

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (limited) at their offices, 6 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

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All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

NEW YEAR NUMBER.

The next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will contain a number of pictures representative of the

NEW YEAR HOLIDAY.

Among these we may mention:

- AN ALLEGORICAL FRONT PAGE, NEW YEAR IN DIFFERENT LANDS, THE FATHER'S BLESSING ON NEW YEAR'S MORNING, THE LEGENDARY NEW YEAR.

This being the first number of the New Volume, our new Serial Story will be begun, as also a number of new and interesting literary features introduced.

AN OFFER.

Our readers are aware that the subscription price of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is \$4 paid in advance and \$4.50 if not paid in advance. In consideration that the times have been hard, and because we should like to begin the new year with as many clear accounts as possible, we have concluded to offer the following reduction:—

All subscribers who will pay up the arrears by the 1st January will be required to pay only \$4.00, the same as if they had paid in advance. After this notice any of our subscribers who do not accept these terms will lose a favourable opportunity of reduction, as the \$4.50 will have to be collected in full.

In connection with this offer we cannot too strongly impress upon our readers and patrons the propriety of assisting us as much as possible by prompt payments, and inducing their friends to subscribe, to make the NEWS more and more worthy of a permanent place in every household of the Dominion.

1880.

With the first number in January we begin the XXI. Volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and have the pleasure to inform our numerous friends that we have resolved to increase our efforts toward making it more acceptable than ever. The NEWS being first and foremost a pictorial paper, the artistic department will be materially improved, current events of interest being sketched and attention paid to all important incidents abroad. Our Canadian Portrait Gallery, now considerably over three hundred, and the only series of the kind attainable in Canada, will continue to be a leading feature. No pains will be spared to make the literary character of the NEWS equal to that of any journal in America. Original articles, stories, and poems will be contributed by several of our best writers. Different series of literary papers will also appear, chief among them being Pen Pictures of Canadian Statesmen, beginning with the Opening of Parliament, and Studies on the Literary Men of Canada, a work hitherto never attempted. The NEWS being the only illustrated paper and the only purely literary weekly in the Dominion, and having taken the field early at great expense, we solicit encouragement thereto as a national institution. Our friends are respectfully requested not only to renew their own subscriptions, but to engage at least one of their neighbours or acquaintances to try the paper for one year.

OUR NEW STORY.

Our readers will doubtless give us credit for our efforts to continue presenting them with original serial stories, in pursuance of the course we have followed till now. We have the pleasure to announce that, with the first number of January, we shall begin the publication of a new original romance, entitled:

CLARA CHILLINGTON,

OR THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF. A STORY OF 100 YEARS AGO.

BY THE REVEREND JAMES LANGHOENE BOXER, Rector of La Porte, Ind., U. S., formerly co-Editor with Charles Dickens of All the Year Round.

EDITED BY THE REV. WILLIAM SMITHETT, D.D., of Lindsay, Ont.

The scene of this very interesting story is laid on the Kentish coast, and the characters are representative of English life at the beginning of the century. The plot is full of interest, the incidents are well constructed, the tone is mainly and thoroughly English, while the style is often enlivened with very humor. The story will run through several months, and now is the time to subscribe.

TEMPERATURE. As observed by HARRIS & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

Table with columns for Date, Max., Min., Mean, and Corresponding week, 1878. Data for Dec. 21st, 1879, and corresponding week of 1878.

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Christmas Welcome—Christmas Eve—Gathering Fagots for Christmas Hearth—Midnight Service—Christmas Dream—The Carnival of Toys—Christmas in Childhood—The Christmas Prologue—Pass Christmas Lunch.

LETTER PRESS.—Merry Christmas—Christmas Presents—Christmas Fare—Christmas Hymn—Christmas Stories—"The Silver Horse Shoe"—"The Doctor's Christmas"—Varieties—Paragraph—Hearth and Home—Musical and Dramatic—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, December 27, 1879.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

This is the happiest season of the year, the season of retrospection on the one hand, and of renewed purpose for the future on the other. It is also the season of mutual congratulation, when the very air seems to thrill with kindness, as from the flutter of the angels' wings that bore the message of love:

"Glory to God unto the Highest, and Peace to good men upon the sea and land."

In unison with this spirit, we beg to offer our readers all that is contained in the old Saxon salutation: A MERRY CHRISTMAS. It seems the more natural to do this, as an editor becomes through his writings a constant acquaintance to his readers, and exchanges his thoughts and the fruit of whatever talents he may possess with their appreciation and good will. He has his shortcomings, his inequalities and other infirmities that cling to intellectual life, but these are generally condoned in the belief that he does his best to instruct and entertain. This year, too, there is a special appropriateness and pleasure in wishing our friends the enjoyments of the season. The times are perceptibly and unmistakably bettering; the dawn of prosperity is assured, and we may confidently look forward to an era of abundance. Providence has dealt kindly by us in a plentiful harvest, and even the hard lessons taught us by the long continued depression, may now be looked back to as so many blessings in disguise. Peace has reigned within our borders: scourges have been averted, and in our national life there is a degree of assurance and buoyancy which while it must stimulate our gratitude, casts a halo over the festivities of Christmas tide. We have devoted nearly the whole of the present number of the NEWS to matter connected with this beautiful holiday. Our pictures without exception, have reference to it, from the typical front page through different phases and scenes that are so familiar to all. We furthermore present our readers with a double-page supplement representing the Holy Family and surrounded with a number of emblematic representations and inscriptions. The next number of the NEWS will be largely taken up with pictures relating to New Year.

LONGFELLOW AT HOME.

A VISIT TO THE POET BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD—THE ASSOCIATIONS OF CAMBRIDGE.—AN HISTORICAL HOUSE.—HOW THE POEM OF "EVANGELINE" WAS WRITTEN.

Cambridge was wrapped in the Sabbath silence of the long vacation. As a stranger I had paced its half-deserted streets, and wondered what was what and who was who. As a novice in New England I found the associations that glorify Boston and the suburbs almost overpowering. When one has reason to fear that the next man he meets in the erratic streets of the Athens of America may be Wendell Phillips or Oliver Wendell Holmes, or some poet or philosopher of less prominence, he is very apt to withdraw into his shell, if he has a shell, and glance shyly out the corner of his eyes at the hallowed and higher life on the Atlantic coast. It is needless

to state that I was much impressed with the superior atmosphere pervading that chosen spot. I continued to wander, knee-deep in autumn leaves, among houses that were apparently deserted, until the burden of life became greater than I could bear, and I flew to the arms of a friend resident in Cambridge, where I sought and found relief. I had bravely recovered myself when the question of all questions was put to me, with kindly but stern emphasis—let us not forget that I was an alien on Puritan soil. The question was—what else could it have been in Cambridge? "Have you seen Longfellow?" I had not seen Longfellow. I was probably the only man in all Boston and its suburbs with two eyes in his head who had not seen Longfellow at some angle or another. "Why not see him?" was the next question. To be sure, why not? But how? "Go to his door, pull the bell, and ask for him," was the reply. I was directed to a street car heading for Longfellow's. The conductor was to discharge me at the right moment, so I put my trust in providence and my hands in my pockets, as is the custom in New England. The serene solemnity of the streets, the decorous deportment of the inhabitants, the immense superiority of everything appalled me. I grew nervous in the course of time; I ventured to approach the conductor and ask in a low voice if he knew where Mr. Longfellow lived. He did. You could see that he did before I uttered a syllable in reply. I said, meekly, "Will you kindly fire me out at the poetic threshold?" and sank into my seat in the corner. With a civility which froze my marrow and didn't the least remind me of the average street car conductor in San Francisco, I was dismissed at the right moment and pointed to a house, the outline of which has been familiar to my eyes from earliest childhood—and why not? It was Washington's headquarters, and I think it was pictured in somebody's primary geography. There were broad lawns, trim hedges, and elms, and elms, and elms. The neat fence and the house were as white as paint could make them. Even Washington could not fail to feel flattered by the care that had been bestowed upon this relic of the revolution. The gate swung open as if it were used to it. I approached the door and pulled the bell—or was it a knocker? A tidy woman answered my summons, and in a moment ushered me into the study of the poet. It has been described a thousand times. I don't know why I am chatting about that hour with the poet of the heart and hearth in these columns, unless it be with the hope that our interview may have drawn from him a few facts not commonly known. Nothing could have been more sweet and genial than his welcome. The man who is besieged by guests from the four quarters of the globe; guests who come to him at hours seasonable and unseasonable; guests who are to him absolutely unknown, who are readers and admirers of his poems, and who desire to see him for a moment; and then withdraw forever—the man who has his hours of study and hours of recreation, and who is continually interrupted by the unbidden guests above referred to, and who can at all times, as far as I know, receive this homage as amiable as Mr. Longfellow does, must be a very wholesome and whole-souled poet. It is a singular fact that Longfellow is more popular in England than Tennyson, the Laureate. Yet perhaps it is not so very singular. He sings like one whose heart has been warmed at the hearthstone. There is hardly a line of his but would rhyme with the chirp of the cricket; hearts are hearts, whatever blood quickens them, and he has touched the heart as no other poet of his day has. Need I say anything of the beautiful old house, beautifully furnished? The elaborately carved book-cases seemed to fill every nook and corner. On the desk, drawn out from the wall, stood the inkstand which he directed my attention to, the one that bears upon its ivory tablet this inscription: "Sumner Taylor Coleridge. His inkstand." A bronze Mercury was poised in ecstasy above it. Mr. Longfellow spoke of the "serene atmosphere" of his house. He himself was an embodiment of that serenity. With a word he made me quite at home. His hospitality was homelike. It seemed to me that no one could pay him a visit and depart unsatisfied. He led me from room to room, and evidently took pride in a homestead the associations of which are dear to every patriot. Of his many souvenirs, perhaps the one which interested me most was a painting of the abbe Liszt. When Mr. Longfellow first called upon the musical wizard it was night. He was escorted by an artist friend. The abbe, upon being summoned, met them in a doorway a lamp in one hand; he was shading his face with the other. A soft light fell upon his face, that stood out upon a background as black as midnight. Afterward the poet and the artist grew enthusiastic over the exquisite picture, and the painting in the poet's house was the gift of his artist friend. In a conversation it transpired that Mr. Longfellow, after publishing his first volume of poems and awakening the hopes of his friends, went to Europe for some years of travel. It was prophesied that his genius would rapidly mature, and his career was watched with jealous eyes. As is not uncommonly the case with poets, this transplanting of the poetic germ for a time seemed fatal. His muse grew coy. He went from land to land, the companion of poets; through climes that have given color to the poems of all ages, yet he could not sing. During his absence and for some years after he wrote little or no verse. It seemed to him that he was never again to tune his lyre. This poetical paralysis lasted for a dozen years or more. Mean-

while his pen was not wholly idle; "Outre Mer" and "Hyperion" were the outgrowth of his European experiences. But for the time being his "singing robes" were laid aside, or worn only at wide intervals, and then but for a moment. The reaction followed. The floods gathered and broke away, and from that hour his pen has seldom been at rest. Judging from the latest poems of Mr. Longfellow, it would seem that he has lost nothing of his grace with his increasing years, and that the individuality which has ever been his distinguishing feature is not likely to grow monotonous or wearisome. To those who believe in the inspirations of the moment, let me say that Mr. Longfellow had in mind for two whole years the theme of "Evangeline." He began it in hexameters, and showed a portion of it to his friends. At their advice he attempted to rewrite it in rhyme, but upon comparison it was agreed that the subject was better suited to hexameters, and the poem was completed in that form. Your poet is not a machine; there comes a time when his brain must be fallow. Mr. Longfellow works mostly in winter. His rest comes with the long days of sunshine, when nature is basking, and the only industrious creature on the face of the sweltering earth is the innumerable locust. His best hours are of course the first and the freshest in the day. It is likely, also, that he is less subject to interruption. But an interruption, barring the interruptor, can hardly be an annoyance to the home of the poet. From his study windows he looks down the lawn over the low fence and street upon a meadow, all his own and across which he gets a glimpse of the River Charles. No man may build there against his will and obstruct a view which has inspired his pen more than once. About him are the elms, the glory of Cambridge. If a poet's house have such a thing as a back yard about it, in Mr. Longfellow's case it must be a kind of Druidian grove, for the homestead seems to be lodged in the edge of a wood, within which there are nothing but dryads and piping fauns. What a house to come to? Yet the poet said he liked much to land in strange cities, where one may walk the street unobserved. It is, he said, as if one wore the cap of the invisible prince. This happy thought occurred to him after a day's jaunt, wherein he had not exchanged a syllable with any one who knew aught of him. He was about boarding a steamer, and paused in the middle of the gang-plank to chuckle over his absolute independence, when a friendly blow upon the shoulder nearly sent him overboard—an old acquaintance had run across him. The world is too much traveled! Of course I asked for the inevitable autograph. Mr. Longfellow said: "What shall I write for you?" I begged him to write some line of his own which he might have a preference for. He thought a moment; went to his desk, dipped the quill in Coleridge's inkstand, bowed his head one head, crowned with silver, his face beaming with loving kindness, and wrote:

Lives of great men all remind us - We can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time.

I had heard it before. I had been reminded more than once of the possible sublimity that awaits every man. I had seen feet that, departing, might have left a print in adamant—but they didn't. As for sand, everybody knows that an impression on it may be covered by the drifts of a summer's zephyr, and the first wave washes it away forever; but the sentiment is unexceptionable, and the autograph is a heirloom; and, after all, is there any one whose life is likely to remind us more forcibly of the sublimity of patience, truth, purity and all the virtues, than that of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow?

AN EVENING SCENE.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

Here all is joy and all is light. The spider, with outstretched thread, Ties to the tulip's turban bright His circling tangle of silvery thread.

The quivering dragon-fly appears. Proud to behold her round dark eyes, Glanced in the liquid stream, that covers A world of breathing mysteries.

The full blown rose, grown young again, To blushing buds her love avows— The birds pour forth their evening strain Of melody from sunlit boughs.

Far in the woods, where silence dwells, The timid fawn securely dreams. Mid-meadow moss with velvet coils, Like burnished gold the beetle gleams.

Pale as some sweet consumptive maid, Regaling life the moon doth rise, Dispelless every cloud or shade With radiance from her opal eyes.

The wallflower, that to ruin clings, Now folios with the wandering bee; The furrow feels each germ that springs 'Neath the warm earth, and laughs with glee.

All lives, and plays its part with grace, The sunbeam on the portal's sill, The shadow on the water's face, The blue sky o'er the verdant bill.

Field, glen, and forest share the whole Of nature's ecstasy and rest— Fear nothing, Man! Creation's soul Knows the great secret, and is best.

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.