

obliterated by a fifty pound icicle which transfixes him to the spot for the rest of his natural existence.

That we have laws for the safety and comfort of each other we cannot deny. That we are taxed for the maintenance of these laws, most of us know too well. That we have recently been compelled to organize ourselves into a Citizen's League for the enforcement of them we are under the necessity of admitting with shame. And that, with it all, any one who walks along our streets in summer or winter, by day or by night, does so at his peril is a fact which is daily being incorporated into our civic autobiography.

However, the night reserves the darkest hour to usher in the dawn, and it is matter for personal, as well as municipal, congratulation, that the rising hope is recorded. These evils are at length to be remedied, neither by league or law, existing, improved, or enforced, but by the ever-vigilant never-flagging speculators. Not very long ago the denizens of our principal thoroughfares, turning out snow *after*, instead of *before* tobacco and newspapers, found their occupation gone. A clean sweep had been made at dawn of day, and the "sample copy" was seconded by a flood of circulars announcing that "The Roof, Sidewalk, and Odd Jobs Company" had been floated for the purposes indicated by its name. For twenty-five cents a week, the company proposes to clear our foot-paths. It will tackle our roofs and odd jobs at corresponding figures, and "won't haggle about a few extra feet."

During the present winter the corporation has been leisurely waking up. Digging out and trenching up are antiquated ways. The chief streets have been rolled, and the visible improvement seems to suggest its extension to the sidewalks. Perhaps if the footpaths were rolled at dawn after every snow storm, and gone over every morning with pronged rollers, varied by scrapers in thaws, life would still be worth living to some of us. Of course, the work must not be undertaken either by league, law, or municipal corporation. We shall reserve it for the Roof and Sidewalk Company.

On a recent pedestrian tour on St. Catherine street, I witnessed, in front of a piano ware-room, four pianos and six organs luxuriously indulging in the sidewalk for the afternoon. On St James' street, at half-past three p. m., when beauty and fashion most do promenade, half-a-dozen second-hand kitchen ranges monopolized the footpath, as a man with a broom and a pot of polish proceeded simultaneously to enjoy his pipe, the passing show, and his renovating process; whilst a furniture vendor on Notre Dame street had spread out a row of fourteen bureaus, a sofa or two, a heap of chairs, and a pile of eighteen coffins! It was evidently *their* afternoon out. These, not to talk of a hundred or two of sleighs, buggies, and horses, which at every door seem to be owned only by a fifty-two pound weight, will come within the legitimate sweep of the new company, and form a daily source of revenue not to be despised. The civic expenditure for last year upon street cleaning and watering, and snow-clearing, was \$90,000, which the surveyor reports as insufficient, and for scavenging, \$44,000. If the Old Jobs Company could secure this annual total of \$134,000 of our money which we pay for streets that are neither cleaned nor cleared, and succeed in assessing twenty-five cents per week for every householder, in addition, they might guarantee themselves against complete financial failure. This much done, it would then be a simple matter for them to calculate all we spend on gas, water, police, prisons, etc., and relieve the council of a few paltry matters evidently beneath their too careful consideration.

A plan for extricating the Flood-Prevention authorities from their difficulty, and one which may come into competition with that of the city surveyor, is "The Corribeau," which proposes to benefit both shores of the river by one stroke. A canal on the south shore, eight and a half miles long, from above Victoria Bridge to Boucherville Islands, with several inlets, is said to secure an outlet for the superfluous water, a basin capable of accommodating river vessels now compelled to lay up at Sorel, a supply of power for factories, etc., on that side of the river, and a means for small crafts to escape the St. Mary's current.

Woman's sphere at home is too extensive. In the world it is too evanescent. The faculties of Arts and Medicine do not provide sufficient scope for useful occupation. The Church is to be stormed. A motion regarding the fuller organization of woman's work has been laid before the Presbytery of Montreal, with a view to re-establishing deaconesses. Of course we shall soon hear of women in our theological halls. They have got up the pulpit stairs across the border.

The Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy is pastor of a Christian Science congregation, the author (*authoress* is rapidly becoming obsolete) of a formidable list of works on the new religion, editor of the *Christian Science Journal*, and President of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College—if not one of the founders and inventors of the system. The faith has been spreading out its roots, and has now established itself among us here. A preparatory meeting has been held in a private residence, and the new denomination calls itself "The Church of Christ (Scientific)." They possess only two text-books, the Bible and the Rev. Mary's book on Science and Health. The following is their creed: "(1) We take the Scripture as our guide to life. (2) We acknowledge one Father, Son and Holy Ghost—one God, the brotherhood of man and Divine science. We acknowledge the forgiveness of sin, which is the destruction of sin. We acknowledge the atonement of Christ, which is the efficacy of truth and life. We

acknowledge the way of salvation marked out by Jesus in healing the sick, casting out devils (evils) and raising the dead—uplifting a dead faith with life and love. (3) We promise to love one another and to work, watch and pray. We promise to strive to overcome sin and to keep the Ten Commandments; to deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly, and so far as we are enabled by truth, to cast out error and heal the sick."

This is the second new religion which has "opened up" on its own account this winter. Another, whose chief distinction seems to be that it preaches "The Gospel," leaving to the imagination what is preached elsewhere, has a stand in a new block on St. Catherine Street.

There has just come to light a new method of raising money for Christian mission work. At Pointe-aux-Trembles, about twelve miles below Montreal, there is an institute under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church where boys and girls are trained in the principles of Christianity. During the past year the school for boys has been enlarged at an expense of \$15,000, and as the demand for admission of girls is also much beyond the accommodation of the mission, it is proposed to extend their building at a cost of \$9,000. Of these two sums a part has been already collected, leaving, however, a total of \$14,500 still to be secured. "Two ladies of their own accord" have written out a three-page appeal, which they are sending to friends with the request that they forward ten cents to the treasurer, and that they write out and send two other copies of the appeal with a similar object in view. In order to procure by this means the sum of \$14,500, the number of ten-cent subscriptions required will be 145,000, and the postage alone, say at three cents per subscription, surprises us by amounting to \$4,350. While wishing the scheme all success, I fear the two ladies exhibit a strikingly inconsistent notion of the value of next-to-nothings, and are actuated more by zeal than by economy.

The drawings for the Royal Victoria Hospital have at length arrived from London. The erection, which is the gift of Sir George Stephen and Sir Donald Smith, and is calculated to cost half a million, provides for general offices, apartments for matron, superintendent and nurses; a private paying ward with twenty beds, an infectious ward with thirty-five beds, a surgical ward with ninety beds, and a medical ward with one hundred and eighty beds. The infectious ward is to be on the hut system, and among the more modern features of the plan are the Ice-house, the Operating Theatres, the Mortuary, as well as the position of the rooms for nurses and doctors in the wards, the conveniences for conveying patients to the theatres, and for removing the dead.

Most people can kill two birds with one stone, but it takes a Scot to kill three. Oysters, wine and good Scotch songs were slain a few evenings ago over what ought to have supplied a fitting excuse for a piper and a haggis. A gentleman possesses a MS. of the "Cottar's Saturday Night," given to his grandfather by the peasant bard himself, written on *excise paper*, in Burns' large, round and legible penmanship, and still well preserved. It bears unmistakable evidence of authenticity. It must be an early transcript of the poem, as it varies in several passages from the reading ultimately adopted by Burns. Its present owner is open to proposals for the sale of the precious document, which he values at \$2,000. The Dominion Government has been approached on the ground that such a treasure ought not to pass out of the land; but the Commons Library spends so much on the novels of the period that, failing some private patriotic purse, the MS. will in all probability change flags. VILLE MARIE.

LONDON LETTER.

THERE lies before me on my writing desk one of Maclise's famous drawings for the Fraser Gallery, a sketch of a thin, dark-eyed old man in knee-breeches, and a queer-cut high-shouldered coat and a frilled shirt. He sits placidly, the brown locks of his Adonis wig in careful disarray on his forehead, his hands clasped on his knee. There are books, pens and paper, on the table by his side, and soon, I think, he will turn in his chair and fall to making a design for that splendid new palace contemplated when Carlton House was pulled down, or for a magnificent dog kennel surpassing all other dog kennels, or for—well, for a pump, perhaps, just as another architect, with whom we are very familiar, and who once lived near Salisbury, was wont to employ the leisure hour. He has smiled his best smile and arranged his most agreeable expression in order to aid the handsome Irish painter in his task, and, I hope, has put away from his mind all remembrance of a certain unpleasant episode connected with the Literary Fund, and with him whom Maginn calls "Jerdan, the iconoclast." Poor Sir John Soane! Fifty-two years since you died, and the pretty quarrel is still remembered, you see. It would be a blow to that easily-hurt vanity of your's, Knight, if you were to hear how we speak of you and the part you took in that ridiculous tragedy, the last act of which was played at the opera when the editor of the *Literary Gazette* showed Mr. Roney the slit of canvas from which your eyes shone out indignantly. I have been to-day at the gothic house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where I am sure the ghost of the restless little Academician still lingers round about the treasures he took such pains to gather, and as I went from room to room alone, except for the custodians of the place, I thought of the dismal scenes that have taken place here, of the lonely, unhappy years, of the death-bed of this old

man of eighty-five. It would be a kind action if more of us crossed the threshold of these antiquated parlours, for the wraith of their late owner, stepping noiselessly here and there in the buckled shoes and black stockings, must be mortified at the neglect of the British public who tramp heedlessly past the caryatides and empty niches of No. 13. Some spark of that tremendous vanity would blaze up and warm anew the cold heart of Sir John if people oftener would spare an hour or two in which to examine the pictures and gems, models, china, books, portfolios full of sketches, with which he has stored these over-crowded rooms. And I cannot think that they would be disappointed, for though there is much that could only be useful to artists there is still a great deal, everywhere, in library and dining-room, in drawing-room and bedroom, which cannot fail to interest and delight us all.

Soane's portrait, an excellent Lawrence, presides over the library, and again another, this time by Jackson, stares at you in the small gallery where hang the four pieces of Hogarth's "Election": and yet again, in the drawing-room, you come upon Sir John, painted by Owen. So one is everywhere encompassed by the visible presence of the architect of the Bank, who, like a reigning beauty, kept the brushes of the painters of his day very busy. There is a profile in pencil, too, by Dance, with the hair in powder. It was more dignified, that powder, than the juvenile curls which afterwards grew on that old head, curls so like those worn by Major Pendennis, they must surely both have patronized the same perruquier.

One should not hurry, scared by the grim ushers who have grown gray waiting here day after day for nobody to come, but should take his own time; for though it is impossible to miss certain things, such as for instance "The Rake's Progress," arranged on screens in the centre of a room, where it is to be hoped Mrs. Soane, in her white gown and turban (in which costume Jackson painted her just before he died) entertained her friends with many a dish of tea; or Calcott's pearly landscape, or the carved ivory chairs and tables, there is other portable property (as Mr. Wemmick would say) blushing almost unseen in cabinets and dark corners which has to be searched for. A small bust by Flaxman of that absurd person, the poet Blakey, of whom Blake speaks contemptuously and Cowper kindly; the silver dial belonging once on a time to Wren. Did Soane fancy any resemblance between himself and that admirable architect? A volume by the Duchess of Newcastle, an author beloved of Lamb; pages written by Tasso's own hand; sketch books by Sir Joshua Reynolds, full of notes and drawings. These things and many more are to be seen decorating in peace and quiet these dim, silent rooms. On the staircase you will find a cast of one of Chantrey's sleeping children; delicate small panes of Albert Dürer-ish stained glass; all manner of queer recesses arranged with all manner of queer things. Go down to the cellars, and not far from the Egyptian sarcophagus, and much more interesting, is a copy of Banks' charming "Penelope Boothby," who died so short a time after she sat to the President in the Leicester Square painting room. Miss Boothby lies in her long skirted gown, with her pretty hands clasped near her cheek. The blue eyes are closed, the red hair is smoothed from her forehead by a band of silk. Near to this touching little figure is Mary of Scots, from Westminster Abbey. In the corner hangs a death mask of Mrs. Siddons, and yonder in the half light gleams the handsome face of the courtly Sir Thomas Lawrence. If you are fond of gems climb to the bedrooms and study the case-full of exquisite rings. You may also be lucky enough to see Charles Matthews, the actor, who you will remember from his *Life* used to visit Sir John here as he lay sick a-bed.

Thirty years after Soane died a few locked and sealed drawers in a writing-table were, according to his will, solemnly opened in the presence of Sir Francis Grant and Sir Frederick Pollock amongst others. Nothing, however, was found of any value, except a few letters from persons of note, Hazlitt among the number, and documents relating to Sir John's fierce quarrel with his son George. A second sealed place was opened in November, 1886, with the same result. Some interesting letters again—I wonder were they ever published. But the bulk of its contents were old bills, professional notes and appointments, invitations and divers applications to subscribe to churches, etc. There remains a third hiding place to be searched, an old bath in the Curator's room, the lid of which is at present screwed down. In November, 1896, the last ceremony will be performed by the trustees according to the peremptory order of the late owner, and then there will be nothing left of mystery in this Lincoln's Inn house. This morning the air was full of spirits: will they be laid when once the lid of that old bath is unscrewed?

As I turned to the turnstile that leads from the fields I met hazel-eyed, brown-haired Inigo Jones swaggering past, with a glance of approbation for those few fine houses designed by him, which still stand as they stood when William, Lord Russell, was executed, in the centre of the square; and I made way for Mr. Tulkinghorn in his black satin waistcoat to go in at the door of the house where the pointing Roman is foreshortened on the ceiling; and I saw Dickens, young, radiant and handsome, with proof sheets under his arm, spring up the steps of No. 58 to meet that goodly company assembled to listen to *The Chimes* read by the Master, whom Maclise has drawn in the sketch which commemorates the event with rays about his head. There is no spot in London where the Old and the New touch each other more closely, no place more intimately connected with the history of this great city, than the square which still echoes strongly with the footsteps of the Makers of our Town.