

till 1741 when the present one was built, came Hogarth to paint, as I have said, the graveyard for one of his plates of the Idle Apprentice; and also to find a background for his piece of the young rake marrying the rich old woman. In the old building he discovered exactly what he wanted, even to the spider's web spun across the mouth of the poor-box.

There is nothing for which to turn out of one's way in the garish parish church, if I except a respectable "Nativity" by West, and the graves of Northcote and Cosway in the adjoining cemetery not far from the north door, so keeping straight down the High Street I came to the bow-windowed house looking on to the Marylebone Road where Dickens lived after leaving Doughty Street and before going to Tavistock Square. It is not an inviting neighbourhood, this. It rains oftener here than anywhere else, and the fogs are thicker and yellower, and the sun never seems to shine. But, nevertheless, in that uninteresting, commonplace brick villa some of Dickens' best work was done, including the incomparable David Copperfield. From here he went to America in 1842, and it was at this gate the children waited, as Miss Dickens has told us in her charming paper in *Cornhill*, ready for their father and mother when, the weary six months over, they returned home again. I should like to have medallions put on houses where, for instance, such persons as Dick Swiveller and Dolly Varden were born, and amongst the first one would decorate would be, I think, those three or four where our great English humourist at different times set up his desk.

The mention just now of the Epworth ghost has reminded me of another I heard of the other day, only mine is not a genuine "spright" (as Emilia Wesley spelt the word) I am sorry to say, for I hate a ghost that can be explained away. There is an old house somewhere near Durham where at the end of the last century a dreadful little tragedy took place. The owner of the property had married, against the wish of his own people, a young French girl of no family, a Jacobin, of so fierce a temper and possessing such odd political opinions that none of her English country neighbours cared to know her. They say that amongst other things in the way of offence she used to treat as a feast-day the anniversaries of the execution of the King and Queen of France; that openly she preached rebellion to the quiet villagers, and in her broken English harangued the very servants in her own house on the subject of Liberty, Fraternity and Equality. These freaks soon tired out her husband's never very strong affection and led to much unhappiness. He would go up to London for months at a time to get away from a burden which in his youthful imprudence he had imposed upon himself, and for weeks, the servants declared, when he was at home they never spoke to each other. It wasn't possible for such a life to go on; and so one day after a more serious quarrel than usual the lady shot herself in the Green dressing-room, leaving a paper in which she declared her undying hatred of her husband and his country. Well, of course every one supposed she would haunt this particular room; so it was used very seldom, and had indeed not been slept in for years till about a month ago when one of the guests staying in the house offered to spend the night in the haunted chamber. The offer was accepted, the guest considered very brave when one evening he boldly locked himself into the Green dressing-room, and next morning he was received with acclamations on presenting himself rather late for breakfast, with a story to tell, like the Ancient Mariner. In the middle of the night he described himself as waking suddenly, everything was quiet, he was broad awake. Thinking he would read himself to sleep again, and recollecting he had left the matches near the fire-place he got out of bed to fetch them. Just as he was passing his hand along the mantelpiece he heard distinctly a movement close to him, and then there sang out in the room, to his amazement, the air of the Marseillaise, a tune the French lady was fond of singing. "I was ghastly frightened," said the guest, "and shot back to bed. It was something like an æolian harp. I heard nothing else and only heard it once, and after half an hour I dropped to sleep." You can imagine the interest with which he was listened to. Being more or less cool-headed and brave he insisted on sleeping there the next night, when nothing happened; but the next morning as he moved an ornament on the mantelpiece exactly the same thing occurred. Twice the air of the Marseillaise; then, profound silence. But the mystery was soon solved for the guest discovered that twisted round the foot of the china shepherdess was a thin gold chain attached to a French clock, which chain on being touched set off the chimes. The room was so seldom used the clock was never wound. "Everyone was quite angry," said the guest to me, "that the thing was found out." At the time, I must say, it gave me a most confounded start.

WALTER POWELL.

## MONTREAL LETTER.

PAINT heart never won fair lady, and the Fair Lady of Higher Education for Women in Montreal seems to demand much zeal and courage in her pursuit. In the present case, however, it is not the chase, but the game, that we are interested in. Six years ago the Lady sniffed the chase in the air, and, fawn-like, darted into the woods of prejudice and disdain, hiding in thickets, and springing from cover to cover for very life. A chase of two years brought her to bay. A vanquished life of four years has reconciled her to her fate, though not without an occasional beating against the walls of her prison-house. She would give part, but not the whole, of an University education; an ordinary, but not a honour, career; a certificate, but

not a degree; a degree, but not *the* degree. In the frenzy of despair she devoted herself to abstraction, when she could not secure destruction, and is now the living monument of a woman convinced against her will.

But the chase did no harm. It threw the popular sympathy in with the pursuers, secured for them an applauding and expectant populace, and supplied them with the idea of and the courage for the next game. The young women of Montreal are now knocking at the door of the Medical Faculty. Rather than face the conflict some have quitted the field, and are procuring elsewhere what their own Alma Mater has denied them. The questions they ask are not, Shall women be educated as doctors? Is there room or need for them in the profession? Is it a profession for which they are competent, and to which they, as women, ought to aspire? Is there anything in the profession which shall exonerate women from the duty taught in the Parable of the Talents? These have been answered by time, if by nothing better. We may each hold our own opinion on every one of them. We may even block ourselves in the path of the enquiries, and imagine that in this way we answer them. The question, in itself, is reduced to a very simple and unmistakable one. Not, are our young women to procure a medical education? but, are they to procure it in their own city, in their own Alma Mater, or find their allegiance unwillingly transferred to another?

The matter is receiving much unostentatious discussion, and a petition has been laid before the Medical Faculty. It is suspected that the Medical School and the majority of the undergraduates are not violently in favour of the innovation. If they should set themselves in opposition to the question itself, instead of facing the difficulties in the way of answering it, little practical result may be hoped for at present. Such an action, however, can only postpone an important public duty—can only put off what must be done to-morrow, and what is easier to do to-day. The women are in earnest, and the Medical Faculty must learn what that means. If their claim be set aside, the School of Medicine for Women, which is destined to grow up in Canada, will be lost to Montreal and to McGill. We think much of ourselves. Perhaps deservedly so. But we cannot dictate to a continent. We cannot dictate even to the half-dozen brave hearts who have undertaken to bear the brunt of the first struggle. If they want Medical Education, they are entitled to it. They can get it. They know they can; and are not to be daunted. If possible, in their own Alma Mater; but—somewhere.

As far as I know, Kingston is the first and only Canadian refuge that has opened her gates. Already, a Women's School of Medicine is established there. It is small, and perhaps weak and struggling; but it is there. It exists. It is Canadian, and a woman is not compelled to accept exile among the other hardships of her chosen sphere. So far from detracting from its worth or our appreciation of it, one's last drop of ink should be spent in its support, in its praise, in its encouragement, in its advancement. I am enough of a Kingstonian and a champion of Queen's College to uphold her for the way she has come to the front, and enough of a Montrealer and a champion of McGill College to be loyal to her in spite of the way she has *not* come to the front. But I am more than either a champion of what is just in itself, what is best in expediency, and what is Canadian in influence and sympathy; and I do not shrink from the conviction that as Montreal possesses the finest Medical School in the Dominion, and the largest hospital field and appliances, the School of Medicine for Women, from a Canadian standpoint, from a standpoint of economy, efficiency, and future progress, ought to be in Montreal, and not in Kingston. It is, perhaps, not too late. It is much to ask of Kingston and her friends. But if she continues to be the workshop of new ideas and inventions—the cabinet where all our educational advance is to be thought out and tested—that is glory enough. She can afford, for the general good, to bestow upon Montreal the favour of adopting her children, of developing, fostering, and perfecting them.

The difficulty with the Medical Faculty in McGill ought to be confined to the obstacles in the way of practically carrying out the desire of the women, and of smoothing for them a way, which, for a few years at least, must be hard enough. The professors are men with large practices, and could, in few instances, double their class-work. With the exception of one or two classes, such as chemistry and botany—co-education is not to be thought of. The crucial point is, therefore, one of funds; for it is not to be supposed that men could be found beyond the Faculty of Arts, who could be induced to supply the endowment out of their own time and labour.

There is at present only one hope for the young women of Montreal: that the generosity and munificence of Sir Donald Smith would remove an unintentional but actual ghost in the cupboard of the institution he was desirous to advance, and set Canada abreast of other countries, by transferring his endowment for separate classes in Arts to separate classes in Medicine. In connection with the crowning generosity of a generous life, how fitting that the name which shall be perpetuated in the Victoria Hospital should add this claim also to grateful remembrance.

VILLE MARIE.

THE flora of Europe embraces about 10,000 species. India has about 15,000. The British possessions in North America, though with an area nearly as large as Europe, have only about 5,000 species. One of the richest floras is that of the Cape of Good Hope and Natal, which figures up about 10,000 species. Australia also is rich in species, about 10,000 being already known. In the West Indies and Guinea there are 4,000.

## GEORGE PAXTON YOUNG.

Vale, Farewell—sad words so often spoken  
By quiv'ring lips to speed a parting soul,  
Love's last fond wish, Hope's half-despairing token  
Of faith in an unseen yet blessed goal.

With wistful eyes, purblind, more dimmed with weeping,  
We "prisoners of hope" as in a misty glass  
Lit by a flick'ring half-light's faint up-leaping,  
The Shadows scan, and hail them as they pass,

And whisper, sighing, as they glide from vision,  
"Vale, O ye spirits, fare ye well,  
Safe be your journeying to fields Elysian,  
The meads of rest wherein blest spirits dwell."

So, Vale, Vale, say we now, bewailing  
Our loss in thee, O spirit wise and true,  
Farewell, Farewell, until the great unveiling  
Which waits on each, restore thee to our view.

Thou wast the Teacher, freighted full with learning,  
Patient, inspiring, making young souls glow  
With somewhat of thine own impassioned yearning  
That Truth's fair face they might more fully know.

Nor less the Sage, deep-thoughted, clear, incisive,  
Acute and virile, brilliant and profound,  
E'en in thy satire just, e'en tenderly derisive,  
Of the glib Sophist juggling sense and sound.

The Christian too, and, reverently kneeling  
With thy great gifts before His feet who gave,  
Where Reason failed, to Faith's strong arm appealing,  
Did'st find the Nazarene "mighty to save"

And dare we, with fair Fancy's finger slipping  
The veil aside, follow thy flight afar,  
Like bird uncaged, all former flights outstripping,  
Majestic sweep from burning star to star,

And see thee in sweet converse with the sages,  
Who walk in light amid the groves of peace,  
Whom love of Truth and Knowledge still engages  
As "from glory unto glory" they increase.

And view thee basking in the Light supernal,  
In whose pure lustre no dark shadows dwell,  
Which streams from Him whose eyes are flame, Th' Eternal,  
Whose "Well done! Welcome!" answers our "Farewell."

GEO. INGLIS.

## CHAPTERS FROM OUR NATIONAL HOUSE-KEEPING.—II.

BEARING in mind the general outline of a former chapter, we naturally come to a closer and more detailed aspect of our National Housekeeping. The idea which "Queen, Lords, and Commons" suggests to the British mind is the same which we, as Canadians, accept as the woof and web of our political fabric. It is not impossible to imagine, however, that a texture might be in its construction faultless, in its substance tenacious and time-resisting, without being, either in its substance, design, or construction, suitable or expedient for the purposes to which it is intended to be applied. From the same principle of woof and web we derived an infinite variety of practical applications, from the gauzy but sufficient material with which the farmer covers his cheese, to the blanket he throws over his horse, or the silk, plush, or velvet which he envies for his wife. And the man who would insist upon providing for his cheese a covering of the nature of his horse blanket would be as far from the mark of an economist as the man who declined to accept for his horse anything short of what he might covet for his wife. The principle which lies under his choice in each case, which regulates his decision, and which, with a despotism from which there is no appeal, decides his rank as a competitor for the applause which is awarded to financial success, is the same principle which is creating, regulating, and fixing the standing, character, and credit of our country in the race of nations,—a principle whose laws and operations are as irresistible, unquestionable, and immutable as the laws of time and tide, of day and night, of summer and winter,—the law, in short, by which men live among each other, in every sense of living, socially and commercially, as well as politically. And the farm, the household, the store, the factory, the joint stock company, the combine, if a combine be entitled to a name among the industrial elements of human society, the municipal, Provincial, and Dominion administration, is each in its infancy, manhood, or decline, arraigned before one and the same tribunal.

Their system and undertakings may be characterized by parsimony, frugality, economy, or prodigality. But every system and every undertaking carries in itself the seed of its own success or its own destruction. I do not propose to myself the ambitious task of criticising our constitution, institutions, or administrations; but simply to throw a side-light upon ourselves; to call a halt in our progress, if only to tap the wheels for future safety; and in this, not to turn the scathing glare of parsimony, or the gentler illumination of frugality, although there is no financially successful scheme which, when analyzed, has not had for its foundation either or both of these stern factors, but the mild and wholesome beams of economy, the much-