

house by men who beg during the day. To detect imposture is very difficult for anyone but a regular officer who knows the characters of the city. Private charity is always liable to being deceived by the tale which often is not only plausible but true, only that it has been told a hundred times before. The difference is great in this as in other social respects between a village where everybody is known and a great city with a fluctuating population, in which people do not know their next-door neighbours. For the same purpose, and to prevent professional mendicants from going the round of the charities, registration of cases is requisite and this can be well done only in a central office. It is also well to have a labour bureau to guide labourers, especially those who are ignorant of the city, to employment. Such is the creature as the genuine tramp does exist: he is perhaps a nomad surviving in a settled civilization where he is out of place, as perhaps the hunter, whom we see riding out in his velvet coat, is a survival in a community which has left the hunter stage of its evolution far behind. But for one authentic tramp there are many who seek employment and cannot find it, especially where, as in our country, there is a long close season, and where labour has been collected for city works the work comes to an end. There are also destitute wayfarers to be forwarded and fraudulent applications for passes to be exposed. The interests of the city require to be guarded against the dumping upon it of destitution from this country and against unsuitable immigration. Finally, in a great centre of population, with all its dens, and casual immigrants and castaways, emergencies of different kinds will sometimes arise with which you cannot absolutely trust voluntary agencies to deal.

We are now trying in this city the experiment of a Board, under the name of the Charities Commission, in which representatives of our charitable institutions are combined with representatives of the City Council, so that private benevolence and public authority act together. The Board is furnished with a paid secretary who is also the Relief Officer of the city. It does not distribute relief itself but acts as a medium of communication among the distributing institutions, attends to the maturation of public authority, discusses special cases, and watches the general field. No interference with the internal management of any charitable institution has ever been contemplated, and no jealousy need be felt upon that score. The principle of the experiment is the combination of public authority with private benevolence. Upon this is based an attempt to solve the problem of city charity which now invites the attention and co-operation of such citizens as feel an interest in these matters.

The institution of such a Board has the incidental advantage of providing a little employment for a class of the unemployed not the least harmful perhaps to society. I mean the men of wealth and leisure who have no real object in life. Of these we have not so many here as they had in the Old World, but every community has some. We do not expect people of quiet and domestic tastes to go into politics or even to compete for municipal office, though by taking hold of municipal affairs they might do good service to the community. But in such a field as charity they may reasonably be expected to be active as well as liberal, as a little of the flavour of duty to life when it will otherwise be spent in luxury and show, which, one would think, must sometimes pall, and can add no happy or consoling retrospect as the life draws near its end.

## CLOSE UP.

You heard the bugles calling, comrades, brothers,—  
 "Close up! Close up!" You mounted to go forth,  
 You answered "We are coming," and you gathered,  
 And paraded with your Captains in the North.

From here you came, from there you came,  
 your voices  
 All flashing with your joy as flash the stars,  
 You waited, watched, until, the last one riding  
 Out of the night, came roll-call after wars.

Unslung your swords, off with your knapsacks,  
 brothers!  
 We'll mess here at Headquarters once again;  
 Drink and forget the scars; drink and remember  
 The joy of fighting and the pride of pain.

We will forget: the great game rustles by us,  
 The furtive world may whistle at the door—  
 We'll not go forth; we'll furlough here together—  
 Close up! Close up! 'Tis comrades evermore!

And Captains, oh, our Captains, standing steady,  
 Aged with battle, but ever young with love,  
 Tramping the zones round, high have we hung  
 your virtues,  
 Like shields along the wall of life, like armaments above.

Like shields your love, our Captains, like  
 armaments your virtues,  
 No rebel lives among us, we are yours;  
 The old command still holds us, the old flag is  
 our one flag,  
 We answer to a watchword that endures.

Close up, close up, my brothers! Lift your  
 glasses,  
 Drink to our Captains, pledging ere we  
 roam,  
 Far from the good land, the dear familiar  
 faces,—  
 The love of the old regiment at home!  
 GILBERT PARKER.  
 Belleville, 23rd November, 1892.

## LONDON AND CANADA.

### THE UNVEILING OF THE BUST OF SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD IN THE CRYPT OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

It was raining, but notwithstanding this a hundred or more of us celebrated Canadians plunged through the dripping streets to St. Paul's Cathedral. The more lowly of us made the journey on our feet but there were a goodly number who having sacrificed themselves on the altars of public duty had somehow or other profited by their patriotism and were now able to ride in carriages. Of course you do not know what November rain in London means. I naturally quote the Scriptures, reversed. A rainy day in London is when the earth is above and the heavens beneath and the waters on top of both heaven and earth. Dripping clouds rise from under your feet and from above descends soot and dirt in a liquid state, which scorns umbrella or waterproof. On such a day any cover is welcome, but St. Paul's Cathedral with its great arches, its great abyss of blue gloom above, its cold stone walls and distant echoes is clammy and cheerless. A knot of people gradually being augmented by new arrivals were already standing by a barricade which blocked the way to the crypt door when I arrived a good half-hour too early, and there we stood in a huddle while a score of boys with white skirts on and a few men similarly bedecked sang something somewhere, what or where we could not tell. They finally formed in processional order within our sight and hearing, and marched away. For in St. Paul's, it seems, they praise God on week days as well as Sundays, surely an unchristian custom. I never heard of such a thing in Canada.

One glance at the group would have convinced anyone that it was made up of Canadians. "Scotch tempered by exile" described the predominating feature. Exile and Canada—same thing—agree with a Scotchman. There were a fair number of women—ladies of course I mean. I have been away from Canada now so many years that I had almost forgotten there is no such a natural growth as a woman in Canada. There were ladies, a number of them, and I will say this for them,—they were in no ways put out by the surroundings of a mere cathedral; and I believe that had St. Paul himself stepped down from his pedestal on the front of the edifice they would have loudly demanded of him, "When did you come over and when do you go back again?" Presently the falsetto singing and intoning ceased with a few amens, the barricade was thrown open and then came a rush by us Canadians along a passage between great rows of chairs to the door of the crypt, where a man in flowing robes took our tickets. I saw some unfortunate fellow-countrymen and fellow country-ladies sidetracked, having neglected to secure passes to the lower regions. They looked disappointed, but as a matter of fact misad little.

Down two short flights of broad stone steps we ran, all eager to secure a kindly position to hear and to see, and turning sharply to the right came upon a window recess, and close to our shoulders saw a white sheet hanging listlessly from some protruding object against the rough stone wall of the crypt. Looking at the sheet we could faintly trace the outline of a human face, as it shows beneath a winding-sheet. But we have come to witness a birth, not to lay a corpse. Again a barricade around the window recess with room inside for perhaps ten men, even though they were men whose brains had devised all sorts of schemes for the elevation and advancement of their fellow-creatures, gerrymanders, C.P.R.'s, and national policies. In the centre of this space an auctioneer's stool covered with green baize was placed. For Lord Rosebery is a particularly short man in stature. The crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral is not so awe-inspiring as it has a right to be. There is quite a modern smack about it. The mortar between the huge stones has the appearance of being not yet quite dry and you feel in danger of catching a chill from the damp. The whole crypt is more or less brutal in impression. The stones of the arches are huge and rough and surly, they look unfinished and unsympathetic and seem to refuse contact with the frail white marble busts which here and there cling so timidly to their breasts. It is an amusing contrast, the highly finished fragile chip of marble bearing the image of man, who is the image of God, and the ponderous pillars which, underground, unflinchingly erect, balance a great cathedral on their heads. Around are recorded many lives. In the centre lie the bodies of Wellington and Nelson; near by Christopher Wren, for whose monument you are asked to look about you. At one end is the unwieldy funeral-car made of solid bronze from captured cannon, the car which carried the body of the great Wellington to its last resting place. Here the bust of a mild-eyed admiral, there the statue of a green grocer both "deeply lamented." Farther on a great brass bearing an hundred names of Englishmen who were cut to pieces in some far-away ambush, fighting valiantly for the glory of their country and the prosperity of the money-lender. As we, Jew-like, await the coming of the Lord Rosebery, we read in curiously shaped black letters on a stand close to the sheet which covers that which we have come to see, the short epitaph of Mr. Thomas Bennett, stationer of London, who died in 1706. It shows the cosmopolitan character of the British Empire. Here the Old London stationer, by his side the Young Canada statesman. Being given to moralizing I was turning this contrast over in my mind when a hand touched me on the shoulder and turning I met the gaze of an elderly gentleman.

"Are you a Canadian?" he asked.

Now a cathedral is apt to overpower me, and I am never able to tell a good lie in one. Lying seems to me out of place in a cathedral, although I know a great many people do there profess Christianity and all that the word implies. On this occasion I had not the cour-

There never was a day that did not bring  
 an opportunity for doing good that never  
 could have been done before, and never can  
 be again. It must be improved then or never.  
 —W. H. Burleigh.

Kings are like stars,—they rise and set, they  
 have  
 The worship of the world, but no repose.

—Shelley.