

## RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

A moralist writes me that it is hard to put Honesty right before the public. The Greek *dikaioi* certainly means "just," in the sense of a man who is fair in judging of others' actions and views as well as honest in dealing with them. But the word "just" is too vague to be of much use in didactics.

As for "righteousness," it hits above people's heads altogether, and the tradesman with two prices, or custom house cheating merchant, could hear fifty sermons against unrighteousness and never wince a hair. Dishonesty is the epidemic sin of the age, owing mainly to the fact that, though children are taught almost everything else, they are not taught "Duty," in a single school.

Children should be taught by a handbook on Duty, by scathing epithets from the master, and by a scornful and execrating ring in his voice which alludes to the meaner, because law-evading, forms of dishonesty, so to loathe them as that it would be impossible, within one generation, to find a gambler, a defaulter or a rumseller.

An "Oxford Classman" writes that when character is made first, foremost and paramount, as it ought to be, in education, singing and some instrument, be it only the dinner-horn, will be taught in schools. Music has a marvellous power in raising and sweetening character.

In his conversations with the Duke of Wellington, just published, the Earl of Stanhope gives His Grace's views on Secular Education. He called it knowledge without religion, and doubted whether the devil himself could devise a worse scheme of social destruction. He said again: "Take care what you are about, for, unless you base all this on religion, you are only making so many devils."

The Duke also condemned the whole system of pews in churches. He said that if space were wanted at Strathfieldsaye, he should offer to give up his pew, keeping only a chair for himself. "The system of a church establishment is," added he, "that every clergyman should preach the Word of God."

I have to thank Mr. John Reade for the following: "In connection with your charming *Parvus Dominus et amabilis*, I have come on an old German poem or stanza, which, though very different, suggests a like tenderness of sympathy, mingled, though in a far less degree, with veneration." The "Jesulein" is the "Jesulus" or "Parvus Dominus" of St. Francis:

## JESULEIN.

Ich weiss ein liebes Blümelein  
Mit Gottes Than begossen,  
In einem jung fräulichen Schrein  
Zur Winters-zeit entsprossen:  
Dieses Blümelein heisst Jesulein,  
Ew'ger Jugend, grosser Tugend,  
Schön und lieblich, reich und herrlich:  
Menschen, kind,  
Wie selig ist, des dieses Blümelein findt.

—Scheffler.

Mystical 17th century poet.

I received three original sonnets from Chelsea, the other day, on Wolfe, Montcalm and their common monument. This set me thinking of the "Village of Palaces," as it is called, once noted for its taverns and gardens. Pepys made merry there at the Swan, and Gray sings:

The Chelsey's meads o'erhear perfidious vows,  
And the pressed grass defrauds the grazings cows.

It was associated with Charles II., Steele and Smollett, and the gardens were mostly the work of the French, who took refuge there after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

"L. E. L." was born there in 1802, and Mary Russell Mitford went to school. There dwelt Sir Thomas More, and Holbein, Erasmus and Margaret Roper visited. Other names linked therewith are William Penn, Nell Gwynne, Addison, Lord Ranelagh, Sir Robert Walpole, Catharine Parr, Queen Elizabeth, George Eliot, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Turner and the Kingsleys.

M. Hébert, the well known sculptor, has been displaying the bust and a medallion of Sir George Cartier, wrought for the grave at Cote des Neiges, by the instruction of Miss Cartier—who, with her mother and sister, have been sojourning in the south of France since the death of her illustrious father, at London, in 1873. Sir George Cartier was a great man—a statesman, whom even his foes often mourn, and a patriot-poet, whose charming song, which he used to sing in a ringing tenor voice,

O Canada, mon pays, mes amours!

is imbedded in the hearts and literature of French Canada for ever.

TALON.

## PERSONAL.

Sir David Macpherson has arrived at Monte Carlo, where he will remain for two months.

Private advices from Paris state that Hon. Mr. Chapleau's health is greatly improved.

Within the past week, Montreal has lost three distinguished townsmen, Justice Badgeley, T. S. Brown, and Alexander Murray.

Sir Henry A. Blake, whose appointment as Governor of Queensland was so strongly opposed, has been appointed Governor of Jamaica.

Sir John Macdonald's 74th birthday will be on the 11th of January, and his friends are talking of having a demonstration at Ottawa in his honour.

Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to accept an engraving from the portrait of Sir John Macdonald, the premier of Canada, painted by Mr. A. R. Dickson-Patterson, of Toronto.

Hon. W. M. Kelly, a member of the New Brunswick Legislative Council, died lately at his son's residence, Montreal. He was born in Moncton in 1827, and held the position of chief commissioner of public works for his own province from 1869 to 1878.

Principal Grant returned to Kingston on the 22nd ult. and was accorded a hearty welcome. Addresses were presented from the civic authorities and the public school board, to which Dr. Grant made a feeling reply, in the course of which he stated that in all the countries he had visited there was no place like Canada.

## MILITIA NOTES.

There are at present about a dozen vacancies in each permanent battery of artillery, which will be gradually filled as eligible men offer.

This year's meeting of the National Rifle Association will be held at Wimbledon, as the new ranges at Brookwood will not be completed in time.

Recruiting for the Northwest Mounted Police will commence in the Eastern provinces next March when the time of about 100 men will expire.

War office returns show that despite all efforts to obtain a home supply of army horses, the present stock is still not sufficient to mount two-thirds of the men, and it is expected further Canadian horses will soon be sought to meet the pressing needs of the British army.

Captain Henry Courtland Freer, South Staffordshire Regiment, who has been connected with the Infantry School corps, London, Ont., since December, 1883, has ceased his connection with the corps, and will rejoin a battalion of his regiment either at Gibraltar or Devonport. Capt. Freer served first with his regiment in Egypt, next with "B" Company at St. Johns, Que., was A. D. C. to Gen. Middleton in the North-West, and was mentioned in the despatches.

SILKS AND VELVETS.—Demand for silk and velvets is far from being as animated as it usually is at this season of the year. Plain black and striped moires have been much more called for, and the so-called French moire has sold fairly well for trimming purposes. Satins, merveilleux and damasks have enjoyed only a moderate demand, and have sold in small quantities only. The revival of the rich matelasse silks has proved a failure. Handsome as they are, buyers are timid about handling them, and stocks in manufacturers' hands have accumulated considerably, without any prospect of a revival of demand. In novelties the new silk called granite, which is self-coloured but woven with a small pattern like armure, has been offered, but taken very sparingly, and, all round, buyers have displayed a reluctance to invest in anything outside of strictly staple lines.



The best books of travel we know of are "Baedeker," "Bradshaw," and the pocket-book.

Social philosopher: "Is marriage a failure?" Furniture man: "Great Scott! No. I've made \$1000 this year on baby carriages alone."

He: "I always seem to call when Miss Snyder is out." She: "Perhaps you are mistaken about that. It might be she is never in when you call."

Mrs. Popinjay never uses slang, but she came very near it the other day when she caught her lazy chambermaid sitting at ease in the parlour and exclaimed: "Now you get up and dust."

Watching for the letter that never comes is pleasant pastime compared with the agony of the woman who is watching for the answer to the letter given to her husband to mail, that never went.

Girls should learn to be useful as well as ornamental. There are times when instead of going out among men "to make a mash," as the saying goes, they should stay at home and mash the potatoes.

Miss Bagley: "You are very silent, Mr. Ponsonby." Ponsonby: "Ya-as. I make it a point nevah to speak unless I get an ideeah." Miss Bagley (archly): "Ah! now I know why you so seldom speak."

"Let me see," said the minister, who was filling up a marriage certificate and had forgotten the date, "this is the fifth is it not?" "No, Sir," replied the bride, with indignation, "this is only my second."

A lady has been appointed professor of wood-carving in a western college. "Her first labours," says some droll person in the *Baltimore American* "should be to teach the young ladies how to sharpen a lead pencil."

Farmer Oatcake—"You won't find any chickens here to steal, Free." Freertrader Ferguson—"I knows dat, boss, for I took 'em all las' week. But I's willing ter take yer chicken coops off yer hands at reas'nable figgah, ef y'll call it squar."

At the concert—(He is a Philistine of the deepest dye. The symphony has been played.) "Well," she asks, "what do you think of that?" "It seems to me that their fiddles ought to be in tune after all that fuss. When does the music begin?"

A queer wrinkle seen in some of the carriages in which ladies are out doing their Christmas shopping is that the carriages are pink lined. This casts a rosy hue over milady's complexion and makes her look pretty, though she be blue to the gills.

Quills: "Do you know, Funniman, that I sometimes think I am losing my head." Funniman: "Good gracious, Quills, you don't mean it! What has put this idea into your head?" Quills: "The fact that I have begun to laugh at your jokes."

It is an ancient and pleasing sign of devotion for the lover to kiss his lady's eyes. This custom, it is perhaps needless to say, did not originate in Boston; for who can imagine Hiram saying to Priscilla: "My love, will you kindly remove your spectacles?"

"Alexander the Great!" his mother called before light this morning. Alexander knew it wasn't a mere complimentary expression, and he explained afterward that she spelled it "grate," and that she meant him to arouse himself and build the kitchen fire.

Poetry and truth.—Young man (to editor): "I would like to leave this poem, sir, for you to read, and in case it is not accepted can you return it to me?" Editor: "Oh, yes." Young man: "I have signed it 'Anon.'" Editor: "Very well, sir, I will return it Anon."

Fisk and Gould had bought a great line of river-steamers. Travers went aboard one of them with Fisk. As they went up-stairs, Fisk pointed to the portraits of himself and Gould on the landing-wall. "Y-yes," said Travers, "I th-think they're v-very g-g-good, b-b-but to m-make them c-c-complete, th-there sh-sh-should b-b-be a p-p-picture of our S-S-Saviour in the m-m-middle."

She is crossing the parlour, the maiden fair,  
Crossing the room with unconscious air,  
She halts, but, of course, she does not know,  
She has halted under the mistletoe,  
Not till she's kissed is the maid aware  
That she halted under the mistletoe there.  
How many strange things in the world we see;  
How absent-minded a maid can be!

W. S. Gilbert, coming down from a great reception some time since, stood in the hall waiting for the servant to bring him his coat and hat. As he stood there, a heavy swell, descending, took him for a servant in waiting, and called out to him, "Call me a four-wheeler." Mr. Gilbert placed his glass in his eye, and looking blandly at the swell said, "You are a four-wheeler." "What do you mean?" said the swell. Said Mr. Gilbert: "You told me to call you a four-wheeler, and I have done so. I really couldn't call you handsome, you know."