RECOLLECTIONS OF CAPTAIN WILKIE

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

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"Who can he be?" thought I, as I watched my companion in the second-class carriage of the London and Dover railway.

I had been so full of the fact that my long-expected holiday had come at last, and that for a few days at least the gayeties of Paris were about to supersede the dull routine of the hospital wards, that we were well out of London before I observed that I was not alone in the compartment. In these days we have all pretty well agreed that "three is company and two is none" upon the railway. At the time I write of, however, people were not so morbidly sensitive about their traveling companions. It was rather an agreeable surprise to me to find that there was some chance of whiling away the hours of a tedious journey. I therefore pulled my cap down over my eyes, took a good look from beneath it at my vis-a-vis, and repeated to myself: "Who can he be?"

I used rather to pride myself on being able to spot a man's trade or profession by a good look at his exterior.

Captain Wilkie.

I had the advantage of studying under a master of the art, who used to electrify both his patients and his clinical classes by long shots, sometimes at the most unlikely of pursuits; and never very far from the mark. "Well, my man," I have heard him say; "I can see by your fingers that you play some musical instrument for your livelihood, but it is a rather curious one—something quite out of my line." The man afterward informed us that he earned a few coppers by blowing "Rule Britannia" on a coffee pot, the spout of which was pierced to form a rough flute. Though a novice in the art, I was still able to astonish my ward companions on occasions, and I never lost an opportunity of practicing. It was not mere curiosity, then, which led me to lean back on the cushions and analyze the quiet, middle-aged man in front of me.

I used to do the thing systematically, and my train of reflections ran somewhat in this wise: "General appearance, vulgar, fairly opulent and extremely self-possessed—looks like a man who could outchaff a bargee, and yet be at his ease in middle-class society. Eyes well set together and nose rather prominent—would be a good long-range marksman. Cheeks flabby, but the softness of expression redeemed by a square-cut jaw and a well-set lower lip. On the whole, a powerful type. Now for the hands—rather dissappointed there. Thought he was a self-made man by the look of him, but there is no callous in the palm and no thickness at the joints. Has never been engaged in any real physical work, I should think. No tanning on the backs of the hands; on the contrary, they are very white, with blue projecting veins and long, delicate fingers. Couldn't be an artist with that face, and yet he has the hands of a man engaged in delicate manipulations. No red acid spots upon his clothes, no ink stains, no nitrate of silver marks upon the hands (this helps to negative my half-formed opinion that he was a photographer). Clothes not worn in any particular part. Coat made of tweed, and fairly old; but the left elbow, as far as I can see it, has as much of the fluff left on as the right, which is seldom the case with men who do much writing. Might be a commercial traveler, but the little pocketbook in the waistcoat is wanting, nor has he any of those handy valises, suggestive of samples."

I give these brief headings of my ideas merely to demonstrate my method of arriving at a conclusion. As yet I had obtained nothing but negative results; but now, to use a chemical metaphor, I was in a position to pour off this solution of dissolved possibilities and examine the residue. I found myself reduced to a very limited number of occupations. He was neither a lawyer nor a clergyman, in spite of a soft felt hat, and a somewhat clerical cut about the necktie. I was wavering now between pawnbroker and horse-dealer; but there was too much character about his face for the former; and he lacked that extraordinary equine atmosphere which hangs about the latter even in his hours of relaxation; so I formed a provisional diagnosis of betting man of methodistical persuasions, the latter clause being inserted in deference to his hat and necktie.

Pray, do not think that I reasoned it out like this in my own mind. It is only now, sitting down with pen and paper, that I can see the successive steps. As it was, I had formed my conclusion within sixty seconds of the time when I drew my hat down over my eyes and uttered the mental ejaculation with which my narrative begins.

I did not feel quite satisfied even then with my deduction. However, as a leading question would—to pursue my chemical analogy—act as my litmus paper, I determined to try one. There was a Times lying by my companion, and I thought the opoprtunity too good to be neglected.

"Do you mind my looking at your paper?" I asked.

"Certainly, sir, certainly," said he most urbanely, handing is across.

I glanced down its columns until my eye rested upon the list of the latest betting.

"Hullo!" I said, "they are laying odds upon the favorite for the Cambridgeshire. But perhaps," I added, looking up, "you are not interested in these matters?"

"Snares, sir!" said he volently; "wiles of the enemy! Mortals are but given a few years to live, how can they squander them so! They have not even an eye to their poor worldly interests," he added in a quieter tone, "or they would never back a single horse at such short odds with a field of thirty."

There was something in this speech of his which tickled me immensely. I supose it was the odd way in which he blended religious intolerance with worldly wisdom. I laid the Times aside with the conviction that I should be able to spend the next two hours to better purpose than in its perusal.

"You speak as if you understood the matter, at any rate," I remarked.

"Yes, sir," he answered; "few men in England understood these things better in the old days before I changed my profession. But that is all over now."

"Changed your profession?" said I, interrogatively.

"Yes; I changed my name, too."

"Indeed?" said I.

"Yes; you see, a man wants a real fresh start when his eyes become opened, so he has a new deal all round, so to speak. Then he gets a fair chance."

There was a short pause here, as I seemed to be on delicate ground in touching on my companion's antecedents, and he did not volunteer any information. I broke the silence by offering him a cheroot.

"No, thanks," said he; "I have given up tobacco. It was the hardest wrench of all, was that. It does me good to smell the whiff of your weed. Tell me," he added, suddenly, looking hard at me with his shrewd gray eyes, "why did you take stock of me so carefully before you spoke?"

"It is a habit of mine," said I. "I am a medical man, and observation is everything in my profession. I had no idea you were looking."

"I can see without looking," he answered. "I thought you were a detective, at first; but I couldn't recall your face at the time I knew the force."

"Were you a detective, then?" said I.

"No," he answered with a laugh; "'twas the other thing—the detected, you know. Old scores are wiped out now, and the law cannot touch me, so I don't mind confessing to a gentleman, like yourself, what a scoundrel I have been in my time."

"We are none of us perfect," said I.

"No; but I was real out-and-outer. A 'fake,' you know, to start with, and afterwards a 'cracksman.' It is easy to talk of these things now, for I've changed my spirit. It's as if I was talking of some other man, you see."

"Exactly so," said I. Being a medical man I had none of that shrinking from crime and criminals which many men possess. I could make all allowances for congenital influence and the force of circumstances. No company, therefore, could have been more acceptable to me than that of the old malefactor; and as I sat puffing at my cigar, I was delighted to observe that my air of interest was gradually loosening his tongue.

"Yes; I'm converted now," he continued, "and of course I am a happier man for that. And yet," he added, wistfully, "there are times when I long for the old trade again, and fancy myself strolling out on a cloudy night with my jimmy in my pocket. I left a name behind me in my profession, sir. I was one of the old school, you know. It was very seldom that we bungled a job. We used to begin at the foot of the ladder, the rope ladder, if I may say so, in my younger days, and then work our way up, step by step, so that we were what you might call good men all through."

"I see," said I.

"I was always reckoned a hard-working, conscientious man, and had talent, too—the very cleverest of them allowed that. I began as a blacksmith, and then did a little engineering and carpentering, and then I took to sleight-of-hand tricks, and then to picking pockets. I remember, when I was home on a visit, how my poor old father used to wonder why I was always hovering around him. He little knew that I used to clear everything out of his pockets a dozen times a day, and then replace them, just to keep my hand in. He believes to this day that I am in an office in the city. There are few of them could touch me in that particular line of business, though."

"I suppose it is a matter of practice?" I remarked.

"To a great extent. Still, a man never quite loses it, if he has once been an adept—excuse me; you have dropped some cigar ash on your coat," and he waved his hand politely in front of my breast, as if to brush it off. "There," he said, handing me my gold scarf pin, "you see I have not forgot my old cunning yet."

He had done it so quickly that I hardly saw the hand whisk over my bosom, nor did I feel his fingers touch me, and yet there was the pin glittering in his hand. "It is wonderful," I said as I fixed it again in its place.

"Oh, that's nothing! But I have been in some really smart jobs. I was in the gang that picked the new patent safe. You remember the case. It was guaranteed to resist anything; and we managed to open the first that was ever issued, within a week of its appearance. It was done with graduated wedges, sir, the first so small that you could hardly see it against the light, and the last strong enough to prize it open. It was a clever managed affair."

"I remember it," said I. "But surely some one was convicted for that?"

"Yes, one was nabbed. But he didn't split, nor even let on how it was done. We'd have cut his soul out if—" He suddenly damped down the very ugly fires which were peeping from his eyes. "Perhaps I am boring you, talking about these wicked old days of mine?"

"On the contrary," I said, "you interest me extremely."

"I like to get a listener I can trust. It's a sort of blow-off, you know, and I feel lighter after it. When I am among my brethren I dare hardly think of what has gone before. Now, I'll tell you about another job I was in. To this day, I cannot think about it without laughing."

I lit another cigar, and composed myself to listen.

(To Be Continued.)

PRAYER FOR CONTENT.

Dear Lord, to Thee my knee is bent;
Give me content—
Full-pleasured with what comes to me,
What'er it be:
A humble roof, a frugal board,
And simple hoard;
The wintry fagot piled beside
The chimney wide,
While the enwreathing flames upsprout
And twine about
The brazen dogs that guard my hearth
And household worth
Tinge with the embers ruddy glow
The rafters low;
And let the sparks snap with delight,
As fingers might
That mark deft measures of some tune
The children croon;
Then, with good friends, the rarest few
Thou holdest true,
Ranged round about the blaze, to share
My comfort there:
Give me to claim the service meet
That makes each seat
A place of honor, and each guest
Loved as the rest.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Evolution of One Real Genius

Impressions and Suggestions Inspired by Dan Hart's New Play.

CRITICISM AND ALSO ADVICE

Earnestness and Patience Are the Price Which Mr. Hart Must Pay Before He Can Realize the Promises of His Present.

This is a discourse upon a young man of genius. As with all discourses, it is serious.

Until he wrote "O'Neill, Washington, D. C.," Daniel L. Hart's future as a dramatist was an open question. He had, in a number of prior productions, shown fitful premonitions of high capability which were no sooner in evidence than they began to degenerate into the commonplace. His "Underground" was melo-dramatic enough to suit the most fastidious taste, but it was a melodrama of canvass and painted framework instead of a study of human character. The figures in it, the human figures, were as mechanical as marionettes that dance or vanish in obedience to the concealed mechanician who manipulates the strings. A step forward was taken in "A Daughter of Dixie," a long step and a successful step into the domain of real comedy. The revelations in this play of the author's power to comprehend and portray the human element were more frequent and better sustained than in "Underground;" but it nevertheless required the stage craft of ingenious scenic accompaniment—notably evidenced in the "firefly" scene—to keep "A Daughter of Dixie" from adding itself to the list of plays forgotten as soon as the curtain had rung down.

The young dramatist—my friend and your's, whom we both wish well, but of whom, albeit our friend, we must speak and admit the truth—was only groping through the yet darkened dawn of his undeveloped abilities.

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It pleases me to believe that in the new play which Scrantonians witnessed last Monday night—the play made to order during the leisure moments of a three-months' otherwise busy summer's sojourn in the Catskills—the play which sprang, not primarily from the author's heart, but which fashioned itself, line by line and scene by scene, in commercial response to one actor's needs—and he an actor of limited range—Daniel L. Hart has clinched the uncertain promise of his past and given bond for good and, as I believe, great achievement in the years to come. "O'Neill, Washington," is not, in itself, a great play—how could it be, considering the circumstances of its hasty and inartistic composition? But it is a play whose scintillant lines and bubbling alternations of wit, humor and pathos show that the writer of it, however hastily his work has been done, has at last got hold of the live wires of human impulse and needs only time and patience to operate them with precision, eloquence and effective power.

He is learning the dignity and the meaning of his calling.

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Great work is not done lightly or cynically. The history of art contains no instance of real and permanent triumph won without struggle and pain. It is as true in letters as in theology that "in the sweat of his brow must man eat bread." Up to this time, Mr. Hart has presented us with clever skeletons and epigrams. "O'Neill, Washington, D. C.," is the first of his plays to put life-blood into pulsating veins and show us real humanity. The revelation, as we say, is prophetic rather than actual. The hall-mark of made-to-orderism is broadly visible; and the author—or was it the manager?—could not overcome the temptation to distend the pupils in the galleries by resort to novel mechanism, showing a model warship in motion, with multi-colored lights. Yet with all this duly allowed for, we cannot deny the resultant fact that "O'Neill," at least, is a human comedy, a comedy of real laughter and real tears, a comedy in which the things that happen happen as they are daily happening apart from the footlights and away from the calcium glare. The currents of humanity are presented for inspection in this play without distortion and without caricature. Fun is not made of virtue, goodness is not sneered at nor, upon the other hand, is there any preaching or platitudinous moral discourse. We simply and clearly see before us motives that are good and motives that are evil; natural motives, naturally actuating natural men and women, and they interest us and fascinate us and, as should be, thrill and inspire us.

The evolution of a real dramatist is proceeding rapidly in the personality of Daniel L. Hart.

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We counsel him to be patient and earnest. If he has one fault above another, it is that of personal unfamiliarity with the depths of human emotion. Would it be cruel to wish to this young man, in his career of gayety and vivacious prodigality of animal spirits—would it be cruel, I wonder, to wish for him a great sorrow? Such an experience might cut deep at the time, but it would give to the American drama a new creator; it would remove the one thing from his pathway which threatens his future—the obstacle of insincerity. It would make him patient and earnest. Within his grasp is the opportunity to do work which will live in the annals of his profession; work that shall enrich him not only in dollars—however acceptable, they—but enrich him also in the esteem of cultured and appreciative fellow-men and women; in the regard which is paid to every creation of the mind that realizes by idealizing the hopes and strivings of humanity. This is no light reward. It is worth struggling for. It is sufficient to justify and to compensate what are necessary to its attainment—patience and earnestness.

Our friend, be patient and earnest. Rise to the dignity, to the seriousness, of your powers and of your opportunity. Then see if we have advised you falsely.

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The speech-making of last Monday night—actor's and dramatist's—suggested to me a strain of thought. Individually I have little use for race comedies. Back of all race lies nature, human nature, fundamentally and essentially the same, the world over. Why should we have an Irish comedy or a German comedy or a comedy of this, that or the other nationality? I grant you, they pay. But apart from that, in the view of this subject which genius may take which is not in agony lest it shall not be able to realize a crust of bread, why should Dramatist Hart hold as the height of his ambition to reform the Irish drama? True, no other race offers so rich a field for rapid and varied dramatic contrasts; in none other are the emotions found at once nearer the surface and deeper in the heart. But is not that art highest and best which transcends the metes and bounds of the geographers and the ethnologists; which says, with Monte Christo and O'Neill, of Washington: "The world is mine!"

Let our friend take humanity as his theme and work upon its moving impulses with no timid or uncertain hand. Let him work long, work earnestly and work patiently. Thus toiling, the result will not be in doubt.

Livy S. Richard.

A DREAM.

Oh, it was but a dream I had
While the musician played—
And here the sky, and here the glad
Old ocean kissed the glade,
And here the laughing ripples ran,
And here the roses grew
That threw a kiss to every man
That voyaged with the crew.

Our silken sails in lazy folds
Drooped in the breathless breeze
As o'er a field of marigolds
Our eyes swam o'er the seas,
While here the eddies lisped and purled
Around the island's rim,
And up from out the underworld
We saw the mermen swim.

And it was dawn and middle day
And midnight—for the moon
On silver rounds across the bay
Had climbed the skies of June—
And here the glowing, glorious king
Of day ruled o'er his realm,
With stars of midnight glittering
About his diadem.

The sea gull reeled on languid wing
In circles round the mast,
We heard the songs the sirens sing
As we went sailing past,
And up and down the golden sands
A thousand fairy throngs
Flung at us from their flashing hands
The echoes of their songs.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

SELECTED RECIPES.

Roast Partridges.—Cut off the feet and tie down the legs very closely. Lay a sprig of parsley inside the bird, and fasten a thin slice of salt pork on its breast. Put it in a saucepan with one or two thin slices of pork, and a very little water. Cover close and simmer gently half an hour, or until tender. When done, remove the partridge, cover it with soft butter, dredge with flour and place in the oven to brown. To make the gravy, heat a tablespoonful of butter in a small frying pan, add a tablespoonful of flour and stir till smooth and brown. Skim off the fat from the water in which the partridge was broiled and add it gradually to the browned flour. Season with pepper and salt. Serve the partridge with the gravy poured around it. Garnish the dish with parsley. Roast partridges are apt to be very dry. Cooked according to this method they will be juicy and deliciously flavored.

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Fricassee of Sweetbreads.—Carefully remove all the tough and fibrous skins. Put them in a dish of cold water for 10 or 15 minutes, and they are then ready to be boiled. They must always be boiled 20 minutes, no matter what the method of cooking may be. Take two good-sized sweetbreads, and after they have been cleaned, place them in a stew-pan with a pint of broth and a teaspoonful of salt and white pepper, four small onions and a blade of mace; add two ounces of butter rubbed smooth with one teaspoonful of flour. Simmer all together for half an hour. Beat up the yolks of three eggs in half a pint of cream, and grate into it one-fourth of a nutmeg. Add this gradually to the contents of the stewpan, and cook a few minutes, and shake all the time while the mixture is cooking. Remove the onions and mace. Serve sweetbreads with the sauce around them.

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Barley Soup.—One sheep's head, or two-pound shin of beef, two quarts of water, quarter of a pint of barley, three onions, a small bunch of parsley, pepper and salt. Put all the ingredients in a stewpan, and simmer gently for two or three hours; stirring frequently to prevent the meat from burning, but do not let it boil quickly; take the meat out, strain the soup, and if sheep's head is used, put some of the best pieces back into the pan. The tongue should be skinned and cut into slices, and the brains, which should be added to the soup.

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Barley pudding.—One ounce pearl barley, half pint milk, two ounces moist of an hour, till quite soft; beat the egg, add to it the barley, pour into a pie-dish and brown in the oven.

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Bavarian Rusks.—Four ounces butter, four eggs, two ounces of sugar, one-half pint milk, one teaspoonful of brewer's yeast, or one teaspoonful of Borwick's baking powder, two pounds flour. Mix the yeast with a little of the milk, which should be warmed, add the sugar, pour it into the center of the flour in a deep pudding basin, and let it stand to rise for one hour, add the remainder of the milk and the eggs, beating the whole well with a wooden spoon, then put in a buttered tin, leave to rise for another hour, bake in a moderate oven, and, when cold, cut the cakes in thin slices, dry in a quick oven, having previously sprinkled them thickly with sugar.

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White Soup.—Boil a knuckle or shank of veal in two quarts of water until all the flavor is extracted, and the meat boiled to pieces, then strain and skim the liquor. It is better to do this the day before it is served. When ready to use boil a cupful of vermicelli tender, add it to the soup, and just before sending it to the table stir in the yolks of three or four eggs well beaten and mixed with a pint of sweet cream. Stir this very quickly into the boiling soup until it again comes to a boil, then quickly remove from the fire, as the soup is spoiled if allowed to actually come to a boil after the eggs are in.

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Batter Pudding (Boiled).—One pint of milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful ground ginger, one-half pound flour. Mix the flour and ginger well together, and moisten with a little milk; beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately, then together with the salt; add gradually to the flour and ginger, taking care that there are no lumps. Butter a basin, pour in the batter, cover with a cloth and boil for two hours.

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Angels on Horseback.—Twelve oysters, 12 thin slices of bacon, a slice of buttered toast. Take the oysters from their shells, removing their beards, cover each with a thin slice of bacon, which has been previously dipped in hot water and dried with a cloth, roll it round the oyster, place them on a fine skewer and suspend them before the fire till the bacon is nicely cooked. Place the toast underneath them when cooking and send the oysters to table on it.

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Omelet Fried.—Six eggs, six teaspoonfuls of milk, half a cup of of melted butter and a little salt. Beat the eggs well and add the milk, butter and salt. Butter a hot griddle and drop the omelet on it like large cakes; when they begin to set, turn up the edge, and as they brown, fold them over and over. Let them lie a moment and serve as hot as possible.

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Little Loves.—Take a quarter-pound of fresh butter and beat it to a cream. Add four tablespoonfuls of fine flour, two ounces of loaf sugar, one ounce of candied peel, cut into thick slices, six sweet and six bitter almonds, blanched and cut lengthwise. Mix these ingredients together, form them into rounds and bake them in six pattypans.

—Philadelphia Record.

Quebec Is Like a Transplanted City

It Is a French Town Set Down Amidst American Surroundings.

SHRINE OF ST. ANNE BEAUPRE

Hundreds of Discarded Crutches and Canes Attest Its Efficacy as a Restorer of Suspended Muscular Powers. Adieu to Ancient Quebec.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

Quebec, Jan. 1.—Opposite Quebec, on the northwest, across the St. Charles river is St. Croix, where are located the Marine hospital, a French Catholic church, a Congregational church, and several shoe factories. Quebec is called the "Lynn of Canada," for its numerous shoe manufactories.

Nine miles distant is the Indian village Lorette, where dwell the last remnants of the Huron tribe. They number now sixty families; 336 souls all told—143 males and 193 females. This powerful tribe once comprised over 30,000 souls. This Huron village is a subject of interest to all curious travelers, as there are scarcely any among them of pure Indian blood. They have intermarried largely with their French neighbors, but the Indian features and habits still predominate.

This reservation is governed by the customs of two centuries ago; no white man being allowed, until recently, to settle within the sacred precincts of the Huron reserve. They are a quiet and religious people, they worship in their own church (Catholic)—a quaint building of two centuries ago. The men hunt and fish, and the women make bead-work and moccasins, and the boys earn pennies by dextrous archery. One writer says: "They are the remnants of a lost people, harmless weavers of baskets and sewers of moccasins, the Huron blood fast bleaching out of them." There is a pretty waterfall in the village, and a mile further back is the reservoir, formed by damming back the St. Charles river, which provides Quebec with pure water. The adventurous tourist may here take a canoe and paddle up Lake St. Charles, one of those lovely sheets of inland water, within easy driving distance of Quebec.

An Enjoyable Drive.

The drive from Quebec to Montmorenci Falls, through the long drawn out village of Beauport, is perhaps the most delightful, notably on account of the magnificent scenery of mountain, plain and river, and the quaintness of the buildings along the road, but more than all for the historic associations which have consecrated every foot of the way.

This place was founded in 1634, and all along its plains was some of the heaviest fighting of the war of conquest of Canada, especially between the French and English in 1759, when the latter under Wolfe were defeated with heavy loss. On this drive the characteristics of French Canada will be apparent to the least observant.

Passing over Dorchester bridge, which crosses the river St. Charles, we reach this end of the straggling village, which contains about 1,500 "habitants." It is a hilly road, but the Canadian horse lays back his ears, makes a dash at every hill and trots up and down with no semblance of a break on the wheels, often at a break-neck pace.

This is a typical French Canadian village of a single street, say about three miles long. It is lined with a continuous succession of quaint, solid, white-washed stone houses, fronted by small garden patches. The houses are placed at an angle with the street in order to face the south. Every house juts out a little beyond its neighbor in its desire seemingly to dodge the east wind, which is the prevailing wind here in winter.

From each roof, which is very steep, projects one or more tiers of windows and huge chimneys. These homes bear evidence of antiquity, and the commodious church, with its tall and graceful twin spires, which can be seen for a great distance around, reminds the visitor that here the ancient faith is held with a simplicity and devotion unsurpassed by any sect in any part of the world.

To a Famous Shrine.

Along the way is the roadside cross, pointing the "weary pilgrim" the way to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, some fifteen miles distant, which for 250 years has been the Mecca of devout pilgrims seeking restoration of health; where it is claimed wonderful miracles have been wrought; the huge tiers of crutches and canes, trusses and splints, left by the cured, give mute testimony of the efficacy of the Saint's intervention in their behalf. We were reliably informed that over 80,000 pilgrims visited this holy shrine last year, many walking the entire distance from Quebec as a penance, or in the performance of vows. On the road is the Beauport insane asylum, several large flouring mills and lumber yards.

Quaint French Farms.

An object of curiosity to the tourist are the French farms. They are narrow strips extended domains, sometimes but a few yards (seemingly) wide and a half mile or more long, extending in long, narrow strips behind the houses, far back into the country. The country along is bristling with stone and rail fences. "The early French King in 1664 forbade the colonist making any more clearings except one next to another," but in 1745 he was obliged to order that the farms "should be not less than one and one-half arpents wide."

Distances here are measured by arpents and leagues. An arpent is an acre and one quarter. "The arpent as a lineal measure equals 180 French, or 191 English feet, or about 200 yards by a little over a mile." A French league is three miles. Another characteristic mode of measuring distances is by the number of pipes to be smoked in traversing it.

These narrow domains arose from the social character of the people, who were thus brought close together from their need of concentration as a defense against the Indians, and also from the sub-division of estates by inheritance.

These farms are noticeable features of the landscape, the entire distance from Quebec to Montreal south. A great want, however, in the surroundings of most French farms is foliage for practical use as well as to beautify. The once grand primeval forest, even the second growth that succeeds it, has been ruthlessly cut away till the landscape in many localities, especially between Quebec and Montreal, is painfully bare, the houses are exposed to the keen north wind, and the cattle have no shelter from the sun and storm.

Quebec with is 75,000 inhabitants, two-thirds of whom are French speaking, might be called a city of France transplanted in America. At least, for an American city it is certainly a peculiar place—a fortress, a military town and a commercial city altogether. An American city inhabited by French colonists, governed by England, garrisoned by Scotch regiments. A city governed by a people of different language and habits from the mass of the population, opposed in religion, and yet leaving that population virtually without taxes and in the enjoyment of every privilege, civil and religious. A city at the same time Catholic and Protestant, where the labors of the French missions are still uninterrupted alongside of the undertakings of the Bible society. All this under the rule of British Puritanism. One writer says: "A city of the Middle Ages by most of its ancient institutions; a city with about the same latitude as Paris, its summers warm, short and foggy, and yet in winter smarting with the cold of Siberia. It is not far from New England to France, only forty miles to the down east Yankee state of Maine."

How to Get There.

Quebec is easily reached from all directions, either by rail or river. It is 503 miles from Toronto, 430 miles from New York, 450 miles from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and 2,070 miles from Liverpool. It is also 189 miles above Montreal—a five hours' run on the Canadian Pacific railway, along the north branch of the St. Lawrence, through old French settlements, some of them as primitive as in the days of Champlain and Frontenac. The Canadian Pacific is the only road that enters the city, running directly under the walls of and yet into the city. The Grand Trunk runs on the other side of the river to Levis, directly opposite Quebec; the river, which narrows down to one mile in width, is crossed by steam ferries, of antique construction.

The steamers plying between Quebec and Montreal are commodious and safe boats, and during the summer months afford a delightful sail of over 200 miles. Liverpool and Halifax steamers to and from Montreal, make Quebec a stopping point. The noble St. Lawrence, after leaving Quebec, grows wider and deeper, until it merges into the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Atlantic Ocean.

Tourists who do not wish to visit Montreal can reach the ancient capital via Quebec Central, at Sherbrooke, Canada, or Grand Trunk via Richmond Junction, Canada, both landing at Point Levis. This article concludes our series on Ancient Quebec. Our description has been far too brief to exhaust the many attractions of this antique city. These letters are the result of the writer's personal observation and experience, supplemented by statistics and accurate information obtained from the Hotel Frontenac, and G. R. Renfrew & Co., furriers to the queen.

John E. Richmond.

WELSH NEWS NOTES.

The Welsh Baptists have nine and the Independents ten periodicals published in the Welsh language.

The Calvinistic Methodists have 24,000 members in Glamorganshire, and the Independents about 40,000.

There are more Baptists in Glamorganshire than in any other county in Great Britain. Their number is 41,429.

According to Mr. Ed Edwards, Aberystwyth, a certain Bala man's prayer was that he might be kept from speaking too harshly of the Devil, lest he should have to go to live with him some day.

One of the least satisfactory—though no doubt necessary form which the Welsh national movement is taking is an agitation for a greater supply of Welsh religious literature in our prisons.

In America there are 185 Welsh Calvinistic Methodist churches, with 12,000 communicants and 25,000 adherents. In Austria the are four churches with a membership of 337, and in Patagonia a membership of 291 in six churches.

More Welshmen attained to high positions in the state in the sixteenth century than at any other period, though the population of Wales was under a quarter of a million. The Cecils, Herberts, Cromwells and Devereux were all Welsh by blood or by connection.

The most nomadic people in Wales are those of Radnor. The last census shows that more than one in four of the inhabitants are immigrants, while over one-half of those born in Radnor have left their homes for England or elsewhere. This explains why Welsh has ceased to be spoken in Maesyfed.

This is how Cynalaw reminded the Rev. D. Phillips, of Swansea, an old minister who, though in his eighty-third year, is still hale and hearty, and able to preach, that his appointment was at Briton Ferry next Sunday week:

I Bethel, Briton Ferry,
Disgwyliwn chwi i bregethu,
Yr all ddydd Sul yn lonawr,
Gobeithiwn yn ddibryder
Y deweh yn iach fel arfer,
Ac arlwy ar ein cyfer
O'ch gwleddoedd moethus gwerthfawr.

The Welsh Baptist Handbook for 1895, under the editorship of the Rev. D. B. Richards, Swansea, shows that the Welsh Baptists have seen another year of progress. There are 795 churches, 490 pastors in charge, and 132 without charge; baptized, 5,980; restored, 2,607; received by letter, 4,751; died, 1,677; excluded, 1,286; dismissed by letter, 5,292; removed without letters, 2,646. Net increase, 2,348. Number of members, 102,835; Sunday school, 112,153.

St. Thomas' Day, or Dydd Gwyl Domos, falls on Dec. 21, and used to be a great day in Wales. The parochial charities were distributed at the church on that day, and the receivers were expected to remain behind for the service. Talhaiarn used to tell a funny tale about it. "Where have you been, Modryb Catrin?" he asked an old woman. "In church for the service and my Nigwyl Domos." "What sort of a service is it?" "The sermon was all right if one understood it, but it was in English. But the singing was beautiful. They were singing that psalm—you know—'Pan oedd y gath yn Babilon.'"

One Mamma to Love.

From Le Figaro.

"Do you love me, mamma?"

"Yes, my child."

"But not so much as I love you, I am sure."

"Why not?"

"Because you divide your love between me and my two sisters, while I have only one mamma to love."