



IN FAIRYLAND.

The moon is shining with tranquil splendour and the space between heaven and earth is filled with a soft luminous dimness. There is an influence in the air which will not allow us to slumber, and led by an ever active sympathy with Nature, we wend our way to some well known sylvan haunt where none but invisible people dare intrude, and where we can muse and dream to our hearts' content in the moonlight.

The bewitching, bewildering lovely moonlight. How can we describe it! Let us dip the tip of our pen into its shimmering radiance and perchance we may catch a beam of inspiration. Yet no, such fascinating sprites as moonbeams are not to be caught by aught that is human, for just as we think we have captured one it slips noiselessly away, and so it is the whole time "Catch me if you can!" "Catch me if you can!" until at last we give up our daring attempt.

See how the shadows vary on the green sward as the breeze moves the leaves and transmits the moonbeams from one to the other. Look how the graceful boughs are touched with silver one moment; the next, fade into the night. Those tall trees whose waving tops are bathed in moonbeams remind us of great men whose heads are crowned with glory whilst their lives are hidden in gloom; and there winds a dark forest glade through which the moonlight glimmers, gliding lithely and thither like the most ethereal of spirits. In some places where the foliage is not so dense, we can see the forms of maple leaves fantastically outlined on mounds of illumined moss. Let us wander through this glade and think on the eyes that saw too clearly, the lips that spoke too truly, and the hearts that loved too dearly.

There is a fragrance in the air breathed by the herbs and grasses. Complete stillness surrounds us. Even the ordinary noises of the night, the faint murmur of summer insects, the stirring of leaves by the wind, the peevish twitter of some restless young bird. Even these seemed hushed. Our eyes are heavy. Let us close them and people the solitude in which we are enveloped with the fairy folk. Our own dear fairies. They are always welcome, for they come to us singing:

Wouldst thou have us nensive
Or wouldst thou have us gay,
Sing a song of gladness
Or a mournful lay?
Tell us which is sweeter,
Sad or merry metre,
We will try to please, Sir,
We thy will obey.

And whether we are merry or sad, their lutes are attuned to the rhythm of our heart. Here they come, wafted to our view on a sheaf of moonlight. But to-night they tell no tale, sing no song for us, for they are mourning the return to earth from fairyland of one who was beloved by them for many years. List to the sweet notes of their lament:

Inspired by hopeless sorrow,
We waft to thee a strain,
For thou art wandering lonely
Where all our love is vain.
The moon still shines as o'er thy head
It shone so long ago;
But tears bedim its radiance now
For our hearts are full of woe.

Hast thou forgotten fairyland—
The maze of golden light,
The flower-gemmed bowers, the crystal fountains,
The skies for ever bright—
Save when the evening shadows crept
Athwart the roseate blue,
And the pale Moon whi-pered to the Sun:
Say to the world, Adieu?

Hast thou forgotten how the stars
Were thine own "Evening Glories"?
Or how their "poetry" taught to thee
The loveliest of love stories?
Ah! then thy spirit leapt beyond
The bounds of human gladness;
But now it soundeth o'er and o'er
The depths of human sadness.

Hast thou forgotten how the peace
Of the eternal sky
Enwrapped thy soul, whilst winds sang low
A soothing lullaby?
Oh! sweet it was to rest secure
With many a fairy friend;
But now thy head unrestinglies
And peace is at an end.

Hast thou forgotten how the voice
Of Morning, fresh and clear,
Called thee across the mountains high,
And we, who loved thee dear,
Accompanied thy joyous flight,
And hand in hand we flew
To peaks of beauty and delight,
Known to the free and true.

For thou wert like the summer breeze
That kissed thy happy brow
And sang and wandered where thou wouldst—
Oh! for that freedom now!—
And thou wert true to thine own heart—
For 'twas a trusty guide;
But now, thou knowst not what is truth,
And e'en thy heart's belied.

Hast thou forgot the fairy isles
Where laughing flowers display
Their varied hues, and blush and glow
Beneath the Eye of Day?
So, thoughts like fairest flowers arose
Within thy verdant mind;
But now thy thoughts are naught but weeds,
And shadows round them wind.

Hast thou forgot, canst thou forget,
The moonlit night when we
Would wander o'er all Fairyland
With spirits pure and free;
The soft green turf beneath our feet,
The night blue sky above—
Canst thou forget our care of thee,
Canst thou forget our love?

Oh! fairies of Fairyland, can he whom they mourn ever forget them, ever forget their country of ever-living beauty, with its boundless skies of infinite colour, its floods of radiance, its dells and groves of glorious greenness, its floor of verdant harmony, its glittering feathery foliage, its luminous vistas, its green hills undulating far, far away, its transparent sun-shot waters, its lovely odorous flowers? Can he ever forget the time when blithe and unlettered he wandered wheresoever he would, when no chains corroded his tameless spirit, when, instead of harsh embittering words, the music of unseen lyres played by unseen minstrels called forth all the tenderest emotions and thoughts, sweeter than the sweetest melodies ever interpreted by the eyes? No, never can he forget, and though now immured in a world which he dare not leave, his heart, that heart which was once so happy and serene with the peace which comes through trusting, broken, hardened and unanchored, yet, at times doth the lost music sound in his ears and a fleeting vision of the lost countries pass before his eyes.

Oh! thou who art wearied with a dull, charmless existence, and thou, whose proud intelligence makes thee restless and discontented, this Fairyland or World of Imagination is a beautiful world, which may be frequented with great pleasure and benefit, and from which thou mayst return to the duties of real life refreshed and calmed. But do not, ah! do not, yield thine whole soul to its fascinations and dwell too long therein, because 'tis a law of Nature that he who thus forgets himself (as was the case with the one whom the fairies lament), forfeits the blessings and pleasures of the real world when he returns to it. Let us think of that most sorrowful one; think how it was possible for him to be all that he had ever aspired to be; think of the happiness he enjoyed; think of the beauty which delighted his eyes; think of the love and sympathy which were his all in the World of Imagination. And then think of him in the real world—a pilgrim and a stranger! Think till the moon charms our sadness away and inspires us to address her. Dear and lovely Moon! As we watch thee pursuing thy solitary course o'er the silent heavens, heart-easing thoughts steal o'er us and calm our passionate soul. Thou art so sweet, so peaceful, so serene, that thou causest us to forget the stormy emotions which crash like jarring discords across the harmony of life and bringest to our memory a voice, scarce ever heard amidst the warring of the world—Love's low voice. Thou art so serious and so pure that it seemeth as if naught that is false or ignoble could live beneath thy gentle radiance, and that earnestness, even the earnestness of genius, must glow within the bosom of him on whose head thy beams fall like blessings. Thou art our teacher and our friend. It seems to us as if sometimes a shade of sadness were cast o'er thee—as if, perchance, thou wert grieving o'er some unrighted wrong; yet, thou continuest thy course as steadily when thy light is dimmed as when it shines the brightest. May our spirits be as invincible. The magic of thy sympathy dis-burthens us of many sorrows and thoughts, which, like the songs of the sweetest silvan singer, are too dear and sacred for the careless ears of day, gush forth with unconscious eloquence when thou art the only listener. Thou hast the power to make us happy, for thou art truthful and thou art beautiful, and wherever there is truth and beauty there is poetry, and wherever there is poetry there is happiness.

We love thee as all things animate and inanimate must love thee, as the boundless ocean, undulating rivers, still lakes, that carry thine image in their bosoms, love thee. We gaze on thy fair face floating on the clouds above us, and then, looking downwards, behold it, like a mysterious other self, gliding gracefully o'er the waters. Thy witchery is o'er meadow, grove and forest. Thou art, in fact, Nature's fairy godmother. We love thy brother also, the spirit-stirring Sun. Who can resist him? But not as we love thee. The Sun cometh forth with glory, a glory which precedes him. Brilliant banners of light, his messengers, announce his coming and disperse all shadows. The skies blush at his approach. And then when he appeareth, what a rejoicing! The air is astir, the flowers open, the birds warble, thousands of voices are heard—some loud and clear, some low and soft; but all glad with a gladness which is born of the Sun, and all raised in praise of him.

And when he retireth, and when the evening skies which reflect the hues of Paradise have become subdued and the dark shades of night are gathering, what a melancholy falleth o'er Nature—flowers close, leaves droop, birds cease singing. All is quiet and still, still and quiet; the Sun is asleep. Yes, we love the gay Sun, the renewer of joyousness, the dispeller of sadness. But not, oh! not, as we love thee, dear Moon. The Sun ariseth in glory, his heralds proclaim his approach and earth awakes and greets him. He departeth also in glory, and in his most brilliant robes waves his adieu. But to thee, sweet Queen of Night, we raise our eyes. Lo! thou art there. No voice, no sign, gave notice of thy coming. Yet, there thou shinest. So, when thou retirest, Nature, who we doubt not loveth thee well in secret, alloweth scarce a flower to open its eye when bidding thee farewell, and not a voice laments thee, save the voice of one lone bird. Modestly and sweetly dost thou instil the balm of thy presence through the night, and, when thy task is finished, retirest with silent simple courtesy.

Dear and lovely Moon, there are some who say that none but simple folks are fascinated by thy soft light, that love of thee causes melancholy and sentimental fancies, and that thou givest licence to the imagination and blindfolded reason. Wherefore then do we love thee and muse on thee? Give us grace to answer them. Because melancholy is in the human heart, and if the moonlight hath power to bring it to the surface, 'tis only because the defiant gaiety under which melancholy lies buried, cannot exist under the Moon's pure light. Besides "all things are touched with melancholy," and is it not a relief sometimes to be *truly* melancholy instead of falsely gay? Because, though these are not the days of sentiment, yet, we believe that true sentiment alone makes life worth living. Because, dwelling in the sunlit fields of reason, we fear not to wander at times through the moonlit valleys of imagination. Because we believe that, if the sunlight is beneficent to man, so also must be the moonlight. For the Master of Life created both the Sun and the Moon and made us susceptible to the influence of both. Because, just as the Moon at certain seasons blends with the Sun until the lesser light seems (and only seems) extinguished by the greater, so also ought imagination to blend with reason.

EDITH EATON.

A Lady Botanist.

Miss Marianne North, the accomplished artist, botanist, and traveller, whose death is just announced, was born at Hastings in 1830. She was the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Frederick North, M.P. Miss North early developed a strong taste for natural history and a desire for travel, and in 1865 she went with her father to the East. For two years they resided in Egypt, Syria, and Palestine, and after Mr. North's death in 1869 his daughter devoted herself to painting as a profession. In 1869-70 she executed a large number of landscapes in Sicily, and in 1879 visited Canada, the United States, and Jamaica. Her sketches made in these places were the foundation of the present collection at Kew. She next went to Brazil to paint the flora of the country, and she was received with much distinction by the Emperor. Teneriffe, India and Ceylon were then visited, the result being a splendid collection of studies. A selection of them was exhibited before the Royal Society, and also before the Queen at Windsor. In November 1877 Miss North went to India, and on her return two years later she offered her entire collection of pictures to the authorities at Kew, in trust for the nation, and she engaged to build at her own cost a gallery for their reception. The offer was accepted, the hanging of the paintings was superintended by the artist herself, and on July 8, 1882, the gallery was thrown open to the public. There are upwards of 700 paintings, and, according to the testimony of Sir J. D. Hooker, it would be impossible to overrate their usefulness and scientific importance. On August 4, 1882, Miss North left for the Cape, to study the vegetation of South Africa. Early in 1883 sixty new paintings were sent to Kew, and in June the collection had so increased that a new room was added to the building. On September 24, 1883, Miss North left London for Mabe, the principal island of the Seychelles group, where trees and flowers flourish which are unknown elsewhere. Here also she made many valuable sketches. She subsequently visited, in pursuit of her many artistic and scientific objects, California, Borneo, Java, Australia, and New Zealand. A final journey undertaken to South America brought on a long and painful illness, from which Miss North never recovered; and she passed away a few days ago at her home in Gloucestershire.

The Magnet and Hypnotism.

A curious fact is that if the hypnotised subject, in a state of lethargy, grasps the north pole of a magnet he is filled with intense joy, and sees beautiful flames issuing from the end of the magnet; if, however, he is connected with the south pole he is profoundly miserable, and usually flings the magnet away in horror. If the north pole is placed in his right hand and the south in his left he becomes entirely passive, the two currents producing entire indifference to anything. The over-excitability of the nervous system is such in the hypnotised person that you can bring about all the symptoms of poisoning by strychnine if a small quantity of the poison in a sealed glass tube is placed on the skin in front of the neck. A tube containing brandy will produce about all the signs of drunkenness, and a tube of opium will bring about all the symptoms of a man under the influence of that potent drug.—*Court Journal*.