

dinner and proceeded to make myself comfortable in an armchair in the reading room. I asked one of the men if there was anything in the way of amusements that night. He said he thought that Hamlet was being played at the theatre. I was glad of the information, and soon found my way there.

It was a small place, and for a moderate sum I found myself seated in the front row of the orchestra stalls. When the curtain drew up I noticed that the characters in the play were taken by persons unknown to fame.

When Hamlet appeared his face seemed somewhat familiar to me, and his voice as well, but I could not for a moment recollect where I had seen him. I noticed as well that his eyes kept looking at me.

During one of the acts, when the lights were turned down, I felt a horrible cold chilly feeling pass over me, and I thought it must be a draught coming from somewhere, so I turned round, and you may guess my awful surprise when I found that the seat next me was occupied by Willie Hewson!

Remembrance at once flew back to me, and I saw the figure of Hamlet, and then recognized the actor as Victor Grant.

Shortly afterward came Hamlet's speech,

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy,"

and Hamlet's eyes seemed to be drawn toward the spot where I was sitting. He gave one look, and throwing up his arms in the air, uttered a piercing shriek and fell down.

It took but a moment for the stage manager to come forward to say that the gentleman who was impersonating Hamlet was very ill, and unable to appear any more that night.

I went round to the stage door, and representing myself as a friend of Victor Grant, went and saw him. It needed not the eye of a doctor to tell one that he was dying. He saw me and said in a whisper:

"Have you come here to persecute me, too?"

I told him that I had not, but I wanted to know why and how he had murdered Willie Hewson. He then told me all; how he had mesmerized poor Willie, beguiled him up the Mountain, robbed and stabbed him, and taken his money. I could see that he was sinking fast, and he then turned round to me and said in an awe-struck voice:

"Did you see him sitting next you?"

"Yes."

"He has come to tell me my last hour has come. Look!"

I turned round, and saw the figure of Willie Hewson come slowly toward his murderer, and place his finger on his heart.

"Poor fellow, he is dead," said the doctor.

Montreal. PERCY J. EVANS.

VILLANELLE.

Out of the deep I cry to Thee
Who notest e'en the sparrows fall,
O Lord, be merciful to me!

I may not rise unless set free
From burdens that my soul enthrall,
Out of the deep I cry to Thee.

I strive, yet fail, and seem to be
The sport of fate while doubts appall,
O Lord, be merciful to me!

Dark is my path; I may not see
How good is yet the fruit of all,
Out of the deep I cry to Thee.

Oh let my way with Thine agree,
My way o'erhung as with a pall,
O Lord, be merciful to me!

Incline Thine ear unto my plea;
Break not the reed but hear my call,
Out of the deep I cry to Thee,
O Lord, be merciful to me!

—Oscar Fay Adams.

THE URN OF TEARS.

It is related that in times past a poor widow, who had been left without means, concentrated all her affections on her only child, a little girl named Odeta. She was the widow's only comfort. God had enriched the child with rare gifts both of nature and of grace, and bestowed on her so many charms that her mother almost idolized her. Odeta never caused pain to anybody, though when she was grown up her mother sometimes gently reproached her. When night was coming on, the child would sit for a long time gazing fixedly on the heavens with a tender melancholy in her beautiful blue eyes.

"You are thinking of something, my child," her mother would say.

"Yes, mamma; heaven is so beautiful!" answered the little angel.

A species of terror seized upon the mother.

"What if my Odeta should be taken from me!"

The day arrived when the child was to make her first communion. The happiness that filled her soul, the emotion with which her heart was stirred, cannot be described. When the night arrived, full of joy, she looked up again to heaven and was plunged in thought. But the lively transports of her soul and the ardor of her heart caused her to become feverish, and the fever soon increased alarmingly. The doctor could do nothing to arrest the malady, and soon Odeta died.

Who can describe the sorrow of the poor mother, now doubly desolate? She wept as if she would weep all her tears away. But how fervent were her prayers, and how beautiful her resignation to the will of God.

When the sun went down the desolate mother, shutting herself up in her little cabin, far from the sight of men from whom she could receive no consolation, looked up to heaven and prayed. Every morning before dawn she was on her knees praying. She could sleep but little, now that the tiny bed was vacant beside which she had so often knelt and prayed over her sleeping child.

Late one night the mother was still praying, her sobs and sighs ascending to heaven; the moon in its last quarter, with its feeble rays, barely rendered visible the sorrowful picture, when suddenly the door opened and a gentle but dazzling light burst into the room.

"Odeta!" screamed the mother, recognizing her child in the glory of the vision. "Odeta, my child!"

The child carried in her hands a golden urn, which she bore carefully, because it was full to the brim.

"Mother," she said, "God has sent me to you. Here are your tears; He has thus preserved them, because you were resigned to His will even whilst you wept most bitterly. Oh, mother! If you only knew how happy I am! Weep no more, because if you do the urn will overflow, and then God will send me back to the earth in answer to your prayers. I have so much happiness that I do not wish to lose it, and it is better for me to wait for you in heaven, and for you to merit it by your resignation."

The vision disappeared, leaving the room filled with heavenly odours. The widow fell upon her knees in a kind of terror, and returned hearty thanks to God, repeating over and over again, "Oh my God! how beautiful—how much happier is my daughter in heaven!"

One more tear escaped from her eyes; it was not a tear of sorrow, but of gratitude, so it did not cause the urn to overflow, and Odeta remained in heaven.

NOTHING LIKE THE DINNER HORN.—Japanese gongs melodiously summon guests to dinner, and are considered a great improvement upon the dinner bell. Of all devices, however, which have been invented to call people to meals, including the bugle, the gong, strings of bells suspended from the portiere rod, and the soft spoken waiter, no arrangement sends such a thrill and awakes such an appetite as the farmer's horn.



Robert Allison, living southeast of Moose Jaw, lately threshed no less than 182 bushels of wheat from three acres of land, this being machine measure. Allison is ready to make affidavit to this yield.

Mr. T. C. Weston, of the Interior Department, accompanied by Mr. Topler, has gone to examine the supposed fossil trees occurring in the Trenton formation of limestone rocks near Kingston. After making a thorough examination they will take photographs of the supposed trees.

The mean depth of Lake Superior is 475 feet; of Lake Michigan, 300 feet; of Lake Huron, 250 feet; of Lake Ontario, 70 feet. A writer in the *Engineering News* says that when the great Falls break away a little more, Lake Erie will be so far drained that it will shrink to the dimensions of a river, leaving the towns now on its shores far inland.

To show the richness of the Fraser river, B.C., Delta lands, it may be stated that at the Delta exhibition, turnips were shown which weighed over forty pounds each. This is about two-thirds of a bushel to a turnip. Oats weighing fifty-five pounds to the bushel are vouched for as being shown at the exhibition, and said to have yielded 120 bushels to the acre.

SCIENCE TEACHING IN CANADA.

It was pointed out lately in the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* that there is not a Chair of History in any of the Canadian universities. History is a science, or, speaking more correctly, the methods employed in historical study are the methods of science. The student of history pursues his enquiries in the same manner and with the same spirit that a chemist, a geologist and a comparative anatomist pursue theirs. But if it is to be regretted that this branch of science, including, as it does, Canadian history, is, to some extent, neglected in our universities, it is a matter for congratulation that the teaching of other branches of science, having more direct bearings upon the progress of the Dominion, is advancing with rapid strides. The expansion has been observable, during the last five years, in three at least of our universities, viz., McGill, Toronto and Queen's. The movement is one which cannot but have a healthy influence in time upon our collegiate institutes and public schools, which in its turn will react upon the universities, and if, as Mr. Huxley says, "science is simply common sense at its best," the effect upon the national habits of thought shall not be inconsiderable.

If, however, "science is simply common sense at its best," it is far from being taught generally in the schools by common sense methods. Nasmyth, the engineer, speaking of some of the young men who studied mechanics at Maudsley's, in London, remarked that kid gloves were non-conductors of mechanical knowledge. The same thing has been said in a variety of ways by different men, and has been enforced, with a thousand illustrations, by Tyndall and Huxley with regard to science teaching in England. It may be whispered that in some of the Canadian schools where the sciences of chemistry and botany, for instance, are taught, there is need of a more lively realization of the truth of Nasmyth's remark. Chemistry and botany cannot be taught by means of the text-books alone. The text-books are invaluable, but they must be supplemented by experiment and observation if real knowledge is to take the place of smattering. This may seem trite to many, but it is a truth which still needs enforcement. One fact in science learned by actual experiment, or actual observation, is worth a hundred definitions of scientific laws learned merely by rote. It is to the teachers we must look for a more practical and more interesting system of science teaching in our schools. Some of them, it is true, already realize the value of their opportunities and make the most of them, but the proportion is still far from being large. They are hampered, indeed, by the modern demand for "highly successful examinations," but it may be hoped that the science movement in the universities will shortly have its influence upon the schools.

Richmond, Que.

J. C. SUTHERLAND.

Nicholas Flood Davin has his library of Greek, Latin, French, German and English books in his editorial sanctum at the *Leader* office in Regina. Nicholas Flood is essentially a man of letters and a scholar.