

But O for the touch of a vanquish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!—*Tennyson.*

THE LATE W. H. HOWLAND.

"When Edmund Burke died at Bath, 76 years ago, Canning made this suggestive remark: 'There is but one event, but it is an event of the world—*Burke is dead.*' So far as Toronto is concerned, there has been but one event during the past week, but it is an event which has profoundly moved the entire community—*William H. Howland is dead.* Toronto mourns the loss of her noblest son. A star of the first magnitude has suddenly gone down behind the hills of mortal life. He has passed from the strife and noise of earth,

"To where beyond these voices there is peace."

"W. H. Howland was probably the best-known and best-loved citizen of Toronto. Boot-blacks, news-boys, friendless widows and the helpless poor, with few exceptions, knew him better than any other citizen, and rejoiced to catch a smile from his manly face. He was pre-eminently a man of the people, and especially of the poor people. No man could be more simple in his habits and guileless of all pretention; his face and deportment disarmed suspicion, and confirmed good-will. His frankness, his transparent sincerity and goodness of heart made him hosts of friends, and he grappled them to himself with hooks of steel. He was a man

"Who saw in every man a brother,
And found in each a friend."

"While his heart was sympathetic and tender as a woman's, he was at the same time brave and fearless as a lion in his championship of what he believed to be the right. He never allowed the sham refinements of the age to obliterate in his judgment the broad distinction between right and wrong. His enthusiastic love of good, his persistent scorn of evil, gave substantial grandeur to his character. When it was needful to denounce a wrong he could do it without reserve or fear. Time and again he roused the resentment of 'base fellows of the lewder sort,' but none of these things moved him. He was a man who could enjoy the beatitude of malediction, and count it an honor to be assailed by bitter and brutal words, while prosecuting his noble work of social and moral reform. He was a veritable 'great heart' in the fray, and was always to be found in the very front rank of life's glorious battles. Like the valiant knight, Sir Galahad,

"His strength was as the strength of ten,
Because his heart was pure."

—*Sermon by Rev. J. V. Smith, Pastor Metropolitan Church, Toronto.*

The late W. H. Howland was a thorough believer in life assurance, as is evidenced by the fact that he carried policies to the extent of over \$22,000.

HUMAN LIFE.

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
'Twi'x night and morn, upon the horizon's verge;
How little do we know that which we are!
How less what we may be! the eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lash'd from the foam of ages, while the graves
Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

—*Byron.*

The Hero of the Throttle.

The average New-Yorker who rides to Chicago in twenty hours does an easy day's work, in fact, does no work at all. He rests comfortably at night, enjoys well-served meals, and reaches his destination almost before he knows it.

Meantime, what is the engineer of this fastest train in the world doing for the passenger? In the first place, the Chicago flyer is not driven by one, but by many engineers. In order to cover the nine hundred and sixty-four miles between the two cities in twenty hours, including nine stops, there are required seven huge engines, in relays, driven by seven grimy heroes. A run of less than one hundred and fifty miles is the limit per day for each engine, while three hours of the plunging rush wears out the strongest engineer. Sixty, seventy, eighty miles an hour—what does that mean to the man at the throttle? It means that the six-and-a-half feet drivers turn five times every second and advance one hundred feet. Tic-tic-tic, and the train has run the length of New York's highest steeple. The engineer turns his head for five seconds to look at the gauges, and in that time the terrible iron creature, putting forth the strength of a thousand horses, may have shot past a red signal with its danger warning five hundred feet away. Ten seconds, and one thousand feet are left behind—one-fifth of a mile. Who knows what horrors may lie within that thousand feet! There may be death lurking round a curve, death spreading its arms in a tunnel, and the engineer must see and be responsible for everything. Not only must he note instantly all that is before him—the signals, switches, bridges, the passing trains, and the condition of the rails—but he must act at the same moment, working throttle, air-brakes, or reversing-lever, not as quick as thought, but quicker, for there is no time to think. His muscles must do the right thing automatically, under circumstances where a second is an age. In the three hours of his vigil there are ten thousand eight hundred seconds, during each one of which he must watch with the mental alertness of an athlete springing for a flying trapeze from the roof of an amphitheatre, with the courageous