



THE COOK'S PARADE.

ARA, 24th MAY, 1891
(Mateur Photo.)

The subject is one which cannot be hand'ed freely except by scholars, but the reviews are intelligent, if not as full as they might be, and the sale of the book, both in England and the United States, is ready, and large enough to show a warm interest in Mr. Campbell's production.

That a chair of Assyriology has lately been established in one of the great English universities testifies to the importance of the study and the standing it has attained.

Professor Campbell's students in Montreal Presbyterian College will have superior advantages in this particular.

Canada for June has some excellent verse, and is a good number.

The *Young Canadian* keeps up its promise, nay, more, it is steadily improving as the editor gets into nearer contact with her constituents. "A Bean Hunt" is an exciting story, and makes one sympathize with the girl correspondent of "Post Bags," who 'thinks she likes boys' stories best.' Small blame to her, for they are always full of incident, while girls' stories are full of fine sewing and morals. "Our First Outing" is also a charming botanical lesson.

S. A. CURZON.

POINTS.

By ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!

—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes*.

When in the United States recently I had the pleasure of witnessing the beautiful national observance of Memorial Day. Originally the day was dedicated to strewing flowers upon and decorating the graves of soldiers; but the custom has become widespread, and throughout the country on that day there is hardly to be found a neglected grave. The observance has its private, as well as its public aspect. On the day preceding Memorial Day little knots of mourners may be seen here and there about the cemeteries tenderly decking the graves of departed loved ones. Perhaps looking at it with the eye of cold philosophy, the observance is empty; the loved ones not being there. But for one thing, it is a pleasure, or at least a comfort, to ourselves to pay tribute to the memory of those whom we have loved and lost. It is something, moreover, to believe that after we are gone there will still be left in the world some few souls at

least who will not entirely forget us, and who sometimes may cause our own poor grave to blossom as the rose. And they who believe in the other life will believe that in the spirit world they know what we are doing in memory of them. And so the observance once instituted, it has become very widespread and firmly established. Its public aspect is of course the more striking. There is the procession, the aged and honored veterans of the war, and the young cadets just stepping into military life, the waggons of flowers, the jaunty uniforms of the French style, the bands of music. The procession proceeds to the cemetery where the flowers are deposited; and then the next feature is a formal "oration" by some eminent man. On the whole the ceremony is interesting and impressive.

Another thing that struck me when across the line was the growing interest manifested by our neighbours in Canadian affairs. Canadian items are occupying more space in the American newspapers than formerly. Telegraphic matter and "plate" matter are alike devoted largely to Canadian subjects; and this is noticed and commented on by the people themselves. In the United States the interest manifested both by press and people in the illness and death of our great, departed statesman could not fail to be gratifying to resident Canadians. Every day the papers contained remarkably full accounts. And in conversation many persons, knowing that I was from Canada, asked numerous questions as to the late statesman, which showed the deep interest taken. When at last the fatal news was sent broadcast over a thousand wires, the papers devoted three to five news columns and full column editorials. All this was gratifying to a Canadian who happened to be absent while his beloved country was passing through a crisis.

Probably the Americans have not forgotten the sympathy manifested by Canada upon the occasion of the death of the late President Garfield. In our public meetings, and in our press, many and eloquent were the expressions of sympathy upon that occasion. Few Presidents have ever so awakened the love of the people of the United States as did President Garfield. As a rule, executive ability, aside from any personal magnetism, is all that is looked for in the President. But the peculiar circumstances attending the death of President Garfield, and the heroism which he displayed throughout, drew to him the intense love of his people. So

that in some respects the closing days of his life resembled the closing days of the life of our own great statesman; for in both cases the feeling was one not merely of a national, but of a universal loss. At such times political animosities subside, and one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

Personal.

Mr. Wm. Edgar, the well known and popular General Passenger Agent of the Grand Trunk Railway was handsomely remembered by the district and passenger agents of the line, on the occasion of his marriage, which recently occurred. A deputation, comprising Messrs. G. T. Bell, Chief Clerk, General Passenger Agent's office, Montreal; Geo. B. Oswald, Central Passenger Agent, Ogdensburg; and T. D. S. Shipman, Passenger Agent, Quebec, waited upon Mr. Edgar on the 13th inst. and presented him with an address, illuminated and engrossed, and expressive of the high esteem in which he is held in the service. The address was accompanied by a solid silver tea set and mahogany cabinet filled with 256 pieces of cutlery and silverware. On the evening of the same day Mr. Edgar was dined by his friends at the St. Lawrence Hall. Hosts of friends in Montreal and elsewhere unite in wishing all happiness to Mr. Edgar and his bride, a fair daughter of Port Hope, Ont.

The Lost Ship.

At last the Master Builder
Could build a ship of his own;
By the earnings of years he filled her,
To trade with another zone.

One morn with white sails flowing
She gaily breasted the surge,
And with tears he watched her going
Beyond the horizon's verge.

Is it the South Seas hold her?
Or a northern ice-field grips?
Say the neighbours, growing bolder,
"Tis the harbour of all lost ships!"

And the old poor, Master-Builder
Is a by-word among the men;
His fancies, they say, bewilder,
For he saith, "she will come again!"

—WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.