

AT EVENTIDE.

When the sun goes down and peace is on the earth
The soul is lost in thoughts of mystic birth;
The heart then feels its happiest, holiest calm,
And sorrow finds a strangely soothing balm—
At eventide! At eventide!

When sweetest fancies longest bide;
When thought can wander far and wide—
At eventide!

When the twilight falls and hides the ling'ring glow
I travel back to scenes of long ago;
I think of thee and of our happy love,
And wonder if thou see'st me from above—
At eventide! At eventide!

When saddest memories longest bide;
When fancy wanders far and wide—
At eventide!

AMARANTH.

BOLTED.

One of the prettiest sights in the world, and certainly the most charming in London, is that of Hyde Park during the height of the season. The Park itself is distinctly a city park, a park in the middle of a densely populated neighborhood, and thus it differs widely from our Central Park, which has been laid out, by designers who could not foresee the growth of New York, rather as a bit of landscape gardening in some country district, to which the dwellers in the town could resort. The Central Park, with its winding roads and paths and its undulations of ground, is undoubtedly more picturesque than anything in the English metropolis, but its very picturesqueness renders it less spectacular than the conventional and stiff plan of Hyde Park. Our rides are lovely, but with rural loveliness; one forgets in them that a city is within a stone's throw. The London ride is, on the other hand, a parade-ground where all the wealth and beauty and rank of the most populous of cities assemble to see and to be seen. The rider in Hyde Park, it may almost be said, is assisting at a solemn function and taking part in a social duty, and under these circumstances never forgets that the public are not uninterested spectators. In fact, if the curious stranger wishes to see all the celebrities of London, he must go to see the Park. Everything is arranged for his convenience there are chairs on which he can sit, or rails over which he can lean, while he examines the throng which passes before him. The throng may be mixed, but it is splendid and representative. Bishops on steady cobs, ministers of state, popular actors, the lions of the season, ladies of the court and ladies of the stage, hardworking journalists, capitalists who have never been out of sound of Bow Bells, and bronzed pro-consuls who have ruled provinces more populous than many kingdoms, pass and repass before the visitor. Nowhere else in the world are seen together so many good horses or so many good riders. A good Park horse is a species apart; he is not a race-horse, or a hunter, or even a roadster, but he is a thing of beauty. Like his rider, he knows he is on exhibition, and, as Mrs. Gamp says, "behaves as sich." A runaway is comparatively rare, if we consider the number of equestrians of various degrees of skill who may be seen in an afternoon, and accidents are still rarer. The mounted police are numerous,

well mounted, and watchful, and have learned by experience just how to overtake and rescue ladies in the unfortunate position illustrated in our engraving "Bolted." Tife Queen used to be a common cause of accidents to riders, for all had, of course, to give way to her carriages, and she always went at a rattling pace. There is a good deal of riding in the Park at other times than that of the fashionable *promenade à cheval*. Then you see the little ones on their little dears of ponies, fresh young girlish forms not yet in society, staid parents who hate a crowd, and the elderly diners-out who find horseback exercise a potent digester.—*Harpers' Bazar*.

Now that we have so many fine horsewomen in Montreal it would be well if riding and driving over our lovely Mountain Park could be made more fashionable, for after all the chief charm about riding, as in everything else, lies in being seen. How many would care to ride in Hyde Park if it were not fashionable; and to be fashionable we must have not only the favored few who ride brave steeds or flash by in brilliant equipages, but also the great many who look on with envious, or admiring eyes from the attitude of shank's mare or a park seat; therefore to make our Park fashionable, we must have some cheaper mode of access than that furnished by a private turn-out or even the ten cent bus, somehow people do not care to be carried up by the bus, but they would walk if there were an elevator to escape the steps. We hope this will soon be established, as a visit to our Mountain Park would be a most healthful amusement, even should we go with no better object than to see our rich townfolk ride by. Let us go with what object we may, it seems to us impossible than any should look down from our beautiful mountain over the great throbbing city, the broad lovely river, the fair expanse of earth and sky without feeling the heart stirred by higher, nobler, purer thoughts, the soul expand to that Great Giver of these inestimable gifts of nature. Do not these narrow city streets contract our souls and cramp our aspirations, till we can think of nothing but the struggle for money, and the luxuries which money can buy, our beautiful mountain points us to heaven, while sheltering our dear ones in the city of the dead. How few can ascend that mountain path without the sigh for "a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still."

THE PRESIDENT'S SISTER ON TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

MISS CLEVELAND'S IMPASSIONED REJOINDER TO REV. DR. HOWARD CROSBY.

"I do not wonder that excellent women, whose husbands or sons have become sots, should advocate total abstinence for every one. We have heard a good woman, whose boy had cut his finger nearly off with a knife, wish that there were no knives in the world; and, if she could have her way, she would have them all destroyed forthwith. It is natural, and a

woman's cry on such an occasion excites our tenderest sympathy. But who will count that an argument?"

The above paragraph from "A Calm View of Dr. Nelson," by Rev. Howard Crosby, D. D., in the Evangelist of March 17, has most pertinaciously haunted me ever since the perusal of the article last evening. That this, above any other paragraph, should most impress itself upon the impressible mind of one emotional woman in particular, or of woman as an emotional creature in general, will surprise no man. It is, as the doctor says, natural; and I am certain that multitudes of women besides myself are to-day smarting under these "calm" words, against the imputation of which every fibre of the woman nature rises up in revolt.

The male animal is very fierce; the female of all genera is very, comparatively and in general, uncombative. But the same science which tells us this tells us also that the mother, among all beasts, in defence of her young, is the fiercest of living creatures. The lioness, under ordinary circumstances, is quite easy of conquest; but the lioness robbed of her whelps, no man or beast cares to encounter. Both these phases of the female nature are undoubtedly "natural." They belong, as Bishop Butler said of certain so-called supernatural phenomena, to the natural, of which there are "two courses," the one ordinary, the other not supernatural, still less superhuman, but extraordinary.

You see, Mrs. Foster, that this "mad dog" you talk about it to be put, by a calm view of the thing as it is, into the same category with cutlery. You have no more real right to "cry" about this unloosed beast, because it may meet your children on their way to school, and may bite one or two of them, than you have to cry out against the manufacture and sale of knives, because your boy cut himself once. The perfectly clear thing is—if you only had head enough to see it—that the manufacture (by fermentation, not distillation) of the mad dog (not very mad, but only some mad) ought to go on, and that one mad dog (of this good kind) for every one thousand people ought to be protected by law from the bullets of hydrophobia haters.

This calm view of "the evil" which—because of some, in fact several, cases of hydrophobia among us—has come to be called by unthinking people "a mad dog," is proven by concurrent testimony of experience, science, scholarship, sound philosophy, and, above all, rightly read scripture, to be a good creature of God. The calmly Christian thing for you to do "on such an occasion" is not to go up and down "crying," but to stay at home and teach your little boys and big boys how a little mad dog's bite is good for them, but a big mad dog's bite is very bad for them.

You ought—if you would only do the thing you ought, instead of the thing you like, to mix up a little wine and water for your little boys at dinner, so that they may early learn the difference between true temperance and this mis-