



June, 1891.

We have laid our great Premier in his quiet tomb. We have said to ourselves with pity for ourselves as not having yet come to that happy resting time, "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." We have set our national flags at half-mast, we have draped our public streets in mourning weeds; we have looked with lingering gaze upon the "presentments" of the departed, hoping to catch some touch or line in the familiar features that would bring us a little nearer to him, if only for the brief interval of the gaze itself; we have piled flowers upon his tomb and scattered with loving hand sweeter flowers of tender words upon his memory, and now that the last knell has tolled, the last mourner has gone to a lonely home, we know that it is useless to ask for a brief space wherein to stand aside from the rapid business of life and reflect, albeit it be upon our own end; as citizens of the Dominion he made, we are nevertheless forced to cry with the newly-kinged Henry:

"Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
And let us choose such Limbes of Noble Counsaile
That the great bodie of our State may go
In equal ranke with the best-governed nation,
That warre or peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us."

Subscriptions for a national monument to the honour of the Father of Confederation are already being taken by the *Empire*, to which, no doubt, Parliament will make a suitable addition at the proper time; it would be well, further, to remember that Sir John Alexander Macdonald died a poor man, and therefore it would be but a graceful tribute to his memory, and one which, sooner than any other, he would approve, were the country to authorize a grant to the faithful wife and wise counsellor who has stood by his side for twenty years, sharing his burdens of state, supporting his social position worthily, setting a good example to the nation by the benevolence and liberal-mindedness of her private life, and who is now left with her only child, a delicate daughter, to face the further battle of life alone. That Canada is the highway of the world she owes to the strong foresight, the wonderful faith, energy, enterprise and courage of Sir John Macdonald; that she is now entering unhampered upon a great career of commercial development is due to his wisdom, and it will be to the eternal honour of the Dominion to act with a becoming and dignified liberality in the matter of a worthy commemoration of a Premier, whose memory will ever be her boast, at a juncture the like of which in all the future that lies before her may never come to her again.

Only a few hours before his hand fell upon the home at Ottawa, Death took from the side of her devoted husband, in their quiet retirement at Niagara, the beloved wife of our great loyalist poet, William Kirby. Mrs. Kirby belonged to the Secvos family, the head of which family obtained, by virtue of his own and his ancestors' devotion to his hereditary prince, leave to emigrate himself and his numerous family of stalwart sons to the Dutch Provinces in the New World; and when the stress of after times put some of these sons upon their mettle, they threw in their lot with the loyal servants of the King of England, and formed part of the band of U. E. Loyalists at Niagara and helped to make it the garden of beauty and the homestead of patriots that it has ever been, despite the storms of war that have swept over it and the craftiness that has striven to undermine it until to-day. In the honour rolls of the Niagara peninsula, Teutonic names are as plentiful as English and Scotch.

Notwithstanding the utmost research at the time, there is always a vast amount of new material that reaches an author's hands after the publication of his book, and in such connection the author of "Ten Years of Peace and War, 1805-1815," says of her book: "Were it ever to reach a second edition I have numbers of valuable notes already collected which might be added."

Convocation at Toronto University was as interesting as usual—and as crowded. Thirteen ladies took the degree of B.A., among them a daughter of the Hon. G. W. Ross,

Minister of Education for Ontario. Several of the ladies carried bunches of roses and ribbons, but it is in bad taste to thus paint the lily and adorn the rose, since the supreme interest of the occasion is the degree and all that it typifies, namely, as the president elegantly phrased it, the escape from tutelage into the wide arena of life, wherein the graduate manifests the result of his training in the way he honours his Alma Mater. In England ladies present themselves in cap and gown and severely plain attires. The English custom is thus cited in *The Woman's Tribune* of Nebraska, for June 6:—Pennsylvania Woman's Medical College.—The students this year for the first time adopted the English academic gown and cap as a graduation costume. Invitations to the exercises of this Commencement all bore the words, "no flowers," the result of a movement started several years ago by one of the most popular students who proposed that flowers should be dispensed with on graduation day, as some of the students are always from a distance and not likely to receive them. Thus the dress question, which had a way of obtruding itself on graduation day, and the flower custom, which had brought pain as well as pleasure in its observance, have been abolished as disturbing elements in academic circles.

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June 19.

The various denominational synods, conferences, presbyteries, etc., which generally usher in June, are over so far as this city is concerned; and it is to be hoped the delegates to each, both lay and clerical, have carried home with them good for themselves and for the congregations to which they belong. The most noticeable resolution submitted among the Methodists was that dealing with the founding of an order of deaconesses. There is no doubt the idea will bear good fruit, particularly as it has already budded in the institution of a Society for Home Nursing, a Society that furnishes competent nurses to take ordinary cases of sickness in the poor man's household, and willing to look after domestic matters of all sorts should the mistress of the house be the sick person, or to assist her if she wishes, if it be other members of the family who need looking after. The ordinary trained nurse is too expensive a luxury for a poor man, and moreover the duties they will undertake are too limited.

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It is a pity that clergymen, particularly of the age and experience of Rev. Dr. Langtry, should waste their time in resolutions that cannot fail to be abortive of results because they can never be formulated into law, such as that the reverend gentleman moved in the Church of England Synod, which looked to a regulating of the expenses and customs of funerals. As Rev. Arthur Baldwin remarked, it is no part of a Church Synod's duty to tell people what kind of a coffin they shall bury their dead in, whether they shall employ a hearse or a hand-borne bier, and whether they shall put on crepe. It may be well to cultivate the spirit the Apostle recommended to the bereaved of his times that they should not "sorrow as those without hope," but when Jesus wept at the sight of the suffering of the bereaved, is it likely that the sorrowing will ever cease to sorrow for their departed, or that the 'cheerful' view the resolution recommended will ever be taken? And would it be good for humanity could it be so?

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The laying of the corner stone of Victoria Theological College last Monday was a most interesting ceremony 'well and duly' performed, and in presence of a great crowd of spectators, mostly Methodists, as was natural seeing it is their own denominational college. Many sympathisers from other churches were present, and despite the heat which stood at 90° in the shade most of the day, everybody was quite enthusiastic. Welcome Victoria.

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It is something of a surprise to many of his admirers to find Rev. Prof. Clark of Trinity supporting the running of Sunday street cars on the ground that he would allow no one to regulate his manner of spending his Sundays. That may be all very well from one point of view, but if carried to a legitimate conclusion would, as a man so intellectual as Prof. Clarke knows, land us in the midst of chaos. Society—man—must be regulated by laws, and what these laws should be we have looked to the law of God to tell us, and to the church as God's Vicar to impress on us, but if the teachers of that law are to throw discredit on laws either in word or deed what is to be the end? Had Prof. Clark said there is something to be said in favour of cheap vehicular conveyance for the poor folk cooped up in little hot houses, tiny back yards, dusty and comfortless streets, he would have been right.

How we feel it—such of us as feel at all for our poor brother—on a hot day! And how the need of physical refreshment for the crowded is to be properly met, is a problem to be solved. But if the numbers needing such provisions by reason of their exposed residence within close quarters were censured, it is probable the demand for car accommodation might resolve itself into very small proportions by reason of the fact that our work people live greatly on the outside limits of the city and not at the centre. Of course there is a sense in which vehicular accommodation for all classes is legitimate, the demand of requirement, and in this sense the Apostle has again and again laid down the rule "to His own Master he shall stand or fall," but that rule puts the individual on a footing out of the pale of society, and must be so recognized.

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The York Pioneer and Historical Society held its annual picnic at the exhibition grounds yesterday. The venerable president, Rev. Dr. Scadding, took the centenary of the founding of the province as the text of his address, and in his elegant and concise style led his hearers back a hundred years to the date of the first French Revolution, 1791, the beheading in 1796 of Louis the Sixteenth, and, more memorable still, the fourth century behind us, 1491 the era of the discovery by Columbus of the new world. The address urged upon Canadians the advantages accruing to the country of the gathering together by means of the Historical Societies those records that told the social life of the past and which lying hid in the family lumber room of the pioneer were in danger of being lost for ever unless speedily rescued. Several speeches full of reminiscences were made by members, and on this occasion, as on that of the annual meeting of the Provincial Historical Association held at Brampton, the tone of loyalty to Canada and the Queen was the strongest note of each speaker. The presence of the first lady member of the York Pioneer and Historical Society was made the occasion of many graceful allusions to the share woman has in the building up of a country, and the ladies present were urged to join freely the Historical Societies of their neighbourhood, each of which now has a rule admitting women.

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The *Temperance Caterer* for May aptly says:—"This is an English speaking country. Then why in the name of all that's sensible do so many of our hotels and restaurants use French on their menus? bills of fare, we should say. It not only shows a lack of good taste but good sense, and, to say the least, is confusing and irritating. It is abominable. We venture to say that not one in a hundred is able to read it. We are frank in saying that we know little or nothing of French, and we are not one of a class, but one of the people. We do not recollect of ever having seen an English printed bill of fare in Paris. The French people read and talk French. The English should read and talk English." A white satin bill of fare lately had Rosbief a Langlisse and Galanty de Vaux as a part of its list. Isn't English pure and simple in better taste?

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An agricultural college—Chaffey Colleg—lately established in Australia—forgive the wideness of the locale—has made the science of irrigation part of its curriculum. Would not this be a valuable study in Canada also?

S. A. CURZON.

[FOR THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]

Quatrain.

Yon crescent moon that rides the mystic height,
The blue air trembling near her horned car;—
From her full treasures, through the perfumed night
Has dropt a bit of gold,—the evening star!

DOLORES.

A Flower Fancy.

The secret reason, at last, I know,
Why, of all the flowers that bud and blow,
The lily, with tiny bells a-row,
Under its green leaf shield,
Was ever the fairest in field.
I know why I always lov'd it dear;
It was trying to tell me you were here,
In this world of ours; at last it's clear,
For again your lips on mine,
Breathe the lily's fragrance fine;
If its fairy bells could chime apace,
Your voice I'd hear. And the lily's grace
Is the constant light of your pale, sweet face.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.