

the bitter earnestness of the woman who leads the strike is sympathetically told, though spoilt by her falling into love with the unparalleled celerity which characterizes the book.

DREAMS OF THE SEA, by Lulu May Walker [Boston: Estes & Lauriat, 1890] is one of those sumptuous Christmas books which one only sees in the United States. Each page is of the finest card and the poetry is well chosen, while some of the pictures are perfectly exquisite. They are executed in delicately toned blue, grey and white. Especially beautiful are the illustrations to Frances Ridley Havergal's "The Shivering Column of Moonlight Lies;" W. B. W. Procter's "Humble Voyagers Are We," "Peace, it is I;" Whittier's "Hard by where the Skipper's Schooner Lay;" "The Moon is Sunk and Dusky Grey" (from Southey's Thalaba), and Celia Thaxter's "Farewell, Farewell, from Wave to Wave is Tossed." This book is a wide picturesque shape, about eighteen inches wide by eight long, and reflects credit on both the publishers and Miss Walker.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

## A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

BY ANNIE CRAWFORD.

Hark! Through the powdered hills and over the frosted plain echoes a merry sound. In the tingle, jingle, dingle of the merry silver sleigh bells are bound up many memories and some prophecy; prophecy of the innumerable delights of yet another (Canadian) winter; memories of the Christmas firesides of days gone by.

Ah! The fading past! What an intensity of sweetness it gathers as the years accumulate between! In quiet afternoon reverie, softly and sweetly upon the listening ear falls the hymn:

"Sweet visions of childhood, ye cling to the heart,  
Your spell is not broken, though youth may depart,

The past with its beauty in memory I see,  
As the beam lights the wave that far distant may be."

Clear and bright the hallowed past rises through the mists of years. Again, as little children, we gather around a mother's knee; the prosperity of our little world consisting in father's countenance and mother's smile. Still above us, as in childhood, those dear, now sainted faces, bend; their fancied proximity drawing us nearer in heart to the Great Father of the living and the dead, the special manifestation of Whose unfathomable love we commemorate at this Christmas season.

But the companions of our infancy, the sharers of our childish joys and griefs—the brothers and sisters, playmates and friends of our youth,—where are they? Alas! In many cases how greatly estranged, how far removed, by our intolerance, selfishness, pride or prejudice? With softened hearts, perchance, we think of the brother with whom we have had no intercourse for years; of the sister who has, we fancy, given such grievous offence. How trifling the quarrel now seems that threw us asunder, while on the air, in chime of bell or joyous human voice we hear the message: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

With impatient hand we would sweep aside the tasteful Xmas card, the costly Xmas offering, unneeded tokens from those from whom we have had no estrangement, and reaching through the gulf of years and prejudice would embrace again the once familiar friend. Oh, to yield to the promptings of the better nature lest the last sun of the dying year once more go down upon our wrath, and we be found at last unforgiving and unforgiven!

But lo! A gleam of glory! A glare of sunlight! A thousand perpetuated flashes gild the West, and, rising in tints of purple and crimson, softly mingle with the grey. And hark! Muffled tread, but ringing voices. A dozen bulky blanket coats and coatlets, as many bouncing lads and lasses, snowshoe trampers, still bearing the rich carmine of Jack Frost's artistic hand, break in upon our dreams.

Vanish, much cherished Past, much dreamed of Future, as in the glorious, privileged Present we wish one another "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."



TORONTO, December, 1890.

THE time draws near the birth of Christ. But there will be no "Merry Christmas" for some of us, the year so near its close has been too sad a one. Beloved faces no longer smile on us who smiled with us last Christmas-tide. Some are removed only by distance, but we miss them. Some are gone to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns," and how much more we miss them!



Yet, as one sweetly says, "We must think of the blessing brought to earth at that season which has raised our dear ones to heaven." Ah, yes; there is, indeed, the comfort, the joy of Christmas-tide. We will look away from ourselves to the "gone before," and try to realize something of the joy they who stand before the throne and know the secrets, and consequently the true value, of the work of Redemption are celebrating on harps that know no discord, in songs that ear hath never heard the like of for absoluteness of harmony, and then a merry Christmas is ours; for do we not joy in their joy—the joy of the Redeemer!

While I am writing, I hear of the death of one who, though not of my church, had of me that respect which one cannot fail to pay to duty well-performed and high artistic gifts piously bestowed. Rev. Father Laurent, Vicar-General of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Toronto, died suddenly of heart failure, without even the previous warning of feebleness. A splendid musician himself, the choirs of the Roman Catholic churches in this city owe to him a musical training in the highest church music that any city out of Europe can boast of. Father Laurent was also highly esteemed as a citizen, and was better known to Torontonians than even the late Archbishop Lynch.

Since the addition of the medical arm to the University of Toronto, as represented by the Toronto School of Medicine, a great impulse has been given to the general interest of the profession in papers read during the past graduate course. The series of meetings just ended have been graced by the presence of a number of ladies, students or graduates in medicine. And, while no lady appears as a contributor to the proceedings, it is certain that in the course of time such omission will be rare. Women in medicine in Canada have had a hard battle to fight to gain and keep a professional footing among their well-established brethren; but when it shall be that less energy has to be expended in overcoming gratuitous opposition, the same energy will find its work in such close pursuit of science as will enable the gifted among our medical women as of our men to shine upon the professional platform as well as in the professional circle. The papers read at these gatherings were of a very high order, and many distinguished men from the United States were present, notably, perhaps, Dr. Abbé and Dr. A. K. Robinson, of New York; Dr. Vaughan, of Ann Arbor University, and Dr. William White, of Philadelphia. The paper by the last gentleman on "The Present Position of Antiseptic Surgery," excited much expectation, since it was a reply to Mr. Tait Lister's famous Berlin address. Late trains threw this paper out of place, and an able presentation on "Typhoid Fever," by Dr. Vaughan took the floor. Three of our Toronto physicians, of whom we may be proud—Drs. McPherson, Graham and Oldwright—ably handled some of the points raised.

A very delightful "open" meeting of the Students' Literary Society of the Women's Medical College was held a few evenings since. The lecture-room was crowded by the friends of the ladies, and a paper by Dr. Emily H. Stowe on "Some Able Women," wherein the writers, poets and educationists of our own country were not forgotten among the brilliant galaxy of other lands and times, awakened a

very evident patriotic enthusiasm, an enthusiasm which another speaker present, Mr. S. H. Blake, tried to direct into purely philanthropic channels only, an endeavour which I hear fell short of its intent, some of the ladies thinking, and wisely, too, that it is well to attack causes rather than effects, and equally philanthropic, while, perhaps, more commercial.

"Cap and gown" are becoming scarce in the city, the holidays drawing our students homeward. Eight hundred "collegians," as they used to be familiarly termed in the old country, make a perceptible difference by their presence or absence in a city, particularly in the neighbourhood they most affect. The present session has seen the revival of the use of the "mortar-board" and gown, a custom that fell into desuetude for several years, much to the regret of those who feel a pride in our fledgeling professionals, and like to see them show pride in their *alma mater* by letting outsiders have some visible sign and token by which to distinguish them from the masses—the "classes" from the "masses." And the prettiest sight I know of is a specimen of co-education in the shape of a "man" or "woman"—I hate that "boy" and "girl" talk that so many affect—walking home from lectures each wearing cap and gown, the "women" look so dainty and pretty in the simple classic attire.

To the patriotic—and I trust all your readers are patriotic; how else, indeed, could they be interested in THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED—it is highly satisfactory to see the growth of patriotic feeling among our young folk. The *Empire's* prize flag is won by a very creditable essay bearing the splendid patriot names, Robert Bruce Wallace, a High School youth of Simcoe. Last year the prizes offered by the Lundy's Lane Historical Society for the best essays on points of the war of 1812, were all won by boys and girls, and lately a very interesting meeting of the Wentworth Historical Society was held at Hamilton, when a resolution was carried, moved by the Rev. Canon Bull, of Drummondville (now Niagara Falls South) to the effect that in all Canadian schools and colleges the study of Canadian history ought to form part of the curriculum.

The raising of another of the *Empire* Prize Flags at Central School East in Ottawa, the result of an essay by Master Eddie—is it Edwin? Edward? Edmund?—Cairns is another excellent sign of the times. And I am glad to see that our Canadian poets are not quite unknown to some of our public school pupils, since I find that on a similar occasion at Tilbury Centre, Mr. Mair's "Ballad for Brave Women," recounting the story of Laura Secord's bravery was recited, and also C. G. D. Roberts' "Ode for the Canadian Confederacy." The winner of this flag for the County of Kent was Oscar D. Skelton, a boy of twelve, who has made a record to be proud of during his short school life of five years, and intends to write in the "teachers third" next July. Such scholars as this deserve honour, and your correspondent is glad to have an opportunity of helping to confer it.

In an issue of *The Mail*, over the *nom de plume* of "Historicus," a sharp attack was made on Charles Mair's estimate, in "Tecumseh," of General Proctor. The occasion was the publication of that part of the poem in "Patriotic Songs of the Dominion," a collection I have not yet seen. Proofs of Proctor's cowardice were called for, and Coffin was cited as an authority against Mair. But Coffin proves Mair's estimate to be the correct one, if the whole story of the retreat that ended with the Battle of the Thames be taken; and Mr. Morgan's estimate in *Celebrated Canadians*, adopted by "Historicus," certainly is not borne out by facts—far less is the justice of Morgan's innuendoes against the British Government. Barclay's disaster at Amherstburg was wholly unpreventable, and certainly the British Government asked no "victim" for it. They court-martialed Barclay and gloriously acquitted him. How, then, could Proctor serve them? Such incidents as these test the value of the writers of history, and it is very sincerely to be hoped that the writer of the coming school history, for which so much call is being made—be he (or she) prize winner or not—will not be urged on in the work with undue haste, so that adequate care may be bestowed on the collection of records. A carefully written History of Canada, in a graceful and popular style, after the manner of Goldsmith or Mrs. Markham, the school-books on which our own patriotism and love of history was built, would be the greatest success of the day in Canada.

S. A. CURZON.