



THE RIVALS.



We are grieving, even in the midst of our Christmas festivities, for our good bishop, whose health is still so precarious. Truly, the ways of Providence are inscrutable, and we should be foolish, indeed, to attempt to question them; but, could I hope for an answer, how eagerly I would ask why one of the hundreds of idle and apparently useless persons, who are in every community, should not give his unheeded body and undisciplined mind to the weakening hand of disease, and let the loved, and necessary and useful life go on with its good deeds. Bishop Courtney is a scholar and a gentleman in every sense of the word, a good Christian and (if I may be allowed a somewhat paradoxical expression) a *born bishop*. I often admire the fine tact and uniform courtesy that characterizes his words and actions. There are some men who, when they get upon their feet in a public assembly or private gathering always cause an apprehensive and nervous tremour in the minds of their prospective listeners; it is so difficult always to say the right thing on the spur of the moment, so easy to stumble over the pet hobby of some one present, or to carry a joke a point too far. But our Bishop is the direct antithesis of this. If he rises in a meeting of any sort, a

comfortable, pleased sort of feeling rests upon us, we are sure that he knows just how much or how little to say, just how lightly to touch on a subject or how to dwell upon it till it is thoroughly appreciated by his hearers. I am not speaking now of his pulpit eloquence, but of his happy display of *tact* in an occasional or incidental speech. This characteristic shows itself in all that he does, and accounts, to a large extent, for his success. Were our poor prayers of any avail, we would petition the Throne of Grace with vehemence for this life of usefulness, till excessive importuning had the promised result.

Halifax has started a paper of a unique type in the Provinces. It is entirely devoted to society's sayings and doings, its amusements, diversions and charitable enterprises. The first number seems to be well edited and interesting, and I have no doubt that it will have a good circulation. It is astonishing how people enjoy seeing themselves in print; it is an immense satisfaction to some ladies to see their entertainments described at length and with some embellishments in a local paper.

Most of our Nova Scotian friends were surprised to hear that a certain young lady, well known and liked throughout the Province, was about to take upon herself the vows of Matrimony. Miss Anna Fraser has for some years been so occupied with good works and with acting as confidante to the love troubles and ecstasies of others, that her young friends had begun to forget that she might some day flit away with some favoured one. We all remember what the Fraser family was in the early part of the '70 decade. Gerrish Hall, Windsor, was an ideal place to visit,

with a generous host and hostess, and a large family of boys and girls just blossoming into manhood and womanhood. Then, one year, I think it was 1876, a relentless foe entered the household. First he took away the mother, then one after another the young lives, Rena, Elizabeth, Alvina, Harriet, Henry, Lily, all within twelve months. The family then became scattered, and only two years ago the poor old Doctor was killed by a passing train just in sight of his old home. Miss Anna, one of the two remaining daughters, to whom we are now wishing joy, is an ideal clergyman's wife, conscientious, sympathetic and devoted to all charitable works. The Rev. James Simonds, who is the happy man, is a handsome, hard-working young clergyman, a native of New Brunswick. While he keeps his bride in her native Province, where we are, we will be pleased to endorse her present action.

While I am speaking of a clergyman, I must say a word or two with reference to a disgraceful scene which took place a few weeks ago in a car on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, in which the principal actor was a Rev. Mr. Brown, a clergyman of the Church of England. On this occasion angry words and most vigorous blows on account of a real or imagined grievance were heard and witnessed by those present. Probably every one has heard the discreditable story, it is not of that I am going to speak. I know a clergyman belonging to these Provinces who, on a college cricket field, where he was as umpire or otherwise, while in anger over some dispute in the game, used language which would have disgraced a stable boy. Surely there is something wrong here. Do not our clergymen take their solemn vows hastily, before they have learned by rigid discipline to keep their passion in check and their unlucky member under restraint? Whereas, in an ordinary sinner, exhibitions of this kind merely provoke a contemptuous laugh or word from on-lookers. In the case of those trained for a holy office, discredit is brought on the faith that they profess and the God for whose service they are set apart.

I have been reading "The World's Desire," by Andrew Lang and Rider Haggard. I could find it in my heart to wish that there were more *Lang* and less *Haggard* about it. Mr. Lang is to be seen on the title page, and is a metrical apostrophized apology for the story, but elsewhere I cannot find him. It makes me think of a duet between a flute and a trombone, where the more delicately toned instrument is drowned by the boisterous notes of the other.

The Halifax *Chronicle* is gay in Christmas garb, the adorning, I see, is done by the Sabiston Lithographic Company, and is a credit to them. Professor Roberts' poem on the Snowbird is prettily illustrated, and the number is a success as a whole. Professor Sumecrast's story of Halifax military love and tragedy, and a bright tale by a local contributor afford very readable matter.

A Characteristic Letter from the Duke of Wellington.

"LONDON, July 3rd, 1847. (At Night.)"

"F. M. (the Duke of Wellington) presents his compliments to Mr. Edkins. It is certainly true that anybody is at liberty to inquire the opinion of the Duke of Wellington on any subject, but he hopes that the Duke of Wellington has the liberty, which all other individuals have, to decline to give an opinion. When certain respected citizens about two years ago expressed their desire that the Duke should give sittings to an artist to enable him to construct an equestrian statue of himself which they were desirous of erecting, and which he was informed that his Gracious Sovereign had desired might be placed on the land adjoining the entrance into the Green Park from Hyde Park Corner, in commemoration of bygone events and transactions in which he had acted a part, he consented, on condition that, excepting to sit to the artist, he should from that time forward have nothing to do with the work, or, to use his own words, should be considered as dead. He has accordingly, from that time forward, had no relation with the work in question. He has seen it as others have—namely, more frequently than others, as it is placed opposite the windows of his house; but, as was becoming, he has uniformly avoided to give any opinion on the work or on the position in which it is placed. He desires to persevere in this course, which is the most becoming for an individual in a discussion on a statue for himself, intended to commemorate to posterity transactions in which he has acted a part."—From "The Life, Letters and Friendships of Lord Houghton."