

people of Stratford must have acquired a taste for vigour of sound (in preference to expression or delicacy of rendering), since their big explosion last spring which smashed windows a mile off, but I can imagine that if all the forty whistled to the full extent of their powers (and it would have been disloyal to have done otherwise), the Princess, who comes of a family with some pretensions to musical taste, must have mentally determined to pass Stratford in future *incognito*. Suppose other places had wished to show off their peculiar excellencies in a like manner, what odd results would have been heard! Imagine the exhibitors at Guelph being bidden at a word of command to tread each man on the tail of his neighbouring exhibitor's pig (to secure unanimity of action and pressure), what a squeal of welcome would have arisen! I do not like to pursue this painful subject further, and it is hardly necessary, as the example of Stratford is not likely to be followed.

Then there are the eccentricities of the illuminators. Your truly delightful illuminator best loveth the transparency. His ideas are sometimes deliciously clear, but at times become vague, a trifle vague. When I saw a picture of Her Majesty gazing rather stolidly at a remarkable 'wall of waters' (supposed to represent the rapids above Niagara), and labelled 'your mother next,' I got in a sort of a quandary. Was the painter so unacquainted with contemporary history as to imagine the Queen had ever been within a mile of Goat Island, and so ignorant of recent history, as to know of no insuperable objection to her late Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, visiting Canada shortly?

But I must not forget the man who had (*teste* the Globe) twenty-one glass globes displayed 'to represent a royal salute!' a feat which requires unusual clearness on the part of the globes, or extraordinary perspicacity on the

part of the reporter. Perhaps, however, as was well suggested to me, the globes exploded regularly, one after another, which would account for the similarity being recognised.

On the whole, there must be some feeling of relief that it is all over. The civic mind cannot long continue spinning addresses in prose and verse out of its inner consciousness. The average throat of humanity must have found its cheering capabilities sorely overtaxed before it would have called in the 'forty whistling as one' at Stratford. It will be a relief to all concerned to drop back to the level of everyday life, where grammar and the construction of sentences can be left with impunity to mere literary men, and where high state dignitaries, raised to the exalted language of the seventh heaven by congenial eloquence and wine, need no longer perorate about Princesses in the hospital slang of Bob Sawyer.

F. R.

UNITARIANISM AND ROMAN CATHOLICISM.

—'Rather severe on Cardinal Newman,' he murmured aloud, as he laid aside the last number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, and wearily leaned his head on his hand. 'Strange that his case—in many respects so different—is yet similar to my own.' Here the beautiful hymn by Dr. Newman, 'Lead, kindly Light,' came into his mind, and, half-unconsciously, he repeated it aloud:

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now

Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.