

mother's carriage. The Princess of Wales also is not so well as one would wish; she is very, very sad, and day by day seems to miss poor Prince Eddie more. Much as she misses him now, I should imagine she will feel the loss much more when she returns to London, and once more begins to mix in society. It is a matter for regret that their Royal Highnesses should have been so much annoyed by the curiosity of the vulgar people at Cap Martin, and I hear that even tourists from neighboring towns actually drive over to Mentone and wait about most persistently to see them go out. Princess May has been staying at Cap Martin, and as a proof of their affection and kindly feeling for her the Prince and Princess of Wales insisted upon her accepting the diamond necklace and traveling bag which were to have been presented for her wedding.

Do you remember any of Mr. Whistler's startling pictures? But what a senseless question! Once seen how could they be forgotten? I was at a private view of some of his works the other day, and as there were no gowns worth looking at I turned my attention to some of the pictures. One of my friends, who is an ardent admirer of Whistler, tells me that I am not educated up to his work yet; indeed, I think it would need a very long and curious education to make me admire his works. When I look at a picture I do like to have some sort of idea as to the subject of the painting, and do not like to feel "that the artist is playing a practical joke on the spectator, or that he is suffering from some sort of optical delusion." His nocturnes I consider merely attempts at descriptive nothingness; the blending of the colors is sometimes beautiful, certainly, but that is all. I remember Mr. Ruskin's cutting remarks on one of these nocturnes, written some years ago, when the spirited controversy was going on between artist and critic: "I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." Rather severe, isn't it? The catalogue is quite one of the features of this exhibition. Mr. Whistler's admirers speak of it as "a little joke of the master's." To the description of each picture Mr. Whistler has added some of the unflattering criticisms passed on them when first exhibited, and these quotations he sarcastically calls "The Voice of the People." I must tell you this book is bound in coarse brown paper; doubtless the author calls it a "Nocturne in Brown." I also visited the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors, and really some of the pictures were quite refreshing after so much of the "Nocturnes." On the whole the exhibition is a good one, although there is nothing very striking this year. I particularly admired a painting by F. Cotman, R. T., of my old home, "Exeter"; the sky is splendidly treated, and the old city looks well in the sunlight. The coloring of Mr. Ryland's "Tendrest Spring" is very lovely; it is an idyll in maidens and weather. The president's contribution this year I do not like so well as usual; the girl's face is exceedingly pretty, but rather too refined for a rustic maiden; the whole tone is very delicate and true to nature, but, somehow, I expected more of Sir James Luiton. Next Sunday is show Sunday. You know what that is, of course. What a rush there will be from studio to studio. I confess I am always tired out long before I have visited all my artist friends on that day. This time I must take particular notice of all I see for your especial benefit, but I expect you are tired of the subject of pictures for the present. To change the subject I will tell you of a lecture given at the London Institution last week by Miss Stanley, in which she set forth Mr. Ruskin's ideas on the subject of women, as culled from his works. Of course Mr. Ruskin has no liking for the modern young lady, or, to use a popular expression, the *fin de siècle* young lady, and his ideas on the subject of love and lovers are original, to say the least. He strongly objects to what he describes as "modern mob-courtships," carried on in a miserable confusion of candlelight, moonlight and lime light—anything but daylight. He is still less in favor of short engagements. I must quote a little paragraph from "Sesame and Lilies" (I hope I am not mistaken in the book); it sounds very pretty, but decidedly impractical; don't you think so? "No lover should have the insolence to think of being accepted at once, nor should any girl have the cruelty to refuse at once without severe reasons. If she simply doesn't like him, she may send him away for seven years or so, he vowing to live on cresses and wear sackcloth meanwhile, or the like penance; if she likes him a little, or thinks she might come to like him in time, she may let him stay near her, putting him always on sharp trial to see what stuff he is made of, and requiring, figuratively, as many lion-skins or giants' heads as she thinks herself worth." Fancy a modern lover treated in this way!

We have heard a great deal lately through the daily papers about the way a young Englishman and his school-boy brother have been treated by the police of Paris. They were accused of picking some woman's pocket, imprisoned for two or three days, and subjected to the grossest insults. It is to be hoped that the English Consul will demand an explanation of such conduct and require an apology, that an example will be made of the particular officials who are to blame in the matter. Have you ever had occasion to encounter the Parisian gendarme? If so, have you not wondered what had become of the traditional politeness of the Frenchman? Oh! the supercilious smile and the contemptuous pity with which he regards helpless Englishwomen who ask their way in very bad French. He never dreams of trying to understand them any more than he does of regulating the traffic. How different from our English policemen. Do you know? I often wonder at the infinite patience of these long-suffering individuals, especially of those who are on duty at some of our busiest thoroughfares. Just imagine the work it must be for a man stationed at Piccadilly Circus, where the traffic is enormous all day long. How they manage to regulate the traffic is wonderful; the policeman merely holds up his arm and a stream of carriages, omnibuses, cabs, etc., will become perfectly still while a crowd of pedestrians crosses the road in safety. The arm is waved and the stream moves on again until another crowd has collected, waiting to cross, and the policeman once more exercises his authority.

(To be continued.)

Annie Vaughan

## Agnes Maule Machar.

One need not pause to explain the portrait which bears the signature of "Fidelis." The thoughtful pleasant features are unfamiliar except to her own circle of friends—for Miss Machar does not court publicity—but the sympathetic heart-spoken poems are familiar everywhere.

The home of Miss Machar is at Kingston, Ontario. Her early education was attended to by her father, a Scotch clergyman, a Principal of Queen's University, of highly cultured nature and abilities. At the age of twelve she had begun her practical career by a translation of a story from Ovid, and a portion of *Antigone* and *Electra* into English rhyme. Since that time her work has been incessant and highly successful. There is no time, nor indeed necessity—since the readers of this continent know and love her works—to enumerate the many poems and stories she has written. Suffice it to say that Miss Machar has been a valued contributor to the best Canadian journals, and to many such well known American publications as the *Century*, *St. Nicholas*, *Wide Awake*, and *New England Magazine*. Here is a characteristic sonnet which appeared in the *Century*:

### REQUIESCAT.

Soft falls the snow upon the fading year,  
As death falls softly on the quiet face  
By which we fain would stand a little space  
To drop the tribute of a falling tear  
And lay the laurel-wreath upon the bier  
Where sleeps in silence, as in love's embrace,  
He who crowned, so lately held his lofty place,  
Our well-loved Singer, our beloved long-reverenced Seer!  
Holding his faith undimmed in faithless days,  
His witness for the right, serene and strong—  
Whose love was pure, and sweet with knightly grace,  
Whose life was true and noble as his song!  
What need for him whose lovely work is done!  
Rest with his love;—and Life eternal won!



Faithfully yours  
Agnes Maule Machar  
(Fidelis)

The strong feeling shown here mingled as it is with pathos and tender reverence shows one side of her poet nature. "An August Morning" published in *The Week* is in a lighter tone. Listen to the delicate echoing music. Inhale the perfume from the woods. Breathe the sweetness of the flowers. Feel soft breezes on your cheeks, and let the little tender love-message sink into your hearts.

### AN AUGUST MORNING.

In gleam of pale, translucent amber weke  
The perfect August day;  
Through rose-flushed bars of pearl and opal broke  
The sunlight's golden way;  
Scarcely the placid river seemed to flow  
In tide of amethyst,  
Save when it rippled o'er the sands below  
And granite boulders kissed;  
The heavy woodland masses hung unstirred  
In languorous slumber deep,  
While from their green recesses, one small bird  
Piped to her brood, asleep.  
The clustering lichen wore a tenderer tint,  
The rocks a warmer glow,  
The emerald dew-drops in the sunbeams glint  
Gemmed the rich moss below;  
Our airy shallop idly stranded lay  
Half mirrored in the stream,  
Wild roses drooped, glassed in the tiny bay,  
Ethereal as a dream!  
You sat upon your rock, a woodland queen  
Upon your granite throne;  
All that still world of loveliness serene  
Held but us twain, alone!

Nay! but we felt another Presence there,  
Around, below, above,  
It breathed a poem through the crystal air  
Its name was Love!

Of Miss Machar's patriotism I should like to speak in words of flame. Canada is a name so dear to her that her intense love breathes through almost every word she writes. I would that I could give "Our Canadian Fatherland" entire, but instead can but give part of her answer to the question she herself asks, "What is our Young Canadian Land?"

Where'er Canadian thought breathes full,  
Or wakes the lyre of poesy—  
Where'er Canadian hearts awake,  
To sing a song for her dear sake,  
Or catch the echoes, spreading far,  
That wake us to the noblest war  
Against each lurking ill and strife,  
That weakens now, our growing life,  
No line keeps hand from clasping hand,  
ONE is our young Canadian land!

I can make only one other selection, and that another sonnet which likewise appeared in the *Century*:

### A REGRET.

Oh, could we but have seen, while they were ours,  
The grace of days forever fled away;  
Had we but felt the beauty of the flowers  
That bloomed for us—before they knew decay;  
Could we have known how we should yearn in vain  
For looks and smiles no more to greet our sight,  
Or how the fruitless tears should fall in vain  
For hours of sweet communion—vanished quite.  
Their worth to us, had we but better known,  
Then had we held them dearer while our own,  
Had kept some salvage from the joys o'erthrown,  
And loneliness itself had found us less alone!

Of herself and her way of living, in a letter to a friend Miss Machar says:

"My articles in the *Andover Review* have led to a pleasant friendship with the venerable Shaker-poet, John S. Whittier. Dr. O. W. Holmes I can also number among my friends and as an occasional correspondent, and I had the good fortune to receive an autograph letter from Lord Tennyson, on account of a short poem years ago published in *Good Words*, entitled "Canada to the Laureate." . . . I believe greatly in exercise and fresh air, and I spend half the year in the country in a lovely spot overlooking charming views of scenery of the "Thousand Islands." I live out-doors most of the summer and spend a good deal of time in sketching, gardening, and also in my boat—being a very fair oarswoman—i.e., I can row some miles without fatigue. This kind of relaxation keeps me so well and strong that I have never known what serious illness is, in spite of a good deal of close work, for which I cannot be too thankful. Indeed, I think I must be phenomenally healthy, when I see how many even younger women suffer from chronic ill-health. But all through life I can say that in many respects "the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places!" a recognition which is a constant stimulant to me to do all I can for those less favored ones whose life seems a struggle." And again speaking of a conflict between her literary and philanthropic work (she is almost as well-known for the latter as the former). "This," that is work in Relief, Missionary and Rescue Societies, "has prevented my doing as much literary work as I otherwise might have done, but it was more necessary." She is actively engaged as usual in literary work. A novel of hers called "Marjorie's Canadian Winter—A Story of the Northern Lights," is in press and another is shortly to be issued.

### Not So Sure About It.

"Here's an item" ejaculated Mr. Billus, who was reading his newspaper, "about a superstitious crank that got up from the table rather than be one of thirteen at a supper."

"That reminds me John," said Mrs. Billus, "that there were just thirteen that sat down at our wedding supper."

"Well, it didn't bring anybody bad luck, did it?" growled the husband.

"No, I believe not. That is, none of the others."

Mrs. Billus stared abstractly at the "God Bless Our Home" on the wall, and Mr. Billus read his paper upside down in silence for the next ten minutes.

### Christening Gifts.

For christening gifts silver is the usual offering. In lieu of the candle cup, which once was the invariable present from the god-parent, fashion has decreed the presentation of silver spoons; on each anniversary another spoon is sent, so that when the recipient has attained a round dozen of years he or she is in possession of just as many spoons. After the teaspoons have been exhausted tablespoons and forks may be given; if the girl remained unmarried beyond the usual marriageable period such a tax might become quite a tax upon the god-papa and god-mamma. As a boy is not supposed to have any use for such things, it is usual to present him with a gold coin on each anniversary with which to commence a bank account. The fashion is an excellent one and will commend itself to common sense people.

### In His Own Terse Words.

Teacher (to Mickey) "Now Mickey, you read the lesson to me first and then tell me, with the book closed, what you read."

Mickey (reading) "See the cow. Can the cow run? Yes the cow can run. Can the cow run as swiftly as the horse? No, the horse runs swifter than the cow." (Closing the book) "Get onto de cow. Kin her jig steps run? Be'cher'life she kin run. Kin de cow do up de horse a runnin'? Naw, de cow ain't in it wid de horse."