

painters, glaziers, and finishers, and the new town will doubtless, amid such busy and prosperous music grow in beauty and comfort, and then to the accompaniment of the rush and bustle of railroads and steamships and the exciting hum of the business exchange, she will increase in importance and wealth and eventually become one of the emporiums of trade and commerce on this western coast.

This sound of industry has been the only music Vancouver has known since the fire; before that an occasional troupe of players would come with a band to charm the listening crowds, and there were also a few musical instruments then in town. But I do not think the place ever enjoyed music more heartily than it did the other evening when a new saloon opened out, with a tolerably well tuned piano at the other end to draw a crowd. I am not partial to saloons, but in this country, people must take things as they find them, however, there was no resisting the really good singing of such well known choruses as "Marching through Georgia," "Swanee River," "Sailing," "Swing low, sweet Chariot," and many Southern plantation songs. I elbowed my way through the crowd that filled the room and the street without also, and took a place near the instrument. Vancouver is at present a rough place, there are men here from every part of the world, and many of them are very clever fellows. The pianist was quite a genius in his way, and could adapt himself to any kind of performance from the imitation of a Chinese song to one of the jubilee melodies. The choruses were rendered in fine hearty style, every part being well represented, and musically, too, one of the best voices belonged to a young teamster in a blouse who appeared to me really fit for something above teaming. The tenor and treble voices were numerous and sweet, and the harmony was so good that several magnates of the city came in to listen, and even old toppers remained silent around forgetting their accustomed glass.

Once or twice a listener who had imbibed somewhat too freely became hilarious, but a stop was put to that when a stout navvy picked one of the noisy ones up and carried him bodily out and laid him in the road to cool off. Bret Harte, in his tales and poems of the west, used to dwell considerably upon the good qualities of the rough men who formed the greater portion of the population in these western settlements, their kindness of heart and their ready sympathy, their simpleness and their susceptibility in many ways—and in spite of all his profanity and intemperance, all his roughness, and his almost heathenish disregard for anything in the nature of religion, the average navvy who has been roaming up and down this coast for ten, or perhaps twenty years, mining, railroading, gambling and drinking, has occasionally some surprising points of real goodness about him. Perhaps one bred amidst the culture and refinement of the East might experience a certain degree of alarm at the thought of residing for any length of time among such rough neighbors,

but there is no more reason to fear any violence or harm among these rude western men than among the citizens of the East. Their generosity is free and ever ready, and to any one who does not put on supercilious airs they are the best fellows imaginable. I have heard many stories of brave self-forgetfulness on their part during the f. c., and several have been pointed out to me as heroic actors in that dreadful time. There are many Californian miners and English sailors among the navvies, and occasionally one is met who has wandered over the whole world and engaged in every Bohemian employment to be thought of—mining and ranching in Australia, trading in the South Seas, mining again in South America, then working before the mast in the China and Japan Seas, and now railroading near Vancouver, perhaps soon to move again. I have often asked old miners what they thought of the British Columbia mines, but they could never say—it was all a matter of conjecture, the cost of prospecting was so great on account of the roughness of the country and the difficulty of obtaining supplies that a large part of the land had never been prospected at all. It might turn out rich, and on the other hand it might not. But as a rule great hopes are expressed concerning the mineral wealth of this Province, and future years are expected to witness the yield of countless millions from the "mountains of gold." But leaving the mines aside, and agriculture also—for this cannot be called an agricultural country—it must be admitted that British Columbia would amply repay any one for the trouble of a visit. The climate is pleasant, without the extremes of heat and cold so well known in Ontario, and the scenery is the grandest imaginable. All those who have come through the mountains unite in the praise of the magnificent panoramas there spread before the view, and some who have visited Switzerland say the scenery of British Columbia surpasses anything to be seen in that country.

[I hardly think the expectations entertained during the rapid springing up of the city have been realized; but probably its prosperity, founded on a sounder basis, may reach a height, if not so great as that first looked for, at least in keeping with the general wealth of the country.]

A. C.

FACULTY OF ARTS.

The following have been appointed University examiners for 1887:

Divinity.—Rev. C. H. Mockridge, D.D., Trinity College Toronto.

Classics.—Prof. Fletcher, M.A., Queen's College, Kingston.

Mathematics.—Rev. C. A. Swift.

Mental and Moral Philosophy.—Prof. Watson, Queen's College, Kingston.

Physical Science.—R. N. Hudspeth, M.A., Trinity College, Toronto.

Natural Science.—Prof. Coleman, Victoria College, Cobourg.

Hebrew.—Rev. W. E. Cooper, M.A., Trinity College, Toronto.

English and History.—Rev. K. L. Jones, B.D., Trinity College, Toronto.

Modern Languages.—F. Krauss, M.D., C.M., Trinity College, Toronto.

Harmony.—John Carter, Esq.