

MR. EDGAR DEWDNEY.

We publish to-day the portrait of Mr. Edgar Dewdney, M.P. for Yale, British Columbia, on the occasion of his appointment as Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the North-West, in place of Hon. Mr. Laird, Governor of the North-West Territories, who resigned on account of pressure of work. Mr. Dewdney was born in Devonshire, England, in 1835, and went to British Columbia in 1859. He was married in 1864 to Jane Shaw, eldest daughter of Stratton Moir, Esq., of Colombo, Ceylon. By profession Mr. Dewdney is a Civil Engineer, and has been employed as such on the Canada Pacific Railway survey. He entered public life in 1868, sitting for Kootenay in the Legislature of the Pacific Province. He was promoted to the House of Commons in 1872, and twice re-elected since. We congratulate Mr. Dewdney upon his new sphere of public service for which he is eminently fit and which we trust he will carry out to success.

THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY STONE.

The name of Mrs. Alexander Ross is not unfamiliar to our readers. Neither is the author of "Violet Keith," "The Wreck of the White Bear," "The Grand Gordons," &c., &c., a stranger to the majority of educated Canadians. This gifted lady has not rested on her laurels, however, and her latest production is on our table, entitled, "The Legend of the Holy Stone." We deem it the best of her works, stronger and more rounded and more condensed than any of her previous publications. Its moral tone and ethical teachings are also of a high order, without, however, intruding needlessly upon the attention of the reader or checking the march of the narrative, which is easy, natural, and alert throughout.

Although the bulk of the story is modern in characters, locality and dramatic intrigue, it is founded on and flows directly from the beautiful old Rabbinical legend of the Holy Stone, the poetic details of which are unfolded in the first chapter. In the last chapter we take up again the thread of the legend, so as to wind up the whole and point the moral which ought to adorn every tale. We may not anticipate the interest of the reader by dissecting and analyzing the body of the story itself, as that would not be fair to the author, but we may whet his appetite

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EDGAR DEWDNEY, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, N.W.T.

by a brief account of the legend with which it is linked.

In the days of Siebert, King of the Saxons, there came to a famous abbey on the river Thames a traveller, dressed as a monk, with tonsured head, hood of serge and sandal shoon. He was admitted within the cloistral gates as Father Paul, who had been sent by the Pope on some momentous mission, the particulars of which he was to learn from the lips of the abbot, whose name was Wolfgang. The latter pointed to a church, whose walls were raised, indeed, but surrounded by unhewn stones, which demons in the night were using to demolish the temple of God. That they were devils was plain from the marks of their hoofs on the clay and sand. Exorcism had been tried in vain, and the spiritual power of the new comer from Rome was required to remove the blight and spell. After spending the night in fasting and prayer, Father Paul and all the monks repaired to the church, where King Siebert and his Queen, Athelgoda, were awaiting them on their thrones in the chancel. The Roman priest knelt at the foot of the altar, but was so long at his orison that the congregation got impatient, and the abbot had to go forth to arouse him. He found him dead! Then at once a vision appeared of a snow-white bark, freighted with white-robed men, which flashed at the chancel. Celestial music filled the temple, dying away in delicious echoes along the groined ceiling, and the ceremony of the mass was duly performed. Then the work was done. "Thus, on Thane Island, centuries ago, was Westminster Abbey first consecrated to God and to St. Paul." The angels departed, and Father Paul was buried, but, as they laid him out, the abbot found upon his breast the Holy Stone which the Angel gave unto Tobias, that it might be a token between the Angel and the Tribe forever. The learned Wolfgang read the Hebrew legend round the edge, but there was this discrepancy:—

It will come with a woman,
It will go by a woman."

On this prophecy hangs the novel. The Holy Stone goes to Athelgoda, and the story of Ruby, centuries after, tells us what became of it. We can heartily recommend the work to all our readers. It is neatly printed by A. A. Stevenson, and adorned with numerous lithographic plates by the Burland-Desbarats Company, who have thus shown what facilities they have for the cheap and effective illustration of books and pamphlets.



MILITARY LUNCH AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE AFTER THE REVIEW ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.