

J. P. CLEGHORN, Esq.

MR. CLEGHORN is a native of Montreal, where he was born in 1830, and after receiving a thorough commercial education in the Howden & Taggart school of this City, he commenced his mercantile career as a junior clerk in the Wholesale Dry Goods trade. Rapidly coming to the front, he became a member of the well known firm of J. G. Mackenzie & Co. in 1864, and is now the managing partner of that large and prosperous concern.

Being naturally of a retiring disposition, Mr. Cleghorn has never courted public or municipal honours, but has nevertheless taken an active interest in the welfare of his native city, and the Dominion at large. He has been for many years a member of the Board of Trade, and has filled nearly every official position in that important body, having been elected President in 1880 and 1890. He is also President of the Intercolonial Coal Co., a Director of the Molsons Bank, the Merchants Manufacturing Company, and the Canada Accident Assurance Company. He also finds time to undertake the duties of President of the Montreal Cemetery Trust, and is a Governor of the General Hospital, and other institutions of a like philanthropic nature.

Mr. Cleghorn was elected to the Board of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada in 1890, where his wide experience and prudent judgment have been of much value in its councils.

Stewart's mother was making sandwiches of devilled ham. The little fellow came along, and seeing the can with the picture of the imp on it regarded it earnestly awhile, and then said: "Mamma what is that stuff?" "This? Oh, that is devilled ham." He looked seriously at the mixture, and in an awed voice inquired, "Why, mother, have they killed him?"

THE SONG OF THE GOLDEN CITY.

CHRISTIAN BURKE, IN THE "ARCADE."

From the days of St. John's Revelation
The marvellous story it told,
And down thro' the ages has come the song,
The song of the City of Gold.

To the innocent hearts of the children,
To the toilers who faint 'neath earth's sun,
To the old who have fought out its problems,
To the dying whose journey is done,
Comes the dream of the mystical City,
With colour and loveliness rife,
Iridescent its jewell'd foundations,
Flower-border'd its River of Life;

Four-square in its symbol'd completeness,
Through its pearly gates shining afar
The strange indescribable radiance
Unlitten of sun or of star,

And the streets of the City are golden,
And the sea as of crystal appears,
And the sound of the harpers is in it,
And it knows not of sorrow or tears.

Like a mirage far out in the desert,
Like the fabric that fashions our dreams,
Like some many-hued mirror'd reflection
The Heavenly Jerusalem seems.

We grope 'mid the types and the shadows,
We fret as its veiling disguise;
But our hearts cannot grasp nor conceive it—
Its glory is hid from our eyes.

We catch but a note of the music,
A glimpse swiftly passing and faint,
A hint of its wondrous perfection,
Low whisper'd to seer and to saint.

Yet the glow of it shortens the journey,
And our feet tread more bravely the road
Which leads to the sorrowless City
Whose Builder and Maker is God.

And thus as a gift to the ages
The marvellous story flows on,
And the heart of man rests on the vision
That illumined the eyes of St. John.