

University. She was born and brought up in Montreal, but has crossed the ocean some 20 times, and has traveled much in Europe.

Those who go down to the sea in ships not only behold the wonders of the deep, but often have the opportunity of beholding many celebrities, also wonderful in their way. In 1877, in Boston, Mrs. Hunt—then Miss Anna Gale—met the poet Longfellow, conversed with Wendell Phillips, saw Charles Kingsley, and Emerson shortly before his death, and spent some time in the company of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, of whom she says, "He touched nothing that he did not adorn.



MISS FANNY GWILT.

Her impressions of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett were not so happy, but Helen Hunt Jackson she remembers as "sunshine, grace and tenderness personified."

The photograph shows Mrs. Hunt with her German nephew, Baron Arthur Von Friesen, the son of her youngest sister.

Mrs. Murray, the wife of Professor Clark Murray, of the McGill faculty, is a lady of such manifold activities that it would be useless to attempt to record them all. She is Scottish by birth, but makes an excellent Canadian. She has a warm heart for Scotch immigrants, but her sympathies are broad and unbiased. She has done much for the promotion of charitable work on a systematic basis, her philanthropic schemes are carried out quietly, but effectively.

Mrs. Murray has it in hand to issue a women's club edition of the Charles Dudley Warner library. She is also convener of the educational committee to prepare a series for the Paris Exposition Canadian Hand-book. In fact, on the ample desk in her study there are always some half-dozen pots boiling at once.

In the first place of all, she puts home and the duties of a wife and mother. The college, with its interests, comes next, and music is almost as essential as air. But literature occupies no small place withal. Mrs. Murray has written considerably for Cassell's, Blackwood's, and several other magazines, and was, for many years, Montreal, Ottawa and Washington correspondent for Toronto Week.

Mrs. Murray has traveled in the United States and Europe, meeting many noted literary people, amongst others the much-talked-of Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Kipling was fishing in the Bay of Chaleurs when she first met him. He discoursed brilliantly for a time on various Canadian topics. He was successful in his salmon-fishing, and secured a fine large specimen to take home to Mrs. Kipling, which was fortunate, seeing that, as he said, "he had come more than a thousand miles to get it."

Perhaps no other writer on the continent has had so large a literary output as Mrs. Mary A. Sadlier, who has resided in Montreal for the past 10 years. She was born in Ireland but spent most of her literary life in New York, where she wrote

with the aim of lifting the Irish immigrants to a higher intellectual and social plane. All her books have some special object in view, suggested by some particular question mooted at the time. They are not of a controversial nature.

In all, Mrs. Sadlier is the author of some 60 works, original and translated. In 1895, she was presented with the "Lactare Medal" by the University of Notre Dame du Lac, Indiana, in recognition of distinguished services rendered to the American Catholic public. For some years she was the editor of The New York Tablet, one of her associates being Thomas D'Arcy McGee, whose poems, with introduction and biographical sketch, she issued in 1886. Although in her 80th year, this remarkable lady still writes an occasional short story.

Miss Anna T. Sadlier, who is her mother's companion, has also published some volumes of biography, several short stories, and a book, "The Story of Master Gerard," a tale of the early history of New York. She is a regular writer of children's stories, and has published several translations from the French and German.

Mrs. L. Leach, a sister of Miss Gwilt, has done much really good work. For many years she contributed sketches to The Witness on Canadian history, and also to United States journals—not however, over her own name. She now writes on the regular staff of an American church paper. Her husband was Archdeacon Leach, of Montreal, Dean of the Faculty of McGill.

No writer in her line is better known to Montreal readers than is Mrs. Atkinson (Madge Merton). Her page in The Herald is eagerly looked for every week, its hearty interest in current topics, and its genuinely sympathetic tone and liberal ideas making it a welcome companion each Saturday afternoon.

In the days when Dorchester street was paved with two parallel planks from Guy street to Beaver Hall Hill, and when Saybrook Hall School stood where the Y.W.C.A. building now stands, Miss Jenny E. Haight assisted her sister, Mrs. Lay, in the management of the school, and gave to the journals of that day many poems, which were highly spoken of for their intensely earnest spirit, and voicing of the great social questions of the time.

What do we live for?
We live not to rust out,
Sluggishly standing aloof from the strife,
A thousand times better,
More noble, to wear our
Battered and barned in the hot forge of life.

Old-fashioned snowstorms in Montreal were evidently much the same as the more modern downfalls.

Snow—snow—fast-falling snow—
Snow on the house-top—snow in the street—
Snow overhead, and snow under feet—
Snow in the country, snow in the town,
Silently, silently sinking down,
Everywhere, everywhere, fast-falling snow,
Bazzling the eyes with its crystalline glow.



MRS. CLARKE MURRAY.