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## CONTENTS

Frontispiece—Easter.  
The Raid from Beauséjour, Chap. V-VI.  
*Illustrated.* CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS... 129  
Resurgam. MARGARET EADIE HENDERSON. 139  
Indian Medicine Men and Their Magic  
*Illustrated.* E. PAULINE JOHNSON..... 140  
To the Princess Mary of Teck.  
LILY E. F. BARRY..... 143  
The Church of the Kaisers.  
*Illustrated.* A. M. MACLEOD..... 144  
Goodridge Bliss Roberts.  
*Illustrated.* CHARLES G. ABBOTT..... 154  
Garry of Garmitch Bridge.  
*Illustrated.* GOODRIDGE BLISS ROBERTS. 155  
Canadian Nurses in New York.  
*Illustrated.* SOPHIE M. ALMON HENSLEY, 161  
April. MALCOLM W. SPARROW..... 170  
Scraps and Snaps F. BLAKE CROFTON..... 171  
Curling in Canada. II.  
*Illustrated.* JAMES HEDLEY..... 173  
Recollection of Charles Haddon Spurgeon.  
*Illustrated.* REV. JAMES GRANT..... 183  
Modern Instances. CHARLES G, D. ROBERTS. 190

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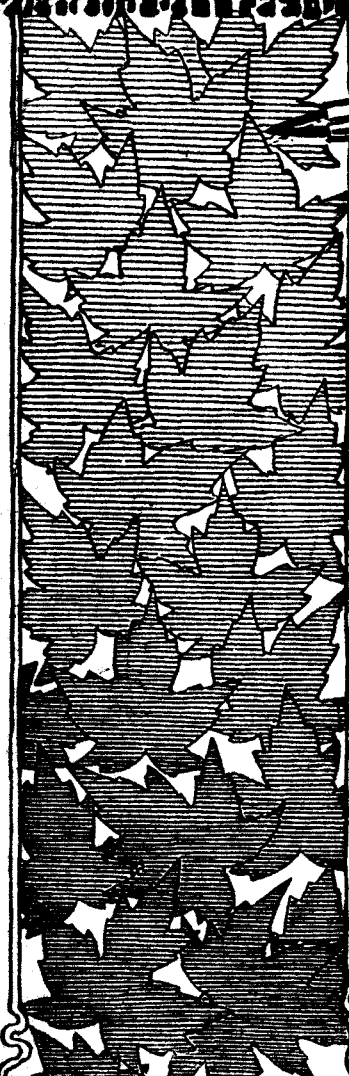
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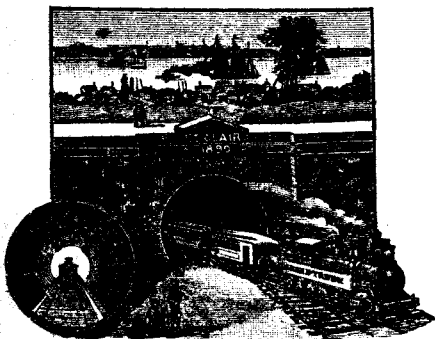
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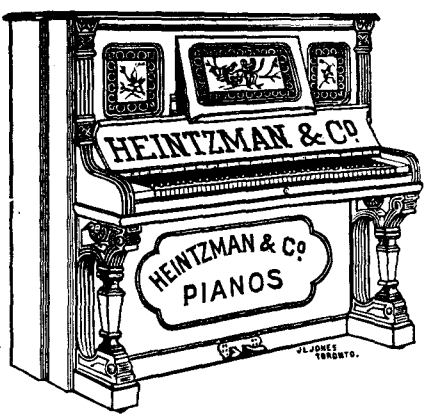
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 But in our minds? and if we were not weak,  
 Should we be less in deed than in desire?

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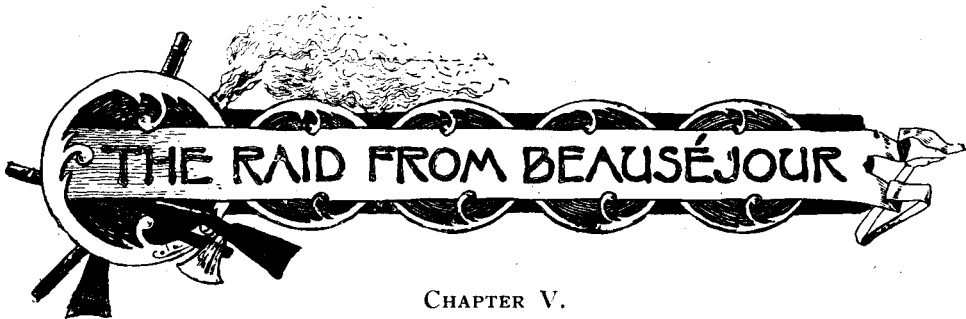


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VOL. I.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, APRIL, 1892.

No. 3.



CHAPTER V.



HE children crept forth from their corners and looked wonderingly at their sobbing mother.

"Oh, you will certainly be killed," wailed the good woman, thoroughly frightened.

"There is little danger of *that*," rejoined Lecorbeau. "The Abbé prefers to strike where there is small likelihood of a return blow. There will be as little of peril as there will be of glory in attacking a few sleeping villagers and perhaps murdering them in their beds. The thought of such cold-blooded butchery is terrible, but anything is better than that you and the little ones should be exposed to the rage of those savages. It may mean ruin for us, however, for the English Governor at Halifax is likely to hear of me being concerned in the raid; and, you remember, I was one of those that took the oath when I was a lad. I shall be an outlaw, that's all!"

Reassured as to the immediate physical peril of the enterprise, the good wife dried her eyes. The scruples that troubled her husband were too remote to give her much concern.

"Well, if you *must* go," said she, "I suppose you must! Do try and please

that hard-hearted priest,—and you must put on warm clothes, for you'll be sleeping out at night, won't you?"

"But, Father!" began Pierre,—and then he stopped suddenly. "I wonder if I foddered the steers," he went on. As he spoke he rose from the bench whereon he was sitting, and went out to the barn.

Pierre had been on the point of saying that *he* was the one to go on the raid, as he had not taken any oath of allegiance to the English. It had occurred to him, however, that his father would probably forbid him thinking of such a thing, and he knew that in such a case he would be unable to put his plan in execution, as he had not learned in that simple neighbourhood the lesson of disobedience to parents. He saw that if he went on the raid the requirements of Le Loutre were likely to be satisfied, while at the same time his father would be delivered from the danger of an accusation of treason. It was quite certain in Pierre's mind that his design would commend itself to the clear wisdom of his father. But he felt that the latter would forbid it because of his mother's terrors. He decided to act at once, and he turned his steps toward the fort. Certain misgivings troubled his conscience at first,

but he soon became convinced that he was doing right.

While goodwife Lecorbeau was wondering what kept Pierre so long at the barn, Pierre was at the Commandant's quarters talking to the Abbé. The latter greeted the boy kindly, and asked at once what brought him.

"I came to speak about to-morrow night, Reverend Father!" began the boy, doubtfully.

"Well, what of it?" grunted the priest, in a harsh voice, his brow darkening. "Your father isn't trying to beg off, is he?"

"Oh no, no!" Pierre hastened to reply. "He's getting ready, and he doesn't know I've come to see you. He'd have forbidden me had he known, so I stole away. But I want to go instead of him. See, I'm young and strong; and I love fighting, while he loves peace; and he has pains in his joints, and would, maybe, get laid up on the march, whereas I can be of more use to the cause. Besides, *he* can be of more use to the cause by staying home, which I can't be. Take me instead——!"

Pierre broke off abruptly, breathless in his eagerness. For a moment his hopes died within him, for the Abbé's face remained dark and severe. That active brain reviewed the situation rapidly, and at length approved the proposal of Pierre. It was obvious that Pierre, ardent and impetuous, would be more effective than Antoine in such a venture; and it occurred to Le Loutre that in taking the boy he was inflicting a sharper punishment upon the father.

"You are a right brave youth," he said, presently, "and it shall be as you ask. You shall see that I do well by those that are faithful. As for the traitors, let them beware, for my arm is longer than they dream. I reach to Annapolis, and Fort St. John, and Louisbourg, as easily as to Minas or Memramcook." Here the Abbé paused, and was turning away. Looking back over his shoulder he added, but in a low voice,—

"Come hither at dusk to-morrow. I will send a messenger to your father in the morning, saying that I release him from the expedition. See that you say nought to him, or to any living soul, of that which is to be done!"

When Pierre returned to the cabin his mother began to question him. He answered simply that he had to go up to the fort. "What for?" enquired his

mother, persistently. But Lecorbeau interposed.

"Pierre is as tall as his father," he said, smiling at the youth. "See how broad his shoulders are. Is he not old enough, anxious mother, to be out alone after dark?"

The good woman, assenting, gazed at her son proudly. And Pierre felt a pang at the thought of what his mother's grief would be on learning that he had gone on the Abbé's expedition. His heart smote him bitterly to think he should have to leave without a word of explanation or farewell; but he knew that if his mother should get so much as a hint of his undertaking, her fears would ruin all. He crept to his bed, but lay tossing for hours, wide-eyed in the dark, before sleep put an end to the wearying conflict of his thoughts.

The following morning brought unexpected joy to the cabin at the foot of Beauséjour. Antoine Lecorbeau could hardly believe his ears when a messenger came to tell him that the Abbé, in consideration of faithful services already rendered, would release him from the duty required of him. A load rolled off the Acadian's prudent soul, though he remained in a state of anxious perplexity. Had he known our Shakespeare he would have said, in the strict privacy of his inward meditations,

"I like not fair terms and a villain's mind."

But as for his good wife, she was radiant, and reproached herself volubly for the evil thought she had harboured against the good Abbé. Pierre himself, seeing that Le Loutre was sticking to his promise, found a good word to say for him, for the first time that he could remember.

That same evening, supper being over about dusk, Pierre said he would go up to the fort and see the old sergeant. As he got to the cabin door he turned and threw a kiss to the dear ones he was leaving. Had the light been stronger his mother could not but have noticed his set mouth and the moisture in his eyes. He dared not trust himself to speak.

"Bring us back what news you can of the expedition, lad!" cried Lecorbeau after him; and it was with a mighty effort that Pierre strained his voice to answer "All right!"

At the fort everything was very quiet. Le Loutre was at the Commandant's quarters with a half dozen befeathered

and bepainted braves, in each of whom Pierre presently recognized a fellow-Acadian, skillfully disguised. In fact, there was not an Indian among them. The real Indians were awaiting their leader and spiritual father in the woods beyond Fort Lawrence.

Pierre was warmly greeted by his fellow-villagers, all of whom had evidently worked themselves up into something like enthusiasm for their undertaking. Of the regular French soldiery there were none about. Not even a sentry was to be seen. The Commandant was on hand, helping to complete the disguises of the Acadians; and he did not choose that any of his men should be able to say they had seen him give personal countenance to the violation of a treaty.

The Commandant was very well disposed to the family of Antoine Lecorbeau, from whom he bought farm produce at ridiculously low terms, to sell it again in Louisbourg at a profit of one or two hundred per cent. He spoke good-humouredly to Pierre, and even helped him with his paint and feathers. Unscrupulous and heartless where his own interests were at stake, in small matters he was rather amiable than otherwise.

"Won't your father and mother be terribly anxious about you, when you fail to put in an appearance to-night? The good Abbé tells me they are not to know of your whereabouts!" said the officer to Pierre, in a low voice.

"What, sir!" cried Pierre, aghast. "Won't they be let know where I've gone?"

"His Reverence says not!" replied the officer. "His Reverence is very considerate!"

Pierre was almost beside himself. He knew not what to do. His hands dropped to his side and he could only look imploringly at the Commandant.

"Well! Well! lad," continued the latter, presently, "I'll let them know as soon as the expedition is safely out of this. This priest is quite too merciless for me. I'll explain the whole thing to your father and mother, and will assure them that there's no danger. As, indeed, is the truth, for it is pretty safe and easy work to shoot a man when he's not more than half awake. Now, be easy in your mind; and leave the hard work and any little fighting there may be to those red heathens that His Reverence talks so much about."

With these words, which relieved

Pierre's mind, the Commandant turned away, and left the youth to perfect his transformation into a Micmac brave.

It was drawing toward midnight when the Abbé's imitation Micmacs, after a hearty supper of meat, took their way from Beauséjour. They saw no sentry as they stole forth. Le Loutre was with them, and himself led the way. The night was raw and gusty, with rain threatening. As they descended the hill they could hear the stream of the Missaguash brawling over the stones of the mid-channel, for the tide was out. Across the solitary marshes could be seen the lights of Fort Lawrence gleaming from their hill-top. Overhead was the weird cry of flocks of wild geese, voyaging north. The gusts made Pierre draw his blanket closer about him, and the strangeness of his surroundings, with the dreadful character of the venture on which he was bound, filled his soul with awe. He was determined, however, to produce a good impression on the dreaded Abbé. He stalked on with a long, energetic stride, keeping well to the front and maintaining a stoical silence.

Le Loutre led the way far up the Missaguash, so giving Fort Lawrence a wide berth. Once beyond the fort he turned south, skirting the further edge of what had been peaceful Beaubassin. At this point he led his party into the woods, and for perhaps half an hour the journey was most painful and exhausting. Pierre was running against trees and stumbling over branches, and at the same time, in spite of his discomfort and the novelty of the situation, growing more and more sleepy. The journey began to seem to him like a dismal night-mare, from which he would soon awaken to find himself in his narrow but cosy bunk at home.

Suddenly he was startled by the half-human cry of the panther, which sounded as if in the tree-tops right overhead. "Is that a signal?" inquired one of the startled travellers; while Pierre drew closer to his nearest comrade.

"It's a signal that Monsieur Loup Cervier wants his supper, and would be quite willing to make it off a fat Acadian!" replied the Abbé, with a grim laugh.

The party upon this began to talk and laugh aloud, which probably daunted the animal, for nothing more was heard of him. In the course of another ten minutes a light was seen glowing through the trees, and immediately the Abbé hooted thrice, imitating perfectly the note of the



“Around the fire were gathered some two score of Mic-macs in their war dress.”—(See page 133.)

little Acadian owl. This signal was answered from the neighbourhood of the fire, whereupon the Abbé gave the strange, resonant cry of the bittern. A few moments more and Pierre found himself by a camp fire which blazed cheerfully in the recess of a sheltered ravine. Around the fire were gathered some two score of Micmacs in their war dress, who merely grunted as the Abbé and his little party joined them.

Here, wrapped in his blanket, his feet to the fire, and his head on an armful of hemlock boughs, Pierre slept as sweet a sleep as if in his bed at home. At dawn he woke with a start, just as the Abbé drew near to arouse him. For a moment he was bewildered; then gathering his wits he sprang quickly to his feet, looking ready for an instant departure. Le Loutre was content, and turned away. Not many minutes were consumed in breakfasting, and the raiders were under way by the time the sun was up.

All that day the stealthy band crept on, avoiding the trails by which communication was kept up between the settlements. Early in the evening Le Loutre called a halt, and Pierre, exhausted, fell asleep the moment he had satisfied his hunger. Next morning the sun was high ere the party resumed its march, and not long after mid-day Le Loutre declared they had gone far enough, as they were now near the settlement of Kenneticook. There was now nothing to be done but wait for night. A scout was sent forward to reconnoitre, and came back in a couple of hours with word that all was quiet in the little village, and no danger suspected.

About nine o'clock the Abbé gave his orders. Not a soul in the village was to be spared, and not a house left standing. The enemy were to be destroyed, root and branch, and the English were to receive a lesson that would drive them in terror within the shelter of the Halifax stockades. In a few minutes the party was on the march, and moving now with the greatest secrecy and care.

During that silent march, every minutest detail of which stamped itself indelibly on Pierre's memory, the lad clung desperately to the thought of all the injuries, real or pretended, which the English had inflicted upon his people. He dared not let himself think of the unoffending settlers trustfully sleeping in their homes. He strove to work himself up to some sort of martial ardour that might prevent him feeling like an assassin. Presently the

rippling of the Kenneticook made itself heard on the quiet night, and then the dim outlines of the lonely and doomed hamlet rose into view.

#### CHAPTER VI.

The midnight murderers were at the very doors before even a dog gave warning. Then several curs raised a shrill alarm, and a great mastiff, chained to his kennel in the yard of the largest house, snapped his chain and sprang upon the raiders. The dog bore an Indian to the ground, and then fell dead, with a tomahawk buried in his skull. At the same moment the long, strident yell of the Micmacs rang through the hamlet, and a half dozen hatchets beat in every door. There was no time for resistance. The butchers were at the bedsides of their victims almost ere the latter were awake. Here and there a settler found time to snatch his rifle, or a hand iron, or a heavy chair, and so to make a desperate though brief defence; and in this way three Micmacs and one Acadian were killed. The yells of the raiders were mingled with the shrieks of the victims, and almost instantly the scene of horror was lighted up by the flames of the burning ricks.

Pierre, with rather a vague idea of what he was going to do, had rushed to the attack among the foremost, and had plunged headlong over the body of the dead mastiff. In the fall he dropped his rifle, but clung to his hatchet, and in a moment he found himself in the hall-way of the chief house. His perception of what took place was confused. He felt himself carried up the stairs with a rush. A faint light was glimmering into existence in the large room, in the middle of which he saw a man standing rifle in hand. There was a deafening report, and a tall Micmac by Pierre's side fell dead. Then a sudden glare filled the room as a barn outside blazed to heaven; and the man, clubbing his rifle, sprang at his assailants. Pierre did not wait to see his fate, but darted past him into a room beyond.

This was plainly the children's bedroom. Pierre's eye fell on a small, yellow-haired child, who was sitting up amid her bed-clothes, her round eyes wild with terror. She shrieked at the sight of Pierre's painted visage, but the lad's heart went out to her with passionate pity as he thought of the little folk at home. He would save her at all hazards. He was followed into the room by three or four of

his party, their hatchets dripping from the slaughter they had just accomplished. Pierre sprang with a yell upon the child's bed, throwing her upon her face with one hand while he buried his hatchet in the pillows where she had lain. In an instant the little one was hidden under a heap of bed-clothes, and too frightened to make an outcry. Somewhere in the room the butchers had evidently found another vic-

"All gone!" replied the lad, and he saw the murderers glide forth to seek the prey. But one remained, delaying to remove a victim's scalp. The room again became bright, and as the Indian passed Pierre his quick eye caught a motion in the heap of bed-clothes. His eyes gleamed, and he jerked the coverings aside. Pierre thrust him back, just as the child sat up with a shrill cry. The sav-



"Pierre's hatchet met him in the forehead and he fell like a log."

tim, in hiding, for their triumphant yell was followed by a gasping groan, which smote Pierre to the heart and filled him with an avenging fury.

A cloud of smoke, blown past the window, for a moment darkened the room. An Indian ran against Pierre, and grunted "Ugh! All gone?"

age gave his war-whoop and leapt again to the attack, but Pierre's hatchet met him in the forehead, and he fell like a log.

The child was apparently five or six years old, but a tiny, fairy-like creature.

"Sh-sh-sh!" said Pierre, soothingly, taking it for granted that she would not understand French. The child compre-



hended the sign, and stopped her cries, realizing that this strange and dreadful-looking being was her protector. Pierre, knowing that the house would soon be in flames, made haste to wrap the child in a thick blanket. He saw that beneath the window there was a shed with a sloping roof, by which he could easily reach the ground. He waited a few moments, with the child in his arms, covered as much as possible by his blanket, and so held as to look like a roll of booty. When the smoke once more blew in a stifling volume past the window, Pierre stepped out upon the roof with his precious burden, dropped to the ground, and made haste away in the direction of the least glare and tumult.

As he was stealing past a small cottage just burst into blaze, two of the raiders stepped in front of him. Pierre's heart sank, but he grasped his hatchet, and a sort of hunted but deadly look gleamed in his eyes. The men didn't offer to stop him, but one cried :

"What have you there?"

As he spoke Pierre recognized them for two of the Acadians, and his fears ceased.

"It's a child I'm saving," he whispered. "Don't say anything about it, for I had to kill one of those devils!"

"Good boy!" chuckled the singular marauders; and Pierre hastened on, making for a wood near by.

Ere he could reach that shelter, however, Fate once more confronted him, in the shape of a tall Micmac, whom Pierre recognized as one of the sub-chiefs of the tribe, a nephew of Cope. The chief, supposing Pierre was carrying off something very rich in the way of booty, stopped him and demanded a share. Pierre protested, declaring it was all his. When he spoke the savage recognized him, and having a lofty contempt for one who was both an Acadian and a mere boy, coolly snatching the bundle from his arms.

As the child rolled out of her wrappings the savage grunted expressively, and his practised left hand grasped the yellow curls as his right drew forth the scalping knife. But that cruel blade never reached its goal. Pierre fairly laughed, so on fire was his blood, while he brought his nimble weapon down across the assassin's neck. The savage dropped forward without a sound; and Pierre, snatching up his charge, sped on exultant.

The boy's design was to follow the Kennitcook to its mouth, and thence to ascend the Piziquid to the Acadian settle-

ment, which he knew stood somewhere on its banks. He did not dare to try and find his way back to Beauséjour. He knew that if he followed the trail of his party he would be captured and the child killed; and he was equally certain that if he deserted the trail he should be lost inevitably. Once at Piziquid, however, he counted on getting a fisherman to take him to Beauséjour by water.

After toiling through the woods for perhaps an hour, keeping ever within hearing of the stream, Pierre set his burden on the ground and threw himself down beside her to snatch a moment's rest. The little one was in her bare feet, so it was impossible for her to walk in that rough and difficult region. Indeed, she had nothing on but a woollen night-dress, and Pierre had to keep her well wrapped up in the blanket he had brought from her bed. The little one had been contentedly sleeping in her deliverer's arms, all unconscious of the awful fate that had befallen those whom Pierre supposed to be her people. She remained asleep while Pierre was resting, nor woke till it was clear dawn.

Long ere this Pierre had found easier travelling, having come out upon a series of natural meadows skirting the stream. Beyond these meadows were wide flats, covered at high tide, and Pierre, with an Acadian's instinct, thought how fine it would be to dyke them in. He had little fear now of being followed. His party would take it for granted, not finding him or his body, that he had fallen in the attack and been burnt in the conflagration. He felt that they would not greatly trouble themselves. As for those four who had seen him with his prize, two would not tell on him, and two he had effectually put to silence. The blood of these was on his hatchet and on his hands, but it weighed not heavily on his conscience. Beside a rivulet, in the gray of dawn, he stopped to wash himself, that his appearance might not frighten the child on her awaking.

When the little one opened her eyes she looked about her in astonishment, which became delight as she saw the glittering brook close beside her, and the many-coloured sky overhead. She crept out of her blanket and stood with her little white feet shining in the short spring grass. Then she stepped into the brook, but finding it too cold for her she came out again at once. Then she stood shivering till Pierre, after drying her feet on



"Then she stepped into the brook."—(See page 135.)

his blanket, once more wrapped her up and seated her on a fallen tree beside him. The child kept up a continual prattle, of which, of course, Pierre understood not a word. He could only smile and stroke the little fair head. When he spoke to her in his own language the child gazed at him in wide-eyed wonder, and at last laughed gleefully and began to pat his face, talking a lot of baby gibberish, such as she imagined Pierre was addressing to her.

Bye-and-bye Pierre remembered he was hungry. Taking some barley bread and dried meat out of the bag he carried at his waist, he offered the choicest bits to his tiny companion, and the two made a good breakfast. Out of a strip of birch-bark the lad twisted a cup, and gave the child to drink. Then, lifting her to his shoulder, he resumed his journey.

As the sun rose and the day grew warm Pierre let the child walk by his side; but the tender little feet were not used to such work, and almost immediately she cried to be taken up again. On this Pierre improvised her a clumsy pair of moccasins, made of strips of his blanket.

These the little one regarded at first with lofty contempt, but when she found they enabled her to run by her protector's side, she was delighted. It was necessary to stop often and rest long, so our travellers made slow progress; but at noon, climbing a bluff which overlooked the river for miles in either direction, Pierre was delighted to find himself within two or three miles of the mouth. He marked, moreover, a short cut by which, taking advantage of the curve in the main river, he could cut off five or six miles and strike the banks of the Piziquid without difficulty or risk.

"By this time to-morrow, if all goes well, we'll be safe in Piziquid, *chérie!*" he cried, joyously, to the child, who responded with a mirthful stream of babble. Pierre's conversation she regarded as a huge and perpetual joke.

That night Pierre built a rough lean-to under the shelter of a great white plaster-rock, and there, in a heap of fragrant branches, the child wrapped closely in the lad's arms, the lonely pair slept warm and secure. The next day was mild and our travellers found their path easy. Ere noon they arrived within sight of Piziquid.

They were on a hill, with the Acadian village stretched out before them, far below, but a broad river rolling between them and their destination. Pierre had

forgotten about the St. Croix, but he recognized it now from description. He saw, to his disappointment, that he would have to make a long *détour* to pass this obstacle, so he sat down on the hill to rest and refresh his little companion. The little one was now so tired that she fell instantly to sleep, and Pierre thought it wise to let her sleep a good half hour. Even he himself appreciated well the delay; and the view that unrolled beneath him was magnificent.

Right ahead, in the corner of land between the Piziquid river and the St. Croix, rose a rounded hill crowned with the English post of Fort Edward. Beyond, to right and left expanded the plains of vivid emerald, with a line of undulating uplands running back from Fort Edward and dividing the marshes of the St. Croix from those of the Piziquid. The scene was one of plenty and content. Pierre concluded that it would be necessary for him to avoid being seen by the garrison of the fort, lest he should be suspected of being one of the raiders. He decided to seek one of the outermost houses of the settlement, about nightfall, and there to tell his story, relying upon the good faith of one Acadian toward another. The child, he made up his mind, must stay in his care, and go with him to Beauséjour. Having risked and suffered so much for her, he already began to regard her with jealous devotion and to imagine she was indeed his own.

The child woke as joyous as a bird. Hand-in-hand the quaint-looking pair,—a seeming Indian with a little white-skinned child in a flannel night-gown,—trudged patiently up the stream, till in the middle of the afternoon they came to a spot where Pierre thought it safe to wade across. By this the little one's feet were so sore that she had to be carried all the time; and it was well after sunset when Pierre set his armful down at the door of an outlying cottage of Piziquid, well away from the surveillance of the fort.

In answer to Pierre's knock there came a woman to the door, who started back in alarm. With a laughing salutation, however, Pierre followed her into the blaze of firelight which poured from the heaped-up hearth. In spite of his disguise he was at once recognized by the man of the house as an Acadian, and the wanderers found an instant and hearty welcome. Over a hot supper, (in the midst of which the tired child fell asleep

with her head in her plate and was carried to bed by the motherly good-wife,) Pierre told all his story.

"We shall have to keep you hidden till we get you away!" said the villager, one Jean Brebœuf by name. "You see, their eyes are open at the fort. They got word at Halifax, somehow, that our precious Abbé (whom may the saints confound!) was planning some deviltry, and messages were sent to the different posts to guard the outlying settlements. It's a wonder you didn't find English soldiers at Kenneticook, for a company started thither. However, if the English catch you in this dress they won't take long deciding what to do with you."

Pierre was greatly alarmed.

"Can't you give me something to wear?" he cried.

"Oh, yes!" answered the host, "we'll fix you all right in the morning, so nobody'd ever suspect you. Then I'll get Marin—he's got a good boat—to start right off and sail you round to Beauséjour. But what about the little one?"

"Oh, she goes wherever I go!" said Pierre, decidedly.

"Yes, yes! But she's got to be kept out of sight!" replied Brebœuf. "She looks English, every inch of her; and if the people at the fort get eyes on her there'll be an investigation sure!"

"Can you speak English?" queried Pierre.

"Well enough!" replied his host.

"There'll be no trouble then," continued Pierre. "You can tell her to keep quiet and keep covered up when we're taking her to the boat. She'll mind, I'll answer you. And then, if Madame Brebœuf can give her a little homespun frock and cap, we'll pass her off all right, should anyone see her. And when we get to Beauséjour my father will make it all right for the clothes!"

"He won't do anything of the sort," answered both Brebœuf and his wife in one breath. "We all know Antoine Lecombeau, and we're proud to do his son a service. If we poor Acadians did not help each other, I'd like to know who'd help us, anyway!"

It was with a light heart that Pierre slept that night, and joyfully in the morning he put away the last trace of his hated disguise. His little charge showed plainly that she considered the change an improvement. The child told Brebœuf (whom she understood with difficulty,) that her name was Edie Howe. At this

Brebœuf was surprised, for, as he said to Pierre, there were no Howes at Kenneticook. When the Acadian tried to question Edie more closely, her answers became irrelevant, which was probably due to the deficiencies of Monsieur Brebœuf's English.

Pierre kept in-doors most of the morning, as the little one would not be seen of her sight, and he dared not be seen with her. Soon after noon the tide was all ready for a departure, and not behind hand was the fisherman, Marin, with his staunch Minas craft. Marin had brought his boat up the St. Croix, and into a little creek at some distance from the fort, because at the regular landing-place there were always some English soldiers strolling about, for lack of anything better to do. It was with some trepidation that Pierre set out for the creek. The little girl walked between her dear protector and their host, holding a hand of each, and chattering about everything she saw, till with great effort Brebœuf got her to understand that if she didn't keep quite quiet, and not say a word to anybody till they got safely away in the boat, something dreadful might happen to her Pierre. She was dressed like any of the little Acadian maidens of Piziquid, and her blue cap of quilted linen was so tied on as to hide her sunny hair and much of her face; but the danger was that she might betray herself by her speech.

Before the party reached the boat they had a narrow escape from detection. They were met by three or four soldiers who were strolling across the marsh. In passing they gave Brebœuf a hearty good-day in English, and one of them called Edie his "little sweetheart." The child looked up with a laugh, and cried, coquettishly, "Not yours! I'm Pierre's."

Then, as Brebœuf squeezed her hand sharply she remembered his caution and said no more, though her small heart was filled with wonder to think she might not talk to the nice soldiers.

"Why, where did the baby learn her English?" asked the soldier, in a tone of surprise. "You never taught her, I'll be bound."

"Her mother taught her. Her mother speaks the English better than you yourself," was Brebœuf's ready reply. Later in the day that soldier suddenly remembered that the good-wife Brebœuf did not speak a word of English; and he was properly mystified. By that time, however, Pierre and the little one were far

from Piziquid. With a merry breeze behind them they were racing under the beetling front of Blomidon.

On the day following they caught the flood-tide up Chignecto Bay, and sailed into the mouth of the Au Lac stream, almost under the willows of Lecorbeau's cottage. The joy of Pierre's father and mother on seeing the lad so soon returned was mingled with astonishment at seeing him arrive by water, and with a little English child in his care. The little one, with her exciting experiences behind her, did not dream of being shy, but was made happy at once with a kind welcome; while Pierre, the centre of a wondering and exclaiming circle, narrated the wild

adventures of the past few days, which had, indeed, developed him all at once from boyhood to manhood. As he described the massacre, and the manner in which he had rescued the yellow-haired lassie, his mother drew the little one into her arms and cried over her from sympathy and excitement; and the child wiped her eyes with her own quilted sun-bonnet. At the conclusion of the vivid narrative, Lecorbeau was the first to speak.

"Nobly have you done, my dear son," he cried, with warm emotion. "But now, where are your companions of that dreadful expedition? Not one has yet arrived at Beauséjour!"

CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS.

( To be continued. )



## RESURGAM,

A. D. 1690.

The sinking sun, in crimson glory paints  
 The western sky. Athwart a crumbling stone,  
 Hoary with age, with ivy overgrown,  
 The red gold radiance falls like pictured saints  
 From minster windows, or from harsh restraints  
 Set free, earth's forms transfigured, left alone  
 To greet the darkness with their benison;  
 And strong hope cheers again the heart that faints  
 Amid earth's joys, loves, agonies, and tears,  
 As, voicing voicelessly the immortal gleam  
 Of hope, that burned erstwhile in the dead heart,  
 Sepulchred low, through the forgotten years  
 From stone inanimate, shines forth a beam  
 Of light from Life, unreached by Death's dread dart.

MARGARET EADIE HENDERSON

# INDIAN MEDICINE MEN AND THEIR MAGIC.



**W**ITCHCRAFT has always been a predominant superstition among the North American Indians. It is one of the most impregnable barriers to be overthrown on the doorstep of civilization, for a deep-rooted belief that generates suspicion and terror in the nature of an otherwise grandly courageous manhood, is as difficult to expunge as an hereditary physical blemish.

The faith in things supernatural is, among the Iroquois, a strange admixture of hideousness and beauty, and few are the legends, and little the folklore, that has not been constructed upon some reasonable basis. Religiously, the native belief is a poem, practically savouring too strongly of the magician's wand to be plausible in theory. But the secret of all things marvellous and miraculous lies within the hollow of the "Medicine Man's" hand.

He it is who commands the invisible forces of this world and the next, whose voice can charm anything from a plenteous harvest to a fell disease,—he is prophet, avenger and conjurer combined; witches are servile to him, evil spirits are his playthings, and wisdom in all things is his, beyond dispute.

Whatever his power may be, or however he exercise it,—whether nefariously or philanthropically,—it most assuredly *is* a power beyond the understanding of greater men than he, whether his success in healing the sick or foretelling events is due to the fact that he may be a naturally born scientist, or, indeed, as his

people believe, in touch and tune with witches his craft is one of undoubted acquirement, which even the most sceptical must acknowledge.

Years ago when, as a little child, I sat at my grandfather's feet, listening, with wide-eyed curiosity, and a shrinking, timid awe, to his wondrous tales of still more wondrous witchcraft, I conceived an overpowering desire to see the "Medicine Men," or, as he called them, "Witch Doctors," but the first one I saw was

monstrous enough to satisfy this longing for many years to come. He was a huge man, wrapped from head to foot in a buffalo skin, and wearing an alligator's head atop of his own. He moved about the room with a slow, shuf-



The Medicine Man of 1790

fling tread, dancing occasionally, first on one foot then on the other,—chanting the while with a peculiar nasal intonation never used in religious festivals.

and parleyed with the witches over the unfortunate invalid for an hour. It was a fever case, and the man recovered.

My grandfather used to tell of a very



Medicine Men of to-day.

In his hand he carried a shovel filled with ashes, which he tossed through the room, up to the rafters, about the walls, over the patient,—everywhere. Then he turned us all out, closed the door,

marvellous “doctor” who visited the Grand River Reserve (which district this article refers exclusively to). He came from the St. Clair River, and was an eminent “practitioner” in his own tribe.

The first person to employ him was a woman, who was "bewitched" and bed-ridden for months. She declared he used no mightier means of effecting a cure than the magical bone of a loon's leg, which was hollowed, and polished very highly. Through this he extracted, from the back of her neck, a coarse horse hair, that had a wampum bead fastened at either end, and in the centre. After that she got well, and the fame of the St. Clair medicine man went abroad.

Any morning, at dawn, the early fisherman could see this strange miracle worker, fitting like a shadow through the heavy fogs on the river shore, chanting softly his uncanny songs, and invoking supernatural aid from the spirits he seemed so familiar with.

But he and his kind have long ceased to exist among the Six Nations of Brant County. The "medicine man" of to-day works more on the faith cure plan and imposes less upon his patient's credulity, inasmuch as he has long since abandoned the practice of extracting ill-shaped bones, beads, and all manner of impossible things from the witch-worried invalid.

Sometimes he sets out with three or four of his associates to tramp across the Reserve—on miraculous cures intent. They seldom take the roadway, but cut through the heart of the bush, walking slowly and in Indian file. Far through the loneliness of the sparsely settled forest and swamp land, their strange hollow voices float in a wierd cry that plays an intonation of two half notes in a high key. Few people even get a glimpse of the odd-looking group going their rounds, each carrying a staff, and wearing the most atrocious masks, made of wood, painted, chiseled into hideous human features, and fringed with lengths of grey and black hair. On they go, their figures bent forward, almost to a right angle, striking the earth periodically with their staffs, with always that evil call, and a peculiar slight motion of the feet, that is both a dance and a shuffle.

By-and-by a woman opens the door of a distant log house; with an inverted broom handle she strikes the door-step a number of times; it is a signal for the "medicine men" to visit the house; there is a sick person there.

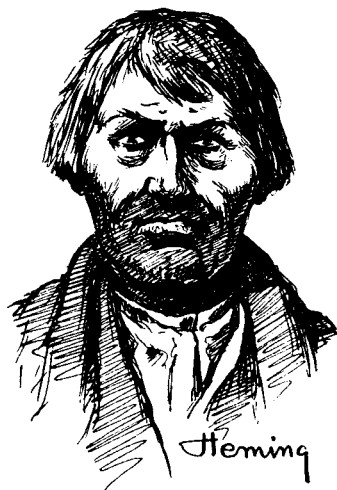
Their song ceases then, and, entering, they strew ashes about the room, which signifies a cleansing of the house from evil spirits that have brought the disease.

The chief "doctor" then goes into a room by himself to mix the medicine,

which is a concoction that he alone knows the ingredients of. They always assert that they can tell by the appearance of the medicine, and the manner in which it compounds, whether the patient will recover or die. "The witch" within the medicine speaks to them, they say, and its decree is infallible.

The head "medicine man" then enters the sick room, turns out all the relatives and visitors, shuts himself up with the patient, in silence administers his "witch herbs," chants a little, scatters ashes over the sick bed, and then leaves the house, having given instructions that none but three elderly persons in the tribe are to see or speak to the patient for ten days.

He goes to his home,—perhaps five miles distant,—puts on his false face, and sits up alone all night in a darkened room, chanting to himself and taking no food whatever until the following morning; for ten nights he does this, and at the same time the members of his household and his neighbours keep up a constant dancing in another part of the house.



A Medicine Man unmasked.

Sometimes at midnight he bids the entire company into the darkened chamber, and while still wearing the painted wooden mask he gives them a "witch powder," which they eat in silence, then they leave him again to resume their dance outside, while he chants once more to himself the long night through.

After the allotted time—generally ten days—he starts forth to his patient's house, who, needless to state, is by that time dead or convalescent.



The practise of employing these men is not by any means confined to the Pagans; the belief in charms and witchcraft is prevalent among many of the educated, as well as the civilized Indians. Love charms, spirit charms, medicine charms—they all exist in the faith and imagination of a

people whose own greatest charm lies in their exquisite beliefs, their seeing of the unseen, and their touch of the poetic in nature, which is, of all things, the most beautiful.

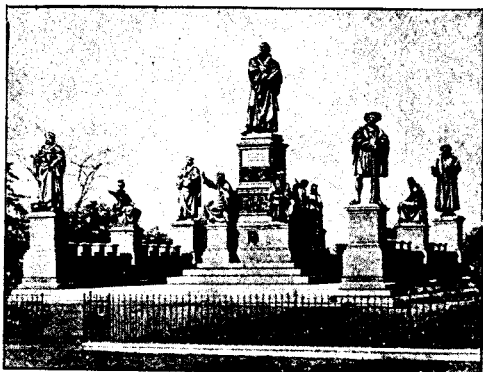
E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

## TO THE PRINCESS MARY OF TECK.

I would not vex thy sorrow-stricken heart  
 With fruitless words of hope or sympathy,  
 Nor, uninvited, seek to bear a part  
 In the vast, hopeless, cureless grief of thee,  
 Sweet Princess! Well I know thou must abide  
 Mid the sad ruins of thy life alone,  
 Counting thy losses in the eventide  
 Too early fall'n. Thy foot was on a throne,  
 Thy hand in royal lover's; on thy head  
 A crown sat graciously, and to thy name  
 At every hearth were praise and blessings wed;  
 When sudden, swift, the Awful Angel came  
 And wrought the woe: crown, kingdom, throne and love  
 At one dire stroke wiped out beyond recall,  
 As though they had not been. But, Mary, prove  
 In this dark hour when pitying eyes of all  
 Are on thee, prove the Queen is in thee yet.  
 Lift up thy tear-blind eyes and thou shalt see  
 What aftermath of purified regret  
 Immeasurable loss has brought to thee.  
 Grief's purple wraps thee in a royal robe;  
 Secure, enthroned in sorrow thou sits't now  
 With majesty of pain no touch can probe,  
 A diadem of tears is on thy brow.  
 Thy subjects? Every woman's heart beats true  
 In unison with thine. Thy coffers? Gold  
 Of love and world-wide sympathy, thy due  
 For world-wide loss and young heart grown acold.  
 Thus for crown missed a rarer crown is given,  
 For kingdom lost a wider empire found,  
 For love?—ah! nowhere save in God's bright Heaven  
 The patient heart with perfect bliss is crowned.

L. BARRY.

# THE CHURCH OF THE KAISERS.



The Luther monument at Worms.



HE German editor of an ancient set of the classics takes occasion, in the frontispiece, to pay himself an extraordinary compliment. From the mouth of a figure representing himself, there issues a scroll with the question, "Lord, lovest thou me?" and from the mouth of another figure, representing our Lord, there proceeds the satisfactory answer: "Highly-favoured, excellent and most learned rector of Seger, imperial poet, and well-deserving master of the school at Wirtemberg,—yes, thou knowest that I love thee."

This old edition has been recalled to mind by a volume lately issued from the German press. The ubiquitous young Kaiser, who is never diffident about expressing an opinion, having delivered himself upon lesser subjects, has thought fit, during a recent cruise, to wander into the sphere of faith and morals; and his "sermons," having been edited by the court—and courtly—chaplain, have been given to the world as "The Very Voice of God on the Waters." Such a title, we venture to think, is the key to the present position of the Lutheran Church in Germany.

Of all the political wonders of our age, there is none greater than that an obscure Pomeranian family should have subjugated Germany, and that a member of the Lutheran Church should bear upon his shoulders what was once the Holy Roman

Empire. A generation not yet passed away has seen a comparatively insignificant prince transformed into a picturesque and heroic figure, and elevated from the relatively petty throne of a kingdom of yesterday, to wear the purple and bear the sceptre around which cluster traditions of all that is most stirring in the history of the world since the days of Charlemagne.

It is not in Charlemagne, however, but rather in Frederick Barbarossa, that the present imperial family find their prototype. The great Charles, when he conceived the idea of an empire whose temporal power should closely resemble that of ancient Rome, conceived also the idea of a kindred spiritual empire whose power should extend over all the world; but not for a moment did he claim for himself the sovereignty of the latter. God, in his opinion, had given two swords wherewith to govern the world; the one to the pope, the other to the emperor. The wise Boniface, who founded upon the work of the Celtic and Anglo-Saxon missionaries the Germanic Church, held similar views.

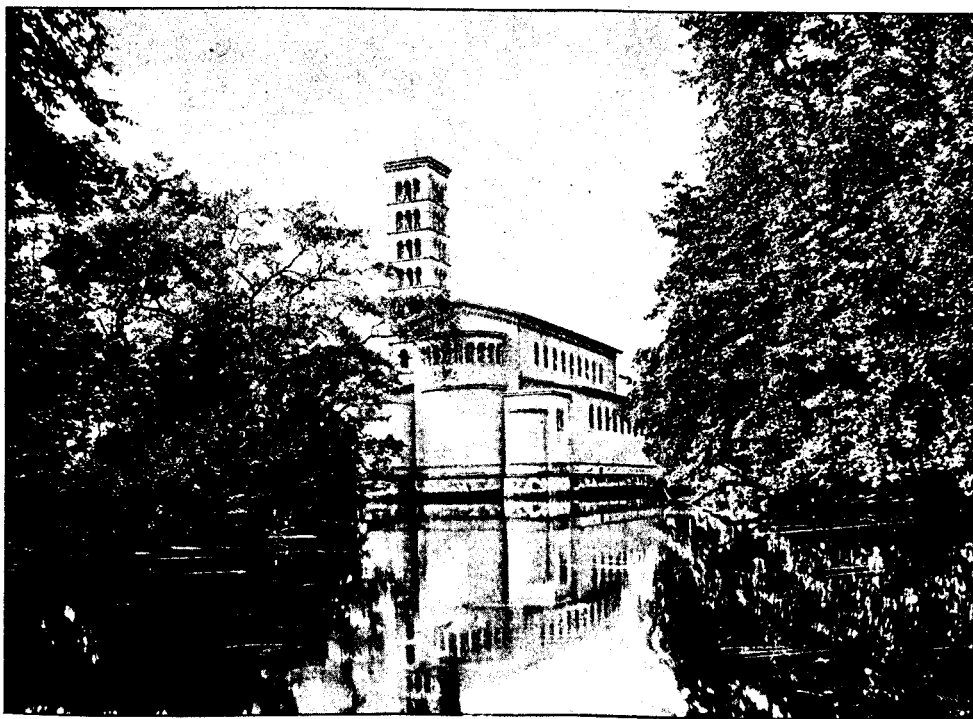


Tomb in Church of St. Sebaldus, Nuremberg.

Being a statesman as well as an ecclesiastic, he grasped the great principle that society must be founded upon both law and religion; and throughout his whole course allied himself with the powers that be—civil as well as ecclesiastical—and notably with the Frankish kings. It was indeed the policy of Boniface, as followed up by Charlemagne, which became the basis of the unification of the German empire.

How little the successors of the great ecclesiastic and the great emperor inherited their spirit, the history of the Middle Ages shows. In the long struggle be-

dom of heaven by vigils and fastings and scourgings. The pale attenuated countenance of the young monk, testifying to a soul in travail, is to our thinking more interesting than the broad, coarse, heavily-dewlapped face, with which we are all so familiar. In the accessories of the former picture, too, there are suggestions of what it is well to remember. A portrait of Alexander VI., for instance, shows dimly in the cell; and the strongest upholder of clerical celibacy and of the sacredness of monkish vows, may judge more leniently the marriage of the reformer when he recalls the crimes of the Borgias,



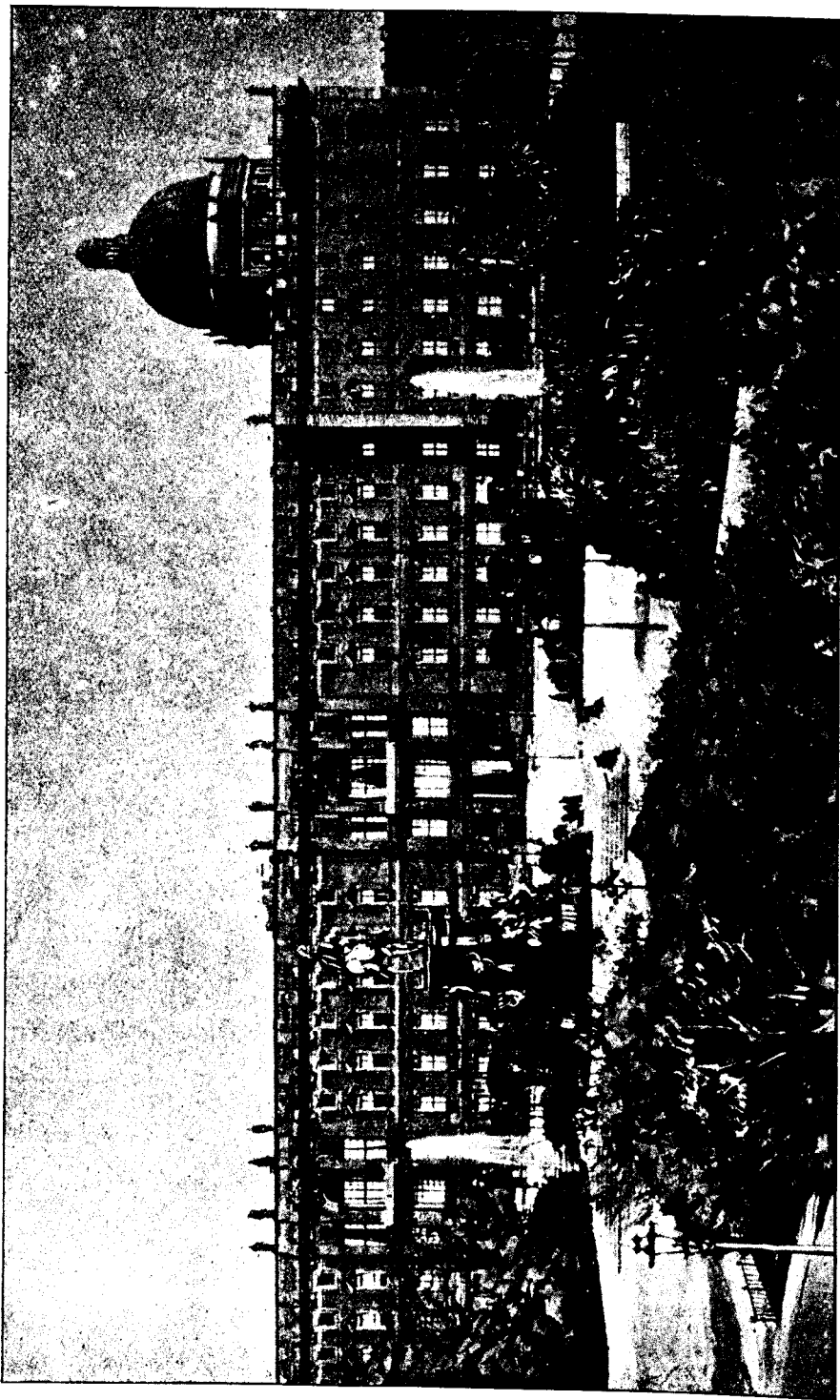
The Church of Peace, Potsdam.

tween papal despotism and state absolutism the pure and holy religion of our Lord Jesus Christ seemed dying out of the world. Does the Lutheran Church represent a revival of that pure and holy religion? Or does it but represent the triumph of state absolutism?

In the storm of criticism that in our days has overtaken the reformers, the later Luther is, perhaps, brought into undue prominence, and the earlier Luther too nearly forgotten. There is a picture of the reformer by a Scottish artist that takes us back to the time when, in the seclusion of his monastery, he sought to win the king-

and reflects what must have been the condition of the Church and of society when, knowing that monster to be what he was, a conclave could be found to elect him, a court to bow down to him, a world to endure him for a day.

That in spite of its corruption the Roman Church had never ceased to be the mother of saints, the Protestant world is apt to forget. In the time of her deepest darkness, even, neither cloister nor hearth was without holy men and women; while here and there great saints did splendid service. The year 1515 witnessed in Spain the birth of St. Theresa, and in the



The Old Palace, Berlin.

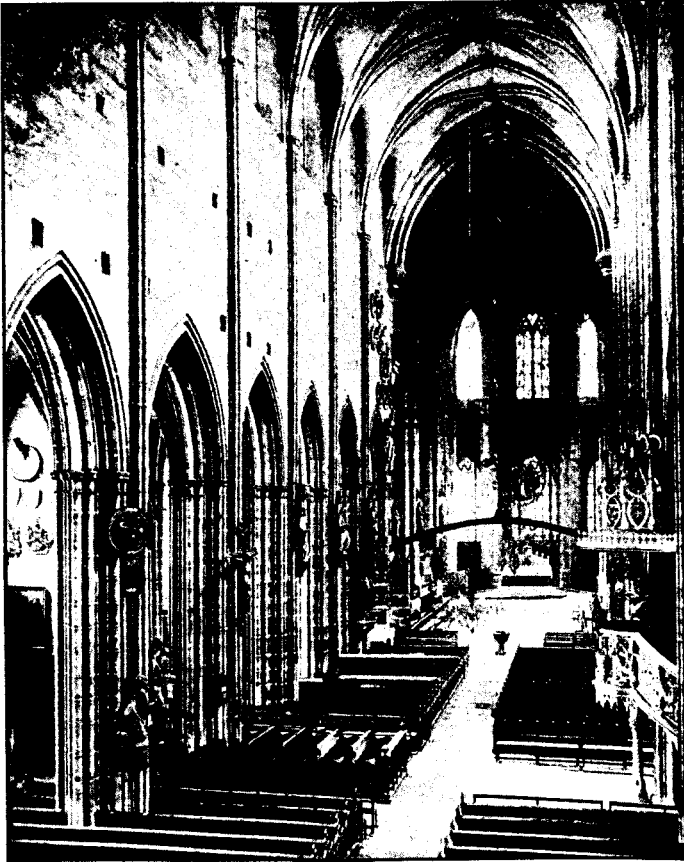
stronghold of the papacy that of the most gentle and lovable of saints and of men, St. Philip Neri. Every one, whatever his creed, admits now that reform was needed. The contention of the Romanist is that it would have come, and that it afterwards did come, from within the Church; and, certainly, again and again, from within the Church, the cry for it rang out with no uncertain sound. But the impetuous spirit of Luther grew weary of crying, "How long, Lord? how long?" He had seen the terror of the Borgian days succeeded by the conquests of Julius and the paganism of Leo X.; and still reform tarried. "While he was musing the fire burned, and at the last he spake with his tongue."

What the Forum is to the lover of ancient Rome, and the Vatican to the Roman Catholic pilgrim, Christ's vicar upon earth, the grey castle of the Wartburg in the romantic forest of Thuringia is to the Lutheran. There, as "Yunker George," dwelt Luther, the captive of the friendly Elector of Saxony, after his noble appearance at Worms. "Nothing," says Principal Tulloch, "can well be grander, more epical in its contrasts, more scenic in its adjuncts, and more impressive in its issues, than this passage in the history of the Reformation: the journey of Luther, with its strange and mixed incidents—his appearance in Worms and before the Diet—his prayer beforehand"—(a prayer, according to another writer, such as could only be uttered by one filled with the spirit of Him who prayed at Gethsemane) "his fears—his triumph—the excitements that followed—his seizure on his return and residence in the Wartburg. It would be difficult to find anywhere a nobler subject for a great poem."

Did Luther ever, we wonder, while in the Wartburg—fighting the Pope with his pen, and the Devil, as he fancied, with his ink-stand—think of the little princess of Hungary, the child-bride, who once on a time came to the grim old castle, and there blossomed into maidenhood and lived her beautiful life as wife and mother and saint? Did he, wandering in the quaint garden closes, ever pluck the roses of St. Elizabeth? And did he ever in after days compare the Philip to please whom he allowed his reputation to be stained forever, with his ancestor the gracious Landgrave Louis? The residence at the Wartburg divides his life into two parts, and the better part was over when he entered its gates. The sympathy and admiration given to the monk of Erfurt, the preacher

of Wittenberg, the bold reformer of Worms, it is impossible to give to the married monk, to the theologian to whom even his friends, when they differed from him, were "serpents," "beasts" and "devils," or to the organizer who, subverting the old ways, offered nothing in their stead but a system of the purest Erastianism. Against the married life of Luther and Catherine there is not a word to be said except that they were not free to marry. The monk who broke his vows made an excellent husband; the escaped nun made an excellent wife. The genial, kindly, quaint, and thoroughly German nature of the later Luther shows best by his own fireside or in his charming letters to his little son. His true vocation was not the cloister but the hearth; but having vowed, he would, we think, have been a nobler and more impressive figure had he kept his vow. That he was not without occasional misgivings on the subject, the records of his life show. "What a brilliant light," he exclaimed, one evening in the garden, looking upward to the stars, "and yet it shines not for us!" "And why are we to be shut out of the kingdom of Heaven?" asked his wife. "Perhaps," said Luther with a sigh, "because we have left our convents." "Shall we return, then?" "No," he replied, "it is too late for that."

By the end of his residence in the Wartburg, the reformer had come to be regarded as the embodiment of the spirit of German nationality, and in course of time we find him virtually the German pope. Such a state of things had not been planned by him, but none the less readily did he accept the position. Matters of dogma and matters of polity were settled by him without the slightest hesitation, and woe betide the person, whether friend or foe, who ventured to differ from him. Erasmus was "that amphibolous being," a spider, a "venomous serpent," an "enemy to all religion," a "decided adversary to Christ," a "counterpart to Epicurus and Lucian." Zwingle fared little better. Violence, however, is but a sorry substitute for logic, and the vagueness of Luther's dogmatic teaching gave birth to a host of controversies. In his definition of the nature of the presence of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist, he was as obstinately exact as in matters which ought to have been within his grasp he was vague. Simply to have expressed belief in a real presence, while disclaiming the gross ideas connected with the subject



Interior of the Church of St. Loreuz.

in the teaching of the Church of Rome, would have been more satisfactory, as well as more reverent, than all his arguments for "consubstantiation." The rhyme of Elizabeth—whether the object of that astute princess in making it was to honour the sacrament or to save her own neck—might really pass as the *credo* of a subject too sacred for much discussion :

"Christ was the Word that spake it.  
He took the bread and brake it ;  
And what that Word did make it,  
That I believe and take it."

In the matter of ecclesiastical polity the reformer was guilty of a thousand inconsistencies. The Augsburg Confession says of Bishops (Part I, art. 22), "The

Church ought necessarily and *jure divino* to obey them." \*And yet, largely out of deference to Philip of Hesse, whose adherence and protection were so dearly purchased, the *jus episcopale*, in the new system of government was transferred to the laity. At the peace of Augsburg there were as many forms of belief and of government as there were states. The belief finally resolved itself into what had been put forth as the Augsburg Confession; the government into that of consistories appointed by the civil powers. Thus the triumph of state absolutism was consummated by Luther himself. By a strange anomaly, confirmation was retained, though the episcopate was abolished.

But while Luther, in his disposal of the *jus episcopale*, severed his connection with the historic Church, he was, in regard to the manner of worship and its material accessories, strongly conservative. The iconoclastic fury of the Scottish reformers was hateful to him; and when a like spirit broke out among his own followers, he hesitated not to use the civil arm in repressing it. The civil arm, however, had occasionally a will of its own. Philip of Hesse, for instance, did not scruple to rob the shrine of his ancestress, St. Elizabeth, and even to carry off her bones, which he apostrophized with the coarse jests of a clown. "Au moment où on y procédait," says Montalembert, "le prince s'écria : 'Allons, Dieu merci ! voilà donc les reliques de Sainte Elisabeth ! voilà mes os et ses os !

\* The continental reformers generally express themselves in the same way. Melancthon writes: "I would to God it lay in me to restore the government of bishops. For I see what manner of Church we shall have, the ecclesiastical policy being dissolved."

Dr. Bogerman, president of the Synod of Dort, when reminded by the deputies sent over by James I. that the reformers in Holland had not retained the episcopate, replied, "*Nobis no licet esse tam beatis.*" (It is not permitted to us to be so blest.)



Church of St. Lorenz.

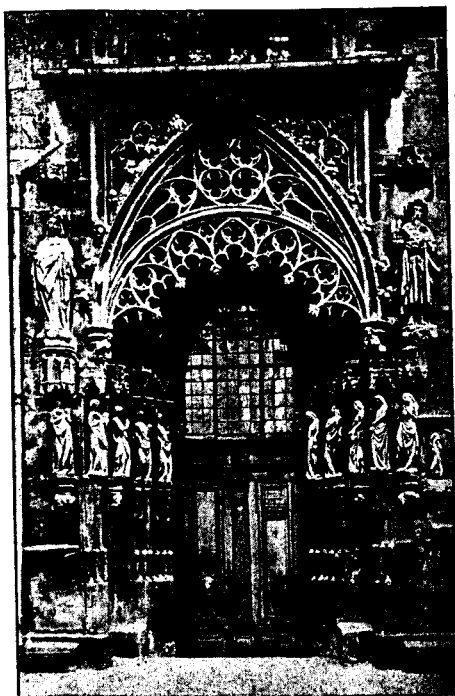
Viens t'en, vieille maman Lisette ! Voilà ma grand-mère ! ”\*

But the spirit of Philip in such matters was not the spirit of Luther. In the churches where the Lutheran mode of worship was introduced, there was no destruction of what the architect and sculptor and painter of other days had wrought with such infinite care. Though the art lover and antiquarian finds little to interest him in the churches of the Kaiser's capital, where an air of newness pervades everything, he is abundantly satisfied in Bavarian Nuremberg, the

“Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,”

the “jewel-casket of the German empire,” the “Florence of German sculpture,” the town of Peter Vischer, and Adam Krafft, and Hans Sachs, and—greatest of all—of Albert Dürer. The gems of Nuremberg, and certainly the chief art-treasures of Lutheranism, are the churches of St. Sebaldus and St. Lawrence. The former has the bronze tomb of St. Sebaldus, upon which Peter Vischer and his five sons expended thirteen years of patient

labour : the latter a very embarrassment of riches—among them the famous wood-carving of Veit Stoss, the Angel's Salutation, suspended from the vaulted ceiling of the choir ; rich tapestries from the designs of Albert Dürer ; and the wonderful Sacraments Hauslein, or Ciborium of Adam Krafft. Old-world legends, too, cling to these old-world walls. There is the story of the master-builder of St. Lawrence, who was ousted by the intrigues of two of his men. The latter, while up on the half-built north tower, one day, quarrelled and fought and lost their balance ; and the innocent master, happening to cross the square at that moment, saw his enemies dashed to pieces at his feet. And there is the story of the young monk, who, for some slight offence, was walled up in the south-west corner of the same church. People shuddered and crossed themselves as they passed the darksome spot—all but a pretty maiden who wept and prayed there without ceasing. Long after the victim's imprisonment, it was discovered that he was still alive, having been fed by the maiden (whose abnormal appetite, taken in conjunction with her grief, had meantime excited a great deal of remark in her family) through a crevice in the wall. Fortunately for the monk,



The Pyx, Church of St. Lorenz.

\* “Das walt Gott ! Das ist S. Elisabethen Heiligtum ! mein Gebeines, ihre Knochen ! Komm her, Muhme Eltz ! Das ist meine Altermutter !”

his townspeople saw the hand of Providence as well as that of the pretty girl in the matter, and so let him go free.

The Lutherans have also retained the ancient creeds—Apostolic, Nicene and Athanasian (though they have, added to them six of their own)—and a liturgical form of worship. Music, next to theology, was the reformer's favourite study, and it had a large part in his public worship and in his private life—being, he considered, one of the very best weapons to oppose to the devil, from whose assaults, as he believed, he so frequently suffered. The joyous disposition of Luther, and his forbearance with human frailties, were in striking contrast to the severity of his brother-reformer, Calvin, under whose régime in Geneva joyousness became a deadly sin, and the weakness of human nature such an unpardonable crime that a child of tender years was beheaded for having struck her mother! The German Lutherans can boast a treasury of devout and beautiful hymns, beginning with Luther's famous one, "*Ein feste Burg.*" To record the striking incidents connected with this hymn, which is worthy to be the battle-song of some army of the Lord, would be to fill a volume. Gustavus Adolphus, on the morning of the battle of Leipsic, caused his whole force to sing it, and after the victory, knelt down and sang again, "*Das Feld muss er behalten!*" The Elector John Frederick comforted with it the dismissed pastors who had refused to accept the Interim. "Has the Emperor banished you from the whole Roman Empire?" he asked. "Yes." "Has he banished you also from the kingdom of Heaven?" "No." "Then," said the Elector, "things are not yet come to extremity. *Das Reich muss uns doch bleiben!*" (The city of God remaineth.)

One of Gerhardt's hymns, "Commit thou all thy griefs," is almost equally celebrated. Princes and peasants have been comforted by it, and a touching story associates it with Queen Louisa, the "good angel of Prussia." In her country's very darkest hour, the courage with which she had so long sustained the King seemed to fail utterly, and she sat down in despair, repeating in bitterness of heart the well-known song from *Wilhelm Meister*, "Who ne'er his bread with sorrow ate," and sorrowfully resolving to advise submission. Suddenly the hymn of Gerhardt came into her mind, and going to the

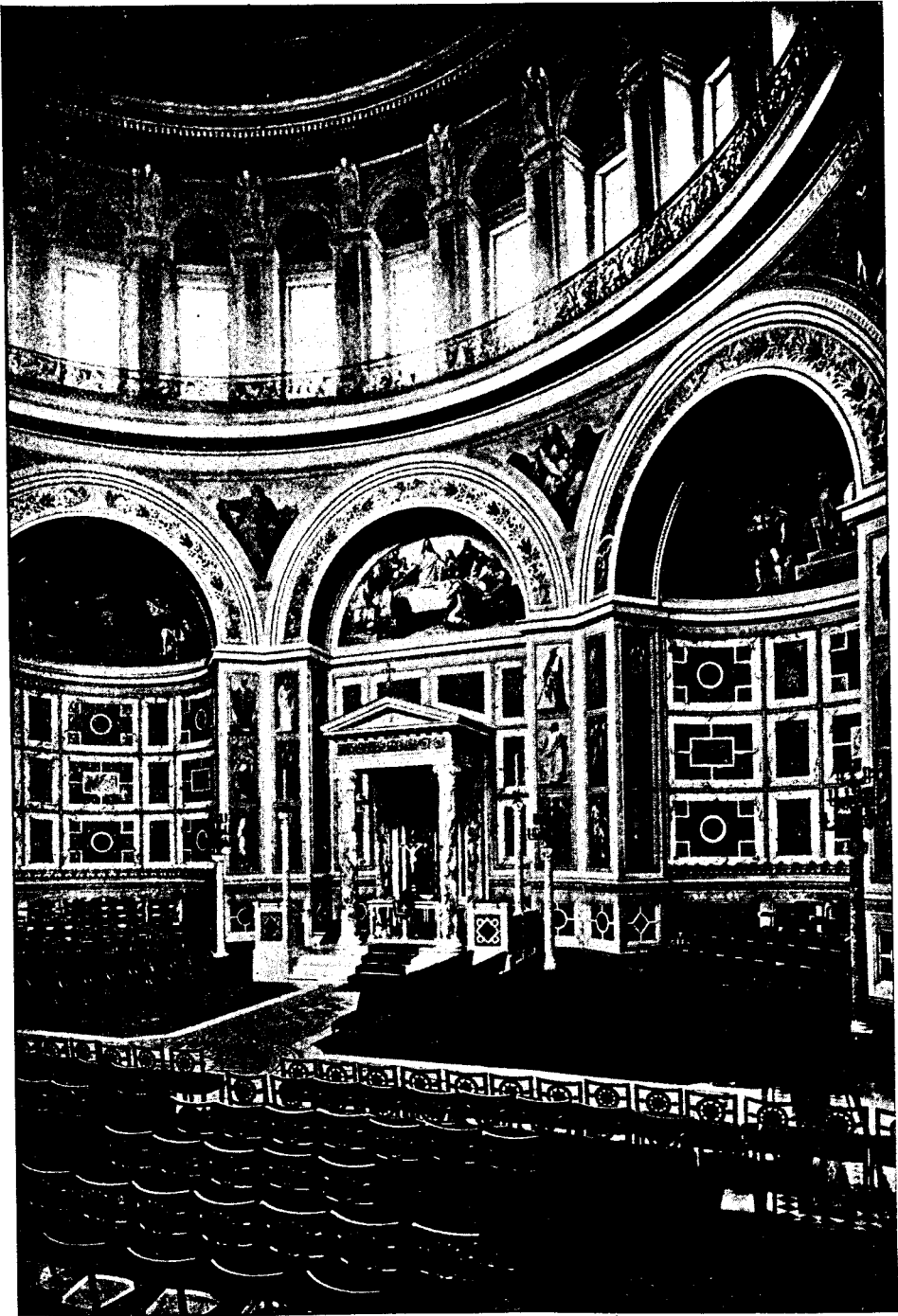
piano, she sang with reviving courage the verses:

"Awhile, perchance, to try thee,  
He seems to hear thee not;  
All comfort to deny thee,  
As though thou wert forgot;  
As though he disregarded  
Thy bitter cry and moan,  
His care for thee discarded,  
And left thee all alone.  
But if all ills thou brookest  
With constant faith and love,—  
When least for help thou lookest,  
Thy cross He will remove.  
At last compassion taking  
On thine estate forlorn,  
Will ease the woe heart-breaking  
Which thou hast meekly borne."

By the time she had finished, all thought of submission was at an end.

If we step from the realm of hymnology into the wider range of general literature, the names which the Lutheran Church may claim are sadly few. In learned men, indeed, Germany has long abounded, and Berlin is their headquarters. Of the twenty German universities, Prussia has ten. And between her primary schools and these universities, she has classical schools, polytechnic schools, schools of mining and forestry, schools of music and art; she has, moreover, as aids to the student, splendid scientific and archaeological collections and immense public libraries—notably that of Berlin, containing over a million volumes. Elementary education, which is compulsory, is in Berlin and some of the other cities free. The minister who presides over the department of public worship, presides also over that of education; and many of the inspectors are pastors. And yet the result, so far as religion is concerned, is lamentable. It is to Berlin the free-thinking English squire of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's knowledge or imagination, goes, to be mentally refreshed when sick of "The Idols of the (English) Market Place." It is in Berlin he takes his full degree in atheism. It is in Berlin the weapons are forged that, scarcely shaken at Oxford scholars and consecrated priests, seem to pierce even to the dividing asunder of the joints and marrow of the "Christian mythology." The Roman Catholic Church is often reproached with the infidelity of France. Is the Lutheran Church to be held responsible for that of Prussia? Among a certain class of German thinkers, the name of God survives only as an expletive to enhance their contempt for those who still believe in what it represents. To have the privilege of living at the close of the nineteenth cen-





Chapel in the Old Palace, Berlin.

tury, of being contemporary with the Berlin school of philosophy, and still to have faith in a Supreme Being "*Ach Gott!*" And infidelity is by no means confined to men. Our own Princess Alice, carried away by the prevailing current of thought in her new home, drifted for a while into rationalism, though happily only to return with new devotion to the faith of her childhood.

By the forced union between the Lutherans and Calvinists of Prussia, in 1817, state control has rather increased than diminished. The Kaiser is *Summus Episcopus*. Consistories, superintendents, and many of the pastors, are appointed by the crown. An ecclesiastical organization, the government of which is in the hands of the state—that state practically an absolute monarchy—is perhaps the only sort of church which would be tolerated by his present imperial majesty, or which would have been tolerated by most of his predecessors. War, as Mirabeau said, is the national industry of the Prussians; although in this respect the gracious and chivalrous Emperor Frederick did not take after his race. Restorer of the empire as he was—for the idea of its reorganization originated with him—his sword would never have been drawn except to conquer peace. Were the power behind the Church always represented by a Frederick, it might be not without its charm. We hear of his addressing, on one occasion, words of fatherly counsel to the newly confirmed; and though it may seem strange to us that even a prince should raise his voice in church, except as a worshipper, we can understand that such an address may be a good deal better than nothing. We hear, too, of this true father of his people making, while yet Crown Prince, a red-letter day in the calendar of Kaiserwerth by paying that institution a visit. Kaiserwerth, as everybody knows, is the cradle and centre of Lutheran deaconess life; and if we may judge from statistics, the faith of Pastor Fliedner, its founder, and the good works of his daughters are likely to outlive the opinions and creeds for which they were founded. Sixty-three communities, with more than eight thousand deaconesses and probationers—all employed in various works of mercy—have sprung from the parent house. The Emperor was present at the service in the deaconesses' little chapel; partook of luncheon; reviewed the children and listened to their singing; carried about one

miserable little urchin in his arms and let him play with the glittering orders on his breast; and after his visit sent to his entertainers a splendid portrait of himself, in memory of the day.

That the son of Frederick and of the Princess Royal of England would be trained in religion as well as in arts and in arms, goes without saying. It is the custom in the German Lutheran Church for the candidate for confirmation to draw up a written profession of faith, and these documents are carefully preserved in the Prussian royal family. In William's speech on the occasion, he referred to the difficult duties which awaited him in life, and emphatically expressed his determination not to be conquered by them. The account of the ceremony suggests the precision and formality of a military function. Since his accession, the Emperor has spoken repeatedly of "reclaiming the masses to Christianity and the Church," but never without the *arrière pensée*, "and by that means to inculcate respect for authority and love of the monarchy." It is impossible to live in the Prussian capital without observing how the Pastors are mixed up in the different intrigues for obtaining imperial favour. One Pastor, the mouthpiece of a certain party at court, may, for example, attempt to secure the Emperor's patronage for a new "Mission" about to be opened—a mission which, strangely enough, seems to have nothing to say about holy living and holy dying, but a great deal about reverence for his Majesty. Forthwith, the Pastor of the rival party has his interview with William, and does his best to throw doubt upon the loyalty of the Mission's promoters. And the fact that the Kaiser, upon such and such a day, has smiled on Pastor This and frowned on Pastor That, though not likely to appear in the *Court Budget*, is one of the most interesting items in the privately circulated court news.

And where is the Church, that, should teach justice and humanity to the ruler, and loyalty to the ruled? It is bound in the shackles of formalism and slavery which its founder himself forged. Religion in Lutheran Germany is dead—not alone in the world of thought, but in the churches, in the very services, which should be, but are not, acts of worship. "Any sense of awe in the presence of God," says a recent writer,—and all observing travellers will endorse the criticism—"or of reverence, or devoutness, is the last

thing felt in a modern Lutheran service. God is no more to them than the magistrate over the way or the shopkeeper in the next seat: they owe him a debt, and they go to church to see how to settle it. Their churches are the place of a sermon from a man, not the place of prayer to the great God."

As the ages of faith have their witness yet in the holy and beautiful houses built then for the honour and glory of God, so in a far different way the age of unbelief impresses itself now upon the German capital. In respect to churches, there is not a great city in Christendom so poor. Among the splendid edifices that adorn the Leipzigerstrasse, the Wilhelmstrasse and Unter den Linden, churches are conspicuous only by their absence. And few as the places of worship are in proportion to the needs of the city, they are but poorly filled—only two per cent. of the population being worshippers. The new church, built in memory of the Emperor William, and the chapel of the New Palace, so associated with "Unser Fritz" are interesting, of course; but their suggestions are

of the Emperors of Germany, not of the King of kings.

The spirituality of those in whom the reformer found such ready and obedient followers, was a legacy from pre-reformation times. In the very darkest hour of Roman supremacy, the pure in heart had still seen God. In the Church's sublime prayers and praises, they had been raised to Him before whom angels veil their faces, and to whom Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry. The Angelus bell and every murmured *Ave* had told of the word made flesh. The year's feasts and fasts had taken them from Bethlehem to Calvary. The mass had been a memorial of the Saviour's passion; the communion, of His dying love, the host within the tabernacle, of His perpetual intercession. The holy angels to them were literally ministering spirits; the saints familiar and beloved friends. When this treasure of beautiful reverence and devoutness was exhausted, there was nothing to take its place. By that time the spirit of Luther, too, was dead. The glory had departed.

A. M. MACLEOD.



## GOODRIDGE BLISS ROBERTS, B. A.

IN the recent sudden death of Mr. G. B. Roberts, the literary world in Canada has lost a most promising writer.

Although only twenty-two at the time of his death his work had already found its way into the columns of many well-known periodicals here and in the United States. He was the second son of the Rev. Canon Roberts, the highly respected rector of Fredericton, N.B., and was born at Westcock, N.B., on January 17th, 1870 ;

when four years of age his family removed to Fredericton.

It was in this quiet little city that he passed the years of childhood and early boyhood ; he attended the grammar school there, and in 1886 matriculated in Arts at King's College, Windsor, N. S., where his brother (Charles G. D. Roberts), had lately accepted the chair of English literature. In June, 1889, he passed his examination for B.A., which was conferred the following year at the Centennial Encenia of King's College, when he was the valedictorian for his class.

During the previous summer he accepted a position on the editorial staff of the *St. John Progress*, but after some months of journalism he felt a call to pursue a different course in life, and in January, 1890, returned to Windsor to qualify for holy orders in the Church of England. He was nearing the completion of his theological course at the time of his death, and was hoping to be admitted to the Diaconate early in next year. In accordance with the custom of the divinity school he had occupied the position of lay-reader, and in the summer of 1890 had laboured

under the direction of the rector of Mau-gerville, N.B. On Sunday, January 31st, of the present year, he conducted service at Wolfville, N.S. The following Thursday morning, February 4th, he died in the same village from a severe attack of the influenza.

Only on the Friday preceding his death he read before the one hundred meeting of the Haliburton Club, of King's College, an article on "The Literary outlook in

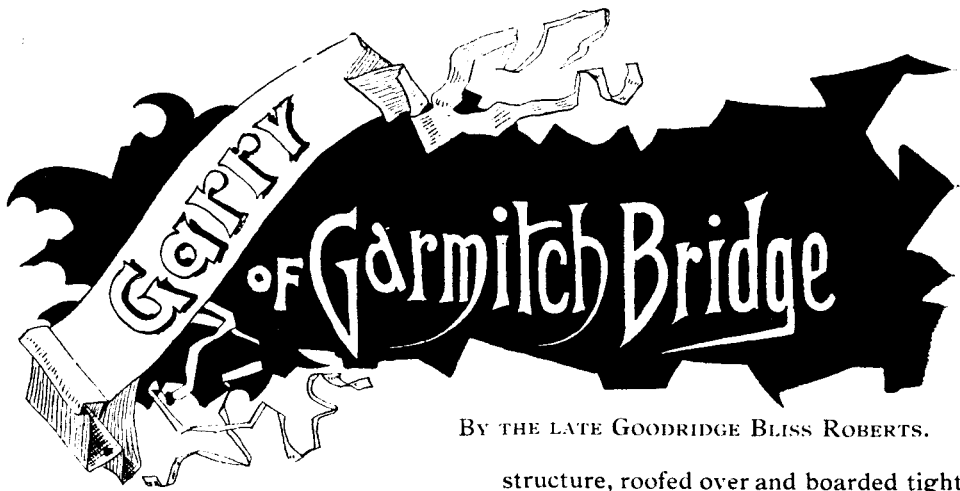
Canada," which elicited enthusiastic encomiums from the assemblage of literary men gathered there.

In 1889 Mr. Roberts co-operated with Mr. Douglas Sladen in the editing of the "Younger Canadian Poets," his share being confined to the Canadian appendix. With some exceptions his work in verse has not been given to the general public. He was a frequent contributor, however, in this department, to the columns of the *King's College Record*.

He had lately met with gratifying success in that most difficult field of literature,—the short story. His work possesses the elements of decided originality of conception, a simple but choice vocabulary, and a happy power of graphic description. A certain weird note is strongly noticeable in some of his productions. It is also widely characterised by an intense affection for Canada, and is relieved by passages of genuine humour. His disposition was a loveable one, and he was popular with all classes ; he was ever a warm and loyal comrade and friend.

CHARLES G. ABBOTT





# GARRY OF Garmitch Bridge

BY THE LATE GOODRIDGE BLISS ROBERTS.

**G**ARRY MERROWAY was old and grey.

In his palmy days, before the railway had come through the country and enthralled the quiet dwellers to the tyrant Time, and had made them watch for the hour of the shrieking whistle, Garry had been toll-keeper of Garmitch Bridge, and his father had been toll-keeper before him.

On the day that first a waggon lumbered through the high spike-topped gate, Garry was born.

For a quarter of a century the fertile Spoor Valley paid its mite to old Sandy—then he died, and Garry took his place.

Most of the traffic on the bridge was in the night, or early morning, while the stars yet twinkled and the ravine was black with the lingering shades that rested late among its depths as if done out with their carousings. At this unseemly hour the people came because they were always on their way to or from Pordemair—a seaport more than thirty miles from the valley where they raised their crops and lived in quiet and contentment—and they had to be early on hand with their produce to catch the busy buyers while the day was young.

From Pordemair the road ran roughly over a range of forbidding hills—forbidding, as far as habitation on them was concerned, but, for wild scenery, masterful in grandest lines, and for huge magnificence of conception, unsurpassed.

Fifteen miles from the sea the mountain was riven deep by a ravine whose sides were inaccessible, save to a strong man on foot, and over this ravine stretched Garmitch Bridge. It was a wooden

structure, roofed over and boarded tightly on the sides, and, in accordance with a style of architecture unnamed but very lasting, its foundation and underpinning stretched, with multitudinous timbers, far down the sides of the chasm it spanned. Buttresses or piers would have been out of the question, for the ravine was a good two hundred feet deep in the middle—and, anyway, what did the people care about its appearance so long as it stood firm under them and their teams.

The road from Pordemair entered Garmitch Bridge; was lost in darkness for some eighty or a hundred feet, and appeared again by a little cabin that hugged close to the steps behind it. In this cabin Garry was born.

Up on the mountain his mother's grave watched in unflagging care the home of husband and son for a score of years, and then old Sandy went to join the vigil.

Garry grew lonely. When his friends from the valley had gone over and the gate was shut and he sat by his solitary fire, and the wind hissed over his roof and tore, shrieking, to rouse the spirits of the dark, and to howl in riot down the echoing passes, he could hear his mother come noiselessly in and stand by his chair and sigh. He could feel her cold kiss on his cheek. He could hear her sigh again and then go sobbing out, and all night the two on the mountain above him would moan and call. Then, in the dawn, the clatter of wheels would rouse him from the coldness of his hearth, and so began another heartless day.

But when the sun had set the hillsides pulsating with new life, and the mountain sat in new-born strength and smiled, and the streams sprang from the grim oppressors who had held them long enough, there came a day unlike all others.

As Garry stood dreaming in his doorway, he was startled by a bounding, beating clatter on the road before him. He needed not to listen. His ears knew well the sound of a wild team running away



"On the top of a low flat rock he stood and got his breath."

with a heavy wagon, and he threw open the gate and started out to meet it.

He knew that as yet it was some distance from the bridge, for a long bend brought the road around to the back of his cabin, making a circuitous route of a half mile between points separated, "as the crow flies," scarcely two hundred yards. Running with all speed through a straight stretch between bouldered hill-

sides he reached a place of vantage. On the top of a low flat rock he stood and got his breath.

Forging between the banks of granite came the team. Both horses had their necks stretched out and were running desperately, but steady as clock-work. All loose articles had been jolted from the wagon; the reins were hanging over the tongue, and the driver was gone.

It was Reuben Pellow's team of part Clydes; magnificent horses—the solidity and doggedness of the Clyde with all the snap and agility and fire of their little nondescript dam. Garry shouted, and they sprang to the traces still the harder. To go for their heads would be the work of an idiot. To spring into the wagon and try for slow mastery was the only reasonable course, and Garry took it. He landed on the wagon-body and held his footing like a cat, and started forward to gather in the reins. He picked up a blanket that threatened to trip him and threw it out. Half-fainting on the wagon-

bottom lay Jean Pellow. "Go back—way back!" said Garry, and he stepped out on the tongue and took in the reins.

He braced hard and began to talk to the team, and then he felt hollow in the pit of his stomach—the bridge was in sight; the gate had swung to; the horses had the bits between their teeth.

He must get the girl out, anyway—then save the team if possible. He hitched the reins around the stake and went back to the tail-board, picked up Jean Pellow and swung her with scarce a scratch into a thicket of short stout firs. Then he jumped to the reins again and still the team had the bits.

What in God's world was he to do? True his responsibility was lighter now, for Jean was safe, and he could jump out if he liked, and if the team ran over the edge and crashed themselves to pulp in the ravine, why—it was a good team lost, but he had done his best to prevent it.

Could he break the run and get them plunging? That would smash things up, but it might save them, somehow, from going over.

He took the whip from under his feet. It was a heavy hornbeam stock with a braided rawhide lash, and the horses had never felt it. He wound the lash end around his fingers and let out the stock at the off horse's head, following with a like blow to the nigh. Then he plied the lash about their ears dexterously till they broke their run and took to rearing and plunging and kicking, and finally got too high up on the bank and threw themselves. Then Garry slipped their hamestraps and belly-bands, loosed the reins from the bridles, and coaxed them to their feet. The harness slid back to the whiffle-trees, and Garry hitched two trembling horses to the toll-gate and began to "nurse them down."

Soon they were quiet, and he turned his attention to Jean. She was nowhere in sight, but he remembered that while he was working with the team she had called to him something about "going to look for Father!" so he hurried back over the road to find her. He passed the rock on which he had stood to await the runaway, and went on beyond the first big bend. Close by a jagged boulder Reuben Pellow lay stretched out, and Jean was pouring water from her hat on his blue swelled temple.

"Dad's hurt," she said, putting out her hand to Garry; "he's hurt worse than this—internally, somehow, so's he can't

move. Could you lift him?" Couldn't he! He'd try. If she had asked if he could pick up the landslide that had scared the team and take it back to where it belonged on the mountain, he would have thought he could. Reuben was a mite of a man, and Garry lifted him gently and carried him to the cabin by the bridge.

In his bachelor life he used one room for bed-room, dining-room, kitchen and sitting-room, but the cabin was more commodious than it looked. He pushed a door open with his foot and bore old Reuben into a tiny room and laid him on a bed soft and soothing and sweet as the air outside. All the afternoon the breeze came in at the window fresh and cool with the smell of breaking buds, and evening came and Reuben hardly spoke.

In the twilight a traveller passed, and Garry sent him down to Pordemair for a doctor. At midnight old Reuben was stricken with paralysis, and when the doctor came he was not needed.

Jean sobbed out her grief in the waking dawn, and Garry upheld her with the strength of his silence, and the birds chirped low, sad minors outside the lattice.

Two days later Reuben was buried down in the singing valley of the spoor, and Jean took up her daily work, alone and sad.

## II.

The watchers on the mountain moaned no more. No more the mother sighed and brooded. Quietly she slept now, but sometimes Garry heard her crooning in the twilight, and he was happy.

Years wrought no change in him save that he was stronger and more gentle. Jean kept his life sufficient—even sweet; the mountain held the dead in loving silence, and the little daughter laughed and played and grew.

Time roved faster over the rugged hills, and the child became a woman, and then the wife of Archy Deane in the Valley, and Garry lost count of the weeks and months.

'Twas long, long after Nora had been married—months after—months! "God, why that was Nora's son that came up with a message from the Deanes' the other day! Nora's son! Jean's—grandson! God! yes, he'd come to beg them—Jean and him—to leave the cabin and go down and—but that's no matter. Years! years! years!" The old man went out to the bridge and mused.

"Four-score years the bridge and I have been here,—neither of us is used much

now! Engines are faster than horses,—young men are more capable than old ones. But the graves are opening on the hills! I hear the voices now again, sometimes, and they speak with their throats filled with sobs. Is it me, or Jean, that's going? Well, God knows! But if its Jean I'll soon be with her!" and he leaned forward and peered through the darkness of the bridge.

In Indian summer, when the ebbing life of the faded year glowed again for one short heart-beat—just enough to become conscious of the full richness of its days and smile at death—there came a hush. The soul of summer parted slowly, almost sadly, from its earth, and in the morning it was gone. So, too, the bonds that wrapped Jean in let slip their hold, and Garry and the bridge trembled alone through the days, forsaken. One more grave in the great warm breast of the mountain! One more voice to sigh and call!

The grass grew over the mountain road, and the big gate was free to open or close as the meddling winds saw fit.

With loving persistence the daughter from the Valley sent messages to her father, urging him to go down and live with her in rest and comfort, and with few words the old man thanked her and declined. Here, surrounded by his dead, he would await the end,—the glad quick hour that should uncover the heart of the mountain and let him lie down too in peace and quiet with those who waited for him.

For years he had talked and walked and lived with the dead—as one awaiting admittance to the bar, whither his seniors have preceded.

When in the presence of his daughter, or her husband or children, he felt that he was not quite himself. He seemed to be showing to them a smaller side of himself. He was not free to talk to them as to those other of his blood back on the mountain. What had he in common with them? Little *they* knew of his communings with those who nightly whispered hopeful words of present meeting and rest and joy! They were foreign to him—these Valley folk—and he was foreign to them. They marvelled that, with the solitude and the wierdness of his associations, his mind was not affected! Garry knew the truth and laughed.

At last, in late October, there came a night of magnificent storm. Archy Deane hurried from his barn at tea-time. "You

don't know what the night's going to be like," he said. "We can't tell down here, but Lord knows it'll be rough living for any man on the mountain! I'm going up to the bridge. If the old man won't come with me I'll stay with him." In half an hour his team was swinging up from the valley.

As the last of the sun was left behind the hills a grey moon came lurking among the tree-tops. The bare maples gauntly expectant; the dry brown ferns raised their tired heads listening; the spruces sounded "hush," and then the weird wind-harpers commenced, with undulating plaint, the orgies that should end the living year—the last stroke that effaced the after-glow.

A sighing chord and then the sprite musicians swept the strings. Low, sweet, flute-notes intermingled with the shrieking and humming and droning of the unseen orchestra, and the whirl of a wild carnival was on. The birds were driven from their retreats. Hawks swerved in blind circlings over the labouring team, and owls hooted down the gale.

The air seemed living. In the waving half-light pale forms stood across the road, then slowly turned aside and gazed in silence on the passer-by and faded back,—some moaning, some sobbing, some laughing—back, back, out of sight and hearing.

The horses snorted and sniffed the wind and plunged ahead, and it was a wild race up that mountain road, with howling voices and dancing shadows on all sides, and a running team, mad with the spirit of the storm.

The cabin was in darkness. Archy tied the horses and started in at the open door. Something rustled across the floor and shut the door in his face. A flush and a shiver ran over him in quick succession, and he backed off to the road.

What was that? Some one talking! and laughing! the old man! There by the gate stood Garry.

Archy went to him and spoke, and the old man pushed him aside, saying: "Go in and sit down, won't you? I'm very busy just now, but Jean's inside—go in. You must be cold." Archy didn't answer. He stood, leaning against the gate, lost in a feeling of sickly horror. That the old man was raving mad just dawned on him.

A rattling gust on the far-off road, across the bridge, caught Garry's attention. Nearer it came, and the bridge rocked and creaked under it. Archy stepped into the gate-way—more to shake himself free



from the uncanny world around him than aught else—and Garry pulled him quietly but firmly back. “Rash boy!” he said, when the gust had passed and another was booming up through the distance in its track, “there’s only one team on the road more fierce before a load than that one, and there’s not one harder driver than Joe Cairn! In half a minute you’d have been under that team’s steel feet, and God alone could have picked you out. Go back—away back!”

Reuben, he fell out—God, yes, he died from that! Well! well! It was a powerful team! I sprung into the waggon to get at the reins—threw out a blanket—God, yes—go back, way back! Ah, Jean, love, you call me, call me! and mother whispers you are sweeter there than here! and still you want me? Still you call and sigh and call! You never kissed me cold! Mother’s lips are so cold! and Father! He had me in his arms last night! He pressed me close and sobbed and went away. Yes,



“The young man and the old strove for a short hard minute”.—(See page 160.)

These last words seemed to recall something forgotten to the old man’s mind, and he thought a while in silence. Again the bridge winced with the weight of the rushing storm, and Garry looked up and nodded recognition, then continued in his reverie, and the roar went lumbering toward the valley.

Garry laughed aloud, and then became grave. “Ah, but that *was* a team! and they took the bits between their teeth away back yonder, and somehow, poor old

Jean, I’m coming pretty soon! God knows I would go now, but the whole valley’s been to Pordemair, and now they’re all going home, and I’ve got to keep the gate open! You wouldn’t have me shut the gate and keep them from going home, Jean, home! God! no! maybe there’s some one waiting for them in the Valley!”

The ravine shouted, filled with the fury of the gale. In the moonlight a panel of roofing, ripped from the bridge, would go

twirling to the murky depths, singing to its death, like a nail thrown from between the fingers.

Garry stood, bare-headed, and shouted greetings to the ghostly travellers, mumbling their names over and over as if the sound of them were sweet, and as the storm tore by more madly and raged the more terribly, his eyes followed the lights of the flitting cloud-rifts through the bridge and he smiled.

Then he became wild with excitement. "There's no time lost to-night!" he shouted against the wind.

"The hissing and singing of the lash, and the rattling and clanking of waggons and harness, and the shouting of men, make music that I haven't heard for long, long years! They're *all* going home to-night, Jean, love! They're going home!"

A halting grey light came through the shattered sides of the bridge and limped slowly, slowly, toward the gate, and a quavering crooning rose on the panting storm. Garry peered into the gloom and listened.

The tempest had lulled only an instant, and now, roaring through distant passes, shrieking over reeling woods, it hurled itself up the ravine.

The bridge crouched and cringed and wailed, and hung drawn-up in quaking terror.

Garry yelled, "She's blind, stone blind, and deaf! It's old woman Macgregor—and lame—and then the bridge is full of the best horses of the valley! *Full* of them, and all mad—horses and men, all mad! and going home!" Then he sprang out on the bridge.

Archy leaped and caught him, and in the raging, howling night, with shivering planks beneath them, the young man and the old strove for a short hard minute—then a crash and straining of timbers, and a flying board struck Archy and the two fell together.

In the grey dawn Archy aroused himself.

A stillness as quiet as the storm had been wild had settled over the hills. The bridge was gone. He tried to rouse the old man; twice he tried—three times.

But the watchers on the mountain had not slept! When the soul of Garry drifted in triumph out upon the storm they were there to welcome him and take him home. Home to the breast of the mountain.

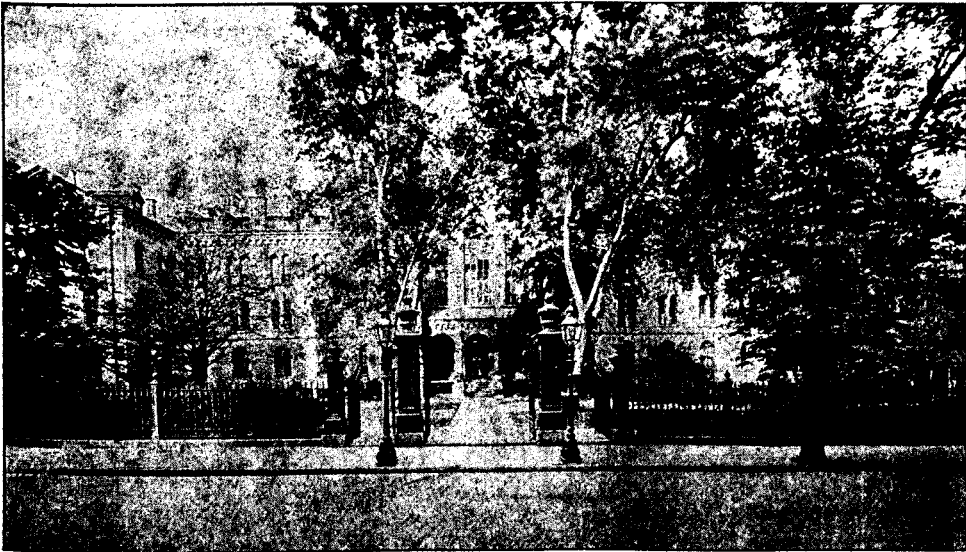


# CANADIAN NURSES IN NEW YORK.

**T**O the minds of the uninitiated there is a large amount of poetry connected with the idea of a nurse, busy in her beautiful work of ministering to the illnesses and infirmities of her fellow creatures. To them, vague visions of cool fingers on fevered brows, refreshing drinks administered by soft, white hands, sweet, low voices and quiet treadings are all that associate themselves with the thought of the life and duties of a young nurse. It is a sort of ideal life which combines the heroism of a Corday with all the delicacy

by the discipline of the life of a trained nurse. Before referring to individual cases we will look at what would be the usual daily life of one of our young girls who came to New York for her nurse's training.

There are seven hospitals in the city which are provided with training schools,—the "New York," "St. Luke's," "Bellevue," "Mt. Sinai," "New York City" (formerly "Charity"), "Post Graduate," and the "Presbyterian," the last a new institution, and which promises to be the largest and best equipped of all. The rules of the training schools are all much the same; we will take the "Post Grad-



St Luke's Hospital.

and sweetness of an Elaine. To go boldly into the very arms of fever-fiends, to assist at painful and ghastly operations with nerves of steel and sympathies of velvet, to charm away pain with magic touches,—the picture is an inviting one, the prospect alluring. But the neophyte soon finds that the romance and beauty of a nurse's life are largely things of the imagination, and that hard work and menial duties are, for the most part, her daily portion. Girls reared on our dear old Canadian hills are not, however, afraid of work. New York has absorbed many daughters of the Great Dominion, who are earning their living, and perfecting themselves mind and body,

uate," on East Thirty-sixth street, as a sample. The Post Graduate gets its name from the Post Graduate Hospital, on Twentieth street, in connection with which it was founded; but the superintendent of the school has also the charge of the "Roosevelt" Hospital, and supplies the nurses for both.

The Post Graduate nurses have an advantage over those of other schools in that they meet a far larger number of doctors in their course,—for the Post Graduate Hospital, as its name implies, is exclusively for the use of graduated physicians and surgeons, and is attended by a very large number of the city doctors. The nurses

get their surgical training at the Post Graduate Hospital, their medical training at Roosevelt, and their obstetrical training at the "Nursery and Child's," on Lexington avenue and Fifty-first street.

The hours in hospital are not short; from seven till seven is the rule, so our young Canadian must rise shortly after six in order to be in time for her duties. The wards must all be in perfect order before the doctor makes his rounds at 9,—beds made, patients washed and made tidy, and all necessary sweeping and dusting done; then the doctor's orders have to be carried out, bandages applied, the patients' wants

women on the different branches of nursing. Half of Sunday our young friend has to herself, besides half of one other day in the week; you may be sure she takes advantage of these half holidays to enjoy the fresh air, of which she is so much in need; Sunday has fewer duties, owing to the rule that there shall be no operations performed on that day.

Examinations are held twice a year, and if Miss Canadienne is moderately bright she will have no difficulty in passing them, after her daily practical experience and nightly instruction. Every nurse must do four months' night duty during her course,



Male Ward in the New York Hospital.

attended to, and so on all day. There is one hour in each day for rest or recreation, but the giving of this is left to the discretion of the head nurse, and in case of a very busy time would not be expected. Four evenings in the week, after seven o'clock, when hospital duties are done, come the doctors' lectures; these are on the four subjects,—physiology, anatomy, materia medica, and obstetrics, and are given by different lecturers. In addition, there is a "Quiz" class once a week, conducted by the superintendent of the Training school, who questions the young

taking six or eight weeks at a time; the hours are then from seven p.m. till seven a.m., the day, of course, being taken for rest. All the would-be nurses are on probation for two months, at the end of which time the superintendent accepts or rejects them, as she sees whether or not they are capable of performing the work before them.

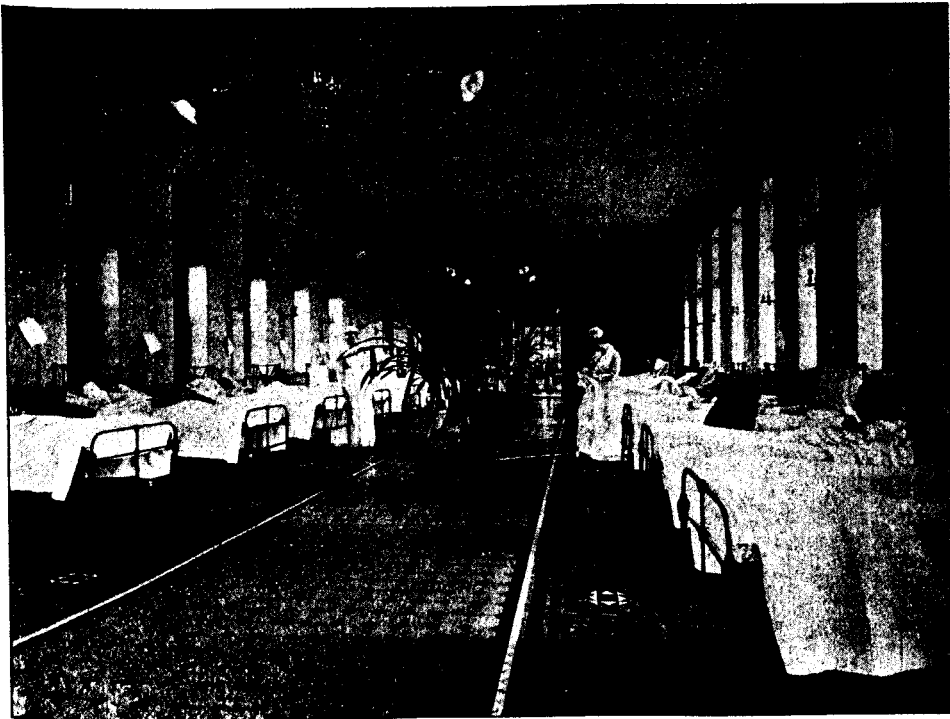
The Post Graduate is a private hospital, and only surgical cases are taken, except in the baby ward, where all species of diseases in infants are treated. Here the little cots have been endowed by

different charitable people,—often by those who, having lost some darling from their own homes, wish for his or her sake to make some sick child as comfortable and happy as may be. There are a few other endowed beds in the hospital which are set apart for actors; the sum necessary to maintain them was raised by “benefits” held at several of the theatres on the same day in May of last year; Mrs. Vanderbilt has also one endowed bed.

The nurses are accountable to the superintendent for their movements, and are never supposed to go out without her permission, but sometimes a naughty young

and cruel-hearted individual, who knew them both, seen them through the window and preceded them to the school. So the vials of the doctor’s wrath were poured out over the offender’s head on her return; as for her partner in mischief I know not what castigation he received; probably he was treated more leniently, for thus do the weak ones ever bear the brunt of the storm.

The hospitals which have no training schools,—for instance, the “Sloane,” on Fifty-ninth street, the “Womans,” on Fiftieth street, and the “Roosevelt,” on Fiftieth street, send to the training



Female Ward in the New York Hospital.

thing will slip out without leave, and go for a run on her own account. Under the *régime* of the superintendent for '91 at a well-known training school there was a certain young Southern nurse who was always ready for a diversion; there was also a young nephew of the learned superintendent. These two planned a little “lark” together one evening, she slipping out of the house and joining him a short distance away. They set off gaily for the Brunswick hotel, where they enjoyed a delightful dinner together—the extent of their dissipation. All would have gone well had not some antiquated

schools of other hospitals for their nurses. The nurses have then to go by the day (or night as the case may be) where they are sent, the training school receiving the payment for their services, from ten dollars to twenty dollars a week.

Our young Canadian receives her education, and her board and lodging in return for her services, the school allowing her eight dollars a month for necessary expenses; she has, of course, to pay for her uniform—the print dresses, and white caps and aprons, which make her look always so fresh and tidy. The print for the dresses is usually an imported article,



A Ward in Mount Sinai Hospital

that the school may have a monopoly of the pattern.

There was a very charming Canadian girl at one of the training schools last year; there was a young assistant in the laboratory who was also Canadian, and who naturally used to come over into the hospital, whenever it was possible, to discuss the politics of their country, and their native scenery, with his fair compatriot. One evening the nurses and doctors planned a little supper together at midnight, which is the hour that the night nurses always take for their evening meal, in the little nurses' room at the end of the ward. At midnight, accordingly, all were seated but the young Canadienne, who was busy over the stove in the nurses' kitchen, adjoining the tiny dining-room, and the young assistant from the laboratory, who was at this time an assistant in the compounding of some delicious mess in a saucepan. Suddenly the footsteps of the superintendent were heard coming down the corridor. The hasty flight in an opposite direction of the "assistant," a warning to the occupants of the dining-room, an undignified descent of the two young doctors from the window,--and when the suspicious superintendent arrived at the door there was naught

noticeable but two flushed faces and a somewhat more elaborate preparation for supper than was usual.

Verily, the poor young things need some relaxation, even though it be sometimes a little at variance with the prescribed forms. Twelve hours on their feet, attending to the wants of querulous patients, performing menial and often disagreeable tasks with cheerfulness and attention, doing every part of their work with the utmost precision and care, knowing that a human life depends upon it, witnessing operations, which make the blood run cold only to think of,--a little letting off of steam, sometimes, can be easily forgiven them. It is rarely that the doctors can be beguiled from the seriousness of their responsible positions,--their times for fun are few and far between.

A most charming and lady-like girl, who had her diploma from the Post Graduate, told me quite simply, and as a matter of not at all exceptional occurrence, of a patient whom she had to care for, whose clothes, when she came in, were in such a filthy condition that they had to be immediately burned; think of what it must have been to a refined and sensitive girl to wash such an object as that!

After she has gone through it all, and



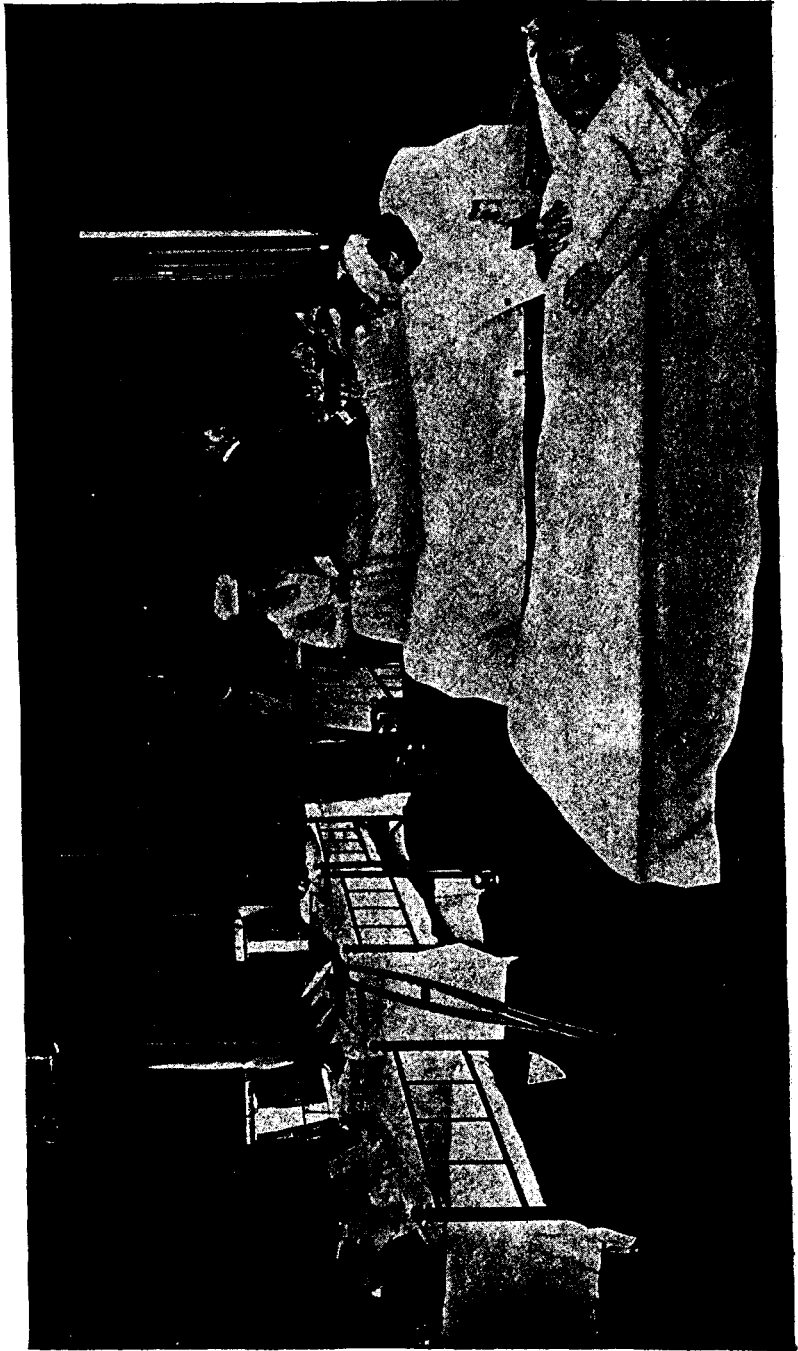
A group of nurses of St. Luke's Hospital

obtained her diploma, our young friend will probably join with several other nurses and take furnished rooms somewhere in a nice, though not expensive, locality,—the expenses being shared by the party. Her name and address are registered at the training school on payment of a small fee, so the superintendent can send for her in case an outside order for a nurse comes in,—and she will also register at Ellis's, at the corner of Thirty-fourth street and Broadway. There is a surgical instrument store on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-second street, where she may register without payment of any fee, and if she is fortunate enough to have a friend in one of the doctors he can very frequently do her a good turn when his patients ask him to recommend a nurse. Private patients pay from twenty dollars to twenty-five dollars a week; I have known of a case of special difficulty where thirty-five was paid for the services of a young graduate of St. Luke's. Had our friend constant employment she would soon amass quite a small fortune; but nursing is wearing work, and even could she have as much to do as she would like, the chances are that she would often

be obliged to take a rest. As to the forms of disease requiring her services she would be prepared for anything, the preference, naturally, being given to non-contagious cases,—pneumonia, typhoid, phthisis, the now fashionable epidemic (la grippe), not to forget that intangible and wholly unsatisfactory complaint—so dear to Americans of both sexes—nervous prostration!

Out of fifty nurses in the New York Hospital at the present time, nine are Canadians. At one time the number of applications from Canadians was so large that steps had to be taken to provide against the hospital being entirely filled by them. No Canadians are now admitted

there without a personal interview, and a very satisfactory letter of introduction. Those who are at work in the hospital are well thought of,—their bright faces and careful attention to their various duties making them favourites with both doctors and patients. The superintendents of all the training schools tell the same story,—the young Canadians make good nurses, their work is very satisfactory. Three of the Canadian nurses at the New York hospital are the daughters of Presbyterian ministers; one of the trio is a most charming young woman of twenty-six, who comes from Windsor, Ontario. Her name is Katherine,—I cannot refrain from giving her pet name in conjunction with her surname, it is all so delightfully Scotch,—Kitty Macdiarmid; she has the clear complexion and red lips that characterize so many of our healthy Canadian girls; she is bright and quick as a flash, and, as I talked, seemed to understand what was in my mind almost before the ideas took shape. She has been in the training school since November, 1890, and so has still ten months' service before she will be able to start out on her own account. She intends, as soon as she has obtained her



A Woman's Ward in the Post Graduate Hospital.



diploma, to join with other friends in taking apartments and do private nursing. Miss Macdiarmid's ardour for the life she has chosen was very apparent, when she told me that she and a friend of the same mind as herself had waited several years till they were old enough to be taken at the New York school as probationers. There no probationer is received who is under the age of twenty-five years; at most of the other institutions the age is twenty-one. Miss Macdiarmid is a cousin of Dr. Jas. Stewart, of McGill College, and it was by his advice that she came to New York to adopt her present profession. She has already had the three months' course of obstetrical training, which is necessary; that of course cannot be obtained at her own hospital; the New York nurses get their obstetrical training at the Sloane Maternity Hospital, on Fifty-ninth street and Tenth Avenue. The nurses of other training schools go to either the Sloane, the Nursery and Child's Hospital, on Fifty-first street and Lexington Avenue, or to the Foundling Asylum on East Sixty-eighth street; these are the only hospitals in New York where the necessary training is to be procured. There are nine doctors in attendance at the New York hospital, six of whom sleep in the building; the hospital will accommodate about two hundred patients.

Miss Mary Kirby, of St. Catherines, Ont., is one of the most interesting of the young Canadians who are earning their living by nursing in New York. In her case it seems to be a very good living indeed. Since the date of her graduation last May she has not had a day to herself; she seems to be in constant demand, and at this, when I came to know her, I was not at all surprised; she is so bright and cheery and good to look upon. Twenty-five dollars a week, with board and lodging, is not a sum to be despised, and this is what Miss Kirby has realized these first nine months of her independence. There are many hard-working men in city offices who do not earn nearly so much as thirteen hundred dollars a year, and have to feed and lodge themselves.

Miss Kirby is of the favourite age, 26; she entered the Mount Sinai training school in May, 1889, but had, for six months previously, given her services to the Cancer Hospital, on One hundred and Sixth street and Eighth Avenue. This experience was of no advantage to her in entering the training school, as there is a



Miss Kirby.

prejudice against those who have had previous hospital work; in fact, at the "New York" only inexperienced persons are admitted.

There are two reasons for Miss Kirby's success, apart from the most potent—her own attractiveness and exceptional qualifications. She lives in a house that has for nine years been well known to the surrounding medical fraternity as being the abode of hard-working and satisfactory nurses. During the nine years there have, of course, been many changes; at present there are eleven nurses in the little band, who are ready at all times to attend to any "case" requiring their services. Out of the eleven young workers living in the Seventy-fifth street flat Miss Kirby is the only Canadian. The other fact, which may account partially for her success in her field of labour, is the friendship of a well-known physician of Seventy-fifth street, who sends for Miss Kirby whenever the services of a professional nurse are required for any of his patients. I was surprised to see the healthy look of the industrious young nurse when I heard how continuous had been her work; I put it down, with national pride, to the sound Canadian stock from which she is descended.

The training schools are very particular in their selection of probationers, some, of course, being more strict and exclusive than others. Out of fifty applicants at the "New York" last year only fifteen were accepted. These would-be nurses are not, however, easily daunted. An

enthusiast in her profession, whom I met at the New York hospital, assured me that had she been rejected at the New York she would have gone to another hospital, and, failing that, to another, till she had tried every training school in the city, so determined was she to be a nurse. The nurses at the New York are extremely fortunate in their surroundings. Their superintendent, Miss Sutcliffe, is admired and adored by them all for her skill in the work in which they are striving to become perfect, her never failing penetration and astuteness, and her unvarying kindness and consideration for those under her guidance. The superintendents of the principal other schools are, with a few exceptions, new in their present positions, but Miss Neilson, of the Post Graduate, will certainly make things prosper under her vigorous and capable management. At St. Luke's I had not the pleasure of seeing the superintendent, but if she enjoys as great affection, from those under her care, as is displayed by the graduates for Miss Maxwell, the late superintendent, who is now at the Presbyterian hospital (Seventieth street and Madison Avenue) she will be indeed fortunate.

At the New York training school (Fifth Avenue and Fifteenth street) the quarters are delightfully cosy; two nurses of the same class share a sitting-room, out of which opens, from either side, a little bedroom; in this way the girls have companionship, while enjoying the privilege of a bedroom alone. The rooms are prettily furnished, and are made home-like by the many little ornaments provided by the young women themselves. There are twelve girls to each floor, and every floor has two bathrooms; this is a convenience much appreciated by all. In summer there is a canvas awning on the roof of the building, under which hammocks and reclining chairs invite the tired nurses to the rest they so much need. Miss Sutcliffe is very careful to let all her young recruits have their daily hour's recreation and their half holidays; it is only on a very exceptional occasion that one of these has to be curtailed or omitted.

At the New York the work of the nurses depends entirely upon their standing; for the first six months they are "juniors," and are obliged to do all the least pleasant work of the ward, and be subject to the directions of the two seniors and the head nurse. After the passing of the first examination they are "seniors"

for one year; another examination and they are "head nurses;" six months of this and the last examination gives the anxiously looked-for diploma.

To Miss Henderson, of Montreal, who, in a few weeks, will have completed her course in this school, I owe thanks for much kindness and thoughtful consideration; at her own request I refrain from speaking particularly of her personality and attainments.

Miss Bridges, a native of Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island, who is a "senior" in the New York, is one of the happiest mortals it has been my good fortune to meet; she seems to be always bubbling over with mirth when not occupied with her serious duties. No patient could be very lugubrious with so much brightness near him. Miss Bridges came to New York with Miss Sinnet, of Sussex, N.B., and two other friends,—all four determined on the same life; Miss Sinnet is now working at the New York. When Miss Bridges has her diploma she will undertake private nursing for a few months; after that time, I fancy, her nursing, if any, will be of a home character. From the pretty blushes that overspread the fair young nurse's face, when I asked her intentions for the future, I should judge that some fine fellow has already a mortgage on her time after she has left the sheltering arms of the training school.

An Irishman, whom Miss Bridges was attending in the hospital, asked her, one day, the name of her native place. When she answered "Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island," he smiled all over his face, and said: "Great place for spuds, ain't it, Miss?" Miss Bridges agreed with much pride that "spuds," as he designated the succulent and nourishing potato, were well and easily raised in the place that gave her birth.

Miss Agnes Ewart, who lives at No. 163 East Thirty-seventh street, and whose home is Stratford, Ont., comes from the Post Graduate training school. She also is twenty-six years old, and graduated in '89; since then she has been employed at private cases. She is one of those delightfully independent women who are self-sufficient and self-supporting, without losing anything of the charm of an essentially womanly woman.

The only nurse whom I have met in New York who belongs to the French element of our Canadian population is Miss Berthe Berthelot. Although young (she is but

twenty-two) she has shown herself to be a girl of much perseverance and determination. She was born and brought up in Montreal, and for several years, previous to her arrival in New York, taught music and painting in her native city. She had always had a great desire for the life of a nurse, and, having a sister employed in New York, came here in July, 1889, for the purpose of adopting it as a profession. She found, to her great disappointment, that she could be admitted to no training school till she had attained the age of twenty-one years; nothing daunted she determined to wait, employing herself in the meantime with giving lessons in the two subjects which she was qualified to teach. On August 17th, 1890, she entered Mount Sinai training school (Lexington Avenue and Sixty-fifth street).

Miss Berthelot is a French Canadian of the most charming type; black eyes and hair, lovely long lashes shading her face, petite in form, vivacious in temperament, one could almost desire the clutches of the deadly La Grippe, could the poison of his breath be accompanied by such an antidote. Miss Berthelot stands in the cut of Mount Sinai ward, holding a cup and saucer at the bedside of one of the patients; this very imperfect representation of her is the only one of which she is possessed. After much persuasion the young Canadiane admitted that her ambition might lead her to higher flights, and that, when her nurse's training was completed, her great desire was to study medicine. May all success attend her efforts!

Miss Brennen, the superintendent at Bellevue, told me that if she wished she could fill the hospital with Canadians; she receives daily applications from all parts of Canada. "We do not wish to be selfish," she said, with a charming smile, "and we do not mind admitting a few foreigners, but as the hospital is supported by American money we naturally must give the preference to those of our own country." Bellevue is the oldest of the New York hospitals; it is on Twenty-sixth street, so far over on the east side of the city as to be close to the water.

Mrs. Lucas, of Stratford, Ont., has her home at 141 East Thirty-third street. Her husband, who was a physician, left her at the age of twenty with two little boys to bring up, and as they grew older she wished to do something to help with their education and support. She was president of the W. C. T. U. in Stratford, and wished to qualify herself to take

charge of a hospital which the society proposed to establish. She came to New York in January, 1890, went through the Post Graduate course, and is now engaged in private nursing. She has now no intention of returning to practice her profession in her own country, her reasons being two-fold. "In the first place," she said, "one can earn so much more here; in New York people are so used to nurses that they send for them on the slightest provocation; in Canada people must be almost at the point of death before they will send for a professional nurse. And, then, one is treated differently here!" "Would not Canadians treat a nurse courteously and kindly then? surely it would be so among our own gentlefolk," I expostulated. "Well," she said, "it wouldn't be the same thing. Here I have nursed among the very best people in the city, and they have received me into their homes as one of themselves, consulted my wishes, thought for me in every way; a nurse would not be treated so in our own country."

Perhaps Mrs. Lucas is right, but if so I feel sure that it is only the fact of a trained nurse being an unusual inmate of one's house that could make one forgetful of her comfort, and not any want of consideration for the feelings of a person in her position.

There are some very interesting Canadian nurses at St. Luke's; had I space I would speak of Miss Morrison of St. John, N.B., of Miss Wood of Ottawa, and others.

Miss Horne, of Montreal, who graduated in '91, and has been holding the position of night superintendent at St. Luke's, is one of a trio of Montrealers who intend going very shortly to establish their headquarters at No. 622 Lexington Avenue, for private nursing. Miss Horne's companions are Miss Stevenson and Miss Young, daughter of the Hon. John Young; judging from the history of their career up to the present time I have no doubt that they will be successful in their new sphere of work.

The nurses have many amusing stories to tell of their experiences with patients, many of whom (I speak now of those in hospital) are grossly ignorant of all but what poverty and daily "evil communications" can teach them.

The little thermometer, with which the temperature is ascertained, is regarded with great suspicion and dislike by almost all the ward patients. They cannot un-

derstand it, and therefore look upon it as something to be dreaded. The nurse's first instruction has to be, "don't bite it!" as they almost always look upon it as medicine in some strange form, and having made up their mind to take it into their mouths endeavour to extract all possible good from it.

"I guess it ain't much use my taking *that* any more," said one woman, regarding the inoffensive thermometer with undisguised scorn; "I've taken it for four days now, and I ain't a bit the better for it."

At an operation there is no noise, no confusion; each has his or her work to do, and all is done quietly and promptly. The nurses have to accustom themselves to these scenes. Sometimes nerves prove too weak for the strain, and there is a sudden collapse on the part of the young nurse, but, as one of them put it: "One isn't obliged to *look* the first few times, and after a while one gets interested in the operation and forgets to mind."

SOPHIE M. ALMON HENSLEY

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## APRIL.

I hear the murmuring of a neighbouring stream,  
 As bursting from the Ice-King's mystic spell  
 With jocund laugh it rushes down the dell  
 Exhorting Winter to give up her dream  
 Of cold disdain. The hot sun's golden beam  
 Shoots thro' the glen, and sweeping o'er the swell,  
 A brighter joy, a fairer hope doth tell,  
 And bids lethargic Nature sportive seem.

Hark! thro' the woodland sounds the raven's cry;  
 The robins chirp and blue-birds float on wing.  
 The cold brown fields put on their mantles green,  
 And balmy breezes, coming like a sigh,  
 Convey such gladsome whisperings of Spring,  
 That with a frown the Ice-King quits the scene.

—MALCOLM W. SPARROW.



Mr. Brander Matthews, in *The Cosmopolitan* for February, asserts that British books of reference, though improving, "are still spoiled for Americans by a fatal defect. The 'poor islanders' (a phrase of Mr. Howell's, and a favourite of Mr. Matthews, who actually comments on its omission in "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations!") are of necessity insular, and in their books of reference they are content to survey only a British horizon." I am not going to discuss the question whether British books of reference have this fault to a greater degree than those of other nations. An empire with a footing on every continent, and holding the keys of "the gates of the earth," certainly *should* not be especially addicted to unduly magnifying near objects and interests; yet it may be. But surely Mr. Matthews's patriotism must blind him when he states that "American books of reference, it is a pleasure to say, are free from the corresponding defect, for obvious reasons: the American compiler is never forgetful of the claims of the other half of the English-speaking race, and in any American cyclopaedia or dictionary you will find full credit and due proportion given to the British." Among the American publications which he mentions with deserved approval is Mr. John Foster Kirk's "Supplement to Allibone's Dictionary," which he thinks an improvement upon the useful but inaccurate work of Allibone. The Supplement, he finds, even pays undue deference to British authors and, in a few specified instances, gives them more space than Americans of equal merit. This book, however, can hardly be quoted as evidence of the impartiality of United States compilers, for it is the supplement to what purports to be an exhaustive "Dictionary of English Literature and of British and American Authors, Living and Deceased;" and, besides, its compiler happens to be a Canadian, born in New

Brunswick and educated in Nova Scotia. On reading Mr. Matthews's tribute to the "cosmopolitan completeness" of American books of general reference, I opened one, and only one, "Rand & McNally's Indexed Atlas of the World," Chicago, 1885. It may not be a representative work of its class, but as to the relative space assigned to the United States and the rest of the world, I think it is not a peculiar specimen. Of its 918 pages, the first 35 are devoted to common statistics; pages 36 to 239 exhaust the world outside of America; pages 240 to 319 are allotted to America outside of the United States; while the United States monopolize the remaining 599 pages. To Ireland, which has furnished so many millions to the population of the States, and whose merits and wrongs assume such imposing proportions in election years, just five pages (53 to 57) are assigned. I remember seeing a few years ago a nicely got-up American book entitled "Living Leaders of the World," and feeling rather crushed by the strange coincidence that, while an immense majority of the "men of light and leading" were citizens of the United States, only one of them, I think, belonged to the neighbouring Dominion of Canada.

\* \* \*

It has been the experience of several educated Irishmen travelling in the United States to be called Englishmen, and to have their attempted correction of the mistake treated as a joke. Travelled Americans of course understand that there are Irishmen and Irishmen; but it is a sad fact that, owing to the comparatively small number of cultivated people who emigrate from the Green Isle to the States, the popular idea of an Hibernian among our neighbours is not an exalted one. To some he is merely a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. An acquaintance of mine, having bought an

article in a New England shop and desiring to have it sent at once to his hotel, was informed by the salesman with regret that it could not be forwarded for an hour or so, as "the Irishman was out" just then. In the same spirit Americans have dubbed their servant girls "biddies." None have a poorer conception of the Irish than the Yankee politicians who fawn on them and trade upon their anti-British prejudices. The two great political comic papers of the United States, *Puck* and *The Judge*, easily beat *Punch*, and vie with each other, in presenting grotesque and bestialized types of Irish men and women. And the tail-twisters chuckle over these libels on the race they fool and flatter. It was an American, I believe, who defined an Irishman as "the largest of the anthropoid apes, next to the gorilla; semi-domesticated and having a vote." Very likely he was a loud-mouthed "friend of Ireland."

\* \* \*

Sir Edwin Arnold, in his "Seas and Lands" (reprinted from the *Daily Telegraph*), well terms the inscription on the Wolfe and Montcalm monument in Des Carrières street, Quebec, "nobly epigrammatic:"—

MORTEM VIRTUS COMMUNEM  
FAMAM HISTORIA  
MONUMENTUM POSTERITAS  
DEDIT.

This he prettily translates as follows, "for the benefit of all patriotic English-women:"—

"Their valour gave a common fate,  
Their worth a common fame;  
English and French we here inscribe,  
In common love, each name."

The epigrammatic character of the inscription might, however, be preserved in verse without wandering so far from the original:—

A common death their valour gave;  
Common their fame in story;—  
Meet that a common monument  
Attest their deathless glory.

\* \* \*

In a manuscript of a past generation I lately read a Latin inscription less impressive, perhaps, but more ingenious than the above. Whether it has been printed or not I cannot say. According to the manuscript the couplet was found in an old churchyard in Hampstead, near London:—

Mors mortis morti mortem ni morte dedisset,  
Electis vitæ janua clausa foret.

Of course one cannot reproduce in English the peculiar ingenuity of "de-

clining" a Latin noun through five cases, and yet observing a metrical form and making sense—in spite of the inevitable redundancy. But ladies may get some idea of it from this free translation:—

The death by death of Death that dealt its death to  
Death  
Key of the door of Life hath made the final breath;  
or by this:

But that His death, by death of Death,  
Its death to Death had given,  
Never a Christian's dying breath  
Had oped the gate of Heaven.

\* \* \*

Even his veneration for Tennyson does not prevent Mr. Labouchere from sharply criticising the Laureate's action in selling his lines on the death of the Duke of Clarence. "Lord Tennyson's official work belongs to the nation," says *Truth*, "and he had no business to make a market out of it. He receives an annual salary, as well as a Civil List pension of £200 a year, and his sole duty is to write something that commemorates such occasions as these." Not overscrupulous as a partisan, outside the domain of politics Mr. Labouchere is certainly a fearless foe of frauds and humbugs, large and small; daring even to expose wrongs sheltered behind great names, and wholly undaunted by the risk of pecuniary or social penalties. A journalist who would attack noxious faults and follies in the short, sharp and incisive paragraphs of Mr. Labouchere, and in a paper as independent and widely circulated as *Truth*, would do a world of good in Canada. The *Week* has done much useful work, and so has *The Mail* since its emancipation from party control. Were I a benevolent millionaire, my gift to the Dominion would be a big independent paper with an aggressive editor, to hold office, and be secured from damages, so long as he continued firm and fair.

\* \* \*

I see in the English papers that a French cook named Chevalier, who was lately imported by the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, has had a lively experience. He was discharged on the day of his arrival because his first dinner was a failure. Objecting to leave without his wages, he was hustled out; and because he took a piece of cutlery as security for his wages, he was arrested for theft. And to crown the sorrows of the fallen *chef*, somebody had the shamelessness to observe in his hearing that he was *not* the "*Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*."

F. BLAKE CROFTON.



# CURLING

IN CANADA

## PART II.



THE history of curling in Canada is one of at first slow, but latterly of very rapid development. The Montreal Curling Club dates from 1807, the Quebec Curling Club from 1821. It may be that the Halifax or Pictou clubs date as far back as these, but I have been unable to ascertain. The game was introduced into "Upper Canada," or Ontario, by old country Scotchmen about 1830, and very shortly afterwards the Flamboro and the Fergus Clubs were organized. The curling implements in these early days, a Galt in 1834, for instance, were blocks of beech wood bound with iron. Some of

these strange looking things were yet in existence a few years ago, and I would suggest that a pair should be procured for the museum of the York Pioneers. In other parts of the province hollow irons were employed. The pattern of iron "stones" now used by players in the cities of Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa, as well as in the Eastern Townships of Quebec Province are well fitted for the delicate play found possible in zero weather. In Ontario, a few places east of Lake Ontario excepted, in Manitoba and the Territories, in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and in the United States granite stones are used, which are made in Scotland.

The brotherhood of curlers in Canada is no inconsiderable one to-day. So well recognized is it that the two great railways make special terms for players who interchange visits between various points, sometimes as far distant as Montreal and Toronto, 333 miles. The hundred clubs scattered all over Ontario are arranged in sixteen groups of six or seven clubs each; the clubs in each group play each other and the surviving club in each competition sends two rinks to Toronto year by year to compete in "The Final for the Ontario Tankard," that greatest of events for an Ontario curler. Morn, noon and night the contest of the picked men of these sixteen clubs goes on; morn, noon and night their partisans—many of whom have come to witness the game from the Peterboro Lakes, the Rivers Trent and St. Clair, the Georgian Bay, stand by cheering or consoling them. First, eight against eight; then the survivors, four against four; next two against two; and then, most exciting scene of all, the last and presumably best teams of the



J. S. Russell, Secretary Ontario Branch R.C.C.C.

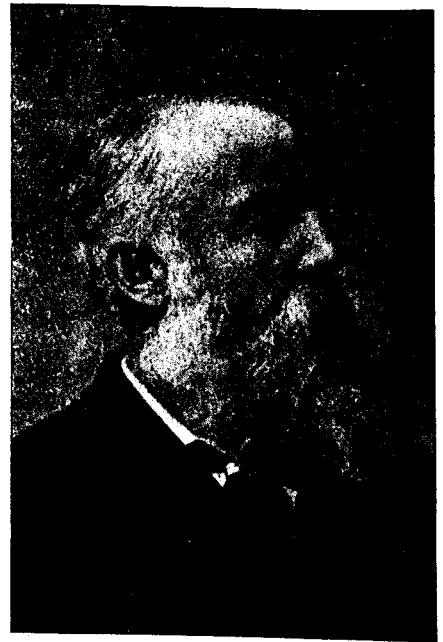


"Delivering the first stone."

year, pitted against each other on two rinks, eight men a side. In other provinces there are like gatherings for the same purpose yearly. These final contests are singularly quiet as a rule; the men, who have necessarily been curling for most of two days, in successive games of three hours duration each, are too tired or too near the winning post to waste their breath in hurraing. Rarely does the skip allow his men to indulge in pipe or cigar, and warily does he watch their eating and drinking. The playing of each stone is prescribed with exactness and its course watched or swept with care. The practical skips, where they find "draws" impracticable, "ports" blocked up, "guards" laid in awkward places, "chap-and-lie" impossible, resort to side shots, wicks, raises and such expedients as remain to them for getting a stone near the tee. Now is the test of the cool player as contrasted with the excitable one. There stands the umpire, well muffled up, his tape line ready to measure a disputed shot; the *Annual* of the R.C.C.C. in his pocket from which to quote the rule governing an unusual position. End after end the gathering of spectators changes its position with the change of play and towards the close the crowd increases, gas is lighted, a buzz of excitement begins among the bystanders, quelled as a skip demands silence that the player's response to his instructions may be heard. So the game draws to its close, the scores are compared, the result announced, and then the building resounds with cheers for the victors, who are praised,

hugged, toasted and made much of for the rest of the night. But they have never been known to forget to ask for "the dear old mug," as the Ontario Silver Tankard is called, in order that they might carry it home in triumph for a year, and with it the embroidered banner which remains the property of the winning club.

The holders of the tankard in 1891 were the Hamilton Thistle club, who that year defeated the Toronto Prospect Park. The doughty Thistles have won it three times



F. S. Malloch, President Hamilton Thistle C. C.





"Draw to the shot."

before. In 1889 and 1890 Walkerton and Galt were its respective winners, and the Toronto Granite club was the last survivor against both of these. The Granites won the Tankard in 1886 against Guelph; the Paris and Thamesville clubs respectively carrying off the trophy in the two succeeding years. Again in 1892 the Toronto Granites are winners of the tankard. The final contest came off at the ice of the Victoria Club in Toronto on a soft day at the close of February. Pitted against the rinks of Dalton and Matthews for the Granites were the rinks of the redoubtable Peterboro' Club, skipped by Ferguson and Rutherford. It was a long game, half of it played through water quarter-inch deep on the ice, and physical strength is the great requisite on such a surface. Sweeping was useless—except for the fun of the thing—and fine shots were out of the question. The conundrum with each player was: "How much strength will it take to get this stone to the rings and, not less important, have I got strength enough in my body to get there?" Four hours these perspiring heroes struggled; four hours their admirers ran up and down the galleries of the rink at intervals, shouting their applause. The Granites won by a narrow majority, and both the tired and happy winners and their stalwart opponents were handsomely entertained at night by the *pro tem* hosts of both. It was intended to have the tankard winners of different provinces visit Ottawa during March this year and compete for the trophy given by the Governor General of Canada upon the rink at Rideau Hall. But the weather and other circumstances were not propitious.

For the Quebec Challenge Cup clubs are supposed to compete annually. But outside the cities of Montreal and Quebec, where the game is kept cheerily alive, there are too few clubs in the province to make the provincial competition as keen as is desirable. In Three Rivers are good curlers, Sherbrooke has a live club, St. John's ditto, and in the counties on the south shore near Montreal, notably Chateauguay, are knights of the broom who well maintain their knighthood. Last year the Quebec Challenge Cup was

won by the Ottawas, they beating the Rideaus, who had defeated the Montreal Club. In the two years preceding the cup had been won each time by the Montreal Club; this year, I believe, the Thistles have it. In the curling picture, by Notman, which formed one of the illustrations to the first of these papers, are some familiar personages among Montreal curlers. The stately figure of the late Col. Dyde is conspicuous; so, too, are those of the late David Green-shields, of David Brown, and the ever-young Col. Stevenson. Duncan McIn-



John Wright, President Toronto C. C.

tyre is there, also, and Hon. Geo. Drummond. No mention of Montreal curlers is complete without mention of those fine curlers, the various Williamsons.

In Ontario many of the towns and smaller cities have covered rinks for curling and skating, from Port Hope and Whitby in the east to Barrie in the north, St. Mary's and Sarnia in the west. The cities of Guelph and Brantford, and the towns of Lindsay and Peterboro', have provided excellent accommodation. Perhaps the two places last named have a longer and later season of "ice" than any other: certainly among their residents are many curling experts and enthusiasts. Toronto has long since been dubbed, by J. S. Russell, the veteran secretary of the Ontario branch, the curlers' paradise: assuredly it is well termed the curlers' headquarters. Having upwards of six

age, has taken a place in the front rank for numbers and for skilful curling. The Caledonian and Moss Park clubs of Toronto, though possessing very extensive premises,—the huge rink of the former has over 150,000 feet of floor space,—have but a limited membership compared with the other city organizations. On a Saturday afternoon, in the height of a good curling and skating season, the sheds and grounds of the Toronto Granite Club exhibit a scene which, for extent and variety of winter sport of the kind, cannot be excelled, if indeed it can be equalled. While skating goes on in part of the out-door ice a hockey match between uniformed players engages the rapt attention of crowds in the smaller shed. The "big rink" is filled with curlers—forty-eight of them, on six rinks of ice—in Tam O'Shanters or slouch hats, running or sweeping, hurrahing or



"Stick to it—sweep hard."

hundred curlers in five clubs, which have six sheds, no week goes by that does not witness inter-club contests, in which the local players vie with each other or else oppose their visitors from other cities and towns. The Hamilton curlers, who are close at hand, and who dearly love to win—being used to it—are frequent visitors. The Toronto Curling Club, the oldest of these organizations in the western capital, has fine quarters in the new and handsome premises of the Victoria Club, on Huron street, at the north-west of the city, which are the scene of summer as well as winter recreations, out-doors and in. Here they dispense the good old-fashioned hospitality in new-fashioned surroundings. Farthest east in the city is placed the covered rink and bowling-green of the Prospect Park Club, which, though but five years of

scolding. In the galleries or platforms, or in the up-stairs room, are spectators—men and women—amused with the sight and amazed at the sounds. The ice, which has been scraped and newly sprinkled in the midnight hours, is perfect. Outside, in a space 140 feet by 100, are more curlers, warmly clad, enjoying their cigars and delighting in the sunshine, while girls and boys among the skaters look on at the game with curious interest. At night, when the sheds are ablaze with electric light, the curlers ply their brooms while the skaters whirl away to the strains of a band.

Mr. A. O. Skinner, president of the Maritime branch of the R.C.C.C., is a curler of at least twenty years' standing, and is vice-president of the St. Andrew's Club of St. John. In a courteous letter,



A. O. Skinner, President Maritime Branch R. C. C. C.

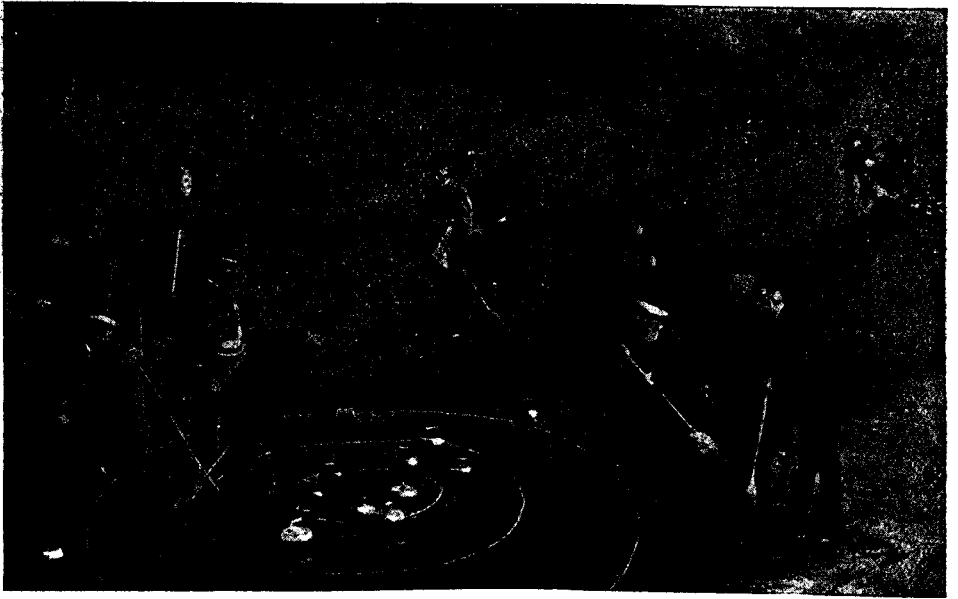
responding to my request for information, he writes: "I should like to see these articles produce visits from the Upper Canada curlers to our curlers down here; and afterwards we could make a trip to Montreal and Toronto, and so help to give the good old game a boom in the provinces." From the Annual of the Maritime branch I learn that the New Brunswick curling clubs include those of Bathurst, Chatham, Fredericton, Moncton, Newcastle, St. Stephen, St. John and Campbellton. In St. John there are two strong clubs, the St. Andrew's and the Thistle, with 175 members between them. The list of clubs in affiliation with the branch does not include all those in the provinces. Seventeen Maritime clubs in all have been named to me, and there may be twenty or more in existence. I am told that curling was first practised in New Brunswick by the officers of the "Black Watch" Highland regiment, stationed at St. John in 1853. In December of the following year the Fredericton Club was organized; the St. Andrew's Club of St. John about the same time, and the Thistle Club of that

city in 1874. Mr. Henry Duffil, Jr., secretary of the club last named, favours me with a historical sketch of the origin and growth of the St. Andrew's Curling Club, which is delightful reading to any one who cares for the game, but cannot be used in a paper such as this. That club, it seems, has a four-sheet covered curling rink; the Thistle has two inside and two outside sheets of ice, while all the other New Brunswick clubs have two-rink sheds, mostly lighted by electricity, and used by night as well as by day. One is scarcely prepared to learn, as I do, that outside of St. John the liveliest curling centre in that province is St. Stephen, on the borders of Maine: "the utmost enthusiasm is displayed there, alike by players—among whom are several Chipmans—and other inhabitants;" but, we learn further, "the game is growing every year more popular in the province." Among those deserving mention as prominent New Brunswick curlers of a past or the present day are Loggie and Johnson of Chatham, J. H. Thomson of the Thistles, E. H. Allen of Fredericton, E. Lee Street of Newcastle, Baldwin of Bathurst, Nevins of Moncton. And there is a tradition—nay, I must be careful, for it is stated to me as a fact, that in the year 1860 Jas. Milligan, of the St. Andrew's Club of St. John, secured an *eight end* during a game with the Pictou Club; that is, all the stones of his rink counted in one end, a most unusual feat.

The clubs in Nova Scotia are the well-known "Bluenose," at New Glasgow; the "New Caledonian," at Pictou; the



Measuring for Shot.



Representative Montreal Curlers of 1888

"Stellar," at Stellarton; the "Cape Breton," at North Sydney, and the Antigonish, Truro and Halifax clubs at the places named. Windsor organized a club a year or two ago and it is still in existence, but does not venture out to join in provincial competitions. Truro has a particularly strong club, and the clubs at New Glasgow and Pictou are always prominent. I understand that there is a club in Charlottetown, but it does not appear to have taken part in interprovincial competitions, possibly because the crossing of the strait to and from Prince Edward Island in winter is too uncertain an undertaking.

Hundreds in Canada will recall the bonspiel in the Montreal flour sheds one Carnival year, when the fresh-complexioned curlers from our Atlantic coast, the Halifax and Bluenose clubs, I think, had a hard tussle with the less cheerful but equally hard-headed Milwaukee players. And there was a well-fought battle on the Thistle ice in Montreal, when the Halifax rink skipped by Jock Johnstone, of happy memory, with Willie Hedley for third, played to a close finish against a rink from the West. Both Jock and his vice-skip have since been gathered to their fathers. And of the renowned Red Jacket rink of Toronto, so doughty on the ice twenty or more years ago, but two members survive. The Pictou Club boasts some veterans, "Danny" McDon-

ald, Yorston and Hockin, for example. The Truro Club, too, has many strong players,—among them H. C. Blair, Dr. Mackay, Stanley Murphy, and the veteran Geo. Gunn. I am told that at present the Halifax club is "short" on crack players, though Edwards (the president), Aubrey Smith and L. R. Kaye are good curlers, and there are some younger members who play well. I observe in its list of "Extraordinary Members" some well-known names, such as Kenny, Burns, Ritchie, Henry, with some titled gentlemen among its honorary members. Mr. G. E. Faulkner has been for some time its secretary, succeeding Edwards. For several years the annual Maritime Bonspiel had to be postponed and sometimes abandoned after all the clubs had got together, on account of bad weather. There was some intention at that time to organize a Provincial Association, but it never was carried out.

People in Ontario consider that province in an especial degree the home of curling. Many of them will be surprised, however, on learning what strides the game has taken in the far West, and how active and enterprising its votaries are. There are fifteen clubs in Manitoba and eight in the territories of Assiniboia and Alberta, the active membership of which twenty-three clubs is over 1,200. The two Winnipeg curling clubs, the Granite and the Thistle, boast respectively 150

and 116 members, and one of their rinks possesses five sheets of ice. From the Annual of the Manitoba branch we learn the surprising membership of some of the western towns, *e.g.*, Brandon club, 60

that the citizens of Winnipeg subscribed the sum of \$800 for the trophies alone, presented to winners of different events in the bonspiel held at that city in February last. There were three tankards,



S. G. Harstone, Skip. C. E. Carbert, Spare. J. C. McDonald, 2nd. C. W. Milestone, Lead. J. Paterson Jr. 3rd.  
A NOTED WINNIPEG RINK.

members; Portage la Prairie, 53; Calgary, 93; Regina, 52; Indian Head, 42; Port Arthur, 52; Rat Portage, 65. As an instance of "how they do things" in the boundless West it is worth while to relate

various cups, the international trophy, the Tuckett trophy, and several district medals. J. D. Flavelle's rink of cracks, from Lindsay, Ont., was beaten by Harstone, of the Winnipeg Granites, for the



"Play for an outwick."

All-Comers' prize, a cup and four medals, on that occasion; but he beat the celebrated rink of Sparling, from Portage la Prairie, next day for the Grand Tankard. It is significant of the interest attaching to curling in Canada, when the *Toronto Globe* of March 3rd devotes three of its columns to a circumstantial account of the *fifteen games*, two or three every day for a week, and all but two successfully, played by Lindsay men during the tour. Their names deserve further record here: J. D. Flavelle, skip; J. A. McMillan, J. M. McLennan, W. H. Simpson. One of the rinks against them was skipped by an old (and Scotch) Hudson's Bay factor, James Robertson. Another of their opponents was a St. Paul team of Scots and Americans. What wonder that such victors were banquetted and presented with an address by their townsmen on their return.

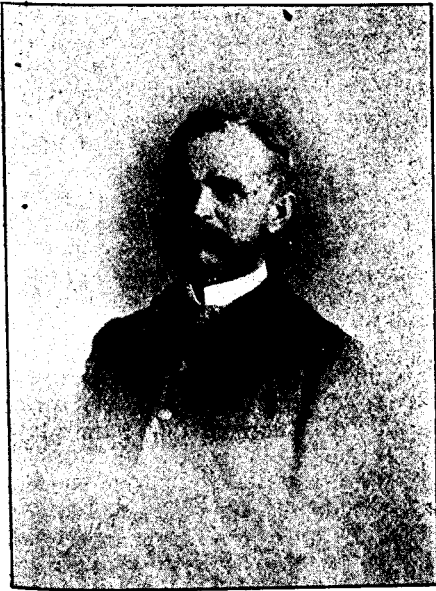
In Manitoba and the Territories there is curling galore. Winnipeg and Calgary, Portage la Prairie and Regina exchange visits, and each of these places send curlers to the *bonspeils* not only of Winnipeg but of St. Paul, Minnesota, which now boasts of being headquarters for the game in the Northwest. The mention of Regina reminds me of a letter received the other day from a whilome member of the Montreal Thistle Club, Mr. James Brown, now living in Regina. I shall quote a sentence or two: "Dae ye mind yon match at the Thistle ice in 1875, —four Fredericks, Dufferin, skip, against four Jamies, Macdougall, skip, when the

Earl beat us, much to the chagrin of 'The Boss Miller?' Man! there's only twa o's Jamies left. *Tempus fugit*, and is ever changing, but we may live to meet yet and hae a chat o'er the auld days. Gude grant it."

The scale on which these western men arrange their *bonspeils* is something princely. The tankards, and the gold medals by the dozen, offered as prizes would bankrupt many an eastern club. But they are excellent curlers, and their hospitality is beyond praise. One rink from Winnipeg, of which Mr. S. Harstone was the skip, came down to the last Montreal Winter Carnival and visited Ontario cities, defeating almost everybody they encountered. But *en revanche* the celebrated rink, skipped by J. D. Flavelle, of Lindsay, went to Manitoba and Minnesota, and won ten out of twelve matches played, their winning majorities aggregating 87 points against losses of 12. The curlers of Manitoba have an association of their own, similar to the Quebec, the Ontario, and the Maritime Province branches of the Royal Caedonian Curling Club. Canadian curling bodies received



F. Stancliffe, President Montreal C. C.



Dr. Adam Wright, President Toronto Granite C. C.

some weeks ago a list of prizes offered by St. Paul curlers to contestants in the February bonspiel in that city. Among them are tankards, valued at \$150 to \$500 each, besides a series of gold medals. These people of the American Northwest are enthusiasts—and millionaires. Testimony is borne to the character of the game by a writer in the February number of *Outing*, Mr. R. C. Whittet, of Boston, who declares his opinion that "there is infinitely more promise for a nation's manhood, spirit and muscle in curling, in which all participate, than in the so-called national game of America, wherein 5,000 men, more or less, pay fifty cents a head for the privilege of gracing the bleaching boards while eighteen professionals play for big pay to themselves and the band of speculators who own the show."

Let it be borne in mind that these recreative gatherings are those of busy men. We have no leisurely class in this country whose only lookout is how they shall kill time; and so our curlers' gatherings are made up not of dudes and indolent rich, but of the commercial, the professional and the artisan classes, who feel the need of recreation. Many of them in the cities cannot spare two hours in the daytime for a game and so they "hie with gleesome speed" to the rink at night, happy as school-boys, and for the time almost as free from care. I desire here

to quote a sentence from the recent "History of Curling," by Rev. John Kerr, F.S.A., Scot.,:—"In all national games it will be found that these elements—chance, force, fellowship and skill have their place in greater or less degree. It is so in cricket, football, golf and other really national games." And among historical references to the game of curling, we find it stated that a well-known curler and golfer, Chas. Robertson, of Cairnie, known as "Golfing Charlie," in proposing at a gathering in 1844 the health of the then juvenile Prince of Wales, added:—"If he (the Prince) is not initiated into all the mysteries of that health-restoring, strength-renovating, nerve-bracing, blue-devil-expelling, incomparable game of curling his education will be entirely bungled and neglected." Of the 20,000 members of the Royal Club in Scotland 500 are clergymen, and the testimony of one of these, Rev. C. Giffen, of Edinburgh, its present chaplain, is:—"I have learned some of the best lessons of how to deal with men by playing side by side with them upon the ice."

The curling rinks of to-day merit a paragraph to themselves, so conspicuous a feature are they in winter sports in this country, especially as they are now so much in request for the game of hockey on skates. Nothing, perhaps, is more distinguished in its way than the Victoria Rink in Montreal, whose great proportions, 220 by 100 feet inside measurement,—the sheet of ice being about 170 by 80 feet—render it so attractive for fancy dress *fêtes* during the winter carnivals, for which that city is celebrated. But this is a skating rink, and only used once, so far as I know, for the purpose of a curlers' bonspiel. In Toronto, however, there are five huge rinks, the smallest of which is 75 by 140 feet, the largest 100 by 200 feet and 50 feet high, used mainly for curling. Visitors from the States who remark them are in the habit of asking, "Are these big brick buildings drill-sheds or roller skating rinks, or what are they?" The reason they are so big is in order to accommodate a large number of players under cover at one time. A space of 130 by 16 feet is required for a single game of four men against four, as may be seen by the diagram of the ice in our first paper, page 115. If forty-eight men wish to play at once, as they often do, it is obvious that six times as many feet in width is necessary. There must be plenty of light, and so windows are numerous,



John Robertson, President Montreal Caledonia C. C.

either in the roof or at both sides and ends, sometimes thirty feet high from sill to top. The floors are made of boards, carefully levelled and jointed, on which ice is made by careful "washing" and subsequent sprinkling. The rings, "hog scores" and "hack-lines" are cut in the ice, and to make them more distinct blue paint is put into them. Platforms are arranged at the ends, and there are rows and tiers of boxes to contain the curling stones, of which each great club boasts from one to two hundred pairs. Galleries for spectators are in most cases provided. Hamilton and Ottawa have fine, commodious buildings, with club rooms, etc. In Winnipeg is a fine rink with five sheets of ice. In Montreal the Montreal club has the largest premises of any club, with three rinks of ice. Truro has, I believe, the largest curling and skating rink in the Maritime Provinces next to St. John, boasting three sheets.

Ideal curling,—the game of song, story and tradition, is curling out of doors, on pond, lake or river, in the sunshine and

fresh air, under the blue sky. It is delightful under these conditions, provided one can get satisfactory ice, but herein often lies a difficulty. The heavy falls of snow in this country, and the labour involved in clearing a space, the rapid changes from frost to thaw and back to frost again, added to the trouble of finding a convenient place for an out-door rink, has led to the building of covered sheds in many places, principally towns and cities, in Canada and the States. Sometimes there is only an earth floor, but it is found preferable to have floors of boards, carefully levelled and made water-tight. These floors are flooded with water, which, when frozen solid, gives a perfectly even surface, unspoiled by snow or dust; the players are, moreover, sheltered from the wind, which in zero weather is apt to be the reverse of comforting. If any one suggests that this "protected" sort of thing is degenerate, unromantic curling, the reply is ready that people, in this prosaic age, aim at convenience and comfort in their recreations, as well as in other matters. To the plea occasionally heard that in-door curling is "unhealthy," I attach very slight importance.

It scarcely needs, I hope, to enforce the lesson that our sports, winter or summer, should be such as will cultivate a love for athletics, a desire to see the best men win, a strenuous spirit, combined with cool judgment and self-control, such as should characterize a robust nationality. "The Saxon force, the Celtic fire," says Roberts, in his poem, "Canada,"—"these are thy manhood's heritage." Let us perpetuate them.

So may faint hearts ever gather  
From Canadian sports and play,  
Something of the force that, working,  
Hewed the forests, cleared the way.

In toil or pastime brave or strong, let us join in lacrosse, cricket, football, curling, snow-shoeing, hockey, remembering our place as "A Child of Nations, giant-limbed." Thus may we maintain, whether in enterprise or in recreation, the sound mind in the strong body, and fit ourselves to take, as years roll on, our fitting place in the world's work.

JAMES HEDLEY.



# CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON.

RECOLLECTIONS BY AN OLD STUDENT.



AT Mentone, in the south of France, as midnight was merging into morning, on the last Sunday and the last day of January, one of the kingliest souls that ever lived fell asleep on the bosom of his Lord. I cannot write of Charles Haddon Spurgeon without a conflict of emotions.

There are days in every life that can never be forgotten. Days that stand out from all the rest like pillars on the plain of memory; days that have been made radiant with the light of a great joy, or shadowed with the gloom of a great sorrow. They are the memorable milestones in the pilgrimage of years. As long as I live I will not forget that fateful first of February, the day that saw flashed across the deep to this continent the intensely painful words, "Charles Haddon Spurgeon is dead!" No language can describe the thrill of pain these words contained to the English nation, but what to those who knew him! Instantly sorrow became queen, and ruled supreme. The Anglo-Saxon world put on mourning. Reverently do I lay my wreath on his grave.

Since the morning of the first of February many have been living under the oppression of a personal bereavement. Memory, too, has been busy carrying me back, hour by hour almost, to those happy years when as a student I used to sit at his feet and hear words that since I heard them I have not heard any like them from other lips. And now there comes over me, at times overwhelmingly, the sad, sad thought that the presence I loved so dearly is vanished from earth for ever, and that the great, sweet voice is hushed in the long silence! Ah! me, how remorseless is death. How true it is that those we love best die first.

But I must not seem to be selfish in my sorrow, although much, I hope, will be forgiven an old student. The grief over the departure of him who bulked so luminously in the generation's life is universal, sincere and deep. The sense of loss that came to every Christian heart upon the news of Mr. Spurgeon's death it would be hard to exaggerate. Every child of

God of every denomination who had been helped or cheered by his almost magic words (and who had not?) felt that he had lost a friend, a brother, a counsellor,—one who had been God's minister to him. How vast the vacancy his removal to the 'Father's house' has caused! The universal feeling is that a gap has been made in the Christian fellowships of earth and in the ranks of Christian workers which, to our present conception of it, it would be impossible to repair; that the loss to the sacramental host of God's elect is as great as if a commander-in-chief had fallen in the thick of the battle. Englishmen all the world over were proud of Spurgeon. He was a national institution. His name was a household word. In the backwoods of Canada, on ranches and sheep farms in the wild West, in African huts, in lonely Highland glens, where statesmen and kings are all unknown, Mr. Spurgeon's name was known and enshrined where no other name could dispute its claim. And it deserved so to be. Although a minister of a particular body (Baptist), with the distinct, unmistakable beliefs of that body held most firmly, his heart was as big as the whole "household of faith." There never breathed a broader or more catholic soul than Charles Haddon Spurgeon. Although grateful to God for him, the Baptists claimed no monopoly in Mr. Spurgeon; and, indeed, had they ventured to do so he would have repudiated the assumption. He regarded himself as the servant of the universal church, and in this sense he was so accepted with fervent gratitude to the giver for His gift. The news of his death tolls to-day like a knell through all the churches of Christ.

Charles H. Spurgeon's family was of Dutch descent. For two hundred years and more his ancestors in England were of God's noblemen. Many of them had the high honour of knowing what it was to suffer for Christ. One, Job Spurgeon, in 1677, proved his heroism when lying in jail for his fidelity to his conscience. A good ancestry is a priceless heritage, and Spurgeon valued his more than "Norman blood."

Mr. Spurgeon was born in Kleredon, Essex, in 1834; was converted in a Methodist meeting house when fifteen years of age; became a pastor of a little Baptist church at seventeen; at twenty-one he was the great metropolitan preacher; and then began that ministry which never knew a moment's eclipse, and which with the succeeding years rose higher and higher in splendor and mightier in power until its gleam and throb penetrated and belted the world. Most men have to toil for their position; he stepped into his, and at once commanded all the avenues that lead to distinction. Coming to the metropolis of the world as a mere stripling, without any college training, he found greatness thrust upon him. There has been nothing like it before! There has been nothing like it since. His work here below is ended, so far as his personal presence is required to carry it on, at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight. But what a career of service was pressed into those years! I do not think I exaggerate when I say that Paul had not done so much in his life-time.

Mr. Spurgeon died under conditions peculiarly depressing. After his long illness of last summer he had partially recovered, and was, we were fondly hoping and praying, on the high road to perfect recovery. We were even led to believe that the prospect was that he would be in better health than he had been in for many years. Alas it was not to be. God had other, and—although with our bleared vision we may fail to see it—higher ends in store for him. After a few days of his old pains the Christ he loved so devotedly sent for him and he went away. And thus a "precious robe is lost forever from the earth."

It is most difficult to write of him whom God has glorified. The sorrow of life is sacred. I loved him as I have loved no other man. I had good reason to love him. I owe to him, under God, all I am, all I have done, or shall do in the days that still remain. He touched me into life. He awakened and moulded me. I can recall as easily as if it had happened yesterday my first interview with him. I was not eighteen years of age when we first met. His fame had penetrated into the lovely Highland valley where I was born and brought up, and meeting with some of his sermons, reveling in them, I conceived the ambition of seeking admission to his college. The audacity of my wish startled me, but it

clung to me all the same. At last, getting the consent of my father and mother, I set out for London, and a few hours after my arrival in the great city I started for the Tabernacle. Happily he could be seen. When ushered into his presence I made known my request. How gentle, how patient, how kind in every way he was with the raw Scottish youth who stood before him, and who could only in broken sentences stammer out the wish of his heart. But even in my great fear and trembling I remember distinctly the thought coming to me: "This great man does not envelope himself in any air of superiority. He looks and talks to me like a big elder brother." His words to me were so good and kind that I gradually felt at ease, but when it came to the matter in hand—admission into his college—he looked grave. He spoke of my youth, half banteringly at first, then seriously, as an obstacle in my way. I urged my case. He advised me to go back to my native heather and remain until my beard grew (liberally). I grew bold enough to say that my beard could grow in London as easily as in Scotland, and in other ways pressed my case importunately until at last, with a luminous twinkle, which I can see as clearly as when it occurred, he said: "I don't know what to make of you Scotch lads; you come to me and say, "my name is Norval, upon the Grampian hills my father feeds his flocks," and think that *that* is the password into these halls. But I like your pluck; report yourself here to-morrow and begin work." That was the happiest day of my life. The kindness manifested to me then has grown with all the following years, has been exemplified by numberless acts of rare and practical thoughtfulness and love, until Mr. Spurgeon became so much a part of my life that I feel as if something had been wrenched away which can never be replaced. In all the changing circumstances of all the years he was generous towards me almost to a fault. A few years ago I made a brief visit to England. Soon after my arrival I wrote him saying that I was over on a hurried trip and would like to touch his hand if only for a moment. By the next mail there came a letter of royal welcome, and asking me to spend a half day with him at his house. At that time he was unusually pressed with public engagements, and I valued his invitation all the more. What a day was that at his charming retreat near the Crystal Palace! He

was well, happily, and brimming over with life. We talked of old students, of their work, of the men who had fallen in the ranks, of preachers at home, of preachers on this side of the Atlantic, of books and many other things I shall ever treasure in my heart; and then we strolled through his beautiful grounds. He was a farmer

were Jews and kept the Jewish sabbath, and were never taken out of the stable on Saturday. Of course he had to drive them on Sunday, and one day of rest he gave them. Mr. Spurgeon was kind to his horses in other ways. Their stable was the cosiest place of the kind I ever saw. Every living thing about his



Mr. Spurgeon in his study.

in a small way. He kept some cows—beautiful Jerseys—and two horses, necessary to him in his work; “Brownie” and “Brandy” he called them. But such horses! “Thou shalt not covet.” Yes, but I did ‘covet,’ and so I fear would many of my readers had they seen them. Mr. Spurgeon told me that the horses

grounds he was on intimate terms with and regarded affectionately. In the afternoon an old fellow-student joined us, making my “cup to run over.” But the hours sped by too fast altogether. Soon tea was announced, where we had the memorable privilege of spending an hour around the table with his sorely afflicted

but gracious and gifted wife. After worship I left, but not before he bestowed upon me, as a personal gift to "remember him by across the sea," books of great value. That day is bathed in sunshine.

It is as "our college president" that I think of him most gratefully and lovingly. The college was the first, and in many respects, the best beloved of all his works. He was not only president, but occasional tutor, for Friday afternoon he invariably spent in the lecture hall with the students. What afternoons these were! Their memory is written in brass. Stores from every realm he laid at our feet; a full cell'd honeycomb of every good was he on these occasions. How wise, how witty, how incisive, how startling, how original his talks would be. How daring, too, in his mental flights, until, eagle-like, he perched upon the higher crags of thought and then moved us to follow him. Although steadfastly fixed in his old theology, he sought to excite in his students love of mental adventure, and would occasionally stagger us with seeming paradox, or heterodoxy. His ambition was to make his men think, to build their own argument and form their own conclusions. To cultivate the habit of ready speaking he would now and then bring in a hatful of slips of paper with subjects written upon them, and then strike at a name randomly and ask the brother to come up, take out one of the slips and start off. Some of the students would do fairly well on "the spur of the moment," others would flounder about in a perfect roar of jeers from their brother-students, and then, after an ineffectual spasm or two, collapse. How he enjoyed it all, and yet how kindly he would talk afterwards to some one who had been put to confusion.

Mr. Spurgeon could not endure a lazy student. Living under constant pressure himself, he would beg us to work up to the last particle of our power. He often told us that he did not believe that men died from overwork, and considerately would say that if any of us did die from such a cause and a doctor's certificate were furnished to that effect, he would gladly bury us at the expense of the college. Occasionally some brother got into college who thought that "prevention was better than cure," and who went along kind of easy; after a while that good brother *disappeared*, and so we knew what had become of him. There were times when the "Governor," as we

loved to call him, would meet us with an anxious face. Something was troubling him. After a while he would say, "Gentlemen, the brook is failing, there is little in the treasury; let us speak to our heavenly Father about it." In those prayers what a pouring forth of soul. How he pled and pled, until he seemed to have pled his bosom empty. A gleam of joy, born of trust, would after a while illumine his face, and he would then resume college work. He had wrestled with the angel and had prevailed. I have seen it stated that Mr. Spurgeon was unduly familiar in prayer, and at times irreverent. Nothing could be farther from the truth. He was not afraid of God, as some seem to be, to my mind, and he was always most reverent in all his approaches to the throne of grace; but he knew that he was a child coming to his Father. He believed in God and in the power of prayer. It was his custom after class to have tea with the students. It would not be true to say that he unbent around the table, for to some of us, at any rate, he was always unbent; but how, on these occasions, he mingled with us very freely, talked, joked, touched the fountains and broke them up, grew humorous by turns, until tears of another kind flow, reasoned, told wonderful anecdotes, and then, in a moment, seizing his felt hat, would vanish in a tempest of applause.

The yearly conference of the college was looked forward to by the pastors settled in the ministry as we can imagine a visit to Jerusalem to keep the feast of the Tabernacles was by the Jews. Some of us who have not been able to be present for years cherish, as we would the memory of an angel's visit, the holy joys of the times when we were present. There never were such meetings as those, and, alas! there never can be again. Brethren with bronzed faces and furrowed brows from the heat and stress of conflict in far off fields would gather there and with juvenile *abandon* throw themselves into the exhilarating spirit of the convocation. Personal friendships were renewed, old times talked over, prospects discussed, and plans for the future formed. The "Governor" was always at his best. He was the merriest of the throng. How well he remembered each face, and how patiently he would listen to everything that could be told about each pastor's field of labour. Many a brother has gone back from these gatherings to his work as blithe and happy as a lark, not only

because of some personal kindness from Mr. Spurgeon's hand or lip, but because of a promise of fifty or a hundred pounds to help him in some of his enterprises. And then when the annual message was being delivered by Mr. Spurgeon to the conference, what a feast. The wisdom, grasp, force, penetration, inspiration of it cannot be described. We were in the heavenly places. During the sessions of the conference the atmosphere was invariably devotional. After some brother had read a paper, and Mr. Spurgeon was summing it up, love, grace, and wit and pathos and wisdom would blend. At some of his wittiest sayings the brethren would now and again lose control of themselves, and he, too, throwing himself into the spirit of the moment, would allow himself to bubble over, and excel even himself in jokes grave and gay and gracious. Five hundred faces would be wet with tears and convulsed in laughter at the same moment. He would soon, however, recall us to the business of the hour. No man could play upon the human harp with such wizard touch as he could. Some of the brethren who, living in other lands, could not attend the conference, were in the habit of sending a letter to Mr. Spurgeon. He invariably mentioned the fact to the conference, gave the name of the brethren and prayed for the absent ones. I mention it with all modesty, but it will be a lasting joy to me to know that the letter I sent him at the time of the last conference, and in which I indulged anew in the luxury of pouring out my unstinted love at his feet was reserved by him until the closing day and, as the London papers said "It was a sight to see how the tears ran down his face as he read a letter from James Grant, of Toronto." His big heart was intensely human and could be readily touched by words of love. Some years ago, finding that I had lost the mail that should carry my letter to the conference, I cabled him, using the words: "Blest be the tie that binds." A few hours later back there flashed: "There is a spot where spirits blend."

The conference always closed with the communion of the Lord's supper, after which, with hand gripping hand, an unbroken chain of five hundred pairs of hands, we sang "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood," and then we parted to meet next year. The thought of meeting next year and touching that right conquering hand of our President was

inspiration for twelve long months. Before the meeting of the next conference, however, many a brother whose coat was voted by the "Governor" as not fresh from the tailor's would have the wherewithal, and shine in garments new.

I do not know that much, if anything, has been written of the juvenility of Mr. Spurgeon. But he never grew any older. The passing years never touched his heart. There were no wrinkles. When we saw him last he was quite as full of youthful pranks and mental elasticity as when we knew him first. It was that poor gouty leg that prevented him from leaping over a five-barred gate, nothing else. He wanted to do it. Every year he would have the students out to his home to spend a day with him, and into the games of the day he would enter with all the zest of the youngest of us. In his love of out-door sports he was a typical Englishman.

The church life of the Tabernacle has been a source of immeasurable benefit to his students in the practical work of the ministry. Many of them cannot be too grateful for what they then saw and learned. It gave them an insight into practical problems and modes of doing things which has stood them in good stead in after years. In the earlier years Mr. Spurgeon himself presided at Church meetings and wished the students to be present to "read, mark and inwardly digest." Occasionally, too, he would give us a lecture on pastoral work. On one of these occasions he told us that it was not all smooth sailing with him when he began his work at the Tabernacle. There were squally gusts more than once. At one time a member of the church, who had repeatedly made himself obstructive, was worse than usual, with the added offensiveness of being rude to the pastor. The deacons naturally resented this and sought to put the brother down, but he was not one of that sort. Finding that the brother would insist upon being heard, all the members got up and went out, leaving Mr. Spurgeon in the chair and "the brother" standing alone away down in his seat. When he, poor soul, grasped the situation and also Mr. Spurgeon's patience with him, he turned round and said: "Mr. Spurgeon, you are the only gentleman in the room," a statement which was true in more senses than one. But that man from that day became one of Mr. Spurgeon's staunchest friends and supporters, and the use Mr. Spurgeon

made of it was that we should not allow ourselves to be discouraged by opposition, and that patience and tact often converted even bitter opponents into friends and supporters. "A man can nearly always have his own way," he would say, "by yielding at first and not seeking it too strenuously." In the art of knowing how to manage men he had graduated with honours. It would be simply impossible for any one not personally acquainted, or on the spot, to have any conception of the influences that radiated from that centre—the Tabernacle. It was a hive of busy bees from morn to night, and every day of the week. One hand, however, influenced and organized it all. Mr. Spurgeon was not often seen at meetings that were being ceaselessly carried on, and yet he was always there. Wellington, we presume, was not much seen on the day of Waterloo, and yet in another sense his spirit was all over the field of battle. It was he won the day. Mr. Spurgeon was the heart of all the organizations of the Tabernacle Church—the leader who led on to noble works, and to victory.

But it is as a preacher that Spurgeon stood out in peerless strength and grandeur. It was for this special work that God made him and lavished upon him such gifts as free men, if any, have ever been honoured with. Confessedly in this realm of preaching the simple gospel of Jesus Christ he stands alone. In a sentence shall I describe his appearance on the platform to those who have never seen him. He was of medium height, stout, with large head, his face in repose many would say not prepossessing (although to me the most beautiful face my eyes ever looked upon), but when lit up with the glow of his message it was as if angel's face shone and flamed upon you. As he stands there, and as we watch his mightful hand striking great blows at "cattiffs and wrongers of the world," what a power he is. There is nothing like it. It was my privilege to sit under his ministry during my college days. Would my reader like to accompany me to hear him, as I wedge my way into the service some Sunday morning? We are privileged persons in having tickets to admit us by one of the side doors before the crowd is admitted, but already there are two or three thousand inside and they are flocking in all the time. Every seat is filling, almost filled, when at a given signal the doors are thrown open and the thousands waiting may come. But this

crowding must stop sometime. There is not another square inch for the sole of any one's foot—six, seven thousand people are there. The doors are shut, and in quiet expectancy the multitude waits. At the appointed second the preacher's door opens, and quickly he steps on to the platform. After a moment in silent prayer, "let us pray," he says, and every head is bowed. Then the service begins. It strikes you at the very outset that here is a man who is more than usually in earnest. Every thing he says—everything he does deepens that impression. By-and-by the text is announced. In measured sentences, but with a voice clear and musical as a silver bell, the opening thoughts are given. Then something striking is said; anon you are startled. The preacher's blood is getting warm, and then the rush of grand and inspiring thought. But, O! what persuasiveness is here, and with what entreaty does he beseech men to repent and turn to God. Now and then you see a tear hastily brushed from his face. And what fearless condemnation of sin and vice! Now the speaker's voice is low and sweet, murmuring like a brook, anon it leaps and roars with the dash and thundering noise of a mountain cataract. So still is everything beside that voice that in its secondary pauses you hear your neighbour's heart beat. God is in the place. Hundreds are moved, many of them to tears they cannot conceal; every one of the thousands present is awed. This is but a faint picture of what has been going on for nearly forty years and what any one might see until the last Sunday that he preached.

It is natural now that the question should be asked with reiterated emphasis, what was the secret of Mr. Spurgeon's power? His secret defies analysis. The thing of which we are in search eludes all our test. Some will speak of his voice to which we say "yes, for although we have heard nearly all the great orators of the day we think there has been for the mission of the Christian preacher no voice so marvellous as Spurgeon's." Sweet, clear and melodious it would ring out its clarion cry, or thrill men as with the rich and full toned harmonies of a powerful organ. But this is only a very superficial answer to the secret of his greatness and power. I prefer to look for a solution in his intense and burning earnestness. His soul was on fire. He believed he had got a message from God, and, like Martin Luther, he meant to deliver it though all

the world should gnash their teeth. He never stammered in the enunciation of the burden God put upon his heart. I prefer to look for a solution in his passionate love for the simple doctrines of the bible. His aim was to flash down the white light of God's truth on the ignorance and unbelief of men, and the result proved the wisdom of his method, for since the days of the apostles no man has touched the heart of the millions as did Charles Spurgeon. His was pre-eminently a soul saving ministry. The dews of God were always upon it.

Mr. Spurgeon's ministry is a magnificent testimony of the power of the simple gospel of Christ. I would say, too, that from the intellectual side it owed much of its success. In sheer mental ability Mr. Spurgeon had few equals, while in scholarship he was far in excess of many of those who bewail his ignorance. Certainly he did not owe any of his success to the subsidiary aids so largely leaned upon at the present day. He did not attract men by sensational methods, by attempts to amuse rather than instruct. The magnet he evermore exalted was the cross of Jesus.

Mr. Spurgeon was not a proud man. He never tried to impress you with his greatness, and he was the most approachable man I ever met. I really believe that never in all his life did Mr. Spurgeon feel that he had done anything grand. He carried himself as though he thought that anybody else could do quite as well. I remember an autumnal session of the Baptist Union in Manchester. All the great men in the Baptist ministry were there. Mr. Spurgeon had been speaking at several meetings in the city and suburbs all the day and evening. He got into the evening meeting in the Free Trade Hall about 9 o'clock. The ovation was tremendous, but he took it as modestly as would a little child praise upon its beauty. Soon after he came in he got up to speak on a self-selected topic, "Drive On!" As he made point after point, blended humour with the keenest intellectual flights, grew sarcastic, witty, trenchant, gentle, devotional, the burst of applause were deafening, and when he sat down eight hundred ministers, besides delegates, got up and shouted and waved their handkerchiefs for some minutes. He seemed to feel

sorry that they were making such a fuss over him. Ambitions he had none. Judges, peers, princes, statesmen, congregated to hear him—enough to turn any man's head. He went straight on, bearing his blushing honours manly.

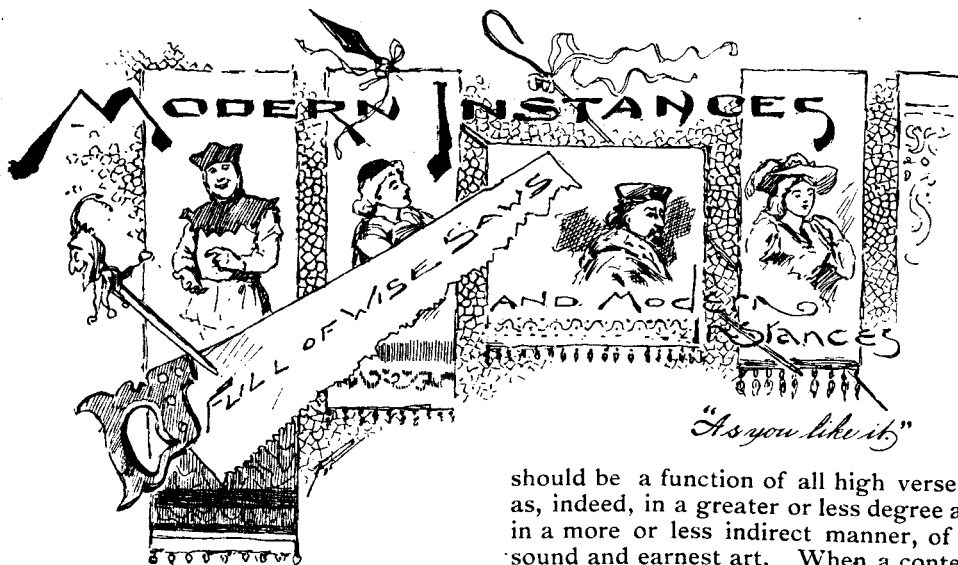
Mr. Spurgeon was an intensely human man. He did not think it a sin to laugh. He took little stock in those who carried most of their piety in their faces. No man could tell a racy, sparkling story better than he, or better enjoy one. He was himself a born wit, but his wit though often it stung to the quick, was never low. It never defiled the mind.

Some have thought him stern. They have judged by his bold, outspoken, fearless denunciation of "latter day apostacies" as he understood them. Yes, it is true he did ring out words of solemn condemnation upon teaching that he thought denied the faith, but it was with a breaking heart that he did it. He did not love controversy or hard words, just for the sake of being in a fight. Not at all. It was loyalty to his Lord that impelled him. From brethren in the Baptist ministry with whom he differed on questions of policy merely, he never withdrew his private friendship for a moment, and it was a terrible sorrow to him that he could not work side by side even with some of his own students and others whom he loved very much. It well nigh broke his heart. But in all the strife of the last three years of his life he was a magnanimous foeman. In all the moods and tenses of his nature he was a noble, generous soul. Now he is gone. Oh, it is hard for some of us to feel that we shall see his face no more on earth. His last battle has been fought and the sword grasped so firmly and flushed with innumerable victories is now hung up in God's hall on high. Of all the men whom I have ever met, or ever hope to meet, he was my ideal man.

I miss thee, noble soul! thy ruddy form  
Unclad in purple, yet no less a king;  
Able as a king should be, and wise, and strong,  
To bear aloft, in beaming brightness glad,  
The golden lamp, well trimmed, revealing truth;  
Master in Israel, friend of prophets, saints;  
But more than all, the friend of God and man.

No earthly pennon fluttered o'er thy spears,  
But thou did'st lift the banner of the Cross  
That all might read and hear the welcome words.

JAMES GRANT.



THE PLEASANT PASTIME OF DEFINING POETRY. THE perennial source of poetry is Thought fused in emotion. In fact, if I dare rush in where angels have feared to tread,—or at least have failed to tread with consummate effect,—I would hazard an attempt at a definition of poetry. It would, perhaps, be something after this fashion:—Poetry is a metrical expression of Thought fused in emotion. Then I would make haste to deprecate the rebukes that such an attempt would call down upon me, by protesting that my definition was not intended to define, but only to suggest limitations and scientific frontiers.

It is rather a fascinating enterprise, this one of definition; and as the shifting of the boundaries goes on continually, the fascination of it is not likely to be soon exhausted. But it is at the same time indubitably perilous; for every new definition must run the gauntlet of a host of critical half-bricks. Critics appear to be of one mind in the opinion that they who have attempted to define poetry have come to grief with a very fair degree of regularity. Too often it has been rashly expected that a definition should define. In other cases a mere designation of certain prominent, though not distinguishing characters, has been unjustly taken for an attempt at definition. When Aristotle said that poetry was "imitation by words," he may or may not have intended the phrase to be definitive; but when Arnold said that poetry was a "criticism of life," he was merely indicating what

should be a function of all high verse,—as, indeed, in a greater or less degree and in a more or less indirect manner, of all sound and earnest art. When a contemporary flouts the doctrine (held by Aristotle and his followers among the ancients, by Dryden and many more among the moderns,) that in poetry the chief element is "invention," he does so by enunciating that "metre is the first and only condition absolutely demanded by poetry." This may fairly be understood as an intentional and deliberate attempt to define; and it forms an agreeable target for the shafts of any one that likes an easy shot. So sweeping a universal needs but the establishment of a very small particular negative to overthrow it. When it is declared that "poetry is the beautiful representation of the beautiful, given in words," we feel justified in reminding the definer that his definition fails to exclude a vast deal of prose. But when Carrière says that "poetry speaks out the thought that lies in things," it is plain that nothing is further from his mind than to be guilty of a definition. It is another matter when Ruskin says that "poetry is the presentment, in musical form, to the imagination of noble grounds for the noble emotions," for here it is evidently intended to be both exclusive and final. This is a definition; and it is a legitimate object for attack, though it may be hard to come at its vulnerable heel. On the other hand, when Emerson says that "poetry is spirit, not a form," he is no more open to the accusation of attempting to define than if he had said that the Japanese were the ancient Hittites,—in which he might or might not be wrong. This applies to the somewhat more intensive dictum of Mr. Stedman, that "poetry is a



spirit *taking* form." And when Mr. Joaquin Miller avers that "a poem must be a picture," he is no more intentionally definitive than if he had said "a man must be tall and fair-haired." If I agree with Milton in desiring that poetry be "simple, sensuous, impassioned," I by no means pledge myself to be content with poetry that has nothing but these qualities to boast of. When all is said we may rest comfortably assured that poverty will manage to transcend the limits of any definition we may devise. This, however, need not furnish us an excuse for railing at definitions. Every serious attempt to define or characterize an art so complex as poetry, is more than likely to add something to our appreciation of that art, to direct our eyes to the gleam of some before unnoticed facet of the splendid crystal. It may prove a pleasant exercise to gather together the various vagrant definitions of poetry, to sift out the worthless ones, and endeavour to reconcile the rest. From the exercise one will almost certainly emerge with the conviction that in poetry, as, indeed, in all authentic art, half the matter is the manner.

\* \* \*

MR. GILDER'S OF the volumes of "TWO WORLDS." verse that in these days roll forth so abundantly from the press, we are constrained to acknowledge that nearly all are to be commended for creditable workmanship. But for the most part they are

"Like a talk of little meaning,  
tho' the words are strong."

We find ourselves mourning as we read "*vox et praeterea nihil*." Metre has seemed, perhaps, to the constructors of this verse, "the first and only condition absolutely demanded by poetry." Form is there, but the spirit has neglected to take it. In other cases the singer has been so transported on finding himself possessed of an idea, a vital motion for his song, that he has rushed upon the public with a metrical abortion, crying "poetry is a spirit, not a form;"—whereupon we promptly perceive that his is neither. In yet other cases, it would appear, the thought of the singer has been fused in such ill-regulated and spasmodic emotion that it has fallen away and left no residue but slag. Amid all these regrettable omissions and commissions, however, one is now and again restored to benignity by a meeting with some volume whose note is unmistakably authentic.

We encounter a little body of verse whose thought is not only just but impassioned, whose form is not only exact but enchanting. To an appreciable degree it performs its part as a criticism of life; it does not fail in the effort to present us with noble grounds for the noble emotions; and it appeals to our perceptions as a beautiful representation of the beautiful. Such titles to distinction may be claimed, it seems to me, by no inconsiderable portion of the body of verse which Mr. Gilder has given us. They are all to be found, some more abundantly than others, in the small volume which he has just issued under the title of "Two Worlds, and other Poems."

The volume takes its name from a pair of contrasted quatrains,—the one characterizing the Venus of Milo, the other interpreting, rather than characterizing, Michael Angelo's Slave. These are admirable in form, grave and significant in thought; but they wear somehow the air of having been chiselled, like the marbles they celebrate, out of an unyielding material. They are artistic and adequate, but they partake somewhat of the nature of a *tour de force*. Not in them shall we seek for the distinctive quality of Mr. Gilder's genius. His poetic individuality is well marked, though subtle; and it possesses several phases, each of which is exemplified in the present volume.

Mr. Gilder's love-lyrics are passionate without being what amorous has come to mean; they are both virile and tender; they sing themselves with an exquisite and spontaneous music. Such a lyric is "I care not if the skies are white." His patriotic songs are full of strong movement, solidity, vitality. These qualities are combined with a perfectly satisfying, every-way adequate craftsmanship, in the resonant lyric on "Sherman." They are found, not less unmistakably, but perhaps in less perfect fusion, in the restrained and stately "Sheridan" ode, with its faint reminiscence of Marvell; and in the fervent, large-moulded, but somewhat uneven "Pro Patria." Both the love poems and the patriotic poems, however, are distinguished from those of other accredited singers by what I may call a devotional quality, a peculiar spirituality, a pervading mood of mingled reverence and enthusiasm. This mood,—or this quality, whichever it may be termed—finds its most complete expression in a number of meditative poems, which, though they do not seem to have caught,

as yet, the full attention of men, constitute, I think, Mr. Gilder's sufficient and enduring claim to mastership in song. The key-note to these poems I am disposed to find in a line from the "Ode," read before the Society of the Phi Beta Kappa of Harvard :

"Divine! divine! Oh, breathe no earthlier word!"

To say this may seem like fanciful and far-fetched criticism; but I cannot help feeling that the suggestion will be not without lucidity for some readers. The note is one of contemplative thought warmed by emotional ecstasy. The combination is perfect; and its effect is to differentiate Mr. Gilder's mood clearly from the meditative vision of Wordsworth and the ecstatic vision of Shelley—to both of which it is somewhat akin. Such poems as "Sanctum Sanctorum," "A Midsummer Meditation," "Non Sine Dolore," "To-night the Music Doth a Burden Bear," and the superb Phi Beta Kappa "Ode," already referred to, are sufficient to establish a poet's reputation; and reinforced as they are by a number of equally noble, significant and distinctive poems in earlier volumes,—*"An Autumn Meditation,"* for instance, and *"Beyond the Branches of the Pine,"* "I am the Spirit of the Morning Lea," with those imperishable sonnets, *"The Celestial Passion"* and *"Undying Light,"*—they constitute a body of song which is not only true art, but, in a measure, great art.

There is much of Mr. Gilder's work not included in this hasty classification—and it is purposely omitted as being, in my opinion, less plainly stamped with Mr. Gilder's private seal than are the three classes of poems above referred to. There are poems of striking beauty, such as "Great Nature is an Army Gay," which owe not a little of their charm to the influence of Emerson. There are pieces of vigorous and suggestive analysis, such as "The Prisoner's Thought," which irresistibly recall the method of Browning. All such poems, with those earlier ones which savor of Keats or Rossetti, though too beautiful in themselves to be ignored, do not seem to call for special notice. They are what other poets might have written. They lack Mr. Gilder's essential quality. What that quality is may best be gathered from the following sonnet:—

"O, white and midnight sky, O starry bath,  
Wash me in thy pure, heavenly, crystal flood;  
Cleanser me, ye stars, from earthly soil and scath—  
Let not one taint remain in spirit or blood!  
Receive my soul, ye burning, awful deeps;  
Touch and baptize me with the mighty power  
That in ye thrills, while the dark planet sleeps;  
Make me all yours for one blest, secret hour!  
O glittering host, O high angelic choir,  
Silence each tone that with thy music jars;  
Fill me even as an urn with thy white fire  
Till all I am is kindred to the stars!  
Make me thy child, thou infinite, holy night,  
So shall my days be full of heavenly light."

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.





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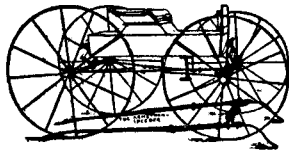
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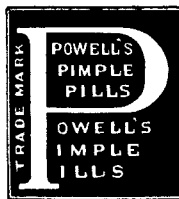


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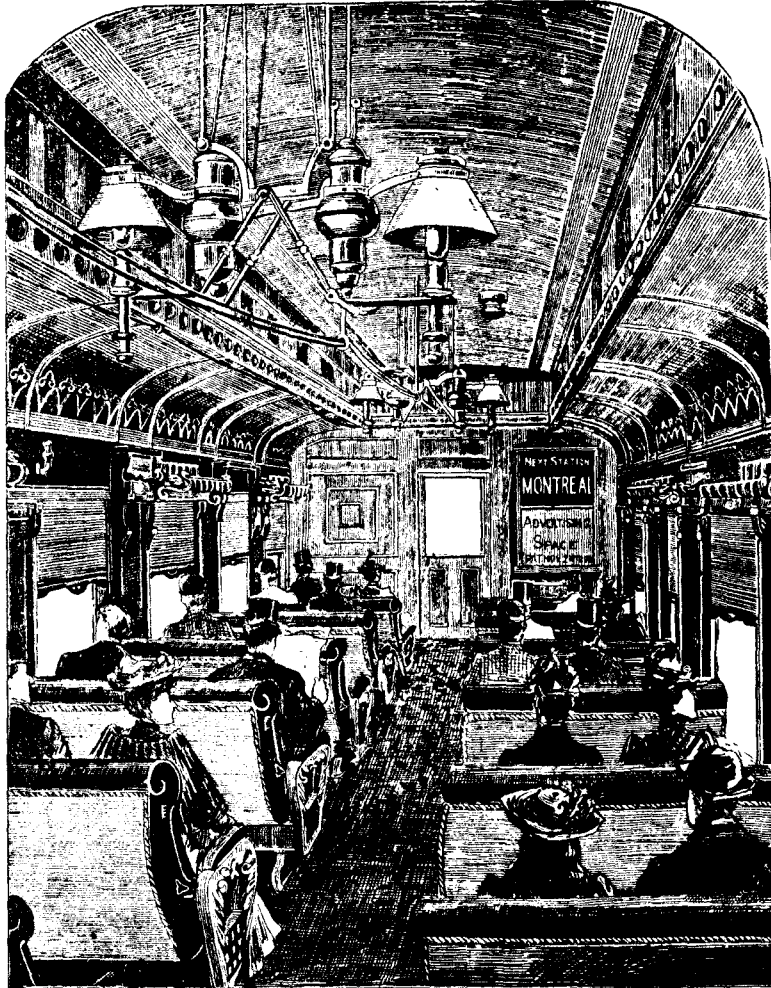
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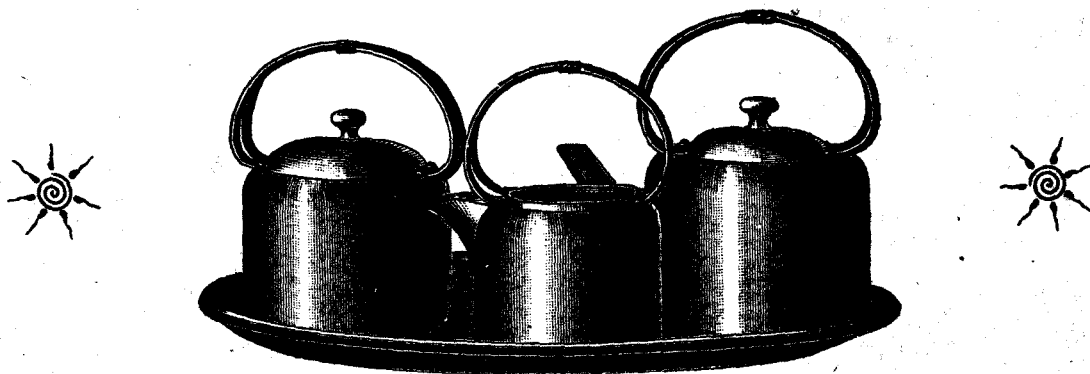
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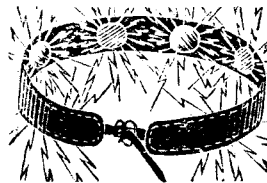
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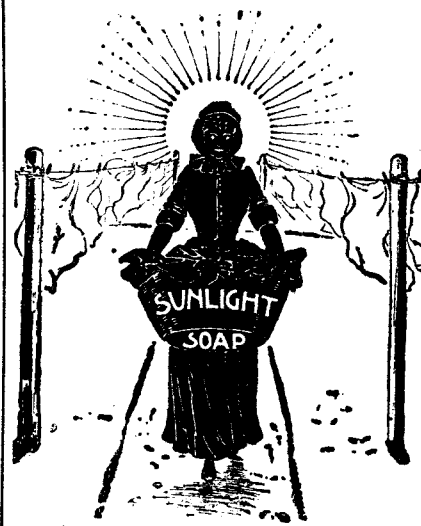
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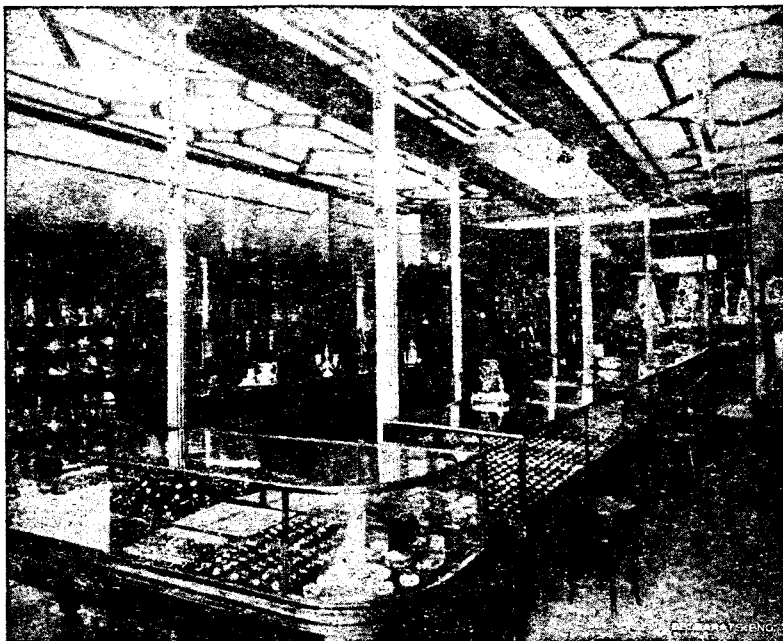
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