

recognize it, none so hardened as not to be horrified at it."

From William Hogarth to Kate Greenaway is a long step; but another French critic has taken that step in order to draw a conclusion, with which that of these disjointed remarks will be reached. Ernest Chesneau, in "La Peinture Anglaise," has thus written: "From the honest but fierce laugh of the coarse Saxon, William Hogarth, to the delicious smile of Kate Greenaway, there has passed century and a half. Is it the same people which applauds to-day the sweet genius and tender malices of the one, and which applauded the bitter genius and slaughterous satire of the other? After all, that is possible—the hatred of vice is only another manifestation of the love of innocence."

S.

## LITERARY NOTES.

The funny man says literary people can get inspiration from reed birds.

The Toronto *World* says that the *Mail* is "Rough on Ras," referring to Mr. Erastus Wiman.

It is understood that the memorial window placed in St. Alban's Church by Lady Macdonald, in commemoration of her mother, was paid for by the proceeds of her literary work.

The late Gilbert Venables, of the *Saturday Review*, would best be recorded in history as the man who broke Thackeray's nose when they were boys together at the Charterhouse school.

George Cameron, of Queen's College, Kingston, who died two years ago, at the age of eight and twenty, left a volume of poems, edited by his brother. He was a native of Nova Scotia.

The latest in the series of "Colonial Church-Histories" being published in England under the auspices of the S.P.C.K. is the "Diocese of Mackenzie River," by Right Rev. W. C. Bombas, D.D.

Mr. J. A. Craig, B.S.A., of the Ontario Agricultural College, who took his degree in agriculture at the Provincial University a few weeks ago, has been appointed editor of *The Canadian Live Stock Journal*.

We have received a neat pamphlet called "An Irish Evolution," by Watson Griffin, author of "Twok" and other works. Amid the daily wear and tear of journalism Mr. Griffin finds time to work out social and political problems.

We learn, at first hand, that the Canterbury Series volume of "Canadian Poets" is going to be a very handsome piece of bookwork, while the contents will turn out to be much more interesting and honourable to Canada than had been anticipated.

The Earl of Southesk sent Mr. Arthur Weir a copy of one of his volumes of verse, and from the merit of his pieces one is inclined to rate his critical powers in a high rank. He is best known to Canadians by his volume on the Saskatchewan.

It is definitely understood that Mr. Avern Pardoe, who, for long years, has been news editor of the *Globe*, is about to sever his connection with that paper. Mr. Wilson, "Observer," well known to Canadian journalists, will probably fill the vacancy.

Without breaking any trust, it is in the air that we shall soon have the beginnings of a neat monthly, devoted chiefly to the by-ways and hidden nooks of Canadian history. It will be published under the wing of the Montreal Society for Historical Studies.

Mr. J. P. Ritter, Jr., has written a very light and musical little sketch of a summer love affair, with its autumnal corollary of a marriage de convenance, in the swinging metre of "Don Juan." It is called "Marie," is well printed, and is published by Belford, Clarke & Co., New York.

At the yearly meeting of the Montreal Society for Historical Studies, the work for the winter season was mapped out, matters of internal management were settled, and the office-bearers for the next year were chosen:—John Talon-Lesperance, President; W. J. White, Vice-President; J. P. Edwards, Secretary; W. W. L. Chipman and W. D. Light-hall, Councillors.

In 1792, Louis Roy, a French-Canadian, published at Niagara the *Upper Canada Gazette or American Oracle*, which was subsequently removed to Toronto. The first book printed in the province was "St. Ursula's Convent; or the Nun of Canada, containing Scenes of Real Life" (2 vols., Kingston, 1824); the next was "Wonders of the West," a poem, descriptive of Niagara, by C. Fothergill, Toronto.

Before the York pioneers, Dr. Canniff read a short paper on the pioneers of Sault Ste. Marie, dealing almost exclusively with the Johnson and McMurray families. The President read a paper on Captain Gother Mann's survey of Toronto harbour made in 1788 by command of Lord Dorchester. Dr. Scadding exhibited letters and maps by Lahontan and La Salle as far back as 1688, in which is mentioned the name "Toronto."

## HERE AND THERE.

**THE SHARPSHOOTERS' MONUMENT.**—This monument is placed at the entrance of Major's Hill Park, and consists of a bronze statue of a sharpshooter in the full uniform of a guardsman, with the rifle reversed and in an attitude of repose, standing upon a square pedestal of grey Canadian granite, on either side of which are basso-relievos of Osgood and Rogers. The figure of the sharpshooter, while full of massive strength, is indicative of dejection and grief. The pedestal is ten feet in height and the statue seven. The inscription reads:—

ERECTED BY THE CITIZENS OF OTTAWA

To the Memory of Privates

JOHN ROGERS AND WILLIAM B. OSGOOD

of the

GUARDS COMPANY OF SHARPSHOOTERS,

Who Fell in Action at Cut Knife Hill on the

2nd of May, 1885.

After the formal unveiling brief addresses were delivered by His Excellency and Sir A. P. Caron.

**A MINERS' PARADISE.**—Professor Dawson, of the Geological Survey, has returned from his summer in the region from a point about fifty miles north of Kamloops to Granite Creek. He reports great activity throughout the district in prospecting and locating leads, and his general impression was that many of these locations were of great value. The completion of the railway had given a great impulse to mining, especially near the line of the road, where the indications are that the deposits of gold and silver are very rich. Some placer mining is being done at Granite Creek and creeks in the neighbourhood, and the field is good. In this section, platinum, a very valuable metal, is everywhere found with the gold.

**STERNE'S GRAVE.**—Sterne's monument is not only standing, but in good repair, in St. George's (Hanover square) Burial Ground. The stone, as it stands, does not seem older than, say, 1830. "Alas! poor Yorick," stands at the head and forms part of the present inscription. The exact spot where Sterne's remains were laid is unknown. There is little doubt that the gruesome tradition about the stealing of his bones is true, the present memorial having been erected by two brother Masons some years after the robbery, and when the original grave could not be found.

**THE TOMB OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.**—The tomb of Alexander the Great, which Dr. Schliemann sought in vain last winter, has now been discovered in Alexandria. The coffin is of marble, and is covered with beautiful decorations. Its breadth is about three feet and a half, and its height three feet. The skull of a man was found in it. The coffin was found in a brick vault, about twenty feet high, covered by about eight feet of earth. The keeper of the museum at Boulak is going shortly to make a thorough examination of the tomb.

**THE HARVEST MOON.**—The "harvest moon" is so called from the fact that in the early autumn days, when grain and fruit are being taken from the fields, there is scarcely any darkness intervening between the close of day and the beginning of night. The moon rises early and gives a brilliant light, by means of which the harvesters work until late at night to secure the crops. The harvest moon has long been a favourite theme with the poets.

**SECOND IN THE EMPIRE.**—Glasgow has been pluming itself on its great growth in population, wealth and importance and its claim to be "the second city of the Empire." An aggravating newspaper correspondent, signing himself a "Bombay Journalist," writes to the London papers as follows: "Even amidst the festivities attending a royal visit there is no reason why 700,000 good people should be permitted to deceive themselves; and, as a humble citizen of Bombay, I ask you to be allowed to remind them that the population of Bombay is now more than 800,000, and that Bombay claims to be not only *Prima in Indis*, but second in the Empire."

## MIMI'S EYES.

'Twas when autumn winds were sighing, and the faded buds were dying,  
That her bright eye lost its lustre and her rosy cheek its bloom;  
And, one bitter winter even, that she took her flight to heaven,  
Mid a troop of fair-faced angels who had called her to her home.

On a snowy couch they laid her, in her whitest robes arrayed her,  
Her lily hands they folded in a cross upon her breast;  
A heavenly smile was wreathing her pale lip as though 'twere breathing  
A song of thanks re-echoed from the choirs of the blest.

And she was gone! Last night I wandered in the gloom and idly pondered  
On the ruins of a life-time rudely scattered on my way,  
Blasted hopes and keen remorse and the waste of fair resources,  
Broken hearts and blighted features—early victims of decay.

Oh! the night was dark and dismal and, from out its depths abysmal,  
Phantoms of the past arising gazed with solemn staring eyes;  
On their sweetly mournful faces there were sorrow's deepest traces,  
And their hearts with passion heaving told of hidden agonies.

As before my startled vision passed the long and weird procession,  
And my heart was shrinking, shuddering with unutterable woe,  
Lo! amid the shadows o'er me Mimi's spirit stood before me,  
Radiant in her youthful beauty as I knew her years ago.

She was clad in dazzling whiteness, and a pure celestial brightness  
Beamed upon her lovely features and enwrapped her virgin frame,  
While a something soft and tender, in her figure frail and slender,  
Moved me to approach beside her as I gently breathed her name.

Not a word her lips did utter, and without a start or flutter,  
She crossed her hands upon her bosom in an attitude of prayer,  
And my stricken soul beguiling with the sweetness of her smiling,  
Raised her bright eyes up to heaven and slowly melted into air.

Ah me! the deep devotion of those eyes whose upward motion  
Seemed to beckon me away from this land of pain and war.  
No! death cannot appall me for the eyes of Mimi call me,  
And I soon shall go to meet her in those realms of peace afar.

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

## A CHILD'S PRAYER.

The following story was related by Dr. Marmaduke, of Baltimore, at a meeting held in New York for the purpose of hearing the experience of twenty reformed drunkards:

"A drunkard who had run through all his property returned one night to his unfurnished home. Entering his deserted hall, with anguish gnawing at his heartstrings, language was inadequate to express the agony he experienced as he proceeded to his wife's apartment, and there beheld the victims of his appetite—his loving wife and darling child. Morose and sullen, he seated himself without a word; he could not speak; he could not look upon those who were dear to him. The mother said to the little one at her side: 'Come, my dear, it is time to go to bed,' and that little child, as she was wont, knelt by her mother's side, and, gazing wistfully into her face, slowly repeated her nightly orison. When she finished, the child (but four years old) said to her mother: 'Dear mother, may I not offer up one more prayer?' 'Yes, my darling, pray.' Then she lifted up her tiny hands, closed her eyes, and prayed—'Oh God, spare my dear papa!' That prayer was lifted with electric rapidity to the Throne of God. It was heard on high—it was heard on earth. A responsive 'Amen!' burst from the father's lips, and his heart of stone became a heart of flesh. Wife and child were both clasped to his bosom, and in penitence he said: 'My child, you have saved your father from a drunkard's grave.'"