

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

I. Long centuries ago, When slept the monster God of War, Sated with blood and woe, And earth had ease...

the proceedings as quietly and comfortably as might be. Whatever might be said of the comfort, the quiet was not easy to obtain. The storm brought with it a heavy swell, which made the ship reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man...

It is mild to say that I very much admired the spectacle. No words can convey the picture of that great ship ploughing its way with great rapidity, with master force in the teeth of that storm.

The dressing for dinner was rather trying work. It was rather a question of breaking one's neck before getting one's sea legs. Only four or five sat down to that splendid Sunday menu. I was sorry for the absent, but there was a steward a piece for those who were there, and I had got a ravenous appetite. At 10 o'clock I was ready for a boiled herring, and then with plenty of blankets and cradled by the waves, I slept the sleep of the just, until the steward called me to breakfast.

Monday morning was singularly bright and fine after the storm. Tuesday brought us abreast of the south coast of Newfoundland which had a stern and repellent air, the white surf breaking high up the steep cliffs. Toward 10 o'clock we were opposite Cape Pine, and as noon abreast of Cape Race, and then good-bye to the shores of America. The weather is fine and the invalids are beginning to feel happier and take their places around the table again.

26th.—To-day is even still finer and we are at noon 300 miles from land. The effect on the climate is wonderful. It does not even freeze, and feels like a June day. There is no wind and the ocean is as smooth as a mill pond, with the exception of that gentle roll which I think never stops, and which might seem to indicate an uneasy conscience. During the forenoon we met the Sardinian bound for Halifax, and we dipped to the Commodore, which compliment was promptly acknowledged. The Sardinian looked splendidly as she steamed across our track.

SUNDAY, P.M.—We have had a succession of wonderfully fine weather. The ocean has been smooth, and everything gone prosperously. We had a celebration of St. Andrew's Day last night with speeches and music, &c. Toasts to the health of Capt. Brown and the Polynesian, and success to the Allan Line were enthusiastically received and many good things said in praise of them both. There was a full attendance at the service to-day.

MONDAY EVENING.—We have been in Lough Foyle and are due in Liverpool to-morrow noon. It has been very rough. We were about 350 miles off the Irish Coast, crossing what the Doctor told me the sailors call "The Devil's Punch Bowl." We certainly stirred it very thoroughly last night. But before that nothing could be more pleasant than the voyage. We seemed to have left winter for summer. The water which was 32 degrees in the Gulf, and off the coast of Newfoundland rose to 50. Every one felt well and happy in the delicious weather, but now we are getting it cold again in the Channel. In a few hours more we shall be in Liverpool.

AN ACCOMODATING HOTEL.

The following satirical hit on the frequenters of hotels may not be without interest to our readers:

The Accomodation Hotel has been built and arranged for the special comfort and convenience of the travelling public.

On arrival, each guest will be asked how he likes the situation, and if he says the hotel ought to have been placed nearer the railroad depot, the location of the house will be immediately changed. Corner front rooms, up only one flight, for each guest. Bath, gas, water closet, hot and cold water, laundry, telegraph, fire alarm, restaurant, bar-room, billiard tables, daily papers, coupe, sewing machines, grand piano, a clergyman, and all other modern conveniences in every room. Meals every minute, if desired, and consequently no second table. English, French and German dictionaries furnished each guest to make up such a bill of fare as he may desire, without regard to bill of fare afterwards at the office. Waiters of any nationality or color if desired. Every waiter furnished with a libretto, button-hole bouquet, full dress suits, ball tablets, and his hair parted in the middle. Every guest will have the best seat in the dining hall, and the best waiter in the house. Any guest not getting his breakfast red hot, or experiencing a delay of sixteen seconds after giving his order for dinner, will please

mention the fact at the manager's office, and the cook and waiters will be blown from the mouth of the cannon in front of the hotel at once. Children will be welcomed with delight, and are requested to bring hoop sticks and hawkeys to bang the carved rosewood furniture, especially provided for that purpose, and pegtops to spin on the velvet carpets; they will be allowed to bang on the piano at all hours, fall down stairs, carry away desert enough for a small family in their pockets at dinner, and make themselves as disagreeable as the fondest mother can desire. Washing allowed in rooms: ladies giving an order to "Put me on a flat-iron" will be put on at any hour of the day or night. A discreet waiter, who belongs to the Masons, Odd Fellows, Sons of Malta, Knights of Pythias, K. O. M. and M. D. R.'s and who was never known to tell the truth, or the time of day, has been employed to carry milk punches and hot toddies to the ladies' rooms in the evening. The office clerk, Thomas Bogue, has been carefully selected to please everybody, and can lead in prayer, play draw poker, match worsteds in the village store, shake for the drinks at any hour, day or night, play billiards, a good waltzer, can dance the German, make a fourth at euchre, amuse the children, repeat the Beecher trial from memory, is a good judge of horses, as a railroad or steamboat reference is for superior to Appleton's or anybody else's guide, will flirt with any young lady and not mind being cut to death when "Pa comes down."—Can room: forty people in the best rooms in the house when the hotel is full, attend to the annunciator and answer questions in Greek, Hebrew, Choctaw, Gaelic, or any other polite language, at the same moment without turning a hair. Dogs allowed in any room in the house, including the whine room. Gentlemen can drink, smoke, swear, chew, gamble, tell stories, stare at the new arrivals, or indulge in any other innocent amusements common to watering places, in any other part of the hotel. The Landlord will always be happy to hear that some other hotel is "the best house in the country." Special attention given to parties who can give information as to "how these things are done in Yewrup."

HEARTH AND HOME.

FAVOURS.—Under no circumstances, if you can avoid it, ask a favour, not even from your nearest and dearest friends. Give as many as you can, and, if any are freely offered, it is not necessary to be too proud to take them; but never ask for or stand waiting for any. Who ever asked a favour at the right time? To be refused is a woeful stab at one's pride. It is even worse to have a favour granted hesitatingly. Better do everything for yourself until you drop from exhaustion, and then, if any one picks you up, let it be because of his own free choice, and not from any other. But while you can stand, be a soldier. Eat your own crust rather than feed on another's dainty meals; drink cold water rather than another's wine. Love or tenderness should never be put aside when its full hands are stretched towards you; but so few love, so few are tender, that a favour asked is apt to be a cruel millstone around your neck, even if you gain the thing you want by the asking. You can never repay the giver of a favour if that favour is granted on solicitation.

MONEY IN MARRIAGE.—Is strong love on both sides necessary to a happy marriage? I think not, if there be plenty of money on one side or other to smooth away the difficulties which bristle on the path of life. Rich people can live apart for as many hours a day as it suits them; my lady has her boudoir, or sulking chamber, and my lord his study and sports. There need be no wrangling about the dinners and butcher's bills, for this is the cook's business; my lady can afford to be always well dressed, and so looks ever fresh; my lord, also, having a powerful balance at his bankers, can always make his peace after a tiff by purchasing a present. But in the case of persons who are not easy in their circumstances all this is impossible; and husband and wife must certainly feel some affection for each other if they are to attempt the struggle against poverty with any sort of cheerfulness band in hand. To come home and find an ill-cooked dinner, presided over by a slatternly wife in her tantrums, is a gloomy business. To hear a husband maunder daily over the increasing cost of coals and small beer is quite as gloomy for the wife. The squalling of brats, which is as apt to begin in the dead of night, scaring sheep away and turning the mere name of sleep into derision, does not add to the comfort of the domestic picture. Therefore people who think of taking a plunge into matrimony are quite justified in looking before they leap.

BREVITIES.

IN shirts, gloves, and underwear there are strong inducements offering by Geo. Bond & Co., 415 Notre Dame street.

As the setting of a gem brings out the brilliancy of the stone, so does the frame the beauty of the picture. Stewart, 743 Craig street, from his long experience in gilding and decorating, can be relied on to please the most exacting taste.

IN view of the late sharp advance in fine furs, it may be well to know that Robertson, No. 232 McGill street, makes a specialty of altering, cleaning, and making up all kinds of furs, and is offering his well-assorted stock of caps, muffs, &c., cheap.

LAFLEMMÉ, at 249 St. James street, with his systematic measurement in shirt-making, is filling orders for customers both old and new. His stock of underclothing, &c., is always of the best.

THERE is always strong attraction in the fine art rooms at Scott's, Notre Dame street. This year it is unusually good, embracing, as it does, so many novelties in "Ceramics" and decorative art goods. It is a positive treat to visit these rooms.

As a substitute for tea and coffee nothing has taken a firmer hold on the public than Kooka, which may now be had at every grocery. It was exhibited at the Dominion Exhibition and also many Western local fairs, and its use has been recommended by the medical profession.

THE windows of Job C. Thompson, 416 Notre Dame street, are bright with the handsome styles in muffs, caps, gloves, &c., ticketed at such prices as to insure attention. Cash and enterprise will always bring trade; that, with reasonable prices and fair dealing, have made a reputation for this house.

No better place in the city to buy boots and shoes than at Ronayne's, Chabouille square. Their stock is always good and well assorted, and prices the lowest. St. Joseph street cars pass their door. Call on them and save money.

THE love of knowledge comes with reading books. They are something that will be kept by loved ones for years. One of the best and most favourably known stores in the city is W. Drysdale & Co.'s, 232 St. James street, as also at 1423 St. Catherine street. Their stock is always attractive, fresh, and well selected, and prices reasonable. Pappa and mamma will find books that will delight the hearts of the little folks in the choice juvenile publications.

ONE of the most popular and well stocked stores in the fancy goods and toy business is that of Messrs. Della-Torre & Co., on the corner of McGill and St. James streets. Being direct importers and wholesale dealers, they are in a position to sell very cheap. Their assortment in toys, dolls, opera-glasses, &c., is immense.

THE manufacture of agricultural implements is a very important industry in Canada. It is gratifying to hear from many sections of the progress making in this and other branches. An Ottawa report says: "Messrs. Frost & Wood, of Smith's Falls, Ont., have had to decline several orders from pressure of business." This firm exports to Manitoba and Australia, and it plainly shows that, with better times, Canada and its people will make their influence felt at home and abroad.

THERE are beautiful stades in plain and broadened silks, bunting, French lawns, India muslins, &c. and 10 button kid gloves, opera shawls, &c., at the Recollet House. There is no dry goods store in Montreal more popular than Brown & Co.'s from their uniform excellence of goods, courteous treatment at reasonable prices. At the cheap counters it is extraordinary what numerous useful articles may be bought for from 5 to 25 cents.

THE show-cases at W. S. Walker's, 321 Notre Dame street, glitter with display in diamonds, watches, chains, gold and silver jewelry and fancy goods, comprising some of the newest and handsomest designs shown in the city for some time. Prices are low to meet the economic views of the day, while every attention is shown purchasers in due selection of articles to meet the diverse tastes of the general public.

THE elegant Piano and Music Rooms of Mr. Gould, Beaver Hall Square, are an earnest of the appreciation of the "art divine" in the city of Montreal. It were hard to discriminate in the splendid instruments of such makers as Decker Bros., Steinway, Chickering, Gabbler and Emerson that may be seen here. Testimonials from many of the leading musicians of Europe and America testify to their respective qualities. Ladies have their warm advocates, in Cabinet Organs, Mason & Hamlin's stand pre-eminent for power, tone and durability, and are in various styles. The liberal terms offered by Mr. Gould enables many to purchase what is a boon and source of pleasure in every household.

SPEAKING of musical matters, there are few, if any, instruments before the public that have so impressed leading musicians and critics with its compass, wonderful power and purity of tone, as has the Weber Piano. At a late Weber Piano recital in the city of Ottawa, such was the effect of the impression conveyed that the instrument used was purchased by Lady Macdonald—a high tribute to its brilliant qualities. Numbers of these instruments grace the drawing-rooms of many houses in our city, and have been the favourite at our local musical concerts. These superb instruments are on view at the warehouses of the agency, No. 183 St. James street, and no one who may be intending to purchase could miss seeing them. They are offered at large concessions on catalogue prices, and fully warranted for a term of years.

COCOA.—Tea, coffee and cocoa all contain much in common, but cocoa is the most nutritious beverage of the three, and the one which approaches nearest to milk in its ultimate composition. Rowntree's Prize Medal Rock Cocoa is a genuine, agreeable and economical preparation, and all that the proprietors claim for it, and knowing it to be such, we take pleasure in endorsing it as a pure, healthy and refreshing beverage. Quoting from Dr. Edwards' report, it is found to "contain only cocoa and sugar," entirely free from all farina and starch, and therefore a thin, not a thick, pastry drink. Its purity and delicacy of flavour commended it to those who are in health, and being anti-dyspeptic—agreeing with the most delicate stomach, is one of the most agreeable and nutritious kinds of food which can be used in liquid form, and admirably suited to the sick. Such articles are worthy of commendation. See advertisement in another column.

DICKENS' CHILDREN.—Of Charles Dickens, the novelist, there are now surviving five children. His eldest son bears the same name, and is the proprietor of All the Year Round. His other sons are Henry Fielding Dickens, the barrister, well known on the Eastern circuit; and Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, now a successful sheep farmer in Australia. The daughters are Kate Dickens, wife of C. A. Collins, the author of "A Cruise Upon Wheels," and Miss Mary Dickens. The funeral of the late Mrs. Dickens took place at highgate Cemetery, near London. The hour being unusually early, with a bitter cold wind blowing and snow descending, few strangers were present at the ceremony. After the usual service the coffin was deposited in the grave in which Mr. Dickens' infant child Dora was buried many years ago, and which had not been reopened since. It lies on the slope of the hill, under the shadow of the church—one of the most retired and beautiful spots in the extensive grounds of the cemetery.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

A WINTER PASSAGE OF THE ATLANTIC.

THE LAST TRIP FROM QUEBEC FOR THE SEASON.

OFF CAPE RACE, Nov. 25.—Cape Race has just sunk beneath the horizon, and we are fairly on the North Atlantic. I take the pen to write you a few lines, but you may not find them easy to read, for the long swells make the good ship Polynesian reel in all directions. She is in splendid condition, beat the train from Quebec to Rimouski by three hours, and we had to wait. The night was cold and dreary, but some of the people on board amused themselves with fishing while waiting for the train.

Sunday morning broke bright and clear and the coast of Gaspé wore an aspect of stern and rugged beauty. Every passenger was stirring and all things looked smiling. We had the service and a sermon in the saloon, and after a grand Sunday lunch and all sat down to it. But as the afternoon advanced, our bright sunshine gave place to a south-east snowstorm, just as we were leaving the coast of Gaspé to launch out into the open gulf. The wind blew great gusts and the waves were covered with white caps. As these broke some distance off the ship, the wind was strong enough to whisk the salt water straight into our face. This was indeed a variation of the entertainment. The waves swept rapidly over the ship, and people soon began to retire to their berths, and some of them have not since appeared. I put on two overcoats and a fur cap—my blessing on the latter for the good service it did me—and took my place on the lee side of the funnel to watch