



AMONG THE ICEBERGS ON THE SHORE OF LAKE HURON.  
(Mr. J. H. Scougall, Amateur photo.)

### Our Toronto Letter.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, December, 1890.

Allow to begin by saying that I am delighted to see so many high Canadian names in the Christmas Number, particularly my friend, as I hope he calls me, Archibald Lampman.

It used to be "Calico Ball," until the discarded ball dresses would not serve the turn of the children for pinafores, so lovely and ornate and cut up were they. Now it is "Charity Ball," and the ladies may dress as they like, the results, so far as the particular charity intended, being just as valuable as formerly. The ball given for the Infants' Home on the 11th inst. at the Pavilion—a lovely place for dancing—was the first of the kind this season. We always know there will be a grand affair of some kind for the Orphans' Home, and that it will be a success. This year we may anticipate something of the sort for the Hospital for Sick Children, the splendid new building for which, on the old site on College street, is nearing completion. I hear that one of Toronto's largest hearts and tenderest souls, to whom the Hospital for Sick Children owes its existence (Mrs. Samuel McMaster, now a widow) is to be the matron-manager of the new hospital—a fitting acknowledgment of invaluable services well and truly performed out of love and sympathy, and without any reward for many years.

A project which is much more to our taste in the neighbourhood than the "up-town hotel" that was to be built on the University land on College street, is an athletic club. The University authorities, with Mr. Chancellor Blake at their head, look kindly on the scheme, and there is every prospect of its being carried out. I hope the needs of women in respect to athletics will not be overlooked in the scheme. There is great necessity that the sex should be provided for, and no reason why such provision should not be included in the arrangements made. Capt. Harston, R.G., is secretary of the company, and is active in the matter.

It seems strange that Capt. Harston's rifle was not adopted as the new arm, since it was pronounced at the Horse Guards all that could be desired, for the rifle lately issued in England is being repudiated on every hand. "Kissing goes by favour," says the old saw, and it certainly looks like it.

A new military paper is being talked about; indeed, I have been told that stock is being issued. The Ottawa paper, *The Militia Gazette*, does not fill all the requirements of some of our military men, and they think Toronto ought to be able to found a paper to their mind and establish it. It takes a great deal to run a paper, particularly one with a limited circle of friends, and one can only hope the new venture will not burn somebody's fingers.

I saw a lot of Grenadiers in uniform at "The Meeting of the Nations," an entertainment got up by the W.C.T.U. of Toronto in aid of the building fund of their headquarters. Each union of the city took charge of a booth or stall furnished with goods appropriate to the country it represented, and was attended by young ladies in the national costume.

The platform of the Pavilion, where the "meeting" was held, was transformed into a stage, and a number of tableaux excellently presented thereon. Several of these were got up by the teachers of the public schools—notably, "Canada, the Old and the New." Miss Canada was beautifully impersonated by one of the ladies, but it must have been a wearisome rôle, since Miss Canada stood high above all else on a rock pedestal holding a wand or sceptre,

her head almost touching the maple leaf surrounding the beaver on our Canadian ensign, and appearing in every tableau while others changed their parts. "England, Ireland and Scotland," "The Relief of Lucknow," "Africa," embracing figures of Egypt, Algiers, Congo State, Zululand and Central Africa; "China and Japan," the "Three Little Maids" scene; "Spain," "France," "The United States," "Germany," "Russia." "The Nations" made up a list of telling and beautifully-presented scenes, that any city might be proud to produce. Your correspondent wondered if the ladies recognized how "theatrical" it was; and, a number of them belonging to religious bodies who denounce theatricals and dancing, whether they had concluded that "charity covers a multitude of sins" and felt themselves absolved. Your correspondent thinks that to the "pure all things are pure," and such will only recognize and support pure things, even on the stage of a theatre. I hoped to have heard Mrs. Dunbar-Morowety sing that evening, her name coming next to the tableau of "France and Germany," but was not able to remain. Mrs. Dunbar is the wife of our sculptor, F. A. Dunbar, and is a Viennese lady of high cultivation and fine musical training, received, of course, in Europe. Her voice is a rich, deep contralto, and will certainly win for her such fame as Canada can confer. She is on the staff of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

The late Mr. Capreol's scheme of a ship canal between the lakes and the sea is to be carried out at last; but, as a ship-railway, changes in commercial methods, the march of improvements and other reasons leading to the substitution. It is said that twelve millions will build the railway, while thirty millions would be sunk in a canal—no pun intended.



ICEBERGS ON THE SHORE OF LAKE HURON.  
(Mr. J. H. Scougall, Amateur photo.)

### Peace and Good Will.

DEAR SIR,—I think the following extract from a very excellent collection of poems by the Rev. F. G. Scott, Rector of Drummondville, P.Q., would not be unacceptable to the readers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, which has always earnestly advocated peace and good will between Canadians of every race and creed, nor altogether inapplicable as a poetical tract for the times. If you are of the same opinion you will, I hope, insert it, and oblige your constant reader,

#### CATHOLICISM.

"And other sheep I have which are not of this fold: them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold under one Shepherd"—John x. 16.

Hast thou not seen the tints unfold,  
From earth, sky, sea and setting sun,  
When all the glare of day was done,  
And melt in one long stream of gold.

So down the dim-lit glades of time,  
Age after age, things divers blend,  
Each working for the same great end,  
And in its working each sublime.

Was it in vain that Buddha taught,  
Or that Mohammed lived and died?  
Have they not, working side by side,  
In differing climes God's purpose wrought.

O, Christian sage, who lov'st thy creeds,  
Think not the Popes that bind thee fast,  
Like storm-tossed sailor, to the mast,  
Can answer yet each brother's needs.

And rail not thou at those half-known,  
Who, groping thro' a darker night,  
Have found, perhaps, a dimmer light  
Than that thou sternly call'st thine own.

Would'st thou have spent, like them, thy youth,  
Thy manhood and thy weak old age,  
In one long search through Nature's page,—  
An unassisted search for truth

Oh, dream not that the Almighty's powers  
Must ever work in one known way,  
Nor think those planets have no day,  
Whose suns are other suns than ours.

#### Lux Fiat.

Silence profound, and unawakened night!  
Nor vigil-star, nor moon—but darkness all  
Beshrouds the slumbrous deep, like some rude pall  
Thrown on the quiet dead. Nought cheers the sight!  
Impenetrable gloom steeps the vast height,  
And length and breadth of chaos, held in thrall  
By an eternal power pleased to forestall  
His will—bid death be life and darkness light!

He spake!—and thro' the farthest field of space  
The mighty fiat rang, and back returned  
With thunderous echo—heard and understood!  
So did the Lord of Light the gloom efface!  
Then from His throne, for future acts concerned,  
Surveyed his work, and saw that it was good!

Amherst, N. S.

H. H. PITTMAN.