

of adamant. From the catalogue which I received, I perceive that I have seen a number of the paintings in sketch; the Clovelly ones in particular abide in my memory. Clovelly, a little fishing village among the cliffs of North Devon, reminds one of Quebec, with its high pitched roofs, its streets that consist of stairs, its fishing boats, and far water vistas. Sixteen of the forty pictures on view are English, mostly on the Devon and Cornwall coasts, the remainder being Canadian, from very varying points, from the "Grand Falls of the St. John, N.B.," to "On the Cariboo Road, B.C."

Have we not a noble stretch of country to live for?

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Quite a new departure was taken by Rev. Rural Dean Wade of Woodstock, in inviting Rev. Dr. McMullen, Presbyterian Divine, who was present at the Christmas service in Old St. Paul's, to address the congregation assembled.

Dr. McMullen preached from the reading desk a most eloquent sermon on "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and His name shall be called Wonderful," prefacing it with some valuable remarks on Christian unity.

Whether any of the Synods will express themselves on this matter remains to be seen, but all true disciples of the Christ who prayed "that they all may be one in Me," must rejoice to see leaders in Christian faith and practice setting so good an example.

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The objection, not lightly made, to interchange of pulpits between our churches, that each church has its distinct point or doctrinal difference, and that the opportunity of exchange may be abused to enunciate that point by the exchanging preacher, is worth taking into consideration, but if the heads of churches let it be understood by their followers that such action would be regarded by them as distinct breaches of Christian ethics and etiquette, and would be reprimanded accordingly, there would be little danger of so good an accident.

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A very interesting discussion was held at the meeting of the Science Masters' Association last week on the best method of teaching botany in high schools. Mr. J. J. Mackenzie, B.A., Toronto University, read an able paper on "The Recent Discussion in the British Association on the Teaching of Botany." Prof. Ward was cited as considering the fern the best object for study owing to its position in the scale of plants, but Mr. Mackenzie thought the begonia preferable, and the wheat seedling for observing structure. Mr. Spotton, head master of Barrie High School, and a cultivated botanist, argued with Mr. Mackenzie very largely. Mr. Spotton has published a very valuable handbook of Canadian Botany, which is alike valuable to the school pupil and the botanical student. It is used in our public schools.

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I have just received copies of two important papers issued in our North-West, viz., *The Western World*, illustrated, (Winnipeg and Vancouver) and *The Lethbridge News*, "published," as the title-page informs readers, "on the occasion of the opening of the Great Falls and Canada Railway, giving us," says the opening paragraph, "as it does, connection by rail with the richest state in the American Union," the State of Montana.

As might be expected, the *Lethbridge News* issued on such an "occasion" is devoted to a history of the development of the town of Lethbridge from a little bit of a place called "Coal Banks, because its present *raison d'être* and chief industry, coal, was just gathered from the surface or pitched out from the face of the rock by any or everybody who chose. The *News* gives portraits of the Citizens' Committee appointed to deal with the event of the opening of the railway, and as these gentlemen are in reality the mayor and aldermen, Board of Works, of Finance, and everything else of the thriving little town now asking for incorporation, their names are not out of place here. They are C. A., better known as "Charlie" Magrath, who, it is confidently expected, will have the honour of being the next mayor of Lethbridge, when incorporation becomes a fact; C. F. P. Conybeare, whose brother is an M.P. of the English Parliament; J. D. Higinbotham; J. H. Cavanah; W. A. Galliher, and F. H. Godwin; all young men of position, education and experience gained in the North-West, and of a type of "good men and true," full of enterprise and public spirit that promise everything for the new

town. There is also a very instructive chapter on the "Coal Industry" of the place, fully illustrated, some of the scenes looking very familiar to one who, like myself, has lived in a coal field in the old country. Works, shafts, 'up-and-down,' engine rooms, inclined railways, 'pit horses,'—I see by one of the illustrations that these are mostly mules—and men, in clothing and almost out of it, when 'engaged' in getting the coal, and I am happy to say, on the authority of 'one who has been there,' these men are moral, respectable fellows, industrious, intelligent, like the 'colliers' I became familiar with in Durham, and hailing from that county of England—its rolling like a bit of prairie—and from Pennsylvania, Nova Scotia and other points where that blessed gift of nature to shivering humanity, coal, is being, or has been, 'worked.'

I dare not use all the space it deserves in noticing the *Western World*, with its handful of wheat tied with a scroll inscribed N. W. Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Assiniboia, Alberta—in which last province Lethbridge is situated—and British Columbia as a title page. But I must say how lovely several of the views given are. Rivers, with rocks, wooded hills, such as we call mountains; lakes fringed with trees and studded with islands; and falls, ah! *The Falls of the Old Man*, Southern Alberta, is a picture that if put on canvass by Bell Smith would be worth thousands. And Waterton, or the Kootenay Lakes, Southern Alberta, would lift O'Brien's reputation for glacier painting beyond price.

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Speaking of pictures reminds me that Mr. Manly the painter of one of the loveliest bits in the Academy Exhibition of '89, "The Sparkling Tarne, Devon, Eng.," is at home again, and has brought with him a very full portfolio of sketches and water colours. A bit of Dartmoor on a rainy day, was painted 'on the spot,' a rain-drop showing on the *carte*. How the artist managed to do so beautiful a bit of water-colour under a pouring rain and upon his knees, as he had to do, because the legs of his easel had become so swollen with the rain that they could not 'extend,' is known only to himself. On another rainy day he had not such luck; he tells how he had just finished a scene containing a bit of brawling river, then very full, when one of the sudden high winds common to Dartmoor arose, and before he could help himself, swept his sketch clean into the river, like 'Helen's glove,' and was quickly carried far down stream beyond hope of recovery. Mr. Manly has opened his studio in the splendid new buildings of The Canada Life offices, on King street.

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The York Pioneers, at their last meeting, protested strongly about the aldermanic trifling so common to our city, that at request of an interested party, changed the name of the pretty sheet of water just within the southern limits of High Park, from Grenadier Pond, by which name it has been known ever since the accidental drowning of a party of the grenadiers who, during the war of 1812, were upset in trying to cross it and got swamped in the mud, to Howard Lake. This name is intended to commemorate Mr. Howard, a truly public spirited citizen, who died lately at a great age, over ninety, I think, and had lived at the Park the greater part of his life, keeping it in excellent condition, as, alas, it is kept no longer, in its *wild* beauty, and at last securing to the city as a pleasure ground, by selling it for a yearly consideration in the shape of an annuity, which he only received five or six years, himself acting as chief ranger. The Pioneers think, with good reason, that the earlier historic name should be preserved. The same tinkering has deprived our city of many historic records, that were well preserved in our street nomenclature, and are now lost, except in such works as Scadding's *Toronto of Old*, at present 'caviare to the multitude,' despite public library provision.

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The visit of Samuel Plimsoll to Toronto has been the occasion of a worthy recognition of that gentleman's philanthropic efforts on behalf of seamen. A lunch, semi-private, a good deal of sight-seeing, and a handsome banquet by the Board of Trade, have made Mr. Plimsoll as free of the city as if he had received the necessary documents in a golden casket and been stopped at a gate in walls, we happily have never felt the need of, to receive permission from the marshal or other high functionary to enter. Canada honours herself when she honours such men as Plimsoll.

Stanley has been with us again, and his lecture consisted in part of a vindication of his course in the matter of the rear column.

What I read of his having said in this connection elsewhere, made me more in love with Stanley as a high-souled, because humble-minded, man than anything he has done. It was to the effect that if he had not borne himself as perfectly as his critics insisted he should have done, and had not brought home quite as many valuable scientific results as they expected him to do, he would ask them to remember that he was only a plain man, brought up to public life through the press; had received no scientific training, nor ever expected to become an explorer; that the trials of temper, disposition, acumen and vigour were as new and unexpected to himself as they might be to his critics, and the lessons he had learned had to be got through the bitter experiences of the difficult task, perhaps, as they said, but ill performed, yet performed, as he would again aver, to the best of his ability. 'Put yourself in his place,' would probably soften criticism.

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Our W. C. T. U. friends throughout the world will be glad to learn that Mrs. Youmans has returned from Battle Creek, Mich., not restored, but in sufficient health to see callers.

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I hear that though the result of the W. C. T. U. entertainment, 'The Meeting of the Nations,' did not realize as large a sum as its promoters expected, and as it no doubt would have done had it been possible to have kept it open longer, yet a handsome contribution to headquarter fund is the result. If, however, the projected building is to be what it ought, generous donors will yet have to come forward.

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Many friends of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED would like to see portraits therein of *people Canada may be proud of*, and in Ontario, I think, we should like to make the acquaintance of Hébert, whom I see cited in the Quebec news as the Canadian sculptor. But we have sculptors equally Canadian in Ontario. Nevertheless it is well we should know our artists better than by name only.

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No where will Emma Abbott be more regretted than in this city, where many of her triumphs were won. When poor Litta died there was general regret, and a good many albums still preserve the portrait of the modest, pretty artist. We have a warm heart in Toronto for those who amuse us, particularly when goodness is allied with genius. *Requiescat in pace*, Emma.

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Pantomimes being no longer the Christmas attraction at our theatres, spectacular pieces take their place, not, perhaps, a bad thing, when the necessary care cannot be taken of the little ones, fairies, angels and what not. The Grand Opera has "The Bottom of the Sea" next week, and startling revelations of those hidden depths are promised. But in no particular is truth stranger than fiction than in submarine revelations; even Jules Verne's pen cannot overdo actual facts revealed to us by the researches of science.

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The opening chapter of Mrs. Edgar's book, "Ten Years of Upper Canada in Peace and War, 1805-15," introduces us to "A Hundred Years Ago," and in a few well written paragraphs puts before us the American revolution, with its approximate cause, the 'odious tea duty,' and also introduces us to Canada at a period when Detroit was an English garrison. Niagara was called Newark, and Toronto, York. "The Captivity of Mr. Thomas Ridout" is by no means the most important part of the book; on the contrary, it forms a reliable source of information for the historian, of the period it covers, and that part dealing with the war of 1812 is as graphic and graceful a piece of writing as has emanated from any pen. The volume contains 390 pages, is divided into 24 chapters, and has an appendix containing a portrait of Hon. Thos. Ridout, whose captivity for four months among the Shawnee Indians follows. Also a map (1788) showing route of capture; a fac-simile letter of George Washington, &c., &c., all valuable material. The publisher is William Briggs, Toronto; price, \$2.00.