

CALGARY LACROSSE CLUB.—Our national game is making headway in all directions, thanks largely to the hold it has on the affections of all old players, who carry their zeal for its success into every part of the English-speaking world. In the North-West it is as popular as in the East, and we to-day give the portraits of the champion twelve of the North-West Territories—that of the Calgary Lacrosse Club.

SCENE IN THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.—No part of America presents more beautiful scenery than the St. Lawrence between Brockville and Kingston—its bosom studded with a vast number of picturesque islets. The attractiveness of the locality is well known, and every summer sees a large increase in the number of holiday seekers scattered all along the river drinking in new life from the balmy yet invigorating air, and preparing, for use in the coming winter, wonderful tales of their exploits with rod and reel.

MR. J. J. CURRAN, Q.C.—We have pleasure in presenting to our readers a portrait of the popular and affable member of the House of Commons for Montreal Centre, who, a few days ago, received such a tangible proof of the appreciation in which he is held by the merchants of Montreal. Mr. Curran is thoroughly popular with all classes of the community, and his many friends in all parts of Canada will be delighted to hear of the splendid Christmas box (a cheque for \$7,000) tendered to him. We heartily join in congratulating Mr. Curran on the receipt of such a pleasurable token of the good-will borne him by the leading men of Montreal.

GLENORA PARK, TORONTO.—This shows one of the many charming bits of scenery to be found in the vicinity of Ontario's Queen city. In the minds of many visitors who, perhaps, never go farther north than College-street the impression remains that Toronto, while abounding in stately places of business and beautiful residences, is lacking in that picturesque diversity of hill and dale, seen to such advantage in other Canadian cities, while, as a matter of fact, a great deal of really beautiful scenery can be found in every direction back from the city.

BRITISH COLUMBIA VIEWS.—These will give our readers an excellent idea of some of the grand scenery in our Pacific province.

DOMINION COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' ASSOCIATION.—See Page 14. In our next issue further illustrations of this subject will appear; unfavourable weather this week rendered it impossible to prepare the engravings.



CHERRYFIELD, Dec. 5, 1890.

DEAR EDITOR—There is always matter—it may be for your basket; though, strange to say, I (we say *we* when we are editor) have not often been honoured with a repose in that valhalla. Still, I suppose that, tender-hearted as you are, you have one—yes, you *have* one! Let Dullness and Continuity of Folly beware, as well as mongrel letters in prose and poetry. "Pennamaukan" came out with unmarred countenance from the printer's ordeal; or, at least, with only an inconsiderable pock-mark here and there, to show the peril she had been in. There is many a defaced poetical beauty. But what signifies *k* where you would have *g*; or why an outcry about a letter upside down? You only save *g* the trouble; and as for *l*, you might stand him on his head all night without fear of vertigo, for he is perfectly bloodless. But one could put up with anything in the way of ambition or of duty. And how good it looks to see one's darling little verses in print!—the ones, I mean, you wrote with a swelled, palpitating heart, very tearfully, and that the publisher's committee went to sleep over. Maybe that committee hungered for the state of the market, or a slice of the multiplication-table. But, as for this pleasure, frequency of repetition does not seem to dull its edge at all. But shall the victim of this mania be ashamed? Nay, verily; the very heart that leaped to see the rainbow in the sky was not averse to a similar titillation, and would call for the book next to his master Milton when his choice friends were around. Now, I must say, I never recite my verses to the weariness of my friends. Ah, Mr. Editor, that was too bad! What did you say? They must be very weary if you did; and, beside, maybe you have no elocution, and have been told of that fact by

some one who, like yourself, wears his heart on his sleeve. I will speak of something else.

It is next to winter here,—or so you would have thought had you seen me propped up in the buggy (an elevated buffalo robe) on my way to help in a church dedication. A reverend associate attacked a debt—a thing Felix is not game to meddle with—and wrestled with it, to the admiration of all the people, by the space of an hour, as if he would have slain the monster. Indeed, he did lop its horns and tail, and plucked out its fangs; but, while proceeding to its utter demolition, he was cut short to make way for the sermon that ought long ago to have been in progress. Night and snow were falling, and the preacher-elect had no genial season in which to develop the winged glory of thought out of the chrysalis of manuscript. It requires the genius of a Simpson to detain a congregation who have made up their minds to depart, and who are actually going. The sermon was brief, but necessary; though it was the debt-lifting that brought our smiles.

The question has been raised whether any poetic capital can be made of the railway. Did not Ruskin deem it essentially prosaic, and deplore the effect of certain cuttings and embankments upon some of the finest rural scenery in England? I think he was never more nearly lyrical in his prose than when lamenting the curse of factories whose refuse had polluted some of the fairest of his country's waters. But if the railway and the rushing train are not essentially poetic, the poets will sooner or later find it out; for they have been busy searching with their divining rods. Tennyson seems ready with his approval, notwithstanding the rather prosaic statement, "I waited for the train at Coventry," wherewith he introduces one of the most pearl-like of his poems; and he seems inclined to blend the steamship and the railway with "the thoughts that shake mankind." Mr. Editor, I really believe that Tennyson knows, if any one does in this generation! If there is any poetry in an old-time coach or a "wonderful one-hoss shay," I am prepared to find it in a Pullman car; and I will maintain the locomotive to be susceptible of poetical treatment without abuse or resentment; while, to my ear, the distant shriek of the locomotive, rolling through some leafy wilderness, seems not unmusical.

I do but wish I might get on the noon train and ride out of this secluded valley. But how can I? The noon train does not come along,—but it is poetic in its absence.

Saxe in his airy, tripping numbers, happily suggests a palace-car in motion, on some summer day, through a diversified country, and minus smoke and cinder:

"Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Burring o'er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant
Riding on the Rail!"

Why, it makes one want to get up and go! He develops humour and comicality, if not poetry, out of his fellow-passengers. And that, too, was a pleasant incident of Lowell's on a railroad car, when a traveller discoursed on the "Ayrshire Ploughman," and the rough but warm-hearted men "pressed round to hear the praise of one whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff, as homespun as their own."

There is mourning in the land, and "onward, dark-folded, still fly the funeral cars!" Walt. Whitman tells us where they go:

"Over the breast of the spring, the land amid cities,
Amid lanes, and through the old woods * * *
Amid the grass of the fields each side of the lanes—passing the endless grass;
Passing the yellow-speared wheat, * * *
Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in the orchards,
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest."

And again, he sings, in his large style, in which the bounds are ever removing, of the

"Shapes of the two-threaded tracks of railroads;
Shapes of the sleepers, of bridges, vast frameworks, girders, arches;"

thus cutting what Lamér calls "huge raw collops slashed from the rump of poetry, and never mind the gristle." Our Acadian poet, Eaton, after describing, in one of his best ballads, the pastime of that beautiful land so celebrated by an earlier minstrel, tells us how

"Across the meadows, while the farmers reap and sow,
The engine shrieks its discord to the hills of Gaspereau."

It does! Often have I listened to it, and deemed it a clarion to wake the sleeping vales to life and enterprise. We thought we had a passage to parallel this, but cannot lay hand on it. But we will give you some home-brew, which may not turn out half so good as witches' broth:

THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

Through Earth's blindness not an eye
Scanneth star or fire-fly,
Nor the jewelled summer moon
Brightening all the brow of June;
Two stand darkly, once again,
At this station of the glen,
'Mid the mingling mist and rain,
Waiting for the midnight train.
All is silence!—not a whisper
In the wood of light leaf-lisper;
Silence—broke by muffled feet
That this sloppy platform beat.
Hark! the rising murmurs say,
'Mid the spaces far away,—
Ye who seek, or leave, your homes,
Lo! the fiery motor comes!
Now, from out the silence steals
Rolling of the mighty wheels!
Soon the echoey shrieks distress
All the quiet wilderness,
Falling off, in woeful plight,
Down the shadowy aisles of night!
Yonder, through the dusky air,
Sudden burst a hastening glare,
As if Polypheme's red eye
Shone at once from out the sky;
And with crackling tramp, vibrating
Down each rail, and hot pulsating
Of the monster's iron breast,
Comes the gride of brakes down-pressed,
And a momentary rest;
Motionless, amid the rain,
Stands, at length, the midnight train.
Hurried word, and swift good-bye;
Who is here? I—only I—
Linger, as with jerk and strain
Starts yon tireless steed again!
What strange solitude is this!
What an aching loneliness!
Yonder, through the mist and rain,
Rolls away the midnight train,
Bearing, till the peep of dawn,
My beloved companion on;
But my heart along the night
Follows ever in the flight.
Fainter on the wet air steals
Still the rolling of the wheels.
Now I hear them; now they're gone,
Through the slow night moving on;
Fainter now the warning cry,
Where that mighty steed draws nigh
Some late group,—then rushes by!
Still, that bright eye cannot sleep
Flashed where sounding waters sweep!
Still must rumbling wheels resound
'Mid the dark hills dreaming round!
Still that shrill-voiced bugle blows,
Rousing night from her repose!
Still it gives the world a greeting,
Tells of parting and of meeting,
Bids the lover to be sped,
Bids the living seek the dead;
Still it rouses chilling fears,
Wakens rapture, touches tears,
Bliss bespeaks, or tells of pain—
Trumpet of the midnight train!

(To be Continued.)

England!

O holy land! beneath whose graves our soil-freed Fathers
rest,
O happy land upon whose strand their steadfast lives were
blest,
Our native Nation! Source of all that vital name doth
know,
Where Liberty hath fram'd the laws, and Freedom bids
them grow,
Where from the lowest to the chiefs, one birthright laid on
all
Bids Duty done, of every Son approve the Sonship's
call—
Lost all beside! how rich are they that own Thy living
name
And bear with them to other shores the charter of Thy
fame,
Where'er they be, Thou also there, since Thou in them
hast part;
Thy Cross, the Union of the World, emblazon'd on their
heart—
Whilst Thou, encircled by Thy waves dost girdle the
broad sea
Each land is ever England, where English voices be.

—From "England: a Valediction," by MISS FRERE.