

THE LATE S. JONES LYMAN.

Herewith is an illustration of a memorial in marble recently erected in the Montreal Protestant Cemetery by a few of the many friends of the late S. J. Lyman.

He was born in Northampton, Mass., on 25th November, 1819, and died in Montreal on the 1st April, 1879. For many years he conducted an extensive business as a chemist and druggist. He was always an active supporter of the Montreal Horticultural Society, and of many kindred associations, and from 1864 to 1867 he was Colonel of the Montreal Garrison Artillery.

His character, generally, cannot be better described than it is in the funeral sermon delivered by his old friend and venerable pastor, the Rev. Dr. Wilkes, from which the following is an extract:—

"Of his work and service in general society it may be truly said that in an especial degree he was the friend of all whom he could in any way benefit. So genial was he, so kind and affable, that he naturally attracted strangers, and attracting them he would take all pains to show them attention. It was said by one shrewd stranger friend, who remained in our city during most of the period of the civil war in the United States, that Mr. Lyman deserved to be a paid officer of the city, with the function of paying all kind and considerate attention to its visitors. He would call on nearly all classes of such, and taking them by the hand, endeavour to render their visit pleasant. The general community has received no little benefit from his study of nature and his love for it, and particularly of the beautiful. His fund of knowledge in respect of flowers and fruits, and chemical forces and nature in general, was large, varied and ever increasing, while, at the same time, he was ready and happy in communicating what he knew. He poured forth in lectures and in private conversation, without stint and with all modesty, that which he had learned. He was an excellent and instructive talker. I don't think that he was made for the ordinary work and details of commerce and money making; these were not his forte; he was not successful in them, of course, made many mistakes in them, and sometimes, I dare say, without any evil intention on his part, to the loss of others. But he was eminently unselfish and ready to lend the helping hand whenever and wherever it could be of use. How frequently was his singular faculty for tasteful adornment called into exercise on behalf of our several benevolent institutions, whose lady managers need such services at their entertainments and bazaars."

The last report of the Montreal Horticultural Society contains a very truthful and appreciative sketch of Mr. Lyman.

The monument, as regards its artistic character, speaks for itself. It is about eleven feet high, and is from the atelier of our fellow-citizen, Mr. Reid.

Sum people marry bekase they think wimmin will be scarce next year, and live to wonder how the stock holds out. Sum marry to get rid of themselves, and discover that the game was one that two can play at and neither win. Sum marry for love without a cent in their pocket, nor a friend in the world, nor a drop of pedigree. This looks desperate, but is the strength of the game. Sum marry in haste, and then sit down and think it carefully over. Some think it carefully over fust, and then set down and marry.



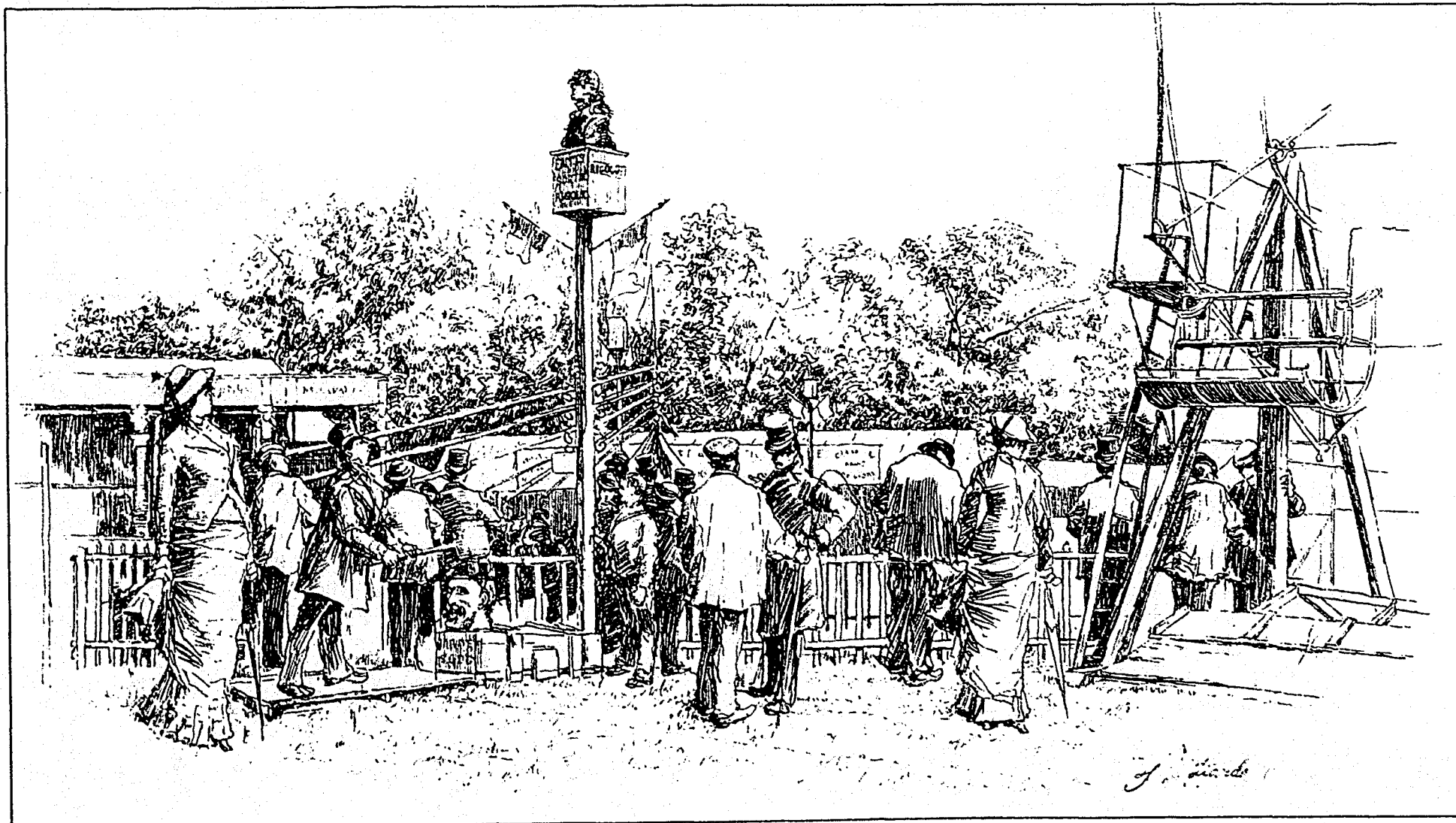
MONTREAL.—MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE S. JONES LYMAN, MOUNT ROYAL CEMETERY.

No man can tell jist what calico had made up her mind tew do. Calico don't know herself. Dry goods of all kinds iz the child of circumstance.

THE CHINESE WALL.—An American engineer in China has been making a fresh examination of its "Great Wall." The dimensions have been given so often that we need not repeat them; but the structure for a distance of 1,728 miles is "carried from point to point in a perfect straight line, across valleys and plains and over hills, without the slightest regard to the configuration of the ground, sometimes plunging down into abysses a thousand feet deep. Brooks and small rivers are bridged over by the wall, while on both banks of larger streams strong flanking towers are placed. Perhaps the Emperor Nicholas had this contempt for obstacles in mind when he solved the problem of the best railroad route between St. Petersburg and Moscow by drawing a straight line by a ruler between the points on the map and having the road constructed as thus indicated.

WHERE THE ANGELS LINGERED.—A little girl with tangled locks peeping from under a calico hood, clad in a dress of chintz, loitered behind as the great dusty crowd moved out of the gates of Mt. Adna the other day, after they had scattered their flowers and done honor to the dead. Dreamily she gazed after them, her eyes filled with a far-away look of tenderness, until the last one had disappeared and the rattle of the drums had died away. Then she turned and vaguely scanned the mounds that rose about her, clutching still tighter the faded bunch of dandelions and grave grass that her chubby hand held. An old man came by and gently patted her curly head as he spoke her name, but she only shrank back still further, and when he told a passing stranger that the little one's father was one who died on shipboard and was buried at sea, there was only a tear-drop in the child's eye to tell that she heard or knew the story.

When they were gone she moved on further to a neglected empty lot, and kneeling down she pulled up a mound of earth, whispering as she patted it down and smoothed it with her chubby hand, "This won't be so awfully big as the others, I guess, but may be it will be big enough so that God will see it and think that papa is buried here." Carefully she trimmed the sides with the grass she plucked, murmuring on: "And may be it will grow so that it will be like the rest in two or three years, and then maybe papa will sometimes come back and"— But she paused as though it suddenly dawned upon her young mind that he rested beneath the waves, and the tear-drops that sprang to her eyes moistened the little bunch of dandelions that she planted among the grasses of the mound she had reared. When the sexton passed that way at night as he went to close the gates he found the little one fast asleep, with her head pillowed on the mound.



COUNTRY FAIR AT ST. CLOUD.