

CANADA.

Prize poem read by its author, Mr. Alfred William Winterlows Dale, of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, June 11th, 1879, and for which he was awarded the Chancellor's medal.

Hail, sons of Britain scattered through the world—
In every land! For where have ye not come,
And coming conquer, wheresoever day
Follows the darkness, and the sun the stars!
Amid the ruins of great empires fallen,
With temples standing though the gods be dead;
Among new nations struggling into birth,
With the first wonder still fresh in their eyes;
From the vast ice plains of the barren Pole
To the rich palm-groves of Pacific seas;
From desolation to earth's loveliest lands
We wander, and we make them all our own,
And give our flag to float on every breeze,
And leave our graves on every shore and sea.

But now from echoes of a lingering strife,
From mountain ranges wreathed in cannon mist,
Wide plains left desolate, and spread o'er all—
Like a fierce storm cloud darkening sunny skies—
The shadow of an awful agony.
Let us turn westward, till the voice of war
Dies in the booming surges of the deep.
To thee we come: to thee, the latest left
And loveliest of all our daughters—Canada!
Now ours, and ours alone. The power of France
That held there once is vanished all away;
And the fierce strife is over, and the claims
Of angry nations balanced in the beam
Of Destiny, and ours is the award.

Long months the tide of battle ebb'd and flow'd
Upon the plains and in the pathless woods,
The midnight gloom still blossoming into fire;
The midnight silence broken by the crash
Of cannon or the Indian's savage cry.
Till the steep crags above the city walls
Our soldiers scaled, and in the dead of night
Heard the deep river murmuring far below,
And saw the watch fires of the foe before,
Islanded in by death on either side.

But now upon the heights in loneliness
Stands a grey pillar, telling all the world:—
"That here died Wolfe victorious"—nothing more;
A hero's simple tribute; for the words
Ring like a trumpet down the vale of years,
And echo into ages far away.

And thus we won the land, and year by year
The nations grew together into one;
While the charred ruins mouldered into dust,
And trampled corn forgot the soldier's heel;
And the sad memories of the bygone strife
Faded, as fades a foam-streak in the sea,
Or as a star-trail in the midnight sky.

Then all the tides from the wide Northern world
Set towards those happy shores; from every clime
Men flocked o'er the seas to find themselves a home,
Rest after suffering, after peril peace.
They came from that dear isle where Fire and Frost
Swear lasting truce and band their powers in one
To make the land no home for men—fierce flame
In heaven and underfoot the barren snow.

Some came from Muscovy, when stern decrees
Had made life there no life for nobler souls,
That would not set a mortal on Heaven's throne
Or bow in letters at the feet of God.
Some came from Britain when the world went ill
And drove them far o'er seas to seek a home
Where the past's sins and sorrows all should fade,
Where Fortune might prove kind, and o'clock and storm
Sink back from their sight into the silent sea.

And there are some that dwell alone amid
The woodland wilderness and earn their bread
In solitude, but when the night comes down
Look up to heaven and see the selfsame stars
They watched in childhood on another shore,
And sometimes when the wind is waiving shrill
Among the canopy of pines, their life
Ebb'd back again, and they are laid once more,
Some Sabbath-day within the little kirk
Built of grey stone half hidden in the mist,
Father and mother and the childish crew
About them, while without the ocean spray
Blown from the sea patters upon the pines,
And mingles with the music of the psalm.

But year by year these memories fade away;
They have no children in the far-off land,
And home for them lies where their dearest are,
Here they have kith and kin and wife and child,
And graves of loved ones in Canadian soil.
And who but needs must love a land like this,
Where every passing hour bath its own charm,
And every season its own loveliness?

In winter the pure veil of feathery snow
Down docting from the sky in noiseless folds;
In spring the waking music of the air,
And the world watering through a mist of green;
Then in the heat of summer the fall leaves
And the deep coolness of the woodland dell;
And last the forest all ablaze with pomp
And glory of all hues, till cold winds come
And strew the gold about the autumn fields.

Here as we mount and leave the coast below,
Lake leads to lake, sea opens into sea,
Great waters hidden in the land and linked
Together in a sounding labyrinth,
One river chain still running through them all,
From Northern ice-caps spired and pinnacled,
With gable and gargyle, arch and oriel
And subtlest maze of frosted tracery,
Rock-based, rock-roofed, like some fantastic fae
Hewn by rough craftsmen in the days of old,
And buttressed firm against the Northern gales,—
From that cold clime they stretch into the south
By plain and forest under the kinder skies,
There rise the masses of the gloomy pines
Marshalled together to a solid front
Against the fury of all winds that blow,
League after league the stately line goes on,
With now and then a hollow overhead
Through which the light steals trembling, now and then

Some sound amid the solitude,—the crash
Of falling branch or cry of frightened bird,—
Westwards and westwards ever till the day
Breaks dim before us, and we stand at last
Upon the prairie rippled by the breeze
To waves and breaking in a foam of flowers:
Vast busy reaches, sloping far away
To western mountains, where a thousand peaks
Flush to the crimson of the dawn's first beam,
Or sparkle silver splendours to the moon.

There rolls the great St. Lawrence to the sea,
Sweeping by rapids and by cataract
Whose thunder never hushes, and the gleam
Of falling waters lightens night and day,
By islands thickly sown as stars in heaven,
Lying like lines on the river-bed,
With clear-cut petals lifted from the wave,
A cluster of unnumbered loveliness.

There do they dwell and labour; there the axe
Wakes with the warbling lark, and of eerily rings
The liveliest day, while the pines shake and fall
And float into the stream to make their way
By lake and river to the distant sea.
And there they plough the plain and sow their seed
Till the swift seasons make them rich return,
While the wide acres glow with golden grain
To feed the multitudes of other lands.
Bring happy souls! To whom the passing years
Thrice little sorrow and light clouds of ill,
Far from the troubling nations and the storm,
Far from the suffering nations ye abide,
Tearless and passionless, and there in peace
Watch the long days go down into their grave,
And catch the dying whisper of the world.
Of times we look amid this jarring life

And cruel conflict of our eager age
To pass from tumult into calm like yours,
And steep our souls in silence once again.
For the very air we breathe is rank and foul,
Thrice moulded into words of shame, and loud
With sob of children trampled in the press
Of men that rush to clutch the glittering gold.
We toll in vain, and our vast wilderness
For all our labour thickens hour by hour;
And what we fell by day the night restores,
Stouter and stronger rising from its fall.
And all our seed is scattered on the wind
Idly to drift about the sandy sky.
Or if some scattered grains have reached the soil,
The harvest lingers long, and centuries
Are seasons; others reap what we have sown.
But we are in the struggle, and must stand
Steadfast, undaunted at our post, and bear
The growing storm. Did we fall, half the world
Would make one ruin with us and one wreck.
We cannot pass unmissed, as some lone star
That in unbroken silence slips away,
Or solitary swimmer in the sea,
While the calm waves scarce ripple as he sinks.
But seek not fame like ours; and go not forth
To tread the world's rough path of power alone;
Still rest contented with a humbler lot.
Thy thunder may not labour on the winds,
Thine eagles may not wing across the sea;
But still thou shalt be blessed throughout the earth,
When mighty empires be despised and fallen.
Go, gather in the nations unto Thee;
Call to the poor from every clime and coast;
Give work to idle hands, and happiness
To hearts that sorrow, rest to weary souls.
Send peace among the nations for a sword.
And leave us not, remembering all the ties
That bind us both in one, and bridge the sea.
Leave us not yet; and if dark days should come
And the shrill trumpet wake the world again,
Stand at our side against the naughty foe;
And send thy sturdy woodmen to the fray,
Beneath our flag to face the iron hail!

LOVE IN A LIFT.

Love pervades everything. It is omnipresent. Places and conditions absolutely fatal to every other human experience do not affect *la grande passion*. There is printed record of love in a balloon; and the scientific gentleman at the Polytechnic Institution will bear credible witness that love has not been found impossible even in a diving-bell. Much sweet courtship has been conducted in railway carriages, and the present writer, who has never tasted the honeyed sweets of "spooning" himself, once knew, however, an amiable gentleman who positively proposed, and was accepted, amid the awful gloom and roar of the Mont Cenis tunnel, and survived the strange sensation, and was married and happy ever afterwards, as the old story-books say. There is a farce, too, called "Love in a Fix;" but love in an hotel elevator! Why, the same hotel actually advertised that identical lift in "Bradshaw's Railway Guide" as having been constructed upon an altogether improved principle, and furnished with a patent safety-break which rendered accidents quite impossible. But love has laughed at locksmiths and patent safety-breaks from the time of dangerous Helen and heroic Paris of Troy to that of Miss Blanche Whitney and Mr. Frank Fairlie, staying at the Cavendish Grand Hotel at Spaville the other day.

The Cavendish seemed altogether too immense and splendid for love, which demands, as you know, my dear madam, cosiness and freedom from the scrutiny of unsympathetic eyes. There Cupid was exposed to public observation in the greatest caravansary of a notoriously scandal-loving and fashionable sanatorium. Love seemed impossible in the grand drawing-room, where dowdy dowagers and highly-acidulated spinsters stabbed reputations with their knitting-needles; utterly impracticable in the noisy *salle à manger*, with the everlasting "Yes, sah!" of the German waiters. In the conservatory there were always some gouty old men, scandalously wealthy, talking about the virtues of the medicinal waters which they had come to Spaville to drink; too lately, in many instances to dilute the numerous bottles of rich Regina they imbibed years ago. Even the hall porter was a magnificent personage, with a marvellous expanse of shirt-front. He bore a semi-ecclesiastical, semi-aristocratic appearance. You hardly knew whether to regard him as a duke or a bishop. You felt constrained to address him respectfully as "Sir," and wondered, with great fear and trembling at the heart, whether such a superior being would not regard your modest *honorarium* of half-a-crown with lofty disdain. One lost one's name and became a numeral inside such an establishment. I never heard Miss Blanche Whitney's number, but Mr. Frank Fairlie was, I know, "skied," as they say at the Royal Academy, in "No. 593." The figure, however, do not affect the story.

If the stately interior and sense of general splendour of the Cavendish was fatal to sentiment, not so Spaville itself. Spaville is the home of romance. The neighbourhood might have been specially invented for lovers. The shady pine-woods, which clothe the bold hills that close round the watering-place, like investing lines on every side, have serpentine walks; and even such a stern political economist as Mr. John Ruskin has written in *Fors Clavigera* of the deep, secluded, stream-silvered valleys of Spaville, that in them "you might expect to catch sight of Pan, Apollo, and the Muses;" while, in addition to all this, there are beautiful gardens, such as that emotional impostor, Claude Melnotte, might have painted to the confiding Pauline, and asked, "Dost thou like the picture?" together with a dome musical with Mendelssohn's melodies, and fragrant with flowers. So fatal, indeed, is the spirit of flirtation in these Hesperidean Gardens that the dome grows its own orange-blossoms for the numerous betrothals that are here brought about each season.

Miss Blanche Whitney and Mr. Frank Fairlie did not escape these facilities for flirtation. The young people were thrown into each other's society at the Cavendish. He had come down from chambers in town to kill a few days with his uncle, a wealthy silk-spinner of Manchester, who rolled in riches and a bath-chair, and whom Frank irreverently styled "the Cocoon" when speaking of his avuncular relative to Miss Blanche. Her papa was having the racking pains of rheumatic gout washed out of him at the hot baths, for which Spaville has been famous ever since the Roman occupation, and he hoped to leave his crutches behind him as a practical testimonial of the healing qualities of the thermal springs. Frank Fairlie was a good-looking, athletic, clever young fellow, broad of shoulder, blue of eye, blonde of beard, just a girl's ideal of a brave, handsome Englishman. Blanche Whitney, although she had not, perhaps, what a painter would consider a single perfect feature in her face, set it off with such bonny brown wavy hair, such animated hazel eyes, such a vivacious little mouth, such a winsome charm of expression, that she became absolutely beautiful, especially when she smiled, and smiling she nearly always was. No wonder that Frank Fairlie—who had in his time run unscathed the gauntlet of much female fascination, and had declared himself to be invulnerable to attack—was mortally wounded in the heart by Blanche. It was altogether done by her indefinable but irresistible witchery of manner. And now how leaden seemed the hours when they were separated: how fleet the time passed when they were together; how often they met "quite by accident, you know;" what walks and talks they had in shady wooded ways; how they whispered sweet confessions and confidences in the sylvan solitude of the limestone dales, with only the silent and listening leaves to hear their story!

They had just returned to the Cavendish one evening from one of these romantic rambles, and were as loth to leave each other as lovers generally are, from when a certain young couple in Capulet's garden wished each other "a thousand times good-night," to these steam-engine degenerate days of "breaches of promise and divorce courts." They promenaded the deserted corridor of the hotel. That, at least, was better than, the frigid society of the drawing room, the unappreciative atmosphere of the coffee-room. Both our young people were in a merry mood. They were full of the light spirits and audacious confidence that belong to youth and hope, and love and health. After a few turns along the carpeted passage, Frank remarked, in his happy careless manner, pausing at the bottom of the hydraulic elevator,

"I say, pet, shouldn't you like a ride on the lift? It's perfectly safe."

"O yes," she said, with a gay little laugh. "It would be so awfully adventurous, don't you know?"

"Then we'll go up."

They started, and between the third and fourth station or floor en route stopped.

"It has been the dream of my life—" What more he said we shall not report.

The elevator had paused hardly a minute when the night-porter passed along the corridor. He noticed that the lift was not at the bottom as it should be. To prevent any possible accident, he fastened it safely and walked away. The occupants of the lift suspended in *medio*, like Mahomet's coffin, could move the machine neither one way nor the other. They could not alight on any landing. They were prisoners in a dark funnel. Perhaps they might remain in that terrible predicament all night. The situation, though exasperatingly farcical, did not present its humorous aspect to Blanche and Frank. The affair was somewhat compromising, too. Frank had placed Miss Whitney and himself in a pretty dilemma. Cool and collected as a rule, in this position he was utterly embarrassed. What could be done?

Ten minutes afterwards a Scotch gentleman, the director of a bank which was soon afterwards notorious as the scene of a terrible financial tragedy, when passing the lift, heard a piece of money fall. Perhaps it was his thrifty Caledonian love of the "bawbee," perhaps it was to avert the pecuniary danger impending, that he dropped on his knees and began to search the carpet diligently. He found the coin, and also one or two others which had doubtless fallen previously. They were two florins and a shilling. The bank director was rising from his devotional attitude when another florin fell down the hoist. Two half-crowns followed in swift succession, and were as quickly appropriated. Then lo! half a sovereign and a sovereign were dropped slowly; and he was greedily awaiting for more auriferous manna falling, when the manager of the Cavendish, a very little man for such a big building, put in an appearance.

"What is the matter, Mr. MacClosky?" he inquired. "I hope, sir, you are not unwell?"

"Oh no! I am just engaged in picking up some money which some one is kindly dropping down the well. It will help to pay my bill, so I am grateful for it," he said, with a Scotch effort at a "wut."

"Why, the lift is not in its place," exclaimed the manager, startled at the discovery. "Where's the night-porter? Robinson?"

"Here, sir!" said that functionary, turning up with prompt obedience.

"What about this lift, Robinson?"

"Well, sir, I knows nothing at all about it, and that's all I does know. I saw that the lift was not right, sir; so I scotches it, and meant to ask the day-porter about it when he comes in

the morning, sir. I knows nothing, and that's all I does know."

During these explanations the ladies and gentlemen issued forth from the coffee-room and drawing-room close by. A few, noticing the Scotch gentleman still on his knees, concluded that he had been seized with a sudden spasm of illness. Soon an alarming report was spread. Curiosity and sympathy were aroused, and a small crowd of spectators, including Mr. Whitney, a severe-looking gentleman with no nonsense about him, and the "Cocoon," were gathered round the scene of this innocent comedy. Only too soon was curiosity gratified. There came from above an earnest entreaty, pathetic in its very humour.

"Let us down now, there's a good fellow. For Heaven's sake let us down. I'll give you some more to-morrow."

The manager ordered the bolt to be removed, and slowly the lift glided down with its confused cargo. Slowly her dainty *bottines* and his drab gaiters came in view; there was a glimpse of bronzed velvet dress and light tweed trousers. There was great twittering among the ladies. The gentlemen whispered ominously. Now Miss Blanche Whitney and Mr. Frank Fairlie stood revealed; he with a nervous twitching on a pale face, and she blushing and looking as abashed as does my Lady Teazle when she is discovered behind the screen in Sheridan's play.

Mr. Whitney glared; the "Cocoon" was white with rage. The angry father, in a paroxysm of passion, accosted Frank:

"What the devil do you mean, sir, by such conduct?"

"O, nothing," he stammered. "I'd b-b-better m-m-marry your daughter, you know."

There was a quiet marriage about a month afterwards, and the sun never shone upon happier bride and bridegroom than Blanche Whitney and Frank Fairlie.

But that lift is watched like a thief to this hour.

STREPHON.

VARIETIES.

PUSHED FOR AN ILLUSTRATION.—The fearful effects of drink were well expressed to his flock by an Irish parish priest the other day. "What is it, me boys, that degrades ye to the level of the bastes of the field! Oi tell ye it's drink! What is it that deprives ye of your nerve? The drink! What is it that makes ye shoot at your landlord—and miss him! It's the drink, an' nothin' but the drink!"

THE QUESTIONS THAT WERE UNNECESSARY.—You haven't asked me all the questions. Now don't say you have, for you know you haven't," said an American citizen to a Census official. "No," replied the latter demurely; "I haven't asked you, sir, whether you could read or write, because that would be an insult; I haven't asked you whether you were a negro, because I can see that you are not; I haven't asked you whether you are lame or blind or deaf, for the same reason; and I haven't asked you whether you are an idiot, because that is unnecessary."

A NEW STAR.—Mlle de Vere, the young lady who recently made her debut at the Grand Opera in the rôle of Queen Margaret of Navarre in *Les Huguenots*, has proved another prize for the management, which lately secured a treasure in the person of Mlle. Dufrane. Mlle. De Vere possesses a very beautiful soprano, which is at once powerful and flexible, and gives evidence of more richness of tone than is usually to be found in voices of that nature. The character affords no scope for dramatic action, but her gestures are forcible and appropriate. She is very young, of very pleasing aspect, and promises to become one of the reigning stars of the Grand Opera.

A CROCODILE ON THE BOULEVARDS.—The other night, about nine o'clock, the proprietor of one of the great Parisian boulevard restaurants was seen sighing and lamenting at the door of his restaurant. Some *habitués*, as they were going out, asked him what was the matter. "Ah, messieurs, four persons have just gone away without paying for a sumptuous dinner which they have eaten!" "That is unfortunate; but you need not despair so violently." "Ah," replied the restaurant-keeper, in a tone of deep distress, "it is not on my own account! I am rich. But my waiter, messieurs, my private-room waiter—the father of a family, who has nothing but his place to live on—he will have to bear the loss and not I!" and he sank down in a chair and melted into tears.

HOW THE PARSON LIED.—Old Parson S. of Connecticut was a particular kind of person. One day he had a man ploughing in his field, and he went out to see how the work was getting on. The ground was very stony, and every time the plough struck a stone the man took occasion to swear a little. "Look here," cried Parson S., "you must not swear in that way in my field!" "Well, I reckon you'd swear too," said the man, "if you had to plough such a stony field as this." "Not a bit of it," said Mr. S. "Just let me show you!" So the parson took hold of the plough; but he very soon had considerable trouble with the stones. As stone after stone caught the ploughshare, Mr. S. ejaculated, "Well, I never saw the like!" And this he repeated every time a stone stopped his onward way. As soon as he had ploughed once, he stopped and said to the man, "There now! You see I can plough without swearing." "But I guess it's pretty near as bad to lie," answered the man; "and you told dozens of lies. Every time the plough struck a stone you said, 'I never saw the like,' when the same thing happened a minute before!"