

Victoria Rink. During the election contest in Ottawa County, Sabbath was the day on which the largest number of political meetings were held. Politicians and electors would greatly benefit if the Sabbath rest were respected.

A FATHER TO HIS SON.

"Come sit you down beside me," said a father to his son,
When the evening meal was finished and the work of day
was done;

"Draw nearer, boy, and listen well to what I have to say;
I'll speak it now in confidence, while mother is away.

"I heard to-night, when I came home from working hard
all day,
Your mother has been grieved, because her son had gone
astray,
I don't believe in beating, for I think talk does more good;
I'll use the simplest kind of words, so's to be understood.

"You're not a man, and won't be, boy, for many years to
come—

And if you were, your duty still would lie in your old home—
The home where first you saw the light of day and heard
the tone

Of your mother's voice in singing you to sleep when all
alone.

"Some children think, when old enough to talk and go to
school,

They're masters of their actions and beyond their mother's
rule;

Believe me, boy, in childhood—and I'll say in manhood—
you

Will find the mother always is the wiser of the two.

"I'll say no more, your mother's step I hear upon the
stairs;

But bear in mind what I have said, and always in your
prayers

Remember her who is your guide in life from day to day,
You'll miss her, boy, and know her worth when she has
passed away."

The great statute of Thomas Carlyle on the Chelsea Embankment, or Cheyne Walk, is a noble thing, and Boehm, the sculptor, knew his subject. It is such a comfortable statute; the pose perfectly restful. Carlyle is wrapped in a long dressing-gown. His books are all closed and beneath his arm-chair. He is an old man, and you notice at first glance that his work is done. It is not the old Carlyle lion with a roar, but the noble shock of corn fully ripe; a great garnered sheaf with a sunset glow upon it. It is Carlyle as we shall see him when time softens his jags a little more. He is looking upon the Thames, which quietly and forever flows before him, a thing of life—the deep, slow, unchanging life, which Carlyle himself would not growl at.

A half-dozen roistering children were playing about the pedestal, and did not disturb him; and I will venture to say that every rooster in Chelsea might have crowded, and we should not have seen Jane Carlyle's cap-strings flying in the wind as she ran to buy them up, lest they should disturb the steady flow of her lord's pen.

The inscription of this memorial is very simple, and yet entirely sufficient. If Carlyle has ever looked through the veil to read it, he has uttered a satisfied *Amen*.

THOMAS CARLYLE,

Born Dec. 4, 1795,

at

Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire.

Died Feb. 5, 1881,

at

Great Cheyne Row,

It is a thousand pities that Jane Carlyle could not have been memorized too. But the sparkle of her face, her wit, her pen, shall be told as the memorial of her forever.

I well knew that the statute was at the foot of Great Cheyne Row, where the strong man had lived; but to be sure of the locality, I said to the tallest child playing there, "This is Cheyne Row?"

"Oh!" she answered, "you are hafter Carlyle'ouse, and I will show you 'is very door!"

An avenue of very ordinary doors is Great Cheyne Row; nothing special about any of them. And yet the one door of all others which the world does look at in London is that before which I stood. Carlyle had passed in and out, times without number; and he had gone out forever! Nobody crosses the threshold now. The curtains are drawn. It looks *dead*; and all death is dreadful; and one runs after life.

So we turned away from the Carlyle home, and went back again into Cheyne Walk, along the brink of the Thames. The Walk seems to be the place where great people go to die; for Turner, Rossetti and George Eliot were carried to their burials from houses on this very street. And the Walk was once royal. Some of the buildings are on grounds once within the garden of a Henry VIII. palace, and owned later by the regal Elizabeth. And here too lived Thomas More, whom King Henry loved so well that he walked with his arms about him, and then got mad and cut his dear friend's head off—a thing he was very prone to do, and a very blessed release, probably, to all those who thus got clear from such a royal master.

There is a church in Cheyne Walk with a great square tower, and the very one, I dare say, in which Jane Carlyle got the rheumatism every time she attended service, and wisely, therefore, stayed at home.—*Selected*.