediate ancestors were subjected, one would suppose that Dr. Osler might venture to cut off a century or two from his time limit.

A recent historian of the United States, in speaking of the death of George Washington, which occurred in 1798, states it in this way:—"George Washington was dead. The great man had been ailing but a few days. A ride in the wet had brought on an inflammation of the windpipe and a disorder which would now be called edema. Bad blood was then believed to be the cause of most maladies and bleeding a sure cure. This remedy was vigorously applied to Washington, and the patient was speedily bled to death. He died in his 68th year and in the hey day of his glory and his fame." The doctors cured the disease and they killed their President "The Father of His Country."

Already, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, there were gleams of light in the eastern horizon, extending over from the preceding centuries with promise of a brighter day for human life. Early in the seventeenth century Harvey had discovered the circulation of the blood; before the end of the eighteenth century Jenner was applying his newly discovered system of vaccination for the prevention of small pox. Nevertheless through the early and

middle years of the nineteenth century the great body of medical practioners followed the theories of their predecessors, and the last quarter of the century was well advanced before what may be called modern methods of medical treatment had become common. Thus the change from the old system to the new has come in upon us with the suddenness of revolution.

It is not the purpose of this essay to follow the steps of the archaeologist through the centuries of medical history back to Hippocrates, "The Father of Medicine" and the fabled descendant of the gods. Enough to serve our purpose may be found within the memory of the oldest inhabitants of to-day. Indeed, some of those may still be living who, like their brethren in the profession, began their course of study as apprentices under the theoretical and practical instruction of duly recognized physicians. Such was the usual method of beginners, who, after such preliminary preparation, went to Harvard, Philadelphia or perhaps to Edinburgh to finish their course. Some of them, indeed, had scant finishing. The writer well remembers one who practised medicine many

years in the western part of Nova Scotia and never saw the inside of a medical school. Nor did he acquit himself in any discreditable fashion in his profession or stand on a lower plane than those who had had better advantages. It was said of him —"He was a born doctor," There was, however, one obstacle in his way—having no legal diploma, payment of his bills was at the option of the patient.

Although certain diseases, such as smallpox and measles, were considered contagious, the germ theory and the action of the heart were not fully understood. The condition of the pulse as a reliable symptom of disease was recognized, but temperature was not taken into account except in a general way by the sense of touch—the exact measurement by the thermometer not being taken. Powerful medicines and heroic treatment were given in abundance, including purgatives, emetics, calomel, digitalis, antimony and mercurial ointments. Fevers and other common disorders were supposed to be caused by abnormal increase of water fluids called humors in the blood, which required to be drawn off or expelled from the system by blood-

letting, blistering, cupping, and purging. Anesthetics, anodynes and disinfectants were not known. The only form in which that valuable tonic quinine was known was that of Peruvian bark. Nor had the trained nurse been discovered. Fever patients were not allowed to drink cold water, no matter how piteously and persistently they might plead for it. Amusing stories are told of how, while the night watcher slept, the sick man, tortured by thirst to the point of madness, stealthily crawled out of bed and, finding his way to the water pail, drank water by the quart. Such reprehensible neglect by the attendant was, of course concealed from the doctor. But when he came next morning he found no harm done. Indeed, the patient was better.

Popular notions were in full harmony with the theory of the physician. The doctors believed that black humors were the cause of disease and so they resorted to the lancet and the Spanish fly. The people—the laity—were so fully assured of the need of getting rid of bad blood, that bleeding was their cure for every little ailment. And especially in the spring season when the blood vessels were sur-

charged with vile humors, such measures should be taken, even if it were only for prevention of disease. And so every neighborhood had its amateur semi-professional who could bleed and extract teeth. There were regular doctors who experimented and the amateurs could also experiment, the two classes shading off each way to the middle ground—the *quacks*.

But the laity too could experiment. And there are curious stories of these things. In the western part of the Province there lived a family of early settlers. They had eight or ten children, half of whom had black hair like their mother; the other half red hair as had the father. Through childhood and adolescence they were healthy and strong. When about twenty years of age that dread disease tuberculosis seized the eldest of those having dark hair. When this one passed away, another was stricken; and so on one after another, according to age, all of this group were laid to rest. Physicians could do nothing. All sorts of patent medicines and home remedies were tried to no purpose. The fell scourge continued its work; those with the red hair now fell one by one. The parents,

now in middle life, were well and strong; but, of course, inconsolable with grief were ready to give attention to any suggestion of relief. And there was one, strange, without semblance of reason to give it credence or inspiration of faith, even the lowest order of sentiment would recoil from the suggestion. There were two still living, one failing rapidly; the other yet strong and in good health. The remains of the last one who had died were exhumed, the heart was removed and—burned! Why? It was the tribute of despair when hope had fled. But still strange and wonderful, the hand of the destroyer is drawn back, and the remaining one of the second group lived to be an old woman!

One sometimes wonders how, under such treatment, people managed to live out even half their days. As to this, two or three considerations are worth taking into account. In the first place the world is built in such fashion that it can take fairly good care of itself. Note how long the solar system has been running without any outside tinkering to keep it in repair or to overcome friction, or external force to keep it going. Man, too, is fearfully and

wonderfully made—endowed by nature with means of self help. This fact is finely crystallized in the three words—*Vis naturae medicatrix*, which being freely translated may be read, "Nature is her own doctor." There are many diseases which when allowed to run their course wear themselves out. Drugs often get credit for what nature does for itself—sometimes in spite of the drugs.

Another great truth has come down to us through the ages, expressed in the same tongue and with almost equal brevity—*Possunt quia posse videntur*, "They are able because they believe they are able." People sometimes laugh at the pretended cures of the Christian Scientist; but the power of faith is worth reckoning with. It works its wonders in many ways, including the infinitesimal doses of the homoeopathist and the occult spells and the mysticisms of the charmer. On the other hand we may well remember that faith cannot set a dislocated joint.

We turn to the brighter scenes in the new era of the twentieth century. Here we can enjoy the benignant light of the advancing day heralded by the morning

gleams of newly risen stars. Reference has been made to Harvey and Jenner. They were followed later in the century by others of equal note—Pasteur, Koch and Lister whose work in the discovery and application of bacteriology, disinfectants, and anesthetics has given the medical profession a power in the treatment and prevention of human ailments and suffering that the world had not hitherto known of or dreamed of.

One of the grandest features characteristic of the present day medical fraternity is the frank recognition of room and opportunity for higher attainment. With all their achievements—and they are many and great—they are striving for the fulfillment of higher ideals. For the promotion of this end are their organizations for conference and comparing notes.

XI

Christmas Scenes

IT IS the evening tide of December 24th, 1837—the year in which "Victoria the Good" came to the British throne. It is Sunday evening; the morrow is Christmas, and some preparation must be made for its due observance. But first things first:—

And so all gather around the ingle—father, mother and children. But why should this scene of joyful anticipation of things to come be mingled with alloy of sadness. Mark the tear that trickles down the furrowed cheek of her who with maternal pride looks on the seven who will some day rise up and call her blessed? Ah! One is not, and this is a broken circle that now foregathers around the hearth stone. The mother's eyes rest on the vacant chair. But the Comforter whispers softly—"He is not dead! He fell asleep in Jesus, breathing sweetly—"Praise the Lord."

And now the husband and father takes the book wherein is record of births and deaths on the pages provided for this purpose between the Old Testament and the New.

"And 'Let us worship God' he says
with solemn air.
They chant their notes with simple
guise;
And tune their hearts, by far the nob-
lest aim."

Then turning to the Gospel of Luke he reads the story of how Jesus, taking our nature, was born in a manger, and how the Shepherds, while watching their flocks by night, were visited by an angel sent by God. Supposing that he was a messenger of evil, the shepherds were alarmed, but he spoke to them in kindly words—"Fear not; for I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour who is Christ the Lord." Then, suddenly, there appeared a heavenly host praising God and saying—"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The father now briefly narrates the death of Jesus:—

"How guiltless blood for guilty man was
shed;
He who bore in heaven the second
name
Had not on earth whereon to lay his
head."

Then, on bended knee, they close the service with thanksgiving to the Father God in heaven for His wondrous love manifested in the gift of His Son Christ the Saviour and in supplication for that other Comforter to guide them into all truth, and to the better land.

Then follows brief converse and questioning on that wonderful digest of Bible truth which tells us "what we are to believe concerning God and what duties God requires of man."

It may be interesting to know that the edition of this catechism most favored by the young learner was that old time square page pamphlet known as "The New England Primer." In these days this memorable booklet is seldom seen, and its face and make up are almost forgotten. Probably prepared as a First Reader, it began with the alphabet, followed by the *a b abs* and the *b a bas*; and then by the capitals, each letter having a quaint picture illustrative of a riming couplet. For example with A, B and C we find the following:

A In Adam's fall
We sin-ned all.
B My Book and Heart
Shall never part.
C The Cat doth play
And after slay.

And so on to Z which is honored with a triplet,—

Z Zaccheus he
Did climb the tree
His Lord to see.

Then followed a Catechism for very young people, as

Who was the first man?
Who was the first woman?
Where did Adam and Eve dwell?

Other contents were "The Lord's Prayer." "Now I lay me down to sleep," "The Apostle's Creed," "John Rogers, the First Martyr in Queen Mary's Reign," "The Shorter Catechism," "Dialogue between Christ, Youth and the Devil."

All hearts are now overflowing with cheer, and ready hands make preparation for the great Christmas Holiday. Notably must be put in place the Christmas back-log—the largest and chief foundation of the roaring fire on whose efficiency depends the most important elements of the Christmas dinner. Putting in the back-log usually made some stir as well as some smoke in the kitchen. The half-consumed sticks were removed from the fire-place, the andirons were set aside, and

the ashes were drawn forward. The log was then rolled into proper position hard to the rear, and the smaller sticks, beginning with the brands and the kindling, were built up in front with proper adjustment on the replaced andirons. The smoke clears away and order is restored. Meanwhile others had twisted a long cord from the coarser fibres of home-grown flax, for suspending the Christmas roast before the fire on the morrow. And now the stockings were hung up, and the hour had come when Santa Claus had sole right of way. So old and young seek repose in balmy sleep.

This is Christmas! Cheery voices ring through the house—"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" But what about Santa Claus? Did he come?" Yes! Yes! Good old fellow!" What followed, you, my reader, can easily guess.

When breakfast was over immediate attention is given to the *piece de resistance*. Whatever it may be—turkey, goose, cut of beef, or perchance, young pig,—attached to one end of the flaxen cord, the other end of which is tied to a large beam immediately over the hearth, it is suspended in front

of the fire. That the process of cooking may go on evenly on all sides, the roast must be kept ever on the whirl, bringing all parts in turn to the direct rays of heat. The impetus for this circular movement is given by some person in constant attendance. Then to avoid catastrophe—that is to keep the cord from being untwisted and falling to pieces with consequent disaster to the roast, the whirling must be now in the direction of the hop vine and now in that of the scarlet runner. Thus goes on apace the roast and the varied accompaniments.

Meanwhile we shall leave this essential feature of a "Merry Christmas" to the cook and take in a side show with the boys.

The Canadian rebellion of 1837-8 was then at the climax. The small boys of the family had been interested in the progress of the story as it had been told in the columns of that pioneer Halifax newspaper the Acadian Recorder, whose old time face, peculiar folding and crooked head-lettering made on the youthful mind a picture never to be deleted.

Well, these same boys were intensely loyal—almost too much so. Having little

knowledge of aristocratic tory government by "The Family Compact" of that day, which had given rise to the rebellion, they held in bitter execration the rebels Papineau and MacKenzie. And so from blocks of wood they had fashioned in effigy these leaders in the forefront of the popular movement—*rebellion* or *reform*, one may call it, according to the point of view from which it is regarded. The boys called it *high treason.* In this judgment the court agreed, and the traitors against country and Crown were sentenced to be hanged between the hours of 9 and 10 on Christmas morning. The execution was now carried out in due form,—Papineau and MacKenzie were hanged from a projecting log in the wood pile. A characteristic of such events, however, was lacking—there was no thronging of the streets by a concourse of people from far and near to witness the event.

In the evening interest centered around the parlor hearth. Pater familias tells the oft repeated story of his early exploits while home-making was going on in the forest—which even then was so near that the voice of the hooting owl could often

be heard at the twilight hour when he awakened from his all day sleep. The story was told of the first clearing in the forest, of the wigwam near the brook, of the stone heap on which the bed of fir boughs was made, of exploits in hunting the bears that killed the sheep and of the foxes that came to the very door to prey on the poultry. Nor did the tale forget to describe the piling frolic and the jovial scene that followed it in the evening after the work was done. Or it may be that the evening was prolonged by tales of ghosts and apparitions until every shadow on the wall seemed to be a visitor from the spirit world.

The most sacred spot in all the house was the hearth. In our homes of the present day we seldom have such a place, nor if we had, do we know what it meant to those who preceded us in the long ago. There is in this profane age of ours no holy place—all places being alike common. There is no central spot around which to form the family circle, where under the inspiration of the gloaming, we rehearse old time legends, while the dancing shadows on the wall behind us keep time with the

flickering light gleaming from the open fire. What fondly cherished memories have some of us of such a circle with its beautiful picture of father, mother, brothers and sisters of varied age and stature—a circle as yet unbroken by the relentless hand that severs affection's strongest bonds. In the present day we are so engrossed by concerns that appeal to sense that we scarcely believe there is a spirit world or a never ending hereafter.

In fancy we still hear the outside driving wind, the drifting snow and the rattling hail against the window pane, by contrast emphasizing the comfort, the peace, the joy within, as yet untouched by forecast of rift.

The family to-day consists of *disjecta membra*—scattered members, one here, another there, so that the very term "family circle" is itself a relic of the past age. With the old Romans the hearth was the shrine where dwelt the *penates* and the *lares*—the household gods—spirits of departed ancestors who lingered around the home, keeping guard over its inmates from generation to generation. Why should it not be so? Is this thought too strange for you? Shall we say that such a sentiment

is a mere idle fancy or superstition of ill-balanced minds? Why may we not believe that the spirits of our departed dear ones, though they speak to us in no voice audible to the fleshly ear, appear to us in no form visible to the eye of sense, yet love to linger around the home they once inhabited, watching over and guarding those who now occupy these homes? If you cannot sympathize with such a thought, allow those of keener apprehension, to whom God whispers in the ear to cherish the thought that the dear ones with whom they once held sweet converse and fellowship are still near them as God's messengers sent forth to minister to them in times of joy and of sorrow, seeming to say:

"There is no death! An angel form
Walks through the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them dead.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life:—There is no dead!"

—*Lord Lytton.*

Jack and Jill

"Jack and Jill went up the hill"

Possunt, qui a posse videntur.

Virgil Ae. V. 231

Jack and Jill.

MANY things are better than they appear at first sight. Have you not found it so? Even a hen finds it pays to scratch and look beneath the surface. Often she gets a worm for her pains,—and sometimes a kernel of corn. You will see this exemplified in many of the old nursery stories such as "Jack and the Bean Stalk," "Little Jack Horner," "Jack the Giant Killer," and the subject before us—"Jack and Jill." We all remember the fun we got out of them in our younger days. We then thought that there was nothing in them but nonsense. Look farther down into the heart of them and see if you do not find richer treasure.

Did you ever notice that every one of these heroes is a Jack. Look up this word in an unabridged dictionary, such as *The Century*, which I hope you have, and note how many useful things are called *Jack* something, as *jack*-knife, *jack*-plane, *jack*-screw, *jack*-smith, boot-*jack*, and scores of others. Note that they are all made for doing things—for important service. The world could not get along with-

out them. From its associated content the word jack would suit as well for a patriot's motto as the historic *Ich Dien* in the Prince of Wales's coat of arms. But I must not wander about in this fashion or I shall never get there. I have set out to tell you, my reader, what I have discovered in Jack and Jill—the poem I mean.

Nobody knows when this poem was written, by whom, or where. Like the story of the Noachian Deluge its variant tradition is almost world wide. It is told in every civilized language, and it goes back beyond the dawn of veritable history into the shadowy past where truth and fiction are inextricably tangled together. In the Northlands the peasants have a legend that a crusty old tyrant compelled the heroes that figure in the poem to fetch water from a distant well until they would have died from exhaustion had not the man in the moon snatched them away to live with him. And to this day these simple minded people believe, so it is said, that Jack and Jill may be seen on the face of the moon.

I have called this piece of early composition a poem. It is difficult to give a very

satisfactory definition of poetry, and I shall not now undertake the task. Suffice it to say that some of its elements are rhythm, the choice and arrangement of such words as are adapted to the awakening of emotion, due recurrence of accented and unaccented syllables, and often, though not always, combined with definitely measured lines and rhyme or similarity of sound at the end of the lines. Of the three great kinds of poetry, *dramatic*, *epic* and *lyric*, I do not hesitate to place the poem "Jack and Jill" in the class epic, it being in form of a narrative, the author telling the story in his own words.

Yes, Jack and Jill is a great epic. True, when measured by lines or by words, it falls far behind others of its class; but in thought and style it transcends them all. Allow your mind to dwell on the picture so vividly portrayed by a few skilful touches, and idea is superadded to idea until one is simply amazed at its content. So far reaching and ever widening is the conception that the mind fairly loses itself in the vast field spread out in panoramic distinctness and beauty. Its magnitude consists rather in its implications than in

multitude of words;—in fact this marvellous economy of words is beyond compare and adds greatly to the forcefulness of the thought. The famous artist and author Ruskin well says,—"It is not always easy in painting or in literature to determine where the influence of language stops and where thought begins. The higher thoughts are those which are least dependent on language. No weight, nor mass, nor beauty of execution can outweigh one grain or fragment of thought."

Now Jack and Jill are wrought into a thing of beauty and power with the least possible expenditure of effort and external show. The author knew what to say, and he stopped when he was done. And so, whether one regards the mechanical structure of the poem, the beauty of its style, its easy flow as it glides smoothly along its limpid path, its rhythm, pathos and tenderness, it simply challenges all competition. Throughout, the poem is good Anglo Saxon, and with only three exceptions every word is a monosyllable.

You will observe that this poem divides itself into two distinct parts. The first part, consisting of two lines, describes the ascent or going up of the heroes, with the purpose of the action. This I shall designate *The Anabasis*. The remaining two lines tell the story of the descent or the *Katabasis*, I shall call it, that is the going down, with the tragic ending.

"To draw a pail of water"

The Anabasis.

THE word Jack is evidently derived from the Hebrew word Jacob rather than the Greek Johannes,from which the English John is derived. The name was probably a surname added to the original name of the hero to express some incident or characteristic of his life history.

You will remember that the Hebrew Jacob means supplanter, and that it was given to the patriarch because of the fraud he practised on his brother Esau. This gives a certain tenability to the idea that the name was given to our hero on account of some strategy by which he had got the better of a rival in winning the affections of the fair one with whom he is here associated. To my mind the more probable idea is that the name was given to him on account of his resemblance to the Hebrew patriarch in another prominent feature of character. It is to be noted that Jacob of Scripture record was a man of affairs, eminent as a doer of things. This gives to the name a fine fitness for the man of exploits described in the poem, and it also harmonizes with the application of

the name Jack to so many appliances or instruments in economic service spoken of on a preceding page.

The name Jill, as was befitting, is of very different type. Mark the softness and delicacy of its note—the limpid smoothness with which it flows from the lips. Well matched pair were these, "He for manly vigor formed; for softness she, and sweet attractive grace."

And now you will please note that this was no play day or occasion for vain show, but rather for arduous and persevering toil. Many there are who make progress when wind and tide are in their favor, but, when hardship and hazard assail them they turn back in helpless despondency,—nor have they, in the vicissitudes of life's journey, reserve force or ambition to help themselves. "Jack and Jill went up the hill." Nor was it an aimless going that is here pictured. No, indeed; they went "to *draw a pail of water.*" Note the implication in this little word *draw.* It was not to turn a tap or handle a pump. The old time well-sweep with its crotch and pole rises in our mental vision;—more probably, indeed the hand pole with hook on the end—undesigned but unmistakable evidence of the early origin of the poem.

"Jack fell down, and broke his crown.
And Jill came tumbling after."

The Katabasis.

ALLOW me now to hasten forward to the second part of our story—*the Katabasis*. Here the author wastes no words in the way of preparation for the momentous scene he is about to introduce. There are no rhetorical flourishes, such as—"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now." The story moves on quietly and calmly without the least foreshadowing of catastrophe. We are left to fill in for ourselves the fact that the happy pair have gone on to the well, have filled the pail with water, and are now returning, tripping down the hillside on the homeward way. Suddenly the denouement! The great sad event breaks in upon us like a peal of thunder from a clear sky. With all the emphasis of explosion it comes. Nor does the writer use effort to enforce the impression by comparison or figure of speech, as you may often find even in Homer, the prince of poets, though he was. To the intelligent reader there cannot fail to come suggestions of resemblance and contrast. Especially there occurs the picture of that other fall when "You and I

and all of us fell down." But at the moment what a medley of ideas present themselves to the mental vision,—the humorous and the grave come up in quick succession. The ludicrous holds sway for the moment as we see Jack plunging forward, dragging after him Jill, his better half, who, holding on to the pail, comes tumbling headlong over him, and the pair of them, drenched with water, lying a shapeless heap along the hillside. But, as one takes in the whole situation mirthfulness is soon checked giving place to sadness and sympathy.

Just another thought and I am done. In that other fall that I have referred to, it was the weaker one who made the first misstep, and Adam, the strong man, who came tumbling after. Indeed, does it not often occur when one is on the very verge of success, some mishap or carelessness results in failure? The wise may not glory in his wisdom nor the strong in his strength. In the experience of life it is often the unexpected thing that happens.

Culture

—and—

Agriculture.

"When tillage begins other arts follow. The farmers, therefore, are the founders of human civilization."—*Daniel Webster.*

Culture and Agriculture.

FARMERS often discredit their calling by assuming that their success is mainly dependent on muscular effort. In fact, it has been contended that the learning of the schools rather disqualifies a boy for farm life, making him dissatisfied with its conditions. A claim has arisen, too, for re-adjustment of the school curriculum, so as to bring it into direct line with the work and interests of the farmer. In this contention important considerations are liable to be overlooked. The public school is not designed to prepare for the pursuit of agriculture alone, or for any one calling. Hence, a proper common school curriculum must be based on such broad lines as shall meet the demands of the whole circle of human life, with all its varied interests, industrial, social and moral. Nor would it be wise or practicable at an early stage in a boy's life to determine in arbitrary fashion what his life's work shall be or ought to be. It may be urged, also, that whatever tends to the awakening of observation and thought is in direct line with the education suited to

the farmer. Without intelligence one will follow routine, pursue one beaten track, do things just as his father did, or imitate his neighbors. In emergency he is without expedient. Whereas the well disciplined mind is resourceful, ever on the alert for the discovery of shorter, easier and more effective methods of doing things.

Further, it should be remembered that the life of the farmer touches broader interests than those appertaining to agriculture. He is a man and a citizen as well as a farmer. The man is higher than his calling, and he cannot lightly ignore the claims of the great brotherhood to which he belongs. True education does not aim simply to make a man a better machine. It gives him higher ideals of worth, develops a "reach that exceeds the grasp," and measurably enriches the abundant life with a nutriment more satisfying than bread alone.

No calling demands more intelligence or finds within its sphere more fruitful and varied sources of knowledge than does this pursuit of agriculture. The farm is a natural science school, affording unbounded facilities for the study of many

subjects. Among these subjects which appeal persistently and with the force of practical interest to the farmer are geology, mineralogy, chemistry, meteorology, botany, zoology, entomology, bacteriology, civics and others that might be named. Even a superficial knowledge of these subjects is often a source of power, and deeper research results in greater interest and higher reward.

We admire the ingenuity and skill displayed in the construction of machinery by the operation of which raw material is deftly fashioned into a thing of usefulness and of beauty in the finished product. How much more marvellous is the working of the great factory of nature which the farmer sets in motion and guides to such definite and inexplicable results!

The seed is cast into the ground, and in due time, while the husbandman, by turns, toils and sleeps, comes the harvest, he knows not how, in some thirty fold, in some sixty and in others a hundred. How strange the transformation! Earth, air, sunshine and shower at one end of the machine; at the other end, grain, vegetables, fruits, and flowers!

I was once planting carrot seeds in my garden. A little girl of some four or five summers' experience in this world of wonderful things stood watching me. "What are you doing?" she finally asked. "I am planting carrot seeds," was the reply. "What for?" "So that we may have carrots. These carrot seeds will grow and make carrots for our dinner some day." "Oh," said she, "how can these little things make yellow carrots ?" Well, this was beyond my power to explain, and to stop my questioner, I was driven to subterfuge which silenced her, but by no means satisfied myself.

The little seed contains within itself a still smaller part, the germ, in which is hidden the mysterious thing called life, in the meantime lying dormant, but capable under certain conditions of becoming active and of drawing, within the sphere of its working outside dead matter and of building it up into the forms of its own organic structure. But what is this potent thing or force which distinguishes the living from the dead? The eye cannot see it, nor can any other sense perceive it. The physicist with his magnifying microscope

fails to detect it, nor with nicely poised balance can he discover its presence or its absence. The chemist, who claims the power to determine the ultimate composition of matter, is compelled to acknowledge that, in this quest, all his arts are without avail.

Again, mark how true is each kind of life to itself; for all life is not the same life. There is one life of the apple, another of the maple; there is one life of the wheat, and another of the thistle. Since that day when God made the herb of the field and the tree of the forest, each bearing seed after its kind, the law that men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles has remained unchanged and unchangeable. How marvellously accurate, too, is the selecting and combining power by which each kind of life is distinguished. Under the same conditions of soil and climate, sunshine and shower, growing side by side are the maple and the hemlock, the strawberry and the fox-glove. The druggist may give you corrosive sublimate for calomel, or arsenic for quinine; but Nature makes no such blunders. We eat our wheaten loaf without fear or suspicion that,

through some awkward and fatal mistake, she has put the deadly poisonous strychnine in the grain in place of good wholesome starch.

Among the interesting biological phenomena that invite the attention of the farmer are the chemical changes which take place in the plant during the processes of germination, growth and ripening of seed. Several compound vegetable substances, as starch, dextrin, sugar and wood fibre, very different in their properties, but made up of the same elementary substances and in nearly the same proportions, are at different stages of the plant's development changed from one of these to another. The greater part of a kernel of wheat, for example, is starch. This substance, insoluble in water, is placed around the germ in the seed, serving for its protection. But later, during germination and early growth, before the infant plant has sent out its fingers in search of food from the soil and atmosphere, this starch, under the influence of heat and moisture, is changed into dextrin or sugar which readily dissolves and ministers to the needs of the plantlet. Again, later in

the process of the plant's development, this sugar, acted on by light and atmospheric influence, is changed to wood fiber and other finished products in the economy of vegetable life. All these changes are of course guided and controlled by that mysterious principle we call life which is at first lodged in the germ, and later is diffused throughout the whole plant.

The question has arisen as to how much or how little of the living plant should be regarded as an individual unit. For example, is the whole apple tree to be taken as a unit, or is not the tree rather an assemblage of individuals—a community? The fact that every bud on the tree has the potentiality of a separate living entity seems to favor the latter conclusion. That the bud possesses this power may be shown in the process of horticulture known as budding, in which a bud is transferred to a new stem which becoming a kind of foster mother supplies the bud with needed nutriment and thus bridges over a period of helplessness. Grafting is a similar way of securing the same result.

In some plants, as the currant bush and the willow tree, a small branch or twig,

when placed in moist ground, has within itself sufficient resources for the development of root, stem and leaf as well as for other functions of normal life. The begonia and some other succulent plants have the power to produce a complete plant from the fragment of a leaf kept moist and at proper temperature. Indeed, Herbert Spencer states that the fragment of this leaf needed is so small that one hundred plants may be thus obtained from a single leaf. Again, there seem to be some portions of the living organism which have ceased to perform the functions of life and are practically dead matter. I remember my first experience in grafting. It was a scrub seedling four or five years old. I sawed it off near the ground, split the stump down the middle, and placed the scion exactly in the center. I watched it day after day, wondering and grieving that it did not grow. I have since learned that the functions of life in exogenous stems, like the apple tree, are carried on at the outside, and that the heart wood has ceased to live and may be decomposed, leaving a hollow trunk. This condition is often shown in large birch trees.

Cross fertilization and other processes in the line of variation open another department in our school for observation and thought. The results thus secured have been of great value in practical husbandry, as well as of promise for the future. According to the reading of the evolutionist Nature's law of progress is "the survival of the fittest." The husbandman wisely follows her example in selecting as forebears of his plants and animals those that come nearest to his ideal, or such as most fully minister to his purpose. Permanent modification of species, both in the vegetable and the animal kingdom, brought about by artificial conditions, are among the achievements that command our wonder and admiration. A certain writer, in speaking of what breeders have done for the improvement of sheep, remarks, "It would seem that they have chalked upon a wall a form perfect in itself, and then given it existence." The same may be said in regard to fruit and vegetables. The gardener forms a conception or mental picture of what he desires as to form, color, flavor or other quality, and then sets himself to work out the realization of his ideal.

Darwin states that variation from type is more rare among wild plants than among those under cultivation. The tendency of cultivation is to modify the original character and at the same time to establish a habit leading to further variation. The equilibrium of vital forces, being disturbed through new conditions—as from scanty to abundant supply of nourishment—variation is more readily repeated.

It is scarcely necessary to tell the intelligent reader that this writing is superficial—mere scratching here and there on the surface of a wide field replete with hidden treasure. We have at least seen, however, that the possibilities of the farmer are full of promise both of mental and material gain. As in his progress of discovery he reads God's thoughts after Him, his experience is one of added knowledge and power and of unmixed delight. Phenomena that he once thought commonplace are found to be fraught with deepest significance and of untold wonder. Delving deeper and catching glimpses of Nature's secret workings, he sees darkly, as through a mystic drapery, mysteries which at the same time baffle his comprehension and

stimulate him to further enquiry. And beyond "the lowest deep" there comes a vision of a lower deep, an inner shrine, a Holy of Holies, across whose threshold no human foot may pass. Yet, as he looks backward at "impossibilities"—once so considered — that have been overcome, he is emboldened by the achievement of the past to the thought that no definite boundary marks the limit of lawful enquiry, and that there is no certain criterion for determining how much of the unknown is unknowable, or how much of the purely abstract may not yield lessons for practical life.

A Vision.

"O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face."

—*Cowper.*

"Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected."

—*Lowell.*

A Vision.

THE SANDS had run low, counting out the Old Year. It was the eventide in December thirty-first, shade darkling to deeper shadow of the gloaming—fit time for musing and meditation. I was alone, lonely, impressionable, before me a briskly burning open fire. I sat watching the flickering flames while they fed on the alluring and ever varying forms of the coals as they fell on the hearth—my eye now and then caught away by the ghostly shadows that danced on the wall. Now I gazed on the scene before me, and then I glanced at the flitting shadows. The weird environment, acting through the outer senses, moved the inner mind to abnormal issues. I lapsed into complete unconsciousness—or it may have been disregard of appeal from the outer objects. No longer did I observe the scenes pictured on the falling embers or on the shadows on the wall. I no longer heard the ticking of the clock on the mantel, or the purring of the cat at my feet. But, although my perceptions were not of the objects in the room, or through

the organs of physical sense brought within the realm of consciousness, I still saw and heard. The inner self was stirred to a state of ecstasy that cannot be described nor explained. In some respects my condition may be compared to that of one under the influence of hasheesh or of an opiate. In his wonderful poem "Abt Vogler" Browning seems to be in similar difficulty, from which he emerges by endowing the subject of rapture with privilege above those that fall to the common lot of humanity. The musician, speaking for a select few who do not need to solve their problems by process of thought, says:

"God has a few of us whom He
whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome,
'tis we musicians know."

All wisdom, he would have us believe, is treasured up in the Infinite who dispenses to His favorites as He may please.

Thus, whether in dream, vision or trance, I know not, I seemed to be borne far away from things of the present time. Backwards—ever backwards through the countless ages of time I was carried, or rather I

winged my way, for I seemed to be self-propelling, until I came to the dawning time of man's history on this nether planet.

I cannot pause to describe the panoramic picture of great world events which were presented to me as I glided through them—the varied civilizations, the empires, the wars, the revolutions and other innumerable changes. Reversed as to order, they were—the fall of empires before their origin, the closing scenes of events before the middle stages of their history, and these again before their beginning.

Indeed, it would be impossible to describe the scenes which appeared to glide rapidly past one as do the fields, the houses, the trees and other objects seem to one looking from the window of a railway car running fifty or sixty miles an hour. The image retained on the scroll of memory is that of a confused jumble whirring in broken circles through the air—the various objects so inextricably tangled that no one thing is seen in its individual completeness or in its relations.

May I not, however, pause here for a moment to suggest to one who may chance to read my story the advantage that might accrue from taking some great event of the present day as an effect, and following it to its immediate cause. Then, again, taking this cause as an effect and tracing it to remoter cause, and so on through the ages. The present great European War, for example, would seem to lend itself easily to a practicable excursion back to Attila the Hun, "the scourge of God," fit type of Kaiser Wilhelm, the man with "iron fist" and the murderer of women and children.

And now I staid my course and stood before the great first man Father Adam. Instantly I recognized him, though he saw me not—at least he gave no sign that he was aware of my presence. The uniqueness of his position excluded minor things from his attention, and modesty prevented me from obtruding myself on his notice. "Monarch he was of all he surveyed."

He was seated on a moss-covered mound on the summit of a hill, in all the dignity of

an autocratic sovereign, rejoicing in the richness of his vast domain. His manner, however, was restless and had an air of temporary expectancy, showing also a sense of responsibility. The hill on which he sat was a large amphitheatre, sloping easterly to a broad plain on the hither side, and beyond was a park-like forest, through which ran a river in a south-westerly direction. The background on the north was a tableland, elevated about six hundred feet above the general level of the plain, and adorned with trees, shrubs and flowers.

In front of Adam's seat was a plateau which sank abruptly by terraces to the level of the eastern plain, and then sloped gradually to a lake of moderate size which was partially hidden from view by trees and shrubbery along its banks.

On the west of the plateau, was projected a tongue of land rising to the height of about a thousand feet, clothed with a dense forest of many kinds of trees. This highland fell off abruptly on the south by terraces continuous with those on the south of Adam's seat, and over them came

a large brook leaping from terrace to terrace and forming beautiful cascades which filling the air with fine mist gave to the scenery the added beauty of the rainbow.

As I stood admiring the richness of this scenery, suddenly the brook with its added charms disappeared, leaving bare rocks and a dry channel, except here and there where there disconnected pools of water. For a little I failed to understand the cause of this change. What had become of the brook? But on reflection I concluded that the flow was intermittent, due to causes similar to those of the geysers in Iceland and Yellowstone Park. This was confirmed later on when, on the following day, the brook resumed its flow and I discovered its origin in an intermittent spring on the highlands.

Notwithstanding the beauty and charm which I have so inadequately described, the most wonderful and delightful part of the environment remains to be spoken of —that lying still farther down below the terraces. It comprised almost every variety of scenic feature that has ever been seen by eye of man or pictured by imagina-

tion. So many things there were that I can only name a few of them—garden plots, flowers, fruits, vegetables and shrubbery; brooks, ponds, hills and dales, broken rocks and grottoes, deep and extended caves with walls of pictured rocks and roofs hung with stalactites of wondrous beauty. Then, still farther on, this charming spot was bordered on the east side by the shores of the lake which has been already spoken of and will be referred to again.

I have perhaps wandered too far afield, led away by the handicraft of wonder and of beauty fresh from the hand of The Great Architect of nature, meanwhile neglecting the crowning piece of His work made in His own image. Let me return. Looking again to Adam, I saw that he sat erect, gazing intently and with growing interest on some remote object in the eastern horizon. Turning my eyes in the same direction, presently I saw a long line of moving objects which on nearer approach proved to be a long line of animals of every kind—beasts great and small, birds and creeping things—moving across the plain. As we watched them—Father Adam and I—the procession came winding up the hill. In

pairs, each with his mate, they came forward, passed before him and did him homage as their liege lord. As they made obeisance, the revered autocrat saluted each pair and assigned to it its distinguishing name—elephant, lion, tiger, giraffe, deer, ox, horse, fox, dog, cat, eagle, goose, swan, snake, and so on down to the end of the line. Having received their names, the animals moved back in orderly line and took their places in the rear.

As they moved along I noticed a strange expression on the face of each. Half surprise it was, and half more like condolence or compassion. Now and then there was exclamation—*sotto voce*—of import similar to their facial expression—for these animals in this primitive stage, seemed to have the gift of articulate speech; either that or I had the power of unconscious interpretation of brute tongue. What I understood was of this sort,—How? What? Why? Alone? marking each word with an inflection of double meaning that I fail to indicate by punctuation or to imitate by vocal expression.

This formal reception ended, Adam arose, stood erect in the full pride of his god-like

form, facing the mixed throng of his dependents, gave them his benediction and with a wave of his hand dismissed them from his presence.

The sun had sunk below the western horizon, and "twilight gray" had now clothed all nature in "her sober livery." Adam was again alone. He was changed. This was plainly manifest both in his face and in his bodily movements. He seemed greatly agitated—not at all master of himself. By turns he walked back and forth, stood still, sat down, then walked again, paused, placed his hand on his forehead, and exclaimed—"Alone! alone,! ah me!"

Meanwhile the moon which had risen behind a cloud unveiled her face and looked down calmly and sweetly on her elder sister orb. Then suddenly from a neighboring tree there came through the silence a new voice:—Whooh! Whooh! Who-o-o! "What's the trouble, my lord Adam?" Adam, recognizing the solemn face of the bird of wisdom, replied in plaintive and appealing tones—"O thou knowing bird, this loneliness! I have no companion to share my joys and dispel my sorrows. What avails

all this wealth of nature which lies around me who have no companion to share in its enjoyment? You lower creatures, my happy vassals, have your mates, your helpmeets. My best thoughts and feelings perish in the early blossom, barren of fruitage through lack of fellowship for their enrichment and development. O, thou bird of wisdom, tell me, shall I ask the Great Father to give me also a helpmeet?" Whereupon the solemn bird of night, winking his eyes and looking wondrously knowing, turned on Adam for a moment his keen eye, and then with oracular ambiguity replied—"You will then be like the rest of us."

Adam strolled among the trees. Eagerly he plucked the luscious fruit from the drooping branches that overhung his pathway and ate as if hoping thus to satisfy the longing of his soul. Finally, wearied by his roaming, he turned to a leafy bower beneath a spreading banyan tree, under whose shelter he sought repose. Although I knew that my presence was unperceived, my sense of propriety revolted from even a semblance of curiosity or intrusion on the privacy of his retreat. I walked away a

few rods and seated myself on a huge boulder that overhung the margin of the lake that bounded the garden.

Its sinuous shores were fringed with leafy shrubbery and small trees bedecked with fragrant flowers of every hue and tint and laden with fruit in every stage of development. The air was clear as transparent crystal. The full orbed moon, with all her attendant starry host studding the vault of heaven with matchless splendor, shed her soft mellow light upon the smooth sheeny waters of the lake. Like a burnished mirror the water reflected things near and far—trees, shrubs, flowers and fruit; sky, moon and stars forming a picture in the water, whose brilliancy and glory rivalled the original earth and sky. Thus with the dome of heaven above and the answering concave at my feet, I seemed to be in the center of a hollow sphere.

When I came to the lake all was silent —not the faintest sound was audible to the waiting ear. It seemed as if every object in nature was hushed in the full enjoyment of restfulness and peace. Never before had I realized the meaning of Mil-

ton's words—"Silence was pleased." Anon, as if to greet my coming with joyous welcome, there followed such a burst of song as surely ear never before has heard beyond the borders of heavenly Paradise. At first methought,—This is the fabled music of the spheres! Or is it in reality the voice of the heavenly host, the Sons of God—shouting in joyful acclamation of His finished work? But no. It is right here around me, a part of this nether world. Nightingales, bobolinks and every kind of songsters of the air, apparently from every tree and bush, sending forth their warbling notes and filling the air with their thrilling songs. Vastly more it was than meaningless though attractive bird song. Either this, or I was so wrought upon that the spiritual ear became its own interpreter.

The volume and variation of the music was like that of a full orchestra, having all the contrast and interrelation of movement and the thrill of undertone coming up from the depths in a symphony of Haydn or Mozart.—only far more marvellously enchanting. To my quickened apprehension there came distinctly this like expression:—

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole."

Then the song changed, assuming a more dependent and trustful air:

"All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
For His mercies aye endure
Ever faithful, ever sure."

The fervid delight with which I was thrilled throughout the livelong night baffles all description, save in the language of the spirit world. Heaven and earth seemed here to meet, dwelling in closest contact with sweetest harmony. I was made to feel that I myself was an integral part of all I saw and felt of the joyous world around me—in intimate fellowship with its joy.

But now the night had sped on her course beyond the western horizon and rosy-fingered morn had in the orient flung ajar her golden gate. Suddenly, as if it were in obedience to an authoritative signal, all was hushed in a moment. It was a silence that could be felt. Neither beast, nor bird, nor living creature of any kind could be heard. Even the retreat of the nightingale was no longer resonant with love song. The moment was one of wistful waiting. Then, as I lay on my mossy couch, there came a gladsome sound from the neighboring bower in which Adam had passed the night. I turned quickly with unconscious movement towards the quarter from which the voice came. A clump of shrubbery with dense foliage partially obstructed my view, but through a narrow opening in the branches I saw the most beautiful face that I ever looked upon. Its beauty was wonderfully heightened by its setting in a wealth of golden tresses which, enriched by the rays of the morning sun that came shimmering through the foliage, flowed loosely down over the shoulders of the fair one, and covered her like a mantle. Truly, thought I, it is she, the help-mate whom Adam so earnestly desired.

Evidently Eve had just appeared on the scene, for Adam, taken by surprise, had not yet found himself; but with ready insight he had no need to be told that his prayer was answered. And so, in audible words, he exclaimed,—"This is she, flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone! My other self, joy of my soul! Mother of the great human family that shall in years to come people the world!" Thereupon, after sweet embrace, the pledge of love and unity.—

"Hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met;
Adam, the goodliest man of men since born—
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God and him."

They walked away and were soon hidden from view in the winding paths of Eden's bowers.

Without special purpose or thought where I was going, I walked along the margin of the lake, musing on the strange scenes I had witnessed.

At first I was vain enough to suppose that the bird concert with which I had been thrilled was intended as a greeting to myself. On more sober thought I now felt assured that the happy warblers in this way, in part, showed their thankfulness for the beautiful home provided for them, and, in part, bidding welcome to the great mother of the human family.

I seemed now to be holding converse, or rather arguing, with some invisible being, whose voice I heard, but whose form I saw not. Sometimes, indeed, this opponent—for such was his attitude—appeared to be another self, giving me a double personality, each arrayed against the other. "Woman," I said, "fair, graceful and beautiful! In mental character of strangeness all compact. Ready and resourceful in device, quick and deft in action; but, like the lower animals, she can not reason,—nevertheless, guided fairly well by instinct." "Guided by instinct! "Cannot reason!" retorted the *alter ego*, half with interrogation and half with contempt. "Cannot reason!" was repeated with added emphasis. "Not after your fashion. And why? She does not need to.

Do the birds need ladders to get to the tree tops? In the Olympian games did the runners go on crutches? Instinct you may call it, if you have no better term. But mark you this! Where man slowly and laboriously feels his way through a long series of premises and conclusions—and is really not sure after all that he is right—with woman all lies open and plain as primary truth. Moreover, when she knows, she knows that she knows. In the bud she sees the full blown rose; in the tiny acorn, the majestic oak. Ask for her reasons, and she fails, perhaps, to give any—says it is so because—because it is so. You smile and say to yourself—"There's your woman for you!" "Very well," replies my friend, clad in the cloak of darkness; "What are your reasons for believing that the whole is greater than its part; or that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other? These great truths that you reason out by lengthy argument are to her axiomatic. If she is clever, you say, why has she not asserted herself, acted her part in great world affairs? Why is she absent from the great world's assemblies, councils and parliaments.

"It is conceded," says my opponent, "that there is too much truth in what you say. Throughout the history of the world woman has been deprived of her just claims —enthralled, trampled on, enslaved by her self-constituted lord. By brute force, wherein she was weak, this has been done. But she is coming to her own. Woman shall not only be free, but she shall hold no second place in the ruling of the world You have seen nothing to warrant such conclusion! Such is the blindness, the fatuity of your sex. Nor did the Stuart Kings of England see the pit of destruction into which their madness was driving them. And do you belong to the twentieth century and have you not marked the trend of events, the inevitable result of the forces now in operation? Already in her own quiet way, by self-sacrifice and by the Christ spirit, following His example is she uplifting the world to a higher plane of civilization and righteousness.

The law of creation has been from the lower to the higher. You have just witnessed the final act. Think you that the principle which governed the earlier stages has been violated in the crowning

work? Man has tried to run things without the counsel of his help-meet. By his unwisdom, his neglect of opportunity, he has shown his incapacity. The immutable decree must have its fulfillment—the survival of the fittest; "one near event to which the whole creation moves,"——

"Just a moment," said I, "You do well as a protagonist of the suffragists." "Ah yes," replied he, "I was expecting you would say that. But let me tell you the worm sometimes turns when trodden upon. Woman is patient, long-suffering; but she is nervous, high-strung, and when driven beyond the limitations of her physical strength, hysterical. She may then do things she is sorry for. For this she is not responsible. It is fitting that she who, in the ruling of Providence led the way in bringing sin into the world should become the happy instrument of the world's redemption. Her methods of working out the world's betterment are the ways of influence—not of barbarity. Go thou back to thy place and be wise."

I returned to my environment. The coals on the hearth were still aglow; the cat lay purring at my feet; the clock on

the mantel which was striking the hour of eight when I took my flight showed that I had been absent just five minutes.

The "vision as described on the preceding pages came in the dusky twilight and under the influence of the weird forms of the burning coals. The forecast? Was it prophecy of the future when woman shall come to her own, or but the shadowy phantasm of a visionary.

What of the morning? The day breaks and the shadows flee away. Now we know and we know that we know. Our lawmakers have awakened and they speak with no uncertain voice. Woman is called to the council-board and to the legislative halls at Halifax, Ottawa, London and Washington.

In man's most dark extremity
Oft success dawns from Heaven.
—*Sir Walter Scott.*

I trust in Nature, for the stable laws
Of beauty and utility, Spring shall plant
And Autumn garner to the end of time.
I trust in God,—the right shall be the right
And other than the wrong, while He endures.
I trust in my own soul that can perceive
The outward and the inward,—nature's good
And God's." —*Browning.*

Letter
to a
Young Teacher.

"Teach my boy in such a way as to make yourself useless to him."

"Take heed to thyself and to the teaching."
I Timothy 4 : 16.

Letter to a Young Teacher.

THE famous sculptor Michael Angelo, as he stood before a block of marble said to himself,—"There is an angel imprisoned in this stone; I have come to set it free." In vision he already saw the thing of beauty which his hands were to fashion. So let me ask you to pause a moment and picture the grand possibilities which lie hidden in the material on which you work. What may not this child become under the awakening and fashioning force of your instrumentality! Think of his future life and character as dependent on the direction or misdirection of your supervision! Have you a vision of beauty and excellence before you as an ideal of his future?

He who works with high and noble aspiration for the best perhaps only approximates to what he had hoped to attain; but he achieves far more than if he had fixed on a lower standard. Honest effort to realize a lofty purpose is not fruitless even though the aspiration fail wholly of its fulfillment. We may not talk of wasted effort to raise a human being to higher life. If such effort enrich not the

life of another, in the language of the author of Evangeline it may be said:

"Its waters returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshing.
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain."

Remember your success depends as much on what you are as it does on what you do. The effectiveness of the woodman's axe is conditioned on the weight of the pole, as well as on the keenness of the edge. "Take heed to thyself and to the teaching," was Paul's advice to Timothy. It is the personality behind the teaching skill which counts. It is a mistake to suppose that it is by the doing of great things alone that the teacher reveals himself to his pupils and makes the greatest impression on their character.

Do not forget that to be a successful teacher you must be a diligent student. You need new ideas—you need them on your familiar and best known subject. Harping on the same string is monotonous; it will soon tire you—make you weary of yourself. You will lose energy and ani-

mation—become a mere machine. Without study you will gradually sink to a lower scale of being, until you will rather vegetate than live the rational life of a human being.

But it is not alone the lessons that you teach that you need to study. Take some subject apart from your regular line of work and make it a specialty. Be ambitious to know at least something about everything, and everything—or almost everything—about something. Examine this subject in all its length, breadth and depth. Do not shun the difficult phases which it may present. Grapple strenuously with their hardest and knottiest sides. When splitting a hemlock log I was told by my father to strike into the very center of the knot. Dealt with it in this fashion, it opened up as easily as an oyster when touched at the right place. Remember if you do only what you can do easily, you will never do your best. Isolate yourself from every distracting influence—almost from your own body. By patient continuance in well doing add to your knowledge of the subject day by day, year by year, here a little, there a little. A strong

will and faith in one's self add greatly to one's power. Nothing is impossible to him who wills. It is difficult to measure the ability of him who tries. But remember,—nothing is got for nothing.

Thorough concentration on the matter in hand is ersential to success. The gardener, by girdling and pruning, forces the say into a selected branch, hereby developing more perfectly and more rapidly the fruit of that branch. So give your best strength to your vocation. Do not try to teach and study law or medicine at the same time. The education of the young is too sacred a thing to be carried on in any such half-hearted manner. Follow Paul's motto,—"This one thing I do." Putarch says of Pericles,—"There was in the whole city but one street in which Pericles was ever seen—that which led to the market place and Council House." Your street is the one which leads to the school house.

In your reading have due regard for the living and ever changing present. Books of travel and the newspaper claim a share of your attention; otherwise you will soon be buried in the musty, dead past and be

better fitted for the shelf of an antiquary than for the preparation of a child for the duties of life. You do not require to read the daily paper from beginning to end with that scrupulous care and fidelity with which you study the pages of your Bible. The reports of the police courts, the local gossip and the larger part of the personal recrimination of party politics may be wisely omitted, except, it may be, the head lines. You cannot afford to be ignorant of the great question of the day—matters which relate to civil government trade, discovery, progress of art and science, international relations and the ever recurring and ever changing conflicts between labor and capital.

Do not overlook the claims of citizenship and of society. Your business by day brings you into constant intercourse with your pupils; when off active duty you withdraw to your study. Children and books are thus alternately your companions. Have a care or you will become dwarfed, twisted and one-sided. You will fail to form a right estimate of men and of practical life. Hence you need frequent contact with every day affairs, to mingle

in society, to take your part in affairs, to be a citizen as well as a teacher. This is needful not only for the man or woman that is in you, but because you are a teacher and desire the best and fullest qualification for your work. You will thus obtain broader and more practical views of things, will know better causes and effects, rather than regard them as mere happenings, and so be better qualified to develop in your pupils more correct ideas as to the relations of events of the world in which they will soon be moving and acting.

"Let your moderation be known unto all men." You cannot afford to go to the club on Monday evening, a public lecture on Tuesday evening, the prayer meeting on Wednesday, Mrs. Jones's party on Thursday, the skating rink or the tennis club dance on Friday and the movies on Saturday.

But you require avocation as well as vocation "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The bow which is always bent will lose its spring. Have your off times; but make them subordinate and subservient to your higher ends. After strenuous labor,amusement is recreation and gives re-

newed vigor for more labor. Thus "all roads lead to Rome."

I would have you remember that your work as a teacher is not exclusively to impart knowledge of certain prescribed subjects. Indeed, in dealing thoroughly with these subjects, owing to their relations with other subjects, you cannot limit yourself thus if you would. Again, while giving instruction you should aim to awaken such interest and thought on the part of the pupil as will awaken self-activity. When the teacher trains a pupil to overcome difficulties and surmount obstacles by independent effort and skillful ingenuity, he is doing something vastly better for him than securing to him the knowledge which is the direct outcome of that effort. It is said that certain savages have a sort of belief that the courage and strength of a vanquished foe pass over to the victor and become to him so much added power for subsequent contest. In intellectual and moral victories this is literally true. The benefits of successful struggle through a problem are not to be measured by the amount of new knowledge gained; nor is the victory over temptation to be estimated by

the amount of evil avoided. Over and above all this, every triumph of effort gives added fibre to character as well as increased courage and strength for new conflict. One may rise by stepping stones of one's own achievements to higher things. Success along this line depends largely on method in teaching which cannot be here discussed.

A few words on the matter of discipline. The teacher should not punish as a means of balancing the scales of justice, or for the purpose of inflicting a certain amount of pain as a sort of equivalent for violation of law. Punishment in the school, as in the home, should be remedial and reformatory rather than retributive. Its object should not be to pay off the transgressor, but to correct and restore him to the right way.

Philip of Macedon is said to have told Aristotle when he placed Alexander under his tutelage that he wished him so to train his son as to make himself useless to him—train the boy to depend on himself. This is the true principle both for intellectual and moral training. Awaken self-activity so that the pupil shall desire

knowledge and shall know how to learn, that is, he is led to become an independent investigator; and on the moral side he is trained to become self-regulative—to govern himself.

The moral teaching and influence of the school arise rather out of the teacher's personality and the regular work of the school than from didactic instruction. Awaken interest and so pre-occupy the mind of the learner that there shall be no room for evil thought or action. Remember the "Busy Bee":

> "In works of labor and of skill
> I would be busy too;
> For Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do."

Exercise is the law of development. An evil passion is strengthened by indulgence and weakened by repression.

Study the idiosyncracies of each pupil. The human mind is not machine-made. Like the leaves of the forest and the blades of grass no two are precisely alike. Study the peculiarity of each individual and adapt method and management to each pupil. As the sailor by tacking this way and that, uses the force of a head wind

to carry his ship forward along a course directly opposite to that of the wind, so by skilful management, the teacher may use the opposing will of the pupil in leading him to obedience. Do not try to drive a stubborn boy. You perhaps ask him to do something and he declines. Then, unfortunately, you say to him,—"You shall;" he replies,—"I won't." You *insist* and he *persists*. What then?

Had you known your boy and acted on what you knew, you would have taken a more excellent way. Professor William James in dealing with this question speaks of a method which he calls *substitution*. It implies the awakening of a new emotion which takes the place of the opposing feeling. Dr. Chalmers describes it as "The expulsive power of a new affection."

This royal road to success is well illustrated in the following incident of real life, described by a kindergartner:—

"A strong-willed boy came in to make me a neighborly call one Sunday afternoon. He was followed a few minutes later by his sister who said that he was to go home. This he refused to do; whereupon she left, returning soon, however, with a direct com-

mand from his mother to come home. To my surprise he still refused most decidedly to obey. She threatened to send an older sister to take him by force. "Well, I don't care, she may come; but she can't get me, for I won't go, so there."

I had said little during all this, listening to the conversation with mixed feelings. I will confess that I felt flattered by the child's impulse to come and his desire to stay, and I could not willingly insist on his leaving, lest he should misunderstand my motive. On the other hand I dared not uphold him in an act of direct disobedience. Weighing the matter carefully I decided to work indirectly. Calling him to a seat near by, I suggested telling him a story about a giant.

Then followed the tale of Goliath of Gath, and I pictured to him the brave shepherd boy who came out so fearlessly with sling and stones, boldly asserting his belief in the near presence of God as his Helper in subduing a foe. I could note by the flashing eye and the deep breathing that the soldier spirit was fully aroused in my little hero. His imagination began to play in a most lively manner, and several

times the story was interrupted by such exclamations as—'I can fight a giant!' or 'Yes, there was a big giant came on our back platform once, and I just pulled out my sword and killed him this way,' suiting the action to the word.

"In finishing my story I answered in reply to one of his remarks,—'There are some giants you are not able to fight. There's one strong giant we cannot see who can make himself very small. He slips into our hearts and makes us do what he tells us. I am afraid you are not strong enough to drive him out.' 'Yes, I am', he answered indignantly. 'I can drive him right out.' I said, 'he's a strong fellow, and I notice he has been at you this afternoon. I shall be sorry if you are not able to fight him.' Then presently he added,—'I can feel him; he is giving me a pain in my stomach now.' Then, getting up he marched off home with the air of a conquerer which indeed he was."

Free Schools

IN

Nova Scotia

"Now this is the law of the jungle—as old and as true as the sky;
And the wolf that shall keep it may prosper, but the wolf that shall break it must die.
As the creeper that girdles the tree-trunk, the law runneth forward and back—
For the strength of the pack is the wolf, and the strength of the wolf is the pack."

—The Jungle Book. (*Kipling*).

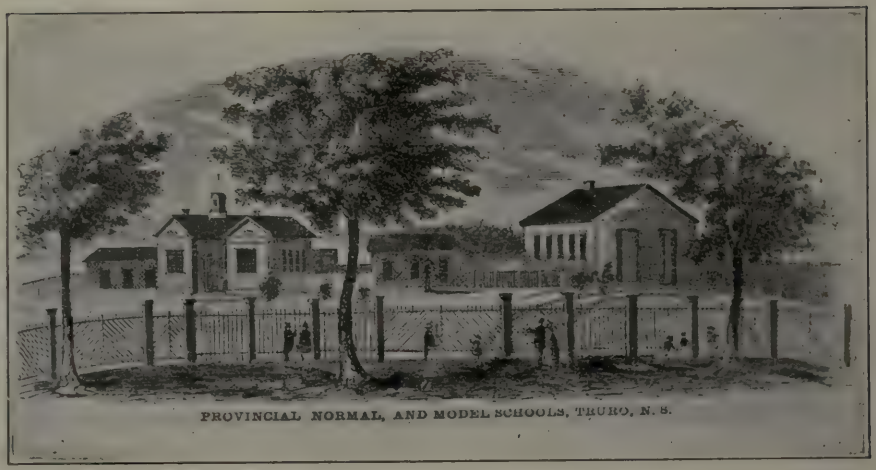


Photo 1855 — Replaced by the present building in 1878

The Origin of Free Schools in Nova Scotia.

FREE SCHOOLS were tried in Nova Scotia as early as 1840. The teacher's salary and other funds needed for the upkeep of the school were raised by voluntary subscription on condition that the school should be free to all children within the section. While the experiment was fairly successful in some places, this way of bringing about the desired end was found ill-suited to the greater part of the Province. People who had no children to educate were slow to believe that they had any personal interest in the school, and so they thought it unreasonable that they should be asked to pay for its support. Indeed there were many parents who regarded the school as one of the things which they could very well do without. And thus it was shown that the free school could flourish only when it had behind it the imperative school tax. It is true that at different times in the early history of Nova Scotia higher conceptions of the value of general education were entertained by leaders in public affairs and

measures of reform in this direction were agitated. But these conditions passed away without any practical outcome, save only the comforting thought that the public mind was not prepared for so radical a measure.

The question of Free Schools was first brought emphatically before the Government and Legislature of the Province by Mr. John William Dawson—better known as the distinguished scientist Sir William Dawson, a native of Pictou County. He was the first Superintendent of Education, an office which he held for about two years (1850-2). By his lectures and institutes in various parts of the province he contributed much to the awakening of an interest in education and to developing public sentiment in favor of free schools. He failed, however, to persuade the Government that the time had come for the proposed measure. And so the first Superintendent of Education in Nova Scotia resigned his office, leaving the pioneer work to be completed by others.

The most tangible outcome of Mr. Dawson's efforts was the Normal School for the training of teachers. This institution

was opened in November, 1855, with an enrollment of about sixty students, under Dr. Alexander Forrester, who was Superintendent of Education as well as Principal of the Normal School.

In the early years of its history the Normal School held two sessions in the year, each session four and a half months, there being an interval of six weeks between the sessions. But this gave no holiday to Dr. Forrester—only a change of work. During one interval he journeyed through the Province, visiting the eastern counties including Cape Breton Island; then, in turn, his route lay in the western counties and around the south coast from Yarmouth to Halifax. This was no holiday for Dr. Forrester. Whether he went east or west one thing he did—he pleaded for *free schools* and *trained teachers.* In carrying out his mission he attended meetings of the School Commissioners and lectured in every town and hamlet in the province.

Dr. Forrester's work was supplemented by the students who came under his influence in the Normal School. Having gained higher ideals of their calling, greater

practical skill for the doing of their work and much of that glowing enthusiasm for which Dr. Forrester was distinguished, on the completion of their course they were scattered over the Province as teachers in the public schools. In such fashion were the people awakened and in some degree prepared for Free Schools.

In 1864 a Bill, the main features of which were drawn up by Dr. Forrester, providing for Free Schools supported by assessment, was brought before the Nova Scotia Legislature by Dr. Charles Tupper —later Sir Charles Tupper, Baronet—the leader of the Conservative party which had recently come into power. The supporters of the Government were not a unit as regards the School Bill, and those of them who were opposed to the measure gave the Premier to understand that they would vote against the Bill. But Mr. Adams G. Archibald—afterwards Sir Adams—the leader of the Liberal party, was too true a patriot to take advantage of a political rival by helping to defeat a measure which he believed the interests of the country demanded. Accordingly, he and several of his party supporters voted with the

Government, and the Free School Bill became law.

There was one feature in the action of the Government which one regrets to record. Dr. Forrester had given many years of untiring labor and heart-felt devotion to the cause which had now realized fulfillment—but bitter disappointment was mingled with his joy. In planning for the new regime under the Free School Law, Dr. Forrester had assumed that he would be Superintendent of Education, and that Dr. Rand, who was then associated with him on the Normal School Staff, would be Principal of that Institution. To please some of their supporters, however, the Government gave the position of Superintendent to Dr. Rand and the subordinate place to Dr. Forrester. Meanwhile Dr. Forrester had not the least inkling of the disappointment that awaited him—the first intimation of the appointment coming to him through the morning papers.

It may be well to state here that the incident just noted did not disturb the friendly relations that existed between Dr. Forrester and Dr. Rand. They worked to-

gether with the greatest harmony, each entering on the duties assigned him with a single aim for the betterment of the educational interests of the country. And on the death of Dr. Forrester, which occurred some five years later, it was found that one of the two friends to whom, by his will, he had entrusted the settlement of his business was Theodore H. Rand.

The school law provided that the public schools should be free to all children over five years of age, and that they should be maintained by taxes levied on the ratepayers of the section, supplemented by Government grants varying in amount according to the class of license held by the teacher. It was soon found, however, that this plan imposed heavy burdens on the poorer sections. Accordingly, at the next meeting of the Legislature an act was passed providing for a county tax, to be used in such a way as to give special aid to these sections.

The machinery by which the school law was carried out consisted of a Council of Public Instruction composed of the Executive Council, a Superintendent of Education who was ex-officio Secretary of the

Council, Boards of School Commissioners in the various counties or districts, an Inspector of Schools in each county and a Normal School for the training of teachers.

As teacher's licenses throughout the province were not on any uniform standard, they were all cancelled and new licenses, based on thorough examination, were required.

The school year was divided into two terms, one beginning on the first of November, the other on the first of May. For the appointment of trustees, voting money for the support of the school and other business, the law provided an annual meeting of the rate-payers to be held on a specified day in September of each year. There was no provision made for the election of Trustees except at the annual meeting, so that, in case of neglect at this meeting no means were available for this purpose until the next annual meeting.

The element of assessment made the school law very unpopular in many parts of the country. In some sections no funds were voted at the annual meeting; in others trustees were not elected; in others no meeting was held. These sec-

tions were thus left without schools, or they were provided by the old method of voluntary subscriptions. The law was denounced as tyrannical and unjust. Dr. Tupper's government lost popular favor and there is little doubt that this hostility to the tax was transferred to the measure for Confederation of the Provinces which shortly afterwards came to the front.

It was thought advisable to give the recalcitrant sections a chance for amending their ways. Accordingly the Legislature passed an Act authorizing the Inspectors in the various counties to call a special meeting in those sections during the month of April—where necessary—to make provision for a school during the second term. The Inspector was instructed to appoint these meetings at such dates as would enable him to be present. It was no holiday time—this month of April. Certainly not for some of them. In one of the western counties, out of about one hundred sections only twelve had fully organized under the law. Two or even three meetings a day failed to complete the work. The results? Well,

they varied—some failures, some successes, now and then conspicuously so. Take an example.

It was fifty years ago—long enough to be historic. The scene was in the famous fruit-growing district known as the Cornwallis Valley and often called the Annapolis Valley, including "The Land of Evangeline" in its eastern section. The meeting was held in a private house, the home of a member of the board of School Commissioners for the county, the school-house being in disrepair. The Inspector had already attended two meetings on that day, and this one was in the evening.

A goodly number of rate-payers were assembled. For some time they sat silent, with threatening aspect—as the heavens before a thunder storm. Finally a motion was made that the School Commissioner take the chair. It was voted down. Whereupon the Inspector dryly remarked that he was surprised to find his friend so unpopular. Another nomination followed with no better success. After a short pause the Inspector rose and said that he now saw but one explanation for the at-

titude of the meeting. The ratepayers present were adopting this method of showing their opinion of the school law. Possibly they did not rightly understand it, and their objections were based on some supposed features which did not really exist. He had arranged to be present for the purpose of explaining the provisions of the Act, but he would not allow himself to address an unorganized meeting. They were numerically strong enough to refuse him a hearing; but he trusted they were not so lacking in moral courage but that they would listen to the truth with open mind. Whereupon he sat down.

After a short pause the School Commissioner was unanimously chosen as chairman of the meeting, and after a few remarks he called on the Inspector to address the meeting. His remarks were substantially as follows:

"It affords me great pleasure to meet you here this evening in this one of the most delightful sections of our county. And I want to tell you that I am fairly well acquainted with every part of it. It was my good fortune last summer, in company

with the Chairman of the Board of School Commissioners and the County Surveyor, who with myself were commissioned by the Government to revise the bounds of the school sections of the county—over a hundred of them there were. Every settlement of the county from the borders of Hants to those of Annapolis, and from the Bay of Fundy to the borders of Lunenburg was visited. And I may say to you that no part of this fine county appealed to us with more charm than did this northern side of the valley lying at the foot of the North Mountain from Blomidon down to Digby Strait. It is not alone its scenic beauty as seen from the little-travelled mountain heights that lends it interest. It has, too, an economic interest which I know must command your appreciation. In this regard the mountain ridge which rises so abruptly from the lowlands, giving, as it does, shelter from northern winds, claims consideration; then the moderate elevation of your farm-lands protects them from the killing frosts of spring and autumn, thus lengthening the season for the growth and ripening of their products. Another advantage you have

is the deep rich soil of your farm-lands with its mixture of clay and sand and other elements derived from the trap rock of the mountain-side, making loam adapted to the retention of fertilizer and moisture, forming one of the choicest agricultural districts in Nova Scotia and especially suited to the production of apples.

"But, Mr. Chairman, I am here to speak to you of other matters. I know that some of you believe that this new school law, with its offensive taxes, is little short of robbery. But I want to ask you for a moment to lay aside all prejudices and look at this question dispassionately.

"Some three hundred and fifty years ago this splendid district was one vast forest inhabited by wild animals and Indians almost as untamed as the brute beasts. What think you was then the value of these farm lands which you prize so highly? And what think you has caused the change? It is simply the difference between savage and civilized man. Close your public schools and a few generations will bring back those primitive days with their conditions. Nor would I have you suppose that you have reached the

summit of civilization—that you have attained that skill and success which mark the full distinction between civilization and savagedom. Let me tell you that you who are living at the close of this nineteenth century will find things wondrously changed and your children will think of the conditions of 1865 much as we do of those that prevailed in the days of our fathers. If you do not live to see this day your children will have taken your place. Surely you are not taking thought for yourselves alone.

"But, again, suppose you refuse to join in the onward march and no more have a public school. Will that not affect the well-being of every man in this section. You form a community. It is not every man for himself alone. Civilization means that the people are bound together in one great bundle of life. What affects the community affects every individual, and what affects one affects all.

One word more, and I have done. I know that you would all like to feel that you have done something for the betterment of your country—that you have made some sacrifice for the permanent good of

the place in which you live. It would add to your happiness if you felt that you could leave the world better than you found it, by reason of something you had done. 'No man liveth to himself'; and 'there is that withholdeth more than is meet and it tendeth to poverty.'"

The Inspector had said enough. He had won the day. The Chairman followed with a few appropriate remarks. Thereupon a trustee was elected by a small majority; then another with a few nays, a third by unanimous vote. Other business called for was duly transacted and the meeting was adjourned.

SEQUEL.— And now, after the lapse of fifty years, the Inspector for the county tells us in his annual report that this section, which bears the name of a beautiful district under the shadow of the Alpine mountains in Italy, is one of the most flourishing rural schools in the county with two separate departments.