



TORONTO, January 25, 1891.

The *Canadian Militia Gazette*, of sixteen pages, is by no means as satisfactory to read or to handle as the twelve page sheet was, because the paper is too thin, the type too small in some parts, and the whole too indistinct; editorially it is an excellent periodical, and deserves well of the militia.

Col. G. T. Denison delivered a valuable lecture to the Guild of St. Luke on the relations between Canada and the Empire. It is needless to say that the lecture teemed with information, and was marked by the warm loyalty for which Col. Denison has come to be particularly distinguished.

The Proctor cowardice controversy is not quite ended, *Historicus* has challenged Charles Mair by name to show proof of the correctness of his characterization of Colonel Proctor in *Tecumseh*. And there is no doubt but Mr. Mair will take up the gauntlet as soon as he is aware of the challenge.

Dr. Nevius, a missionary to North China of thirty-four years' standing, delivered a lecture on the country before the Young Women's Christian Association of University College on Thursday. The women made it an open meeting, so that visitors and the men of the Y.M.C.A. could be present, and the lecture-room was filled. Dr. Nevius said that owing to the want of synonym for God and Heaven, it was most difficult for Christian workers to make some doctrines intelligible. Yet, that while the people sought to their idols in their lesser trials of life, when death or great calamity came they prayed to a being whom they have never yet characterized by any attributes, but yet considered far above and beyond all the conceptions they have formed. Dr. Nevius also said that schools, as managed by Christian teachers, were the best and chief means of dealing with the Chinese. Their own schools were numerous and fairly equipped, but had not the element of progress in them; their text books had not been revised for five hundred years. Their classics were, however, valuable as affording a highly moral basis for life, Love, Righteousness and Truth being three of them.

'Father' Huntington has been for a week or two preaching and administering the Lord's supper at St. George's and other 'high' churches on Sundays, and taking the outside lecture platform on the 'Single Tax' 'Progress and Poverty,' and similar topics during the week. It seems a strange thing that while a hot controversy is going on in the papers anent the Wade-McMullen case, of which I spoke a letter or two ago, in which Dean Wade is called to order sharply for allowing a Presbyterian to speak in an English church, the 'high' among our own parsons do not object to one of themselves, 'higher' still, perhaps, talking on subjects and from platforms which have been, and are, as a rule, still left to the seculars, on whom they frown pretty severely, and with whom they will not identify themselves any more than with a 'low' churchman. But

'Time bears all things on his wings,' and the prejudices of the priesthood are doomed to disappear among them.

Mr. Edgar Bucke gave his first great concert at the Pavilion on Thursday evening, with a chorus of 160 voices, and Mrs. Wyman, a mezzo-soprano, as soloist. Miss Aus der Ohe was the pianiste, and played very fairly, her attitudes at her instrument are, however, decidedly ugly and ungraceful. "Annie Laurie," as arranged by Mr. Bucke for a tenor and a bass, pleased the audience immensely. It is not a bad example for the singing of many other songs of a sentimental nature. To hear a woman warble the praises of another woman, or the woes of a man,

has been too long one of the unnatural absurdities of inconsistent art. Mr. Bucke was presented by his pupils with a gold badge on the occasion of the rehearsal.

A young lady of eleven, Miss Louise Singleton, a daughter of one of our church organists, has just appeared before the public as a piano-player. Young as she is, her touch is said to be firm and clear, and her reading excellent, both for rhythm and expression. It is to be hoped the child's talent will be carefully developed, not forced, as it is too much the fashion with early promise.

A very sad death occurred at McMaster Hall this week. A young man, studying for the Baptist ministry, took part of his course in England then came out to join his parents, who were settled at North Eaton, Ohio. He came to McMaster to complete his studies, and was sent to labour in Buckingham and Cumberland counties. Coming to the college for the present session on New Year's Day, he was observed to be very pale and emaciated, a perfect ghost of the fresh-coloured English lad that had arrived here only nine months ago. A doctor was called, who said that he had been suffering for some time with inflammation of the lungs, and had fought the disease so long that it was hopeless, the poor youth dying in a week or two.

Among the 'doctrines' at our schools and colleges ought to be the religion of good health. Too much stress is laid on self-sacrifice and its heaven-winning value, and the young, highly-strung, ready-to-die-for-the-Saviour student and devotee forgets that the work will not stand still if he keeps himself well by diminishing his hours of labour and taking reasonable recreation and rest; much less does he ever think it is his duty to do so; the consequence is life-long disease or early death.

Moreover, it is a pertinent question whether these young student missionaries are being fairly used, or their 'people' either, by sending them into far country districts where the need of spiritual ministry may be very apparent but the provision for the minister is more than very inadequate.

I have just gone through a little book that pleases me very much. It is "Hemlock, a tale of 1812," by Robert Sellar, Huntingdon, Que. The story itself is a very pretty one, and is well told; and the history involved is correct and careful. The scene lies near the field of the battle of Chateauguay, but is shifted to the Upper Ottawa, among the Oka Indians, to an American camp, and to several interesting but more domestic localities, which have each some sentiment woven round it.

D. B. Read's "Life of Brock" is ready for press, but I have not heard who the publisher will be.

Another book, dealing with our past, is promised, but I must only mention the subject, which is the Negro in Canada. Whether we view him as slave, servant, soldier or citizen, the coloured man has been an important factor in our history and colonial life, and will yield an interesting study.

A Women's Historical Society for Ontario has lately been mooted in the Society of the York Pioneers. This society is about to add to its title that of 'Historical,' in order to enlarge its sphere and keep up a centre of interest when the word *Pioneer* shall cease to have any meaning in an associated sense. There is no doubt that a vast deal of the manners and customs of the early settlers, their costumes, their folk-love, as well as a proportion of purely historical record, yet lies unsummed in the memories, documents and other records of our women, and to gather all these together will be a good work. Moreover, the gentlemen roundly assert that a lady's paper is often more interesting than their own disquisitions, and offer an opportunity for their hearing. More will no doubt come of the proposition.

S. A. CURZON.

LORD DEAS, towards the end of his long judicial life, was somewhat apt to wander in his charge to the jury or in addressing the bar. On one occasion a well-known advocate, who is now Lord of Sessions, was watching Lord Deas intently while he spoke to the bar. Becoming somewhat annoyed by the intent gaze of the advocate, his Lordship looked towards him sharply and said—"Mr. P., have I said anything wrong?" "No, not yet, my Lord," came the prompt reply.

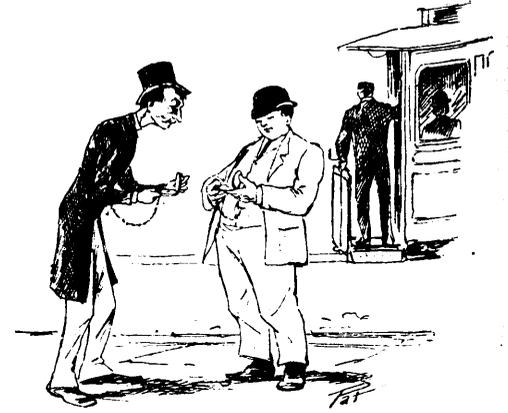
TALES OF STREET CAR LIFE.

JAMES DE WOLFERTON'S FATE.

Had anyone predicted the result when James de Wolferton of Montreal left his residence to go down to his office on that fatal morning, it would have been greeted with derision. So prone are we to rely on the soundness of our own judgment and foresight.

James de Wolferton himself would least of all have been impressed by the prediction. He went forth that morning in the very best of health and in high spirits, for life to him was full of pleasure and bright with promise. Yet, though he knew it not, James de Wolferton was going to his doom.

He walked briskly along until he reached a well known corner. A street car was passing. James de Wolferton hurriedly glanced at his watch. It indicated that the street car was due at that moment. He rubbed his eyes vigorously, looked at the watch again and again at the street car. The result was the same. According to the watch the car was due, and according to his visual organs the car was there. James de Wolferton turned pale. Then a thought struck him. Perhaps, he said to himself, the watch is wrong. Hailing a gentleman who was passing he inquired the time. The gentleman's timepiece agreed with his own. James de Wolferton looked across the street once more, dreading he knew not what. The street car was still there and about to resume its way.



As one in a dream he walked out and got on board. There was yet a glimmer of hope. He had two blocks to traverse and he knew at what time the car was due at that point. Seating himself in the car he looked steadily through the window till the distance had been covered. Then with feverish haste he pulled out the watch once more. A single glance and the light of hope died out of his eyes. A wild scream followed, and a moment later James de Wolferton was led forth a gibbering idiot.



The street car had arrived on time.

Baulso—How did you manage to get through that crowd? I had to wait for half an hour. Cumso—I was smoking that cigar you gave me.

Wife—"You careless fellow! I found a letter I gave you a week ago to mail in the hip pocket of your trousers. How can you be so absent minded?" Husband—"Not that, dear. It's a clear case of hip-note-ism."