

Mr. and Mrs. McGill, and Mr. Roberts, spend the holidays in St. John.

I must, before I close, speak of our Music Hall, of which we are justly proud. It is now under construction, the frame being completed. It will be the best of the kind—outside of Halifax—in the Province. It is proposed to have at the opening a grand "house warming" or "at home." Our citizens always succeed in what they undertake, and I trust that this idea will be carried out. When the hall is finished we want a good amateur dramatic association. We have the talent, all we want is the organization. Time, I trust, will bring this. We shall see.

PETE.

YARMOUTH.—The past week has been a very dull one socially, everyone being busy with Christmas preparations. The stores have assumed a holiday appearance, and look very tempting. This is a season that brings to mind the "merry parties that were gathered long ago," but now, alas! are scattered far and wide. The ghost of Christmas past brings up to memory many dear faces who have left us long since. Each year sees the family circle grow smaller, and ere this closes many may be far away. The students have returned for the holidays. Mr. H. Jones, of King's College, arrived Friday evening. Mr. C. Pelton, of Dalhousie, on Saturday evening. Webster and Munro, also of Dalhousie, Monday evening.

We are very sorry to hear that Rev. Anderson Rogers has severed his connection with St. John's Church, Yarmouth, and accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church in Windsor. Mr. Rogers has endeared himself to the hearts of everyone with whom he came in contact by his untiring zeal and indefatigable efforts on behalf of the public good. While congratulating Windsor, we cannot help envying her also, for having succeeded in inducing him to accept the call.

DAIRMOUTH.—Quite a number of Dartmouthians are to be absent from Dartmouth this winter. In speaking of those who have lately left, we neglected to mention that Mrs. Stewart is spending the winter with her daughter, Miss Seely, in New York. Her sister, Miss Fairbanks is also away visiting her sister Mrs. Esdaile in Halifax.

In view of the exodus from Dartmouth we are pleased to note the coming of a new resident, Charles McDonald, Esq., a lawyer of Picton. He has taken a house on Ochterloney Street, which he will occupy in January next. He has already been boarding three weeks in Dartmouth. His wife, who was a St. John lady, Miss Robinson, has been visiting her home and has not yet returned. She will be an addition to our society.

Mr. Gordon Dewar is now travelling in the Ottawa valley for Montreal firm. We may hope to have a visit from him in the early part of January.

A successful evening game in Dartmouth is auction euchre. It is exciting, and is particularly available as a number of persons can play it.

A number of ladies and gentlemen of Christ's Church have been giving a great deal of time to the Christmas decorations of the church. We have had a peep at them and they are certainly better than they have been for a number of years. Perhaps the church never looked better than it does now. We may describe it further at our next writing.

New York Jottings.

At a banquet given at an athletic club on a recent evening, Mr. William Muldoon, the capacious and capable wrestler, talked very plainly to the large company of wine drinkers present in terms that made his hearers cringe, although they meekly acknowledged the justice of his remarks. He expressed contempt for the spirit governing most of the athletic clubs of the city, and dwelt on the fact that their purpose seemed to be to supply food, drink and merriment for members, rather than to encourage proper physical development. The first essential in becoming an athlete, said he, was to train, and the first essential of training was abstinence. The puniest man in the company before him, he went on, could drink and eat him to a standstill, but there was not a member of the club could keep up with him out on the road. "If a man was sincere in his endeavors to become athletic in the true sense," said Mr. Muldoon, he must stop drinking, must eat plain food, keep good hours, and exercise in the country. I was greatly impressed by the bold and intelligent observations of the "solid man," and I know that when he departed from the club the wine room did a very light business. Everyone was impressed by a spasmodic desire to be a genuine athlete, instead of an imitation, and the governors of the club began to dread that Mr. Muldoon's visit would be likely to detract from the exchequer of the restaurant.

Medical science is becoming a "fad" with town physicians. The last crank who transferred a cat's brain to a dog's head and vice versa had better exchange his own with a jackass, and science will have benefitted a man instead of worrying animals with useless operations.

I do not know why it is, but public sympathy usually goes out to the man of high social and financial connections when he falls from grace. Let an affluent and dignified thief be discovered in his elegant crimes, and immediately a wave of pity sweeps over the community. There was an idea afloat when the forgeries of Albert H. Smith were unearthed, a few weeks ago, that the fellow was such an uncommon and cultured sinner that it would not be just to shave his whiskers from his chin and dress him in stripes, but the judge who sentenced him failed to appreciate his superiority and kindly sent him to Sing Sing for seventeen years.

This particular Smith was such a prominent member of Plymouth Church that the spectacle of him eating baked beans under pressure with a two-pronged fork is an odd one. Yet it is one of the fortunate things left to us here that the religious hypocrite who steals from his fellow-man is as firmly dealt with as is the burglar or bank sneak whose "mug" is in the rogue's gallery and who, in reality, is of a somewhat better fibre than the holy sinner. If Smith had, upon being exposed in his thefts, stood calmly alone and confessed himself a criminal, restraining from whining for spiritual forgiveness and begging for solace from his church associates, I would have a far better opinion of him than I have now, after reading his cowardly letter to the Rev. Lyman Abbott. Mr. Smith asks his pastor to assure the proper officers of the church that he is sorry for the crime he has committed and to say that he is offering daily prayers to God for forgiveness and grace. "I feel," says Mr. Smith, "that He has brought my heart back to Himself. He saw me slipping away from my love and thought of him and my professions to the world of a desire to lead a Christian life, and has taken this means of saving me. I see in this call to bear this heavy cross and shame that I have yet an opportunity to serve Him and try to do His will. I trust I have set my face in the right direction and ask for your prayers and forgiveness."



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