

with everything which pertained to the welfare of Boston. He was chairman of the Board of Directors of the Boston City Hospital, which was the largest institution of its kind in the State. He had a beautiful residence in Beverley and had raised a number of sons and daughters who reflected credit on any person who knew them. I must have known Mr. Shuman for very nearly forty years and I went to his house almost every year during that time at least once if not twice. I took luncheon with him at various times in the city and was identified with him in all that made life beautiful. In the year 1918 I went on to Boston in July and one of the first things I did was to call at his office and there I discovered for the first time that he had been dead four days. It was a terrible blow to me and one from which I did not recover for some time. It was like all things in this earth which those of us who are old have to feel—the constant severing of interesting ties.

In Great Britain I had fewer friends, but some acquaintances which I formed are worthy of being noted. The first was Miss Marie Corelli. I had been a constant reader of her books previous to 1895, when I was in England first, and I suppose I can place myself as among those who are deeply interested, although many appear to think otherwise, but at all events her books have been read by the hundred thousand, probably as largely read as any published in England. I had written a review of her book "Ardath" in *The Week* of Toronto and it happened that while I was visiting the Rev. Dr. Hill at Hampstead I saw a copy of *The Week* on his table which his son-in-law was interested in and it contained a full account of my remarks on the subject of "Ardath" and they were of an extremely complimentary character. It occurred to me that I would send it to Miss Corelli, who lived in the city at that time, and with it a note. What was my surprise the next

morning when I received a note from her requesting me to call and see her at once, which I did the next morning. I found her at home and saw her alone and discussed various matters with her and saw how clever she was in apprehending the great problems of the world, having to a certain degree prejudices for or against which were rather notable. I regard her as entitled to a certain degree of notice from the literary world at large. She was not popular then and is not popular now, but her books were popular then and they are popular now if she chooses to publish them. They have constituted a fortune for her, and she has gone now to reside at Stratford-on-Avon, and is somewhat broken down in health.

Louise Chandler Moulton lived for a time in London not far from Hyde Park and she used to invite various literary people to meet her at her home on a certain day in the week and on one occasion I happened to have the privilege of an invitation. It was a very delightful affair. I discovered for the first time Sir Louis Morris, one of the notable poets of England. He was not extremely genial in conversation and did not make much impression upon my mind. Mr. Israel Zangwill was there. He had written a book "The Master", the scene of which was laid in Nova Scotia. He had never been in the province, but gave a fairly good description of it, but it was not as perfect as if it had been written by a person who had visited and was familiar with the country. He was a Jew and had acquired considerable fame by his books.

Mrs. Alexander was there, quite fairly advanced in life and having written nearly all her novels by this time. Frances Hodgson Burnett was also there and I had an opportunity of meeting her. She was most interesting. It was not, however, till I saw her later in Bermuda that I formed an estimate of her abilities