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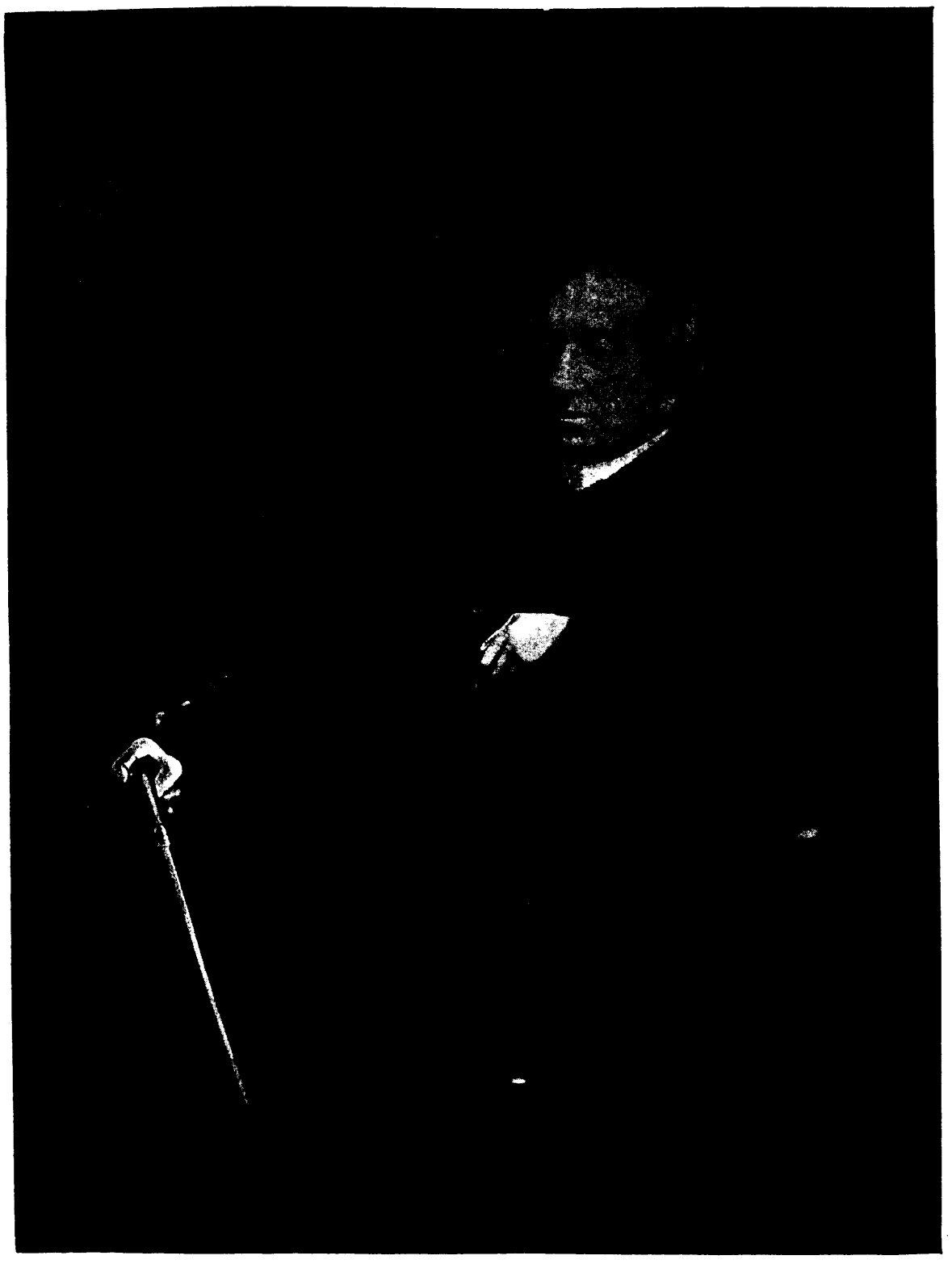


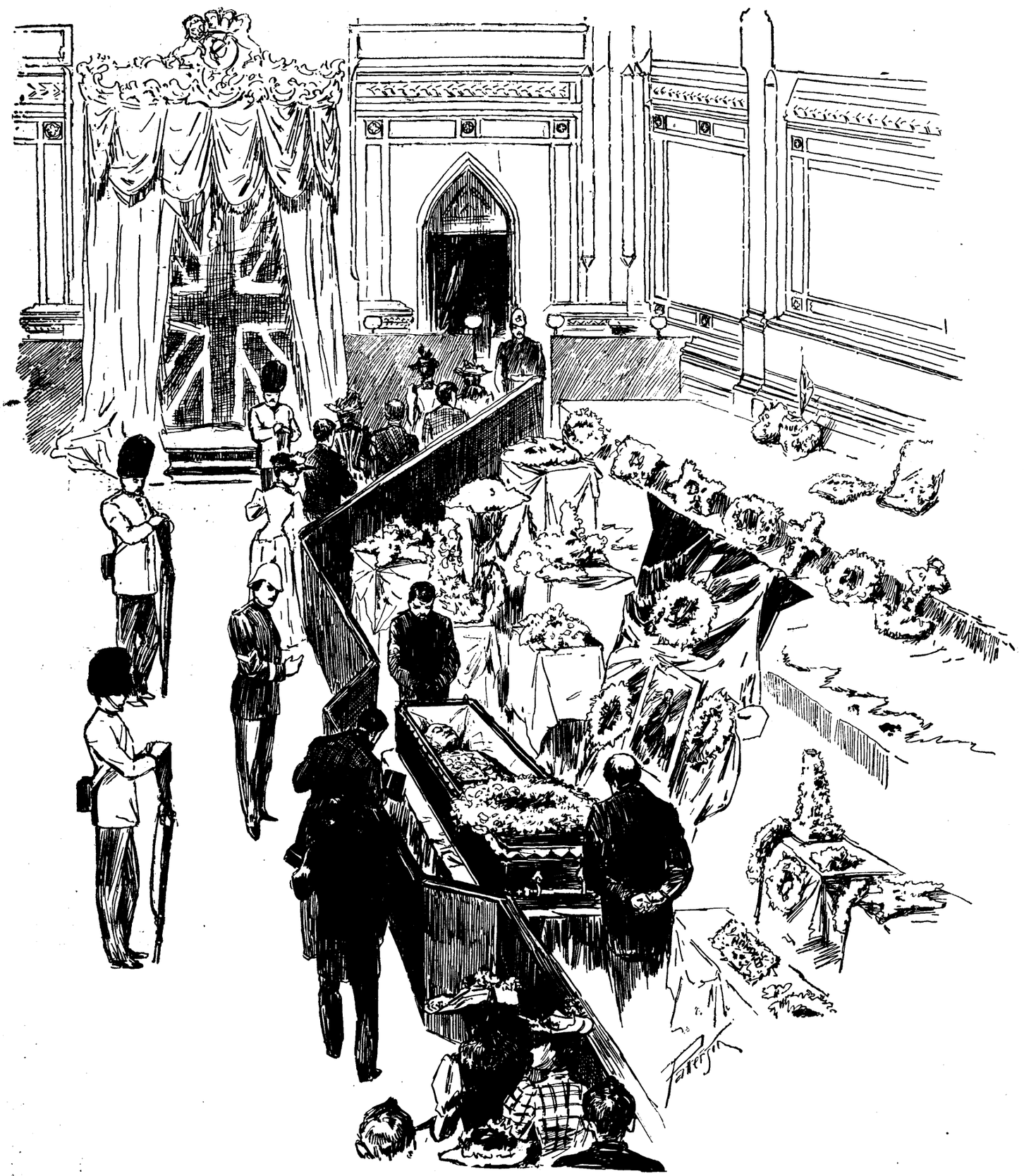
Yours always
Sir John Macdonald

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

TRADE MARK — ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE. — REGISTERED.

Vol. VI.—No. 155. MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 20th JUNE, 1891. $4.00 PER ANNUM IN GREAT BRITAIN, 21s. 6d. 10 CENTS PER COPY " " 90. 6d.



LYING IN STATE IN THE SENATE CHAMBER, OTTAWA.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

SIR JOHN ALEXANDER MACDONALD.

Knight, Grand Cross, of the Order of the Bath,
Member of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council,
Premier of the Dominion of Canada.

Born 11th January, 1815.
Died 6th June, 1891.

Between these curt lines lies the story of a great life and the history of a new nation. Men come and go, and each leaves some impress of his individuality; but in the vast majority of cases force of circumstance, combined with mediocrity of character, makes such impress insignificant in effect, and the circle of its influence confined to the narrowest limits. But to the larger minds and more imposing characters opportunities often come which enable them to occupy such positions in their country's history that the most markedly successful epochs of its life are evoked under their personal guidance or are directly traceable to their influence; to such men naturally belongs a renown which, great and far-reaching through life, is still more widespread after death has claimed them. The great statesman for whose death all Canada mourns, is a remarkable example of this. So potent a factor has he been in the national life of this country for a third of a century, that his presence and power was felt to be almost co-existent with the Constitution, and when suddenly struck down with mortal illness the shock throughout the Dominion was as if a ghastly wrench had been given to the fabric of government. To where he fought so persistent a battle with Death were directed the thoughts of almost the whole nation. Sir John Macdonald dead? The statement seemed preposterous, and even now, many days after, it is hard to believe, so wound up had he been in the reins of politics and government. And yet it is so; the tall spare form known so well all over Canada is sleeping its last sleep in the quiet cemetery of Cataraqui. Monuments, no doubt, will be raised to his memory; but the greatest monument is the Canada of to-day,—consolidated by his marvellous skill, and nationalized by his wise statesmanship.

His Birth and Early Training

The year in which Sir John first saw the light was one of importance both to Great Britain and to Canada. The battle of Waterloo has made 1815 ever memorable; and the signing of the treaty of Ghent brought to a close in this year the last unnatural war between the Mother Country and her former colonies—a war in which the then feeble and struggling Provinces of Canada were the battle-ground, and which developed in the Canadians of that day the germs of mutual self-reliance in the face of invasion and attack. In the light of history, not the least of the noteworthy events of that year must be reckoned the birthday of the Dominion's uncrowned king. He was born in Glasgow, on the 11th of January, the second son of Hugh Macdonald, who had moved to that city from Sutherlandshire; his mother's maiden name was Helen Shaw, of Badenoch, in Inverness. The family consisted of three sons and two daughters; the elder and younger of the sons, named respectively William and James, died young; the daughters both grew up to womanhood, the elder, Margaret, becoming the wife of Professor Williamson, of Queen's University, Kingston; the younger died unmarried. In 1820 Mr. Macdonald decided to emigrate to Canada, and came out to this country on the ship "Earl of Buckinghamshire," together with a large party of sturdy Scotch colonists bent on seeking homes and a competence in the new Britain across the sea. After landing in Quebec, the Macdonalds went on to Kingston, at that time the commercial metropolis of Upper Canada. Here they remained for four years, after which Mr. Macdonald moved to Adolphustown, on the Bay of Quinte, where he opened a store. In the meantime, however, the boy John had been sent to the Royal Grammar School, the principal educational establishment of Kingston, and when the family removed he was suffered to remain at the school to avoid detriment to his education. His father's venture did not turn out a success, and within a few years he had returned to the city, going into business on Princess street. In the meantime the lad had kept steadily to his studies, visiting home only in the holidays, and although fond of jokes and larking, showed marked ability at his work, being especially brilliant in classics. After leaving the Kingston school, he was sent to the Upper Canada College in Toronto for a short time—it being then, as now, the foremost educational establishment in the Province; and in 1831, when sixteen years of age, he settled down to man's work, entering the law office of G. Mackenzie, of Kingston, where he became an articled clerk.

Professional Life.

Young Macdonald was now approaching manhood, and buckled on his legal armour in downright earnest. Between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one he had passed all the examinations qualifying him for the position of a barrister, and, in fact, was fully prepared to enter on the active practice of his profession some time before he could legally do so, not having attained his majority. This interim he devoted to the management of the law business of Mr. Lowther Macpherson, of Picton, during the absence of that gentleman in the West Indies. This engagement ceasing, young Macdonald struck out for himself by opening an office in Kingston, with no partner, and without any backing but his own ability and knowledge of his profession. Clients soon came—many poor and of little note, but a few of wealth and influence, and the foundation was laid of a successful and lucrative practice; he was appointed solicitor to two important corporations, the Commercial Bank and the Trust and Loan Company.

Canada had just entered on the dark and troublous years of 1837–38, which preceded the brightness of 1841, and the Union which the close of that year saw à *fait accompli*—the first step towards the Confederation of twenty-six years later. Insurrection against the government broke out, and criminal trials came thick and fast; in these the young barrister took a prominent part, and was retained for the defence of several of the suspected rebels. Of such, Von Schultz, who commanded the insurgents in the bloody fight at Windmill Point, on the 13th and 14th November, 1838, was one of the most noted; and for the life of that criminal John Macdonald pleaded with a fervor and ability worthy of a better cause; but the offender's guilt was too apparent to admit of the slightest chance of escape. The young advocate received the congratulations of his fellow-members of the Bar, and also those of the press, for his able speeches at that trial. From then down to the period when political and national duties absorbed his attention, his legal practice was very extensive, and he stood in the front rank of his profession at the Upper Canada Bar. Among the young men who entered on the study of law in his office were two destined to occupy prominent positions in Canada's history; one was Sir Alexander Campbell, now Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and the other was the Hon. Oliver Mowat, whose contiuued political success in our great sister province is only excelled by that of him who has so recently been taken from us. In August, 1843, Sir John became a benedict, marrying Miss Clark, the daughter of Mr. A. Clark, of Dolnavert, Invernesshire. Previous to this he had aspired to municipal honours, having been elected alderman for the good city of Kingston. It is said that the young men of the city worked day and night for his success, he being a great favourite with that class on account of his bright genial nature and love of joke and humour. His opponent was a popular and well-known citizen, and the election was a close one. On the result being declared, the young fellows mounted Sir John on a moveable platform and attempted to carry him in triumph through the streets; as might have been expected, the effort was a failure, and the successful candidate was ignominiously upset in the mud. On brushing his clothes he laughingly said: "Isn't it strange I should have a downfall so soon," at which the crowd cheered him. In the City Council he was the life of the meetings, and was always ready to give a comical turn to the proceedings, although attending strictly to business. Anecdotes of his doings there are plentiful, and show vividly the cheery genial nature which has always been so marked a trait of his character.

His Entrance into Politics.

But the true sphere of John Macdonald's usefulness was to come. In politics and in statesmanship were to be developed to their utmost those qualities of tact and energy of the possession of which he had already given such good proofs. At the general election of 1844 he was nominated as candidate for the city of Kingston, and won the election by a substantial majority over his opponent, Mr. Manahan. From that time down to the sad day of his death he served his country in her legislative halls; only three years more and he would have completed fifty years of active parliamentary life. The government of that day was known as the Draper–Viger administration, and the Speaker of the House was that fine old loyalist, Sir Allan Napier McNab; a large number of names well-known to students of our history appear in the list of representatives. Although quite a young man and new to the business and procedure of the House, Mr. Macdonald at once took a position, if not specially prominent, by no means insignificant; his speeches were concise and to the point, based on the most approved English parliamentary method, and avoiding of unnecessary oratorical display. Within his first year he was elected a member of the Standing Orders Committee.

EARNSCLIFFE.
(From a photograph taken on the morning of the funeral, 10th of June, 1891.)

Responsible Government had just been introduced and was on trial, and the next ten years witnessed radical changes in country and in government. The Family Compact had ceased to exist, and the changes in this respect alone brought many a new disturbing element into parliamentary procedure; the administration of the post office and the customs had to be taken over from the Imperial authorities and dealt with from a local standpoint; railways, just in their infancy, had to be extended as the resources of the country permitted, and the legislation on their behalf carefully watched to neutralize the many wild-cat schemes proposed by visionary speculators; and a system of public works, commensurate with the extent and navigation requirements of Canada, elaborated from the beginnings made by the previous Provincial governments. All these, and many more matters essential to the advancement of the country had to be carefully considered; and on the government and various parliamentary committees devolved the laborious work necessary to a transition period such as this. Mr. Macdonald early took a prominent part in these duties. Within three years of his election he was appointed Receiver-General in the Cabinet jointly controlled by Mr. Sherwood and Hon. Dominick Daly; and in the McNab–Morin administration he held the position of Attorney-General. Changes of ministry were frequent in those days, and in 1855 he attained the highest ministerial post, being associated with Sir E. P. Taché in the formation of a new cabinet; in this Mr. Macdonald became Attorney-General for Upper Canada, and his warm friend and devoted follower of later years, George E. Cartier, occupied the same position for Canada East. Two years later these two friends were entrusted with the formation of a cabinet, known as the Macdonald–Cartier administration, which remained in power until May, 1862, when Mr. Cartier resigned on the defeat of his Militia Bill. For the next two years Mr. Macdonald remained in the cold shades of opposition, when he again came to the front in the formation of the Taché–Macdonald administration, soon to be merged in the coalition with the Hon. George Brown, the able leader of the Liberals of Upper Canada.

We now approach the most important epoch in our history—Confederation. It is a stately house, well built, and of goodly dimensions; its strength, added to year by year, is now great, and all England's North American Colonies but one have made it their home. Of its builders, very few remain; the greatest and most energetic of them has just passed from us. To this he had for years looked forward, and in 1864 was enabled to take active steps for its accomplishment. The various governments of the Maritime Provinces had, in discussing the subject of a general union, decided to meet and confer among themselves as to the pros and cons of the scheme. This they did in September of that year, the conference being held at Charlottetown; and at this meeting were present—by request of the Canadas—delegates from those provinces, among whom was Sir John. The conference was successful as far as it went, and paved the way for a more extended gathering of representatives from all the British North American Colonies, which was held at Quebec in the following month. Sir John—then the Hon. J. A. Macdonald—was, of course, one of the Canadian delegates, who comprised such men as G. E. Cartier, George Brown, E. P. Taché, T. D. McGee, A. T. Galt, and others who have left their mark in our history. The deliberations of the conference lasted over a week, and resulted in the formation of a plan of union to be submitted to the several provincial legislatures for approval. What followed is well known even to the most casual reader of Canadian history. Opposition to the Union and criticism of its provisions were freely indulged in throughout all the provinces; Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland held aloof; but the common sense of the majority of the people in the other provinces showed them the desirability of the project, and the general fairness with which all would be treated. In the parliament of the two Canadas the fight was a long and stubborn one; but the persistence of the Attorney-General and his following carried the day; and at the last session, began on the 8th of June, 1866,—almost exactly twenty-five years before the great leader's death—the resolutions were finally passed. On the 4th of December delegates from all the provinces met in Westminster Palace, London, and Sir John was unanimously elected chairman, as being the head and front of the whole movement. The Confederating Bill was finally passed, and on the 5th of February, 1867, was introduced into the Imperial Parliament, receiving the Royal assent on the 29th of March. The Queen's proclamation of the new Act—known as the British North America Act—was issued on the 22nd of May, and six weeks later, on the 1st of July, 1867, it came into force in the provinces affected. It was the birthday of a new nation on the North American Continent; a nation of vast extent and almost unbounded resources; with a population, small, perhaps, com-

A FAVORITE CORNER OF SIR JOHN'S AT EARNSCLIFFE.

pared with other powers, but hardy and self-reliant, and drawn from the best stock of the Old World; free, to a marked degree, from the taint engendered by the existence within its borders of people from the most degraded European races. Since that day its progress in every respect has been great; those who question it know well—unless their mental powers are under a cloud—that their pessimistic denials of Canada's advancement are false, and only given expression to in greed of notoriety or political gain. To Sir John A. Macdonald, as the "Father of Confederation," to his colleagues, and to those Canadian statesmen who, regardless of party, aided the great work, British North America, aye, and Great Britain herself, must ever stand indebted.

During all these years, Sir John's domestic life had not been without changes. In 1856 his wife was removed by death, leaving one son, Hugh John Macdonald, now M.P. for Winnipeg. For eleven years Sir John remained a widower, then, in February, 1867, he married Miss Agnes Bernard, daughter of a gentleman who had occupied high social and judicial positions in the fair island of Jamaica; his son had been for many years Sir John's private secretary. Political leaders often owe much to their wives, and depend largely on their help in attending to the less prominent, but not less important, functions of social duties. To Sir John, Lady Macdonald has proved a most admirable helpmeet in this respect, and it is impossible to praise too highly the tact, kindliness and courtesy she has shown in her intercourse with the guests and visitors at Earnscliffe. A fond and affectionate wife, she has devoted herself to aiding her husband in every way in his political career; and it is needless to say that the sympathy of the whole country is extended to her in this great bereavement.

His Career Since Confederation.

At this period Lord Viscount Monck was Her Majesty's representative in the new Dominion, and his choice for First Minister could not but fall on the veteran member for Kingston. His Excellency had another pleasing duty to perform. On the opening of the first session he announced that Her Majesty had instructed him to confer the title of Knight Commander of the Bath on Honourable John A. Macdonald, and that of Commander of the Bath on Messrs. Cartier, Galt, Howland, McDougall, Tilley and Tupper, for their notable services in bringing about Confederation.

We have seen that to him was entrusted the formation of a Cabinet to carry on the government of the country; he accepted the trust, and for over six years the reins of power were in his hands. At an early date in this period preparations were made for the work which, now an accomplished fact, ranks second only to Confederation in its magnitude, and in its use as a nation-making element—the building of a trans-continental railway on Canadian soil. Towards this end the first steps were the construction of the Intercolonial Railway, and the acquisition of the vast tracts of land, known as the North-West Territories and Rupert's Land, then under the control of the Hudson's Bay Company. Towards the attainment of the latter a deputation was sent to England in the Fall of 1868; its negotiations were successful, and the whole Western territory was purchased from its former owners. The futile resistance by Riel, and his foul murder of Thomas Scott, were but incidents, though sad ones, in the transfer, and only made the people of Canada more emphatic in backing up the Government in the acquisition. On the 2nd of May, 1870, Sir John Macdonald introduced an Act establishing a government for the new Province of Manitoba; a military force was sent up to punish the insurgents, and peace and order soon prevailed.

On the expiry of the Reciprocity Treaty between Canada and the United States, fishery disputes between the two nations had become frequent, and for the amicable settlement of these a joint commission was arranged; it met at Washington, in 1872, and Sir John Macdonald was appointed specially to watch Canadian interests. The treaty was successfully concluded, and remained in force for ten years. Under his tenure of office two more colonies now came into the Canadian Confederation, British Columbia and Prince Edward Island—thus completing the chain of provinces from Atlantic to Pacific coasts. In the terms on which the western provinces came in was one providing that the railway to connect its seaboard with the East be commenced within two years and completed within ten, and the first "Pacific Railway" Bill was accordingly passed at the next session of parliament.

While these progressive measures were undertaken by Sir John's Government, several matters were working towards its downfall. The failure to punish Riel and the other murderers of Scott was a serious blunder, and led to large Opposition victories in Ontario. These, with the developments that occurred in 1873, in connection with what is generally known as the Pacific Railway Scandal, culminated in the downfall of the government, and at the next session Sir John assumed a new *role*, that of leader of the Opposition; this, after eighteen years of almost continuous power.

One of the most marked instances of the late Premier's ability and foresight was his elaboration of a system of protection to Canadian industries. While Mr. Mackenzie's administration of 1873–78 had introduced many measures of great utility, its financial policy, combined with a world-wide business depression, had not been successful, and some radical change was felt to be necessary. Sir John Macdonald, with an intuition of a financial policy

LADY MACDONALD.

that would be both popular and beneficial, nailed the National Policy flag to his mast, and at the general elections held on the 17th of September, 1878, was again returned to power by a large majority. It is not our intention to here discuss the merits of that policy; it is quite sufficient that not only in 1878, but in 1882 and in 1887 it was made the war-cry of the fight; and that at the general election held in each of those years Sir John's policy received substantial support from the Canadian people.

Following the introduction of the National Policy came the first practical steps in the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. How judicious those measures were needs no proof; once begun, the road was pushed through with a celerity previously unknown in railway building, and opened throughout for business years in advance of the time fixed on when the contract was made. The Premier took an active part in the preliminary

SIR JOHN'S STUDY AT EARNSCLIFFE.

legislation, and in those changes found necessary for the first few years after the passage of the first Act, and his personal influence was always strongly exerted in favour of the most liberal treatment to that great national road.

The year 1885 was a stormy one in the history of the country, and must have been an extremely trying one for the Premier, then seventy years of age. The uncalled for rebellion of the half-breeds and Indians—the sufferings of the volunteers *en route* to the scene of disturbance—the anxious days and nights waiting for news from the front—and, above all, the hostile attitude assumed by a large number of our French fellow-citizens when Riel was executed, were enough to severely tax the energy and tact of a man twenty-five years his junior. But he fought through it all with marked success to his policy; and, as an offset, his heart must have been gladdened at the sight of the patient endurance of our Canadian militia in the face of severe hardship and their unquestioned valour when before the enemy. The Riel issue is now a dead one, but the personal abuse Sir John then received from ignorant demagogues must have been a severe blow to his genial and kindly nature.

In 1887 he again appealed to the country on the strength of his financial and North-Western policy, and was returned to power with a large majority. Those matters are now but little questioned by the great majority of voters; the question of unlimited reciprocity with the United States has since then rapidly come to the front, and has brought with it issues, the discussion of which has absorbed much attention. These questions, bearing on Canada's national and political future, have brought from Sir John renewed expressions of confidence in British connection as our best policy.

Of honours and marks of distinction of minor note, he has received a large number during the last thirty years of his life. In 1865 he was created a D.C.L. (hon.) of Oxford, and subsequently an L.L.D. of Queen's University, Kingston, of McGill University, Montreal, and of Trinity College, Toronto, as well as D.C.L. from the latter institution. In July, 1867, he was made a Knight Commander (civil) of the Bath, and in 1884 advanced to the grade of Grand Cross in the same distinguished order; in 1872 as Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Order of Isabella of Spain, and in the same year as member of Her Majesty's Privy Council. He has has been a Queen's counsel since 1846.

In this brief sketch we have attempted to touch on some of the principal points of the late Premier's life down to recent times. Of the particulars of his last illness, death and funeral ceremonies, we have written fully on another page.

[IN MEMORIAM.]

Sir John A. Macdonald.

Cold is the hand which grasped a people's fate,
At rest the master brain whose mighty ken—
Subtile in council, king-like in debate—
So dwarfed the efforts of his fellow men.

And as a child who knows its first of grief,
Unreassuring and hopeless in its woe,
The nation mourns her best beloved chief,
Prostrate and broken neath the cruel blow.

He saw her birth, he led her falt'ring feet,
Rough hewn he found her, perfect now she stands,
The grand creation of his life complete,
The envy and the peer of older lands.
Guard well the heritage—his great intent—
Be, Canada, his lasting monument.

Winnipeg. FRANK J. CLARKE.

Literary and Personal Notes.

D. G. Ritchie, instructor in Oxford University, has contributed a very interesting article on the teaching of Political Science in that institution to the current number of the "Annals" of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. Incidentally he gives the clearest view of the actual working organization of the great English university that has been presented to the American public.

For the past three years Mr. E. B. Biggar, of Montreal, has been gathering anecdotes and facts relating to Sir John Macdonald, and the result is an anecdotal life of Sir John, which will be issued in a short time. Before going to press Mr. Biggar will be glad to receive any authentic anecdotes or reminiscences on the subject that have not yet appeared in print. Mr. Biggar's address is the Fraser Building, Montreal.

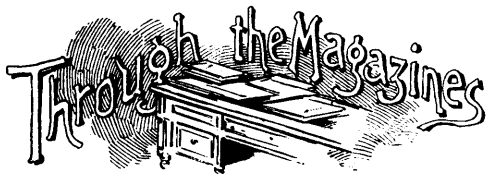
Under the title of "Man and the Glacial Period," Prof. G. Frederick Wright will contribute to "The Popular Science Monthly" for July a record of the important facts that have come to light in the last two years bearing upon the connection of man with the ice age in North America. The paper will be illustrated.

Mr. Kipling on "San Francisco."

You take a train which pulls up the middle of the street (it killed two people the day before yesterday, being unbraked and driven absolutely regardless of consequences), and you pull up somewhere at the back of the city on the Pacific beach. Originally the cliffs and their approaches must have been pretty, but they have been so carefully defiled with advertisements that they are now one big blistered abomination. A hundred yards from the shore stood a big rock covered with the carcasses of the sleek sea beasts who roared and rolled and wallowed in the spouting surges. No bold man had painted the creatures sky-blue or advertised newspapers on their backs, wherefore they did not match the landscape, which was chiefly boarding. Some day, perhaps, whatever sort of government we may obtain in this country will make a restoration of the place and keep it clean and neat. At present the sovereign people, of whom I have heard so much already, are vending cherries and painting the virtues of "Little Bile Beans" all over it.

An eminent surgeon says that with four cuts and a few stitches he can alter a man's face so his own mother would not know him. Any Montreal daily newspaper can do that with only one cut.

BODY LYING IN STATE IN SENATE CHAMBER, OTTAWA.
(Mr. G. R. Lancefield, Amateur photo.)
THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE SIR JOHN A MACDONALD.



NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

The article of special interest in the May number of this excellent journal is that on "The Loyalists," by Mr. James Hannay, the talented historian of Acadia, and at present editor of the St. John *Gazette*. We have already had occasion to refer to the article, and now strongly advise our readers to procure it and give it their careful attention. It is replete with facts of great interest, not only to the historical student, but to the general reader, and the illustrations are exceptionally copious and striking. The magazine contains many other articles well worthy of note, chief of which appear to be Mr. Charles Hallock's paper on "The Alaskan Fur Trade," and one by Mr. Horace Traubel on "Walt Whitman." Boston; New England Magazine Corporation.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.

In the June number of the *Popular Science Monthly* will be found many papers of great interest to thoughtful readers. Probably Lieut.-Col. Ellis' article on "Survivals from Marriage by Capture," will attract most attention, and its perusal will amply repay the student. Mrs. Plunkett's showing that "Our Grandfathers Died Too Young," emphasizes the remarkable benefits to human life from the discoveries of modern science. In "The Music of the Birds," Mr. Cheney gives the notes in which our feathered songsters hold forth, and many interesting details of bird life. Other articles deserving special note are, "The Natchez Indians," "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science," and "The Development of American Industries Since Columbus." New York; D. Appleton & Co.

ST. NICHOLAS.

The June *St. Nicholas* is, as usual, bright and cheerful, and contains much of interest to young people. Several stories are given, one of them being the first of a new series called "The Swimming-Hole Stories"; and in more serious topics, "A Talk About Wild Flowers," will be found unusually attractive. An article entitled "A City Playground," contains charming sketches of the amusements indulged in by children in one of New York's breathing spots. New York; The *Century* Company.

RECUEIL LITTERAIRE.

The second number of *Recueil Litteraire* reproduces, amongst other good things, an interesting sketch of the life of M. l'Abbe J. B. A. Ferland, taken from M. Lareau's *Litterature Canadienne*, and illustrated with a good portrait of the reverend gentleman. Montreal; "L'Imprimerie Grenier."

THE CANADIAN INDIAN.

The June number of this excellent national publication is to hand, and contains much not only of interest to those who specially study Indian subjects, but which also claims the attention of the general reader. The paper on "Indian Poetry and Song" is a vividly written description of savage eloquence; while the article on "Supposed Indian Sculpture in New Brunswick," forms a valuable contribution to the historic lore of that province. Other articles worthy of special note are: "Indian Numerals," "How a Shrewd Scotchman Prevented an Indian Massacre," and "Indian Sculptures from North-West America." This periodical deserves a far greater support than it is getting, and we appeal to our readers to do what they can to give practical help to the publication by sending in their subscriptions and endeavoring to procure others from their friends. It is quite time that the reproach so commonly heard, that Canadians cannot support native literature, should disappear; and in this case the small amount of subscription asked, two dollars per annum ($2.00), should make the periodical quite independent of sharing in such a stigma. Owen Sound, Ont.; John Rutherford.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The May number of this excellent magazine contains the conclusion of Mr. Francis Parkman's series on "The Capture of Louisburg by the New England Militia," written in his usual masterly style. These articles have deservedly attracted great attention throughout the Dominion, and will, we trust, be followed by others from the same pen. Sarah Orne Jewett's story, "A Native of Winby," is rather disappointing, more from the natural baldness of the time and place involved, than from lack of skilful treatment by the author. "Jeremy Belknap" is a most interesting biographical sketch of an historian, whose pursuit of knowledge and persistence in publication under the most trying and adverse circumstances, are well worthy of imitation. A poem by Edward Lucas White, called "The Last Bowstring," deserves special mention. In all respects the number is fully up to its usual high standard. Boston; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE ARENA.

On opening the May number of this always welcome magazine we are greeted with a thoughtful and carefully prepared article on "The Wheat Supply of Europe and Ameriea," by C. W. Davis; it is well worth the close attention of all interested in the question of the food supply of the world. In "The Russia of To-day" Professor Plum gives a very gentle picture of that vast empire, whose barbarous treatment of political offenders and Jews has drawn on it the well-deserved censure of the whole civilized world. Our old friend Max O'Rell is again to the fore, this time criticising the "Anglo-Saxon Unco Guid;" his remarks are clever and amusing, but too greatly exaggerated to be effective. Prof. Isaacs gives a well written paper on "What is Judaism," and E. P. Powell's article on "Thomas Jefferson" does not imbue us with much admiration for that ardent democrat. There is an interesting discussion on "Spiritualism" between Julian Hawthorne and Rev. M. J. Savage, besides many other articles which help to make the number very attractive. Boston: *The Arena* Publishing Co.

KING'S COLLEGE RECORD.

The May number of this excellent magazine opens with some charming lines by Professor Roberts, entitled, "The Salt Marshes." Those fond of tales of apparitions will find "A Friend in Need" a story of great interest; it is followed by a thrilling sketch of *rouge et noir*, translated by Mr. C. B. Nicholson from the French of M. François Coppée. Personal and college notes are, as usual, copious and bright. Windsor, N.S.: Mr. Simonson, bus. mgr.

SIR JOHN'S EMPTY SEAT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Editor's Table.

GETTING MARRIED AND KEEPING MARRIED.

This is one of a series of phrenological pamphlets which are commanding much attention from those interested in that science. It is not too technical and is well illustrated. Fowler & Wells, New York.

QUEEN OF THE WOODS.

By Andre Theuriet—This translation by Miss Henrietta E. Miller, from recent French fiction, is a story of fair interest, and quite up to the average. The characters are natural and there is no "desperate villain" in the plot; the gentleman who we, in some way, expect to turn out a *bete noir* occupies an honourable position throughout, and dies nobly for his country in battle. The heroine is an excellent type of French maiden, and the character is well sustained, while Julien, the hero, represents a book-loving class, common in France, and not unknown in this country. The work is quite free from any objectionable element, and is beautifully illustrated throughout with half-tone engravings Chicago; Laird & Lee.

LE COLONEL DE LONGUEUIL.

Mr. Monongahela de Beaujeu, of Montreal, a descendant of the Longueuil family, has done a great service to our history by the publication, in pamphlet form, of a number of documents bearing on the life and public services of his illustrious ancestor, who did such excellent service for King George against the rebellious American colonists on their unwarranted invasion of Canada in 1775. The *brochure* is prefaced with a short biographical sketch of its subject, and then transcribes the documents in their due chronological order, beginning with his commission as a cadet in the Colony troops (regular) in 1750, de Longueuil being then but twelve years of age. Of his brilliant and steady services for the next ten years a large number of manuscripts give unquestionable proof, the last of these being dated from Trois-Rivières in March 1760, when the gallant de Levis was making his final effort to dislodge General Murray from the rocky fortress of Quebec. A long interval occurs, the next order emanating from Sir Guy Carleton in 1775; Col. de Longueuil appears to have loyally accepted the new government, and is entrusted with important military duties; his aid in the defence of St. Johns against the invader is recognized in a cordial letter of thanks from Carleton, dated 13th September of same year. During the remainder of the war we see him kept constantly employed, and his services receive due recognition. In 1796 he is appointed Lieut.-Colonel of a newly raised regiment, called the Royal Canadian Volunteers, and the collection closes with the copy of a letter from the Duke of Kent on the affairs of that corps. The pamphlet is interesting and valuable, and is, we learn, only the first of a series which Mr. de Beaujeu intends to bring out. It is handsomely printed and contains an excellent portrait of Col. de Longueuil. Montreal: Trudel & Demers.

COLONEL DE LONGUEUIL.

THE VETERANS OF 1837-39.

A very tasily printed little pamphlet has just been issued, entitled, "Honour Roll of Surviving Veterans of 1837-9," containing a list of some of the surviving loyalists who took part in suppressing the rising over half a century ago. We are told that the list is prepared through the patriotic efforts of George Merrill, of Belleville, and that gentleman undoubtedly deserves great credit for the trouble he must have assumed to ascertain so many names and residences. Although it is not stated, the list applies only to Upper Canada, and its title is therefore not quite correct; of the embodied volunteers who served during the rebellion in this Province a large number must still survive, a list of whom would be of great interest. Who will undertake the task? In the pamphlet of which we are speaking a quaint and pleasing fancy of the compiler has been to head each page with a motto appropriate to the subject matter below, ending with that which all true Canadians honour, "God Save the Queen." Kingston: Office of *The British Whig*.

THE AMERICAN DICTIONARY OF PRINTING AND BOOK MAKING.

We are favoured with Part 1 of this work, which promises to be the great work of reference to which all requiring information on any of the arts connected with book-making will turn. The volume, when completed, will contain 600 pages; it is in quarto, and is profusely illustrated with engravings of famous printers and masters of kindred arts, as well as a variety of views of machinery, etc. Every subject and person connected with books and printing—past and present—are fully treated on; and the work will be one indispensable to those engaged or interested in bibliography. Part 1 covers AA to BL, and among its many articles of interest we especially note the biographical sketches of three of the great leaders in the printing art—Aldus, Baskerville and Blades. We cordially recommend the work to our book-loving friends. New York: Howard, Lockwood & Co.

ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY.

This institution is doing a grand work in the publication of works of the greatest value to students of political economy and social science. The May supplement, just issued, is the second part of "The History, Theory and Technique of Statistics," by Dr. August Meitzen, Professor at the University of Berlin, translated by Dr. Falkner, of the University of Pennsylvania. The author handles his subject in a masterly way, dealing with every department of the statistical field, and it is embellished with charts, which aid greatly in the clear comprehension of the topic. We should judge that the work suffers nothing in translation, and its conclusions are expressed in clear, forcible English. This number also contains title-page and index to the volume just completed, the first article of which was Dr. Bourinot's admirable paper on "Canada and the United States." Philadelphia: American Academy of Political and Social Science.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE.

The second part of Volume 1 of New Series is before us, and is a valuable addition to Canadian literature. It contains eight excellent papers on scientific and literary topics, the former largely predominating. These are: "Arsenic and Sulphur as Agents in the Treatment of Canadian Auriferous Ores," by R. Dewar; "Points in the Natural History of Ground Waters," by Dr. Bryce; "The Déné Languages," by Rev. Father Morice; "Pelotecthen Balanoids," by Arthur Harvey; "Ossianic Poetry," by David Spence; "Scientific Time Reckoning," by Dr. Sandford Fleming; "The Formation of Toronto Island," by L. J. Clark; and "The Morphology and Physiology of the Cell," by Dr. Macallum. Rev. Father Morice's paper is a most interesting study in Indian philology, and is alone well worth the price of the whole number. The index and title-page to volume 1 is given, with list of members, of exchanges, and other information relating to the institute. The number is well printed, and attractively gotten-up in every way. We congratulate the management on such a volume. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. (ltd.)

IN THE PROCESSION—THE MACE PRECEDING THE SPEAKER.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

There was one thing very plainly proved to the lacrosse world on Saturday last, and that was that the two clubs which were forced out of the Senior League are far and away better on the lacrosse field than any of the other four. The latter are out-classed, and the public will recognize that fact in a very short while. The Ottawas beat the Shamrocks, the Capitals make a very fair showing with the Cornwalls, and the Ottawas most distinctly thrash the Capitals; that would naturally seem to put Ottawa at the head of the list in the four club league. But Ottawa would not be in it with the Toronto twelve, composed as it was on Saturday, and would simply be lost if an aggregation like the Montreal club were their opponents. The Torontos, however, will likely miss probably the strongest man on the team, and one of the most popular that ever donned a lacrosse uniform. It is understood that Drynan will play no more, for at least a couple of years, as he intends to stay that length of time in Europe. That will be a very considerable blow and will perceptibly weaken Toronto's defence; still from the play of Saturday it is quite evident that the Torontos have some excellent young material to draw from in such an emergency. The Montreal team, as composed on Saturday, can beat anything at present playing the national game. There is no such thing as a weak spot, and there is no necessity to replace any one of them. Still there are two points where the team may be strengthened, and probably will. King is a young player, and although he was well up to championship form, it can hardly be denied that one or both of the Hodgsons would strengthen the team. It is probable that both will be seen on the field at the next big match, and then it will be comparatively uninteresting, for even allowing for the uncertainties of lacrosse there will be hardly a possibility of beating that team, and the cup might as well be placed at once in the M. A. A. A. trophy cupboard. With A. Hodgson on the home, and W. C. Hodgson on the defence, there would be a team of world-beaters at long odds.

* * *

The first game, or rather the opening of it, showed a little bit of looseness on both sides, but this state of affairs did not last long, and it was soon made evident that the spectators were going to witness some of the lacrosse we so seldom see. The Torontos soon put on some of their old-time dash and proceeded to make it very warm for the Montrealers. In fact, throughout this game the visitors had a little the best of the play, but combination told in the long run, and Montreal scored. The second game surpassed the first, and the character of the play was somewhat changed. It was at this point where the Montreal field began to do some of the most wonderful work ever seen on the field. Their team play and combination, together with a faculty of being always just where the ball was, was enough to demoralize any opponent. We have all heard more or less of a lightning home; we saw it on Saturday with a lightning field attachment. The game was scored by a lob from the field by Patterson, who, being uncovered, took an accurate aim and scored to the astonishment of Montreal and everybody else. The third game should have been won by the Montreal club, for they certainly had the best of the play, and kept the Toronto defence busy all the time. In fact they succeeded in somewhat rattling the Torontos, whose defence was crowded back on the flags from absolute necessity, while its field was fast being put *hors de combat* by the splendid work of their covers. Fortune at last turned, and after a fierce attack by Montreal, when scoring seemed a moral certainty, the latter's defence, which had been drawn out during the progress of the game, was surprised by finding the rubber in their midst, and before they had well got over it Park had scored for Toronto. The fourth game was won by clever team play by the Montrealers. The fifth game was the longest and hardest of the match, it taking 25 minutes to decide. The Toronto defence had their work cut out for them, for they certainly had to bear the brunt of continuous and fierce assaults from the Montreal attack, and it was only the splendid steady work of Drynan, Garvin and Martin that prolonged the struggle to such a length, and eventually won them the game, although it was palpable to everybody that they were really beaten. This left the score three to two in favour of the Montrealers, who were not long in putting another goal to their credit. When the seventh game started there was but a little more time to play. Both sides seemed pretty well done up after their efforts, and the play got a little loose. The Torontos scored after four minutes play, and the record stood: Montreal, four; Toronto, three. The teams were:—

Montreal.	*Position.*	*Toronto.*
Sheppard	Goal	Martin.
Patterson	Point	Cheney.
Louson	Cover Point	Garvin.
Cameron, Barry, D. Patterson	Defence Field.	Drynan, Boyd, Carmichael.
Spriggings	Centre	Garvin.
Carlind, King, McNaughton	Home Field.	Langley, Keith, Walker.
Baird	Outside Home	Park.
Geraghty	Inside Home	Sewell.
Brophy	Captain	Irving.

* * *

The match between the Capitals and Ottawas was not as exciting a one as had been looked for. It was too one-sided to hold any decided interest for the public, and with the result of Saturday's match the Capitals promise to divide honours with the Shamrocks. Following were the teams:—

Ottawa.	*Position.*	*Capital.*
McConaghy	Goal	Ashenhurst
Druhan	Point	Fraser
McKay	Cover Point	Patterson
Clendinneng, H. Carson, Coulson	Defence Field.	Devine, James, Morell
Bi-sonette	Centre	O'Brien
Goodwin, Crown, Kent	Home Field.	Mulligan, Murphy, Quinn
Thomas	Outside Home	Green
G. Carson	Inside Home	Ketchum
Egan	Captain	Stewart

* * *

The so-called American Football team that came and conquered Canada last week was another very fitting illustration of the absorptive powers of the Yankee climate. The majority of the New England team were originally English, Irish or Scotch, and though they may have declared their intentions or expatriated themselves, they can no more change their accent, their brogue or their dialect than Barnum could artistically calsomine an elephant into the genuine Siamese article. They brought also with them peculiar modes of expression that would, perhaps, be quite *au fait* in Chorley or with the Preston North Ends, but which grated harshly on the refined ears of a Toronto audience. In fact a leading paper goes so far as to say that this peculiarity will do more to hurt football in the West than anything else. It is a pity, because if they erred in one direction they certainly made up for it in another. They may be somewhat coarse in the choice of expressions, but there is no doubt as to their football abilities, for they came to the Dominion scheduled to play four matches with the leading football lights of Canada, and they won all four. Of course they had a faculty for making things very unpleasant for the referee, and as they all took their turn at talking at him somewhat forcibly instead of letting the captain do the oratory, the referee's lot was not much happier than a baseball umpire's. But this will improve in time and the method of play may not have been altogether lost on our Canadian kickers. The London despatches put a new light on the misunderstanding about sending an American football eleven to the old country. When it was discovered that a representative Canadian team would cross the Atlantic the American trip was, for the time being, at least, abandoned. Mr. Sullivan, who has had the arrangements in charge, will now do the next best thing, and is at present engaged in making dates for an English team to visit America. This matter will be under the auspices of the American Rugby Union, and next month Mr. Sullivan will sail for this side of the water and come to some agreement with Princeton, Yale and Harvard.

* * *

A great deal of interest is being manifested in the football match—Eastern vs. Western Association—to be played in Ottawa to-morrow (Saturday). The Eastern team will be as follows:—Lawrence (Grand Trunk), goal; Campbell (Ottawa) and Ferrie (Valleyfield), backs; Chittick, McConaghy and Garvin (Ottawa), half-backs; Cameron and Willis (Ottawa), right wing; Hill, captain (Ottawa), and Jacobi (Grand Trunk), left wing, and Chalmers (Grand Trunk), centre. Reserves: Oshagee (Ottawa), and Emmott (Valleyfield), back, and Ketchum (Ottawa) and Turner (Grand Trunk), forwards.

* * *

The Kensingtons and the Canadian Rovers, which had tied for the championship, played off their tie on Saturday and the Rovers won by the score of one goal to nothing. Although defeated the Kensington men put up a splendid game.

The success of the last meeting at the Blue Bonnets track was so marked that the new management have arranged for another meeting in the early part of next month when liberal purses will be given. They will have one day's running to conclude the meeting, which will undoubtedly prove attractive to race goers. Another good feature in the management is that all entries will only be charged five per cent. fees, while to those that win the extra five per cent. will come out of the purse. These terms are liberal enough and ought to secure a large entry list. The winners will only have to pay the regular percentage, while the non-winners will get off with half the amount. The Blue Bonnets people have a good precedent in this matter, as the big Blue Ribbon meeting at Detroit is following exactly the same course, and it is a pretty good precedent to follow. Blue Bonnets started well, and proved to the lover of the trotting horse that it was possible to run honest meetings strictly under the rules. They are evidently determined to keep it up, and everybody will wish them success.

* * *

The McDowell Canadian Blue Rock tournament may, on the whole, be considered a success, although the first day's shooting was not particularly encouraging in the number of entries. The second day, however, saw a large turnout, and during the two days over 6,000 inanimates were broken. This large number was due to the rapid firing system. The championship of Canada for the McDowell diamond medal and purse, fifty birds per man, was won by the following team:—C. Cutton, 50; D. Leitch, 49; H. Scane, 49; O. Loane, 46; W. Emond, 45; W. Knowles, 43; J. A. Campbell, 42.

* * *

The Manhattan Athletic Club have sent over a very representative team of athletes to the old country, and among them are men who will probably carry away a championship or two from the far-famed athletes of the British Isles. They will also compete in France, but the French are not particularly strong in this line of sport, and the laurels will undoubtedly decorate the brows of the visitors. Luther Carey, if a sea voyage and a change of climate do not disagree with him, will be a surprise to the sprinters on the other side, and Malcolm Ford will have an opportunity of showing what a really good all round man he is. Then A. B. George will have another opportunity of opposing his own countrymen. Besides these there are Lange, Dadman, Nicoll, Young, Hallock, Roddy and Remington, all champions. A better man than Eugene Van Shaick could not have been picked on as captain, and he knows thoroughly well how to manage such a team.

* * *

In the skiff sailing race at Prescott the Montreal representative had a comparatively easy thing, Mr. Wallace's Vampa, a twenty-footer, giving the 22-footers two minutes and a beating.

* * *

The Valois Boating Club have started in on the season and held their annual meeting. The regatta will be held on August 1st. The officers for the coming year are as follows: President, Mr. James Patton; 1st vice-president, Mr. D. H. Rennoldson; 2nd vice-president, Mr. Robt. Wilson; hon. secretary, F. L. Barlow; hon. treasurer, R. N. Scott; committee, Messrs. T. Y. Foster, Fred. Nelson, A. S. Ewing, A. Raeburn, J. Higginson, T. L. Paton and W. Bruce.

* * *

It is altogether likely that the Montrealers and Torontos will have an opportunity of showing the Cleveland people how to play lacrosse as it should be played. The Clevelanders didn't pretend to have a team of their own, but they would like to see a match, and accordingly invited the Torontos to take a trip on the 4th of July. They were also requested to bring along another team, and, of course, the Montrealers were invited. Both teams will play in Toronto on July 1st and will be just in trim for the Cleveland trip.

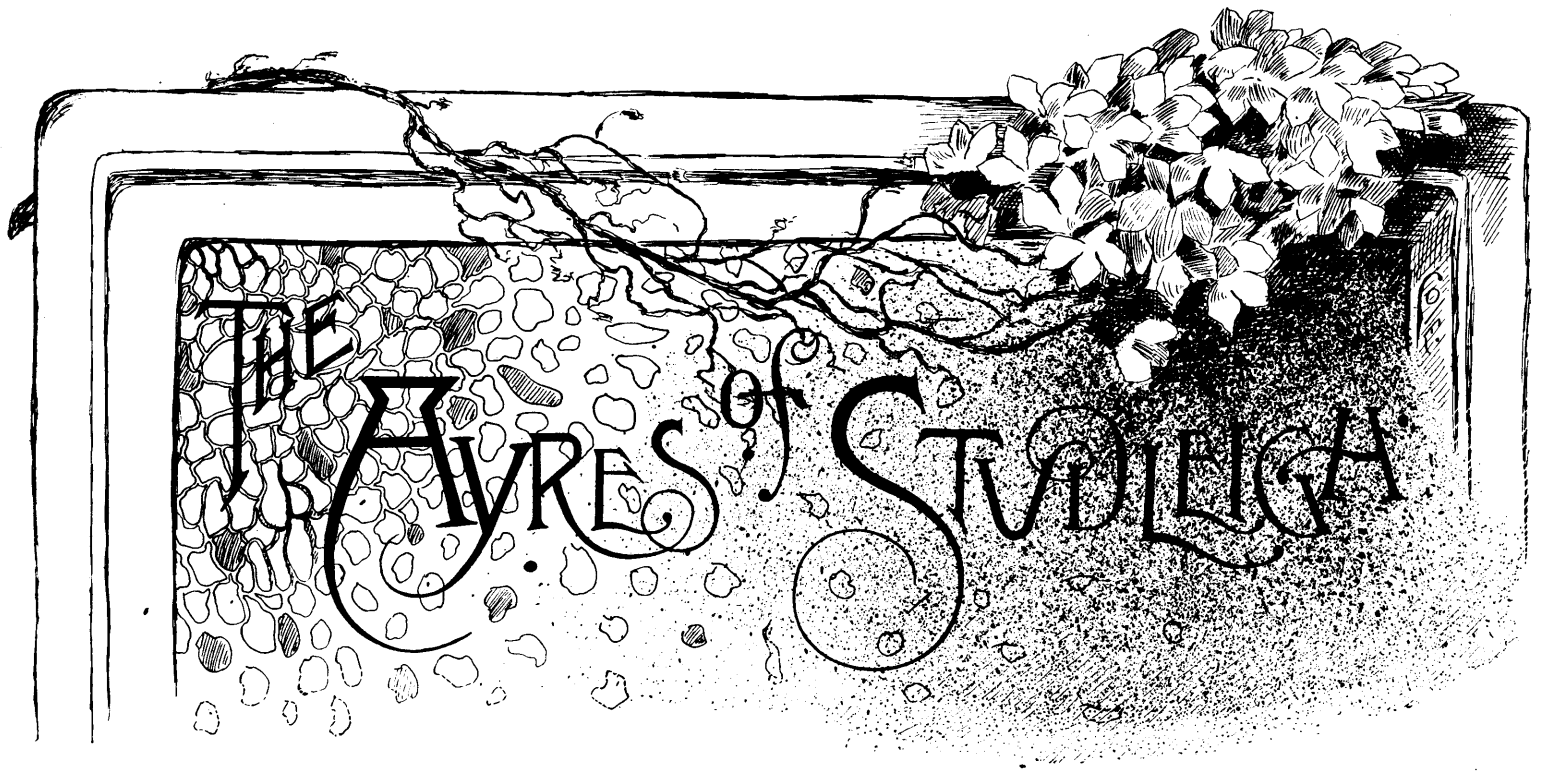
* * *

At the New York Athletic Club's sports at Travers Island two records were broken. Mitchell had been threatening for some time to send the sixteen pound hammer as far as a cannon, and he came pretty near it. He beat his own mark by two inches, the tape measuring 133 ft. 10½ inches. The American bicycle record also went to pieces, W. F. Murphy, on a pneumatic tire, doing the two miles in 5 mins. 26 2-5 secs., two seconds better than the old record.

* * *

Carr is still at work on the cinder path, and in an exhibition run on Saturday last, although he did not get down to even time, he still ran and finished so easily that he gave every excuse for predicting him a better man than 10 seconds.

R. O. X.



BY ANNIE S. SWAN,

Author of "Aldersyde," "Twice Tried," "A Vexed Inheritance," "The Gates of Eden," &c.

(Continued from page 562.)

Lady Emily was strolling on the terrace when her son rode back to the house. She came to meet him, and laying her hand on Lancelot's glossy neck made him stand still while she looked the boy keenly in the face.

"Well," she said, with a smile, "you have condoled well with your aunt."

"I was not three minutes at the Edge, mamma. I rode into Ayreleigh to ask Mr. Gillot if I could give Aunt Rachel permission to stay," he answered, his blue eyes meeting hers with a frank and fearless gaze.

"Most dutiful and respectful towards me, certainly," she said, coldly. "Well?"

"I have no power, but were I a man, mamma, this thing should not be; it is not right," he said, and a strange thrill went to the proud woman's heart; he looked and spoke so like his father.

"Then I went to the Edge just to say to Aunt Rachel that I am sorry. Clem is to go to Eton next Thursday, and Aunt Rachel and Evy are going to leave the farm at once. She says it is needless to prolong the regret of giving up the old place, so that when I come back at midsummer there will be nobody in the farm."

So saying he rode slowly away.

Lady Emily had achieved her heart's desire. In a few weeks the woman she envied, yet despised, would only be a memory in the place.

Not always, however, is gratified desire an unmixed good.

CHAPTER XIX.—A NEW AMBITION.

The next few years were in a sense uneventful for the person with whom this history is concerned; that is, they contained no stirring incidents nor exciting experiences, yet they were important years for the younger generation, since their passage gradually worked the change from childhood to youth, and, when we see them again, youth had given place to early manhood and womanhood, and the time had come for them to take their places in the world's battle and prove themselves true heroes.

William Ayre had attained his majority abroad, during the winter months which the state of his health compelled him to spend in warmer climes. There had been no rejoicings, although messages had come and gone between him and the people who adored him with that loving adoration which they had lavished on his father. In the genial April following on his majority he returned to his own, and forthwith set himself to find out in what way he could best be a wise, faithful and beneficent Squire of Studleigh.

It was the mother's turn now simply to look on and keep silence, because Will, though courteous and considerate, had his own ideas (singularly matured for his years) regarding estate management and the duties of a landlord, and from the first gave indication that he intended to put these ideas into practice. The cast of his mind, needless to say, was far removed from the strict and narrow conservatism which his mother had vainly striven to teach him. While entertaining a profound reverence for many old institutions, which associations and memory hallowed, the young Squire had no scruple about introducing any new improvement on his estate, and carrying the spirit of progress into every relation of life. It was the dread of his mother's life lest he should set aside the traditions of his house by allying himself with a political party whose policy struck blows at hereditary laws, and the strict exclusiveness of class. But so far young Will gave no sign of a lively interest in politics, and seemed to find his hands full enough.

On a fine autumn morning, after breakfast, Lady Emily was sitting at the open drawing-room window before a little table, on which lay her morning correspondence. One letter seemed to interest her intensely, for she read and re-read it, and finally sat still with it in her hand, looking absently across the park. Evidently it had given rise to pleasant thoughts, for her lips wore a well-satisfied smile. The letter in her hand was a closely written sheet, delicately scented, and headed by a coronet. It was from her school-friend, Lady Adela Brydges, who had become the Marchioness of Winterdyne in the autumn following her first season in London, and the same month in which Lady Emily had married William Ayre. They had never kept up but a slight correspondence, but the letter just received was warm and cordial, and contained a suggestion well-pleasing indeed to Lady Emily. It ran thus:—

"I hear you have returned from Algiers, and that your boy is perfectly restored to health. Winterdyne has been hearing splendid accounts of him from the Eardleys, of whom you saw so much abroad. He is anxious, for Mr. Ayre's sake, to see the young Squire. You know what an almost romantic affection my husband had for yours in their Oxford days. I have not forgotten our old friendship either, and I write to ask if you and your son will pay us a visit at the end of this month or early next. We are to be very gay in the second week of December, celebrating our little Sybil's eighteenth birthday. My son attains his majority next March. Do they not make us feel old? Sybil is her father's darling, and she is a lovely child. What more natural than that your child and mine should "forgather," as they say in Scotland? Let us give them the chance; of course, without a whisper to either. I know Winterdyne would be pleased; and if your son is at all like his father, I should give him Sybil without a murmur, and be glad to see her so well married, in the best sense of that trite phrase. Now, I will take no excuse. I know you have been living in strict retirement, but you have a duty now to your son. Since Winterdyne heard so much of the young Squire from the Eardleys, he has not let a day pass without speaking of you. Do gratify us—for old times' sake. By-the-bye, it will interest you to know that your nephew and our Harry have been chums at Sandhurst, and are now waiting the result of their final exam. Brave young soldiers they will both make; but, ah! the mother heart quails, and could even pray that they may never need to be more than fireside soldiers. It is beautiful and brave, I think, of Mrs. Geoffrey Ayre to be so interested and pleased with her son's ambition, after her terrible experiences. I fear I am less unselfish."

Lady Adela penned these words out of the simple fulness of her heart, not dreaming how bitter a sting they contained for the woman for whose eye they were intended. It took the edge from the keen satisfaction given by the perusal of the first page. In her passionate pride she told herself that that plebeian boy, in whose veins ran only yeoman blood, had no right to consort with such exclusive and aristocratic people as the Winterdynes.

In her own mind she bitterly resented it as another instance of Mrs. Geoffrey's self-assertion and presumption. But what could she do? At Stonecroft they were beyond her jurisdiction. She had not the shadow of an excuse for interfering, or even passing a verdict on the woman's conduct.

"What has happened this morning to make you look so superlatively grave, mother?" asked Will's voice in the doorway. "If such a thing were not beyond the bounds of possibility I should say you had got an account exceeding your gloomiest expectations."

"Come here, Will. Where are you going? Have you been for your ride?"

"No, just going," he answered, and sauntered into the room, a tall, slim figure, well proportioned, but too slender to be manly; the pale, fair face, winning and even striking in its way, because of its delicate refinement. He took off his riding cap as

he advanced to his mother, and the bright golden hair lay in soft waves on the white brow where every blue vein was visible. A handsome fellow in his way was young Will, but as she looked at him the mother's heart ached. There was something lacking, that indefinable suggestion of physical power, held in reserve, which is the glorious heritage of young manhood. The Squire was well, but would never be strong, never be that ideal country Squire whose limbs know no weariness, and whose endurance has no limit.

"Can you spare me a moment, Will? I have an important letter this morning from a very old friend of whom you have heard me speak—Adela, Marchioness of Winterdyne."

"Yes, of course, I know of her. Mrs Eardley and Amy spoke a great deal of her in Algiers. What has she to say?"

"An invitation for us to Winterdyne for next month. I am very anxious to accept it."

"Are you, mother?"

Will looked genuinely surprised as he asked the question. His mother had so long held herself aloof from society of every kind that invitations now came but rarely to Studleigh, and these were invariably refused.

"Yes, Lady Adela is my very old and dear friend. She asks us to come in time for the celebration of her daughter's birthday on the fifth of September."

"I've heard Clem speak of them," said Will, carelessly. "He is very intimate with Lord Raybourne—Harry, as he familiarly calls him. I believe Lady Sybil is a lovely girl."

"Lady Winterdyne mentions your cousin in her letter as having some slight acquaintance with Lord Raybourne. Of course it is impossible that they can be intimate, though no doubt your cousins have led you and others to believe it. Will you go with me then at the end of the month?"

"If you wish it, mother. I am very glad to think you will enjoy a little society again. I have long thought we live too quietly here," answered Will.

"If you thought so you ought to have spoken. *You* are master of Studleigh now," his mother said, a litttle stiffly.

"Yes, but it is your comfort and your wishes I have to study, mother," Will answered affectionately, and the gravity in her face melted into a lovely smile. There were moments when she was all a mother should be, tender, watchful, considerate, regardless of self. These moments, though rare, had bound the cords of her boy's heart to her in indissoluble bonds.

"It will be glorious to see you take your place in the world again," he said, looking on her beautiful face with all a son's pride. "Do you know, mother, nobody would ever imagine that I could have the presumption to be your son. You look so young."

"You are a foolish boy, Will, and think too much of your middle-aged mother," she answered, chidingly, and yet with a deepening satisfaction on her face. It was the very wine of life to her to hear such words from the lips of the boy for whom she would have laid down her life, who was the only being on earth in whom her whole hope and ambition were centred.

"I wonder should I tell you what hopes I was building on this visit when you came in," she said, impulsively. "The day will come, Will, when I shall abdicate in favour of a younger and fairer mistress of Studleigh. I wonder how far distant that day is."

Will never spoke, but she wondered to see the flush rise to his face till it dyed it red.

"There is time enough, mother, unless you are tired of housekeeping for me. I am in no hurry to make a change," he answered, lightly.

"It is always well to keep such possibilities in view; then there is no disappointment, but a calm preparedness for the inevitable," she answered, smiling still. "I am not one of those mothers who elect to feel themselves aggrieved when another woman supplants her in her son's heart. When the time comes I shall abdicate gracefully, I promise you."

"I question, mother, if in our case that day ever comes," Will answered, gravely, and with a touch of sadness.

"Why not?" she cried jealously. "Why should you differ from other men? I hope to live to see a gracious, queenly woman your wife, and a troop of happy children in Studleigh."

But Will only shook his head.

"We cannot tell what may come out of this visit, Will. You have seen so few attractive girls. When you are thrown in the way of a young and lovely creature like Sybil Raybourne, who knows but the issue may be of the happiest? *That* would satisfy my highest ambition for you, Will. The Winterdynes belong to one of our best families."

Still Will only shook his head.

"Don't build castles in the air for me, mother, or set up ambitions which will never be fulfilled. I doubt you will need to be content with a bachelor Squire of Studleigh."

"Why? Will you never marry?"

"I cannot say. But unless my opinions on certain subjects should undergo some radical change, it is not likely."

"Have you pledged yourself to celibacy?"

"Not solemnly; but I believe it would be wise of me not to marry. But this is too serious a discussion for a summer morning, with a West wind blowing, which is the very elixir of life. I must go."

"Where do you ride this morning?"

"To Stonecroft," he answered, and was quick to note the instant change on his mother's face.

"The second time in a week you have spent the day there. I have room to be jealous, Will."

"Jealous of whom, mother? I have seen so little of Clem for years; and if report speaks truly, he may be soon far away enough from us all."

"What report?"

"There is rumour of disturbance at the Cape, and Clem is wild to be off to active service."

"The best thing for him. It is only by his own effort he can rise to any position."

"Oh, I don't think so. There's no end of people interested in him. You have no idea, mother, what kind of a fellow Clem is. He conquers everybody; he has such a grand, strong, masterful way, and yet he is as tender as a woman. Then he is as handsome as Adonis."

"He has a most generous champion in you," said Lady Emily, drily.

"He doesn't need any champion, I assure you. Never was any fellow more capable of standing on his own legs than Clement Ayre," responded Will, shortly. "Mother, when we go to Winterdyne, will you pay Aunt Rachel a visit to Stonecroft? You know it is in the next parish. I wish you would, for my sake."

Lady Emily shook her head.

"I will make no promises, Will. Your Aunt Rachel has won you completely, and can turn you round her little finger, that is quite evident. But I do not see with your eyes, and I cannot quite forget the past."

"Mother, it seems to me that you exaggerate something in the past. It never appears to me to be a dreadful thing that Uncle Geoff should have fallen in love with Aunt Rachel. She is so beautiful and so good. If you only knew her, mother, I am sure you would change your opinion. I think her one of the most perfect women I have ever seen; perfect in every relation of her life." His enthusiasm for the aunt he so dearly loved was not well-timed It fell like molten lead in his mother's ears, and awakened anew in her breast the bitterness of other years.

"It is to her advantage to act this perfection before you, Will," she answered, in her most icy manner. "My experience of the woman your Uncle Geoffrey was unfortunate enough to marry has been that she is a designing, presumptuous, and self-assertive person, perfectly able to hold her own ground. I knew her before there was any talk of her marriage, and formed an opinion then which I have never had occasion to change. It is better when we do not discuss these relatives, Will, but I assure you your open disregard of my feelings and wishes regarding your intimacy with them has occasioned me the deepest mortification and disappointment."

CHAPTER XX.—A HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.

"Mother, I'm perfectly wild with joy."

"You look it, Clem. Remember your years and your dignity boy, and behave with some decorum."

"He can't mother, just let him alone," Evy put in with a laugh, as the stalwart young soldier swung himself from the ground to a drooping branch of a hoary old oak which sheltered the North gable of the house at Stonecroft.

"Coming up Evy? It's jolly and sheltered. Just give me your hand, and I'll swing you up in a jiffy."

"No, thank you, mother and I will admire you from a respectful distance. It is quite evident that you need active service."

"And I'll have it too, soon I hope," cried Clem, as he dropped to the ground again.

"I wonder what news for Harry this morning. I hope he hasn't got a disappointment."

"He will come and tell us surely," said Rachel Ayre, as she leaned against the trunk of the old oak, and looked across the sunny old garden to where the river leaped and rippled in the golden glow of the morning.

"Come here, Evy, till I talk sense to you," said Clem, teasingly, and throwing his arm around his sister, he made her saunter across the lawn, and the mother looking on thanked God in her own heart for these two, who had never, since they were old enough to understand her gentle guiding, occasioned her a moment's anxiety or pain. They were a goodly pair—the tall, splendidly-built young soldier, with firm, square shoulders, and open, honest, handsome face, and the fair, lovely girl, with face as sweet as an opening rose, and ripples of soft hair which gleamed in the sun like living gold.

They were very much unlike each other; none would have imagined them brother and sister, but they were fondly attached to each other, with a love passing that which usually binds brother and sister together. Yes, in her children Geoffrey Ayre's widow was rich indeed, and the tranquil happiness of her life, chastened only by memories which time had mellowed, had kept her face so young and sweet that, save for her hair, now nearly white, she might almost have passed for their elder sister. Their relations to each other were very perfect. The young soldier's passionate love for his beautiful mother had in it a touch of lover's adoration. She had given them a beautiful childhood, full of blessed memories, and now when they stood on the threshold of life, ready for its duties and responsibilities, she felt no misgivings except the natural anxieties which must fill a mother's heart at such a time. She saw in the boy the restless, eager spirit of his father—the energy and indomitable will which are such valuable qualities in young manhood, but tempered by a high sense of duty and an unselfishness of disposition, to foster which had been her greatest care. Well they repaid her toil; and, as she looked with a natural and exquisite pride upon them, she asked that God would continue to guide them in the future as in the past.

"Mother, impress upon Evy that she must be more respectful to Lieutenant Ayre than she has hitherto been to the Sandhurst cadet," he cried, looking over his shoulder, and the two words, "Lieutenant Ayre," awakened a strange thrill in Rachel's heart. As Lieutenant Ayre her beloved had wooed her, and the undying memories of that far-off time brought such a mist before her eyes, that she was impelled for a moment to turn her head away.

"Mother, I never heard anybody talk more utter nonsense than our Clem," Evy made answer. "I wish you could learn lessons of self-control and good manners from Will."

"Ay, poor Will."

Clem's voice lost its bantering tone, and the laughter died out of his eyes. The relationship between the two cousins was a peculiar one—Clem's affection being mingled with a vast compassion, which Lady Emily would have indignantly resented had she known of its existence.

"You must let me go, Clem, because I have letters to write for mother, and it is just half-an-hour till the bag leaves. You will never do a bit of good

in this world, Clem, you are so incorrigibly idle and teasing."

"Oh, this is too much after I have just come out of that wretched exam. with flying colours. Wait till Harry comes, my lady, and you'll eat humble pie."

Evy was off, but not before Clem saw the bright, beautiful blush on her face, which sent him back to his mother with a very queer expression in his eyes.

"Mother, a penny for your thoughts; mine are worth a guinea. Will you buy?"

"No. I demand them as my right," Rachel answered with a smile.

"Well, can you guess a great secret, and then keep it? It's about Evy—"

"What about her?"

"It will surprise you very much?"

"Perhaps not?"

"I'll bet on it. Oh, but you don't bet," laughed Clem. "Well, I'll tell you what I've just discovered, mother. Raybourne's friendliness for me is a huge fraud."

"How do you make that out?"

"Because it's Evy he comes to see, I verily believe. Oh, the deceiver! Won't I pitch into him next time he comes. You don't look one bit surprised."

"I'm not. I'm Evy's mother, Clem."

"A motherly old hen, who watches her chicks well," said Clem, affectionately. "Do you approve of Harry then?"

"I approve of him very much, Clem; but I am in some doubt how to act. Do you think Lord and Lady Winterdyne would think an obscure little girl like our Evy a fit match for the future Marquis?"

"I don't see why. They are very friendly, and they must see well enough what is going on," said Clem soberly. "Mother, it would be abominable if it came to anything and then they were disagreeable. Do you think there is any chance of it?"

"I cannot say. Friendship is one thing, alliance by marriage another. I have sometimes regretted your intimacy with Raybourne, especially since he began to come so much here. Evy is just at an impressionable age, and she has seen so little of the world that naturally she is flattered by the attention of your delightful chum."

"Now, mother, it's too bad trying to put the responsibility on me," said Clem, gravely, but with a twinkle in his eye. "And don't pretend that Evy has no hand in it. Why, she's pretty enough to turn the heads of ten lords, though I may say she is outspoken enough to startle anybody. Don't look grieved and concerned, mother. I want everybody to feel as jolly as I do this morning."

"Your success has another side, Clem. It means that I may make ready to let you go."

"Why, yes. Wouldn't you despise me now if I didn't long for active service? You wouldn't like me to be a lout, content to smoke a pipe and read a novel under the oak all day long?"

"I wouldn't have you one bit different, my son," Rachel admitted, with a sudden gleam of pride in her gentle eyes.

"Thank you, mother. I'm not all I should be, but I try to remember what you would like me to be. I wonder if it's a sin to hope that the disturbance at the Cape may go on, and that Harry and I may be lucky enough to be sent out? It will be frightfully slow if we are just stationed at some wretched military quarters, and made to play at soldiering till we are grey."

Rachel could not but laugh at the young man's expression of deep disgust.

"Well, it is part of a soldier's duty to accept whatever comes in the best possible spirit," she answered. "Why, here is Will."

"So it is. Will's a decent chap, mother. He'll rejoice unfeignedly over my good luck," said Clem, and took a long stride across the lawn to meet his cousin as he rode up the approach.

"Morning, Will. Congratulate me, old fellow. Yes, it's all right, and—Lieutenant Ayre at your service."

He stood up straight and gave the graceful military salute which he had learned, first in babyhood in the verandah of an Indian bungalow. It seemed strange to Rachel, looking back, to think that nearly four-and-twenty years had elapsed since these sacred, never-to-be-forgotten days.

"I am so awfully glad, Clem. But I knew it was all right. We are not a bit surprised, are we, Aunt Rachel?"

"Perhaps not, dear boy. I have just been trying to curb this unruly spirit," said Rachel, as she advanced to welcome him. "He is burning for glory, Will. Who knows, he may have a surfeit of it before he is much older."

"He is the stuff heroes are made of," said Will, admiringly, "and how has Raybourne done? Have you heard?"

"Not yet, but I think he's all right," answered Clem. "I'll be awfully disappointed if he isn't, because he knows his work better than I do. Shall I tell Evy Will has come?"

Rachel nodded, and Clem departed into the house. "I am glad you have come, Will. I have been feeling the need of someone to understand how *I* feel," Rachel said, turning to her nephew with brimming eyes. "Is it not strange how I rely upon you? I feel to you just as I felt towards your father, dear. You are more like my brother than my nephew."

"Dear Aunt Rachel, I am thankful that I am of any use and comfort to you," Will answered, quickly and gratefully, and pressed the soft hand which rested in his.

"Yes, I know. Clem sees only the sunny side of the picture. He thinks only of the glory and the excitement of war. I have known its horrors. Women view these things differently, of course; it is their nature to shrink from whatever causes sorrow or suffering. My feelings are strangely mingled, Will. I am proud of my boy; glad he will be an ornament to the profession his father so loved, and yet——"

"Dear Aunt Rachel, don't vex yourself needlessly. It may be years before there may be another war, and the awful experience you had can at least never be repeated."

"God forbid that it should," replied Rachel, with a shudder. "But I need not cloud this bright day with my said forbodings and sadder memories. How glad it makes me to see you look so well, Will. I think you are much better."

"I feel quite well, just like a different man, auntie, and though I may seem ungrateful for my own blessings, I would give much to be in Clem's shoes."

"You have other work to do, and you are doing it nobly. You are a worthy son of a worthy father, Will. I hear that on every hand."

"I try to do what I think he would have done had he lived, Aunt Rachel. I have always wished to tell you of some papers of his I read after I came home from Algiers. Mr. Gillot gave them to me. He had them in charge since my father died. They contained a great many plans and directions about the estate, and a letter to me to be read when I came of age. I can never hope to be so good a man as he was, Aunt Rachel."

"Oh, you will be, you are now, Will," she answered, with a reassuring smile. "I hope your mother is quite well?"

"Quite well, thank you. Oh, we are asked to Winterdyne for December, Aunt Rachel."

"Indeed, and will Lady Emily go? She has long given up society."

"Yes; but she is most anxious to accept this invitation, so in a few weeks I shall not have to ride so far to see you."

"That will be pleasant," Rachel answered, but said no more. "They are to have a large house party at Winterdyne," she said, after a slight pause. "I am anticipating the great pleasure of seeing my old friends Sir Randal and Lady Vane. She is godmother to Sybil, and Lady Winterdyne has induced them to come for the celebration, then they are to come to me for a few days later on."

"They must be very old now."

"Yes—but Lady Vane is as energetic as ever. You will enjoy meeting them. They loved your father dearly. Why, Will, more visitors! Lady Winterdyne and her son; Clem's anxiety will be relieved at last."

With that perfect self-possession which marked her inbred refinement, Rachel advanced to meet her distinguished guests. Lady Winterdyne was driving her son in a rustic cart, but she gave him the reins, and held out both hands to Mrs. Ayre.

"Have we to congratulate each other, dear Mrs. Ayre? Harry has done well, and he would give me no peace till I drove him over. Is Lieutenant Ayre in the house?"

"Yes; I congratulate you, Lady Winterdyne, and you Lord Raybourne," said Rachel, heartily. "May I present my nephew, William Ayre, of Studleigh, or have you already met him?"

"No. How delightful this is. I wrote to your mother yesterday, Mr. Ayre. How I wish Lord Winterdyne had been with me. Why, where has Harry gone?"

"Into the house, I fancy. Clem is teasing his sister in the drawing-room. Will you come in for a few minutes, Lady Winterdyne?"

"Yes, certainly. Did you say your mother had received my letter, Mr. Ayre?"

"Yes; and we hope to have the pleasure of accepting your kind invitation, Lady Winterdyne."

"Ah, that is as it should be. We hear so much of you from the Eardleys. Pray don't trouble, Mrs. Ayre, my ponies are models of good behaviour. What a sweet woman your aunt is, Mr. Ayre. I love her very much."

"She is. I think her one among a thousand."

"And your cousins, too, they are charming. Evy is as lovely as an angel. We shall have gay doings next month, in which all you young people, I hope, will have a share. Surely your mother does not often come to Stonecroft?"

"No, Lady Winterdyne," Will answered, with a look of pain, which somewhat puzzled the kindly, gracious woman by his side. The Winterdynes did not spend much of their time at the family seat, and the Ayres of Studleigh had long lived so absolutely out of the world that their affairs were only talked of in their own neighbourhood. Lady Winterdyne had therefore never heard anything of the strained relations between the two families. But ere the autumn closed, her eyes were opened.

(*To be continued.*)

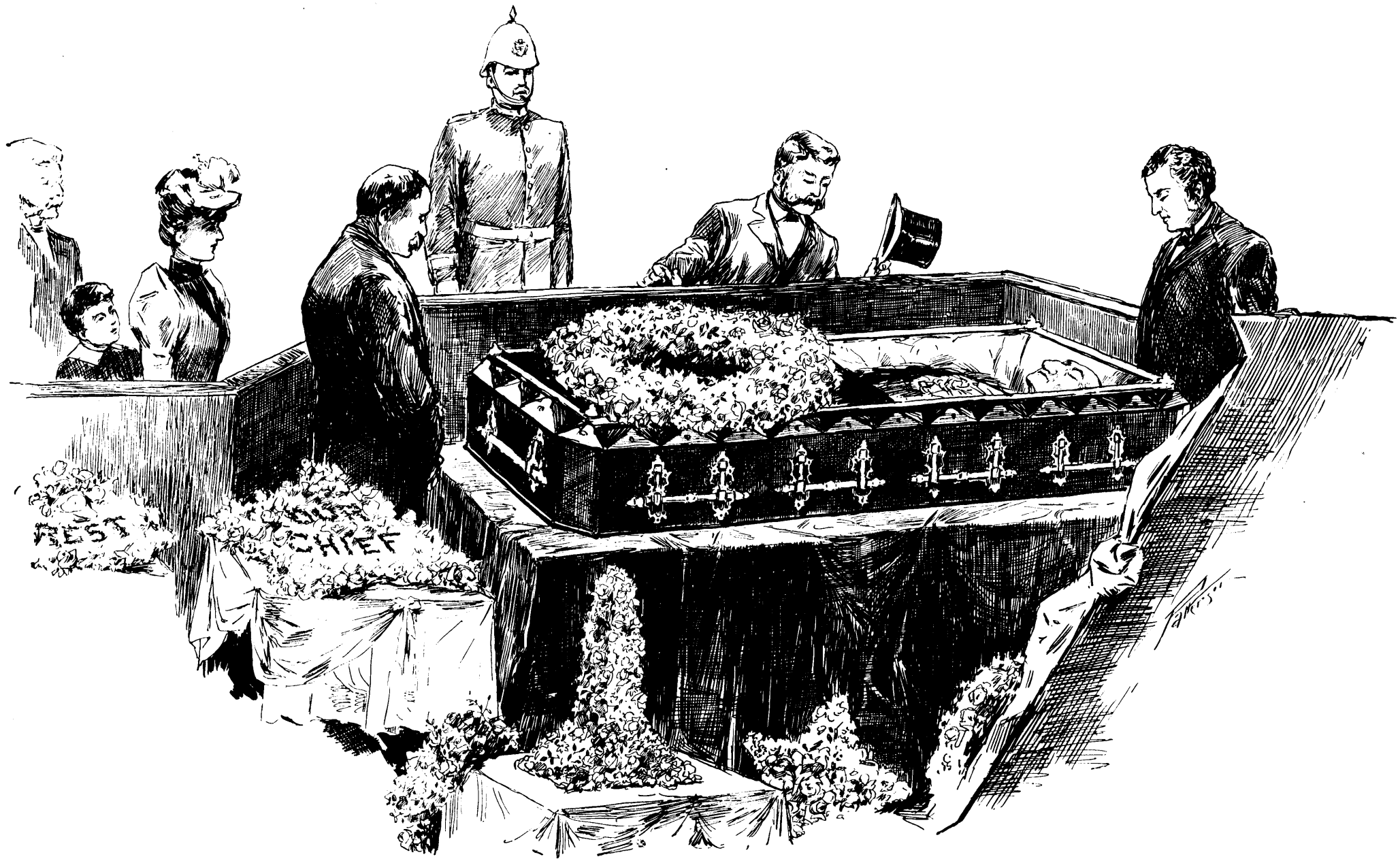
CORRESPONDENCE.

The Name of Toronto.

To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR,—In his very interesting lecture on the Queen's Rangers, published in your journal, Lieut.-Col. Rogers has followed the error as to the name of Toronto which a previous writer had fallen into. There is no good authority for the interpretation of the name as "trees in the water." The true origin of the name, which is in the language of the Wyandots, or Hurons, and means "many people," or a "concourse or gathering of people," is from the river now called the Humber, but formerly known by the Indians as the "River of Toronto," that is, the river by which Toronto was reached, according to the well-known practice of the Indians in naming rivers with reference to the places towards which they formed the recognized routes. The route up the Humber led to a place where many scattered tribes were accustomed to meet in council. This was near Lake Simcoe, called from it Lake Toronto, or Toronton, or, in its fullest form, O-toronton. The French fort, sometimes called Fort Rouille, and otherwise Fort Toronto—the fort at the Toronto River—was situated where the Exhibition grounds now are. The exact location has been identified and marked by a cairn. It was undoubtedly here that Major Rogers landed, for the shore of the bay and the mouth of the river Don were uncleared forest for many years later. The place of a "concourse or gathering of people" is by no means an inappropriate designation for this city in the present stage of its existence. Yours, etc.,

June 3, 1891. TORONTONIAN.



IN THE SENATE CHAMBER AT OTTAWA.—THE OLD CHIEFTAIN AT REST.

THE FUNERAL OF THE L
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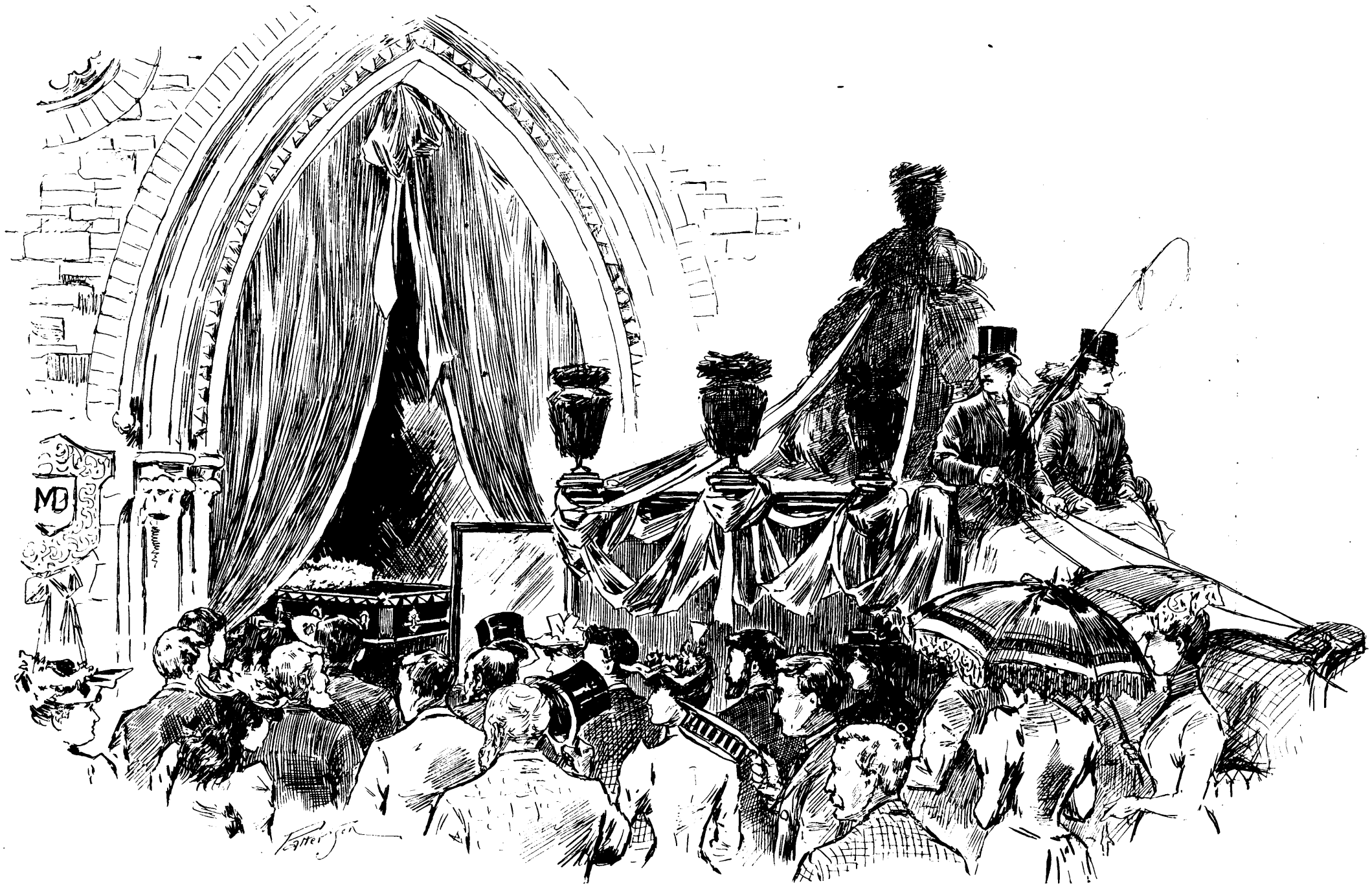


THE COFFIN BEING TAKEN TO THE HEARSE FROM THE SENATE CHAMBER.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION MOVING FROM THE SENATE CHAMBER.
(Mr. Pittaway, photo., Ottawa.)

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

Verses and Versions.

The long expected work of Geo. Murray, Esq., B.A., F.R.S.C., who is well known throughout Canada as a classical scholar, and editor of "Notes and Queries" in the Montreal *Star*, has at last come to hand under the title, "Verses and Versions," although, I believe, it was the poet's first intention to call it "Legends and Lyrics."

It is not often that the critic has an easier task than lies before the reviewer of this volume, for the name of the author is in itself a guarantee, like the Hall mark on silverware. Yet it is, also, not often that the conscientious critic has a more difficult task, since to detect shortcomings in the work of Mr. Murray necessitates a most cultured taste and a familiarity with the realm of literature which is possessed by but few.

The book does, however, exhibit shortcomings, which are sins of omission rather than of commission. The punctuation gives the impression that the office in which the book was printed was short of type in that respect, and in reading the poems one begins to imagine that the words are indulging in a *Walpurgis* dance. But then, there are as many opinions regarding punctuation as there are writers, and what punctuation there is, as Goethe says,—

"The little, little thing,
Buddeth forth the little wing;
It makes no creature—but it will
Bring forth a little poem still."

One line swoops down upon another, like the Iroquois upon Dollard, in the first poem of the book. Another thing in the book to be regretted is that we have not more of Mr. Murray and less of French authors, yet even here we find criticism almost disarmed by the charming English dress in which familiar French poems once more make their bows before us. It is further to be regretted that a man so widely and favourably known as a classical scholar and translator as is Mr. Murray is not represented in his volume by a single Greek or Latin translation, beyond the blank verse rendition of Iphigenia at Aulis of Euripides. True, it is hinted that Mr. Murray contemplates gathering into a second volume his classical translations, and, if he does so, Mr. Goldwin Smith, the spectral *litterateur*, will have to look to his "Bay Leaves;" nevertheless, I think the general reading public would have reaped more pleasure from certain of the Horae Horationæ than, for instance, from "Une Femme." I select a few lines from "Translations from the Greek Anthology," made by Mr. Murray,—

"Poor when a boy, but opulent when old,
Twice have I suffered misery untold;
Wealth, when I could have used it, I had none—
I have it now when life is nearly done!"

And this one from Damocharis, the grammarian, on a small bath:

"Wherefore little things dispise?
Beauty often in them lies;
Even Cythera's joy,
Cupid, was a little boy."

I am tempted to quote more, but will forbear after this one of Meleager, entitled, "Betrayed,"—

"O gleaming lamp; O holy night!
No witnesses but you
Were present when, with fond delight,
We pledged our vows anew;
He swore that he would love me ever,
And I, that I would leave him never.

We vowed before you two alone,
To him my heart I gave;
But now, alas! his love is gone,
'Twas written on the wave,
And thou, bright lamp, dost oft discover
In Helen's arms my faithless lover."

It requires no knowledge of Greek to appreciate these stanzas, though such knowledge may lead to a greater appreciation of the *translator*.

I have been loth for several reasons to find fault with the compilation and punctuation of the book. I am aware that the arduous work of seeing the volume through the press was undertaken as a labor of love by a gentleman well known in literary circles, and who has, all things considered, accomplished the difficult task of selection in a manner worthy of commendation. To condense the work of a lifetime into less than 400 pages was an impossibility, and of necessity some public favourites had to suffer. I hope that Mr. Murray will see his way clear to publish another volume and still another, that he may be fitly ranked among Canadian Poets, amongst whom he stands second to none as a master of limpid versification.

II.

Turning to a consideration of the contents of the present volume we find such favourites as "Willie the Miner," "How Canada was Saved," "The Legend of the Thistle," and "The Dream about the Aspen," which are too well known to require comment. Then we have "A Parable," which the curious will find in the first book published by Sir Edwin Arnold, having been given that poet to "fill up,"—and, by the way, the history of the origin of that book is sadly romantic, full of the unwritten pathos of a young man's life: *requiscat in pace*. The story of "Brotherly Love" is very sweet, and the poem on "The Solitary Guest" reminds one of Thackeray in its easy flow and deep feeling:

"He sits and dreams; his eyes are b'ind
To flowers and fruits and dainty fare;
His soul is with the twelve—his mind
Is busied with each empty chair.
Once, only once, he called for wine;
They filled his glass—and then he said
In hollow tones, "O comrades mine,
I drink the memory of the dead!"

Ah! who can tell the thoughts that thronged
The lonely chambers of his brain,
As gazing round he almost longed
His final home at once to gain.
Enough, my friends! The heaviest stone
Fate flings at man's devoted head
Is, when grey-haired he sits alone,
And dreams of all his comrades dead."

Such poems, too, as "A Pauper Poet," "A Story of King David," "The Pity of It," "Gondoleid," "Gone," "Natale Solum" and "The Red Breast" are also pathetic, while a more humourous vein is found in other poems, such as the story of the "Hare and the Tortoise." I do not propose to fall into the error of lay readers and find a personal colouring in the few original love poems scattered throughout the volume. The melody of a poet is stirred as easily as the aspen by the breath of a passing fancy; and the reader may be sure that I am not imagining that Mr. Murray hugs a secret grief because he has written "The Days That Are No More" and "Bid Me Not Forget." I know few finer poems of its kind than the first. Consider such verses as

"A silver lake
Before us slumbered; herds of timid deer
With horns thrown back, came trooping to the mere
From many a leafy brake."

* * * * *

"Green twinkling leaves
Lit by slant sunbeams, tremulously made
Quaint shifting arabesques of light and shade,
Such as nought earthly weaves."

* * * * *

"And then she sighed;
The small white teeth within her lips apart,
Gleamed like the raindrops that some bud's red heart
Caressing, half doth hide."

The italics are my own, and are scarcely needed to draw the reader's attention to the exquisite simile.

I will close with one quotation of a complete poem, in answer to a poem by Miss Christina Rossetti, entitled, "Beauty is Vain."

"The lily is tall and stately,
A peerless flower of light,
And the rose enthralls our senses
With blossoms of red and white;
But I turn from both to a maiden,
Who daily and hourly grows
Fairer than any lily
And sweeter than any rose.

Alas! for the rose and the lily,
Their bloom and their fragrant breath!
Both flower and leaf shall moulder
In dust and eternal death;
But when earth hath shrouded in darkness
The body of her I love,
Her soul shall live with the angels
In paradise above."

Mr. Murray's book will be no surprise to those lovers of his verse who have eagerly read all that he has written; his position in the world of letters is long established, but to many of the general public and the cause of letters in Canada its publication will be of exceeding value.

ARTHUR WEIR.

The experiment recently made by the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts of opening the exhibition in the middle of December has not proved a success, so that the Council have decided to revert to the old date of February. A much-desired reform, too, is about to be introduced—the limitation of the number of pictures each contributor may send, to two. When will the Royal Academy follow suit? The Glasgow Institute is not the first exhibition which has set it an excellent example.—*Ex.*

A Leap Year Story.

1884.

The early setting sun of one of the New Year's brightest days, kindling into flame the steeples of the quiet village of Brook, disappeared behind the heavy rocks surrounding the town at their base on the beautiful Owen Sound harbour, as a group of rosy girls, still quivering with the excitement and hilarity of the closing holidays, stepped briskly westward.

"How quickly the sun disappears," cried Edith, as the fiery ball shot down behind its grey battlements, leaving only its rays of brightness.

"Yes; the days are so short. Just fancy, only five o'clock and it will soon be dark."

"To day I dated my first letter in 1884," said Nellie, the sedate one of the group.

"So it is really 1884. That never struck me before," said Jessie, a bonnie, merry maiden of some eighteen summers, Nellie's close companion. "Hurrah, girls, one more chance; Leap Year. Now, who will propose to whom? Edith, have you no designs?" as she took a few steps backwards to survey her friends behind. "Nellie, dear, you really should think seriously of it."

"If I did, t'would be to Mr. Temple. He is so quiet and slow, I should love to see how he would take it."

"Oh, Nellie, you shocking girl," cried Edith.

"I did not think you would say such a thing," said her older sister Florence.

"I suppose I have shocked you all. I know I have myself, but a picture of the good man's distress and disturbance at such a development, made me almost wish I could see it. How do you suppose he would act, girls."

"Act; why he would simply rise to the occasion, rub those soft hands of his together, and after some ahemming, would say,—this is a matter of very grave and serious dimensions and requires great and lengthy deliberation. It involves the destiny of so many that——"

"Oh, Florence!"

"You but add fuel to the flame," cried Jessie, "and it shall be done, if not by Nellie, imagine her doing it, then by my own sweet self. All be on hand to-night when he calls, and behind the curtains you may hear and see the rise and progress of Jessie's wooing."

"You don't mean that, Jessie," cried Nellie in dismay.

"Of course she does."

"But, Jessie, just think of what it means. It is contemptible. And what will Harold say?"

"Join in the laugh, and wish last year had been Leap Year. Now, Nellie, don't be shocked. I assure you the proposal shall be couched in fitting terms, and all will go merry as a marriage bell."

"But, Jessie, such a sacred thing should not be caricatured. Besides, he will not understand."

"No, of course not. No fun if he did. But here we are. Coming in, girls?"

"Not just now; later on," laughed Edith.

The evening sped swiftly on, bringing no time for reflection, and the rollicking fun-flame of the afternoon was but sinking slowly, when the merry laughing entrance of Flo and Edith fanned it into renewed life.

Soon Mr. Temple arrived, and after some general conversation the two girls disappeared, leaving Jessie face to face with her vow and avowal.

The knowledge that behind the waving curtains stood an audience intensely sympathetic and attentive overcame her hesitancy, and she spoke what neither they nor she could well remember; but they all became at once conscious that the comedy was fast assuming the proportions of a tragedy. He had risen, and stepping rapidly to her side had taken the cold hand of the trembling girl, his sad, thoughtful face beaming with a new joy, and his deep melodious voice quivering with feeling as he said:

"Oh, Miss Jessie, how good you are. You cannot know how kind you have been. I came to-night with my heart so full of the love which has been growing for years, that my lips refused to utter. You have seen, have known, and have been my own brave darling to tell me thus that you do care a little for the one so grave, so stern, and so unlike you."

Vainly she tried to tell him the truth, that it was but a passing jest. No longer conscious of her hidden audience, she strove to right her mistake, but all in vain. He could but feel that she was true as steel, that sweet maidenly shyness would now withdraw what her heart had given.

Quietly the two auditors had slipped away, dumb with fear and horror, and in her room she found them as she rushed up in her agony.

"Oh, girls, what shall I do? what can I do? How can I tell mother? Oh, what will Harold say?"

But they stood dumb. If they had but listened to wise little Nell. But how could they know.

A step on the stairs told them that Mrs. Heriott was on her way to the drawing-room to spend the evening, as was her wont, with the young people, and they held their breath, while the dull, monotonous sound of voices reached them from below. The door closed, and Mrs. Heriott ran quickly up the steps and into the room.

"Girls,—Jessie,—What does this mean? Mr. Temple tells me that you have pledged your love, and this without a word from him to me. And what of Harold?"

"Oh, mother, mother," sobbed Jessie, "I did it in fun. I did not think he would take it seriously, the stupid—"

"What? You? What do you mean?"

Then came the short story with the sorry ending, to which she listened quietly, then said:

"Well, girls, I don't know how this may end, but I trust it will be to you a lesson never to trifle with God's most sacred things. I cannot imagine how you could dream of so humbling yourselves. Oh, Jessie, the degradation of it, that you should be so unmaidenly, that you should be so traitorous to your friend, Mr. Temple, so untrue to your lover, so rash. And you, girls, are you not ashamed of the meanness of it all? Unfortunately, Mr. Temple has yet no suspicion that it has not been all in good faith. If he see Harold to-morrow he will probably give him the story he has given me. But I trust, however it may end, that none of you will ever again sacrifice to your love of frolic, as you have to-day, honour, truth and modesty."

Sadly they said good night and left Jessie alone with her mother and her fears.

Early next morning the postman brought a note which she opened tremblingly and read with bursting heart:—

DEAR MISS HERIOTT,—Mr. Temple called last evening to tell me of his joy. I think I can see deeper than he, and can read that love of merriment, and not love of him prompted your action. But it has shocked me beyond expression, that one wh m I so honoured and loved could so far forget herself as, even in jest, to trifle with what is to me sacred, to say nothing of the meanness that would hold up to ridicule a friend, and such a friend. It is only another sad case of the fallen ideal, and one more is added to the ranks of those who believe little in the sincerity of woman and much in her frivolity. Need I say that I gladly relieve you from our engagement.

Yours,

H. PULSFORD.

Was her cup not yet full? Had she yet more to suffer from her thoughtlessness?

Her mother quietly undertook to explain to Mr. Temple the true state of affairs, which she did gently, that he, too, might not despise her restless, fun-loving, but noble girl. Her true mother heart yearned over her as days passed and no word came from Harold, but she dare not speak, feeling that to the stern teacher, experience, she must leave her thoughtless daughter.

Months rolled on and lengthened into years. Florence and Edith married, but Jessie and Nellie still remained alone.

PART SECOND.—1888.

Sweet Spring, stealing softly northward, had breathed upon the icebound cliffs and from their brows had wooed the snow caps, while down their rugged cheeks coursed limpid streams sparkling in the sunlight, murmuring in the twilight. Over the hills wantoned the balmy breezes, sporting on their summits, billowing down to the town drowsily stirring from its winter sleep, stealing into the hearts and memories of the busiest with exquisite sadness. Into the dismalest, dingiest corner stole the sweet life-breathing sibyl, and over the death of winter sang her sweetest chant. Memories of the sad and glad, strangely intermingled, stirred in all hearts, and the tear shone through the smile as a dewdrop in the sunshine sparkles. The grasp of the hardy frost-king grew lax, and from his palsied fingers slipped the joyous land and sporting waters. Sweetly they sparkled and tossed as the grim rocks around smiled down upon them.

Into Jessie's heart stole something of the bright hopefulness of nature. Through the deep abiding sorrow which pervaded her being flowed a quiet joy, as over the graves of the sweet flowers of the past sprang blossoms of rarest promise. Quietly she opened her heart to the truth they would tell:—

"That men may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things,"

and by this truth grew brave and strong.

Filled with hopes, chastened by sorrow, the two friends one bright afternoon, leaving behind them the sound and semblance of life, climbed the hill which led to the sleeping place of those who leaving life began to live. On the brow of the hill, screened from careless eyes by guardian trees, quite away from the noise of the town, lay God's acre. But the quiet country road enticed them on, till into the silence which the birds alone had disputed, stole a subtle sound, bewildering, yet beguiling, now a gentle purling, again a muffled roar, steadily increasing in volume till the noise of many waters proclaimed the Falls.

Wrapt about by that voice, gazing on the hurrying, foaming waters as they rushed over the brink past the old mill, dashed over the jutting ledge, growing only more angry at each opposing rock, until seething and torn they reached the quiet bed a hundred feet below, the two girls did not notice amid the deep foliage at their side, two figures as silent as they. Turning suddenly, they found themselves face to face with Harold Pulsford and Mr. Temple.

With but one quick look Jessie hurried away, but Nellie stood still and quietly welcomed Mr. Temple, who stepped to her side, while Harold walked quickly after Jessie, who had disappeared among the trees. Oh, sad the bitter truth she must learn:—

"For what hath been can never be,
As if it had not been at all;
We gaze, but never more can we
Retrace one footstep's wavering fall."

But a voice at her side caused her again to start, then stop.

"Good afternoon, Miss Jessie. What a lovely walk you have chosen. It seems to me that Spring shows herself here in sweetest mood. Just look how swiftly the leaves have come out, and the roads are fine."

As he spoke Jessie's heart grew stiller, and into her soul again crept the exquisite sweetness which but a moment before had vanished. Truly, 'twas April in her heart as in all the world around.

Conscious of nought but sweetness and peace, she listened to Harold, who chatted quietly as they wandered on. She listened, but could not speak, the heart billows heaving beneath the surface calm. Into her bright sweet face had crept in those four years of suffering a something which told of "gold in the furnace tried." Many were the long looks which Harold stole at that face, which night and day had been at his side through these dreary years.

High on their left rose the heavy rocks from which burst silver streams leaping to the ground, hurrying over the narrow road to the edge of the ledge, then dashing down to the river bubbling many feet below. The shadows were falling thickly in this shady spot, the twittering of the birds was becoming fainter and more distant, while the muffled voice of the distant waterfall filled in the silence as the beautiful warp the woof.

"Jessie, just four years ago I tossed away from my treasures one I conceived to be worthless. Since then I have found it to be to me a pearl of greatest price, one I cannot do without. I have longed for it hourly, yet dared not ask for what I so recklessly, thoughtlessly, cast aside. But to-night I dare face all things but this constant yearning. Will you forgive me, and try once more to love one who has been made nobler and better by the memory of you and your true heart. Forget and forgive the hasty, unkind words I wrote. And——

"Had he moved aside a little way,
She surely then could have passed him,
And would not have heard what he had to say,
Could she only aside have cast him;
It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
And the searching night wind found them,
But he drew her nearer and softly said,—
(How the pure, sweet wind grew still instead,
To listen to all that her lover said!
Oh! the whispering wind around them.")

"I am sure he knew, when he held her fast,
That she must be all unwilling;
For she tried to go, and she would have passed,
As the night was coming with its dew at last,
And the sky with stars was filling;
But he clasped her close when she would have fled,
And he made her hear his story;
And his soul came out from his lips and said,—
(How the stars crept out where the white moon led,
To listen to all that her lover said!
Oh! the moon and the stars in glory.")

"I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure the wind—precious rover—
Will carry his secret so safely and well,
And that no being will ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the eager lips of her lover,
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They wove about them that night in the dell
In the path through the dew-laden clover;
Nor echo the whispers that made her heart swell
As they fell from the lips of her lover."

Through the winter of his love hers had never faltered, but had flowed on after its wild reckless leap, tossing and fretting for a time, then sobbing softly, but still flowing. And now into this steady stream had rushed again his passionate love. The winter was passed and gone, the time of the singing of birds had come, and from his pride-bound heart gushed the stream of love, hurrying over the pathway of indifference and losing itself once more in hers.

And thus she learned her lesson—that heart life is too sacred and too holy to be made the passing jest.

To gentle Nellie has also come the love of her life, and she has found that under the quiet and stern exterior there lies in Mr. Temple's heart a wealth of love and tenderness so full and free, that the past is all forgotten.

KIMO.

Crows.

They stream across the fading western sky,
A sable cloud, far o'er the lonely leas;
Now parting into scattered companies,
Now closing up the broken ranks, still high
And higher yet they mount, while, carelessly,
Trail slow behind, athwart the moving trees
A lingering few, 'round whom the evening breeze
Played with sad whispered murmurs as they fly.

A lonely figure, ghostly in the dim
And darkening twilight, lingers in the shade
Of bending willows: "Surely God has laid
His curse on me," he moans, "my strength of limb
And old heart courage fail me, and I flee
Bowed with fell terror at this augury."

—From "Canada and Other Poems," by J. F. Herbin.

Sir John A. Macdonald.

Thou art not dead. The pulse in thee now stilled
Has with its quick'ning power a nation thrilled.
Thou art become a part of that new life
Thy genius fashioned 'mid the storm and strife
Of jarring factions, and the eager greed
And sleepless jealousies of race and creed.
Thou are not dead, though passed beyond our ken;
While love of country stirs the souls of men
Thy presence will abide, thy spirit dwell
In the Canadian land it loved and served so well.

Literary Notes.

In Mr. Sladen's new book, "Younger American Poets," Mrs. Sophie M. Almon Hensley—our correspondent from Nova Scotia—figures with two sonnets, "Triumph" and "There is no God."

The *New England Magazine*, through a literary friend of the poet's, has obtained several original poems written by the late Philip Bourke Marston, the English poet who lived and sang in a life-long darkness. The June and July numbers contain two gems by the blind singer, and others are promised in early issues.

Prudery is rampant at Barcelona. M. Jan Van Beers sent four of his pictures to its exhibition in response to an invitation. Certain of the jury, however, considered them dangerous to the common weal, and hit on the original idea of exhibiting them in a room apart, to ladies and gentlemen over thirty. Corbet's "Femme à la Vague," and "Le Retour de la Conférence," were once treated in a similar manner at Ghent.—*Black and White.*

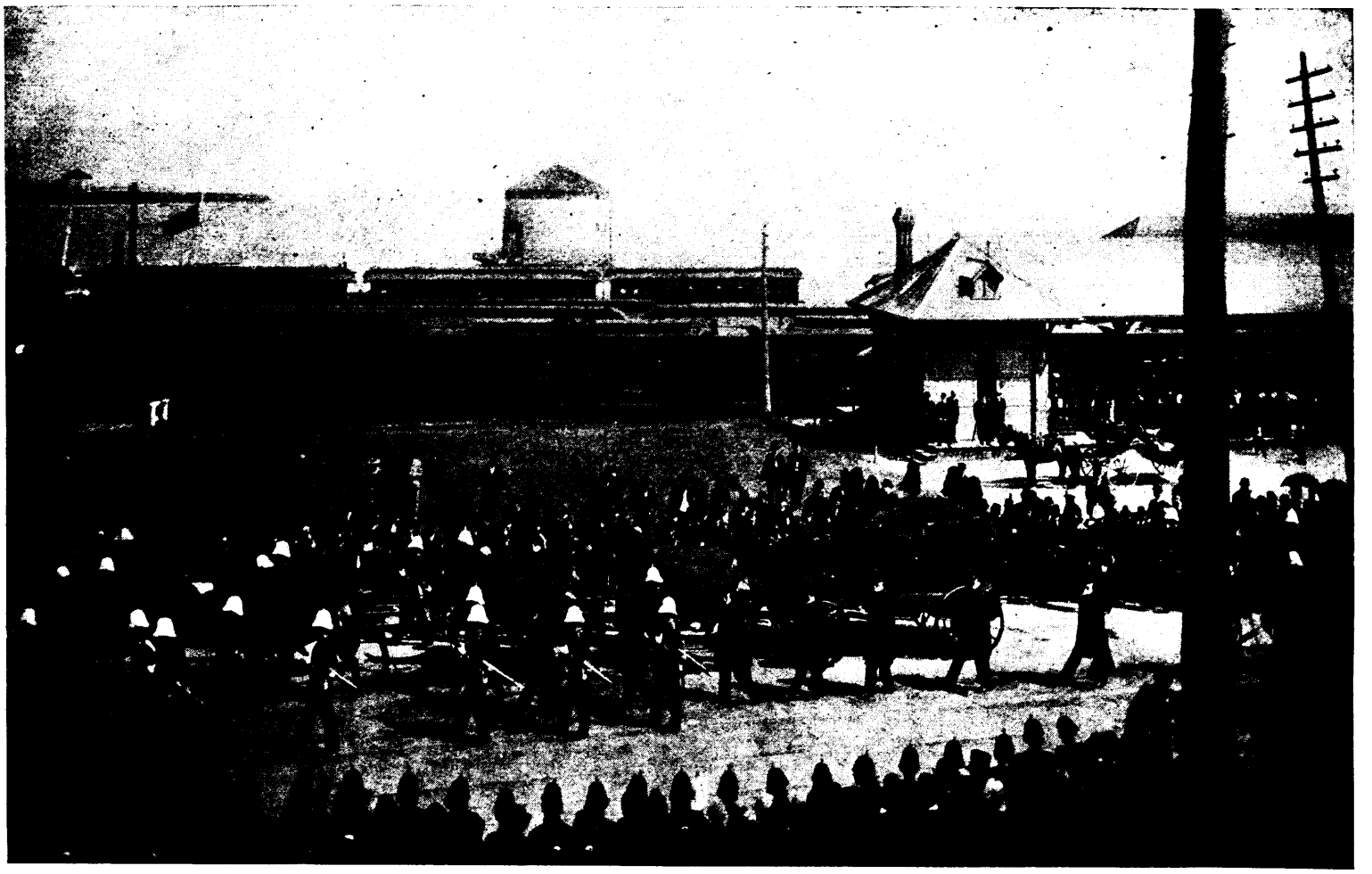
THE PROCESSION COMING DOWN THE EASTERN WALK, OTTAWA.
(Mr. G. R. Lancefield, Amateur photo.)

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE SIR JOHN A MACDONALD.

THE FUNERAL TRAIN.

THE CITY HALL, KINGSTON, ON MORNING OF FUNERAL.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.



THE HEARSE LEAVING THE CITY HALL, KINGSTON.
THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

MOURNING EMBLEMS ON BARRACK-GATE, KINGSTON.
THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

SIR JOHN'S ILLNESS AND DEATH.

He had been quite ill during the winter, we were told, the strain involved in the active campaign work prior to the last general election having been too great for a man of his years; but he had apparently fully recovered when Parliament opened, and looked well and vigorous on that occasion. During May, however, he was not well, and the state of his health occasioned alarm to his friends; but no one was prepared for the startling news which was flashed all over the world on the evening of Friday, 29th May—SIR JOHN MACDONALD IS DYING. Few will forget their feelings when they saw those impressive headlines on opening the newspaper the following morning. It was as a knell to many, some of whom had not even seen the Old Chief; and the eager crowds around the bulletin boards, and the universal interest and sympathy awakened was without a parallel in our history. It showed that he possessed the almost universal love of the people of Canada; his love of country, confidence in her future, and loyalty to the old flag were qualities which made all patriotic Canadians proud of him.

On the evening of Friday, 22nd May, he left the House of Commons, never to return. His last words were in defence of his old friend, Sir Charles Tupper. He was apparently in good health, and on the following evening entertained a number of friends at dinner. On Sunday he became ill; his physicians announced his complaint to be a slight attack of congestion of the lungs, and ordered him to bed. On Thursday he appeared better, and discussed matters of state with his ministerial colleagues.

On Friday morning he was bright and cheerful, dictated several letters on public business, and was quietly reading when Dr. Powell visited him about four o'clock in the afternoon. While conversing, Sir John was suddenly seized with a stroke of paralysis, and fell back speechless; hemorrhage of the brain quickly followed, and all hope of recovery died. Messengers were rushed out to summon the consulting physicians, and to inform the Governor-General of the fatal stroke; the Premier's son—then in the House of Commons—was sent for, and the sad news quickly spread. In the evening Dr. Powell officially advised Sir Hector Langevin of the attack and the news was announced by that Minister to the House in a voice tremulous with emotion; and an adjournment was at once agreed to.

THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

By all the physicians—men of great skill—a fatal result was expected soon to follow the paralytic stroke; but the marvellous vitality of the patient fought Death hour by hour, and day by day. Saturday came, then Sunday, and on through the week he lingered, struggling for life, and rivetting to his bedside the attention of the whole Dominion. The prolongation of the struggle gave rise, in the hearts of many, to hope that the sufferer's life might be spared; but, to professional eyes, such was an impossibility. On the afternoon of Friday, 5th June, after a week of varying condition, he became worse, and fell into unconsciousness which quietly deepened into the last sleep of death. He died on the evening of Saturday, 6th June, at a quarter past ten o'clock. A few minutes later, Mr. Pope, the dead Premier's secretary, handed into the telegraph tent the following brief message:—

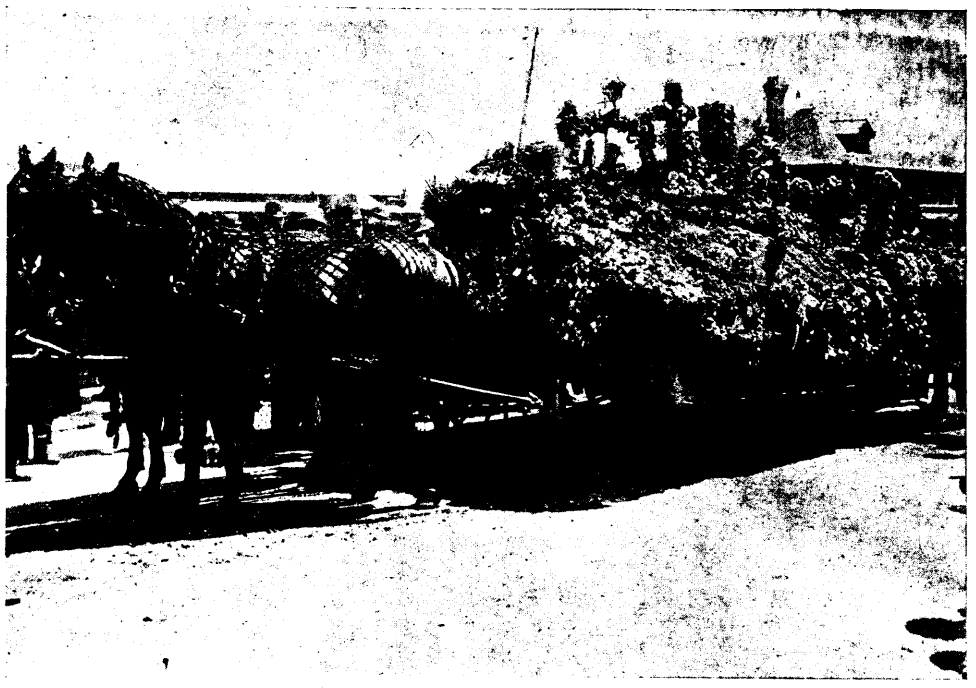
EARNSCLIFFE, June 6, 1891.
Sir John Macdonald died at 10.15 this evening.
R. W. POWELL, M.D.

His Excellency the Governor-General and Sir Hector Langevin were immediately notified; and the solemn and slow tolling of the alarm bells of Ottawa announced to the citizens that the central figure of the nation's political life had passed away.

THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

On the Sunday morning the news was widely known. In every city or village of the Dominion where a flagstaff existed, the colours flew at half-mast; and few, very few, church services were held that day without references being made to the sad event. On Monday, floral tributes commenced to pour into Earnscliffe from individuals and societies of every rank and creed; many of these were of great beauty, and bore appropriate mottoes. As might have been expected, the proceedings in the House of Commons that afternoon was unusually impressive; the official announcement of the death was made by Sir Hector Langevin in a short but intensly earnest speech of eulogy of his dead leader; and he was followed by Mr. Laurier who gave a brilliant oration, emphasized with the speaker's evident emotion, paying tribute to the qualities of his former opponent. Mr. Davin also gave utterance to some eloquent remarks on the subject.

A state funeral having been decided on, the remains were embalmed, and brought down to the great dining hall at Earnscliffe; the body was attired in the uniform of an Imperial Privy Councillor, with the insignia of his knighthood, and lay in a magnificent steel casket. Here, on Monday night, a private religious service was held, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Bogart; early on the following morning the old home was forever left, the body being quietly removed to the Senate Chamber. At ten o'clock the House was opened to the public, giving all who valued the privilege an opportunity of looking for the last time on the face of the dead Premier. Our illustration shows the disposition of the casket, and exactly how the Chamber appeared while the body lay in state. Sentries were on duty at the door, and throughout the Hall men of the Dominion Police superintended the movements of the visitors. The casket was on a stand in the middle of the room, guarded carefully by relays of the Conservative members of the Commons; immediately behind it was a large black shield, on which was draped a Union Jack, and in the centre of the flag rested an oil painting of Her Majesty the Queen, as if watching to the last one who had throughout his life served her so faithfully and well. Along the tables were arranged the great masses of floral tributes that came pouring in from all quarters soon after the fatal news had been flashed through the country; conspicuous among these were the offerings from H.R.H. the Princess Louise, the Marquis of Lorne, Lord and Lady Stanley, the Conservative Associations throughout Canada, Members of the Senate and Commons, and many others. The most noted wreath was that from the Queen, who cabled instructions to have one presented in her name.



ONE OF THE CARS WITH FLORAL TRIBUTES, KINGSTON.

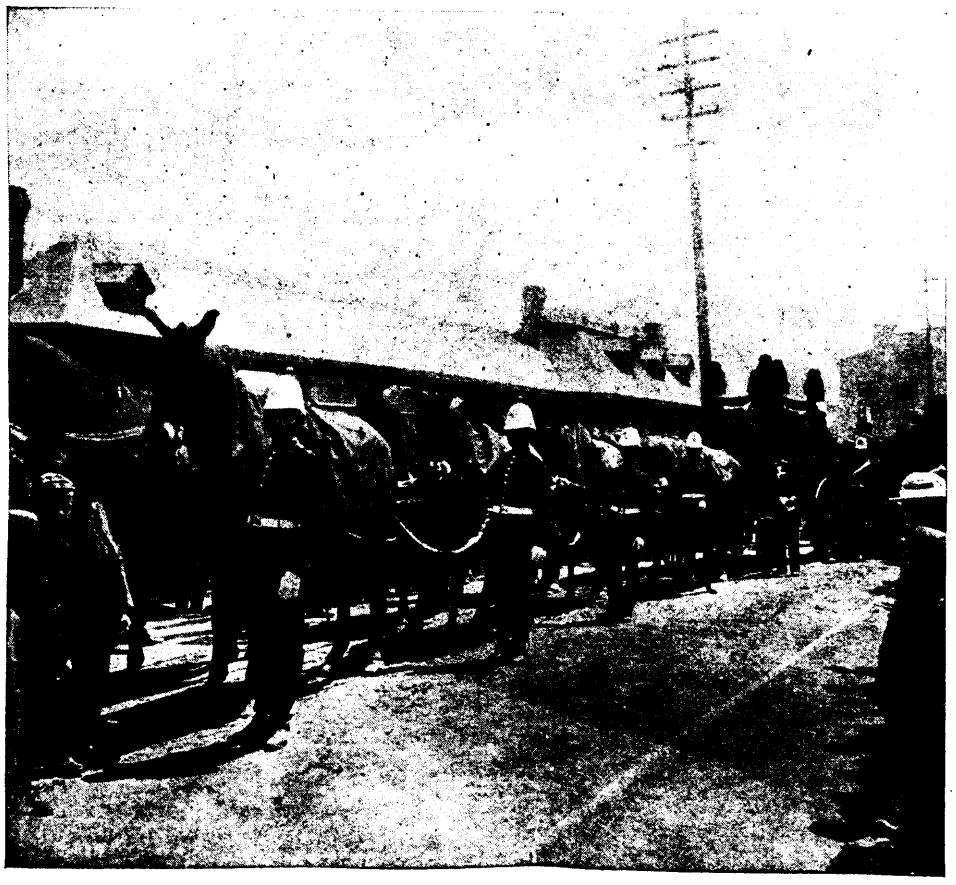
A constant stream of visitors came pouring into the Chamber all day and on during the evening until the doors were closed. The following morning (Wednesday) saw the arrival in the city of thousands of friends and admirers of the dead statesman, to take a last look at his features, and honour his funeral obsequies by their attendance; the hall was crowded until the time came to make preparations for the funeral.

In the House of Commons signs of mourning were everywhere apparent. Heavy masses of crape hung from the front of the galleries, while the table of the Clerk of the House, and the arch above the Speaker's chair was imposingly wreathed in symbols of mourning. But at the chair occupied for so many years by the dead statesman most interest centered; and around it the signs of sorrow were impressively great. It was wrapped in black crape, heavily draped around its high back, along the arms, and down to the very ground about its legs and feet. On the desk in front of the chair rested a large pillow of lilies and white roses set in smilax and fern. It was a mass of floral beauty, and its subtle odour was everywhere apparent; its face bore the words in dark-green letters "Our Chief."

At about one o'clock His Excellency and suite arrived at the main door of the Parliament buildings, and were there met by the ex-ministers and escorted to the Senate chamber. The stately procession had in the meantime formed up without, and at a quarter past one the remains were reverently brought out of the chamber and deposited in the hearse. The bands of the Foot Guards, the 43rd Battalion and La Lyre Canadienne began the mournful strains of the Dead March, and the cortege slowly moved off to St. Alban's Church, the troops who lined the road presenting arms. The order of procession was as follows:—

Squad of Dominion Police.
Detachment of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards.
Band of the Governor-General's Foot Guards.
Band of the 43rd Battalion.
Rev. Mr. Bogart, Rector of St. Albans.
The Undertakers.
The Floral Tributes, covering two large vehicles.

THE HEARSE,
With the members of the Privy Council on either side, comprising Honble. Messsieurs. Atkins, Dewdney, Foster, Chapleau, Costigan, Tupper, Abbott, Haggart and Bowell, and Sir John Thompson, Sir Adolphe Caron, and Sir Hector Langevin.



THE HEARSE, AND BODY-GUARD OF R.M.C. CADETS, KINGSTON.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

The chief mourners being Mr. H. J. Macdonald, M.P., John Macdonald, Prof. Williamson, Mr. J. Pope and Mr. Fred. White.
His Excellency the Governor General.
Col. Gzowski, A.D.C. to the Queen, representing Her Majesty.
Staff of His Excellency.
Major-General Herbert and Staff.
Lieut.-Governor Sir Alex. Campbell.
Lieut.-Governor Angers.
Lieut.-Governor Daly.
The Speaker of the Senate.
Members of the Senate.
The Judiciary.
The Speaker of the House of Commons.
Members of the House of Commons.
Representatives of the Provincial Cabinets.
Representatives of the Provincial Legislatures.
Band of La Lyre Canadienne.
Consuls of Foreign Powers.
Deputy Ministers.
Members of the Civil Service.
Representatives of the Grand Trunk Railway.
Representatives of the Canadian Pacific Railway.
Municipal Bodies.
Political Associations.
Deputations.
Citizens.

The cortége slowly proceeded to St. Alban's Church on Daly street, and on the arrival of the body, it was met at the entrance by the Rev. Mr. Bogart and the Venerable Archdeacon Lauder. The service was a most impressive one. A picked choir of forty men and boys lined both sides of the aisle, along which the casket was carried, and then slowly filed into the chancel, singing beautifully the hymn, "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth." The stately liturgy of the Church of England was then rendered with every accompaniment of music and ceremonial that could add solemnity to the occasion. Admission to the church was by ticket only, its capacity not exceeding six hundred; the chief dignitaries of the cortege were, of course, present, and there was little room for anyone else. At the conclusion of the service the choir and clergy left the chancel, preceding the body, which was then slowly carried out again into the hearse.

The procession reformed and proceeded out to the Canadian Pacific Railway Station, by way of Rideau and Wellington streets. Soon after leaving the church a tremendous storm of wind and rain came on, dispersing the crowd of spectators in all directions for shelter; and so heavy was the downpour that almost all those in the procession itself had to fly for refuge, thus leaving the cortege to consist solely of those in carriages. The militia suffered much from the rain, being entirely without shelter, and the men were drenched from head to foot. At last the station was reached, and amid the tears of many, and a sad silence, all that was mortal of Sir John A. Macdonald forever left the city in which he had spent so many years. As the train was leaving an old man, standing bareheaded on the platform, called out: "Good-bye, Sir John, Good-bye." The kindly lips of the statesman were forever silent, but in the hearts of all that mournful company re-echoed the farewell.

THE CHAPEL—CATARAQUI CEMETERY.

AT THE CEMETERY, CATARAQUI—READING THE SERVICE AT THE GRAVE.

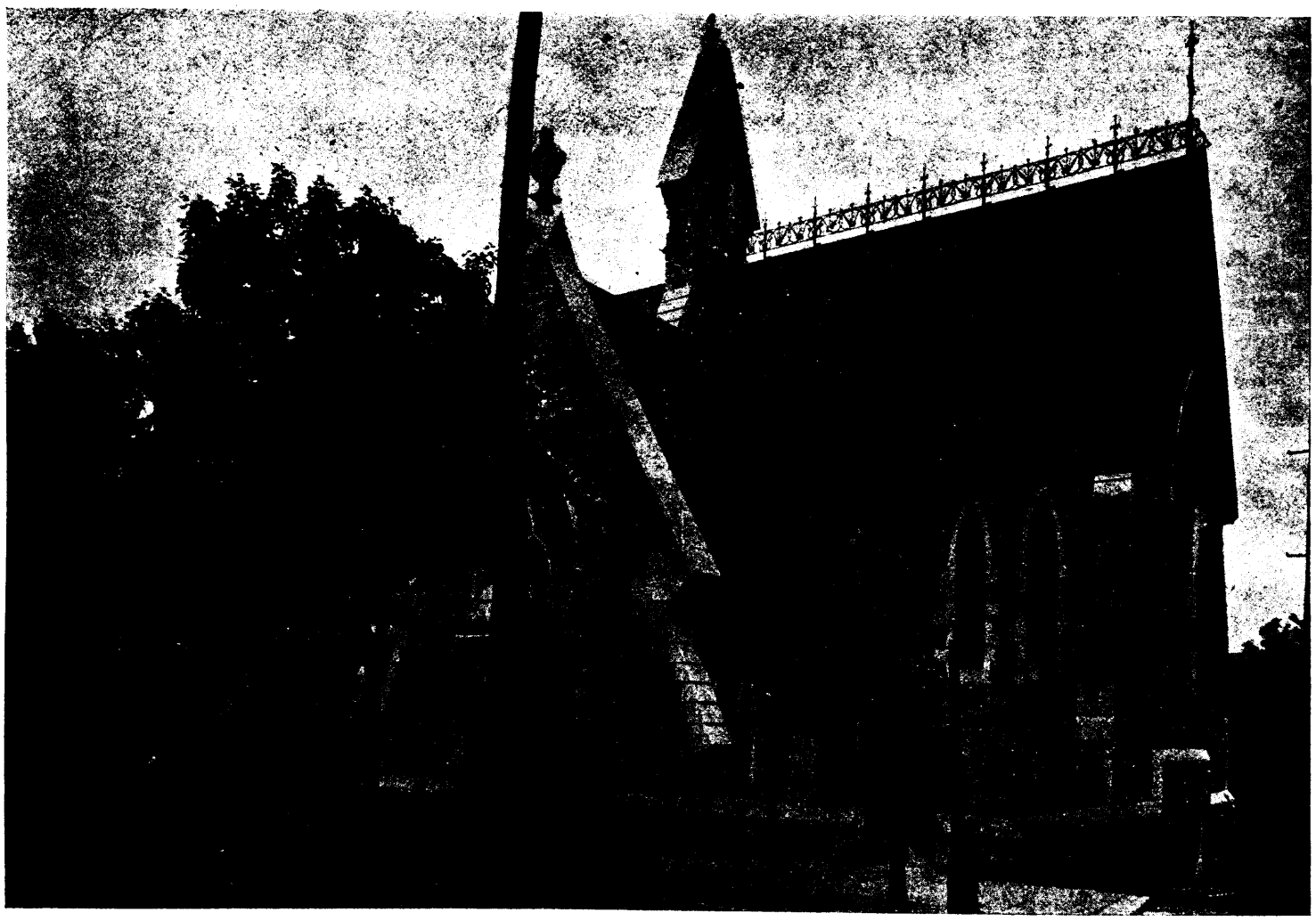
THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

Into a car, draped heavily with massive folds of crape, was borne the casket. Many floral tributes of rare beauty lay about it, and the air was heavy with the rich perfume they exhaled. The doors were kept open during the run; and the groups of watchers who stood on the cross roads, the hillsides, and the station platforms, as the train went by, could catch a fleeting glimpse of the flower-shrouded coffin. Stops were made at Carleton Place and at Smith's Falls, where crowds of people pressed around the funeral car with a sad but eager reverence; at the latter town a further floral offering was made by the Liberal-Conservative Association. At Perth no stop was made, but the train passed through the station very slowly; the local band was in waiting, and played the Dead March as the cars went by; minute guns and the tolling of bells could be heard at intervals through the strains of the music.

Kingston was reached about half-past ten o'clock that night. The station, and the large square immediately opposite was densely crowded with citizens, eager to see the last home-coming of their illustrious representative. The casket was taken from the funeral car and carried over to its place of honour in the City Hall on the shoulders of eight policemen of the civic forces, under command of Chief Horsey. They passed between two stately lines of soldiery, as befitted a garrison town; the troops were drawn from "A" Battery, of the Regiment of Canadian Artillery. The Cabinet Ministers accompanied the body as pall-bearers. The hall was richly draped, and in the centre had been erected a magnificent catafalque, under which the casket was placed, while a detachment of Cadets from the Royal Military College formed the guard of honour. Six cadets were on duty together and were relieved every half hour by their comrades; those who formed the guard were Company Sergeant-Majors Van Tuyl and Tracker; Cadets Leckie, Muckleston, Osler, Lefebvre, Gordon, Beer, Poussett, Musgrove, Maunsell Brigstock, Lamb, Sweeney and Bell; the relieving was done in slow time, and was executed with great precision.

Until a late hour that night crowds pressed in to have a last look at the well-known features, and in the morning the crush to obtain admittance was excessive. The city was crowded with visitors, large numbers of the population of the surrounding districts having streamed into the city; all had been proud of Sir John, and they vied with each other in doing honour to his remains. All incoming trains were packed, and steamboats from adjacent points came

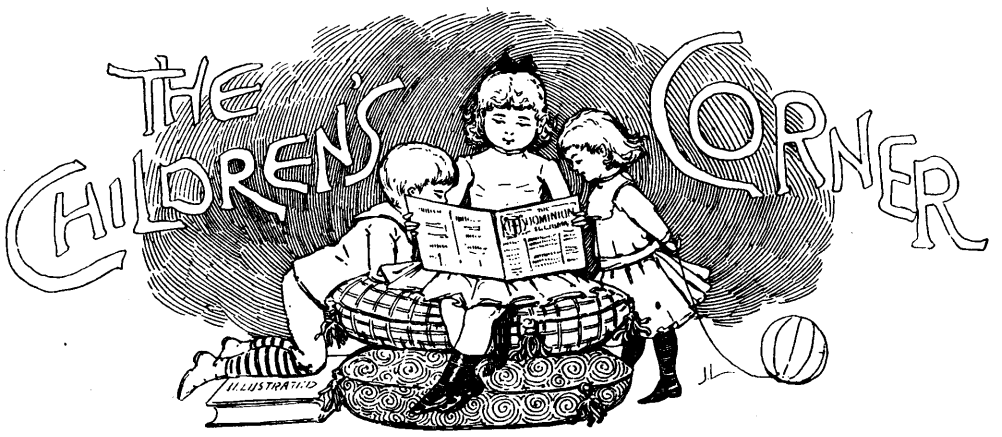
(Concluded on page 600.)



ST. ALBAN'S CHURCH, OTTAWA, WHERE THE FUNERAL SERVICE WAS HELD.

INTERIOR OF CAR IN WHICH THE BODY REACHED KINGSTON.
(Mr. Harries, Amateur photo.)

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.



Farmer Brown's Wonderful Adventures In the Moon.

By Mordue

(*Continued from No.* 145.)

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"That is the Ice Mountain we have to climb."

"It is very steep, Your Majesty."

"Yes, it is steep, but be not alarmed, our pioneers will make the ascent easy. See! they are at work already."

Farmer Brown looked and saw a number of the sprites busily engaged in cutting steps up the side of the mountain, and so quickly did they work that the army were soon enabled to gain the summit. Here each was given a piece of board.

"Now," said His Majesty, as he seated himself on his board and bade Farmer Brown do likewise, "Hold on firmly, and just let yourself go. Are you ready?"

"Yes," gasped Farmer Brown, who couldn't help feeling a little frightened as he looked down the glistening side of the mountain.

"All right! start us," cried the Man-in-the-Moon.

It was easy enough to start His Majesty, but Farmer Brown required a vast deal of shoving from a number of sprites before he could be started, but he soon overtook the Man-in-the-Moon and shot past him at a tremendous rate with his mouth wide open and his eyes staring wildly.

"Hold on! cling to your board!" called out His Majesty.

"Bless my heart, I should think so!" called back Farmer Brown.

"Well, how did you like it?" asked the Man-in-the-Moon, as they reached the bottom.

"Glorious! Your Majesty. Never experienced anything like it! So smooth and swift; not a jar or a shake."

"Considerably better sliding than you have on your planet, eh!"

"Our planet is not to be compared to this, Your Majesty, everything is so beautiful here."

"It is, so far as you have seen; but alas! all parts of my domain are not so beautiful; in fact, there are places where no one could live; but I will tell you more later, for I see one of the scouts coming this way."

The scout brought word that they were now close to the enemy's camp, who were totally unaware of their approach.

Silence was strictly enjoined as they moved forward to the attack. Before ascending the hill which hid them from the enemy—who were encamped in a valley below—the Man-in-the-Moon sent for two of his warriors and whispered to them to remain with Farmer Brown through the battle and take every care of him.

Then turning to Farmer Brown, he said:—"These are two of my most experienced warriors, called Squibbs and Squibbles; they will take you into the company they belong to. And now I must leave you, as the attack is about to commence;" and waving his hand His Majesty hurried forward to speak to his General.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BATTLE

Clear and shrill sounded the bugles for the charge, and with a cry of "Long live the Man-in the Moon," they rushed down the hill, the archers leading. Though taken by surprise, the General of Queen Venus' army quickly formed his men into a solid phalanx and awaited the onslaught.

Showers of arrows now began to fall fast and furious between the two armies, but as His Majesty's drew near, their archers fell back and allowed the spearmen to advance. These came forward at the double-quick, their long, slender spears forming a glittering line of steel. Faster and faster sped the arrows from the bows of the enemy as the spearmen advanced. But on they came, with so fierce a rush that the archers were swept aside. Crash—steel has met steel, but the solid phalanx remains unbroken. Again and again did General Quickeye lead his men to the charge, but each time the enemy's ranks remained unbroken.

Finding it impossible to force his way through, General Quickeye commanded the retreat to be sounded, for he saw he must try other tactics.

When the retreat sounded Squibbs and Squibbles had fairly to drag Farmer Brown back; for, by this time, he was worked up to the highest state of excitement.

"A retreat, you dogs!" panted he, in great wrath. "Not a bit of me will retreat while I have a leg to stand on! It is a shame to run away!"

"But we are not running away; we will charge again. See, they are already forming."

"Dear! dear! Well, it is a queer way to fight, I must say, running away and then back again."

Suddenly the bands of His Majesty's army struck up a blast of such martial music that it sent the blood tingling through Farmer Brown's veins and made him long for the fighting to recommence.

"What are we waiting for? the men are all ready. Why don't we charge?"

"Have patience. Really, Farmer Brown, you surprise me!" chuckled Squibbs. "I had no idea you would make such a valiant warrior. Your geese seem to be imbued with the same lively spirit as yourself; look up yonder and see what a dance they are having."

Farmer Brown glanced up and saw the whole corps of geese over the enemy rising and falling in time to the music.

"Bless my heart! whatever are they going to do?"

"They are waiting for the signal to dash down upon the enemy. The scouts are armed with long spears; these they will thrust with great quickness among the enemy, and then, when they are thrown into confusion, we will charge."

"Wonderful! wonderful!" murmured Farmer Brown.

Just then the music changed into a piercing wail, and down dashed the corps of geese with shrill cackles and, to the dismay of the enemy, they found themselves attacked from above.

Thrown into wild disorder, they broke their ranks and fled, hotly pursued by His Majesty's army. Several times did the General who commanded Queen Venus' army succeed in rallying his men, but they were as often routed. But he endeavoured to make one stand more, and the soldiers, animated by his gallant conduct, took up their position on a slight eminence and once more faced their adversaries.

Farmer Brown and the two warriors were among the foremost of their pursuers as they turned a bend in the valley round which the enemy had vanished from view.

"Back! back! Farmer Brown," cried Squibbs and Squibbles, as soon as they saw the position occupied by the enemy. "We must wait for the rest to come up, or we will be cut to pieces."

"But with a shriek of "Long live His Majesty," he darted towards the enemy, brandishing his spear. Upon seeing this, the two warriors followed, resolving to die with him rather than be false to their trust.

"Seize that tall warrior and the other two. We will keep them as hostages," called out the General.

The three were soon overpowered and made prisoners and marched off just as cries of "To the rescue! to the rescue of Farmer Brown," fell upon their ears.

They were hurried quickly along till they came to a place where a great deal of the baggage and other stores of the enemy were drawn up under a strong guard. Here they were given in charge of the officer who commanded.

"A queer specimen," said the officer, as he eyed Farmer Brown. "Said you he was in the Man-in-the-Moon's army?"

"Yes, taken along with these other two; and the orders were to see that they were well guarded."

"I will take them to Her Majesty; she may gain some information from them."

Accordingly they were conducted to a tent before which stood two soldiers with drawn swords. Above the door of the tent hung a shield of wondrous beauty, from which shone a mingling of most exquisite lights, but so soft and mellow as not to dazzle the eye.

"It is the shield of Queen Venus," whispered Squibbs to Farmer Brown. "I have heard tell of its beauty."

As they entered, they saw on a richly ornamented seat one of the most lovely beings what eye ever rested upon. This beautiful little woman was dressed in a suit of armour of delicate and intricate workmanship, over which hung a mantle of silk.

"Whom have we here?" she asked, as the officers, bowing low, presented the three.

"Prisoners taken in battle, Your Majesty."

"Say you so? Then our General is gaining ground, and before long he will send me the Man-in-the-Moon, ay! and his whole army will come as prisoners to my tent. The victory is ours, is it not?" she said, turning to the officer.

"Your Majesty, pardon me, but the General has just sent word that he is making a last desperate stand, and in case that fails we are to hold ourselves in readiness to flee."

"What!" cried Her Majesty, starting up, "then I shall myself go to the field of battle and take command. Bring me my shield and helmet."

"May I beg of Your Majesty," interrupted Farmer Brown, timidly, "not to think of such a thing——"

"How now! where are your manners, sir, that you presume to dictate to me?" And clapping her hands, she said to the warrior who answered the summons, "Chop this man's head off."

"And ours also," cried Squibbs and Squibbles, each frantically grasping hold of Farmer Brown.

The warrior hesitated, and looked enquiringly at Her Majesty, who thereupon ordered them to be taken from her presence. At this moment a messenger came running with breathless haste to say that the General was defeated and the whole army in flight. All was confusion and excitement for some moments, but finally Her Majesty, seeing that their case was now hopeless, gave the order to commence their retreat.

CHAPTER VII.

FARMER BROWN RECEIVES A LESSON IN ASTRONOMY.

As Queen Venus and her body-guard fled, they were from time to time overtaken by fugitives from the main army. These brought word that the Man-in-the-Moon's army was still pursuing and that many of their warriors had been slain in the last stand made.

As night came on they halted for a few hours rest before continuing on their way.

(*To becontinued.*)

THE CEMETERY AT CATARAQUI—THE CROWD AROUND THE GRAVE.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

(Continued from page 597.)

thick and fast. The principal buildings in the city were heavily draped, the shops were closed, and everything betokened a day of sincere mourning. About two o'clock the special parliamentary train arrived from Ottawa, and preparations were immediateiy made for the last march to the cemetery at Cataraqui, three miles distant.

The funeral ceremony at Kingston partook more of a family and less of a state nature than had been the case at Ottawa. It was much more largely attended by the people without that distinction of class which was more apparent in the ceremonies of the preceding day. The official representation of societies of every description was unusually pronounced. The 14th Battalion lined the passage from the door of the City Hall to the hearse, and at half-past two o'clock eight men of "A." Battery R.C.A. lifted the honoured casket and slowly carried it out of the Hall. Two buglers, stationed in front, blew a salute with military precision; and as the notes rang out through the air the coffin was deposited in the hearse. A mounted marshal gave the signal, and the vast procession slowly moved on. First came a body of the Kingston firemen, followed by a large number of Masons, representing all the principal lodges in the district. Then came rank after rank of Oddfellows, Young Britons, Foresters, both Protestant and Catholic, St. Patrick's Society, Irish Catholic societies, Select Knights, Sons of England, St. George's Society, and many other similar organizations. City police, two troops of the Frontenac Cavalry, the regimental bands of "A." Battery and the 14th Batt., followed in the order named; while next came the officiating clergy, the floral car and the hearse, accompanied by the Cabinet Ministers as pall-bearers. The surroundings of the hearse were singularly striking and reflected great credit on the originator of the idea. It was placed in the centre of a hollow square, composed of R.M.C. Cadets, the men of "A." Battery R.C.A., Kingston Field Battery and the 14th Battalion, all with arms reversed.

After the hearse and its guard, the following order was observed:—

The Chief Mourners.
Sir C. Gzwoski, representing Her Majesty the Queen, and Lieut.-Col. H. R. Smith, representing His Excellency the Governor-General.
Lieut.-Governors of Provinces.
Archbishop Cleary and Clergy.
Rev. Dr. Wardrobe and Clergy.
General Cameron, R.M.C.
The Speaker and Members of the Senate.
The Judiciary.
The Speaker and Members of the House of Commons.
Members of Provincial Councils and Assemblies.
Consuls of Foreign Powers.
Clergymen of the Church of England.
Clergymen of the Church of Rome.
The Kingston Bar Association.
Militia Officers.
Deputations from Societies and Clubs.
Frontenac County Council.
Mayor and Corporation of Kingston.
Ex-Mayors and Ex-Aldermen of Kingston.
Citizens.

The vast cortege slowly wended its way out to the cemetery, where thousands had gathered in anticipation of seeing the last sad rites. The ceremonies at the grave were soon over. Close to the iron railing that surrounds the Macdonald lot was erected a platform on which stood the Venerable Archdeacon Jones and Rev. Mr. Bogart, attired in the black cassock and white surplice of the Anglican Church. In solemn tones, that reached far and wide, Archdeacon Jones read the impressive burial service of the Church, the great crowd joining reverently in the responses. The coffin was enclosed in its wooden shell, and all that was mortal of Sir John Alexander Macdonald was slowly lowered nto the tomb.

Sir Daniel Wilson's New Book.

All lovers of archæological literature will be glad to learn that Sir Daniel Wilson, LL.D., F. R. S. E., the highly esteemed President of University College, has published, through A. & C. Black, Edinburgh, what the learned author says is practically a new work, a revised edition of his famous "Memoriels of Edinburgh in the Olden Time." The opening words of the prospectus are interesting from their memories. Sir Daniel Wilson says: "Upwards of fifty years have elapsed since the author of 'Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time' began the work with pen and pencil, to which is due the perpetuation of its reminiscences of the ancient Scottish capital. At that time it was still Scott's own romantic town; but since then much of its characteristic picturesqueness has been 'improved' and effaced. The West Bow and old Castle Hill; Blackfriars and St. Mary's Wynds; St. Mary's Well at Restalrig; St. Ninian's Row, with the beautiful Collegiate Church of Queen Mary of Gueldres; Blyth's Close, with the Palace of Mary of Guise, and many another work of historic interest have vanished, though not without disclosures suggesting much revision of the old text. In the interval a reprint of the book has appeared (in the English *Illustrated Magazine*, I believe), which was issued notwithstanding the author's protest. He had collected much fresh material, including copious notes from the late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, with a view to a revised edition, when he learned, to his extreme annoyance, of the re-issue of his obsolete text." To remedy so injurious an action Sir Daniel has published the present edition, which is to be upon the counters of Messrs. Williamson & Co., Toronto, where also I saw a lovely new edition of Professor Goldwin Smith's "Trip to England." Of this work I have spoken in praise in a former letter, and will only add that the delicate white leatherette cover, printed in pale lavender, makes a charming dress for a charming book.

S. A. CURZON.