

"She was awfully pretty," said my companion, "and only seventeen when Routh, the painter, insisted on marrying her, taking her home to live in Newman Street with his stiff and starched old sister who was entirely given up to good works in the East End. She hated good works: she hated being made to sit everlastingly to Routh for his pictures, which she was sensible enough to see would never get hung or sold they were so infernally bad, and she couldn't get on with her sister-in-law, and couldn't endure the dull, cramped life they led, and the stupid, incompetent people they saw, as stupid and incompetent as her husband. Why did she marry him? I don't know unless it was that she had no money, and no people of her own; and she thought an artist would give her some position and fun, and, besides, anything was better than governessing. But the thing didn't work. Whenever you dropped into his chilly, ugly, little painting-room you felt there was something wrong in the atmosphere. He hardly looked up from his Portias and Jocondas and she would be staring into the fire with a frown on her face; but generally she was out, no one knew where. I think they had been married six months when she announced to her family that she had joined a travelling company of actors at a salary of two pounds a week, and was starting with her companions for Wolverhampton that evening. They were to begin with 'The School for Scandal,' she said, and she hoped her husband would lend her the dresses he had painted in his picture of the Screen Scene. Routh made a horrible row, and vowed that if she persisted in this mad scheme she should never come back to his house, and as a matter of fact she never did. I used to see more of him after she had gone. He grew very grey. He did better work."

"One day Miss Routh told me they had heard her brother's wife had got into some kind of trouble and had drowned herself in the Serpentine, and that her brother had been told, and had recognized the body at the Receiving House in the park by the marks on the linen. After that he spoke of her to me once or twice, a thing he had never done since she left; and he finished a sketch he had painted of her in the early days, and hung it by the mantelpiece."

"Well, a year or two afterwards, while a model was sitting to Routh, he was called out of the room, and when he came back again he found her in front of his wife's portrait. 'That lady's husband has taken the Squire's house in our village' she said. 'They are very rich: he gives the largest subscription to the Cricket Club of anybody.' 'That lady is dead,' Routh answered in such a tone that the girl daren't say another word then; but later, just before she left, she began speaking about the sketch again, and her story amounted to this: She could swear that she had seen the original at church in the Essex village only a Sunday or two ago, and that, moreover, the lady had worn the same silver bangle as that drawn in the sketch: and she described a certain trick of the hands and turn of the head by which Routh knew that she must have seen his wife."

"He has told me of his journey down to Essex and of their chance meeting in the churchyard. She was going to decorate the altar for the next day's service and he was on his way to ask of the parson particulars about the newcomers at the Manor House. Please would he go back to town and not disturb her, she said, she was very contented and happy, and liked the country. She supposed the mistake about the drowned girl (who was one of the travelling company) had arisen because she had been given all Mrs. Routh's clothes when Mrs. Routh left the stage and came to live here. She had seen the announcement of her own death in the papers; but didn't care to contradict it. What did it matter? Did she want to be divorced? Oh no; if ever she did she'd let Routh know. Was he still at the old address? She gave him a bit of lily of the valley, and he returned to London by the next train."

"Not long after Routh heard from her that she was in distress and he sent her £100 a year for some time. Then she asked to be set free; and she married once, if not twice, but neither time very happily. He has never spoken to her since that afternoon in the Essex churchyard; and lives on, unmarried, still in Newman Street, and still painting impossible scenes from the 'Vicar of Wakefield' and the like, while she is on the stage again; and looks so young and so pretty." WALTER POWELL.

MONTREAL LETTER.

THE quaint little Church of St. James the Apostle has just celebrated its Silver Wedding. Its beloved rector, the Rev. Jacob Ellegood, dates his reminiscences of his work here as far back as 1847, when ship fever and black smallpox raged among immigrants from Ireland, where famine had so impoverished their systems that they fell an easy prey to the dread diseases. Seven of Mr. Ellegood's co-workers were cut down from infection caught in the discharge of their daily routine of visiting and help, and as many as 6000 men and women were buried in one grave. A large boulder down at "The Point," with an inscription marks the spot. In 1863 the first suggestion of his present pretty church was made. A lady and gentleman presented the site, then surrounded by primitive nature, now by grocers and plumbers (primitive art), and supplemented their gift by an addition of \$4000, afterwards increased to \$8000. Thus started, the suggestion grew apace, and the more that others contributed the more the original benefactors left them far behind in gifts. The tower in memory of a cherished past, the surplices for the choir, \$6000 for an organ, and

recently the chime and bells, all came from the same generous spirits. All that remains to be given is a chapel-of-ease, with free seats for all-comers, and doubtless Mr. Ellegood shall soon arrive at this desired achievement.

The Wesleyan Church College had a most successful convocation. Ferrier Hall was crowded, and hundreds were sent unadmitted away. The venerable Dr. Douglas presided, and satisfactory reports of the year's work were presented.

An interesting gathering of a similar nature took place at Laval University, where the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the Province of Quebec met for the annual formalities. Of 110 candidates for admission to medicine 82 passed, and 19 others in supplementary subjects on which they had been previously tripped up. The College appointed a committee to consider the demand of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Manitoba for reciprocity of licenses in the two Provinces, and the President urged a federation of degrees for the Empire.

Mr. Charles A. E. Harriss, organist of the Church of St. James the Apostle, has, with all artistic enthusiasm announced and organized a May Festival of Music, and it is most devoutly to be hoped that, not only for Mr. Harriss' sake, and our own sake, but on behalf of the distinguished talent he is bringing on, we shall do our part of it. Miss Emma Juch, Signor Perotti, Miss Adèle Aus Der Ohe, and a Symphony Orchestra made up from Boston and New York, as well as other famous names, constitute the attractions. The Festival consists of a varied programme for the evening of the 13th and the afternoon of the 14th, and a Grand Wagner night on the evening of the 14th, with scenes from "Tannhäuser," "Meistersinger," "Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin," and "Die Walküre."

Gounod's Oratorio, "The Redemption," was rendered in Trinity Church, and "The Holy City," which made a hit on Good Friday evening by a choir of fifty, is to be repeated.

The arrangements for the celebration of the Queen's Birthday are rapidly developing. In addition to the Queen's Own from Toronto, and the Governor-General's Foot Guards from Ottawa, regiments from Quebec, Kingston, Sherbrooke and St. John's are expected to take part in the pageant. The city, public corporations and private citizens are all putting their shoulder to the wheel, and the Field Day is likely to be something we need not be ashamed of.

The unnatural inflation of building in Montreal has subsided into what may turn out to be a collapse. A rush has been made for neat, small and inexpensive houses, leaving their more pretentious neighbours to look after themselves. Whole blocks of new houses and stores stand still unoccupied. The Grand Trunk railway has at last come to terms about the Sub-way difficulty, having agreed to pay half of the cost (\$64,000), and half of the damages to property. The season of sunstrokes has commenced, and the daily consumption of water has increased by two and a half millions of gallons. The dread of an ice famine is upon us, the harvest being only 22 inches instead of 36 in thickness. Prices will be high as supplies are low.

The City Surveyor has been granted leave for three months to visit England and France in search of rest, and new ideas upon improved methods of paving and harbour protection. May all the old shoes of the season go after him! The island ferries and wharves have received their spring inspection. The mountain is being swept and garnished, and newly-painted benches are seeking shady nooks. But the dust on the drives! What shall we do with it? And the wholesale robbery of wild flowers and wealth of blossom! Not a button-hole, or even a bouquet, but arms and baskets full. Not the desire to pick one, but the determination to leave none.

The City Improvement Association has had an important meeting and discussed a varied and extensive field. Narrow tires on waggon wheels cut up the streets. Wide tires weld them into a more solid mass. Hints were thrown out weeks ago, and friendly threats of taxing the narrow. But there are many "blind horses" in Montreal, and only one company took the hint. On good, smooth streets the narrow is easiest for draught, but on ours the broad seems a necessity. Overhead wires, too, came up in the meeting, and the danger arising from the complication of the system, which led into an unfruitful debate as to the financial value of our lines. No one seems to have asked what right these telephones have to attach themselves to and support themselves by the roofs of our houses without our permission. The poles also came in for their share of attention,—the nuisance, the size, the number, the ugliness, the interruption to pedestrians which they present on every hand. Tenement houses, too, to ensure safety and health, ought to be regulated and controlled in construction and plan. It is only when a man raises himself to the position of an inmate of a jail that the condition of his accommodation is worthy of official examination and report. Dissipated dogs, who have lost their latch-key and bark all night to find it, are to be handed over to the police. They have been handed over long ago by statute, but the police are to be begged to accept them, and a committee was appointed for the purpose. Then our yards and back lanes, with private stables, brought up the rear of the programme, and the meeting could not agree as to the right a man had to house his horses behind his own house, not so much because of the relation of his stable to his own house, as on account of its relation to others, being, evidently, in front of one, east of a second, and west of a third.

The Woman movement is like a rolling stone. At every turn it gains in impetus and momentum. At a quarterly meeting of the General Hospital a member intimated that it was his intention to help on the medical education of women by proposing at a future meeting that their names be made eligible for election to the hospital staff, and that when qualified they should be allowed hospital practice as well as men. If the women should fail in getting what they want from McGill, he would suggest they hand their endowment over to the Hospital, where they could get as good a medical education as anywhere. Another member did not see why a stripling, who gave \$100 to the Hospital, should, because he was a man, be considered of more value in the council than the ladies of mature years and experience who had been contributing all their lives long; and seeing that the charter provided that any person who shall contribute by donation the sum of \$100 be elected a life-governor of the institution, he had much pleasure in proposing that certain ladies (whom he named) having been the most loyal and liberal supporters of the Hospital, be hereby elected. The motion was seconded before the "potent, grave and reverend signors" had drawn their bated breath; but as courage returned with a moment's delay, the council declined to have so very important a measure sprung upon them, and begged for time to consider. VILLE MARIE.

CANADIAN NATIONAL LIFE.

IN contributing to the printed thought of the country upon questions affecting its national life, the writer is impressed with the magnificence of the structure, the plan of which is engraved upon the minds of its inhabitants, and whose foundations are already laid in solidity, showing skilled workmanship in every detail. The perfection of national life is the outcome of political genius, better known as statesmanship, by which a spirit of self-sacrifice is called for on the part of the people to contribute to the development of their national resources and national strength, for the benefit of the humblest citizen in the realm as well as the most exalted, thereby in the end securing greater prosperity and greater security for the community at large. Under an autocracy like Russia, whose climate and territory more nearly assimilates to that of Canada than any other power, this political genius is the reflection of the abilities of a comparatively few individuals, but under our liberal constitution this political genius is the reflection of the abilities of the people as a whole reacting upon their representatives.

In realizing the importance of national life we can bear in mind no higher authority than St. Paul, a citizen of the distant province of Cilicia, whose abilities and Christian humility shine out pre-eminent in the history of our Christian era. "I am a Roman free born," was the confident answer he gave to his persecutors to obtain for himself even-handed justice, and for this national advantage, so greatly prized was it in those days, large sums were paid by individuals. The British Empire has arisen and represents to-day the power, if not the ambition, of the old Roman Empire, and every individual who is a subject of it, if not free born, is free the moment he sets foot upon its soil and becomes a citizen, no matter in what remote corner of the Empire he may cast his lot. It is upon this broad basis Canadian national life should continue to establish itself. The task that lies before the Canadian people is to continue the work of construction upon the most advanced lines of constitutional government, one of the essential elements of which is to preserve the liberties of the people free from the sinister influences which the baser part of our nature continually threaten, and to which the very freedom of constitutional government exposes them. Governing half a continent, whose climate and resources develop characteristics that cannot fail to make their influence felt, it will be our own fault if we do not succeed in forming a nationality which, through our relations to the Imperial power, will exert its influence in the scale of a progressive civilization it should be the aim of statesmen to foster throughout the world. One of the chief motive powers in a nation is its commerce, which it is our collective duty to develop. The national life of the country must necessarily be somewhat influenced by our neighbours, because speaking the same language it is impossible that the reflection of their genius or the effect of their policy should not react upon the minds of Canadians. The weight that bears upon the councils of American diplomacy is greatest from those States that know not, and while there is present in the minds of some a vague national doctrine known as the Monroe Doctrine, the diplomatic effect of their policy is to drive us farther apart, lending to Canadian national instincts a dignity and independence which creates a spirit the reverse of the theories they would promulgate. Their late President, who was reared on our borders, approached more nearly to the ideal of statesmanship necessary to promote national friendship and intercourse on this continent, by his able exposition of the doctrines of free trade, and his acknowledgment of the justice of our contentions through the fisheries treaty which he took upon himself to negotiate.

The policy of commercial exclusiveness throws Canadians upon their own resources, which their statesmen are not slow to develop, and brings out with greater force the weight that Imperial interests bear upon their national and commercial life. The soundness of the theories of trade is generally acknowledged by British subjects, but American policy has taught Canadians that it cannot be carried out in its entirety without co-operation. Apart