

OUR SOCIETY.

Correspondence.

THE GARRISON CHAPEL.

the Editor of "Our Society."

DEAR SIR,—In asking me to give a sketch of—I had almost said "interview"—the different places of public worship, and the several men that reign over them, I fear you are depending upon a broken reed, but nevertheless I am ready to do my best to oblige you.

By way of a start, I last Sunday visited the Garrison Chapel—on a purely architectural point of view, this building cannot claim to be a gigantic success, but before one has really time to get dissatisfied with the make and shape of the building, one hears the music of a military band approaching at the head of the gallant officers—yes, cynics, soldiers as a class are gallant, there are black legs in every class of life. Why is it that a military band appeals to one's senses so much more on a Sunday morning than at any other time?—Is it that when all the world seems at rest, we feel that these strains of music are a greater tribute to Him whose day it is?—

On entering the Chapel, I was courteously shewn a seat—*at the end*—Would that all those in charge of places of worship could read, mark, learn and inwardly digest those two words. Mr. Editor, I appeal to you, even though you are in your Sunday clothes a highly respectable looking member of society, has it not been your lot, when entering a strange church, to have to cut the rag end of a conversation, between two such important officials as the lady who deigns to open the pew doors, and the secretary of the local Blanket Society; something perhaps about the latest "dear departed," or the little weaknesses of the new catechist.

And having heard out this little diatribe, which has worked me up into a state of mind, which will not conduce to a proper appreciation of any sermon, however good—you are eventually shewn into a pew by the scandal-mongering cicerone;—the pew at the bye, is generally granted to your clothes, not to you.

I am more fortunate in this instance. I have been shewn into my pew, well in the front, and having taken the privilege which grey haired Englishmen enjoy, of—as some forward little girl said in Punch—"Smelling into their hats," I looked round and found myself at home! More especially did I feel this during the singing of the Litany and Commandments.

What a difference there is in the way these two parts of our service are read, and again, what a far greater difference in the way the responses are given. Here, these were both carried out as nearly as possible to perfection. The behaviour of the soldiers, in the way they bring forth as one voice "Good Lord deliver us!" is worthy of imitation the world over. What is that I hear? "That's all right enough, but they are under orders; they must do it!" I answer; "You too are under orders, just as much as the men, or you would not go to a place of worship at all ordered by your conscience to go for your soul's good, or ordered by Mrs. Grundy, because it's the proper thing, or ordered by Dame Fashion, to shew off your "duck of a bonnet."

One thing struck me very forcibly at this service, viz: the scarcity of prayer books among the officers:—I presume they use the service so well, or is it that they keep these commodities with their handkerchiefs—up their sleeves!

And now in conclusion, a word as to the Chaplain now in attendance,—I can only say one thing to those who are under his spiritual command, and that is,—"Tho' I am no Lavater, yet I can discern certain traits of character in certain faces. Could you be in any trouble or bother, go straight to your chaplain, and he will not only give you that assistance, which you expect from him, but also sound common sense advice, of which you stand most in need.

It would have been well if some of these Deistical cum Atheistical cum Agnostical theorists had heard Mr. Lee's sermon on

Sunday last. He pointed out pretty conclusively, that, however we disbelieve in Hell, yet by our memories we make a very comfortable little one for ourselves every day in the week. In bidding adieu to the Garrison Chapel, I congratulate the soldiers on having such a man as the Rev. Norman Lee as their spiritual head.

UBIQUE.

To the Editor of "Our Society."

DEAR SIR.—May I ask in the interests of society in general, and my own well being in particular, whether the police have any power to restrict the use of sliding machines down the inclines of our principal streets? This Wednesday afternoon, I was the witness of a sight which I am sure our neighbour St. John would never have tolerated. Standing at the corner of Hollis and Sackville Streets, I saw some ladders, three, I think—tied together, the longest being at least 20 feet: the whole placed on double runners, while a man,—intrepid in his own opinion, utterly crazy in mine—sat on the foremost runner and guided the machine, which when passing me must have been going at the rate of between 30 and 40 miles per hour. Now, sir, I appeal to your common sense, what chance has any object, that happens to come in the way of this infernal machine? Is this not a case where the agents of the different Accidental Insurance Companies might enter a protest? Yours truly,

CITIZEN.

N. B.—I forgot to mention that two policemen were looking on at the time.

A REJECTED ADVERTISEMENT.

(The following ad., sent to us for insertion by an Upper Canada Journal, was declined with thanks, as we have our doubts as to its genuineness.)

GRAND WORD COMPETITION.

The Greatest Prize ever Offered!

THE TITLE OF BARON

For a few minutes Work.

You can enter for this competition, reader, you may win the prize. Think of it! You will be a Baron for life, and at your death the title will descend to all your sons.

We have made arrangements with the American German Titles Company of New York, to grant the hereditary title of Baron von some little German town, to the lucky winner of this the greatest prize on earth. The title is guaranteed to be genuine, the papers to be in order. It is finished in the highest style of workmanship, and fitted with all modern conveniences. The customs duty will be paid by us; a sample baron may be seen at our office daily between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m.

You will ask "What have I to do to win this mammoth prize?" We answer "Almost nothing." Send us one dollar (\$1.) for 12 months subscription to our journal. When sending you the first copy, we will enclose a coupon. Fill up this form, have it signed by your mother-in-law (if you haven't one, then by your next best friend) and a Liquor Law Informer. Send it to us with a list of all the English words (appearing in Webster's or Worcester's Dictionaries) that you can form out of the letters of the word "WHYCOOMACH." What can be easier than this?

Send in your dollar at once to the manager ——— *Toronto, Ont.

* (We suppress the name of the Journal.—Eds.)

We hear that the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh has made a humble request that the Queen will be graciously pleased to restore him to his position as a Knight Grand Cross of the Star of India. When the Maharajah kicked up his heels so egregiously he formally returned the insignia of the Order, and expressed a wish that his name might be forthwith erased from the list of the Knights. We suppose Lord Salisbury and Lord Cross will presently advise the Queen to reinstate her flighty subject, as their appears to be a general desire to deal very tenderly with him.