

afternoon during the winter months a free organ recital of sacred music is given at the Albert Hall. Of course there are many people who think this a great desecration of the Sabbath, but I must say I think it is a great pity there are not more sacred concerts on a Sunday afternoon. Every one must allow that time would be better spent in listening to good music than in the public-house.

My prediction was wrong with regard to the winner of the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. Oxford won easily by two boat-lengths. Those who saw the race tell me it was most exciting and quite the quickest race on record. Fortunately the weather was all that could be wished, bright sunshine and only a very little easterly wind. How often I remember, when the race has been a fortnight or three weeks earlier, standing or sitting in the bitterest east wind for hours, as it seemed, and wondering how I could have been foolish enough to undergo so much for the excitement of a few moments. We are to have a new sort of omnibus in London, so we are informed by some of our daily papers. It will be a polycycle, a sort of elongated tandem tricycle, which will seat eight or ten persons, who will ride in couples side by side. And, isn't it amusing? the passengers will be expected to do their share of the work; but the official who sits in front will be entirely responsible for the steering arrangements. Penny fares will be the rule, as with omnibuses. I have heard so much about collecting postage stamps for charitable purposes, and have always had a sort of idea that it was so much waste of time, that I was quite interested in reading a short notice in the *Queen* about a really charitable use for old stamps. It appears that in the small town of Locle, near Neuchatel, in Switzerland, there is a model orphanage, whose funds have of late years been greatly increased by the sale of old, used stamps. In case you or any of your friends should feel inclined to contribute to the feeding and education of destitute children by sending stamp offerings, I will give you a few hints. Stamps are useless (except very rare ones) unless they are quite whole and have the perforated edges. The price of the stamps varies so much that contributors are invited to send all sorts. Stamps must be cut from the envelopes, but the paper at the back need not be removed, unless it is done to lessen the cost of carriage of large numbers. It is not worth while to divide stamps in packets of fifty or a hundred, for they mostly have to be sorted again. Embossed stamps and the printed ones on postcards and wrappers are more valuable than the ordinary ones, but in cutting them off a margin of half an inch must be left. The stamps are sold amongst friends, or through the medium of shop-keepers, who exhibit sheets of them in their windows and accept no commission for selling them. All stamps should be sent to Mlle. Huguerim, Rue Bournot, Locle, Switzerland. Have you ever been to a Jewish wedding? I received an invitation to one the other day, and was much interested in the ceremony. A large velvet canopy was erected in the Synagogue; first the bridegroom was escorted to his place under this by two men, and shortly after he was joined by the bride, in correct modern bridal attire, and led by two maidens. The parties are placed opposite each other, and the officiating Rabbi then taking a glass of wine in his hand said some words which were inaudible to me and presented the wine to the bride and bridegroom, who both drank of it. The bridegroom then takes the ring, and, putting it on the bride's finger, says, "Behold thou art wedded to me with this ring, according to the law of Moses and Israel." The marriage contract was then read, and occupied some time. This done the Rabbi took another glass of wine and repeated seven benedictions. The bride and bridegroom drank the wine as before, and then the glass was thrown on the ground and the bridegroom stamped upon it and broke it to pieces. I was told this part of the ceremony is intended as an indication of the frailty of human life. Then all the company shouted, or rather exclaimed, "Good luck to you!" and embraced one another all round. I believe the wedding festivities are supposed to continue for seven days. The *Strand Magazine* for April contains a most interesting article about the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. You know he has lately been appointed as the new Ambassador to France, in the room of Lord Lytton. I well remember how popular both he and Lady Dufferin were many years ago, when I was in Canada, and this popularity seems to have been as great when he was Ambassador to St. Petersburg, later Viceroy of India, and Ambassador to Rome. Lady Dufferin is already winning golden opinions in the French capital, although she has not yet begun to visit or receive. Some time ago I read of an American lady who always kept a complete specimen of her most becoming and beautiful toilettes. Now I read in *The Gentlewoman* that all the dresses and robes ever worn by the Queen are always kept and laid by. The homely gowns of every day use are carefully preserved in large cabinets at Windsor, as well as the state robes and those used at her bridal and coronation. It is suggested that if Her Majesty could be persuaded to allow some of the more interesting robes to be exhibited some day for the benefit of one of the charities in which she is interested, how the people would flock to see. I have actually been persuaded into leaving my delightful, cosy bed at the unearthly hour of 5 a. m. to pay a visit to Covent Garden market. I am told the morning of Easter eve is the one day in the year to see the market at its best, but as I shall be very far away from London then I chose one of the beautiful mornings last week. The sight was certainly a novel one, and I felt quite repaid for my self-denial in getting up so early. It is indeed a busy scene, and one can hardly realize how early in the day it really is when one sees such a pushing, jostling crowd. The buildings are opened to buyers as early as 4 o'clock, and business is kept up pretty briskly until eight or nine; at ten there is usually an auction of the flowers remaining, which are usually bought by middlemen, who retail them to the flower-girls and hawkers. The arum lilies this year are exceptionally fine, and I am sure the churches will reap the benefit. The market was a wonderful mass of lilies, jonquils, daffodils, narcissi, hyacinths, tulips, primroses, violets, etc., and all looking as fresh as if they had just been plucked. In future I shall recommend Covent Garden market at

5 a. m. as one of the sights of London which should not be missed. Next week I will give you a short description of my holiday and the places I have seen. Weather permitting, I hope to visit York and Whitby, as well as Scarborough.

Here is a good recipe for railway pudding: Six ounces of flour, two eggs, four ounces of sugar, six ounces of lard, one teaspoonful of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of milk. Put the flour, sugar and one ounce of lard in a basin and rub smoothly together, then put in the baking powder; beat the eggs in a separate basin and add to them the milk; mix this with the dry ingredients. Melt one ounce of lard in a Yorkshire pudding tin, pour in the mixture and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes. Cut it in half, spread it with jam, fold as a sandwich, sift sugar over the top and serve at once.

Annie Vaughan

Prominent Canadian Women.

No. 9. Sketch of Lady Tilley's Life.

BY MRS. J. SHENTON.

We do not turn to the enchanting portrait galleries of the notable women of past times, whose originals have lain for centuries in the dust, for our heroines, as the life-shore of the nineteenth century is washed by an incoming flood-tide of no less gifted and distinguished personages. In the portraiture of human character the standard



Sincerely Yours
Alice Tilley

of comparison is fidelity to truth, and no studied eulogiums are needed when a subject exemplifies the best virtues of Christianity by the silent workings of the soul-life, imperceptibly drawing by its large-heartedness and love. In every age and country the condition of women is the criterion of its civilization. The women of to-day has a well defined individuality, as she stands in the rarefied atmosphere of the upland of ages. She has grown glad and strong in the bracing air and brighter light of the last century. There are many grand and noble women of all countries and ranks of society who crowd on our memory as we write, but it will be our duty and pleasure to cull a few flowers from a fragrant bouquet, a few leaves from an enduring garland, as we present to our readers a biographical sketch of Lady Tilley, wife of Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, K.C.M.G. The loved and popular Lieut-Governor of the province of New Brunswick, and one of the most prominent of our Canadian statesmen.

The subject of this sketch was the eldest daughter of L. Chipman, of St. Stephen, New Brunswick, and spent her early years previous to her marriage, near the banks of the beautiful St. Croix, in St. John at school, and in England where she visited relatives and friends. In 1877, immediately after Confederation, her marriage took place, and the first home of married life was in Ottawa. After living there seven years her husband was appointed Lieut-Governor of his native province, which office he held till 1878. It was the first time that a total abstainer, a temperance man, had occupied that position, and to Lady Tilley's praise be it said, that it was her chief aim and object to establish the fact that social entertainment could be given without wine, "Feeling" as she said, "that in a position of that kind her influence was widespread, and

she must use it for the good of others." Although the broad-minded, cultured woman is becoming more and more the rule in society it is only here and there that one can be found competent to lead the reforms of the age. Lady Tilley, both by nature and position, was eminently fitted to perform that duty. Her home is the centre of attraction and domestic enjoyment.

In person she is tall, dignified and graceful in manners; having a good mind and general intelligence; amiable in disposition; refined in feeling, affection and taste; prudent and chaste in conversation and conduct; generous and sympathetic for the needy and suffering, and with a soul prompted to lend a helping hand to the great army of God's workers, who are doing what they can to lift humanity a little nearer the light and life that beams from the throne.

In 1878, Sir Leonard again entered the political field with the triumphant result so well known. And again at Ottawa, where social duties and responsibilities were enlarged, Lady Tilley was true to her principles, and the sanction of her social position was given to the Temperance cause. And it was generally conceded, that her dinners and balls were quite as brilliant and enjoyable as any given there. After seven years of mental and physical toil, Sir Leonard's health failed, and he was obliged to resign his departmental duties in connection with parliamentary life, and was re-appointed Lieut-Governor of New Brunswick, and the people, among whom he had grown up, gladly welcomed him back, as a man whose high-toned honor had never allowed him to stoop to the designs and artifices of meaner minds.

Lady Tilley, speaking of that time says, "When we returned to Fredricton I felt my responsibility in trying to do something for the sick and suffering. "And the Lady dreamed of succor to the helpless and of deeds pious and merciful, whose beauty breeds good deeds in others, copying what is done, and hiding all by settled thoughts begun." The outcome of that prompting was Victoria Cottage Hospital, Fredricton, N. B., commenced 21st June, 1887, opened 21st June, 1888." A short account of a little work begun in faith by Lady Tilley, finds the author saying,

What various instruments the Master useth,
To carry on his work of grace below,

I made my request known to Him by prayer, asking if there was a work for me to do, it might be made very plain, and if He would be my Guide and Counsellor I would undertake anything. The answer to my prayer was like a revelation, and the plan was revealed to me that day like the unfolding of the leaves of a rose. When the evening came it was so mirrored on my brain, so wonderfully complete that I could see it like a painted picture. To me it seemed no great undertaking, He was the master-builder, I only His workman, ready and willing to do whatever He told me, and with one of old could say, "It would be begun, continued and ended in Thee."

This work was the offspring of faith in God, and to-day is a monument, a temple, dedicated in His Name to the cause of humanity, where all may lay their gifts on the same altar, and in communion listen to the Divine words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these ye have done it to me!"

And as the years glide on and only bring
Light and more light upon the shining way.

We find Lady Tilley's first public work after removing to St. John was in connection with a long-felt need, "The Nurse's Home." All denominations lent a helping hand to the public spirited undertaking, and as a reward to her perseverance and tact, the Institution was finished and furnished where those nursing by day or night can find the comfort and rest of a cheerful home. And keeping pace with the spirit of the times, she has preferred a request, and obtained consent to have the old penitentiary turned into a reformatory. A generous gift from herself and husband brings the matter before the people in a way that will meet with a glad response "for he who will not give some portion of his wealth for other's good is a poor frozen churl."

In the world of art Lady Tilley deserves more than a passing notice. She paints a great deal, and the picture, "The Communicants," which she presented to the Nurses' Home received many complimentary criticisms.

As will be seen by this imperfect sketch, the subject does not betake herself to the lecture platform and present absurd claims, and utopian schemes to remedy existing evils. But she realizes that woman's chief power is her influence, and has proved that there are numberless ways of exerting oneself for the good of others.

As a Christian wife and mother and philanthropist she moves on the higher plane, loving and living in the noblest things. And in her beautiful home in our grand old city by the sea, with husband and sons for fellow workers, her life glides on.

A life not marked by noise, but by success alone,
Not known by bustle, but by useful deeds,
Wasting no needless sound, yet ever working
Hour after hour upon a needy world.

Mrs. Shenton is a friend of Lady Tilley and what she says of her is noteworthy.—ED.

In this series have already appeared:
No. 1—Lady Stanley.
" 2—Hon. Mrs. Dewdney, Ottawa.
" 3—Hon. Mrs. Herbert, Ottawa.
" 4—Miss Marjorie Campbell, Toronto.
" 5—Miss Pauline Johnson, Brantford.
" 6—Agnes Maule Machar, Kingston.
" 7—Mrs. Emily Nelson, Victoria, B. C.
" 8—Madame d'Auria, Toronto.

Mr. Stokes.—"What course are you taking at college!"
Charlie Rahrah.—"Oh! I'm a 'special student.'"
Mr. Stokes.—"What studies do you have?"
Charlie Rahrah.—"Baseball and Old Testament History, with three cuts a week on the history."