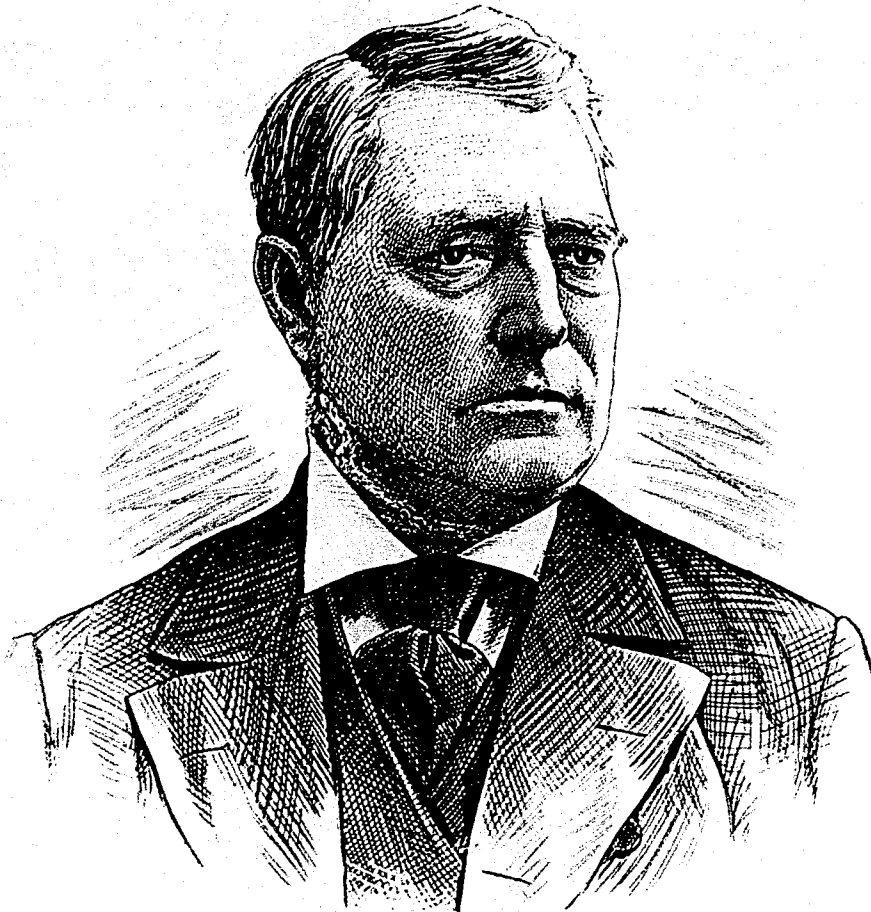


THE LATE ANDREW WILSON.

We publish herewith a portrait of a gentleman who was for many years associated with our esteemed contemporary, the *Herald* of this city, and who, in more senses than one, did honour to the profession of journalism.

The late Mr. Wilson was born near Edinburgh, in 1822, and came, with his family, in 1834, to Montreal, at that time a very small city. In 1836 he first came to the *Herald* office in a very subordinate capacity; but, by his industry, probity, and intelligence, gradually secured for himself a leading place in its management. After the retirement, from the editorial control, of Mr. Thom, and the subsequent death of Mr. Robert Weir, jun., the concern fell into the hands of Mr. Weir, sen., and of the late Mr. David Kinnear. But a year or two after, in 1847, Mr. Weir retired, and his shares in the property were purchased by Messrs. Wilson, Potts, and Penny. Since that time Mr. Wilson was a proprietor of the paper, under different changes of the firm, and latterly as a shareholder in the Company to which it now belongs. Mr. Wilson married Miss Esther Matthews in 1852, and leaves four children. A writer in the *Herald*, well-known to have been the veteran colleague of the deceased, says: "We do not attempt any praise of one whose character has been so highly esteemed by all that was best in the city of Montreal. But the writer cannot refrain from paying to the memory of a dear and valued friend the last tribute of affection. Associated with him intimately in business and social relations for thirty-five years, knowing as much of his friend's mind as perhaps it was ever given to one man to know of the mind of another, he never heard him utter an unworthy sentiment, and believes him to have been utterly incapable of an unworthy or an ungenerous action, while his amiability was such, that during that long period, sometimes in very trying circumstances, no word of unkindness ever escaped him. It is a rare blessing to have such a friend."

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 325.—THE LATE ANDREW WILSON,
OF THE MONTREAL "HERALD."

HEARTH AND HOME.

RESPECT CHILDREN.—Parents and other persons, though having at heart the good of children, are very apt to be heedless of what they say in the presence of the young ones, whose minds and hearts catch the hue of every sentiment expressed. They talk on, and the child is seemingly engaged in its play, but words and statements then made come up days after, when perhaps the conversation is forgotten, wonderfully fresh from the child's lips. Its mind has been revolving what is heard, for good or evil.

THE SELF-MADE MAN.—The self-made man starts at the bottom. He not only has to learn by himself how to ascend the steep and rugged stairs before him, but he has to rack his brain how to construct the stairs themselves by which he shall ascend. Hence he understands more accurately than another all the conditions of success. His attention becomes more fixed. His thoughts are habitually concentrated on whatever he undertakes. His judgment is matured by the necessity imposed upon him for its constant exercise. He is wary and watchful, and robust in all his being, as the gymnast by constant exercise excels in the development of muscle.

PAIN.—The great tender power which rules the universe uses pain as a signal of danger. Just, generous, beautiful Nature never strikes a foul blow, never attacks us behind our backs, never digs pitfalls or lays ambushes, never wears a smile upon her face when there is vengeance in her heart. Patiently she teaches us her laws; plainly she writes her warnings; tenderly she graduates their force. Long before the fierce red danger-light of pain is flashed she pleads with us—as though for her own sake, not ours—to be merciful to ourselves and to each other. She makes the overworked brain to wander from the subject of its labours. She turns the over-indulged body against the delights of yesterday. These are her caution-signals to "go slow."



CAMPING GROUND AT RIVER AU SABLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY REV. W. CHRISTOPHERSEN.