

LOOKING-GLASS (Continued.)

reckless, and there may be some ground for the belief. I am not saying that the present war could have been avoided had the Colonial Secretary been less domineering, though some very well-informed and sober-minded people are sure of it. But I do say that Canada should and must consider her new relations to the Mother Country, calmly and independently. She owes it not only to herself but to Great Britain to decline to be rushed into a position from which she may later on wish to be released.

* * *

A YOUNG fellow of 20, who has scarcely tasted life, whose career is sketched out in his mind's eye only—a career filled with good works, with the noble labors of the teacher, and the holy practices of religion—steps out of the door of his college to take part in some games his pupils are indulging in

one; for the desire to bear oneself well and die nobly must make men, to a certain extent, oblivious to consequences. To be cut down by Providence in cold blood, as it were, seems infinitely more terrible. It is difficult to reconcile accidental deaths, as we in our ignorance term them, with our ordinary religious theories and conceptions. Why was it that the piece of ice, hanging for so many days directly over the door from which Brother Girard made his exit, fell at the precise moment and on the exact spot that made it a message of death to an inoffensive young man? No one can tell. On its natural side, this strange confluence of events was a simple coincidence. But it has a side that is not explained in this off-hand way, and he who could dispose of the problem would be a more profound theologian than the world has yet seen.

* * *

It is a great wonder that many more people are not killed by falling ice in Montreal than statistics show. Owing to the



"WAR IS HELL."

Such is General Sherman's definition of War, and this celebrated picture carries it out with terrible truthfulness.

during recess. At the particular instant when he puts his foot to the ground, a mass of ice that had been gathering for days on the roof overhead descends with no warning and fells him to the ground. He is carried into the college, and there, without regaining consciousness or framing one last word, passes away into the Unknown, unaccompanied by the loving kiss of mother, sister or sweetheart—for the young man has no relatives living, and his life of devotion has precluded the formation of any ties beyond those of friendship. Such, in a few words, is the sad story of Brother Girard, killed at St. Henri last Friday. We are so accustomed to hearing of sudden deaths, especially in these days, when war is hourly reaping its horrible harvest, that we pass by such an occurrence as the above with scarcely a reflection. But there seems to me to be something peculiarly pathetic about Brother Girard's death. The man who was killed in battle knew the danger of his calling, was fired by the joy of conflict, and felt the resistless impulse of mighty movements in which he was but a puny factor. It is, perhaps, not such a terrible thing to be shot down in the fight, with old comrades and friends about

style of architecture some genius introduced in this city—a style not well adapted for such a climate as ours—the average pedestrian goes about during every soft spell throughout the winter, feeling as blissfully certain of existence as he would were a dozen Boers lurking behind every chimney-pot, Mausers in hand. I have seen a score of narrow escapes in as many days. The mansard roof is chiefly responsible for snow and ice slides. It is not a safe style of roof at all for Canadian cities. Walls should be carried up plumb, and in any future building by-law the council should prohibit mansards, except at a distance of from 10 to 15 feet back from the sidewalk according to the height of the building.

FELIX VANE.

"Long engagements are unlucky," cried the Boers as they ran from their attackers.

The three cups of wine which are popularly supposed to be sufficient for a man may be classified as: First, the cup that cheers; second, the drink up; and, lastly, the hiccup.