

was fairly rendered. Then the chorus, "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed," broke forth in a grand volume, and seemed like the rejoicing of a people suddenly made glad.

No. 5. "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts (bass), Mr. W. H. Clarke, accompanied, was very finely given.

The chorus, "And He shall purify," gave signs of careful rehearsing.

The recit., contralto (Mrs. Bull), "Behold a virgin," well brought out the desired prophetic effect, and the contralto air and chorus, "O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion," was grandly descriptive of the dawning of hope. The orchestral effect in the recit. (basso), Mr. Clarke, "For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth," was faithfully indicated. Mr. Clarke was perfect in the air which followed, "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light;" then thundered forth that grand chorus, "For unto us a child is born," which was a fitting prelude to that exquisite pastoral symphony, "There were shepherds" (soprano), Mrs. Caldwell, followed by the recit., accompanied, by the same lady, "And lo! the angel," and also "And the angel said," all of which were rendered in a manner worthy of the greatest applause. The chorus, "Glory to God in the highest," went forth like an offering from a grateful people. Then came the gem of the evening, by Mrs. Caldwell, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion," in which the instrumentation had a charming effect.

The contralto recit. (Mrs. Parker), "Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened," was finely rendered by that lady, and also, "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd, was most touchingly given. The air, soprano, "Come unto Him, all ye that labour," so full of consolation, was sweetly given by Miss Chittenden, and then the glad and submissive chorus, "His yoke is easy and His burthen is light," completed the first part.

The New Testament furnishes the ground work for part second, and it opens with the triumphant chorus, "Behold the Lamb of God," which was rendered with much power. The plaintive contralto air, "He was despised and rejected of men," had, unavoidably, to be left out, and it was, indeed, a missing link. In the chorus, "All we like sheep have gone astray," the orchestra was very successful, and the descriptive effect was well brought out. Mrs. Caldwell again delighted the audience with the air (accompanied) "He was cut off out of the land of the living," and also in the continuing—"But Thou didst not leave" which was followed by the mighty chorus, "Lift up your heads," which was rendered with grand musical strength and expressive power. Miss Egan (soprano) in "How beautiful are," sang the difficult part in a most feeling manner, after which the chorus, "The Lord gave the word," was produced with the usual power. Mr. James F. Egan fairly excelled himself in the air (bass), "Why do the nations so furiously rage together." This gentleman also rendered "The kings of the earth," and the orchestra came out better than ever. Mr. James Johnson (tenor) in "He that dwelleth," and also in "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron," sustained his reputation for artistic singing, and was followed by that beautiful chorus, "Hallelujah," which was undoubtedly the best rendered of any. The audience rose to their feet, and as the grandly sacred strains rolled forth the effect was truly sublime.

Part third opened with "I know that my Redeemer liveth," by Mrs. Caldwell, followed by "For now is Christ risen," both of which were exquisitely rendered. The quartette, "Since by man came death," by Miss Jones, Miss Howard, Mr. Poves, and Mr. James A. Patton, conveyed the mournfulness desired, and was a charming musical contrast to the chorus, "By man also came the resurrection." Mr. James F. Egan rendered "Behold, I tell you a mystery" in a faultless manner, and also "The trumpet shall sound," with trumpet obligato by Mr. Wm. Addison, both of which were much appreciated. The closing chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb," and "Blessing and honour," were rendered with all the power the Society was capable of, and the effect was a worthy conclusion to the rare musical treat.

Mr. Robinson, Mr. Egan, Mr. Patton, Mr. Clarke, Dr. Chittenden and all the members of the Committee, deserve the warmest thanks of the citizens for providing this most magnificent musical exhibition.

W. F. McMAHON.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

We acknowledge receipt with pleasure of the CANADA EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY, a periodical, as its name implies, devoted to educational purposes, which has just been established in Toronto, under the editorial management of Mr. G. Mercer Adam. It supplies an absolute want long felt in the professional literature of the country, and it appears at a time when the public are prepared to meet this want if proper material is supplied. The new periodical seems to come under these conditions, for it has the official sanction of the Ontario Department of Education, the written encouragement of the most prominent instructors of the Province, and the editor is a gentleman whose recognized ability and experience are almost in themselves a warranty of success. The distribution of matter in this initial number appears quite satisfactory. A series of substantial papers are published, chief among which we may mention "University Consolidation," "The Training of First-class Teachers" and "Our School Manuals." There

are severally also a Contributors' Department, an Art Department, a space devoted to Teachers' Associations and Editorial Notes on current topics of interest. The Monthly is well printed with handsome cover, and its price is exceedingly moderate, \$1.50 per year, or 15 cents a copy. We have faith in the future of this periodical and we believe in its success, being stimulated thereto by an ardent desire for the advancement of middle-class education in the country. Having said thus much in honest commendation, we should not deem our whole duty accomplished if we did not signalize one or two blemishes which, we fear, might mar the thorough usefulness of the publication. For instance, we do not at all like the tone in which the educational system of Quebec is spoken of. It is both unjust and offensive, for while there are grounds for criticizing, there is not so great a difference between the two Provinces in this respect as to justify either invidious comparison or an assumption of superiority. We have also remarked, in several articles, a disposition to be aggressive and dictatorial. Now, unless we are mistaken, an educational magazine should keep entirely clear of militant journalism and confine itself exclusively to the calm and impartial discussion of professional matters with a view to general improvement, and in such a manner as to conciliate readers of every creed and nationality.

The application of decorative art to commercial purposes is a most pleasing and promising sign of the times, and lately we have had several examples of it. Three calendars for 1879 which we have received deserve especial notice in this respect. The Canada Life Assurance Company, whose prosperous fortunes are presided over in this city by R. Pownall, 182 St. James street, publishes two—the larger of which is a very tasteful piece of work. At the upper corners, right and left respectively, are excellent portraits of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, and the lower corners contain representations of Windsor and Inverary castles. Connecting these, as a wide floriated border, are a cluster of English roses on the one hand, and of Scotch thistles on the other, the whole elegantly drawn and nicely coloured. The smaller calendar, beside a beautiful head-piece, containing a properly quartered shield, is provided with twelve detachable sheets, one for each month, which are serviceable for office purposes. The third calendar is issued by the old and well-known stationery house of Morton, Phillips & Bulmer, and is of original design, the composition evidently due to one who is an adept in the art. The border may be described as musical, containing the notes of "God Save the Queen," "The Canadian Boat Song," "The Snow-Shoe Tramp," and "A La Claire Fontaine," respectively. A pretty and useful feature of the calendar proper is that all the Sundays of the year and each of the bank holidays are designated by a gilt square covering the figure, and thus attracting the eye. The whole card is of convenient size, and can serve not only as an indicator in the counting-room, but also as a useful ornament in a library.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAPER MILL AT KINGSEY FALLS.—Our readers will find in this number a sketch of the ruins of the paper mill, at Kingsey Falls, belonging to the Dominion Paper Company. The mill had been greatly improved since acquired by its present proprietors; it was in thorough order, and first class mechanics were in constant employment to keep it so, and the employees took pride in its appearance. They had become settled in the village, many of them making investments with a view to permanent homes for themselves and their families; they had become cemented in friendly interest in each other, and in the success of the mill intemperance was rare, work the rule, and immorality unknown. The employees and their friends were looking forward to their Christmas holiday; they had made arrangements for an evening of festivity, a supper and ball on New Year's Eve; yet, in a moment when all seemed brightest and when no thought of possibility of danger was nigh, one of the large Pulp boilers, in use for reducing wood to pulp, suddenly exploded, instantly killing two men and wounding seven others; simultaneously with the explosion the buildings were seen to be on fire. For a moment, the men of the mill seemed stunned by the disaster, sorrow-stricken for the wounded men taken from the ruins; with loud voices they called the names of the missing men, and with herculean strength, tore parts of the burning building to pieces in their efforts to find the remains of the dead. A night of toil was spent in extraordinary efforts in the seemingly hopeless task of saving the Machine-Room department, and as much of the Pulp mill as possible, from the flames. Success rewarded their efforts with respect to the Machine Room department, but the Pulp mill, with all the large pieces of machinery contained in it, is a mass of ruins. The mill was over 300 feet long, and of this, fully 200 feet is entirely destroyed. Some noteworthy incidents took place. One man on a side elevation about thirty feet from where the boiler stood, was thrown through a window on to the road without suffering any injury, while another, in close proximity, was blown forward about thirty feet into a sand bank, receiving no greater injury than a slight scald on the cheek; others of the wounded, not more favourably situated, were buried in the debris and only saved by the indomitable will of their co-employees to rescue them from being roasted alive. The names of the dead were John T. Thomson and James Armstrong; both of them were respected

by their employers and by the people of the neighbourhood. Armstrong was taken to Melbourne, and there buried. Thomson was without relatives in this country, and his remains were claimed by the Masonic Brotherhood, who attended his funeral, at Kingsey Falls, in large numbers from Montreal and the surrounding country, burying him with Masonic honours. Already initiatory steps are being taken to rebuild the mill which, it is hoped, will be again running in no less than sixty days.

AFGHAN WAR.—We give several views connected with this war in the present issue. The latest information is to the effect that the climate bids fair to give the invading force more trouble than the Afghan army itself.

THE HURON CHIEF.—This picture, drawn by the Chief himself, and presented, we believe, to the Laval University, is reproduced to show how the old Huron type is preserved to-day, as we state in an editorial article.

A SPLENDID DRAMA.

It is a real pleasure to be able to record the magnificent success which attended the play, entitled "Diplomacy," at the Academy of Music last week. The drama is a translation of one of Victorien Sardou's latest master-pieces, and stands out as a proof that the French theatre is not altogether given up to the representation of the morbidly sensational or immoral. Warde and Barrymore's Company were fit interpreters of such a play, and it is simple justice to state that we have not had a more talented or better balanced company in this city for years. We are pleased, but not surprised, to find that Montreal afforded them a cordial and most generous patronage, a proof that the city is as keenly appreciative of the truly excellent in art as any other community. We regret that, owing to an accident, a page illustration of the principal scenes of "Diplomacy," which we had prepared for this number, could not be made available, and that, in consequence, a detailed description of them in accompaniment had also to be laid aside. But we cannot allow this *contretemps* to prevent us from adding our unqualified commendation of the play and the company to the encomiums heaped upon them by the daily press. The present lessee of the Academy, Mr. Wallace, who, both as a journalist and an impresario, possesses full knowledge of the artistic wants of this city, is to be congratulated on the choice combinations which he has induced to visit us, and we bespeak for him an enlarged continuance of the public favour. We learn with pleasure that he has other superior attractions in hand, among which are Strakosch's Operatic Company, who are to appear here early in February.

HEARTH AND HOME.

RESIGNATION.—We must patiently suffer the laws of our condition; we are born to grow old, to grow weak, to be sick, in spite of all physic. 'Tis the first lesson the Mexicans teach their children. So soon as they are born they thus salute them, "Behold, thou art come into the world to endure, suffer, and say nothing!" 'Tis injustice to lament that that has befallen any one which may befall every one.

TEMPER.—Don't fight for the last word in a quarrel. If you are scolded and criticised, just bite your lips and keep still, it will soon be over; but if you retort you are in "for three years or the war." Many a man who pours himself in torrents of rain for five minutes, and then breaks out into the sunshine of good temper again, will settle down into a three days' dismal drizzle if he is weak enough to insist on having that last word.

A WORD ABOUT BABIES.—Mothers do not seem to have any notion that a baby can be too warm. Let them try the cooling-off process, unbundle the child, give it lung room, and get its blood down to a normal temperature. Babies are not salamanders. Within ten degrees they do not require as much heat as an adult. But the average mother, in her mistaken kindness and ignorant love, does not stop to consider that fact, but piles on an amount of clothing that would be unendurable to an adult, and then wonders because her infant remonstrates against the torture.

OSCULATION.—"My hand to a gentleman, my cheek to a friend; but my lips must be kept for my lover," say the French girls; and surely this rule is a wise one. Pretty girls among the French kiss each other on both cheeks. The German men put their arms about each other and kiss the lips. The Italians kiss the lips and cheek and the tip of the fair one's ear. So do the Spaniards, only more so. The inhabitants of the "awful north" also submit to and understand the osculatory process, as Lord Dufferin testifies, in his travels, of a Lap lady who undressed his chum Fitzgerald, tucked him in bed, and gave him a hearty smack on the lips before retiring to her own couch. So all the world believes in kissing.

THE RIGHT SORT.—Opposition incites the ambitious man to new effort. Large birds rise against the wind, not with it. A fine ship makes little progress in a dead calm. A stiff breeze purifies the atmosphere, supplying life-giving principles. Man never shows his latent force until opposition faces his darling schemes. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He who cannot abide the storm without flinching, or fight for the right against the legions in opposition, is not made of the stuff

that command success. Fair weather men; those who prosper only in the sunshine and under a cloudless sky, must resign the leadership to those of sterner qualities, whom opposition strengthens and whom the sight of the foe only nerves to brave and heroic deeds.

NATURALNESS.—To be really and fully natural, we must have some gifts. The finest men and women—they may be, and probably are, without fame or distinction—are always the most natural, while ordinary undeveloped mortals, who claim to be particularly natural, are apt to be totally unnatural, from the lack of fair inheritance, from false education—worse than none—from ancestral sins, from repression of instincts. To be natural is one thing, to be a dolt, or bigot, or barbarian is another. Nature must have a fair chance at us before we can in any way represent her. We must not avoid, combat, counteract her, we must not be conceited, priggish, or selfish, if we hope to be her disciples, or even to be on speaking terms with her. If not steadily thwarted, she will give us large sympathy, of which she is the source; and from sympathy flow tact, courtesy, justice, benevolence, love of truth.

A NATURAL GIFT.—It is undoubtedly true that the subtle quality known as style is a natural gift. A king may lack it and an artisan can possess it, and those who can look below the outward and visible signs of things see the hidden truth. There are men to whom no money or success can ever give a hair's breadth of real style, and others with whom it is to be seen from beneath their rags. A housemaid has it, and her lady with sixteen quarters has not; my lord is destitute, and his valet endowed. In art and in literature we see it fully, very plainly marked; in speech and pronunciation; in the way in which people come into a room or step into a carriage; in the very manner in which they shake hands, make an introduction, return a greeting; in all the little acts of life its style, or its lack, evident; and those who have it are the "glasses of fashion" to those who have it not, while the soul which honours perfection is too often vexed by the extravagance and ugliness of the copy we think it is "just like," and is instead a caricature and an abomination. Nothing is more grotesque than a bad imitation.

TRAITS OF A GENTLEMAN.—Why does every traveller feel that an Arab is a gentleman, or that a Turk is a gentleman? Because ooth the Turk and the Arab manifest perfect self-possession without a touch of self-assertion, have an air of command devoid of arrogance, are tranquil amid riot, and composed amid difficulty and disturbance. These qualities seem to spring from habits of command, and from an inherent sense of superiority, and the observation will apply with equal force to English gentlemen. A gentleman is a gentleman, and there's an end of it. He does not want to be anybody else, because he does not recognise any superior, save of the titulary and disciplinary sort. Your vulgar person, or even your person who, without being vulgar, is not a gentleman, is conscious of his inferiority, and periodically labours to conceal it or cloud it. There is no concealing it, and the attempt only exposes the fact more glaringly to view. This sort of person, too, is not calm, not self-possessed; he is fussy, solicitous, domineering by circumstances, instead of quietly settling down to a level with them. This by no means implies that a gentleman must not cope with circumstances when they are important enough to demand the exercise of his energies. But when he comes out of the battle, or the senate, or the hunting-field, no matter what he has gone through, he is composed and quiet once more. He never swaggers; he never makes unnecessary apologies or explanations. He takes things as he finds them. Now and then, no doubt, the idiosyncrasies of genius will lend an exceptional fervour to the manner of a gentleman; and Lady Blessington was so unaware of this, that she expressed herself surprised that Byron's manner in conversation was not as quiet as she would have expected from a person of his rank. The observation was at once stupid and snobbish. There is no cut-and-dry receipt for a gentleman; but he is unmistakable to those who know one, as the colour of a flower or the scent of a leaf.

WEATHER RECORD.

Jan. 2. Splendid wintry day. No wind. Bright and clear with a little sunshine. Winter roads and streets in excellent condition. Thousands of men making New Year calls. Sleights gliding in every direction.  
Jan. 2. Snow falling all day. Little wind. Just the weather to be out sleighing and getting agreeably covered with flakes. Quite blustering toward evening.  
Jan. 3. Very cold and much drift. People muffled up to the ears. Few ladies on the street. Ice forming on the river.  
Jan. 4. Heavy snow fall during night. Reports of extraordinary storms all over Canada and the United States. Thermometer reported at 60° in the North-West. Weather very cold and grey.

HUMOROUS.

OVERCOATS will be worn long this winter, if we have a late spring.  
ENGLAND appears to be getting ready to carry on war in four or five languages.  
TAKE the first and last letters from the word majesty and you make a jest of word.  
THE reason why "the horn of the hunter is not heard on the hill" any more, is because he carries it in a pocket flask just now.  
AN advertisement now going the rounds of the press announces: "An article that will make the bald and grey-headed rejoice." This must have reference to a troupe of English blondes.