



THE NEW METHODIST CHURCH, CANNING STREET, MONTREAL.



TORONTO, April 16, 1891.

The Post-office *dis*-arrangements that delayed my last letter to the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED five days between Toronto and Montreal, annoyed me so much that I have not yet forgotten it, and I find a sort of stiffness has seized upon my brain in the interval that resembles very much the muscular want of readiness of an unused limb. I must therefore beg of my readers to pardon any awkwardness in my style that may be apparent to them.

I beg to offer them as a make-peace a delicious cup of coffee that I have just learned how to make from the *Temperance Caterer*.

*Café à la Crème.* Put two ounces of newly roasted coffee berries into a pint of boiling cream, and let them infuse for an hour. Then pass the cream through a silken sieve. Serve it very hot with cold cream.

With or without sugar, *Café à la Crème* is a delicious refreshment, and might be added to our company *menus* with great propriety.

The London *Spectator* for the 14th March noticed "Acadian Legends and Tales," by A. W. Eaton, and "Lake Lyrics," by W. W. Campbell, rather slightly, finding fault with Mr. Campbell for using the plural noun 'Lakes' in the singular.

I have just been dipping into Sarah Jeannette Duncan's "American Girl in London." To me, an Englishwoman, it is very amusing, and cannot fail to amuse all travelled English and American readers. But I hope the very good luck that befel Miss Mamie Wick—who, if she was a Chicago girl indeed, appears to have been a very 'green'

specimen, not even acquainted with the use of visiting cards in making first calls—I hope Miss Wick's good luck in falling in with Lady Torquilin will not induce any other inexperienced young American girl to follow her example, because if they should it is more than ten to one that they would get sadly left in the cold. However, as a little bit of a hand-glass by which to "see ourselves as others see us" the book is sure to be useful.

Professor Goldwin Smith's book, "Canada and the Canadian Question," is also to hand. As usual in all that Professor Smith says in regard to Canada there is an amount of special pleading, in elegant English, to the detriment of Canada, and the bolstering up of the United States, that makes him hard to read.

Then again, the two points that Professor Smith certainly makes most of, the particulars—as he states them—of 'the physical map' and the 'French in Quebec,' are by no means the unknown quantities, the ever-during impedimenta to Canadian progress and development that he would have us believe. Taking the French question in the very worst light in which Mr. Smith can set it, what have we but the signs of change, the change of view of those obligations of religion, education and material advancement which are all standing on the defensive throughout the world? And are we to suppose that our compatriots of the lower province are the only people in the world who are insensible to the influence of their surroundings and to the march of the time? If it were so we should know that it was our duty as well as our safety to put a cordon round them, to boycott them—or, if you please, to excommunicate them. But away with the thought! and let the good understanding that has bound us for two hundred years speak for the centuries to come.

For the other point take from the opening of chapter I. "The habitable and cultivable parts of these blocks of territory are not contiguous, but are divided from each other by great barriers of nature, *wide and irreclaimable wildernesses or manifold chains of mountains.* The italics are

mine, and I ask my readers what the past of this and other lands shows in the matter of wilderness or mountain. Caesar crossed the one, and since his time, what more? And of the wildernesses of the Great Salt Lake, of Dakota, of Minnesota, what? And what of the C. P. R.? Cannot Canadians

"Go forth to meet the future without fear  
And with a manly heart?"

We trust so.

Death has again removed a prominent commercial man from among us. Mr. Alderman Gillespie, of the firm of Gillespie, Ansley & Martin, had obtained leave of absence from his municipal duties only a few weeks since in order to visit his wife, who had been ordered to California for the winter, and while there Mr. Gillespie was seized with la grippe, from which he died in a few days. Mr. Gillespie was a man in the prime of life, a devoted Christian worker, always ready to support questions of moral reform, and a fearless speaker on behalf of the right. The temperance question had his best help, and he had identified himself with the woman suffrage movement by presiding at a public meeting and speaking on its behalf whenever occasion served.

A friend has kindly sent me a copy of the Montreal *Witness* for April 8th, in which are published three very excellent short Canadian stories. The writers are all girls, pupils of the High school, Niagara-on-the-Lake. Miss Avie M. Evans writes on "That Stone," being a gravestone, on which the soldier's rations of beef were chopped after the burning of the Church of St. Mark by the American troops in 1813.

Miss Jessie McKenzie tells the history of the house in which she lives, under the heading, "An Historic House," and adds to our records of our hero by the following: "It was on the top of this same ravine in which the boats had been concealed that General Brock, on his way from Fort George, on the morning of October 13, 1812, to command at the battle of Queenston Heights, said to my grandfather, 'This is going to be a hard day for me.' It was about sunrise when he went up, and his words proved only too true, for about ten o'clock the hero of Upper Canada was brought down a corpse."

Miss Annie Hutchinson gives a very succinct and sympathetic story of "Brave Laura Secord," and concludes with a kind allusion to my own work on the same subject.

My friend tells me that one of these three was the county prize story, and that fourteen stories from the Niagara High school won for that school the portrait of the Queen that was offered in competition. Moreover, she says that 'six at least' of the competing stories were as good as the prize winner, a high tribute to the standard of proficiency maintained by the school.

It is very evident that our young people enjoy these competitive efforts on historic subjects, and that their secondary effect must be an increased interest in their own history.

The Santley concerts were a great success. Even without so great an artist as Charles Santley, the Philharmonic Society can render the oratorios in an excellent manner, their leader being a man who lives in his art, and moreover knows what the oratorio singing and playing should be, having received his training in the midst of it in England.

The criticisms of Santley by the various papers were amusing from their variety, some even asserting roundly that he had lost his voice and had nothing left but his method; this, however, is nonsense, and Canada may hope to hear the master for some years yet.

S. A. CURZON.

### The Hemlock Hills of Acadie.

The hemlock hills of Acadie  
Are lit with fancy's opal gleams,  
Each rock a lode-stone, every tree  
The Igdrasil of early dreams.  
Ah, lit with fancy's opal gleams  
The groves our childish footsteps trod!  
The Igdrasil of early dreams,  
When all the earth seemed fresh from God.  
The groves our childish footsteps trod,  
When Hope woke smiling with the day,  
When all the earth seemed fresh from God,  
They hold our hearts though leagues away.  
Then, Hope woke smiling with the day;  
Now, Memory lights each rock and tree;  
They hold our hearts, though leagues away,  
The hemlock hills of Acadie.

J. E. GOSTWYCKE ROBERTS.