

His liberality is of this stamp :

I pray you look over the walls of your creed
(Heaven-built though they be),
At the shackled shapes of human need,
Of pain and misery.

Then hope for the best, and pray and pray,
Since unseen powers there be,
But do not think that the world to-day
Wants cheap philosophy.

That "newer theology," which is so truly the older,
of his "Heart of the Creeds—a return from doctrine to
the life of the Saviour—is illustrated in the very lovely
"Eder's Watch-Tower."

But fairer than the silver tide,
And brighter than the morning's flood,
The light on Bethlehem's meadows wide,
Where Eder's ancient watch-tower stood.

O, little town of Bethlehem,
Where Christ the Perfect Man, was born,
Thy memories are dear to them
Whose earth-shod feet are travel-worn.

There shone the sacred Christmas light,
And echoed clear the angels' song,
That still rings out upon the night
Of human misery and wrong.

O, fairer than the silver tide,
And brighter than the morning's flood,
The light on Bethlehem's meadows wide,
Where Eder's ancient watch-tower stood.

It will be seen that Mr. Eaton is no common "poet of
melody." ALCHEMIST.

MONTREAL LETTER.

THE week has been devoted to Churches and Schools,
Bank Statements and prophetic warnings about our
haste to be rich having a tendency to check our speed in
that direction.

The Thirteenth Annual Synod of the Diocese of Montreal, after registering in the Synod Hall, proceeded in a body to the Cathedral, headed by His Lordship Bishop Bond. After full choral service, the Rev. Canon Mills preached on the duty of the Ministry. At the afternoon session the Bishop took up the several matters contained in the encyclical letter of the Lambeth Conference, and touched on Immigration, the Montreal Diocesan College, and Union with other Churches. Dr. Davidson, of Equal Rights fame, was received with much enthusiasm as he rose to read his memorial, which secured the official approval of the Synod, and was afterwards laid on the table for signature. In connection with a clause in proposed legislation to amend the Church Temporalities Act, a keen discussion arose upon the question of what constitutes the right to vote in the Vestry. Before opinion could crystallize on this point it was necessary to settle what constituted a member of the Church, and many interesting aspects were advanced of the relation of the member who is in full communion with the Episcopal Churches in Canada, and that of the member who is merely an attendant, setting forth that the latter class were often the most liberal contributors to church work. In his charge, the Bishop intimated that he had visited during the year 95 parishes, missions and stations; had paid official visits to 74 churches; had administered Communion to 828 persons; had ordained 8 deacons, and 6 priests; and had opened 6 churches and one burying-ground. A motion to the effect that the ability to speak French is an important qualification for the ministry in the diocese, will doubtless lead to an alteration of the word *important* into *essential*. The reverend gentlemen had the communion administered each morning at 9 a.m., and a special daily service at 5 p.m. Perhaps some member will explain the ground upon which the Episcopal Church in Canada makes use of the word "Parish."

The enormous new church of the Methodists, a veritable cathedral in size and style of architecture, was formally opened on the 16th instant. The old quarters of the congregation on St. James Street have been converted into one of the most fashionable suites of offices, preserving their connection with the past in the name, Temple Building. The new Church has been in course of erection for two years, is a stately and impressive pile, seated for 2,700 people, with a Hall behind to accommodate 1,000 more. At the opening ceremonies the preachers were chiefly men who had been formerly pastors of the church, and the collection amounted to \$3,500.

The Annual Recreation Outing of the Young Men's Christian Association took place on Tuesday. A lovely slope of mountain on the Ottawa River was selected, and a deputation from the brotherhood of Ottawa, who joined the party, added to the day's enjoyment. In boating, fishing, football, lacrosse, and races, the young men and their friends re-created themselves, returning in the evening sorry to part.

The Young Women's Christian Association have just brought to a successful conclusion a session of classes in Dressmaking, Millinery, French, German, and Shorthand. The women are more timid than the men in their association work, but a step of this sort, were it followed up by something still more aggressive must soon entitle them to at least a wing of the young men's handsome new building, if not to a large and suitable one of their own.

Few of our benevolent institutions are more interesting than our Boys' Home on Mountain Street. And seldom has ever it been the object of more genuine sympathy than a few evenings ago when the boys, guided by the Superintendent, marched up to the residence of the President, Mr.

Charles Alexander, a gentleman whose name is connected with every good work, and who has been for a score of years a loving father to homeless boys. An address of gratitude and affection was read, and a cane with an inscription was presented to the venerable President, who made a reply which compelled some speeches from the boys in return, who, in due time, carried away with them the most *creamy*, etc., etc., recollections of their visit.

The principle of faith cure is emboldened to extend the sphere of its domination. One of our churches has staked its all upon it. The minister is to receive no longer a stated salary. Collections are abandoned. Drop boxes are fastened in suggestive places. A receptacle, decorated with illuminated Scripture texts, is placed under the pulpit for the voluntary contributions of the faithful towards the special debt fund. Already, in three months, the subscriptions in the boxes to the general expenditure, amount to \$1,500. And the new method is expected to work wonders in the larger box also.

His Grace Archbishop Fabre, performed the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the new church of St. Anthony. His Grace was accompanied by his guards, and attended by the usual societies, banners, and music in procession.

The young ladies of Douglass Church gave a "lawn social," with creams, fruits and sweets, under canvas, and lanterns under the trees; and the children of the Hervey Institute were entertained at the residence of Mr. George Hague, where, aided by Mrs. and Miss Hague, they romped on grass, swung in hammocks, and did full justice to a more substantial hospitality provided for them.

Ten years ago the property of the late Mr. P. P. Carpenter, brother of the lady and gentleman of that name so well-known in English literary and scientific circles, was purchased for the Infants' Home. The committee has found its work extending, and the building must follow its example. While undergoing the process of doubling its size, the nurses and babies have been removed to other quarters on Dorchester Street.

Of closing of schools this week there is no end. The public schools, under the auspices of the Protestant School Commissioners, held their final examinations, and the boys, and girls too, tossed up their caps in glee. Of private schools, the Eliock, Mr. Mowat's, Misses Millar and Pitts, Mrs. Lay's, Misses Symmus and Smith's, and Trafalgar Institute are all off for their holidays.

The Stanstead Wesleyan College for Women has held a series of closing exercises, extending over the greater part of a week. This College, which is doing a magnificent work in a magnificent part of the country, is on the way to affiliation with McGill University.

The Montreal and the Shamrock Lacrosse Clubs gave their first tournament of the season on the 15th. In spite of torrents of rain, 6000 spectators assembled and sat in cloaks and umbrellas, and the teams set about their game as if the fate of empires rested on their ball. With brief respites the rain poured, and with no respite whatever the men ran, jumped, slipped, fell, rolled, splashed, piled, and splashed and piled again, as men do only when at play. Each club had its three games, and, in deathlike silence, commenced the last and decisive venture. The audience, who began by laughter at the mud escapades, were literally beyond control with excitement, and when the umpire at length held up his hand for the Montrealers, the scene was à la Barnum on fire and escaped. Nevertheless, in less than two minutes the entire field was cleared.

The City Council, either ahead of, or behind, time, has passed new laws about ice-cutting. Fit and proper places are to be selected by the City Surveyor, and each man's lot is to be guarded by a high and safe fence. The Board of Health has printed cards to inform milk-dealers of the recent improvements in the laws. A milk inspector has been appointed; a license to sell must be obtained at the Health Office; a register of vendors is to be kept; all measures must be officially stamped; no milk can be sold from cows which have been fed on deleterious substances; no adulteration with water is to be allowed; and a list of penalties attached to any breach of these regulations is given as a terror to evil imaginations. The hours when we may legally block up the footpath with coal, wood, or general merchandise have been sensibly shortened, and a by-law, which I hope came from the Health Committee, has been passed prohibiting hand-organs within the city limits, and regulating their perpetration beyond by a license. The Road Committee received complaints from citizens that the customary music in the squares had not commenced, and had applied to the Park Commissioners for plants and flowers for the squares with no result. The park-keepers refuse to decorate where the square-keepers get the credit. The condition of the streets, with the car tracks three inches above level, with cars blocking the way at crossings, and trace horses trampling up mud at corners, is, the committee was assured, due to the constant interruption of the service by the laying of drains, and water and gas pipes.

VILLE MARIE.

THE fact that such artists as Annie Louise Carey, Myron W. Whitney, Jennie Sargent and Sig. Zinoni have been his pupils will secure for Mr. Lyman Wheeler, who comes from Boston to pass a part of his vacation in Toronto and receive a limited number of pupils in singing, a hearty reception from our best citizens. Mr. Wheeler has for many years been instructor in the N. E. Conservatory of Music to advanced pupils; and many of the best known teachers and singers have been graduates from this institution.

BETTY'S CHOICE.

IT was the month of October in the year 1783. The treaty of peace had been signed at Versailles; the Revolutionary War was over, but the air was full of unrest.

There were evidences of unusual stir around a Massachusetts farm house. The inmates, young and old, serving and served, moved in and out, by door and porch, with a pre-occupied air, each wearing upon a grave countenance the imprint of a set purpose. Through the forest behind the homestead the winds wailed mournfully, and with every fresh blast tore their leafy honours from the rich orchard trees, even then not wholly stripped of their ruddy and golden treasures. On the lowest step of the wide piazza that shaded the southern entrance of the house two prim little maids, with short hair neatly parted and brushed over their temples, alternately caressed a huge dog that stood *en sentinel* at their feet and wiped their eyes upon their pinafores. It was easy to see that partings were in progress.

At the back of the house the yard was strewn with household gear and packing cases of a rough but strong workmanship. Here a sonny maiden of twenty-two was occupied in directing the efforts of a couple of loutish lads who were carrying from the kitchen various brewing and cooking utensils, and bestowing them handy for the packing of a great waggon that stood by, evidently ready for the road.

Pots, pans, tubs and benches all had to undergo Betty's strict scrutiny, and if they were not immaculately clean, she at once shot back to a region where their purification was being carried on by that old-fashioned household official—somewhat analogous to the devil of a printing office—the scullery-maid. From the fields comes the cry of the neat-herd, but whether it was the homeward halloo when the next scene is the milking yard with pail and stool, or the driving shout when a herd is put upon the road it was hard to tell. And so apparently Betty found it, for she lifted her head quickly as the sound fell upon her ear, and after a moment's listening she, too, took up her great brown linen pinafore and wiped a tear from her fine grey eyes.

Before Betty's equanimity was quite restored, a young man about her own age approached. He carried a stable-bucket, and was evidently on his way for water.

"Tut, my wench," he cried, "why should'st thou spoil thy fine eyes with crying?"

"And why should I not cry, John Shaw, when I hear the low of the herd and know that they are being driven out of the pastures they have been bred in, for the last time? These are crying times, I think."

"Not for thee, Betty, not for thee! Let them leave housen and land as likes, but thou and me be not so foolish."

"What dost thou mean, John Shaw?" cried the girl, turning full upon him. "Is not our master's road our road?"

"Not this time, Betty; though faithfully it has ever been so before. This time, Betty, our road is our own, and no man call we master any more."

"Explain thyself, man? What hast thou in the rear of all this fine talk?"

"I mean, Betty," said the young man approaching her as nearly as he could with propriety, "that to-night ends service, and to-morrow begins independence."

"And yet I do not understand thee, John Shaw."

"Well, well, wench, to put it in plain words I go not on this wild goose chase to Canada. Let who will serve the tyrannical old King, and throw away home and comfort for a fancy. I do not; I stay here. Here where I have been born and bred, and have saved and served, and having got a bit cottage and a paddock and a right of commons, I am minded to sit down contented with my little wench at my side and be happy, let who will govern."

"I wish thee much joy, John Shaw, of thy bit cotty and little paddock and thy little wench," replied the girl with high colour and flashing eyes, and making him a low courtesy.

"Nay but, Betty, lass, donno be angry. Art not thou my little wench—the dear lass for whose sake I have toiled to get all these things? Sewerly it canna matter to a woman whether she lives under king or president so long as she be's happy."

"Happy! O no! I trow it matters not if she be happy. But I am not thy little wench, John Shaw; i' that thou art mistaken. I am a good man's little wench, a man faithful to his king, and faithful to his master, and faithful to his oath—his oath of allegiance as a servant and soldier of his king, John Shaw. Go thy way, man! Thou art no man o' mine."

"Well but, Betty, wouldst thee ha' me give up every thing I have worked for these ten year, just because Old George is too silly to treat his colonists well, and has let them choose a king for themselves, least-wise a president. And such a president, Washington; and yet not Washington—worth a dozen old kings of the wornout people of the East—but us, THE PEOPLE, we are to be the governors. Fancy that! Such good times as will come then! No 'John Shaw do this, John Shaw do that,' but—"

"Shut up thy silly prate, John Shaw, and take thyself off, thou art a greater traitor then I could imagine if I had not heard thee."

"Traitor!!! Who dares call John Shaw 'traitor,' lies!" cried the man, kindling hotly. "Who has been talking to thee about me, Bessie Barnes?"

"None but thyself, John Shaw. And yet what else art thou? Thou hast enjoyed of the king's substance; thou hast won his badge; thou hast served under his flag; thou