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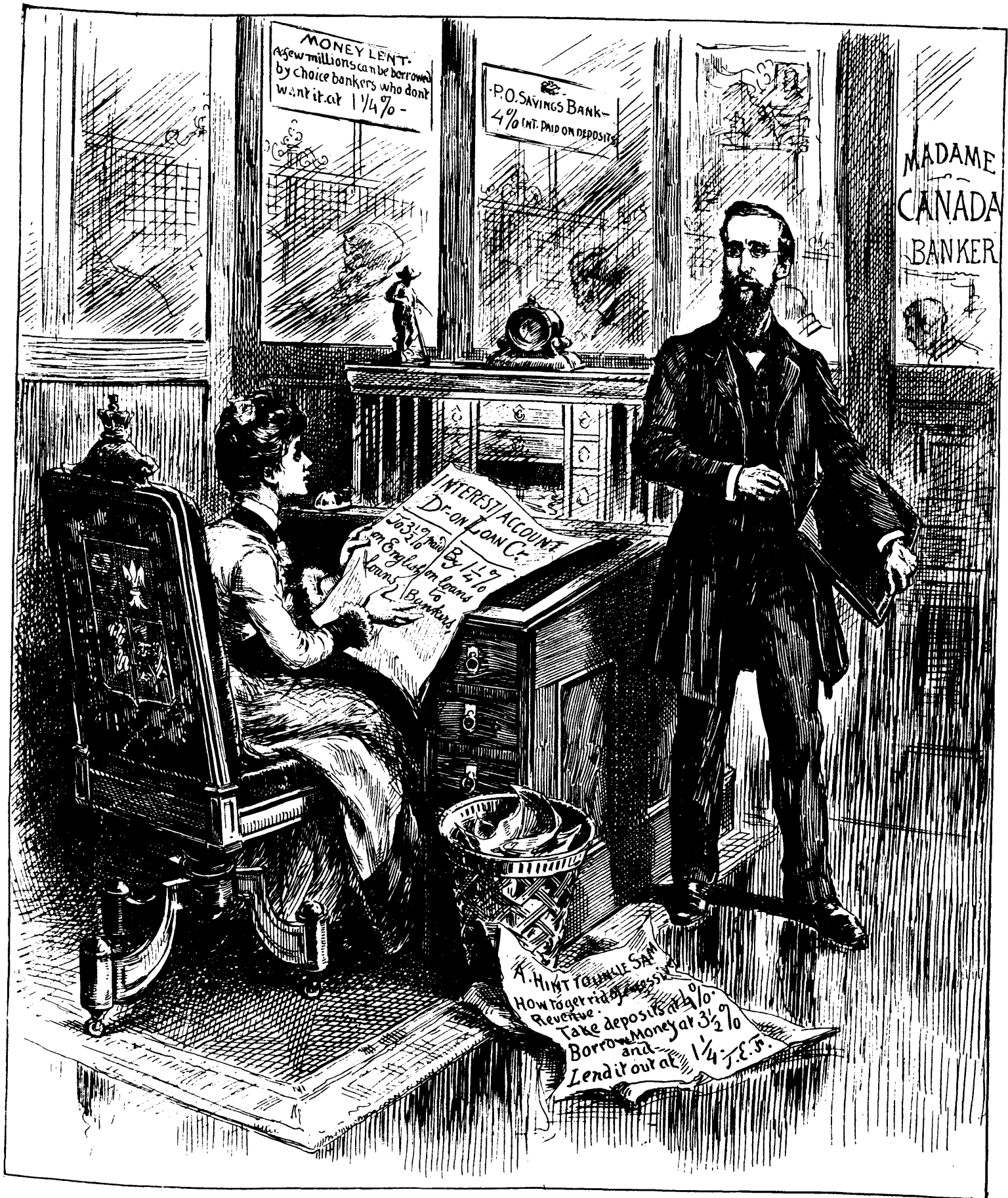
THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

VOL. I.—No. 3.

MONTREAL, 21st JULY, 1888.

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A PROBLEM IN INTEREST.

MADAM CANADA: I don't see how you will balance this account, Mr. Foster! This easy style of banking might suit our neighbour Uncle Sam, who is anxious to get rid of his surplus; but it won't do in a young concern like ours, and I hope that next time sir, you will borrow for me only what is, for the time being, absolutely required.

The Dominion Illustrated.

10 cents per copy; \$4 a year.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON, Publishers,
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21st JULY, 1888.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

Send us \$4 for one year, or \$1 for three months, by Post-office order or registered letter.

We want canvassers everywhere to take subscribers for the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. But the public will please notice that no receipts are valid, unless on numbered forms, issued by us and bearing our stamp. Persons wishing to canvass or to form clubs will please apply to us for terms, or to our Western Ontario agents, Alex. S. Macrae & Son, 127 Wellington St., Toronto.

AGENCY OF "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED" IN TORONTO.—MESSRS. ALEX. S. MACRAE & SON, of 127 Wellington street, Toronto, are our agents for Toronto and Western Ontario, authorised to receive subscriptions and take advertisements for "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—We are anxious to procure good photographs of important events, men of note, city and town views, forest and farm operations, seaside resorts, mountain and prairie scenery, salmon and trout fishing, yachting, etc., from all parts of the Dominion, and we ask photographers, amateur and professional, to show their patriotism, as well as their love of art, by sending us prints of such subjects as may enable us to lay before our readers, at home and abroad, interesting and attractive pictures of Canada.



It is shallow to look upon the Manitoba elections in the light of a partisan result, as between Liberals and Conservatives. The contest was local and personal, and the old party names have little meaning left in the Northwest. There is a new element up there, with a smack of the revolutionary in it, which the four original provinces do not seem to understand as yet. This is one wrench which Manitoba has made. Before twelve months she may make another, and it is not sure that she is not doing for the best.

Too much care cannot be used in the appointments and the management of the Northwest Territories, now that they are about to enter upon the exercise of a measure of legislative autonomy. Good men and strong principles must be brought to bear at the laying of the corner stone of these new institutions, else there may be trouble, at the peril of much undoing hereafter. It is well to grow fast, but the growth must be healthy to be enduring.

The return of Sir Adam Archibald to public life is worthy of special notice. He is one of the thorough, clean-cut and satisfactory order of Canadians. He has filled many offices and filled them well. He is one of the fathers of Confederation, and, although in his seventy-fourth year, maintains his mental and bodily soundness. He is of an age with Sir John Macdonald, and they have several points of likeness in their careers.

Another instance of the extreme versatility, even in old age, of Mr. Gladstone's mind is his sudden

espousal of the principles of Imperial Federation, in connection with the cause of Home Rule. If the dream came true, at once, with a stroke of the wizard's wand, this wonderful man would see a mighty change before his death—the federal system of parliamentarism introduced in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and the old central Government, as represented in the present historic Parliament, brushed away. It might be a change for the better, but it would no longer be old England.

The Ministers at Ottawa are away on their holidays—well earned, for the most part, as any one acquainted with the machinery of the departments at the capital must acknowledge. It is understood that they will all return early in September, the word having gone forth that they are to open the autumn season of work by receiving the Newfoundland delegates, who come to treat of union. This will be one of the most interesting events of the year.

The modern Frenchman is as spectacular as ever. The first scene is that of a prime minister, of sixty, and a general of division, of fifty, who exchange insulting epithets in the open chambers of legislation, and the second is where they meet, with murderous foils, under the laden trees of Neuilly. Boulanger is badly cut and Floquet is sorely scratched. The blood of both has flowed. In a country like France, the political effect of such duels often result in making new chapters of history.

The fierce war that is waged between the German doctors of the late Emperor Frederick and Dr. Mackenzie is another proof of the narrow selfishness of the best men. It is an idle controversy, besides, for the facts will never be known. What is known, however, is the limitation of human knowledge, even the most scientific. All these doctors, at one time or another, publicly disclaimed the cancerous nature of the Imperial disease, and yet, after death, the cause was found to be cancer and nothing else.

It can scarcely be said that the days of romance are gone, even if, as Burke complained, a century since, the age of charity is over. Belgrade need not yield to London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, or St. Petersburg. The divorce of King Milan, and of Queen Natalie furnishes material for a most interesting and instructive novel, beginning with the scenes of youthful courtship at the Russian capital, and ending with the abduction of the Crown Prince at Wiesbaden.

The philosophy of the business tax, imposed in the Province of Quebec, is in the inbred horror of the peasantry and farmer class for direct taxes, and their conviction that these taxes should be paid indirectly by others for their benefit. It is the old French paternal government plan come down to our time. It amounts to this, that they who risk their money in business, and make the country prosper, really pay for those who hoard their silver, sink their funds in real estate, or use it for lending at interest.

The London *Standard* has got hold of the right notion in respect of Canada, and has put it before the world so pat that it may be said to make a picture. It comments on the enormous resources of the Dominion, and adds that Canada's greatest advantage is her position. She sits astride the civilized world, with territories lying on the very track of one of the greatest lines of commerce of the future.

SUMMER OUTINGS.

This the season of holiday. With the term of the solstice and the torrid fortnight of the dog days fittingly coincident with the letting out of schools—paintings are turned to the wall; carpets are rolled up; curtains are folded; blinds are closed; the doors are double-locked, and the city dwelling—the scene of fashion during the gay winter—is abandoned for the cottage at the seaside, or the river bank, in the green valley, or beneath the shelter of balsamic woods. In some instances, the town palace, during the summer, is exchanged for the log cabin of the farmer, while the owner and his family take refuge in one of the outhouses.

There is perhaps no country better provided than Canada, in the matter of summer resorts. The views and the scenery are there in perfection, and whatever is lacking is in the accommodation. But in this respect, great strides have been made within the past few years. Our watering places are now well supplied with all the comforts and conveniences of hotels of the first rank, and, as a rule, these places of lodging and entertainment are carried on with less formality and ceremonial, and, consequently, less expense, than the like establishments in the United States. Two of these caravansaries—one among the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, and the other, within sight and smell of the salt water, in one of the Maritime Provinces—are kept up by wealthy corporations in princely splendour.

It is only within a late date that the system of suburban outings was established, chiefly by the railway and steamboat companies. And at the present time, all the large cities are so well served in this respect, that little is left to be desired. Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec, St. John and Halifax, for instance, have a number of towns and villages, within a circle of twenty or twenty-five miles, which the poor and middle classes can reach for a nominal rate, by boat or rail and where they can spend a whole day in the amusement and recreation of a pic-nic. In that way, the working-man can afford to lay out a few dollars every week, in a series of cheap trips on the water and in the country, while all these put together would have sufficed to give him and his a holiday free from home and of some duration.

Our winters, in this old Province, at least, are long and our summers short. But whereas we manage to turn our winters into seasons of manly sport and popular recreation, we contrive also to turn the hot months into a period of cool enjoyment. Our nights are so fresh that we are not pestered with mosquitoes, and the fly does not vex us overmuch during the day. For bathing, boating and fishing we have no rivals on this continent. Whence it follows that our lives are cast in pretty pleasant places, in all seasons, as they go and come.

CANADIAN LETTERS.

While the object of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED is chiefly pictorial, it has another aim of hardly less importance in the fostering of the literature of the country. Every opportunity will be offered our writers—especially the younger ones—to put forward their writings, and whatever is published in a more lasting shape, will have due notice. The field is a broad one, and the talent is not wanting. Taking into account the work done, there is perhaps no country where better results

have been achieved. This has been quite perceptible within the past ten years, at which time there may be said to have been a literary revival. In one sense, the French of the Province of Quebec may claim to have given the impulse, which is the more creditable that they have had to struggle against a number of obstacles, not the least of which is the limited number of their readers. Among the English writers the range has been wider, embracing almost every branch of letters and, while the number of published books has not been very large, the amount of good work in the newspapers and the periodicals—reaching almost every class of readers—exerted a powerful influence on the expansion of the literary spirit throughout the Dominion. The spell worked even in Manitoba where in spite of land "booms" and depressions; Half-breed and Indian uprisings; railway speculations; threats of secession, and Ministerial cataclysms, men found time to devote to the cultivation of even light literature, in published books. From the far Saskatchewan, at Prince Albert, which was a military camp, four years ago, Charles Mair had the inspiration to put forth the dramatic poem entitled "Tecumseth," which stands to his "Dreamland," of some fifteen years since, in the same interesting relation of improvement as was the Canadian literature of that time compared with that of to-day.

Some singular people are disposed to question the fact of this improvement and one or two writers have been so venturesome as to deny that there was such a thing as Canadian literature at all. Of course there is no arguing with such people, no more than there is any use in heeding the croakers that are everlastingly belittling the material prosperity of this country, and the quality of its institutions. Indeed, one factor explains the other. Canadian literature there is precisely because the country is doing well, giving opportunity to the author to write and means to the reader to encourage the works of his countrymen. One thing is certain—that we have done very well, in the past decade, and that the outlook for the future is specially bright.

GEROME'S GLADIATOR.

The reader will remember that there is a difference of interpretation of Gerome's celebrated picture of the "Gladiator's Death." Mr. George Murray, M.A., of Montreal, holds that the legend under the painting, *pollice verso*, as meaning "thumbs down" and death, is wrong, while "Lacledé" and others maintain that it is right. The following letter on the subject, from the pen of "F. C. E.," an Oxford first-class man, and one of the ripest Greek and Latin scholars in Canada, will be read with interest, although written in a light tone of banter:—

I beg leave, with great diffidence, to suggest that perhaps Prof. Murray and myself are both more or less right, as is generally the case when honest men differ honestly on most points. The Romans were a gesticulating, emotional, histrionic lot—so much so that Tacitus makes out that an orator speaking to soldiers, the toughest of the ground to melt their sympathies, and thus succeed in doing so, instead of being led off to a hospital as a "poor demented old gentleman." The Romans, when in the arena they wanted a man killed, would hardly sit with their fists held out in front of them and their thumbs stuck up, like a greedy boy with his fists on the table, each side of his knife and fork, thumbs *excurrent* (as botanists say), waiting for his dinner.

When they wanted a gladiator to kill his fallen foe they would probably lean eagerly forward

with that tigerish thirst for blood (which is in all of us, if we only give way to it), and a forward and spasmodic movement of the thumb—going through the dumb motion of "rip him up"—*vertere terram*, or *glebas*, as Prof. Murray quotes: "Dig it into him." Thus, *premere pollicem* would mean "let the thumb lie idle against the hand," as Prof. Murray most knowingly expounds: "Don't care if you kill him or not; so, let him go." *vertere pollicem* would mean to extend it horizontally upwards or downwards, with a movement implying "dig it into him."

As no point of knowledge is worth any very lengthy disquisition, in a life which only lasts sixty years, unless it teach us something about our Maker or ourselves, what we can learn from all this is that, bad as we are, living in an age when men are found soul-murderous enough to *sell liquor to others*, yet Christianity has had some effect on us, and we are not such a bad lot as the ancient Romans, with their *panem et circenses*.

A WORD FROM WELLINGTON STREET.

A city that is set upon a hill cannot be hid. Almost every approach to Ottawa reveals the beauty of her lofty situation. Above the waters rise the hills, above the hills mount the towers, and above the towers float the flags. A fine view of the city used to be afforded by the old railway from Prescott. In this case, the waters were the smooth and shallow waters of the River Rideau; the hill was the Sandy Hill of Lower Town; and the city seemed fairly to bristle with towers. But the view probably more familiar to the traveller at the present time is that obtained by coming on the Canadian Pacific Railway from Montreal. Now the waters are the dark and turbulent waters of the River Ottawa; the Hill is Parliament Hill, rugged and abrupt, surmounted by the legislative towers. Or, if one takes the steamer Empress and approaches Ottawa by water, the altitude of the city appears even more exaggerated. Nature certainly has been lavish of her gifts, and the place is beautiful for situation.

The towers here, perhaps more frequently than elsewhere, are surmounted with flags. Sessional gaieties, the opening of Parliament, the prorogation of the same, the departure of one Governor, the arrival of another, birthday anniversaries and civic demonstrations—these and similar occasions at the capital offer frequent opportunity for the display of bunting. In connection with these demonstrations there is, no doubt, considerable loyalty; but a large part of it also, I am inclined to suspect, is owing to personal gratification. The Anglo-Saxon has a great fondness for crimson and gold. During the *regime* of the Marquis of Lansdowne a little incident in point was afforded by one of the demonstrations in his honour. Three lusty fellows were cheering themselves red in the face, and it came out that one was cheering for O'Brien, another was cheering for the Marquis, while the third, with commendable frankness, admitted that he was cheering simply "for a *toime*." So with us; we celebrate with the object, among other things, of having a "toime."

But Ottawa in midsummer, though more beautiful, is quieter. During the season, in considering what to do, one is perplexed by the very multiplicity of events; but afterwards one is perplexed as to what to do, because there is simply nothing to do. Well, the city is fast relapsing into the quiet so characteristic of an Ottawa summer. The opera is over. The voice of the M.P. is no longer heard in the land. The legislative halls are empty. The carpets are up. One finds it like

Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!

However, one now has time to read and to think; this is something to be thankful for. Although in some cases, I fear, the thinking may be only the sentimental reviewing of unconscious but artistic tableaux, enacted in conservatories that now hang thick with cobwebs; while possibly the reading, on account of the oppressive weather, may be

light. Do you know I have evolved, out of my own brain, all by myself, the profound theory that light mental pabulum and light physical pabulum go together—fiction and caramels. One naturally expects a great deal from a theory like that.

In the consideration of theories even more profound than the one I have mentioned, the presence of the library of Parliament would, no doubt, be of service. Certain restrictions, however, are being introduced, through the influence of Mr. Griffin, I believe, which will render the books less accessible. For example, instead of being allowed, as formerly, to look over the shelves and select one's book at random, one has to decide from the catalogue beforehand, and ask for it. This is less convenient, though safer possibly. There is a movement on foot also to prevent one from taking his reading home with him, and to retain all books within the building. The view taken by the authorities seems to be that it is not the office of this institution to be a circulating library for the city of Ottawa. But the beauty of the room, the lofty dome, the airy coolness, the quietness, the inspiration of the many books,—all the associations are congenial to reading; so that, if at all convenient, one's having to read in the library would not be any very great hardship.

From the eminence just outside of the library, in the evening, looking west over the River Ottawa, and beyond the transpontine city of Hull, and across a ten-mile stretch of country to the Laurentides purple in the distance, one may behold all the pageantry of a transcendent sunset. Sometimes in radiating ribbands of amber and gold, sometimes glinting through gorgeous draperies of cloud,—it is always indescribably lovely. In the course of a stroll the other evening, a member of the present ministry remarked to me that, among all his travels among the most renowned scenic beauties of the world, he had never seen anything surpassing this. But as the day is so far spent that we have already reached the sunset, I think it must be time for me to close.

Wellington Street is our Downing Street. Not only are the departmental offices there, but the Government has taken the maintenance and control of it off the hands of the municipal authorities here. And the Dominion of Canada may be considered as its possessor, rather than the city of Ottawa in particular. It is to be hoped, therefore, that persons to whom Ottawa as a city might be a matter of comparative indifference may find something of interest in a racy chat from Wellington street.

WILLIAM H. P. WALKER.

LITERARY NOTES.

Queen Marguerite, of Italy, is a capital Hebrew scholar.

Lord Tennyson intends to pass next winter on the Riviera, and he is negotiating for a villa at Cannes.

Flavius Josephus Cook was born at Ticonderoga, and old settlers there call the grave and dignified lecturer "Flave" to this day.

"Saugeen", of Quebec, asks us to publish Coppée's *Etoiles Filantes*, with translation if convenient. His will shall be done.

Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, has been decorated with the high Prussian order Pour le Merite, for science and art.

The four leading female colleges in the United States are: Wellesley, with 620 students, Vassar, with 283, Smith, with 367, and Bryn Mawr, with 79.

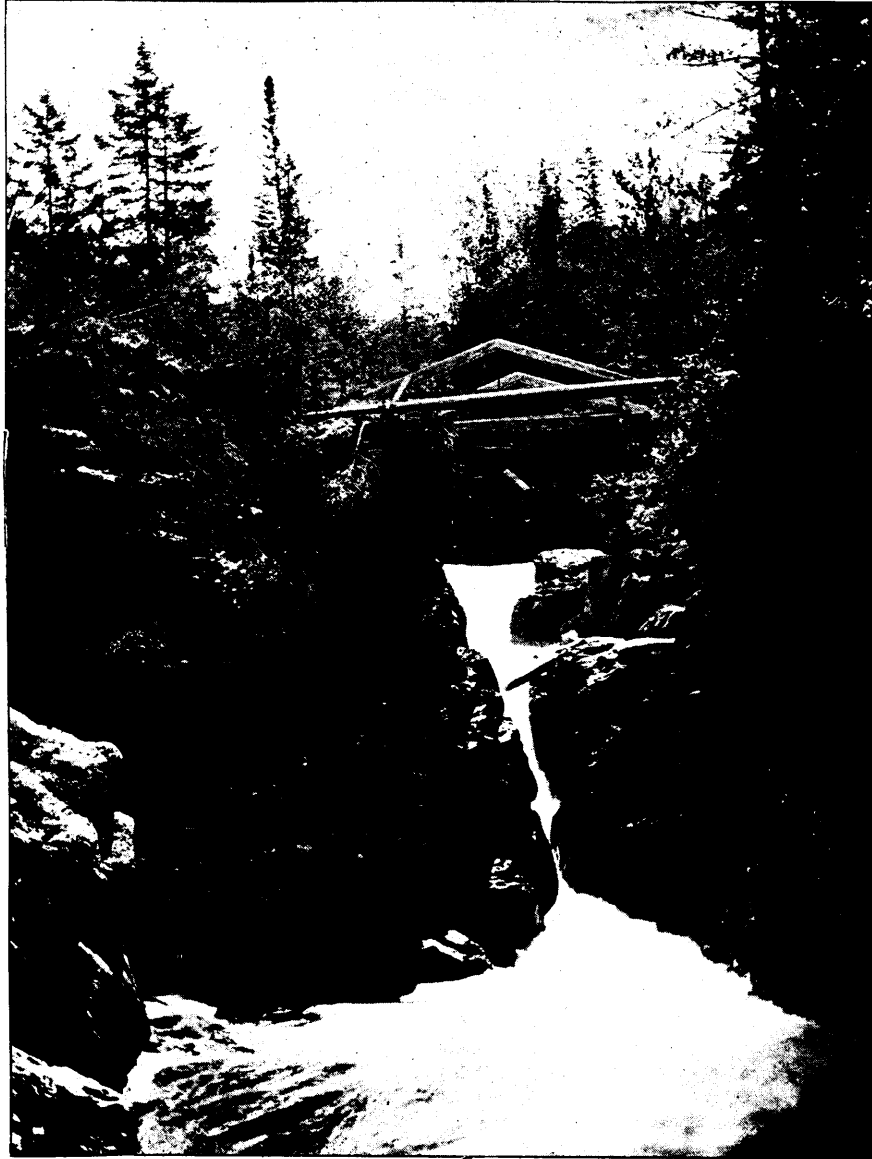
The readers of these Notes are asked to tell who provoked the threat contained in the Chien d'or tablet—Cardinal Richelieu, or Intendant Bigot?

M. Remy de Gourmont has just published in Paris a new and brilliant history of Canada, under the title of "The French in Canada and Acadia."

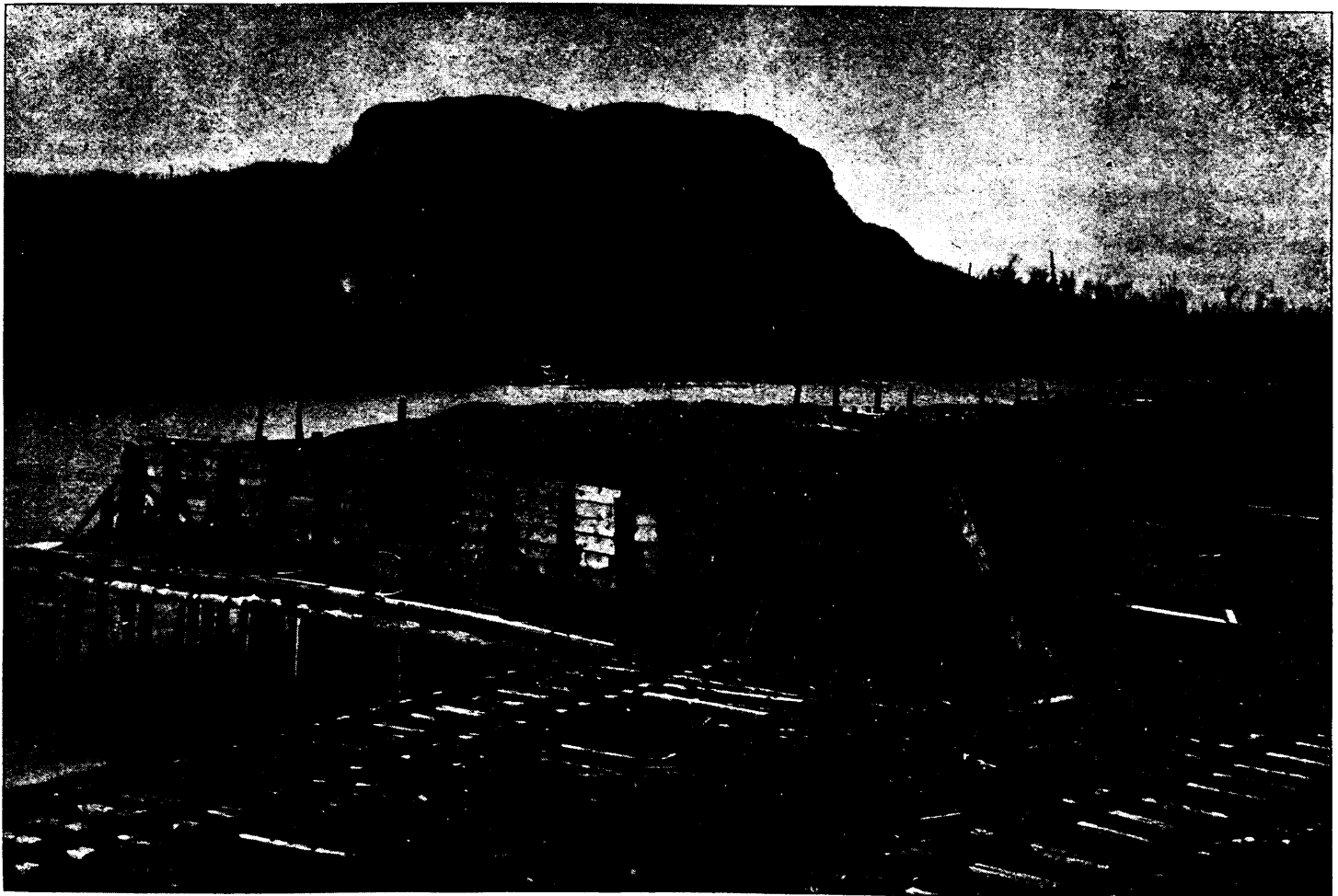
Those members of the Royal Society who have papers printed in the volume of "Transactions", are supplied with 100 extra copies of their own paper, on fly-sheets for personal distribution.

The Canadian Architect and Builder is the title of a handsome folio newspaper published monthly at Toronto, by C. H. Mortimer. It has reached its fifth issue with every appearance of public favour.

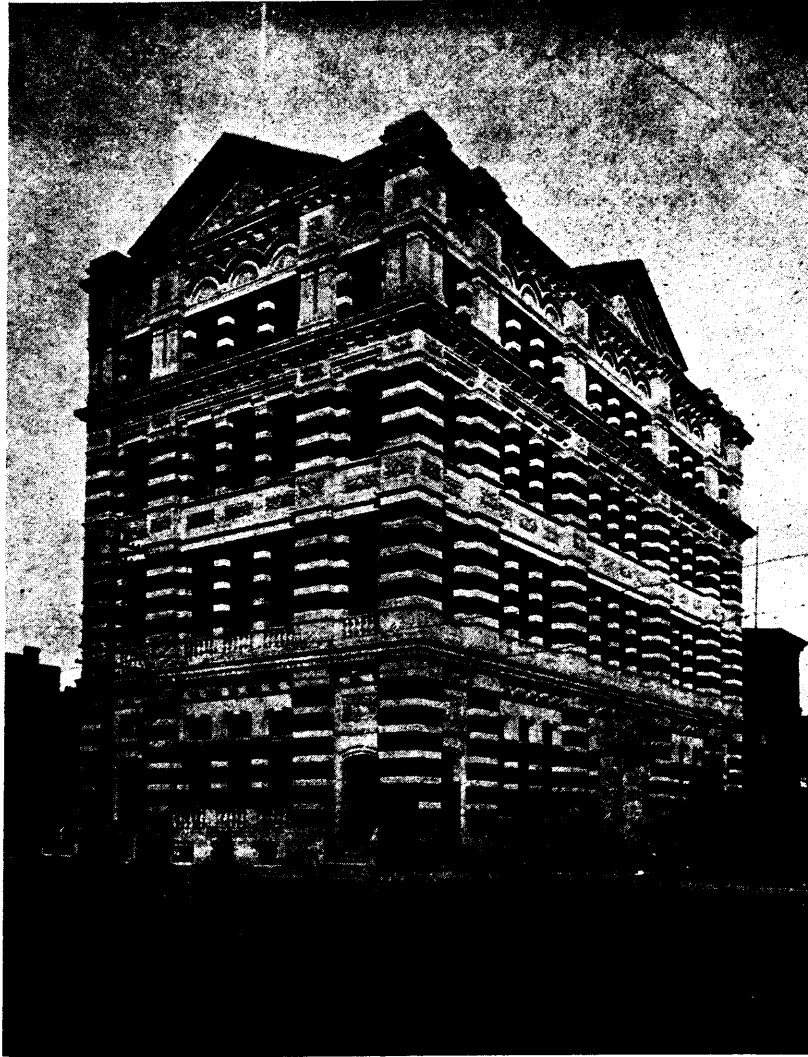
Sir William Dawson's new work on his travels in Egypt, Palestine and other Eastern Countries, has more than the usual scientific value, inasmuch as he treats of the manners and customs of the ancient people.



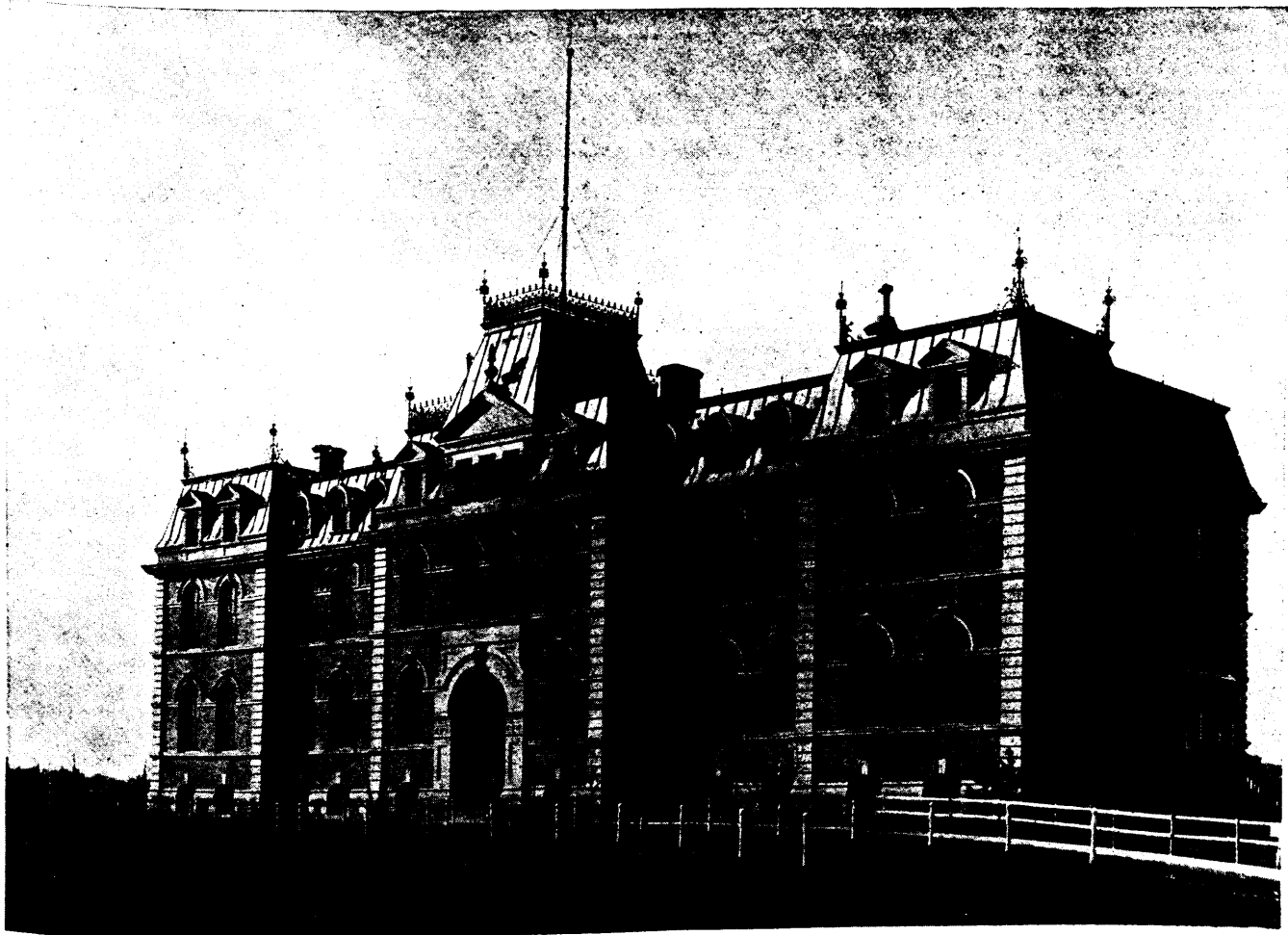
GORGE OF NICOLET RIVER.
From a photograph by T. C. Weston, in Geological Survey Report.



COAL DOCKS, FORT WILLIAM, LAKE SUPERIOR.
From a photograph by Notman.

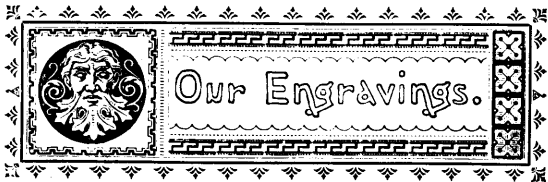


POST OFFICE, WINNIPEG.



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, WINNIPEG.

From a photograph by Notman.



OUR CARTOON explains itself. It was suggested by the difficulty the Minister of Finance experienced in placing five millions of dollars of the loan recently effected in England, even at a very low rate of interest and for a fixed period of several months, until the amount should be required. This financial event brought out the abundance of money in the banks, and the real ease of the money market, in spite of the croakers.

GORGE OF THE NICOLET RIVER.—The spot we illustrate is about a mile east of the Danville road, and goes to show that geological research frequently leads into picturesque regions. What are termed in the scientific report black limestones, dipping under "highly metamorphic schists and hard quartzose rocks," make a boldly cut "canyon," through which the foaming Nicolet rushes to its fate. The Eastern Townships are full of such pictures.

HARD COAL DOCKS.—This is one of the scenes at Fort William, a Hudson's Bay Company's post of 100 years. The fur-house of the old fort is now used as engine house for the great Coal Docks, and one of the largest grain elevators in the world overtops all. The Kaministiquia River, a broad, deep stream, with firm banks, affords extraordinary advantages for lake traffic, and immense quantities of coal, lumber and grain are handled there.

WINNIPEG POST OFFICE AND PARLIAMENT HOUSE.—The wonder is that we should go so far to find such public buildings in a city which, eighteen years ago, was a speck in the boundless prairie. Winnipeg began well. It was laid out at once on broad principles of street setting and house building, and the result is that, even now, it may be called the Canadian Chicago. Its public edifices are unsurpassed in the Dominion, as a glance at these two engravings will convince any one.

HON. WILFRED LAURIER, B.C.L., Q.C., P.C., is issued of an ancient family, and was born at St. Lin, 20th November, 1841. He was educated at L'Assomption College, and called to the Bar of Lower Canada in 1865. He obtained the degree of B.C.L. at McGill, in 1864, and was created Q.C. in 1880. He was editor of *Le Defricheur* for a short time. He sat in the Quebec Assembly, for Drummond and Arthabaska, from 1871 to 1874, then went to the Commons for the same constituency. He was sworn in one of the Privy Council, as Minister of Inland Revenue, September, 1877, and resigned with the Mackenzie Government in 1878. Being defeated for his old counties, in 1877, he was elected for Quebec East, a seat which he has held ever since.

LOVE AND INNOCENCE.—An instance of simple and natural allegory and a further proof of the healthy work of our modern schools. The child, lolling on a silken lap, is the ubiquitous, inevitable, irresistible and everlasting Cupid, god-king of love. And on mischief bent always. He lies on the knees of Innocence, a study whose grace of outline, purity of expression and beauty of features deserve an almost reverent examination. This little gem is by J. Perrault, one of the chief artists of France.

BANFF HOTEL—NATIONAL PARK.—The Rocky Mountain Park and the Hot Springs are a medicinal watering-place and pleasure resort. This park is a national reservation, 26 miles long N. E. and S. W., by 10 miles wide, embracing parts of the valleys of the Bow, Spray and Cascade rivers, Devil's Lake and several noble mountain ranges. No part of the Rockies exhibits a greater variety of sublime and pleasing scenery, and nowhere are good points of view and features of special interest so accessible, since many good roads and bridlepaths have been made. The railway station at Banff is in the midst of impressive mountains. The huge mass northward is Cascade Mountain (9,875 feet); eastward is Mount Inglismaldie, and the heights of the Fairholme sub-range, behind which lies Devil's Head Lake. Still further eastward the sharp cone of Peechee (in that range) closes the view in that direction. This is the highest mountain visible, exceeding 10,000 feet. To the left of Cascade Mountain, and just north of the track, rises the wooded ridge of Squaw Mountain, beneath which lie the Vermillion lakes, seen just after leaving the station. Up the Bow, westward, tower the distant, snowy, central heights of the Main range about Simpson's Pass, and most prominently the square, wall-like crest of Mount Massive.

Of the hotel itself, a traveller writes as follows to the *Gazette*:—"A well appointed omnibus was awaiting our arrival, and twenty minutes' drive over a fine government road rising gradually higher and higher, took us up the knoll on which the C. P. R. hotel is situated, commanding most extensive views up the valley of the Spray River, up and down that of the Bow. The hotel is admirably planned in the form of the letter H, the design being in the Schloss style of the Rhenish provinces, characterized by octagonal turrets, with the addition of wide verandahs, with open galleries above them. At the ends of two of the wings these galleries are enclosed with glass and form delightful smoking and reading rooms. The interior of the building consists of a large central hall, forty feet square, whose angles are cut off to form entrances on the ground floors, off which corridors branch to the different wings. The principal stairs are admirably contrived and concealed from view in the two

opposite angles of the hall; a reading room, parlours, large and small dining rooms, breakfast room, offices, with the bedrooms off the corridors, occupy the remaining space on the ground floor. The principal drawing room is on the first floor; it has three sets of windows, from which the most beautiful views may be obtained, and opens on to a large gallery over the north verandah. The basement contains a billiard room, bar, and the machinery for the electric light, with which the hotel is beautifully illuminated throughout by incandescent burners. A detached building encloses the boilers for steam heating, together with a large bath house, in which are ten handsomely appointed bathrooms furnished with mineral water led from the hot springs on the central spur of Sulphur Mountain, 800 feet above the level of the river, by iron pipes. Below the bathrooms there is a fine plunge bath adapted for swimming purposes. These rooms are divided into separate sections, with different entrances for ladies and gentlemen, and by them visitors can enjoy the full benefit of the hot springs without any exertion. The hotel is finished throughout in red and yellow Douglas fir and white pine, oiled and varnished. The walls and ceilings are of grey plaster, which will be eventually coloured. It is thoroughly warmed with steam heat and has, in addition, large open fire places, in which huge logs can be burnt. No modern appliance has been omitted from the building, which is well supplied with hydrants and hose distributed all over the house in case of fire. It will accommodate 280 visitors and is managed by a large and efficient staff, under the direction of an experienced and competent superintendent. There is also a good livery in connection with the hotel, from which excellent riding and driving horses may be obtained. The terms are \$3.50 per diem, but arrangements on a lower scale can be made with those coming for a lengthened period. Tickets from Montreal to Banff and return are to be had for \$90, \$45 only each way. As the distance covered is over 4,000 miles, it will easily be seen that the fare is reduced to the lowest possible rate."

KANANASKIS FALLS.—Approaching Kananaskis the mountains suddenly appear close at hand and seemingly an impenetrable barrier, their bases deeply tinted in purple, and their sides flecked with white and gold, while high above, dimly outlined in the mists, are distant snowy peaks. The Kananaskis River is crossed by a high iron bridge, a little above where it joins the Bow, and the roar of the great falls of the Bow (called Kananaskis Falls) may be heard from the railway. The mountains now rise abruptly in great masses, streaked and capped with snow and ice, and just beyond Kananaskis station a bend in the line brings the train between two almost vertical walls of dizzy height. This is the gap by which the Rocky Mountains are entered. Through this gateway the Bow River issues from the hills.

A ROMAN BEAUTY.—This is a work by Paul Thumann, a German artist of renown. The face is unmistakably Roman, as one acquainted with that people will see at once; and it is dark, as the Italian faces, but as were not all Roman visages, of classic cast. Even however, with this frame work of raven hair and the sheen of those black eyes, the forehead, cheeks, and chin are of the whiteness of Parian marble, and looking at their beauty, we recall Horace's passion:

Urit me Glycerea nitor
Splendens Patrio marmore purius.

The editor is asked by a Quebec gentleman whether he argues that Balzac is the greatest of French novelists? Decidedly not. Balzac was an analytical genius; not a story teller. He had not the serenity of true art.

Every member of the Royal Society of Canada is entitled to one copy of the yearly volume of the "Proceedings and Transactions". In the first years, he got four, but the reduction was made in favour of learned bodies for the purposes of exchange.

The Rev. Mr. Haweis wrote a grave article for the *Universal Review* upon the morality of ballet performances, and the editor, without consulting him, illustrated it with numerous bewitching drawings of gaze-clad subjects. Consequently there is trouble.

Another chapter of Canadian history has received fresh illustration. Parkman published in the *Atlantic Monthly* the history of the Rocky Mountains and therein are comprised, of course, the explorations and discoveries of the native-born Canadian—de la Verandrye.

"Ik Marvel" the author, has a habit of jotting down valuable thoughts as they occur to him, but it is said that often, when he has been unable, after a few minutes' search through his note books, to find the particular thought he wants, he angrily casts the book into the fire.

Sir John Millais, in an interesting article in the *Magazine of Art*, pronounces against blind adoration of the old masters. He says time and varnish are two of the greatest among the old masters, and that the only way to judge an old picture is to ask, "What was this like when it was new?"

The Montreal Society for Historical Studies will offer a valuable medal for the best paper on the history of Canada from 1760 to 1794. The Society also designs starting a monthly magazine to publish its transactions, papers and researches, and keep abreast of all inquiries into Canadian history and antiquities.

WAS IT FATE?

A ROMANCE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

By W. S. HUMPHREYS.

I.

"Woman overboard!"

The dread cry rang loudly on the evening air, sending a thrill of horror through the breasts of the many passengers gathered on the deck of the beautiful steamer Quebec. The vessel was just on the point of leaving her wharf at Montreal to make the trip to Quebec, loaded with a merry lot of tourists desirous of visiting the Ancient Capital and "seeing the sights."

But all laughter is hushed as the cry is raised, and all eyes are turned in the direction indicated by the sailor who had witnessed the mad action, and who at once gave the alarm.

And there, but a few yards from the vessel, is seen, floating swiftly down with the current, a human form. It is seen but for a moment, then disappears.

But, almost immediately, another cry is raised: "Man overboard!"

The same man gives the alarm—one of the hands belonging to the steamer.

The passengers and crew crowd around him, and with a multitude of questions desire to obtain what information he possesses.

But he answers not a word. He simply points to a rapidly moving object, fast leaving the ship in its wake, and then deliberately walks in the direction of the captain's cabin for instructions concerning the launching of a boat.

All is confusion and excitement on board the steamer, which is now in motion, going in the direction of the man and woman who have so recklessly thrown themselves into the rushing St. Lawrence.

For a few brief moments only does silence reign, then, in clear, trumpet-tones, is heard the voice of the gallant captain:

"Lower a boat—quick!" and there is a hurrying forward to obey the command.

But the accident has been seen on shore, and already a skiff, manned by two stout rowers, is widening the gap that separates the floating man from the vessel.

The boat is lowered from the Quebec and joins in the pursuit, cheered off by the anxious watchers, who crowd the side of the steamer.

And now the man who gave the alarm is pounced upon by many of the passengers, and while they keep their gaze upon the floating objects in the water, they rapidly question him concerning the identity of the parties who have thrown themselves overboard.

"All I know," he says, "is that the young woman got on board a few minutes before the boat started. She brought no baggage with her, except a small satchel, which she grasped tightly in her hand. She looked around for a quiet spot, and having found it, hid her face in the folds of her shawl and appeared to be buried in thought. Having nothing to do, I kept my eye upon her, her actions appearing to be mysterious. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, just as the vessel started, she darted to the side of the steamer, stepped upon the rail, and deliberately threw herself into the water. Her actions were so rapid that I had no time to prevent her rash act. I then gave the warning cry, and threw overboard a life-preserver, and was on my way to warn the captain, when I was once more startled, this time by a man, who had evidently seen the woman's suicidal act. Where he came from, or who he was, I do not know, but what I do know is, that he also, without apparently a moment's thought, threw himself into the river, and swam after the woman."

"But see," said one of the passengers, "the woman is now floating on the top of the water." And so it was. She had once more come to the surface, and was evidently trying to keep herself afloat.

Would the man reach her, or would either of the

boats be able to rescue her before she again sank? This was the question that was asked on all hands, but none dared to hazard an answer.

The man was still far in advance of either of the skiffs, but he was still some distance from the drowning woman. It was evident that he was exerting himself to the utmost, but he gained but little upon the form in advance.

The steamer was now in the centre of the channel, and the excitement on board had reached the highest pitch. The vessel could easily have overtaken either of the bodies struggling for life in the water, but such action would, perhaps, lessen their chance of escape, the heavy swell being liable to engulf them. Therefore it was deemed advisable to allow the Quebec to float down with the current.

And now the man appeared to be gaining upon the woman. Little by little he is lessening the gap that divides them. Nearer and nearer—but a hundred feet divide them now. The herculean efforts he is making must surely prove successful.

All eyes are turned upon him. Perfect stillness reigns upon the steamer. Every emotion is centred upon the forms in the water below.

Nearer and nearer—but fifty feet or so now separate them—and a few more powerful strokes must accomplish the difficult task the brave man has undertaken.

Nearer and still nearer—he can almost grasp her. But two more strokes! He paddles with one hand, holds out the other to clutch her—but she sinks from view—and he is left on the surface of the water alone.

But for a moment he remains there—then, apparently gathering together all his remaining strength for a last grand effort, he dives rapidly after the sunken woman, and the waves close over both of them.

A thrill of horror passes through the multitude who throng the deck of the steamer, and all eyes are eagerly scanning the waters to catch the first glimpse of either of the sunken persons should they rise to the surface.

But another object also attracts attention at this moment.

The boat, which left the steamer almost immediately after the man had thrown himself overboard, now veers into view, just above the spot where the swimmer was last seen. The oarsmen rest on their oars for a moment, eagerly scanning the water.

A few moments thus, when there is a cry, issuing simultaneously from many throats:

"There he is! There he is!"

And glancing beyond the rowboat, some twenty yards in advance, the head of a man is seen to rise slowly to the surface of the water. He brings something with him, too. This is plainly seen, as he makes a frantic effort to raise above the water a burden that weighs heavily upon one arm.

Will he succeed? A few moments and the question is answered, as another head is seen to emerge from the water, held firmly up by the brave man who has risked his life in the attempt to save a fellow-creature from death.

And now the row boat is rapidly nearing the exhausted man, while cheer upon cheer is sent up by the spectators on board the Quebec.

The rescuer and the rescued are tenderly lifted into the row boat, which is then headed for the steamer, but a few feet away, while another cry is sent across the broad waters of the St. Lawrence:

"Saved!"

But as the lifeless forms are gently handled from the small to the larger vessel, it looks very much as though the vital spark had fled from the pallid faces of the two, who were laid side by side upon deck.

The exertion had been too great for the man, and he had no sooner been lifted into the boat than he fainted away.

Kind and willing hands were in readiness, however, to look after their comfort. But first of all a doctor, bustled through the throng of spectators, carefully examined, first one and then the other, then said:

"Let them both be taken to different state-rooms. The man has only fainted from exhaus-

tion; the woman's case is more serious. I will first attend to her, and, if it is possible, resuscitate her, and then look after the man."

II.

His orders were promptly obeyed, and soon both were placed on comfortable beds, and, while the doctor was engaged in endeavouring to restore life to the well-nigh drowned woman, other willing hands were trying to restore to consciousness the man who had risked his life in her behalf.

The latter had only swooned from sheer exhaustion, and soon he was fully restored, but it took some moments before memory returned in all its fullness. Then he immediately asked, abruptly:

"Did I save her?"

"Yes, you saved the woman from drowning, but I do not know whether the doctor has succeeded in restoring her to consciousness," answered one of the attendants.

"Who is she?" queried the rescuer.

"That is what we all want to find out. We thought you, perhaps, would be able to enlighten us on the subject."

"No," he answered, "I do not think I ever saw her before; but, of course, of that I cannot be certain, as I have not yet seen her face."

"But how came you to jump into the river after her?"

"I had just stepped on board the boat, when I saw the woman jump on the rail of the vessel and throw herself into the water. Without a moment's thought I rushed forward and threw myself after her. I swam as I never swam before, my only hope that I might be able to reach the drowning woman before she sank for the last time. When I saw her sink I was well-nigh exhausted, but, determined to make a last attempt, I exerted myself to the utmost and dived after her. After what seemed a very long time to me, I managed to grasp the lifeless burden, but it was so heavy that I almost despaired of bringing it to the surface. However, I at last succeeded, but my strength was almost gone, and I hailed with joy the sight of the advancing boat. With my last remaining strength I succeeded in helping my burden into the skiff, and then was assisted in myself, after which I knew no more till a few minutes ago."

As he finished speaking the doctor entered the room, and advancing to the noble man's bedside said:

"Well, my friend, your efforts have proved successful. The woman for whom you risked your life has recovered consciousness, but she maintains an almost sullen silence as to the cause of her rash act. She has been asking after you, and says she would like to see you as soon as you are able to visit her in her cabin—not to thank you, she says, for saving her life, but simply that she may see the man who would so imperil his existence for the sake of one he has never seen before."

The man jumped up from his reclining position, and announced that he would accompany the Doctor as soon as he could make himself presentable. In reply to queries from the doctor, he said:

"I may as well give you my name, but I do not want you to mention it till after I see this woman. Why, I cannot exactly explain. It may be a whim on my part, but a something—an irresistible feeling—impels me to make this request."

The Doctor having promised, the man continued:

"My name is Arthur Arbuckle. I have been travelling round the world for the past two years, partly for pleasure and partly for profit, and I took the Quebec boat this evening with the intention of proceeding to England by the Parisian, which leaves Quebec to-morrow morning. This, I think, is all that is necessary for me to say in explanation of my presence on board the Quebec this evening."

While saying this Mr. Arbuckle had been unpacking a valise and taking such articles therefrom as he needed to replace those that had been

The Doctor thanked him for his confidence, and after Mr. Arbuckle's toilet had been completed the Doctor led the way to the rescued woman's cabin.

Knocking at the door, and receiving an answer to come in, the Doctor advanced into the room, motioning Arbuckle to wait.

"Well, madame, and how do you feel now? None the worse of your rather cold bath, I hope," and the Doctor advanced to the bedside and took the hand of the woman as it lay hanging outside her berth.

"No, none the worse, certainly; but none the better, I assure you."

The tones were sharp—hard, even—but the man in waiting outside the door heard them—heard them and knew them—knew the voice that uttered them—a voice that he had not heard for over two years—a voice that he had not expected to hear again.

He shook all over as with a palsy, made a start forward as if to enter the room, then drew back and listened intently for the next words. He had not long to wait, for the same sharp voice queried:

"And have you brought him—my rescuer?" with a bitterness upon the last word that touched the listener to the heart. He could stand the emotion under which he laboured no longer, but entering the cabin, before the Doctor had time to answer, he said:

"Yes, I am here, Nellie!"

The girl—for she was little more than a girl in appearance—started up from her recumbent attitude, gazed for a moment at the figure standing by the open door, then cried, wildly:

"You, Arthur, you! You my rescuer!" Then fell back fainting upon the bed.

The Doctor rapidly procured restoratives, and after some little time had the satisfaction of seeing the girl return to consciousness.

While this was going on the Doctor, from time to time, gazed at Arbuckle, evidently expecting some explanation from him; but the latter had sunk down on a chair by the side of the berth, and gazed with a fixed stare on the face of the beautiful girl lying so white and deathlike before him. Then he took her hand and gazed with amazement at a ring upon the engagement finger—a ring he had seen before. Suddenly shifting his position, he bent over her, whispered a name in her ear, and pressed a kiss upon her forehead.

Returning consciousness on the part of the girl caused him to release her hand, step back a trifle, and stand in the shadow, where he could gaze upon her without being seen.

"Arthur," the voice murmured—not the same harsh voice that he had heard before, but a voice trembling with infinite tenderness. "Arthur! It was his voice—it was his face—but it has gone—it was only a dream," the words dying away with a wail.

"No, Nellie, it was not a dream!" said Arthur, stepping forward; "Arthur is here."

She glanced up at his face, shuddered, then murmured:

"Arthur, forgive!"

He remained motionless, gazing upon that earnest, supplicating face, while she continued: "Arthur, forgive! See, I wear your ring still! See what I have suffered," holding up her finger, upon which the ring slipped up and down.

"And have I not suffered, too?" he replied, in low, thrilling tones. "You are certainly much thinner than when I saw you last, but you have retained your beauty, and, no doubt, your powers of fascination—that fatal power that lured me on to my destruction. But I. Look! See your work!" drawing his fingers through his iron-grey locks. "Look at me—a young man of twenty-eight, bearing the impress of age! Have I not suffered?" and he buried his face in his hands, as though he would hide from his sight the fatal beauty that had wrought him such havoc.

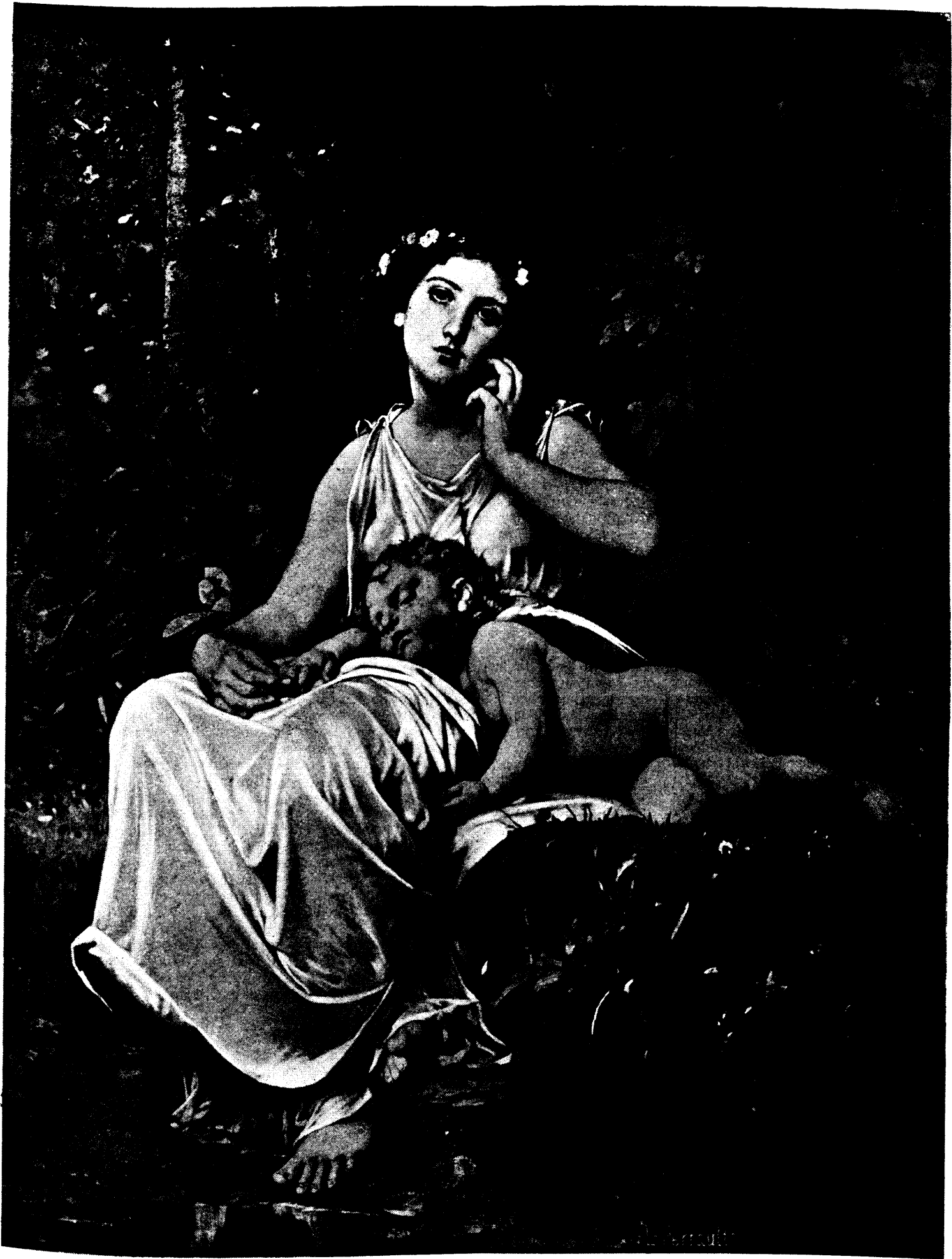
The Doctor had, meanwhile, left the cabin, closing the door after him, and the two were alone together. After a few moments of silence, the girl again spoke:

"Arthur," she said, and the tones were imperious now, brooking no denial, "come here. Sit down by me that I may make an explanation, or, rather, a confession. But, first, answer me a question. Did you know for whom you risked your life?"



HON. WILFRID LAURIER,
LEADER OF HER MAJESTY'S LOYAL OPPOSITION.

From a photograph by Topley.



LOVE AND INNOCENCE.

From a painting by Perrault.

Photograph supplied by Alex. S. Macrae & Son, Toronto, Directors for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.

Arthur quietly took the seat indicated—the words, spoken in that quiet, imperious tone it were impossible for him to resist, as he had heretofore learned to his cost. Looking steadily at the girl he answered:

“Until I heard your voice I was utterly unaware of the identity of the person that I risked my life to save.”

“Then,” she murmured, “such being the case, I will not thank you for saving my life till I have told you my story—the story of my life since I jilted you, over two years ago.”

She paused for a few moments, then resumed, in gentle, beseeching tones:

“Arthur,”—lingering longingly over the name—“Arthur, you know not the pain and agony that I suffered before I could bring myself to reject your offer to become your wife—no, not to reject your offer, for I had already accepted it, but to play with your affections, and then jilt you. But this is not to the point. You know my old guardian, John Brocklibank, and how anxious he was that I should make a brilliant marriage. He never knew of my engagement to you, as I would never allow you to mention it to him. I feared his violent temper, and dreaded lest he should banish you from his house were he to know the relations that existed between us. He importuned me day after day to marry Sir Ralph Bryerly, and was for ever harping upon the splendid position I would hold as the wife of the wealthy Baronet. His praises were dinned forever into my ears, until the glamour of the splendour that could be mine for a word seemed to overpower my senses, and I at last consented, though reluctantly, to accept the addresses of Sir Ralph. But, oh! Arthur, I loved you all the time!” with a wail of anguish.

“And yet you could receive the caresses of that conceited puppy, accept his presents, and at the same time profess love for me,” he returned, somewhat hotly.

“I was mad, I think, Arthur,” she continued in a low tone. “When I told my guardian that I would marry Sir Ralph he expressed such joy that I, for a time at least, seemed to be imbued with his gladness. I was kept in a whirl of gaiety, going to operas, concerts, balls, and all the routs of the season, and was not allowed time to think. Then, when you came to me and asked me to redeem my promise, I thought of all that I should have to give up were I to become your wife—the wife of a struggling barrister, with but three hundred pounds a year, when I might have thirty thousand a year by marrying the Baronet.”

Arthur winced audibly at this, but made no remark, and she continued:

“I rejected you—even perjured myself by denying that I had ever promised to marry you. But, oh, the look that appeared on your face at my cruel words! It has haunted me, sleeping and waking, from that day to this. And when, after your first just outburst, which I checked before it was half uttered, you turned your back on me and left me without a word or a look, I thought that I should suffocate—that my heart was breaking. I tried, but in vain, to recall you; the words would not come—my throat seemed parched and dry—there was a buzzing sound in my head, and I remembered no more. When I recovered consciousness I determined to write to you, asking you to come back and take me. But I put it off till next morning; then I sent off my letter, but only to have it returned, with the intimation that you had left town, leaving no address behind you. Then my weary waiting began. Day by day I expected to hear from you or to see you, but you never came, nor could I, by all my enquiries, discover a trace of your whereabouts. During all this time I kept my room, refusing to see either my guardian or Sir Ralph, and as time sped on, and nothing could be heard from you, I grew gradually ill, my thoughts continually brooding on the one subject. I thought that, in your first paroxysm of grief and disappointment, you might have taken your life, and I cursed myself as your murderer. Then I had brain fever, and, as I was afterwards told, the doctors had great difficulty in saving my life. I wanted to die, as I thought by so doing I should the sooner join you. As

soon as I had sufficiently recovered to be conveyed downstairs, I summoned Sir Ralph, and requested him to release me from my promise. At first he refused, but on my representing to him that I had never loved him, but that I loved another, he reluctantly released me, and left me in peace. When I told my guardian what I had done he was furious, threatening me with all sorts of things; but I cared not what he said. I still thought that you had committed suicide, and I wanted to follow you. But my constitution is naturally robust, and, after a while, there grew within my breast a longing to live, and with this longing there sprung up the conviction that you were still alive. And the stronger this conviction grew, the stronger grew my desire to find you. But how was I to do it? My guardian, I knew, would never consent to my becoming your wife, even if you would have me after my cruel treatment of you. There was but one thing for me to do. I must escape from his house, and go on my quest alone. I had over a thousand pounds in my own name at the bank. Half of this I managed to draw out without exciting my guardian's suspicion, and obtained a letter of credit for the balance. Only taking what clothing I could pack in a travelling bag, I left my guardian's house, one cold, dreary night, about sixteen months ago, and started on my weary and lonely search for you. It was only after I had left the roof that had sheltered me so long that the thought struck me that I knew not at what point to begin my search. But that I must get out of London I knew. I therefore went to Scotland, and have travelled half over the world since, having been all through the continent of Europe before I crossed the Atlantic. On this side I have been all through the United States, Canada and the South American Republics, but no trace of you could I find, although I examined the registers at nearly all the hotels in the cities through which I have passed. Last night I spent in Montreal, and the conviction that I had banished for so long a time again returned—I again thought you were dead. I lay awake in my room at the St. Lawrence Hall till near morning, when I dozed, and while in a half-sleeping, half-waking condition I thought I saw your body floating on the St. Lawrence. Your face was very sad, but very peaceful, and your lips seemed to murmur, “I am at rest.” I aroused myself from my lethargic condition and tried to shake off the effects of my vision. But it appeared to me again and again all through the day. I could not shake it off. Wherever I went I seemed to see your face floating so peacefully on the surface of the waters, and to hear your voice calling upon me to come and join you. I took passage for Quebec—why I know not—but no sooner had I stepped upon the vessel than the vision again returned—you floated past the steamer, with the same peaceful look upon your face—your lips seemed to be calling to me. With a bound I threw myself into the river, and never expected to see again the light of another day upon this earth. But you have rescued me, Arthur—saved me from being obliged to pass my Maker with the sin of suicide upon my soul. Say, then, that you will forgive me?”

The last words were sobbed rather than uttered, and strong man that he was, Arthur, too, had to choke down the lump that rose in his throat.

III.

Long before she had finished her pitiful story he had been eager to clasp her to his breast and breathe the forgiveness that she prayed so earnestly for in his ear; but he sustained himself by a mighty effort till she had concluded, then, rising, he clasped his hands around her neck, drew her head upon his shoulder, and whispered, brokenly:

“Forgive you, my darling? Yes, I forgive you with all my heart and soul; and my life shall be devoted to blotting out all the suffering of the past two years.”

“And I, too, Arthur, will endeavour, by all my future actions, to repay you for your generosity in pardoning me.”

After some conversation, Arthur mentioned that he had travelled under the name of Arthur

Browne, and Nellie under the name of Eleanor Harvey, instead of Eleanor Holbrooke. Thus it was that these two had frequently been in the same town and knew not that they were in such close proximity. Arthur further explained that after he had left London he had wandered aimlessly from place to place, always striving to drive away the face of the girl who had jilted him, but, finding it impossible, he had determined to return to England, dispose of his property there, and then return to Montreal to settle.

While these explanations were being exchanged, a knock was heard at the door, and the Doctor was admitted. A glance at his patient satisfied him that all was correct, and with a muttered apology, “You have better medicine than I can give you,” he was about to withdraw, when Arthur requested him to stay, while he sought the Captain. That gentleman having arrived, such parts of their story as were necessary were detailed to the two by Arthur, and both gentlemen left the cabin, after heartily shaking the rescuer and rescued by the hands, with more moisture around their eyes than they would care for any of the crew or passengers to see.

On arriving at Quebec Arthur and Nellie put up at the St. Louis Hotel. The captain of the Quebec, with much forethought, had told such a story to the passengers as satisfied their curiosity, and the two were thus saved the fire of running questions that would otherwise have been poured upon them.

Arthur did not take passage on the Parisian, but just about the time the boat sailed there was a quiet little wedding, by special license, at St. Matthew's Church, the only persons present being the Captain and the Doctor of the Quebec, and one of the stewardesses of the steamer, who had been very kind to the blushing bride while on the vessel. But the two were happy—Nellie that she had been rescued by the hand of fate—or was it Providence?—from a watery grave, and Arthur that he had been the instrument employed in her rescue.

Shall we leave them in their happiness, or give a brief outline of their future life? It must be very brief, then. Just this: Neither Arthur nor Nellie had any great desire to live in England. They made the journey across the Atlantic, settled up all their affairs in the old country, and then returned to Montreal, where, before very long, Arthur obtained a most lucrative practice, and became one of the leading lights of the Montreal Bar. Nellie's grace, beauty and gentle disposition soon procured for her the *entree* into the best circles in the Canadian metropolis, but she never became a butterfly of fashion. Whenever any work of a philanthropic nature was to be found, her hand and her purse were ever open to relieve the distress and the suffering of her fellow-creatures, and her cheerful voice was ever ready and willing—ably seconded by her husband—in advancing the cause of humanity. Let us leave them to their unclouded happiness.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

There is nothing in life that slips by more stealthily than an opportunity. The artist knows this when he hastens to record with his pencil the impression which is his for the moment, lest intervening matters shall cause it to be dimmed or effaced. The scientist bears it in mind as he concentrates his powers for a glance into the telescope, or for a movement of the crucible. And in all other spheres the fact is recognized by him who avails himself promptly of the time which is “for every purpose,” and of the fine filaments of circumstances which are ready to make his act efficient. If we recognize that such seasons of advantages have come to us and gone again unheeded, we are saddened, whether our loss be a temporal benefit to ourselves or a never-returning occasion for doing good to others. Yet this pain will be a blessing if it shall teach us that in order to have our deeds wrought harmoniously into the swiftly-moving web of life, we must be on the alert to use God's proffered opportunities while they are opportunities.—*S. S. Times.*

QUAINT FANCIES AND RHYMES,

BY A COLLECTOR.

II.

THE CHAUNT ROYAL.

The Chant Royal is truly no more than a fuller form of the ballad, comprising five verses of eleven lines and envoy of five. The origin of the name is left to the fancy of critics, some holding that it refers to the high quality of this kind of verse; others, that it is taken from the lofty choice of its burdens; and still others, that it was fit to be spoken or sung only before kings. It is a piece of very hard work, and Gleeson White says that "unless the whole poem is constructed with intense care, and has intrinsic beauty of its own of no mean order, the monotony of its sixty-one lines on five sounds is unbearable." Because of its kinship to the ballad, we shall give only one example, chosen on account of Holbein, who inspired, and Austin Dobson, who wrote it:—

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

(CHAUNT ROYAL, AFTER HOLBEIN.)

*Contra vim MORTIS
Non est medicamen in hortis.*

He is the despot's Despot. All must bide,
Later or sooner, the message of his might;
Princes and potentates their heads must hide,
Touched by the awful sigil of his right;
Beside the Kaiser he at eve doth wait
And pours a potion in his cup of state;
The stately Queen his bidding must obey;
No keen-eyed Cardinal shall him affray;
And to the Dame who wantoneth, he saith
"Let be, Sweetheart, to junket and to play."
There is no King more terrible than Death.

The lusty Lord, rejoicing in his pride,
He draweth down; before the armed Knight
With jingling bridle-rein he still doth ride;
He crosseth the strong Captain in the fight;
He beckons the graver Elder from debate,
He hales the Abbott by his slaven pate,
Nor for the Abbess' wailing will delay;
No bawling Mendicant shall say him nay;
E'en to the pyx the Priest he followeth,
Nor can the Greek his chilling finger stay.
There is no King more terrible than Death.

All things must bow to Him. And woe-betide
The wine-Bibber—the Roysterer by night;
Him the feast-master, many bouts defied,
Him 'twixt the pledging and the cup shall smite:
Woe to the Lender at usurious rate,
The haud Rich Man, the hireling Advocate;
Woe to the Judge that selleth right for pay:
Woe to the Thief that like a beast of prey
With creeping head the traveller hurryeth;—
These, in their sin, the sudden sword shall slay.
There is no King more terrible than Death.

He hath no pity—nor will be denied,
When the low hearth is garnished and bright,
Grimly he flingeth the dim portal wide,
And steals the Infant in the Mother's sight;
He hath no pity for the scorned of fate:—
He spares not Lazarus lying at the gate.
Nay, nor the Blind that stumbleth as he may;
Nay, the tired Ploughman,—at the sinking ray,—
In the last furrow,—feels an icy breath,
And knows the hand hath turned the team astray.
There is no King more terrible than Death.

He hath no pity. For the new-made Bride,
Blithe with the promise of her life's delight,
That wanders gladly by her Husband's side,
He with the clatter of his drum doth fright;
He scares the Virgin at the convent gate;
The Maid half-won, the Lover passionate;
He hath no grace for weakness or decay;
The tender Wife, the Widow bent and grey,—
The feeble sire whose footstep faltereth—
All these he leadech by the lonely way.
There is no King more terrible than death.

ENVOY.

Youth, for whose ear and monishing of late,
I sang of Prodigals and lost estate,
Have thou thy joy of living and be gay;
But know not less than there must come a day,—
Aye, and perchance e'en now it hasteneth,—
When thine own heart shall speak to thee and say:
There is no King more terrible than Death.

As this poem clever and powerful though it be,
is suited to convey feelings of gloom, we shall
close by lighting it with the envoy of John Payne's
bright chaunt royal, entitled "The God of Love:—"

God above gods, High and Eternal King,
To whom the spherul symphonies do sing,
I find no whither from thy power to flee,
Save in thy pinions vast o'ershadowing.
Thou art my Lord to whom I bend the knee.

CANADA, MY LAND, MY LOVE.

L'étranger voit avec un œil d'envie
Du Saint-Laurent le majestueux cours;
A son aspect le Canadien s'écrie:—
O Canada, mon pays, mes amours.

—SIR GEO. CARTIER.

I.

Great lone land by foot untrodden save where wandering
hunter passes,
Where the caribou and beaver hide in stream and leafy
glade;
Treeless prairie, trackless forest, beetling crags and dank
morasses,
Lakes majestic, rushing rivers, seething rapids, wild cas-
cade!

Kannata,† in silence sleeping;
The solemn pines a vigil keeping,
Where the forest children nestle 'neath their shade.

II.

"Aca nada!‡—nothing find we—this the Eldorado vaunted,
Where the stones are precious jewels and the sands with
gold are bright!—

False Colombo, base impostor: home of ghouls and demon-
haunted,
Cheerless land of rock and jungle, buried in a wintry
night!"

Aca nada—barren, fruitless:
Cursed the Don his errand bootless,
And the flag of proud Castile floated out of sight.

III.

See we now a Royal blazon—azure field and lilies golden—
Spread its folds where Gaspé's breezes kiss the bosom of
the sea!

"Good Saint Lawrence, patron, hail! for dangers passed
to thee beholden;
In Heaven's name we raise our standard, the sword and
cross our charter free.

Canada, O new-born nation;
Join in praise and invocaton;
Te Deum shall its benediction be!"

IV.

Nouvelle France,§ anon we hail thee, fearless hearts, though
few in number;

Soldiers, statesmen, churchmen, laymen, serve thy cause
with burning zeal,
Proving faith by life's devotion; Rouse ye now from
dreamy slumber!

Hear the roar of faction's clamour—see the gleam of foe-
men's steel!

Wolfe and Montcalm—heroes dying;
The Fleur-de-Lys 'mid carnage lying,
While loud the British guns victorious peal."||

V.

Ours to guard this peerless birthright, speak we tongue of
France or Britain;

Ours the thrilling inspiration born of noble deeds well
done!
Do and dare; gird on thy manhood; see in flaming letters
written;

"The weak is now a mighty NATION!"* enduring firm
while Time shall run.

Canada! the crowning glory:

Theme for poets' sweetest story,

Our native land! for us through travail won.

Montreal.

SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

* * * * "The name Canada goes back to within half a century of the discovery of the continent by Colombo. We find it first used in Cartier's account of his voyage given by Ramusio, 1556. It was used for a century and a half before we find any allusion to its meaning, and this no doubt accounts for the difference of opinion on the subject.—George Bryce, M.A., LL.D.

† "Kannata," which is pronounced 'Cannada,' and signifies a collection of dwellings."—Father Charlevoix.

* * * * Doubtless signified, in the native tongue, clusters of cabins or villages.—F. X. Garneau.

‡ "The Spaniards were the first who discovered Canada; but, at their first arriving, having found nothing considerable in it, they abandoned the country and called it 'Il capo di nada,' i.e., Cape of Nothing.—Father Hennepin.

* * * * "An ancient tradition goes that the Castilians * * * when they perceived no appearance of mines, pronounced the two words, 'Aca nada'—nothing here.—Charlevoix.

* * * * "It is evident no reliance can be placed on this as the origin of the name Canada."—Bryce.

§ "Canada continued the sole name of the country, discovered by the French on the banks of the St. Lawrence, until 1609, in which year the Canadian explorer, Champlain, having given at Fontainebleau, before the French King, Henry IV., an account of the country, it received the name 'La Nouvelle France.'—Bryce—Garneau.

|| "September 18, 1759, Quebec capitulated. Before night, floated from the walls of this American Gibraltar the broad banner of England, where it has ever since remained untouched by an enemy's hand."—J. A. Boyd, M.A.

* "It was on Dominion Day, July 1st, 1867, that the Royal proclamation, dated on the 22nd May preceding at Windsor Castle, joined the four leading members of the Confederation—Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—into a united Canada.—Bryce.

DRINKING SONG.

FROM THE VAUX DE VIRE OF BASSELIN.

What time a good companion drinks
The evil days go by:—
I'll drink to thee with all my heart
Until my cup run dry.

I've drank my share, as all may see:
No hiding *that*, Perdy!
Now, then, to him who drinks with grace
A royal health, say I.

What time a good companion drinks
The evil days go by.

Montreal.

WM. MCLENNAN.

THE KEEPER'S SON.

FROM ANDRÉ THEURIET.

Black is the night, and as though in fight
Their arms the trees of the forest wave,
And not a sound can be heard around,
But rain that rushes and winds that rave.

The doors are shut in yon woodland hut:
An aged sire and his fearless sons,
Three poachers keen, with a bloodhound lean,
Crouch in the thicket, and load their guns.

Within the gloom of that hut's low room
An infant sleeps by the grandam's bed,
While a maiden fair near the slumbering pair
Sits at a spindle, with drooping head.

A flickering lamp through the midnight damp
Illumes her cheek with a feeble light,
Aiding to trace a sweet flower-like face
And curls that stray o'er a neck snow-white.

Fair is her form, but her bosom warm
Fitfully heaves like the ocean's breast:
Is it fright or care, or the stifling air,
Or waiting that causes her wild unrest?

The hinges weak of the frail door creak,
And a rainy squall from the outer gloom
Driveth a boy, the fair maiden's joy,
Into the shadowy, silent room.

Clasped in her arms, he rebukes alarms,
And cries: "Sweet Alice, what need of fright?"
She pleadeth, "Oh! speak soft and low:
My grandam's slumber is ever light!"

Their hearts beat high with ecstasy,
And the maiden wipes, while she softly speaks,
The raindrops cold that, like tears, have roll'd
Down her boy-lover's white brow and cheeks.

"My love is wild for thee, sweet child!"
He cried. She murmurs: "Eve, morn and noon
For thee I sigh; but, my darling, why
Wert thou the son of the Keeper born?"

For, higher far than our forests are,
A barrier rises to part us twain:
And I dread his ire, should my jealous sire
Learn that I love and am lov'd again."

He soothed her fears, and he kissed the tears
That overflowed from her soft brown eyes;
But while deep joy thrilled the maid and boy,
Day swiftly follows the night that flies.

Far off they hear shrill chanticleer—
"Bird, if I owned thee, thou soon hadst died,"
The lover speaks, while the morning breaks,
And the maiden opens the casement wide.

The storm is o'er, and the blithe larks soar
Aloft like specks in the clear blue sky:
One more sweet kiss, full of passion's bliss,
Now till eve cometh again, "Good-bye."

Swift as a deer, with no sense of fear,
The youthful lover then lightly broke
Through the thicket's maze, over which thick haze
Swam like a quivering wreath of smoke.

But the poachers bold, wet, famished, cold,
With empty game-bags behind their backs,
Were homeward beating a slow retreat—
Fur and feather alike each lacks.

A light branch stirred, and their quick ears heard;
"Shoot!" the same instant exclaimed the sire:
Three shots ring out, and three voices shout:
"The game has fallen before our fire."

Deep bayed the hound with a doleful sound,
The sire press'd onward, then shrank aghast—
'Mid the brushwood dyed with a yellow tide,
The son of the Keeper had breathed his last!

Montreal.

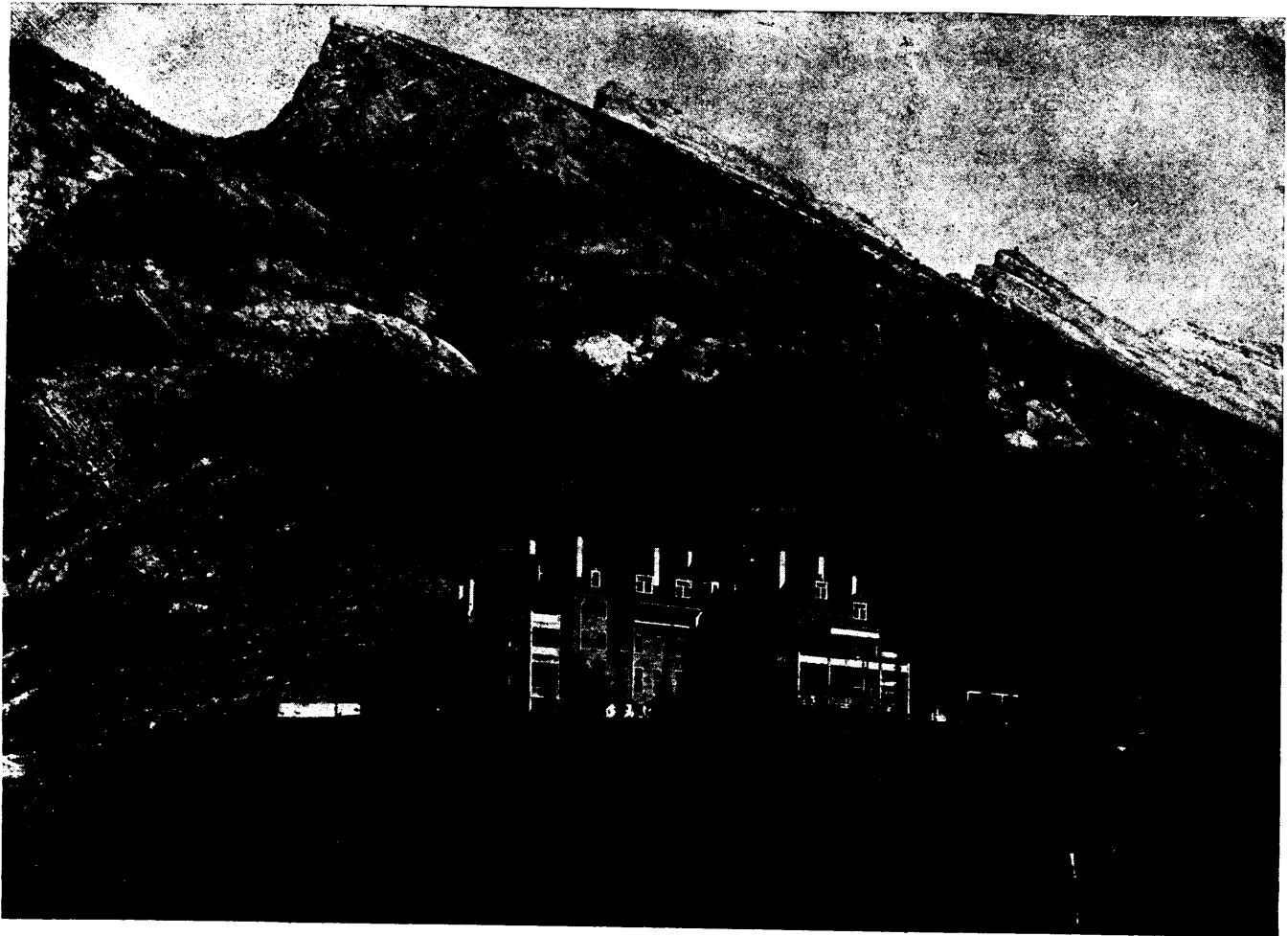
GEO. MURRAY.

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN.

As once, to him who his adventurous keel
Urged through Atlantic waves, (a man, I ween,
Full rich in evidence of things unseen,
Which to his soaring reason made appeal!)
The wished-for continent did itself reveal,
Not by its towering hills or groves of green,—
For still an ocean wide did intervene;—
But odours on his senses 'gan to steal,
Wafted from the new world, more sweet than aught
In that he left behind; and now he felt,
With what delight! that he on truth had built:—
So, he who long his heavenward course hath held,
Finds, as he nears the port, his voyage fraught
With sweetest *sense* of things yet unbeheld.

Montreal.

H. M.



BANFF HOTEL, NATIONAL PARK.
From a photograph by Notman.



KANANASKIS FALLS.
From a photograph by Notman.



A ROMAN BEAUTY,
From the painting by Paul Thumann.

A FINE TRANSLATION.

The following version of a popular song, which applies with special point to the youth of Canada, is given as an example of literary taste and tact. The lines appeared originally in the London *Educational Times*, as was meet, and the author remains unrevealed, with the bare initials J. S. W.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

1.
I've travell'd about a bit in my time,
And of troubles I've seen a few,
But I've found it best in every clime
To paddle my own canoe.
2.
My wants are small, I care not at all
If my debts are paid when due;
I drive away strife in the ocean of life,
While I paddle my own canoe.
3.
I have no wife to bother my life,
No lover to prove untrue,
But the whole day long, with a laugh and a song,
I paddle my own canoe.
4.
I rise with the lark, and from daylight till dark
I do what I have to do;
I'm careless of wealth, if I have only health
To paddle my own canoe.
5.
'Tis well on a friend now and then to depend,
That is, if you've proved him true;
But you'll find it better by far in the end
To paddle your own canoe.
6.
To borrow is dearer by far than to buy,
A maxim, though old, still true;
You never will sigh, if you only will try
To paddle your own canoe.
7.
If a hurricane rise in the mid-day skies,
And the sun is lost to view,
Move steadily by, with a steadfast eye,
And paddle your own canoe.
8.
The daisies that spring in the bright green fields
Are blooming so sweet for you;
So hope for the best, and drive care from your breast,
While you paddle your own canoe.
9.
And love your neighbour as yourself
While the world you go travelling through,
And never sit down with a tear or a frown,
But paddle your own canoe.

CYMBAM REGAS IPSE TUAM.

1.
Per varios casus mihi contingit usque vagari;
Per varias turbas heu! mala multa tuli;
Sed mihi vita fluit semper gratissima, quando
Mi propriam cymbam propria dextra regit.
2.
Haud ego multis, nec quid mea pectora vexat,
Debita si tantum solvere cuncta queam;
Et strepitus fugio, commota per æquora vite,
Dum propriam cymbam propria dextra regit.
3.
Nulla mihi conjux, quæ litibus omnia turbet,
Nullaque, quæ pactam fallat, amica, fidem;
Perque diem totum, dum ridens carmina canto,
Mâ propriam cymbam propria dextra regit.
4.
Occiduum ad solem, ex horâ quâ surgit alauda,
Assiduâ perago, quæ peragenda, manu;
Non ego divitias cupio, si sit modò robur
Quo propriam cymbam propria dextra regat.
5.
Haud nocet interdum certo confidere amico,
Si tibi reverà certus amicus erit;
At tibi res meliùs multo, mihi crede, gerentur,
Si propriam dextram propria cymba regat.
6.
Empta tibi constant, quàm mutua sumpta, minoris;
Hoc vetus est carmen; sed tibi vera canit;
Nunquam tristis eris, si vi conabere summâ
Ut propriam cymbam propria dextra regat.
7.
Si consurgat hiems, quum sol medio axe coruscat,
Et nitidum condunt nubila densa diem,
Tu tamen in rectum pergas, tu lumine certo,
Et propriam cymbam propria dextra regat.
8.
Aspice quot flores decorant viridantia rura!
Hæc tibi (sic libeat crelere) rura nitent:
Sic tibi spes adsit semper, cura omnis abesto,
Dum propriam cymbam propria dextra regit.
9.
Teque ut amas ipsum, tibi sic vicinus ametur,
Mortales inter dum breve tendis iter;
Nec tibi deturpent rugæ, nec lacryma, vultum,
Sed propriam cymbam propria dextra regat.

PERSONAL POINTS.

Gabriel Dumont is said to be a rare marksman.
Mr. Dewdney was still in the Northwest, when last heard from.
A large number of Canadians are travelling in Europe this summer.
Hon. Edward Blake is doing legal work in the Courts of the Privy Council.
Hon. Mr. Mercier has been made Commander of the Papal order of St. Gregory.
M. Perrotin, a french astronomer, says he has seen giants building Canals on the Planet Mars.
Several of the Federal Ministers are away for their holidays, but they are all within hailing distance.
The week has passed without any further news about the appointment of a new Minister of the Interior.
Lieut. Colonel White has been promoted to the deputy Postmaster Generalship and it is expected that he will therefore resign the command of the 48th battalion.

Honourable Mr. Greenway has achieved a sweeping victory, in the Manitoba general elections. The terms he made with the Federal Government stood him in good stead.
Mr. John Lowe, after doing the work of deputy, beside that of secretary, of the Department of Agriculture, for several years, has at length been made deputy. The promotion is thoroughly deserved.

Dr. Holmes's humour is as delightful as ever. A Buffalo woman, born in the Bay State, asked the autocrat what the authoritative pronunciation of Faneuil Hall was. She promptly received this dictated reply: "Some folks—Faneuil; old folks—Funnell."

Personal dissensions in a military body are bad enough, and should be referred at once to the highest tribunal, before further mischief is done. Colonel Macpherson, of the Governor Generals' Foot Guards is at loggerheads with almost all his officers, and neither side seems disposed to yield.

A model of the memorial statue of the late Colonel Williams, to be raised at Port Hope, has been prepared by Mr. Hamilton McCarthy, of Toronto, and approved by the Memorial Committee. The statue, of heroic size, will be cast in bronze, and set on a grey granite pedestal, twelve feet high. The Colonel of the Midlands will be represented with uplifted sword, giving the word of command.

The latest anecdote is very characteristic of Gladstone. To a prominent author who expressed a wish that the old gentleman's life and strength might long be spared, he replied:—"Yes, I confess I wish to live for two great objects. You can guess one of them. It is to settle the Irish question. The other is to convince my countrymen of the substantial identity between the theology of Homer and that of the Old Testament."

The Rev. Dr. Littledale, in the *Spectator*, relates that when before the ritual commission, he remarked that it was very difficult to bring an Anglican bishop to trial for any ecclesiastical offense. Archbishop Tait then asked him, "What is the case as regards an Archbishop?" "There are," replied Dr. Littledale, "no means whatever provided for bringing an Archbishop to trial." To which Dr. Tait responded with a complacent smile, "I am exceedingly glad to hear it."

Mr. Moffat, the distinguished African missionary, and the father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, once preached a long sermon to a crowd of negroes. Shortly after he had finished he saw a number of negroes gathered about a simple-minded young savage. He went to them and discovered that the savage was preaching his sermon over again. Not only was he reproducing the same words, but imitating the manner and gestures of the white preacher.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Mr. John Ruskin has been giving expression to his religious views. In reply to a letter touching upon his personal views in connection with the sacrament of the holy communion, he has written as follows: "My dear sir: I am extremely thankful for the sympathy expressed in your letter, but I fear you have scarcely read enough to know the breadth of my own creed or communication. I gladly take the bread, water, wine, or meat of the Lord's Supper with members of any family or nation who obey Him, and should be equally sure it was His giving—if I were myself worthy to receive it—whether the intermediate mortal hand were the pope's, the queen's, or a hedge-side gypsy's. It is not time that fails me for reading, but strength. I am but yesterday back out of the grave, and can read little. Ever yours, gratefully,
"JOHN RUSKIN."



Some one has asked, where do flies go in Winter? We don't know, but we wish they would go there in Summer.

"Vat," said the collector of a little German band to a citizen who sat in his front window, "you no give noddings for dot moosic?" "Not a cent," replied the citizen, with hopeless emphasis. "Don't ve blay some more, dat's all!" threatened the collector, so the citizen hastily gave up a quarter.

"Ma," remonstrated Robby, "when I was at grandma's she let me have two pieces of pie." "Well, she ought not to have done so, Bobby," said his mother. "I think two pieces of pie are too much for little boys. The older you grow, Bobby, the more wisdom you will gain." Bobby was silenced, but only for a moment. "Well, ma," he said, "grandma is a good deal older than you are."

Noted Electrician—"I see you still have that old notion that a lightning rod is a protection." Nebraska Farmer:—"I have." "Well, of course, you don't keep up with the electrical progress of the age and can't be expected."—"I take half a dozen newspapers and three magazines, including the *Electrical Review*, sir." "You do? Well, well! Now, sir, if that is the case, will you be kind enough to tell me what you think a lightning rod on your house protects you from?" "Lightning rod agents."

HIGHLY COLORED TESTIMONY.—"You say you heard both shots fired?" asked an Austin lawyer, who was cross-examining a witness in a murder case.

"Yess, sah—heard bofe shots. Dey was fired simontaneously, sah."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, sah; bofe ob 'em was fired simontaneously. I wasn't more than forty feet off at de time."

"But on the direct examination you swore the shots were fired one after the other, and now you say they were fired simultaneously."

"Jes what I said, sah. Bofe shots were fired simontaneous like, one after anudder."—*Texas Siftings*.

COULDN'T STARTLE HIM.—City newspapers have more trouble in training country correspondents not to send in trivial news than in urging them to send in more than they do. One of the newspapers of this town, however, has a correspondent whom nothing startles. The managing editor tells the following about him. There came a ring at the telephone which the editor answered. It was the correspondent out at Bumpville,

"Hello! Is that the — office?"

"Yes."

"Well, say, Jones is dead. Good-by."

"Hold on! Who was Jones? What did he die of?"

"Killed himself. Good-by."

"Hold on; hold on. What did he kill himself for?"

"Murdered his wife and three children. Good-by."

!!!!!!—*Detroit Free Press*.

HOW TO DRINK MILK.—Some complain that they cannot drink milk without being "distressed by it." The most common reason why milk is not well borne is due to the fact that people drink it too quickly. If a glass of it is swallowed hastily it enters into the stomach and then forms in one solid, curdled mass, difficult of digestion. If, on the other hand, the same quantity is sipped, and three minutes at least are occupied in drinking it, then, on reaching the stomach, it is so divided, that when coagulated, as it must be by the gastric juice, while digestion is going on, instead of being in one hard, condensed mass, upon the outside of which only the digestive fluids can act, it is more in the form of a sponge, and in and out of the entire bulk the gastric juice can play freely and perform its function.—*American Analyst*.

A BARGAIN IN LETTERS.

Fred R. Cohl writes to the editor to suggest that as every noun in English can be used as a verb, and every verb as a noun, and every part of speech "as every other part of speech," (eig.: "He ups and ats me"), that the Royal Society of Canada make a bargain with a similar representative body of German scholars and men of letters that, on condition that they adopt our Roman print instead of their old, eyesight-spoiling, barbarous, indistinguishable, costly, silly, nonsensical, out-of-date black letter, we will adopt their excellent, sense-of-a-sentence-at-once-declaring plan of writing and printing the first letter of every noun with a capital letter.



Dr. Daniel Wilson, President of Toronto University, has sent us a copy of a "Notice of St. Margaret's Chapel,"* at Edinburgh Castle, contributed by him, as honorary member of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and published in the proceedings of that society. Among the few historical remains of the Scottish capital, the Chapel of St. Margaret, on the Castle rock, is the oldest and most interesting. In 1067, Altheling made his way to Scotland with his mother and two sisters, of whom one was Margaret, and the famous Black Rood which became the national palladium till 1376, when Scotland saw the last of the relic at Neville's Cross. After a time, Margaret became the queen of the great chief Malcolm Canmore. The sanctity of this distinguished woman is reverently dwelt upon by the author, and the details of her life are given, and thenceforward the paper is devoted to the history of the chapel bearing her name, after she was canonized by Pope Eugenius III. In 1845, The Doctor began his researches by finding in one of the vaults, a so-called baptismal font, which was in reality the socket of the pillar on the ninth side of the chancel arch. These arches are described, and the architecture of the chapel and a plan, drawn by Sir Henry Dryden, in 1886, are given. The life of Queen Margaret reads like a legend, and the graphic incidents of her death are worthy of a poem and a painting. In her last moments she asked for the Black Rood, so called from its black case or fertility. It was a cross of pure gold, about an ell long and set with diamonds. It shut and opened like a chest. Inside was a portion of the true cross, having a figure of the Saviour carved in massive ivory and marvellously adorned with gold. Margaret had brought this with her to Scotland and given it as an heirloom to her sons, and the youngest of them, David, built a magnificent church for it called Holy-Rood. Along with the chapel the story of Edinburgh Castle is related, till its destruction in the siege of 1573, with almost the sole exception of St. Margaret's little oratory. From this point down, through many pages that read like a romantic history that they really are, we have particulars about the sons and successors of the good queen, and some touches on Mary of Guise and Mary Stuart, Freir or Friar Black and other worthies, all told in the best scholarly spirit. Dr. Wilson winds up by saying that the main features of the ancient Edinburgh Castle are now far advanced in restoration, but he congratulates his country and himself that, although St. Margaret's Chapel was included in this work, it has escaped the renovating process which an architect is too prone to carry out under the name of restoration.

One sanctuary leads to another. "Mary's First Shrine in the Wilderness" is the title of a pamphlet by two clergymen of Pittsburg, Pa. It recounts the history of the foundation of that great manufacturing city, and the church services held therein from the beginning. The first discoverer and explorer of that country was Lasalle who, about the year 1670, left Presqu'isle (Erie) and striking the head waters of *La Rivière aux Bœufs* (French Creek), 15 or 20 miles distant, continued his course down the creek and the Allegheny and Ohio dam to the rapids at Louisville. Thus this priest made known the Ohio to the world, as he afterward did the Mississippi. The French took possession of the country and built fortifications at Presqu'isle. In 1753, the American colonists raised a fort at the "Forks" since called the "Point," at the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela, and in 1754 Washington commanding an expedition there, was obliged to surrender to the French who pounced upon him. The latter rebuilt the fort at the Point, calling it Duquesne after the then governor general of New France. The place became a frequent scene of battle. Braddock was

defeated ten miles from there, in 1755, and Major Grant, in 1758. But in November 1758, the French had to withdraw before a superior force, under General Forbes, and set fire to all their buildings. Among these was the chapel standing on the spot where the first divine service was held on the 17th April, 1754, by a Soldier of the Cross, Charles Baron, known in the Recollet Order, to which he belonged, as Father Denys. It is the history of this shrine, the first of its kind in the wilderness of the present United States, down to our time. The title of itself was beautiful. One record calls it the chapel at "Fort Duquesne of the beautiful River" (the Ohio) and later the fort and whole settlement was set down as "Fort Duquesne under the title of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin of the Beautiful River." The shrine lay in ruins for over a century, when in 1869, a chapel was built on its site, and a church, in 1876. The object now is to replace the original shrine by a fitting memorial, in the shape of an historical work of sculpture, and for this, subscriptions, even in low amounts, are solicited to be addressed to Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, 48 Third avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

A JAPANESE HOME.

Life and customs in a Japanese family of good blood and training in Japan embodies much of picturesque interest. To the foreigner so fortunate as to find an entrance within, such a home is a perpetual surprise and delight. In one such we were a favoured guest, during our stay in the Empire, where the household consisted of parents, two grown daughters, two little girls and three sons, one an infant, with their grandmother, three nurses and a large retinue of servants. Was this charming household to be called "pagan," "heathen?"—this home full to repletion of refinement, patriotism, noble arts and culture? A suggestive history was here likewise. The father was a patriot indeed, having yielded his revenues and princely title without a murmur, for the nation's weal, under the new reign. The lady-mother and eldest daughter were peers to the ladies of any land in beauty, ornament, elegant dress, skill in household management, and in the arts of social and polite life as prescribed by etiquette.

This mother was as strong in tenderness, patience and long-suffering, for and with her children, as the mothers of America, and equally faithful and assiduous in their training and education. She taught her daughters as her mother had taught her, that the three fundamental duties of woman are obedience to her parents when a child, to her husband when married, and to her eldest son if she becomes a widow. She also instructed them in the ordering of the whole conduct of life; household and social management, moral and physical duties, letter-writing, proverbs, poems, and all enforced by tales of noble women.

Boys and girls were both drilled in the histories of Japan and China, and in the traditionary, heroic and mythological lore of their own land. The sons were trained to manly sports and exploits, and were taught to overcome obstacles by the symbol over the massive outer door, where swung the huge paper carp, suspended from a bamboo pole, ever reminding the youth of Japan how the carp leaps the waterfall.

It was a grand old roof which sheltered this household; a house of solid timber, sixty feet broad by one hundred deep, with lofty rooms and long, wide corridors. Its one storey had an immense and imposing sloping roof, which covered fourteen apartments and many balconies. The sliding partitions could all be removed and make, on occasion, a noble hall with many columns. The ceiling was made of fine-grained wood and fifteen feet from the floor.

This home was shielded from the street by a wall of tiles, built with cement and lined with a row of firs of mighty girth. The main gate was supported by heavy tree-trunks and covered with an ornamental roof. Just inside was the porter's lodge. Near this lodge was a clump of evergreens, and underneath their shadow stood an ark, cut from solid stone, about four feet high. This was the family shrine for treasuring sacred mementoes

and religious emblems. Just beyond was a rockery of great beauty, where fountains tossed their spray and toyed with sun and moonbeams. Here and there the mockungi tree shed its purple blossoms to the breeze from lofty heights, while azaleas and starry asters bloomed beneath its foot.

All about the garden camellias of brilliant red or purest white unfolded their lovely buds from low-growing shrubs, while now and then a camellia tree, towering fifty feet in the air, entranced the eye with its wax-like blossoms. Moats of running water were bounded by stone walls, moss-covered and flower-decked, where darted and dived the various tribes of fish. Here grew and bloomed the lotus, king among the flowers of Japan. Here came happy children, looking upon its wondrous beauty with unspeakable delight. Into this charming garden the infant was carried by its nurse and grew up the playmate of butterflies, bees and birds.

The dining-room of this house, with its cool matted floors and soft, luxurious cushions, was characteristic of the house. The low table was always decked with flowers in costly vases of bronze, and not infrequently boughs of the blossoming trees were hung about the walls. Huge pyramids of half-peeled oranges and sliced sponge cake whetted the appetite for more substantial food. At luncheon hour obsequious servants appeared with lacquered trays of dainty plates and confections, and tiniest cups of tea set in metal sockets. When we were served, they bowed with foreheads to the floor and disappeared.

When dining we found upon the board a fine fish and leg of venison, a goose or duck, with sweet potatoes and eggs, a basket of pears and oranges, or a tray of persimmons, sweet potatoe custard, cakes and lemon jelly.

Often have we sat in the wide corridors, during the noonday heats, watching the ladies weave their rich embroideries or paint on silk; or paced the garden paths with rare delight while the moonlight sifted through the tall firs, silvering the spray of the fountains and illuminating the lotus blossoms in the moat—listening to tales from the quaint grandmother, or the courtly speech of the father of the dwellers in this old home more than two hundred years ago; of the many births and deaths beneath this roof; of the sickness, and joyous banquet and marriage; of the many festivals—the Feast of the Dolls—for the girls, when, year after year, the great nursery was decked with blooming boughs and the many toys in which Japan abounds, while beautiful mimic life of motherhood and housekeeping prevailed for one entire day; of the Feast of the Banners, when the boys were marched out in triumph to the streets with emblazoned banners to enact a mimic war; of the New Year day, when master and servants pledged anew their devotion to each other; of the religious festivals, when the household, like a great heart, beat for the birth and death, the joy and sorrow of its tenantry.

Here the child had come to thrill the parents' hearts with joy, and after one hundred days had been taken to the temple, where the shaven priest had written a charm and placed it in the child's prayer-bag. Here, for two centuries, the daughters had been given in marriage without spoken vow or priestly rite, but by gift and song, dance and cheer began their new career. From thence, down through the shadow of these mighty trees, had gone forth the funeral cortege to the cremarium, with a hearse of pure white wood, borne on the shoulders of men, followed by mourners with muffled swords, and women in pure white robes and caps of floss-silk. Then prayers had been read, bells tinkled, candles lighted, and the body of the loved one was laid on the pyre, after which the fires were lighted by the brothers of the dead. When all was over, the ashes were deposited in the family urn, while in the oratory of this house, where the sacred lights and incense burn, another gilt-lettered tablet was set among the ancestral names, to be honored by later generations.

Thus, these walls had echoed with song and laughter, with cries and sobs. Each day we realized what a *home* it had been,—not like ours, but none the less a home, for all the completeness of life had sanctified it.—*Helen Strong Thompson.*

* Notice of St. Margaret's Chapel, Edinburgh Castle, by Daniel Wilson, LL.D., &c., 4-to, pp 291-316.



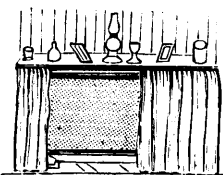
YOU'RE ANOTHER!

TOM: What, eating another orange already! I declare Jack, you're always stuffing.

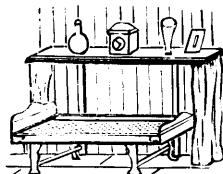
JACK: No more than you. I'd like to know many eggs you eat at breakfast this morning?

TOM: "Et tu, brute!"

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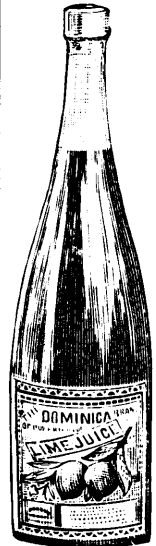
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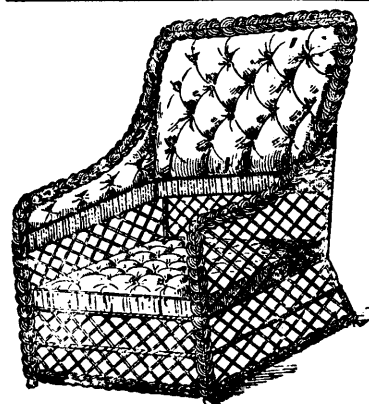
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