

one purchased. In 1888 the church was thoroughly repaired and decorated, and the organ removed to the transept. A number of windows of cathedral glass were inserted.

The rectors of St. Peter's have been Revs. J. Leeds, C. Stewart, Wenham, Denroche, Dr. Lewis (who left it when elected first bishop of Ontario) Dr. Wm. Lauder, (afterwards Dean) Tane, Mulock, Low, F. L. Stevenson and Dr. Bedford-Jones, Archdeacon of Kingston and present incumbent. Trinity swarmed off in 1875 and St Paul's in 1885.

St. Peter's is a substantial stone structure, rough cast on the exterior. It has a square tower, in which hangs a fine bell, the largest in the town. Last year the school house, a good stone building which stands close by the church, was decorated and furnished. It is handsomely fitted up in the east end as a chapel room, which can be shut off completely from the rest of the structure by folding doors, while in the west end is a stage and curtains available for all sorts of entertainments. It has accommodation for some 300, as the church can seat 800.

As one of the earlier of the Canadian churches St. Peter's possesses considerable interest. Our views give a representation of its exterior and interior. The church and properties are valued at \$42,000.00



TORONTO, 21st August, 1891.

NOTHER poet! Yes, indeed, very truly so. But young yet, and not well read, but a poet for all that. In hiding, as it were, at present—trying his wings—and very pretty wings they are; how strong remains to be seen when he shall emerge upon them from his present retreat within a hundred miles of Niagara. A very sweet song of "Lost Lilies" charmed my own ear lately, and should it come your way, Mr. Editor, I hope you will like it so well as to give everybody an opportunity of hearing it. The poet is patriotic, too, but we will wait until he speaks for himself.

Ah, that Niagara! The home of poets. Not content with that prince of Canadian epic writers, William Kirby, and the memory of the cultivated and earnest Plumb, and the clear sweet notes of the singer that gave us "Fort George's Lonely Sycamore" with many another lofty song, Janet Carnochan; it hides among its bosky shades one of whom we have heard little lately, yet love well, Charles Sangster.

It was with profound regret I learned that Mr. Sangster's health has entirely given way, that his nerves are shattered, and this at far too early an age. May the cool waters and life-giving breezes of our beautiful river and lake soothe the weary spirit and restore to its wonted vigour the quick susceptibility of the poet, so that before another year he may be able to give to a waiting country the poems of these latter years, when in enforced retirement he has yet not been idle, but has written more and of a more exquisite quality than we have yet received from his pen. The manuscript is said to be all ready for the press, but Mr. Sangster feels himself unable to undertake the task of its publication.

Yet are we not waiting for some more poetry—of our own Canadian muse?

It was in one of those farm houses, such as Homer describes, where cultivated minds are not ashamed of being caught at rough hard work, where, indeed, I read for the

first time, Virgil's Georgics—not in the original I grant you—that I also found last year's volumes—in half calf—of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, and was challenged to show where was a better periodical, a more intelligent, cultivated, captivating one. And the positive tone in which it was asserted that though England might compete, perhaps, the United States was entirely out of the running, placed controversy on the matter entirely out of the question. Not being the editor I did not blush.

The Hamilton Saengerfest has been a great success in every way, and it is more than satisfactory to know that one of our own young artistes, Miss Nora Clench, took a prominent part in so important and artistic an event. Miss Clench comes of sound loyalist stock, men and women who helped to make and save the country, and it is an honour to us and to her that she gives her genius to the land of her birth, and will not be ashamed to call herself Canadian wherever her gifts may lead her in the future.

I saw the tomb of Miss Clench's grandfather, or great uncle, Ralfe Clench, lately, in a very quiet spot; a large flat tomb—the lettering scarcely decipherable, within its neat railed enclosure on what, not so very long since, was the Butler farm. The Clench tomb was quiet and intact, but close by was another that haunts my memory like a spectre—a vault—the Butler vault—where lie the remains of Col. John Butler, of Butler's Rangers, with his wife. The remains, indeed, for the vault has been broken into, the contents stolen or destroyed, yet one may see—oh, melancholy sight! some remains of what was once a good, a great, a patriotic man, lying at the bottom of the cave now open to the bats—nay, worse—to the ghouls who have desecrated its holy quiet, who have broken and scattered the tomb-stones that once studded the little knoll—once shaded by trees now cut down—who have broken down its fences, and made the place a dwelling for the owls and bats.

The desecration is only of the present year, and is therefore the more disgraceful. None is left of the direct Butler line, it is believed, but whether an heir be found or not it will be upon the honour of Canada to see that the Butler burying ground be either protected or the remains removed to St. Mark's, Niagara, and that something be done for the protection of the other Loyal dust that lies thick within what was once its enclosure. There are names there of Freels, Clans, Muirhead and others, that at least deserve the respect of their descendants, whether of blood or country.

Mr. Kirby very properly thinks that the family burying-grounds of early Canada would furnish valuable historic records worthy of the research and industry they would demand for their careful investigation, and we know that the Province of Ontario is especially rich in such relics.

A society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has just been organized at Niagara Falls South—or Drummondville, as it was formerly and more properly called.

The prime mover in the affair is Miss Bush, a lady of wealth and position, whose love of animals is well known. Last year this lady prosecuted the Clifton Street Car Company for overworking in cruel fashion their horses, but withdrew the prosecution on promise of amendment on the part of the company. Experience appeared to teach the company nothing, however, and this year, to my own knowledge, two of their horses had sores on their hips, while more than once a horse fell down from weakness. The run from Clifton to Drummondville is a long and rough one and would tax good, well-cared for animals, so that the broken down hacks the company affects are the more disgraceful to them. It was felt that the force of public sentiment needed setting at the back of the law, which is very imperfect at best in this particular, and therefore the society was organized. The president is a very overworked but large-hearted gentleman, the Rev. Canon Bull.

The Society of American Florists, who accepted the invitation of the Florists' Association of Canada to hold their annual meeting in this city, have been very busy and very happy this week. The Horticultural pavilion was decorated beautifully for the meetings, and Mr. Vice-President John Chambers, of the Exhibition Grounds, Toronto, together with his colleagues in the city, had his hands full.

Some very excellent papers were read,—one particularly looking to the dethronement of the geranium as a chief bedding plant and the substitution therefor of *Canina*, Castor-beans and some ornamental grasses, &c. These are, however, a good many points in favour of the geranium, particularly for small gardens, but our florists do well to be on the search for new ideas. Gardening is already a profession, and deserves the honour accorded to professions. However desirable it is, and indeed necessary too—to begin young—as it is said Sir Joseph Paxton did, poking his little nose through the palings of the Chatsworth garden where the Duke saw him, and seeing the child was full of ardour after flower growing sent him to his gardener for employment; however necessary it may be to begin young it would be well if our florists encouraged the pursuit of the higher education in their acolytes, for knowledge, though it be golden, is also the more valuable for polish and elegance.

A gardener who has achieved excellent results in one of our public resorts, lately showed a fine botanical collection of the flora of the place that he had made within two years, and this was its history: "I used," he said, "to feel so cheap when people would come to me, as the head gardener, to ask the name of plants they had gathered in the grounds; so I determined to study botany, and I did not find it half as difficult as I thought, being scared by the Latin. Now I know the value of the scientific terms, and some day I may be called a botanist—a bit of a one you know."

I hope so, indeed. A middle-aged man who has the grit in him to learn science rather than look 'cheap' can do much more.

This reminds me to speak in terms of praise of the Abbé Laflamme's paper, read at the last meeting of the Royal Society and translated by the historian, William Kingford.

The idea of a travelling, or itinerant, university for the plain men and women (honnête gens) of Canada,—I do not know whether the abbé includes women in his scheme—is an adaptation of a plan already at work in England with good results. Where, indeed, are the bad results of the higher education? As M. the Abbé says: Perhaps one of the results of a liberal education within the reach of our people may be that they will be more easily governed. Well, Canadians are not very difficult to govern, but of course the wiser they are, by means of open, liberal, logical learning the more they will see that government should be of the people, not for the people, but that if the people persist in being ignorant, superstitious and ill-bred, they must be governed, whereas under the proper regime of each man governing himself there will be nothing for legislators to do but to put in execution the concrete wishes of the people themselves. *Vive l'Intelligence!*

Very warm weather, yet people get married all the same. Make it an excuse for running off to the sea. Professor Augustus Stephen Vogt, organist of the Jarvis street Baptist church in this city, married Miss Georgia Adelaide McGill, daughter of the manager of the Ontario Bank at Bowmanville, on Thursday. All happiness attend them.

Our favourite elocutionist, Miss Jessie Alexander, is off to New York, there to add to her repertoire some new selections for the coming winter. But why not have looked some up for herself among the works of our native poets?

S. A. CURZON.

Cut for a New Deal.

A Chicago parson, who is also a school teacher, handed a problem to his class in mathematics. The first boy took it awhile and said:

"I pass."

The second boy took it, and said:

"I turn it down."

The third boy stared at it awhile, and drawled out:

"I can't make it."

"Very good, boys," said the parson; "we will proceed to cut for a new deal."

And with this remark the leather danced like lightning over the shoulders of those depraved young mathematicians.—*National Weekly.*