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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK)

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FAMILY CARES.

From the painting by E. C. Barnes.

Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.

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21ST DECEMBER, 1889.



It is not unworthy of notice that the cities to which our Mayor and aldermen made their last pilgrimage of inquiry are of Canadian birth. As M. Rameau points out, New France differed from New England in no respect more than in the boldness with which its missionaries and adventurers pushed their way westward to the Ohio and Mississippi, and down to the Gulf of Mexico. To-day the march of discovery and evangelization can be followed in the names which the later lords of the soil have graciously spared, from Detroit westward to Duluth and the River St. Louis, and from the south-west angle of Lake Superior to the delta of the Mississippi. The whole of the irregular triangle between Lakes Superior and Michigan and the Mississippi, and a considerable area beyond it abound in remembrancers of French exploration and conquest. Even in later times Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota were largely settled by French Canadian pioneers, the story of whose enterprise and struggles may be read in Mr. Tasse's interesting volumes and in the publications of western historical societies. In our admiration for the growth and greatness of those thriving centres of population, manufactures and trade, we may recall with pardonable pride that Canada had no little share in starting them on their path of progress.

The Siberian Railway that Russia is going to build will be one of the grandest undertakings of the present century. It will complete in northern latitudes, the girdle of which our own trans-continental line showed the possibility. Such an enterprise as an iron road through those bleak boreal regions, the very name of which has been associated with all that makes life least worth living, would, a few years ago, have been scouted as a madman's dream. But it is not very long since the notion of piercing the "Great American Desert" with a railway was held up to ridicule at Washington—the conception of our own line antedating the first serious proposal to build a road to San Francisco by many years. Siberia, though hitherto known chiefly as a penal colony, is by no means the wilderness which the popular western estimate makes it out to be. It contains some productive areas, is rich in mines, has a valuable fur trade, and comprises several important towns. The great Moscow road that starts from Perm on the Kama and crosses the Urals to the mining centre of Ekaterinburg was till lately the sole line of land communication. The railway from Perm to Ekaterinburg has been continued to Tyumen, from which point the Moscow road extends to Omsk and other settlements, also sending branches south to

the Altai country and to Turkestan. Other routes have been laid out, and the large navigable rivers in summer and sledging in winter greatly facilitate travel and transport. Regular posts are maintained throughout the country. There are about twenty cities and towns with populations ranging from 5,000 to 40,000 souls. Some of the more northerly towns, such as Obdorsk, Narym, Viluisk, are merely administrative centres, with seldom more than 1,000, sometimes as few as 300 inhabitants. That colonization should have pushed so far north, even to that extent, tends to confirm the hopes of Lieut.-Governor Schultz and others as to the future of our own Mackenzie Basin. It is not impossible that Russia's determination to carry out the great project, which may now be deemed assured since the despatch of a commissioner to study the American and Canadian lines, will impel English capitalists and engineers to resume the scheme of an overland route through Asia Minor, Persia and Beluchistan to connect with the Indian system.

Day by day we receive reminders that the old order is changing into a new one, the full meaning, purpose and destiny of which we know not yet. A few weeks ago a wave of memories surged over the world of writers and readers on the simple announcement of the death of an elderly English baronet. The deceased had done nothing remarkable, having lived the life of an English country gentleman, taken his turn as high sheriff of his county, and served, as a loyal squire, in the county militia. But Sir Percy Florence Shelley was the son of one of England's greatest poets, and the death of the son suggested the sadly shortened life of the father. And now England and all who speak the English tongue are called upon to mourn another of England's greatest poets, a poet who lived out his days, yet whose influence will be farther reaching and more profound after his death than during his long life. His literary career covers nearly sixty years, but mind-growth can hardly be traced in his poems. Some of the later productions of the earlier half of his life as an author show as much maturity as he ever attained, and Ruskin's judgment of more than a generation ago applies, both in its praise and its censure, to the whole cycle. From first to last Browning was the poet of spiritual development, of soul-struggle with the powers of darkness, of the conflict between high aspiration and the tendencies of the lower nature, and he loved to treat of types in which the contending forces were strong and so nearly matched as to make the issue doubtful. His power of mental impersonation was so rare that when he had once put on the mask, he thought and spoke as though the metamorphosis were real and thus often puzzled his readers by taking them through a spiritual labyrinth of which he alone possessed the clue. Possibly, he sometimes found it difficult himself, when the hour of inspiration had passed, to recover by enforced illusion, the clue which he had thrown aside. Hence his frequent inability to give a reason for seemingly wilful obscurities. Hence, also the wonderful truthfulness of the representation of the inner life of his characters.

"Robert Browning," says the greatest of art critics, "is unerring in every sentence he writes of the middle ages, always vital and profound; so that, in the matter of art, with which we have been specially concerned, there is hardly a principle connected with the mediæval temper, that he has

not struck upon in those seemingly careless and too rugged rhymes of his." Then, after reproaching, almost in its integrity, Browning's remarkable poem entitled "The Bishop Orders His Tomb in St. Praxed's Church," as an example of his insight into the spirit of the Renaissance, Mr. Ruskin adds: "It is nearly all that I said of the central Renaissance in thirty pages of the 'Stones of Venice' put into as many lines, Browning's poetry being also the antecedent work." Then comes the reproach which has ever since been echoed and re-echoed in so many tones: "The worst of it is that this kind of concentrated writing needs so much solution before the reader can fairly get the good of it, that people's patience fails them, and they give the thing up as insoluble; though, truly, it ought to be to the current of common thought like Saladin's talisman, dipped in clear water, not soluble altogether, but making the element medicinal." This last word gives the key to some of the best fruit of Browning's mind, which, though sometimes drastic enough, has an alterative and healing power which many have advantageously tested.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the London *Times* has been keeping a watchful eye on the doings of Mr. Blaine's Pan-American Conference. Indeed, it has attracted much more attention in England than it has in Canada, and, if we have regard merely to its commercial aspects, not without reason. The trade between Great Britain and South America has for years been of considerable importance, amounting to a total of not far from \$200,000,000. It may be imagined, therefore, that the mercantile class in England looks with anything but favour on a movement which, if successful, may seriously diminish its profits, or possibly, end in diverting this vast volume of business to the United States. In Canada, on the other hand, if we have little to expect, and, certainly, the result of Mr. Jones's mission so far has not been hopeful, we have not much to lose. Some years ago the feeling was somewhat less indifferent. When the *Comte d'Eu*, the pioneer steamer of the direct line between Canada and Brazil, arrived at Halifax in December, 1881, strong hopes were entertained that a trade which had long been neglected, was about to receive an impulse that would bear good fruits. But the results, as shown by the yearly returns, have not answered the expectation. There is no reason, however, why the trade between Canada and the West Indies—especially Jamaica—about which there was so much discussion three or four years ago, should not be trebled or quintupled. In this connection, it is hoped that the Jamaica Exhibition of November next will show a full representation of Canadian products and manufactures.

In connection with some phases of political controversy in this province, it may not be without interest to mention that a man of some note in his day, John Byrom, author of a once famous system of shorthand, and a contributor to the *Spectator*, was wont to maintain that Gregory the Great, not St. George of Cappodocia, or St. George of Merry England, or any other George, was the rightful patron of the Order of the Garter. He defied the Willises, Stukeleys, Peggs, and other antiquaries of the day to refute his hypothesis. There is, of course, no connection between the Order of Saint Gregory the Great and the Order of the Garter. The latter (dedicated, by general consent, to St.

George of Cappadocia and St. Edward the Confessor), had its solemn annual convention at Windsor on St. George's Day (April 23) as early as the reign of Edward the Third, whereas the former was not founded until 1831. The insignia are a red enamelled cross with forked arms, with golden rim and knobs; the obverse centre is composed of a blue enamelled disc, representing the image of Saint Gregory, in the golden ring around which are inscribed the words: S. Gregorius Magnus. The reverse disc, which is also blue enamelled, contains the legend, "Pro Deo et Principe," as well as "S. Gregorius Magnus," in the surrounding golden ring. The ribbon is crimson with yellow borders.

It is well to keep up the memories of our national glories. Among these the name of Chateauguay is a name of pride, associated as it is with a feat of arms in which both the chief races of the Dominion, but the French more especially, have such an honourable record. It is not the least noteworthy feature in the enthusiasm for historical study, to which of late we have more than once referred, that it has given birth to a number of fruitful organizations throughout the Dominion. One of these bears the name of the "Chateauguay Literary and Historical Society," and that it is no idle or mere dilettante body, pluming itself on a grandly suggestive title, while leaving to others the burden and heat of this day of research, is amply evident from the first fruits of its operations. As the Society for Historical Studies yielded Mr. Gerald E. Hart's valuable monograph on "The Fall of New France," and a magazine, *Canadiana*, now successfully closing its first year of existence, so this Chateauguay Society has entered the field of publication with an admirable "Account of the Battle of Chateauguay," having for a frontispiece a portrait of the hero, De Salaberry, and furnished with a sketch of the scene adapted by the author from Bouchette's map, drawn shortly after the victory. This "Account" (which we recommend our readers to obtain from the publisher, Mr. Drysdale) was originally delivered as a lecture by Mr. W. D. Lighthall, who had the deserved honour of inaugurating the labours of the society of which he is an honorary member. As printed, it is made still more valuable by local and personal notes by Mr. W. Patterson, M.A., the society's corresponding-secretary.

The Oregon question took a long time to solve itself, and the solution is not one which we can recall with pleasure. The Buchanan-Pakenham treaty ended, as so many boundary treaties have ended, in a compromise which gave England the second best place. It was the same with the later Juan de Fuca award. The boundary between British Columbia and Alaska still remains unsettled, though the question has come up again and again in recent years. Considerable help in the identification of the places mentioned in the Russo-British agreement of 1825 may be obtained from a study of Vancouver's careful and accurate maps. His survey of the whole western coast of North America was a task to which he devoted remarkable skill and pains, and his performance of it is as worthy of grateful recognition as are the warlike exploits of some of his more famous contemporaries and colleagues. It also deserved to be remembered that the island which bears his name and which constitutes so important a portion of our Pacific province was named the Island of Quadra and Vancouver, at the request of Don Quadra, the

Spanish naval commander, in token of the happy meeting and friendly intercourse of those two estimable and patriotic men. The Hudson's Bay colony of Vancouver, on the Columbia, in which Sir George Simpson took so much pride, was lost to us by the settlement of 1849. Most of the early names (names generally of navigators or their vessels) have been allowed to stand on the maps both of the British and American possessions. A few, such as New Cornwall, New Hanover and New Albion, have been sacrificed to political and other exigencies.

CHRISTMASTIDE.

Once more the season of Christmas comes to us with all its hallowed associations. As it approaches, a glow of tender kindness towards all that breathes seems to warm our hearts, chilled so often by much of which we disapprove in ourselves and others. The world sometimes seems so wholly a scene of struggle—that struggle for existence that gives no quarter, but only a harsh *ve victis*—that we are tempted to forget its gentler aspects. And it is because Christmas—more than any day in all the round year—brings us cessation of the strife and din and worry that we welcome it so cordially. This transforming power it owes to its universality. Every one looks forward to it, every one is ready for it when it arrives. And as it is *de rigueur* to be cheery and amiable, all faces are wreathed in smiles, all hands waiting to be clasped, and cold shoulders are out of the question. We would scorn to side with those who blame Charles Dickens for making Christmas a feast of obligation. Such persons must be either so wrapped up in themselves that they grudge poor people their holiday, or else they are blind to the interests of the community. Even from a business standpoint, the abolition of Christmas would be disastrous. But the commercial catastrophe would be nothing to the infelicity that it would be sure to cause to millions of the most guiltless of the world's population. The amount of keen, honest, wholesome enjoyment that would thus be driven from the face of the earth is not to be measured. Happily no such assault is intended, but the very thought of it may help us to realize what a vital force Christmas is in modern society.

What a world of memories and dead hopes gather round the name! In the scattered empire of the English folk especially it is associated with all that gives the word home its best significance. Wherever they go they take it with them, and with it the inseparable plum-pudding.

"Whose smoking sweets delicious scents disclose."

But in Canada the observance of Christmas dates back to a period long before its cession to Great Britain. From their old homes the Norman and the Breton had brought usages, the origin of which is lost in the mists of antiquity. Some of these have reference to the Christmas season. Of course, the Day of the Nativity is one of the Church's higher festivals, if not its crowning feast. From the years of earliest colonization there was Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve, with *pain benit* and anthems duly sung. In 1645, for instance, it is on record that the first bell for the midnight service sounded at eleven o'clock. A little before half-past eleven the warning note was heard and the choristers began to sing "Venez, mon Dieu" and "Chantons Noel." Even the names of the musicians on that memorable occasion have been

preserved—Monsieur de la Ferté took the bass, while Saint-Martin played the violin. Another member played a German flute. Shortly before midnight the *Te Deum* was chanted, and, just as the cannon announced the hour of twelve, the Mass began. The consecrated bread was afterwards distributed. How much this solemn service is appreciated by the Catholics and by many of the Protestants of this province, the disappointment experienced during an interval of interdict sufficiently showed.

Of the Midnight Mass, the Hon. Hector Fabre, C.M.G., says that it recalls the customs of those Norman and Breton towns which so many Canadians regard as their ancestral homes. *La Guignolée*—the invocation of which is preserved by Mr. Ernest Gagnon in his *Chansons Populaires du Canada*—is associated more often with New Year's Day than with Christmas. As, however, the Christmas season really ends with Epiphany (still called in some places old Christmas Day), it is comprised within the range of Christmas usages. If the usual derivation (*gui, l'an neuf*) be correct, we have in it a parallel to the mistletoe usages so familiar in connection with the English Christmas. It is to be noted, however, that a large proportion of the mistletoe used in England for Christmas decoration is obtained from the orchards of Normandy. The gathering of *gui (viscum)* by the Druids is mentioned by Pliny the Elder, and many of our readers will doubtless recall the lines in the opening scene of Bellini's opera of "Norma":

Il sacro vischio à mieter
Norma verrà?

The connection of the mistletoe with the slaying of Baldur in the Scandinavian mythology may also be recalled. The "baleful mistletoe" is mentioned in *Titus Andronicus*.

But, whatever legends cluster around this phase of Christmas observance, only what is bright and hopeful must be linked with it when lovers pass under the mistletoe bough. Only what is joyous and of good report can have place in this central feast of Christendom. It is a festival, for the enjoyment of which our Canadian winter is admirably suited. It is the festival of the hearth. It summons home all wanderers and brings together parted friends. It calls up loving thoughts of the absent, and is but poorly kept if, in the hour of enjoyment, no heed be taken of those who mourn, who languish on beds of sickness, or who wage war with the wolf of poverty. To moralize, however, is not our place, but rather to bid good cheer to all our readers and their friends, wishing them whatever may be in every best sense most worthy of acceptance in the time-honoured phrase:

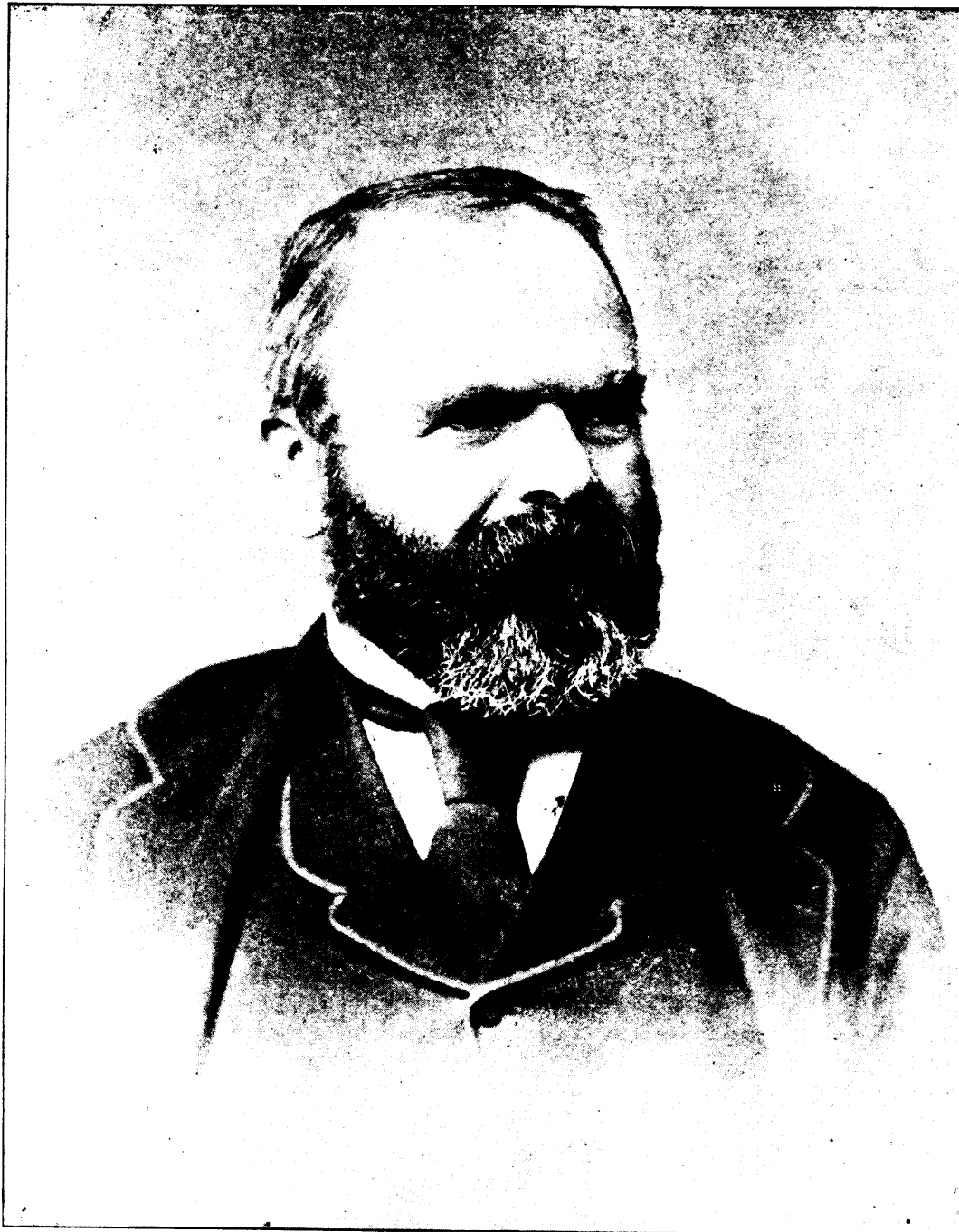
A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Deep on the sloping hillsides lies the snow,
Steep slanting to the trampled road, that down
Leads to the outspread silent sleeping town,
Whose lights upon the southern sky upthrow
A shimmering radiance nearing to the glow
Of the Aurora banners of the north, outthrown
Across the deepening dark blue sky, star-strown,
And on the ragged fences, bright there show
Jewels of frost, grasped from the gleaming dress
Of Winter fair, as o'er the fields yestreen
She passed, and touching with her light caress
All nature into sleep, she caused to throw,
On dreamless forms, her coveredlet of snow.

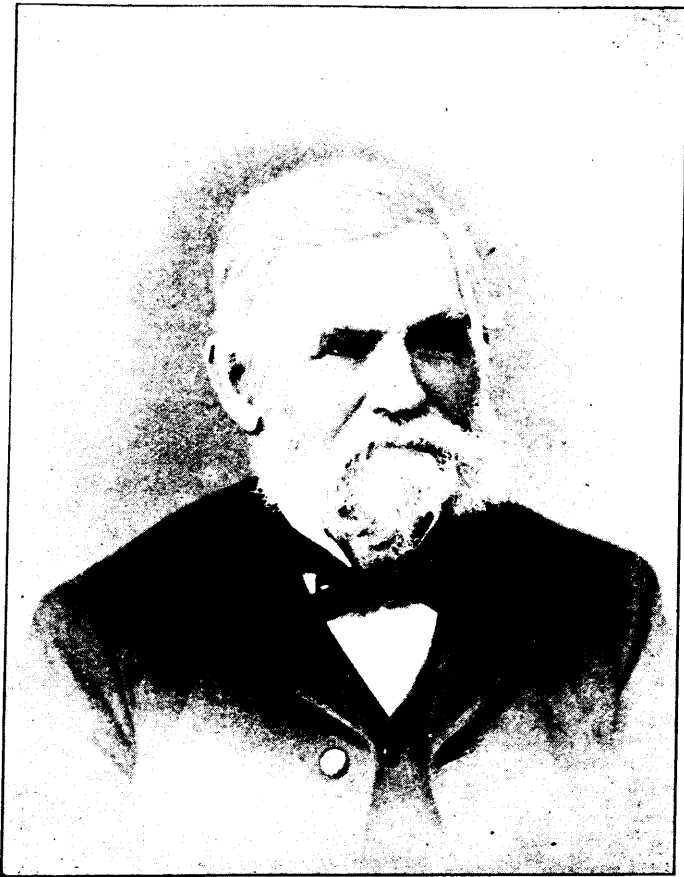
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J. E. MACPHERSON.

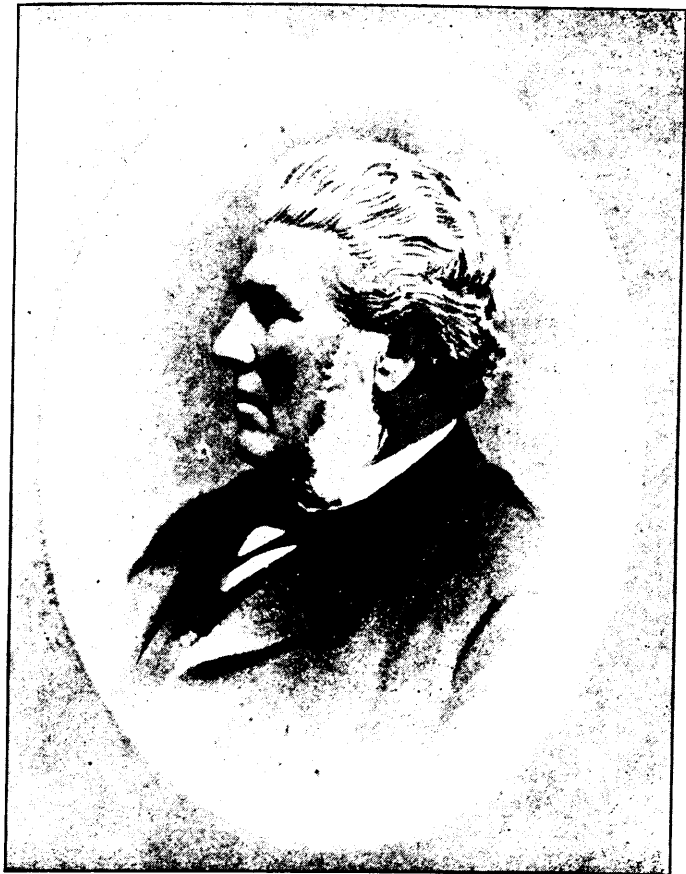


J. M. COURTNEY, Esq.,
DEPUTY MINISTER OF FINANCE.

Topley, photo.



THE LATE NATHANIEL PETTES, Esq.



JUDGE O'BRIAN, OF L'ORIGINAL.



ST. MARK'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND CEMETERY, NIAGARA, ONT.

From a photo. by E. Havelock Walsh, Amat. Phot. Ass'n.



FAMILY CARES.—This is a scene with which many of our matronly readers are familiar. Mr. Barnes must have made a loving study of the little folk to depict so truthfully this drama of the nursery. The living figures are admirably matched, and evidently a perfect understanding has been established among them. The kitten, though in suspense, does not look very unhappy. It has grown accustomed to the tight embrace of its young mistress. If it has any discomfort, it is as likely to be of a moral as of a bodily character, for clearly puppy has claims on the small autocrat's good will that have not been altogether rejected. The Noah's Ark (as it seems to be) is not forgotten, a tug of the left hand at the miniature morning-gown making a lap sufficient to prevent a catastrophe. The feet-gear will have to wait for another ascent, as *canis minimus* is not learned enough to be useful. Christmas is just the time when these charming comedies are played to best advantage, and some of our young readers, as well as their submissive elders, will appreciate little Edith's perplexities.

JOHN MORTIMER COURTNEY, ESQ., DEPUTY MINISTER OF FINANCE.—Mr. John Mortimer Courtney, Deputy of the Minister of Finance, whose portrait we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers, was born in England on the 22nd July, 1838. He was educated by private tuition. In October, 1870, he married Miss Mary Elizabeth Sophia, daughter of the late Mr. Fenning Taylor, of Ottawa. He entered the public service of Canada as Chief Clerk and assistant Secretary of the Treasury Board on the 2nd June, 1869. On August 2, 1878, under 41 Vic., c. 7, he was appointed Deputy Minister of Finance. He is ex-officio Deputy Receiver-General and Secretary of the Treasury Board. Mr. Courtney is a Director of the Civil Service Building and Savings Society. He is a brother of the Rt. Hon. Leonard Courtney, Chairman of Committees of the British House of Commons, a prominent Liberal, but now an active member of the Liberal-Unionist party, whose leaders "split" with Mr. Gladstone on the Irish Home Rule Question.

THE LATE NATHANIEL PETTES, ESQ., M. P. FOR BROME.—On Sunday, the 20th October, at his own beautiful home, in the village of Knowlton, P. Q., Nathaniel Pettes, Esq., whose portrait will be found on another page, passed away at the ripe age of seventy-three years. He was born near the village of West Brome on the 21st April, 1816,—son of the late Charles Pettes, who died there only a few years ago. The times then were agitated—especially for the settlers near the American line—as the war with the United States had just ended, and their privations were many. The educational advantages of that period were extremely limited; but such as they were Nathaniel Pettes made the most of them. He worked with his father on the farm in the summer and went to school in the winter, finally engaging in teaching school himself. When he was about twenty-one, while working out as a farm laborer, he met with an accident which necessitated his devoting himself to some less laborious calling than was farming in those days. With his meagre savings, the result of his own industry, he accordingly opened a small store in a room of his father's house. After remaining there for a time he removed to Brome Corner—then the business centre of the township of Brome—enlarged his operations, and carried on a growing and prosperous business. In 1844 he married Miss Narcissa Farrand, who survives him. Some years after he sold out his business at Brome Corner to the late H. R. Williams, and in company with his brother, J. C. Pettes, engaged in trade at Knowlton, then a new but promising village. By his rare judgment and business thrift, he had succeeded in accumulating a handsome little fortune, the management of which required the greater part of his attention, and finally he retired altogether from commercial pursuits. In the midst of his busy life he always found time to devote a portion of his energies to public matters. As early as 1845 he identified himself with municipal and school concerns, and from that time until a little over a year ago, when he retired at his own request, he gave his valuable experience to the service of the township and county of Brome in one capacity or another. He was seven times mayor of the township and five times warden of the county, which in itself shows the degree of confidence reposed in him by his neighbors. Three years ago last January Mr. Pettes received a handsomely executed address from his fellow councillors and friends on the occasion of his fortieth year's connection with the municipal affairs of the township. He was for many years one of the Directors of the South Eastern Railway Company, as he was for a time of the Canada Central, which may truly be called the beginning of the great Canadian Pacific line. When the general elections of 1874 for the Dominion came on, it was thought that Mr. Pettes—although known to be a Liberal—would command the support of the Independent-Conservatives, as he had shown himself on several previous occasions independent of strict party ties. He was elected by acclamation, and during the four years he was in Parliament gave his support to the Government of Mr. MacKenzie, for whom he always entertained the highest regard. But he did not care for political life, and so did not offer himself for re-election in 1878, preferring to give his undivided attention to his own private business. Mr.

Pettes has left an untarnished reputation behind him and a career full of interesting and profitable lessons for young men to profit by. He was exact and methodical in his business habits; industrious and indefatigable in whatever he undertook; always ready to give the benefit of his experience and rare judgment to any one who sought them; zealous in his support of what he considered right and fearless in his denunciation of what he felt to be wrong; a devoted and faithful friend; an affectionate son and brother, and a loving father and husband.

THE HON. JUDGE O'BRIAN.—The sad and sudden death of the late Judge Olivier left a vacancy in the County Judgeship of the United Counties of Prescott and Russell, which the Dominion Government evinced a most laudable promptitude in filling by gazetted Mr. Peter O'Brian, of L'Orignal. His Honour Judge O'Brian, whose portrait we present to our readers on another page, is pre-eminently a countyman, having been born at L'Orignal, where he has ever since resided, in the year 1820. He commenced the practice of his profession in his native town in 1843, and at the time of his elevation to the Bench was the head of the legal firm of O'Brian, O'Brian & Hall. In the course of a long and active practice in these counties, he has become fully acquainted with the character and languages of the mixed population, with whom, in his judicial capacity, he will have to deal. He has been county clerk and solicitor of the United Counties for many years, and since the passing of the Dominion Franchise Act has been revising barrister of Prescott. The confidence of the Counties in Mr. O'Brian was strongly shown at the time of the appointment of his predecessor in 1888, when the Council of the United Counties passed an unanimous resolution recommending his appointment. Mr. O'Brian, though never a strong party man, is a Conservative in politics. He is a member of the Presbyterian Church, in which he holds the office of elder. Physically he is of powerful build and possessed of a splendid constitution, that promises many years of usefulness in his new office. During his long practice he has shown himself a sound and painstaking lawyer, and possessed of a fund of common sense and a mental grasp that peculiarly fits him for his honourable position.

ST. MARK'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND CEMETERY, NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE, ONT.—This is one of the most interesting as well as one of the oldest landmarks in Canada. The parish was formed in the year 1792, when Rev. Robert Addison was appointed to the pastoral charge of it by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. No church was built at the time, services being held in the Indian Council Room. There is abundant proof, however, that the grave-yard was used as a place of interment before that time, as tombstones to be seen there bear witness. One of these memorials, still in a good state of preservation, situated in the vestibule of the church, reads as follows: "Lenerd Blanck; Deseased, Aug. 5, 1782." The building of the present church was commenced in 1802, and the first services were held in 1808. During the war of 1812 it was occupied as a barracks by the American soldiers, and afterwards burnt by them on the night of December 12th, 1813. The tower and walls remained standing, and were used in the rebuilding of the church. The tombstones bear many marks of the sojourn of the Americans, some of the flat stones being so cut up by the axes used in chopping meat, that the inscriptions are almost obliterated. The Rev. Robert Addison held the living until 1829; Rev. Thomas Cuen from 1829 to 1864, and Archdeacon McMurray, the present incumbent, the latter's successor. Appended are a few brief extracts from the parish register:—"July 11, 1793: A sergeant of the 5th Regiment shot for desertion; he was well attended a good while before he suffered death, and behaved well. Oct. 16, 1812: Gen. Sir Isaac Brock and Colonel McDonald. They fell together at (Queenston) and were buried in the northeast bastion of Fort George. Jan. 21, 1819: An inn-keeper, Mr. —; a bad profession for any but sober men." The photograph from which our engraving was derived was taken by Mr. E. Havelock Walsh, of the Toronto Amateur Photographic Association.

THE MADONNA AND THE DIVINE CHILD.—Of Raphael's work, until Ruskin and his disciples arose, there were hardly two opinions. As far as his purely religious art is concerned, Ruskin's judgment is adverse, not only to Raphael, but to almost all the painters of Christendom. His censure is very sweeping. "Has there then (the reader asks emphatically) been no true religious ideal? Has religious art never been of any service to mankind?" And to his own question we have Ruskin's own answer: "I fear, on the whole, not. Of true religious ideal, representing events historically recorded, with solemn effort at a sincere and unartificial conception, there exist as yet hardly any examples. Nearly all good religious pictures fall into one or other branch of the false ideal already examined, either into the Angelical (passionate ideal) or the Raphaellesque (philosophical ideal)." And, then, after some further criticism, he adds: "All the histories of the Bible are, in my judgment, yet waiting to be painted." Now, in contrast to this sweeping censure, M. Müntz says, in his "Etudes sur l'Histoire de la Peinture et de l'Iconographie Chrétienne," that it was reserved for Raphael to reconcile the strong conviction that distinguished the painters of the primitive Church with the conquests of the new Florentine school. He gives him credit for the feeling of life, for force of expression, for purity of style. "There is hardly a chord which he has not caused to vibrate, hardly a point in Christian history on which he has not shed light." And again: "No artist has entered with such clearness of in-

telligence into the spirit of the Sacred Scriptures." But, although his compositions have been modelled on the biblical narratives, by the freedom and breadth of their style they satisfy the severest demands of criticism. "In this task of pictorial exegesis," continues M. Müntz, "Raphael was inspired at once by the painters of the early Church and by his predecessors of the 15th century." He loves to depict scenes that are calm and pure and solacing. Even his martyrs seem transfused by celestial joy. In setting forth the story of the Divine Life, he hesitates to touch what is agonizing to contemplate. Once only did he paint a Crucifixion. The scenes in which he delights are those in which Jesus is represented in His happy infancy playing under His Mother's eye, or in His sublime bliss on the Mount of Transfiguration or enthroned in His glory in the midst of the elect. Such canvasses as these, M. Müntz thinks, reflect the splendour of the mosaics of the fourth and the fifth centuries. But "what he borrowed from his immediate predecessors was their essentially human emotion, their dramatic sense. It was their influence that inspired those charming Madonnas, in which, with the figures of Mary and Her Son he forms the most touching idylls." It is certainly this human quality, the very calm and sweetness of which are so pathetic (still, of course, from the human standpoint) when we think of the unseen shadow of suffering and grief that will one day shroud their lives, that makes some of Raphael's Madonnas so universally intelligible and impressive. The glad young Mother will one day be the Mater Dolorosa, and the bright, playful Child, the Man of Sorrows. This one, the famous Madonna of San Sisto, is in happy unison with the feelings with which we greet the Festival of the Nativity. Christmas is sacred to the domestic and social affections; it is the joyous feast of the home circle, as well as one of the high days of the sacred year. It is also *par excellence* the children's day, and is fitly associated (as in our engraving) with the birth and childhood of Him who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me."

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO.—It is Christmastide—the season that brings a blessing to all who thankfully accept it. We seem again to hear the message that came ages ago to the watching shepherds, a message which has lost none of its significance by the lapse of time, and has not grown stale through repetition, nor commonplace through familiarity. "Gloria in Excelsis Deo et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis"—in these words was it said or sung when Latin was the mistress tongue of all the world, and so is it still heard in Latin Christendom. Many other forms, indeed, it has taken. There is hardly a language spoken by mankind into which it has not been translated. But there is a language which knows no political boundary, a language which, while it has been made the interpreter of life's joys and sorrows, has also been consecrated to the service of religion and gives meet expression to the yearnings of pious souls. Happy are they who have the gift of this divine speech for the solace and the elevation of humanity. Happy those who in this season of universal joy have their hearts attuned into unison with its message of peace. Of such the poet tells us when, as

"The sweet church bells began to peal,

On to God's house the people prest;
Passing the place where each must rest,
Each entered as a welcome guest.

One walked between his wife and child,
With measured footfall firm and mild,
And now and then he gravely smiled.

The patient partner of his blood
Leaned on him, faithful, gentle, good,
Wearing the rose of womanhood.

And in their double love secure,
The little maiden walked demure,
Pacing with downward eyelids pure.

These three made unity so sweet,
My frozen heart began to beat,
Remembering its ancient heat.

I blest them and they wandered on;
I spoke, but answer came there none;
The dull and bitter voice was gone."

In the throng of worshippers there are hundreds of such household groups, listening to the anthem in the spirit of love and gratitude, at peace with themselves and all the world. The clear, sweet voice mounts up, and like some unseen winged messenger, sweeps with its joyous burden through the vast edifice, while the organ, obeying the touch of practised fingers, adds solemnity to the soaring praise. We cannot see, but we can imagine the multitude below, and we know that they feel the rapture ineffable that thrills the soul when highest thoughts and holiest longings find an interpreter. The artist, Henri Lerolle, is a pupil of Lamotte and a man of recognized originality and power. Among the products of his brush, besides the fine effective picture of which our engraving is a reproduction, are: "Jacob at the Home of Laban," "The Arrival of the Shepherds," "The Riverside," and other well known works. He obtained medals in 1879 and 1880. M. Lerolle is a native of Paris, where he was born in 1848.

THE EARLY CHRISTIAN MARTYR, FROM THE PAINTING OF MR. J. C. PINHEY.—We have much satisfaction in presenting our readers with an excellent illustration of the good work that some of our younger artists have been doing of late. The painting, from which our engraving was taken, is not unknown in Montreal, as art-lovers have had an opportunity of seeing it for sometime past in Messrs. Scott & Sons'. It is a striking picture, one that is sure to attract attention in any gallery. Mr. Pinhey has followed convention—a convention not without historical warrant—in giving his young martyr a goodly share of physical

beauty. It is, however, not in the charms of feature or form, but in the high spiritual aspiration, the faith that sees what is unseen to the bodily eye and conquers the maiden's natural fear of a horrible death, the hope that looks beyond the agony which is momentary to the joys which are eternal, that we discern the artist's motive and the merit of the picture. Like the first martyr, her gaze is turned heavenward, her eyes seeming to be dilated by the emotions that fill her breast. She has said farewell to those who love her, and who now, she knows, are suffering unspeakable anguish for her sake, but by a superhuman effort she has silenced the promptings of pity for them as for herself and has fixed her thoughts on the Supreme Helper, the Master whom she will not deny to save her life, nay, to gain the world. A certain decent staidness in her posture and in the fall of the drapery is all that suggests any care on her part for what she may seem in the sight of man. Instinctively she feels that her dread peril may imply unseemly exposure, and she assumes the attitude of prayer in such a way as to minimize that risk. She wears the comely dress of a Roman girl *simplex munditiis*—when Rome meant civilization, but she is probably of Grecian blood, and of patrician lineage. The artist has left much to the imagination. Neither savage beast nor more cruel man is in sight. But we know that the pains of death will not be long delayed, and that the curious, sensation-loving, blood-thirsty throng awaits the fatal spring. It is a fine picture and worthy of the praise that connoisseurs have awarded it. Mr. Pinhey's career as an artist does not date back, we believe, beyond 1880, in which year he began to study in Toronto. He was adjudged the silver medal for the best stump drawing from an antique bust and other prizes. Determining to profit by the instruction of the best masters of the day, he went to Paris and entered the Academy of Monsieur Julian—the largest art training school in France, and took lessons from Messrs. Boulangier, Lefebvre, Bouguereau, Gerôme, Fleury, Chaput, and other distinguished professors. After five years, devoted to severe academic drawing from the nude, during which he won the approbation of his teachers as one of their most promising artists, Mr. Pinhey passed eight months at Avignon, where he painted the picture named "Le Midi," now the property of Mr. J. Christie, of Ottawa. In that city Mr. Pinhey resided for some time after returning to Canada, and soon made a name for himself as a portrait-painter. For about a year he has been settled in this city, where his skill and assiduity have won him deserved success. His "Afternoon Tea" was, it may be recalled, one of the most remarkable pictures at the Spring Exhibition. "The Christian Martyr" may, however, be considered his best work.

THE MONTREAL HIGH SCHOOL CADETS.—This engraving, which is sure to be gratifying to our young military aspirants, illustrates what has been generally recognized as not the least useful and acceptable feature of that revived physical training which is one of the great educational reforms of our time. The first of a series of very satisfactory inspections of the High School corps of this city took place on the 9th ult. Lieut.-Col. Mattice in addressing the boy soldiers told them they were a credit to themselves, to their instructor and to Montreal—a judgment on their appearance and evolutions which was heard with pleasure, as well by the cadets as by their parents and friends who were present on the occasion. The inspection, which took place on a Saturday afternoon, was enlivened by the excellent fife and drum band of the Sixth Fusiliers, while a detachment from the same battalion kept order on the ground. Among those who witnessed the inspection were the Venerable Archdeacon Evans and the Rev. Dr. McVicar, who represented the Protestant School Commissioners. The instructor, Capt. Macaulay, who was deservedly commended by the Brigade-Major, had his young companies—five in all—in admirable order. The four regular companies of more mature lads, the small body of little recruits, and the ambulance, which constituted the force, were dressed in their becoming gray uniforms. After saluting, they marched past, with the steadiness and regularity, if not of veterans, at least of older warriors, doubling and wheeling into line, forming squares and preparing to meet cavalry, and executing other manoeuvres with a sureness of movement which showed how carefully they had been drilled. Lieut.-Col. Mattice, in paying them a welcome tribute of praise, promised to have carbines substituted for the too ponderous rifles, and he had no doubt that they would prove as efficient in the use of their weapons as they had shown themselves in their manoeuvres. Archdeacon Evans then addressed the cadets in fitting terms. The inspection ended, the corps marched through several streets as far as Place d'Armes and then back to the school grounds, winning universal admiration on the way. After three cheers for Capt. Macaulay, which, notwithstanding a somewhat trying order (for they had been on their feet from morning till near dusk), were given with hearty good will, the future defenders of their country were dismissed. On every fresh appearance they gave evidence of improvement under their efficient instructor.

HOLY NIGHT.—The scene which Herr Grass has imagined is one of which every reader of the Gospels forms an idea of his or her own. He has evidently attempted to bring into a focus, as it were, several features in the sacred narrative that are generally treated apart. He has, however, given us an effective picture, and we have no difficulty in putting ourselves in sympathy with it. Every thing about it suggests the peace of the heavenly anthem, the peace that is promised to all who cherish good will, and with which Christmas is immemorially and blissfully associated.

CHRISTMAS.

O blessed day that hallowest
The old year, ere it dies,
And in Time's weather-beaten breast
Stillest the weary sighs,
We greet thee now with praise and mirth.
In memory of our Saviour's birth.
We hail thee, as the shepherd throng,
On that Judæan field,
And the same heavenly burst of song
By which their hearts were thrilled—
"Peace be on earth, good-will to men—"
From heaven to earth descends again.

The race of man had wandered, sore
Beneath its weight of sin,
For many a weary age before
The day was ushered in
On which the benison of God
On all his children was bestowed.
To Israel the word had come,
That in its royal line
Should rise at last a Prince, of whom
The race should be divine.
And so arose o'er all the earth
A longing for some wondrous birth.
Prophet to prophet handed down
The promise, still more clear,
While Jewish mothers pondered on
The Child that should appear.
And bards inspired of Greece and Rome
Foretold the Monarch that should come.

And farther east and farther west
The scattered nations felt,
By some strange yearning, half-confessed,
As to their gods they knelt,
That One, far greater than they knew,
God's needed work on earth must do.

Many had come to teach mankind,
And precepts were not few;
In vain, alas! men sought to find,
Amid the false, the true,
Or answer the hearts' questions keen
About the world that is unseen.

No teacher yet had come with power
To solve each doubt that springs,
Or give, in that most solemn hour
When death his summons brings,
The calm, clear faith that knows no fear,
Hearing the whisper, 'I am here.'

So now, in spite of priest and sage,
The world in darkness errs;
Rome reads with doubting smile the page
Of Greek philosophers;
And cynic age to questioning youth
With scorn repeats, 'Pray, what is truth?'

Still Israel, rent by factions wild,
And prey to alien foes,
Awaits the mother and the Child
Whose birth shall end its woes;
But never dreams to look for Them
In that meek group at Bethlehem.

Yet there, as on this very day,
In that Judæan town,
Obscure He in a manger lay,
Bereft of robe and crown.
Thither in spirit draw we nigh
And worship in humility.

O scene so dear to Christian art,
By inspiration graced!
O scene that on the human heart
By love divine is traced!
The stainless Mother and the Child!
The God-man and the Virgin mild!

The heedless world is unaware
Of thee, O Bethlehem,
And of the King reposing there
Without a diadem.
But Rome's old gods may feel the power
That dooms them at this awful hour.

Before the Babe of Bethlehem
What millions bow to-day!
O God! in mercy look on them
And send them, as they pray,
The spirit of good-will and peace
Till war and all its horrors cease.

Alas! how sad it is to know
That, after all these years,
Men still should cause each other woe
And drench the earth with tears.
They are unworthy of thy name,
O Christ, who put thee thus to shame!

So many centuries, alas!
Since Thou wast born, yet seems
The world so nearly what it was
When only fitful gleams
Of Thy reflected radiance glowed
Upon the earth which Thou hast trod.

So many centuries! But Thou
Hast no regard of time!
To Thee all ages are as *now*,
And, while we slowly climb
To cause from consequence with pain,
All things to Thee are ever plain.

At last we know all will be well—
Enough for us to know—
Enough all tempting doubts to quell,
However it be so,
Let us but strive that every day,
May find us further on our way.

O blessed day, traditions dear
Have gathered round thy name;
Of modest mirth, of kindly cheer,
Of charity's bright flame.
Unto the least of these, said He,
Whate'er you do, you do to Me.

Peace and good-will—O blessed words,
To be our guide through life!
Oh! may the nations sheathe their swords,
And cease from cruel strife!
The widow's wail, the orphan's tear,
Sad, sad are these for Christmas cheer.

Peace and good-will—O warring sects,
That bear the Christian name,
What is the faith that He expects,
On whom you found your claim?
By love He conquered all mankind—
Let there be in you the same mind.

O Christmastide! We would not throw
A shadow on thy name,
Or cause a needless sigh; but oh!
One privilege we claim—
We think of Christmas-days of yore,
And those whose smiles we greet no more.

O, dear, dead friends of other years,
Who shared our joy and pain,
We have not power, with all our tears,
To bring you back again.
But, as we think of you to-day,
We cannot deem you far away.

And we shall meet, we hope, at last,
When, rent the parting veil,
Death's tyranny is overpast,
And the glad earth shall hail
A glorious, endless Christmas morn,
When man in Christ awakes new-born.

J. F. HOME.

THE EDUCATION OF THE ANCIENT ROMAN.

Besides commercial arithmetic the chief subjects studied in Roman schools were history and literature. Reading was taught, not, as in Greece, by letters, but by syllables, according to our most approved modern methods; and sets of ivory letters were often given to children to make up words with. Homer and Æsop were the commonest reading books for Greek, while Virgil and Horace very soon after their death entered into their immortality as Latin class-books. The Laws of the Twelve Table were got by heart by all Roman boys as a matter of course. Public speaking, too, was an art in which it was not so much a glory to excel as a disgrace to fail; and in the upper divisions rhetoric and the practice of declamation were carefully attended to. For the rest the management of schools in Rome was similar to what it has been in all time. Little boys were coaxed to learn the elements of knowledge by gifts of sweets and biscuits. Prizes were given to the most proficient, books valuable for their rarity or beautiful manuscript or binding, while laggards in the race for learning were whipped up with great earnestness. Juvenal tells us how he had finched his hand from the master's cane at school; and Orbilius the flogging professor, who had begun life as a magistrate's clerk, and had then tried his luck in the army, both in the cavalry and infantry, where he, perhaps, picked up his partiality for strenuous discipline, has earned for himself by his vigour in the use of the rod a reputation as enduring as that of Dr. Keate or Dr. Busby. The school day usually began even before sunrise, and Martial, living in his third story in the "Pear-tree district," complains of the schoolmaster near the modern Piazza Barberini who woke him up before cock-crow, when he had hardly got to sleep after the nightly din of the baker, with his shouts and blows. But the picture of the satirist is not altogether accurate, and it would be unfair not to say that the men at the top of the profession were well paid and enjoyed probably a good social position. Verrius Flaccus, for instance, tutor to Augustus's grandchildren, received from the Emperor more than £1,000 annually, and, in addition, had free lodging in the palace, and was allowed to keep a private school. Another master, Palemon, made an income of over £4,000 out of his school. There were also lucrative Government appointments open to teachers of Latin, Greek and rhetoric, the salaries attached to which amounted in some cases to over £1,000; and the holders of them were, in addition, exempt from municipal taxation. In the summer they had four months' vacation, and there were, besides, several holidays during winter and spring, so that the profession was not altogether without its prizes and compensations.—*The National Review*.





IN THE THICK OF IT.

A TALE OF "THIRTY-SEVEN."

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year 1889, by Sarah Anne Curzon, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CONFESSION.

On leaving the Governor, Harry struck off at once into a side-road, hoping thereby to make a detour and get before the fugitives, for such the rebels had become. For two miles he urged his horse to his best pace, and was turning an angle of the road when he saw a man lying across his path, but whether from fatigue or wounds he could not tell. Hasty though his errand was, Harry could not do less than obey the common dictates of humanity: he therefore dismounted, and on turning the prostrate form so as to reveal the features, he was shocked to find it no other than Captain Stratiss apparently dying from his wounds. Notwithstanding that the circumstances under which Harry had always met this man had been of a compromising character, he had contracted a sort of respect for him from the fact that his manners and habits were those of a gentleman, and his nature appeared to be less coarse than those of the men he was associated with: even his dissipation did not seem to spring from the mere love of sensual indulgence. On the present occasion, therefore, he was anxious to learn the extent of the disaster that had befallen Stratiss. Examination showed that a rifle ball had pierced the left side, and blood was flowing from the wound. As Harry stanching the flow, a sigh escaped the wounded man's lips, and he opened his eyes with a vacant stare, at the same time ejaculating in a faint voice, "Water! Water!" Harry flew to a creek he had passed, and filling his canteen, carried water to the sufferer, who had again fainted. Under Harry's ministrations, however, he once more revived, and, as his recollection returned, animation lit up his features, and gazing earnestly on Harry, he said:

"Mr. Hewit, you are the last man to whom I have a right to look for any kindness, for I helped to do you a great injury."

"Never mind that now, Captain Stratiss," replied Harry, "but tell me how severe are your wounds, that I may help you."

"I am done for," exclaimed Stratiss. "My life is fast ebbing; but let me tell you while I can that I never meant you should hang, even if I had to let out your friend at my own risk, to save you."

"You mean Frank Arnley!" cried Harry in great agitation. "Tell me where he is, and my poor stricken mother's blessing shall be yours as well as my own."

"He is in Todd's shanty, a prisoner. It is all Howis's work, who hates you with the malice of a fiend incarnate, and if you do not rescue your friend before he gets up there, he will shoot Arnley if only to hang you."

"Good God!" exclaimed Harry, "wherefore should he vent his hate of me on an innocent boy?"

"It is because he is innocent and fair, and is therefore a living reproach to his own black heart. It was Howis, Egan, myself, and another or two who dogged your footsteps after you left the mill the night you threw our arms into the swamp-hole, and who captured Arnley after he had left you. Give me more water," he continued, "for I have more to tell that is blacker still, and I am going fast."

Harry helped Stratiss to more water, and supported his head as in broken words he proceeded:

"Dr. Leslie is a friend of yours, and no doubt you respect his daughter also: there is a plot to abduct her under cover of the confusion caused by this rising."

"What! What is this you say!" cried Harry in the utmost alarm.

"That beast Egan loves the girl, and has his plans laid with old Todd to kidnap her and shoot the father, rifle the house,—the plunder to be old Todd's pay,—and trust to the disturbances of the

times to cover the crimes. But the times will be settled enough soon. I told them how it would be, the blockheads."

Scarcely able to restrain himself sufficiently to consider what to do for the dying man who had done him such a service by his confessions, Harry said, more in order to gain time to think than because he wished to know:

"Then why did you join them, Captain Stratiss: would not the other side have suited you better?"

"I joined because I was a lost man: friends, character, hope, ambition, all fled before the blast of fury that rushed over my soul when I learned that she whom I loved was wedded to another. It was not her fault. But I killed him! I killed him! And from that moment have been an outlaw in my own country, and have sought distraction or death anywhere that bullets were flying or some dare-devil scheme was to be carried out. More! I thought to do my country one good turn at least, by helping to annex Canada. She is a splendid land: she can rival any country on the face of the earth, and I wanted to rob Britain of her, for my rival was a British officer."

"God forgive you!" cried Harry, indignantly.

"God—God—I have cursed God—and now—," the unhappy man threw up his arms and fell back dead.

At that moment Harry was conscious of the approach of some persons from behind, and a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, while a gruff voice with a strong Dutch accent said "What you do here, yong man? Ish dot man dead?"

"You see what I do here," said Harry, "I am comforting the dying," as he turned and saw a strong stolid-looking man, accompanied by a younger, whom he took to be his son. "This poor gentleman was wounded in the fight this morning, and is just now dead; if you will bury him decently I will pay you well."

"Let me see der shilver," said the man, who was evidently a farmer in the neighborhood.

Harry drew forth his purse and handed the man a liberal allowance, which seemed to satisfy him, and he promised to perform the last sad rites for the unhappy Stratiss.

"And now," cried Harry to his horse as he sprung into the saddle, "it's you and I for it: you must do a good day's work to-day if you never do another. And God defend my Alice and her father from the enemies they know not of."

It was late that night when Harry turned his jaded steed down the wild road that led to old Todd's shanty, and as he issued upon the banks of the little lake a piercing shriek burst upon his ear, followed by a second and a third in quick succession.

(To be continued.)

DEEDS.

Beneath the sun our every deed
Drops, but to germinate, a seed
To grow, bud, blossom, and to be
Part of our immortality.

We shade our eyes, and gaze afar
To where their full fruitions are;
And what will be their potency then,
When we have left the haunts of men?

The word unkind, the impure thought,
Like Sodom's fatal apples, fraught
With poison, on the earth remain
To bear but bitter fruits of pain.

The smile, the act of charity,
Though small as mustard-seeds they be,
May sweetly blossom as the rose,
Until the earth's last blossom blows.

And tremblingly our footsteps tread
The path that leads us to the dead,
To leave behind with earthly strife
Our deeds—an everlasting life!

May He who guides the steps of men
In ways beyond their mortal ken,
Our deeds draw upward—as the sun,
The flowers,—till our days be done.

A College Romance.

FOR CHRISTMAS.

Among the lady graduates of a particular university were two who ran each other very closely in the race for honours.

As far as could be surmised, in the papers they had given in for their B.A. exam., their claims would very nearly balance, for, if Minerva's definition of the Utilitarian Theory of Obligation would be sure to average ninety-nine marks in the hundred, and her brilliant handling of Aristotle's Nicomachean Ethics gave her well-founded assurance, Hermione, on the other hand, might hope for victory on the score of a perfect Palaeontology Paper, and an especially lucid pronouncement on the Darwinian Structure of Apes.

Not until the results were actually out was it known that Minerva was victrix by half a dozen marks, and that Hermione had unexpectedly tripped on her much vaunted ape question.

It was a serious matter to both the young lady graduates, for Minerva proposed to put her honours to a practical use in obtaining an important position, and Hermione, for quite another reason, was equally anxious to come out well. Well she certainly had come out, but not first.

The graduating class of the year was not a very large one, and the members had been thrown a good deal together both in and out of college.

There had been some rivalry between the men and their fair fellow-students, but it had always been carried on in a friendly spirit; and it was agreed at the close that the whole class should exchange photographs, as a proof of mutual good will before parting.

Minerva, in her cap and gown, with the rabbit skin lining of her hood showing modestly over her left shoulder, and grasping firmly in her hand her valedictory, made an imposing picture—for she was "divinely tall," and had large features and fine dark eyes and hair, which, if not too abundant, was yet dark and silky, and was drawn away from an ample forehead, that the peak of her trencher only partially concealed.

Hermione was less stately, but had more of piquant sweetness and youthful rotundity. Two dimples played at hide and seek in her softly moulded cheeks, and a nose of imperfect form that just escaped the reproach of *retroscis*, with laughing, long-lashed eyes and waving hair, made her photograph very attractive, though not nearly so much so as she was herself.

Yet both young ladies were dissatisfied, and considered that the photographer might have done better, or else the position or the light was in fault, or the cap or gown was unbecoming, and the particular expression not such as should have been permitted.

"Surely," objected Minerva, "I never looked so strong-minded as that. It's enough to frighten—one." She was about to say "a man," but checked herself.

"And, O dear! look at my nose. Isn't it aspiring?" said Hermione, almost weeping between smiles which she could not quite repress.

"The cap looks so comical in a picture. It gives me such a little manny appearance. I shall feel like laughing and crying whenever I look at it."

But to Mr. Peverly Dart, Honour Science Man and Gold Medalist, who received the two photographs by the same mail, the result was more satisfactory.

"Fine girl, Miss Minerva," was his comment when he opened the case, and had laughed a little at Minerva's resolute appearance. "Very fine girl, indeed! Looks for all the world like a general or statesman. Judicial aspect—Commander of the Blue, if there is such a thing. Went little Dipsey go wild over it?"

But, at the sight of Hermione's dimpled, smiling countenance, his face assumed quite a rapturous expression.

"The sweet, dear little creature," he exclaimed, ecstatically. "That was just how she looked at the convocation. I have her before me now when old Gregory capped her, and all the fellows clapped and stamped. There was no girl there that could hold a candle to her. There never was or will be."

From which you may infer that Mr. Peverly Dart, while pursuing his studies in arts, had not suffered either classics or science to exclude the softer emotions of a course, not openly included in the curriculum, but in which, nevertheless, he had at the same time graduated. He was indeed very much in love with Miss Sweet, and the possession of her photograph, at which he had for some time past been aiming, was only preliminary to the attainment of an object much more coveted, which he hoped, and yet scarcely dared to allow himself to count upon in the future, namely, the hand and heart of the fair original. His particular friend and fellow-graduate, Mr. Dipsey, or "Dolly," as Mr. Peverly Dart sometimes called him, from his diminutive stature, light hair, blue eyes and infantile expression, had made no concealment of his admiration for the imposing Minerva, who openly permitted and even encouraged his attentions. But Mr. Peverly Dart had locked up his secret in his own breast, that is, he had never divulged it to the object of his adoration; but had confined himself to such shy advances as were within the limits of his small stock of courage. He had often envied Mr. Dipsey his assurance, but had not been able to imitate it himself. Now, however, he determined to make a bold stroke. He incited himself to courage by telling himself that he was a man, a fact which was apparent for itself from a certain hirsute appendage which had recently appeared upon his upper lip, that he had just received the promise of a good appointment, which would lead to something still better, that cowardice was despicable, and that if he did not make

known his hopes somebody else would. Indeed, there were already others in the field, for Hermione was a general favourite. But she had always appeared to like him, he reminded himself with a blush, though he had not gone far enough to put her preference to the test. Indeed, he had been made to appear to pay more attention to Minerva than to her friend, for Minerva had an unscrupulous frankness which, when she wished, appropriated to herself the apparent admiration of the other sex without regard to their inclination. Yet he thought he had contrived to let Hermione know that she was dear to him. Yes, surely she must know this. And now the time had come for him to speak decidedly.

He sat down to compose a letter which should accompany the photograph of himself that he was about to send her. It cost him far more trouble than the prize thesis or the most abstruse of his examination papers, and he wrote several copies before he could satisfy himself.

No. 1 (after numerous erasures and corrections):

MY DEAR MISS SWEET,—I cannot describe my emotions on receiving your lovely photograph, nor how grateful I am to you for sending it to me. It shall always remain among my most cherished possessions.

How delightful to me was that last year at college. Study, always agreeable, possessed, especially towards the last, a new charm, for I had then an additional and most powerful incentive to work. May I be permitted to tell you what it was? Or can you guess? But, no; you could not imagine that I had even then the temerity to aspire to stand well in your eyes. Yet it was.

And now, my dear Miss Sweet, in sending you my photograph, as agreed, I am presumptuous enough to offer with it, for your acceptance, my heart and hand.

Although not in a position to marry immediately, to which, I need not say, all my desires incline, the promise which I have just received of an honorable and fairly remunerative temporary position, and the prospect of a still better one at no very distant date, embolden me to make you acquainted with my hopes, and to beg that you will permit me to call upon you to express them at greater length in a personal interview.

Drop me but a line if what I have said does not displease you, and say if I may come and when.

I am, my dear Miss Sweet, yours faithfully,

D. PEVERLY DART.

No. 2.

MY DEAR MISS SWEET,—I am almost crazy. I cannot write coherently. You *must* understand what I mean.

Pity and forgive, yours distractedly,

P. DART.

P.S. No. 1.—Tell me when I may come and see you.

P.S. No. 2.—Thanks for your too lovely photograph. I send mine, which is even more frightful than the original.

P. D.

No. 3.

MY DEAR MISS SWEET,—Very many thanks for your photograph. I hope I need scarcely say how highly I prize the gift. I am leaving town in a few days, and there is something I earnestly wish to say to you before I go. May I call to-morrow evening, or any time that will suit you? I enclose my own photograph, which you were good enough to promise to accept.

Faithfully yours,

PEVERLY DART.

You will observe that in all these letters the writer appeals for a personal interview, and that in the last, which, though it by no means satisfied him, was the one which he ultimately sent, he emphasizes his request by stating that he is about to leave town.

When he had written the letter and slipped it into the case containing his photograph, he carefully mailed the little package with his own hand. He sent the letter thus, rather than separately, as a compliment to Miss Sweet's excessive modesty, and one which he felt sure she would appreciate. At the same time he mailed a separate note and photograph to Minerva.

He had no difficulty in writing to Minerva. He addressed her with perfect frankness; complimented her on her attainments and the honours she had won, and assured her that the result was only what had been expected by all her friends. And then, with Hermione all the time in his mind, he indulged in a little sentiment. Not much, but it read very prettily, and might be taken to mean a great deal more than it really did, and it would be sure to please Minerva, who loved flattery. Then he went for a walk with his friend, Mr. Dipsey, and hoped that they should meet Miss Sweet, for the day was lovely.

They did not meet her, but Mr. Dipsey was not averse to having her included in the conversation, though in a subordinate way to Minerva, or Miss Battle, for such was her suggestive cognomen, whom he appropriated to himself, and of whom, in conjunction with himself, he talked a great deal. He also had sent his photograph to the two girls, and had received theirs, and had written them each a very pretty note.

Mr. Dipsey's infantile face, with his guileless expression, had made quite a charming picture, and, although Mr. Peverly Dart and others of Mr. Dipsey's male friends to whom he had shown it, pronounced it effeminate, the young ladies were very much pleased with it.

Mr. Peverly Dart did not care what Minerva or the girls generally thought of it, but he hoped that Hermione had not gone into any absurd raptures over it. He set out the next evening at eight o'clock to make his call, hoping that he should find Hermione alone. She had not answered his note or said that he might come, but all the same she would surely be prepared for his visit. To his intense chagrin the

maid who opened the door informed him that Miss Sweet was not at home. He ventured to ask if it would be long before she returned, and was told that she had gone out for the evening. So there was nothing for him to do but to retrace his steps homewards, or go in some other direction, whithersoever fancy might lead him.

The following day he waited impatiently the arrival of every mail—the first delivery, the second and third, hoping that one or the other would bring him some word of explanation; and so on to the next day, and the next, and the last. But he was disappointed. He knew not what to make of it. At first he was filled with indignation; then alarm; then frenzy; then despair. He called on Miss Battle, hoping to hear something through her; but she was laid up with an attack of rose rash. He dared not venture to repeat his visit to Hermione, or to write to her again, under the discouraging circumstances of her silence. A fact that increased his discomfiture and irritated him greatly was that Mr. Dipsey had met and conversed with her.

"I had no idea that little Hermione was half so charming," said that fickle graduate, after he had moped for the greater part of a day over Minerva's illness. "Those dimples of hers and her laughing eyes are quite irresistible, and," with a little complacent smile, for which Mr. Peverly Dart would have liked to kick him down stairs, "she says she has fallen in love with my photograph. Absurd! Isn't it?"

It was absurd, quite absurd, Mr. Peverly Dart told himself. Nevertheless, it added another sting to his already lacerated feelings. Hermione had not said that she had fallen in love with *his* photograph. In fact she had said nothing at all about it. She had treated both it and him with silent contempt.

There was to be a concert that evening in the Academy of Music, and Mr. Dart decided to go, in the secret hope that Hermione might be there. To his great delight, Mr. Dipsey had another engagement and could not accompany him. Yes, there she was, not half a dozen yards off, in a front row, looking bewitching in a white opera cloak and smiling sweetly on the old dowager who was acting chaperon.

He coughed slightly to attract her attention, and she turned round, but did not seem to see him. Then he cleared his throat, and finally sneezed three times, and at the third sneeze Hermione looked at him and bowed slightly. Mr. Dart's hopes rose with even this little recognition, and he began to devise plans for disposing of the dowager and escorting Hermione home.

The room was very warm, and, perhaps, the old lady would faint, and he should rush to her assistance and procure a cab, in which she and a doctor, who was present, would drive to her residence, and lest she should be crowded, Hermione would walk and accept the protection of Mr. Dart's arm. Or a message would arrive suddenly to take the dowager away to a sick grandchild, and she would look around for some one to whose care she could confide Hermione, who, she would insist, should stay to the end of the performance, and would see Mr. Peverly Dart and summon him by a glance to her side.

It was very delightful. These castles in the air were beautiful structures, and Mr. Peverly Dart enjoyed the concert immensely while they lasted. When it was over he made his way to Hermione at once and accosted her with a conventional "Good evening!"

She did not offer him her hand, and her face was graver than usual when she replied, and he felt abashed and taken down. But he was to leave the next morning, and this fact made him desperate.

The dowager was talking to some one else at the moment, and Mr. Dart half lowered his voice and said to Hermione, watching her face all the while:

"I must say good-bye. I am going, way to-morrow morning. Are you sorry? Do you care?" he was about to add, but the dowager turned round before the words had left his lips.

"Are you indeed?" said Hermione with vivacity. "Where are you going, may I ask? Mrs. Maladroit, Mr. Dart is going to leave us."

And the dowager expressed polite surprise.

He told Hermione where he was going—his hands turning cold and his legs trembling with the effort to speak indifferently. He felt himself growing very pale, and was conscious of looking ridiculous. Hermione watched him now with an arch smile that brought out all her dimples.

"I hope you will like the North-West and be successful," she said pleasantly. "But we must go now. Good night and good-bye!" and she placed her hand in his for a single moment, as she turned away with the dowager.

After that Mr. Peverly Dart went home supremely wretched, and feeling so very small in his own eyes that Mr. Dipsey, who looked in upon him in his lodgings afterwards, at once concluded that Hermione had either snubbed or rejected him, for Mr. Dart admitted having seen her at the concert.

Mr. Dipsey was noted, amongst his other qualities, for a faculty of extracting information from his friends when he so desired it, however reluctant they might be to give it. "Dipsey," or Alf, or Dolly, as he was indifferently called, "will worm it out of you if he wants to," was a common saying of those who knew the young gentleman. But on this occasion, beyond the mere fact of his having seen and spoken to her, the most persistent cross-questioning on Mr. Dipsey's part failed to elicit confidence from Mr. Peverly Dart in regard to his relations with Hermione.

He went away next morning without having told his secret to Mr. Dipsey, or to any one.

It was December. Seven months had passed since Mr. Peverly Dart had left Modernville, and Miss Minerva Battle was entertaining some of her college friends on Christmas Eve, when Mr. Dipsey, who was present, look-

ing sweeter and more infantile than ever, with a pink rose-bud in his button-hole and the tiniest of shoes on his tiny feet, announced that he had heard on his way up that Mr. Dart had returned.

"Is he at the old address, do you know?" asked Minerva, catching instantly at the news. "What fun it would be to telephone and have him join us if he can. It would make one more of our old class."

All present thought the idea a "splendid" one, and Minerva proceeded to carry it out at once, her guests accompanying her, amid much merriment, to the room where the telephone was kept.

"O, I could hear him perfectly. It was such fun," said Miss Battle, when the conversation was ended and she had rung off. "He says he will be delighted, and he will come just as soon as he can make himself presentable. He arrived by the 8 o'clock train and his voice is just as squeaky as ever. I wish you could have heard it, it was so comical."

"I daresay yours was comical too," said Hermione, and there was a little laugh, for Minerva had raised her voice to its highest pitch.

Mr. Dart arrived in due time and was complimented by Minerva on his robust appearance.

Hermione greeted him cordially, but he did not speak to her after the first few words.

He noticed that she was wearing a dress of a colour which he remembered having once admired and having ventured to tell her so—a combination of velvet and some soft material in crushed strawberry.

The idea flashed across his mind—could it be that she had remembered his preference and had consulted it in his absence, although she had trampled on his feelings, or was it her vanity, because she looked well in it?

The evening came to a close, and when Mr. Dipsey, who had just received a snub from the latest object of his affections, a Juno-like cousin of his former flame, Minerva, was about to offer himself as an escort to Hermione, Mr. Peverly Dart stepped up and forestalled him.

He could not account for the impulse which made him run counter to the rules he had laid down when he had thought that he should meet her, but so it was.

The night was full of stars, and clear and cold. The snow lay white upon the streets.

Hermione shivered slightly as they stepped from the warm room into the frosty air, and Mr. Dart, with another impulse of inconsistency, drew her arm a little closer within his own. They walked on in silence for a little way, then Hermione spoke.

"I wanted to tell you why I never answered your note," she said, hesitating over the words. "The note you sent me with your photograph I never got it until a day or two ago. I was clearing out a drawer and came upon a lot of old photograph cases. They were no use and I thought I would destroy them. One of them was addressed in your handwriting, and I threw it with the others into the wastepaper basket. As I did so your note fell out, and I read it then for the first time."

Mr. Peverly Dart's heart seemed to stand still while she spoke, and he listened with breathless eagerness, and, when she paused, he broke out in a quick rapture of delight:

"Is this true? Can it be possible? And you would have answered it had you got it? And what would you have said? O, tell me, Hermione—tell me quickly, what would you have said?"

"I should have told you to come, of course," said Hermione, in a voice so low that Mr. Dart had to bend his head close to hers to catch the words, "though I could not have known what you had to say. I cannot know now."

They were approaching Hermione's home, but, by tacit consent, they turned into another street, which would prolong the walk.

"Then I may tell you," said Mr. Peverly Dart with eagerness. "It was to say I loved you and to ask if you could love me enough in return to promise to be my wife."

"Ah," said Hermione, with a laugh and a little tremble in her voice. "Then why did you write so affectionately to Minerva? You could not have—loved—us both."

"Loved you both," Mr. Dart interrupted. "Certainly not. I never cared in the least for Miss Battle. She is not my style. If I wrote affectionately to her—I do not remember that I did—but if I did, it was that I was thinking of you."

"But," persisted Hermione, her voice still trembling, "you praised her talents and spoke of her high destiny, and you said nothing of that kind to me."

"O, you know why it was," returned Mr. Dart, laughing now, for he saw that he was gaining the advantage. "I was not thinking about your talents. I was thinking only of yourself. I wanted you alone; just as I want you now. Will you be mine?"

The last words had rather a commonplace ring, and under some circumstances Hermione might have felt amused, but there was no mistaking their sincerity in the present instance, and they answered their purpose, as also did Hermione's reply.

The Christmas bells were ringing when the lovers reluctantly parted on the steps of Miss Sweet's residence, agreeing to meet each other a few hours later at the morning service in the church which Hermione attended.

The engagement was soon known, and created a pleasing flutter amongst the college friends of the two young people, all agreeing that it was only what might have been expected. But Mr. Dipsey feared Miss Sweet might suffer from Peverly's uneven temper, and Miss Battle was just a little anxious over the possible inconstancy of the same individual.

Hermione had no such fears.

EROL GERVAISE.



THE EARLY CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

By J. C. Pinhey.



THE MADONNA AND THE DIVINE INFANT.

From the painting by Raphael.

Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company

THE BIRTH AND BOYHOOD OF JESUS.

How many will hopefully solace themselves by reading this Christmas season the "old, old story" of the birth of the child Jesus, which has so transformed the world, and is certain to transform it still more! Its freshness and beauty and fitness have not a whit abated, wide though the world has grown. Only two of the sacred historians have thought it necessary to record that wonderful beginning of the incomparable life. These are St. Matthew and St. Luke. St. Luke prefaces his Gospel by three chapters which might well be called the History of the Infancy and Boyhood of Jesus. Tradition makes him a painter as well as a physician. It is true that recent research, and especially the investigations and studies of Abbé Greppo, have shown the external evidence in its favour to be of meagre value. But is there no internal evidence in the Gospel itself?

Even if there had been no tradition, no attenuated thread of transmitted memory, as a clue to the evangelist's occupations or tastes, can we wonder, as his graphic skill appeals to our hearts, that the great guild of Florentine painters, the disciples of Cimabue and Giotto, could find no name more appropriate for their art-union than the "Company of St. Luke?" What wonder that some of the noblest triumphs of the painter's art have been based on suggestions which he has furnished? What wonder if, to one who has depicted in such living and revealing words the faith, the patience, the motherly devotion of the Virgin Mother, should have been ascribed the first portrait of the Madonna!

We must not, indeed, confine our grateful admiration to him alone. He may, not without foundation, be looked upon as the patron of Christian science ("Medicus carissimus") and Christian literature ("Græci sermonis non ignarus fuit"), and, as we have said, tradition has lovingly honoured him as the patron of Christian art. But of the evangelists we may say, as Adam de Saint Victor sings:

"Circa thema generale,
Habet quisque speciale
Styli privilegium."

To each of them we owe something which the others chose to omit. In the early Church, the figures of a man, a lion, an ox and an eagle, were chosen (as in fulfilment of Ezekiel's prophecy) to symbolize respectively the four. "Quia ab humana generatione cepit," says St. Gregory the Great, "jure per hominem signatur Mattheus. Quia per clamorem in deserto, recte per leonem Marcus. Quia vero a sacrificio exorsus est, bene per vitulum Lucas. Denique quia à divinitate Verbi cepit, digne per aquilam significatur Joannes." This ascription has been thus versified and interpreted:

"Est vitulus Lucas, leo Marcus, avisque Joannes,
Et homo Mattheus; quatuor ista Deus;
Est homo nascendo, vitulus mortem patiendo
Est leo surgendo, sed avis ad summa petendo."

To Matthew we owe one of the most significant and characteristic festivals of the Church, and one that is fitly associated with Christmastide—Holy Innocent's Day. Christianity brought not only a new heaven, but a new earth to childhood. "Suffer little children to come unto me" is one of those "sayings of mine" that are laden with sweetest solace for poor humanity. In him and St. Mark, moreover, we find some peculiar touches of sympathy with the poor and weak and lowly; while of St. John it is surely enough to remember that he was "the disciple whom Jesus loved." But it is St. Luke that lays so carefully the foundations of the great Mission in that blending of the homely and spiritual, the human and the divine, the historical and the practical, which characterizes those wondrous initial chapters.

How incomparable are those outbursts of sacred song—*Magnificat*, *Benedictus Dominus Deus Israel*, and *Añne Dimittis*! How suggestive the references to the Mother who "kept all these sayings in her heart!" How much was given her to know who can tell? We can only imagine with what loving care and thought and mingled hopes and fears she watched from day to day that growth of mind and body and soul, and saw with wonder-

ing affection the development of those powers, of which the fame was soon to go through all the regions round about.

What a multitude of associations have clustered around that story of the Nativity! What thoughts and words and deeds it has inspired! How it has influenced the course of events and the destinies of nations! Little the world knew—the world of the Cæsars—that a pair of Judean wanderers were tending in that comfortless inn—shed its greatest Monarch; that the day was coming when His sway should be the proudest boast of Rome itself.

A carpenter's son and brought up to his father's trade—in Judæa always an honourable trade—that is what He seemed to the people of the little Galilean community. "More than probable it certainly is," says Delitzsch, "that He who came down from Heaven and took our nature upon Him, and He who was made in all things like unto us, sin only excepted, and who submitted Himself to the law and custom of His people, was not only an obedient Son to His Mother, but also a willing helper to His Father in the work of His calling. And even as it was by no mere accident that His first miracle was wrought at a wedding, so it was by no accident that He was born, not in the house of a smith, who forges the death-dealing weapons of war, but in the house of a carpenter, where He who came to bring peace to the world and to hallow the beginning and end of human life had to work in fashioning both the rockers of the cradle and the planks of the coffin and the peaceful instruments of husbandry and family life. * * * *

To handicraft * * * belongs the honour that the Saviour of the world sprang from an artisan's house. The first King of Israel was taken from behind the plough: the second King of Israel was called from the sheepfold: and the second David, the Messiah of Israel, was called from the carpenter's shop." His mother-tongue was Aramaic, but He spoke Greek also, no doubt, and came in contact with men of many races. Tradition assigns to Him an extraordinary influence over His companions, even in His boyhood, and though His advent was a surprise to His own generation, that there were foreshadowings of that supremacy which He was to exercise over the minds of men we may be certain. "His outward life was the life of all those of His age, station and place of birth. He lived as other children of peasant parents in that quiet town, and in great measure as they live now." But He had the consciousness of a mission of which few of them could dream. That He had in some way tried to impart its nature to His parents would seem to be indicated by His explanation on being found among the doctors in the Temple:—"Did ye not know that I must be about my Father's business?" They were astonished to find him in such company, sitting among the teachers of Israel, and not only hearing their expositions, but propounding questions and making replies, such as they had never heard before.

His Mother's voice recalled Him to the duty of the present, and He quickly left His learned companions, and, with His parents and the other pilgrims, returned to Nazareth. On the way, no doubt, he confided to Mary the secret of those aspirations that stirred His soul, and which made His words and acts so mysterious to those that "understood not." For it is at this point that we read that she "kept all these sayings in her heart."

The eighteen years that followed are enshrouded in a veil which none may raise. Amid what surroundings they were spent, however, we have some means of knowing. "The hills which form the northern limit of the plain of Jezreel," writes Dr. Farrar, "run almost due east, from the Jordan Valley to the Mediterranean, and their southern slopes were in the district assigned to the tribe of Zebulon. Almost in the centre of this chain of hills there is a singular cleft in the limestone forming the entrance to a little valley. As the traveller leaves the plain he will ride up a steep and narrow pathway, broided with grass and flowers, through scenery which is

"neither colossal nor overwhelming, but infinitely beautiful and picturesque. Beneath him, on the right hand side, the vale will gradually widen, until it becomes about a quarter of a mile in breadth. The basin of the valley is divided by hedges of cactus into little fields and gardens, which, about the fall of the spring rains, wear an aspect of indescribable calm and glow with a tint of the richest green. Beside the narrow pathway, at no great distance apart from each other, are two wells, and the women who draw water there are more beautiful, and the ruddy, bright-eyed shepherd boys who sit or play by the well-sides, in their gay-coloured Oriental costumes, are a happier, bolder, brighter-looking race than the traveller will have seen elsewhere. Gradually the valley opens into a little natural amphitheatre of hills, supposed by some to be the crater of an extinct volcano, and there clinging to the hollows of a hill, which rises to the height of some five hundred feet above it, lie 'like a handful of pearls in a goblet of emerald,' the flat roofs of a little Eastern town. * * * and that little town is *En Nasirah*, Nazareth, where the Son of God, the Saviour of mankind, spent nearly thirty years of His mortal life. It was, in fact, His native village, His home for all but three or four years of His life on earth; the village which lent its ignominious name to the scornful title written upon His cross; the village from which he did not disdain to draw his appellation when He spoke in vision to the persecuting Saul. And along the narrow mountain paths which I have described, His feet must have often trod, for it is the only approach by which, in turning northwards from Jerusalem, He could have reached the home of His infancy, youth and manhood."

Eighteen years of obscurity He is to spend in the quiet Galilean village, and then He passes from the baptism of John to a work which is still continued in His name. "There went a fame of Him through all the region round about." Those who heard Him, perceived that there was a power in Him of speech and deed, of insight and sympathy, of precept and example, such as no other teacher had ever manifested before. "The world was taken by surprise. All His teachings abounded in surprises." We read that, when the day was come on which He was to begin the Mission on which for those eighteen years He had been brooding, He opened the book to take His turn, as is still usual in the Jewish synagogues, in the reading of the Scripture, and the lesson was one from the prophet Isaiah that His hearers must have read and heard many a time before. But from His lips it had a new significance. He put His soul, Himself, into the words, and ever since they have been peculiarly associated with the creed that bears His name.

They were these: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." We cannot pierce the darkness which conceals from us the years that separate Christ's first clear consciousness of what His "Father's business" was, from His conviction of the duty of being about it. But we know that, from the moment that He applied to Himself the words of the Evangelical Prophet, until He bowed His head and died upon the cross, He verified them by perfect obedience. He showed men how they might be blessed forever by faith in Him as what He claimed to be and by following in His footsteps. He swept away all theories of human happiness that were based on the thought of self, however disguised or refined. He proved that self-sacrifice was possible by giving His life for the world and made plain the mystery that he who loses his life shall save it. J. C. TEMPLE.

A great portion of the unhappiness in this world is caused by anticipating casualties which never take place.

To have false ideals is the danger of youth,—to have none is the danger of old age; and these two are connected.

MUSIC AND THE STAGE

Mr. J. B. Polk gives, this week, at the Academy, an excellent representation of the main character in one of those American dramatic productions for which no adequate name can be found, and which is entitled the "Silent Partner." The audience is kept laughing the greater part of the performance, but notwithstanding the introduction of a genuine phonograph, go home with the feeling that they have wasted their time.

"In the Ranks," well played and suitably staged, is drawing crowded houses at the Royal.

The past week in Montreal, as far as dramatic entertainment went, was almost entirely monopolized by amateurs. The Grand Trunk Club produced at its regular monthly entertainment the "Peep-o'-Day," which, as usual, was very well put on, though the parts were not nearly as well taken as at former entertainments. Among the large number of acting members the club only possess about half a dozen real amateur actors, old stand-by's, and from amongst these the Messrs. Dougherty, Pratt and Price were about the only ones that came up to their parts. Miss Kitts is a charming girl, but the manager should make her stick to soubrette parts, while Mr. Stacey's attempt to play *Harry Kanevanagh* was, to say the least, very ambitious. The scenery and mounting of the piece were excellent.

The attendance at the entertainment given on Thursday by Miss Lule Warrenton, assisted by and under the management of the Irving Dramatic Club, was most discouraging. The young dramatic reciter, for one can hardly call her an elocutionist, gave an excellent entertainment, her weakest efforts being made in her first part where her duty consisted in relating instead of acting. Her sleep-walking scene, Juliet and Meg Merrilies were not only perfect, but showed a broad conception of the characters represented and an amount of genius that, if she continues to improve will make her one of the greatest actresses of America. The small audience, which was evidently caused by the neglect of the necessary people to sell the tickets, had an unpleasant effect on Miss Warrenton as well as the members of the Irving Club, who seemed more or less demoralized in the Garrick Fever; the Ghost especially hunting for his lines and speeches in a deplorable manner, and trying to hide his nervousness by most unearthly motions, while *Major Derrydan* mixed up the words of his topical song, and the would-be *Garrick* had to drink out of the decanter instead of a glass. Messrs. Taylor, Quinn, Grady and Poole did their small parts first rate, and the Misses Burns and Montgomery, though put out a little by the general confusion, did very well. Taking everything together, however, it added another to the already long list of entertaining entertainments given by the Irving Club.

The M. A. A. Dramatic Club showed on Thursday last that they have a number of first-class amateurs, but the good judgment of the committee in selecting for them such a play as "Bow Bells," may be seriously questioned. It is true that it was of a kind that would not offend the most sensitive nerves of the most sensitive audience, but this good quality was present in an alarming quantity. The vein of humour that runs through the comedy is too unpretentious, the contrasts too indistinct, and even professionals would find difficulty in making a success of a play that has not the least thing to make those before the curtain grow enthusiastic. The acting was good. Mr. Rennaldson did little that could be criticized and the only thing that could be said against the gentlemen who represented *Mr. Latham* is that he appeared a little ungainly. Mr. Bailes talks too fast and indistinctly, but acts well, and Mr. Miller, for an amateur, had an excellent conception of his part. The gardener and butler were true types and very amusing. The ladies seemed very much at home and very pleasant to behold, though a little nervous, especially Mrs. Rennaldson in the first scene, though she seemed thoroughly mistress of herself afterwards. Miss McGavin, who has taken Miss Allen's place, ought to guard her Scotch accent, and Mrs. McArthur talked a little too broad, while Mrs. Sheppard seemed somewhat stiff. These slight defects, however, were not very noticeable, though their absence would much improve the whole, and with a better play they all, without exception, will earn well merited applause. All complimentarys were issued for the previous night.

A large audience welcomed Mr. Prume, Canada's violinist, back to the musical stage last week. He was ably assisted by Misses M. Sym, Featherstone, Boucher, Tessier, Evans, Cameron, Bengough and Mr. Anderson and the string orchestra.

A great treat is expected on Friday evening next when the Philharmonic Society will give its initial concert of the season. The "Messiah" will be the attraction. A. D.

An event of no common interest to theatre-goers in this city is the coming to Montreal of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and their excellent company. They will appear at the Academy of Music during the week beginning Monday, December 23, and arrangements have been made for the presentation of a succession of plays in which they have had extraordinary success in England and across the border. These are "A Scrap of Paper," which is, we understand, a new version of "Les Pattes de Mouche," of Sardou;

"The Ironmaster" (an adaptation of Ohnet's "Maître de Forges"); "Impulse" and "The Queen's Shilling." Those who are sufficiently concerned in dramatic matters to follow the course of criticism in the metropolis of the Empire need not be told of the distinction that the Kendals have won there. Their name is associated with the highest triumphs of the British stage. When they left England in September last for a visit to America, the London papers were most enthusiastic in predicting their success. Nor did their unanimous prophecy lack fulfilment. New York



MR. KENDAL.

audiences were delighted, and crowded and admiring houses, night after night for weeks, greeted the not unknown strangers. The notices in the press did ample credit to the skill and grace and power of the two great *artistes*, who are, moreover, supported by a company of rare versatility and acknowledged merit. Nothing that we



MRS. KENDAL.

have read on the dramatic qualities of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal seems to us more in harmony with their English reputation than the incidental criticism of Miss Gregory in our issue of the 7th inst. They are both, she says, "most finished actors," and again their acting "is so artistic and admirable that it is difficult to particularize." But what follows is worth pages of mere detail. After mentioning some of Mr. Kendal's strong points, Miss Gregory tells us that "Mrs. Kendal drew tears from every eye." There we have the true test of dramatic skill victoriously undergone. Our readers will doubtless like to know what this crowned pair of the stage-world look like. Till they see them *in propriis personis* the portraits which we publish will satisfy their admiring curiosity. The Kendal Company is under the direction of Mr. Daniel Frohman.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, TORONTO.—Mr. Duncan B. Harrison, with a company of fair ability, is playing a military drama entitled "The Paymaster." The play is full of life, stirring incidents and draws well. Next week the popular actress, Miss Rose Coghlan, will appear.

JACOBS & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE.—At this house crowds are being turned away at each performance, the attraction being the "Vaidis Sisters," supported by a strong specialty company. This sort of entertainment pleases a large number, and the company is far above the ordinary and should be seen.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—This house has been closed for the past week. On Monday Otto Hegner, the twelve-year-old boy pianist, gave a rare musical treat to a large audience. As he now is, Otto Hegner is a wonder, and if he develops as he promises, his success will be phenomenal.

There is much talk in Toronto at present over the Grant-Stewart Comedy Company. This company is made up of Mr. Stewart, Mr. A. H. Collins, Mr. Bromly Davenport, Mrs. Robertson and Miss Dallin, all (or, at least, the gentlemen) well known members of Toronto society, and Mrs. Robertson is known well also as having played with Mr. J. C. Duff's Companies here. Toronto has not yet been favoured with an engagement from the company, but in Galt, Guelph, Aurora and West Toronto, well attended and well enjoyed entertainments have been given. When Toronto is favoured, the company is sure to play to large houses, as its members are popular fellows and clever actors. For the country towns visited, I would suggest that less style and more acting would please the class of audience played to. G. E. M.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Don't look so offended, sweet cousin,
What could a poor blue-jacket do?
If there's justice in earth or in Heaven,
The blame will be laid upon you.

What right, I should like to know, had you
To stand up on tip-toe so high,
With deft fairy fingers to fasten
The mistletoe, when I was by?

Did you really suppose an old Druid
With sickle of gold and all that,
Could have looked at your crimson mouth parted
And not take advantage, the flat?

And if I had missed the occasion,
Which the kind gods had placed in my way,
Don't you think, cousin fair, I should be a
Disgrace to my cloth, so to say?

Besides, here's the moral—so listen—
When people set traps and are caught
In the scheme planned so neatly for others—
Now!—don't you deserve what you got!

KAY LIVINGSTONE.

HUMOUROUS.

"MAMMA," said a little five-year-old, as his mother was giving him a bath, "be sure and wipe me dry, so I won't rust."

SMALL BOY: Uncle, do you understand the rule of three?
Uncle: Perfectly, my boy! I live with my father-in-law, my mother-in-law, and my wife.

AND SO, Jennie, said Julia, you're going to marry a real live prince. Dear me, isn't that nice. Jennie (sadly): No, Julia, I'm not. Papa hadn't enough to pay his debts.

EVEN a hen that misses a couple of her chicks is not such a beautifully true picture of flurry and worry as a woman looking for her gloves when she is otherwise ready to go out.

THEATRE GOER: The love scene in your play isn't half so natural as it used to be. The same people do it, too. Manager: Yes; but the lovers were married during their last vacation.

"AT the theatre last night? What did you see?" "A wealth of blackened straw, an invoice of millinery and a miscellaneous collection of birds and bugles." "What, on the stage?" "No, stupid. There was a woman in the seat just in front of me."

"DOCTOR told me that I must not walk rapidly or drink ice water," said Gus De Joy confidingly to Miss Belle Pepperton. "Did he?" "Yes; as he said I might get congestion of the brain, you know." "Dear me; how little these doctors seem to know."

WITH FORLORN REASON.—Miss Lina (making a call on her washerwoman): You look depressed to-day, Mrs. O'Grady. What is the matter? Mrs. O'Grady: Shure an' the ould man sold the pig last noight when I was out callin', and divil the frind hev Oi left in the wur-ruld.

ON one occasion when the Rev. Dr. Robertson, of Irvine, still a youth, was preaching from home, the church was crowded, even the aisles and the pulpit stairs being occupied. Ascending to the pulpit without gown or bands, he found an old woman sitting on the topmost step. She was very unwilling to make way for him. She could not imagine that he was the preacher whose fame had attracted so large an assemblage; but yielding to his resolute purpose, audibly cautioned him—"Laddie, laddie, ye mauna gang in there; dae ye no' ken that's the place for the minister?"



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SINGLE FARE, 24th and 25th December, 1889, good to return until 26th December, 1889, inclusive.

FARE AND ONE THIRD, from 20th to 25th December, 1889, good to return until 6th January, 1890, inclusive.

NEW YEAR'S.

SINGLE FARE, 31st December, 1889 and 1st January, 1890, good to return until 2nd January, 1890, inclusive.

FARE AND ONE THIRD, from 27th December, 1889 to first January, 1890, good to return until 6th January, 1890, inclusive.

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at Christmas Time!

The 20 wittiest books ever written are, I think:— (20) The Laird of Logan, 50c.; (19) Artemus Ward, 75c. (18) Jeemes Kaye, 35c.; (17) Father Prout, (probably Dean Swift's Son) \$1.00; (16) Cooper's Eve, Effingham and other novels, 15c. and \$1.00 each; (15) Marryatt's Peter Simple and other novels, 15c. and \$1.00; (14) Trollope's Barchester Towers, 65c.; (13) Sheridan, 30c.; (12) Hudibras, 60c.; (11) Pope, \$1.00; (10) Junius, \$1.00; (9) Thackeray's Rose and Ring, \$1.00 (his works complete \$9.00); (8) Don Quixote, 35c. and \$1.00; (7) Goldsmith, \$1.00; (6) Dickens Works, complete, \$4.00 and \$7.00; (5) Lamb's Elias, \$1.00, Life and Works, \$3.75; (4) Cochlin's Molière; (3) Swift, \$1.50 and 75c.; (1) Shakespeare, 35c. to \$20, order the \$2.50 edition. And the best place to order these books at once, by mail, is of

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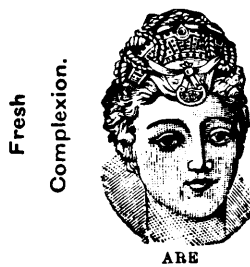
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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.