

and scrubbed floors for the cow-houses were the only conditions required. Ten cords of the best wood were to be sent to each of three charitable institutions, named, in the town nearest. All the linen, plate—for they had some of each of great value—the china, and any other household stuff she might like, were given to my wife, with Miss Nanny's love, though they had never exchanged ten words, save of formal greeting. In short, everything was disposed of with the greatest particularity. The lawyer mentioned as my joint executor had been notified, and was expected the following day, at which, I suppose, I looked my apprehensions.

"I shall not die to-morrow or the next day, my friend," said the sick man, "but it will not be long; and now I have another request, or rather two, to make. We have four hundred pounds in the house, saved for funeral expenses, and any sudden demand that may arise. We want you to take this into your personal care, to see that our funerals are conducted quietly and with no waste of money. We have selected our lot in the churchyard. It is bought and paid for, as you will see on reference to the warden's books. When the last of us is buried a stone is to be placed on our grave, with our initials and the date of death only upon it, and the verse, 'Thine, O Lord, is the glory.'"

"If one should be taken and the other left, we ask you to care for the survivor to the best of your ability. And if death should overtake you before them, we ask you to name your successor, for we cannot do it, knowing so little of any one else."

I was more than ever touched by such distinguished marks of confidence on the part of my queer parishioners, and I went home bowed under a sense of coming loss and deep humility, for what had I done to be the subject of such perfect confidence? Rosalind wept as I narrated the scenes I had just been through.

"We must go to them every day, Paul, whenever the separation takes place; fancy two such aged people living alone and unable, by reason of their infirmities, to have recourse to their old assistant, hard work. The change will be very great." I agreed with my wife, for had I not already formed a similar resolution?

The end came quickly. The lawyer, a man of eminence and noted for his probity, arrived. I was glad to find him one with whom I could work in harmony, for he had a tender heart. The will was signed and carried away by Mr. — to be placed in safety, and the trio were left alone according to their wish. The elder brother died in a day or two, and was followed by a long cortege of neighbours, who, perhaps, deserved also to be called friends, since it was out of sincere respect that they attended the funeral of a man whose outer life was all they had ever known.

The complete collapse following upon the loss of one of their little band, and, perhaps, also the sudden cessation of the necessity for thought and work had an unlooked for effect,—the health of both sister and brother gave way, both became nervous and unable to take nourishment. Within a quarter of a year brother and sister lay also in the churchyard, and my office of executor was over for my queer parishioners.

I never divulged name or circumstances, but I did my best to enforce the lesson of their lives and to impress upon my parishioners the value of a high ideal of duty and its faithful performance. The tears that fell from many eyes on that occasion were like soft rains upon seed sown by the example of the pure in heart.

S. A. CURZON.

Our British Columbia Letter.

By this time people in Ontario and Quebec will be returning from their wanderings in search of a cooler climate, and settling down at home again with a sigh of relief after the discomforts of hotel and boarding-house life. In British Columbia the annual exodus is unknown, for the simple reason that the inhabitants of the chief cities of our Province fully realize that just where they are is the best place in which they can possibly spend the summer. What an immense amount of mental exertion is avoided by so prompt a solution of the ever-recurring problem, "Where shall we go this year?" Here the question is answered in advance, for in Vancouver and Victoria, Westminster and Nanaimo, the sunshine and the sea breezes have combined to produce the ideal summer climate.

That we are so fortunate in this respect is perhaps the most generally understood fact about British Columbia. Comparatively little is even yet known about this part of the Dominion, so long cut off from rapid communication with the outer world. Many letters from the Pacific Province have appeared in the Eastern papers, many books have been written on the same subject by the irrepressible settler or the miner, or drawn a glowing picture of the sportsman's paradise among our mountain ranges. These descriptions, vivid though they may be in their accounts of camping out or "roughing it" in the bush, do not give a true idea of British Columbia as it is, because they ignore the equally interesting phases of the steady growth of social and intellectual life in the Province. This is, of course, principally centred in the cities, but exists also in quiet country places and even in the yet undeveloped interior, where there are many ranches whose owners have brought with them to the new world the refinements of an older civilization. In many a log shanty, outwardly the ordinary settler's cabin, you will find the table strewn with English and French periodicals, the rough shelves filled with a

small but well-chosen library, often a choice etching or water-colour on the coarse, brown-papered wall, and the whole room, from the ferns and wild flowers in the window to the old violin in the corner, bearing the unmistakable imprint of a cultivated taste. These ranchers, living perhaps miles from their nearest neighbour, manage as a rule to keep in touch with what is going on in the world outside, and in their weekly mail-bag the catalogues of farming implements or advertisements of stock sales may jostle the most tragic of Ibsen's dramas or the very latest story by Rudyard Kipling.

These are the contrasting colours of life in a new country, but the separate touches of literary and artistic feeling that stand out so strongly against the rude background of a pioneer existence are blending into breadth and harmony in our cities and taking shape in many practical directions. The art associations of Vancouver and Victoria, the philharmonic and orchestral societies, the reading circles, libraries and dramatic clubs, all these and many more are springing up as proofs of the rapid growth of interest in intellectual pursuits. The soil is perhaps not the most congenial for the development of the delicate flowers of culture, they are apt to be carelessly thrust aside in the pursuit of more substantial prizes, but now that they have taken root amongst us we joyfully welcome every opening bud that gives promise of crowning our material progress with its beauty.

The latest and most important advance in the direction of higher education is the proposal to establish a university in British Columbia. The first step was taken at the last session of the Local Legislature, when an act was passed regarding it, and since then one hundred and twenty-five graduates of British and Colonial Universities have registered their names. Of these thirty-five were from Victoria, forty from Vancouver, twenty-seven from Westminster and twenty-two from other places in the Province. On August 26th the first statutory meeting of convocation was held in Victoria. About seventy graduates were present and elected three of their number as representatives on the council—the Right Rev. A. W. Sillitoe, Bishop of New Westminster; Dr. Powell of Victoria, and Mr. Charles Whetham, of Vancouver. The best of good feeling and harmony prevailed at the meeting, and for once the Island and the Mainland forgot all their sectional differences and were united in the one aim of establishing a university of which not only British Columbia but the Dominion may be proud. The question of where it will be situated is for after consideration, but it will probably be placed so as to secure the "greatest good of the greatest number." The next meeting will be held in Vancouver at a date to be named by the committee.

To those who have never crossed the great Canadian highway, British Columbia is still in its social aspects a *terra incognita*. They have heard of the inexhaustible wealth of its mines, fisheries and timber limits, and they know that a marvellous new city has sprung into existence at the terminus of the railway, but society on this side of the Rocky Mountains is by many people thought to be of the typical Western variety. They do not realize that English standards and ideals have even more weight here than in Ontario, and that a Trollope could better describe our manners and customs than a Bret Harte. Perhaps a slightly livelier Trollope, for there is undoubtedly a freshness and a charm that is not possessed by conventional life in England. Those who have once lived here find an attraction that makes them unwilling to return to older communities. In spite of some inconveniences, perhaps harder work and less time to devote to pleasure, there is something in the air that banishes ennui and inspires hopefulness. Perhaps the country in which we live, with its vast reserve force of natural wealth, has in some occult way impressed us with a feeling of illimitable possibilities. Be this as it may, we certainly do not agree with the cynicism that "Life would be tolerable were it not for its amusements," but on the contrary manage to extract as much enjoyment from them as possible.

Victoria is celebrated for the brilliancy of its social entertainments, and the presence of the officers of the fleet contributes much to their success. A particularly good ball was given on August 29th by the citizens to Rear Admiral Hotham and the officers of H.M.S. Warspite, Champion, Amphion, Espiegle, Daphne and Nympe, all stationed at Esquimalt. The decorations were extremely effective, a profusion of flowers everywhere, a fountain sparkling among myriad tiny electric lights, flags of all colours and masses of tropical-looking foliage, all these changed the assembly hall into a scene from fairy land. The band of the Warspite played the dance music, while Signors Bistafi and Montanelli gave selections on the guitar and mandolin.

The Amphion and Espiegle have been in Vancouver harbour for some days. The former ship will probably leave this month for Honolulu.

LENNON.

Science and Art in Toronto

[From an occasional correspondent.]

The city is full of the excitement attending the exhibition—or fall fair, as it has come to be called—but above and beyond is felt the awakening to life once more of the University term. Professors are returning from their holidays, students are hunting up boarding houses, "years" are beginning to be talked about, and the outside colleges, particularly the ladies' colleges, as Moulton and the Presbyterian, are already at work.

We hear of an increased number of students of the Science course at the University. The School of Science building has been altered and enlarged, and "the Architects" are to have a corner of it.

Our Public Analyst, Dr. Ellis, and his assistant, a lady graduate of Toronto University, had their holidays curtailed by the arrival of a large consignment of samples of milk to be tested and of water to be analysed. Some of the latter was taken from Toronto pipes and proved good enough; in fact, very good, notwithstanding the recent outcry against the city water in connection with the typhoid conditions that lately characterized the city. Many people blame the system that prevails here of having open man-holes at frequent intervals along all our sewers, thus letting the lightest part of their foul contents (the sewer-gas) into the streets for the really unhealthy, though by no means epidemic, conditions under which we live—and die.

The milk test appears to be a most interesting enquiry, not only in ensuring to the consumer less of the "cow with the iron tail," but also in dealing with the source of supply itself. The present exhibition has been utilized by our Dominion analyst, Mr. McFarlane, to enquire into the constitutional fitness of a cow as a milk producer by the test of the quality of the milk she produces. No doubt many other considerations, such as breed, feed, resultant butter, etc., come within the scope of such an enquiry, but if we also get better milk for our little ones and a large proportion of the real Simon Pure in the ice-cream of our larger ones, we shall gain something worth having.

Now that summer resorts are closing, winter conventions are showing signs of activity. The American Association for the Advancement of Women—an offshoot of the famous New York Sorosis—is to meet in Toronto about the 14th October. The president of the association is Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, a name that introduces itself: and with her will be a large number of the literary women of the United States, many of whom will read papers cognate to the object of the association, which is "to consider and present practical methods for securing to women higher intellectual, moral and physical conditions, with a view to the improvement of all domestic and social relations."

Cards of invitation to attend a meeting from which to organize working committees have already been issued to the number of two hundred among our eminent men and women in arts, philanthropy and literature, and invitations will be sent to representative women throughout Canada to attend the convention, reduced railway fares being secured for them. It is expected that certain of our Canadian women writers will read papers on the occasion, and it is felt that such a convention ought to stimulate and encourage thought and form a rallying point for our literary women especially, so that a similar association may be formed in Canada.

Lady Macdonald is invited to be present at the convention as a representative literary woman, and His Worship the Mayor has not only accorded the association an invitation on behalf of the city, but has placed the Pavilion at its service for the occasion, and the City Council Chamber for the preliminary meeting on Friday, 19th inst.

Our gifted townsman, Mr. F. A. Dunlap, has completed for the Government a fine half-length of Col. Gzowski, A.D.C. to the Queen, and has placed it, together with several busts, on exhibition in Hovenden's, (artists' materials), King street. If life-like characteristics mean artistic value, this work of Mr. Dunlap's is of high merit, and need not fear critical comparison with the work of other sculptors anywhere. Mr. Dunlap has a model on the stand of Mr. Howard, the late owner of Howard Park, now belonging to the city, and has also in contemplation a statue of Laura Secord, the heroine of the war of 1812. The employment of sculpture in decorative art, both for public and private purposes is becoming better appreciated in Toronto than before. Consequently, there is more hope of our keeping native-born genius at home, instead of forcing it to seek other countries. Where is our historical painter, too? Or has not one yet arisen among us?

S.

Crime in Fiction.

It is asserted, and, we daresay, with some truth, that novels like Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard," and illustrated sheets like the *Police News*, have largely recruited the ranks of the thieves and the burglars. There the seed had fallen in kindly soil prepared by circumstances and hereditary depravity. The mass of amateurs of the horrible in the upper or middle classes are more prosaically minded or less romantically disposed.

At all events they seldom dream of translating thought into action, and taking the short but dangerous cuts to their crimes which comes so naturally to their favourite heroes and heroines. They are content to admire, to gape, and to swallow; to shrink delightfully at the rustle of the stealthy prisoner's nightdress, and to shudder at the heavy thud of the hired ruffian's bludgeon as it lights upon some respectable head.

Criminal fiction does little direct harm in the sense of shortening inconvenient lives or tampering with important deeds. But it steadily demoralizes the palate for anything milder and more delicately flavoured; the habitual dram drinker will have his stimulants stronger and stronger, and you cannot expect him to turn with satisfaction from spirits above proof, fresh from the distillery, to the choicest of Schloss Johannisberg or Château Yquem.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.