

especially those concerning Dr. Johnson and Thackeray, but our space is already exceeded. We can only add that many portraits and fac-similes of notes and scraps of manuscript adorn and illustrate the daintily printed, wide-margined pages of this entertaining and valuable volume.

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Montreal Letter.

THE ordinary citizen is preparing for the Christmas festivities, and a holiday air pervades the whole city. The toy and novelty stores are in full feather, and while young heads are dreaming of what that everlasting, hoary-headed old myth, Santa Claus, will bring them, old heads are wading through labyrinths of toys in the endeavour to give a semblance of truth to the charming piece of fiction that has delighted little boys and girls for many ages. Then there are others besides children who like presents and there is an endeavour to satisfy all desires. The stores are crowded and trade is good.

Sir William Dawson, K.C.M.G., LL.D., delivered a lecture to the Delta Sigma Society of McGill University last week, on "An Ideal College for Women." The lecturer referred to the earliest known authoress, the Prophetess Deborah, and her remarkable poem, as an evidence of the status and education of women in that remote time in which she lived. He touched on the education and literary position of woman in the intervening centuries, and spoke of the remarkable extension of the education of women, and of their influence in literary, scientific, social, political, professional and religious affairs within the last quarter of a century. He referred to the practical division of colleges for women into classes—those that are connected with old universities and may be designated as affiliated colleges and those which are more or less self-contained and may be regarded as independent of university control. Without any invidious comparison with others of their respective classes, he took Wellesley and Newnham as examples of these two types and enquired with some detail in what respects they approached to ideal colleges, in reference to home and social courses of study, the value of their degrees and certificates, their economy and facility of management and of extension, and the courses which have led to the preference of one or the other systems. The lecture was most interesting.

The social event of the week was the vice-regal drawing room, which was held in the gallery of the Art Association on Monday. The gathering was representative of Montreal society: the Church, the Bar and the Universities. The rooms presented a scene of brilliant splendour, seldom seen in this city—brilliant uniforms, beautiful costumes, diamonds, court dresses and plumes. A detachment of the Duke of Connaught's Royal Canadian Hussars escorted their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen to the gallery, and a guard of honor, furnished by the Montreal Garrison Artillery, was there to receive them. His Excellency wore a full dress of a Privy Councillor of the first grade, while Countess Aberdeen wore a handsome decollette, trained, black satin gown trimmed with silver embroidery taken from an old book of Irish patterns, known as "The Book of Kells," made in Ireland by ladies of the Irish Industries Association. Her Excellency was attended by the Hon. Archie Gordon, who was the picture of a small courtier. The proceedings were of the usual drawing room order, and concluded about eleven o'clock. Nothing occurred to blemish the function, and everybody went home satisfied. The Governor-General was in the best of humour that evening, and on his return home invited the escort in for refreshments. This was rather unexpected to the management of the household, who were not prepared to meet such demands, but His Excellency himself supervised the arrangements and the soldiers were soon provided with hot coffee, etc., which they thoroughly appreciated after their night ride. No wonder the Governor-General is popular with the people, for he is always doing something like this.

Owing to the death of Sir John Thompson their Excellencies will not take part in any social functions for some time to come, to mark their sense of the tragic event. On the receipt of the news Lord and Lady Aberdeen left for Ottawa, and on their arrival there called upon Lady Thompson. They feel greatly the loss which Canada has sustained in the death of Sir John Thompson. While knowing the Premier well, as both man and minister, they feel all the

concern which is experienced by the sudden loss of a well-known and esteemed friend. Their Excellencies returned to this city on Friday.

A.J.F.

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Queen Charlotte's Christmas.

Hungary's fierce soldier king,
Resting after wars and fighting,
Turns his soul to banquetting,
All his vassal lords inviting.
Joy he feels, all undissembled,
His was not a heart to grieve,
As he bids his guests assembled
Revel high on Christmas Eve.

In the hall his father built
To the pile of generations,
Jewelled, painted, carved and gilt
In the style of Eastern nations.
Lamplight gleams through each embrasure,
Piercing deep the massy walls:
From the ceiling gold and azure
Many a battle trophy falls.

"What! a message from the queen?
Mirth to mar it were a pity.
Dead? What matter!" He had seen
Children slain in sack of city.
Speeds the feast 'mid music's swelling;
Noble, they who grace the board;
Wine from silver flagons welling,
Fills the cups that toast their lord.

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From the revel far apart,
In the ancient, lofty tower,
Sits a queen with broken heart,
And her eyes have lost tears' power.
For her babe, her all is taken;
Queen she is, but all alone
Till earth waken, trumpet shaken,
By the resurrection tone.

Naught she recks of drifting snow,
High the turret casement heaping,
Of shrill winds that fiercely blow,
All around the stout walls sweeping.
But, where the bright firelight dances
On the fairy cradle-nest,
Thither fall the mother's glances,
Fall upon her babe at rest.

In a storm lull, to her ear
Comes a tender infant's wailing;
Quick she grasps the cradle-bier,
With a mother's hope unfailing.
Ah, fair flower, just born to wither!
Like to other hopes of old,
No cry comes from hence; but thither,
Thither out in winter's cold.

Like her child's, that voice to her
Tender mother's heart appealing,
Wraps she hooded cloak of fur
Round her form; then, swiftly stealing,
Eager, hungry-souled and fearless,
Though it be so dark and late,
Down the stone steps, cold and cheerless,
Till she finds the tower gate.

No old porter on the bench,
With his torch or lantern, sitteth,
But her gentle fingers clench
On the heavy key she fitteth
True within the lock, that, kinder
Than grim death, opes wide the door,
Which the storm blows to behind her,
Closed to her for evermore.

Torchless, moonless, starless void
Is the darkness she has entered;
Yet her heart is high upbowed
By the hope on which are centred
All her thoughts and powers of action,
Through the snow and howling wind,
Hope that holds life's one attraction,
Her lost child to seek and find.

Round the tower in a dream,
List'ning, doubting, fearing, hoping,
Where her casement sheds its gleam,
O'er the snow, Queen Charlotte, groping,
Touches something warm and living,
Hears once more the little cry,
Clings it in her arms, and, giving
Thanks to heaven, weeps silently.

Thoughts that other thoughts o'erwhelm,
Men would call them mania,
Drive her to her father's realm,
Far off Transylvania.
From the glazed embrasures, beating
With a hundred throbs of light,
Throbs her heart with joy, retreating
Out into the stormy night.