

memory rushed out in full panoply of success, of war, occasionally of victory, the illustrious dead: Jacques Cartier, Champlain, de Tracy, de Frontenac, Phipps, de la Galissonnière, Wolfe, Montcalm, Levis, Murray, Cook, Bougainville, Arnold, Montgomery, and on stepping again on our historic soil, I, turning to my genial *compagnon de voyage*, said to him:

"*Siste, viator heroem calcas.*"

QUEBEC, 1890.

J. M. LE MOINE.

### HYMN TO EROS.

Yo! for the Never-aging! the boy of the bow of pearl!  
Come Hours! put on your sandals: Air, gather all your voices:  
Brown daughter of king Pandion, trill: coo, dove; and whistle, merle;  
And sigh sweet breeze that is never away when Nature's heart rejoices.  
Sing small contented humming bee, and every sweet-toned thing!  
Come loud-laughed maids of Dian, with noise of rattling quivers,  
With chirp of trees and lisp of seas and rhyme of running rivers,  
And choir around the spot in which are sly-eyed satyrs peeping,  
Where bends above the cradle bed whereon young Love is sleeping,  
Cytherea the beautiful,—singing songs of his father the king,  
(The son of ox-eyed Juno, and lord of the spear and glaive)  
And telling the boy in the bassinet how his most royal sire  
When captive ta'en by the Mother of Love became her lord and slave,  
And suffered his levin bolts to rust and let out his forge of fire  
In the winy isle of Cyprus—that gem in the milk-white ring  
Of foam that rims the shelly sands of the Aspelian wave.  
Pipe the oat! attune the tongue!  
Eros! Eros! is young!  
Let the hair be loosed, be loosed, and harp be strung.  
O summer winds! bring the roses at the touch of your flying feet,  
And carpet with blushing petals the floor of his bower of boughs,  
And, O ye rays of the sunlight! illumine the summer seat  
Where the lad delights to linger, or, frolicsome, to house  
In the pendant sprays of linden limbs, or in nests of birds on high,  
To launch his spark-tipped arrows at the maidens passing by,—  
Yes! yes! ye balmy-breathing Hours, with all your roses blowing,  
Trip on the primrose-sprinkled mead and see Child Eros growing  
In ruddy beauty unfolding as moss-rose from its wraps;  
And deepen the pits of his dimples with pats of finger tips,  
And fondle his round limbs beneath his curt and white cymar,  
And watch his gambols rushing forth as greyhounds from the slips,  
Or see him climb demurely on a knee—triumphal car—  
To let the budding, browned-browed girls have Young Love on their laps,  
His warm hands paddling in their necks, and kisses on their lips.  
Chant in numbers mild  
Eros! Eros! the Child,—  
For the love of the child is undefiled.  
Airily twang the rebec; breathe the soft Æolian flute;  
Beat a glad ruffle on the tightened kidskin drum;  
Young men! join your voices in, let not singing girls be mute,—  
Chant epithalamium, for the Bride and Bridegroom come!  
He with all the port and bearing of his gallant father Mars,  
She like Venus Aphrodité when she rose up from the waters,—  
(Fairest child of fairest mother in the court of Saturn's daughters)  
He with odic forces breathing, seething from each beating vein,  
She with all her heart responsive throbbing to his heart again,  
With her fine eyes fitful blazing like the gleams of mist-swept stars,—  
Their hue the hue of happiness, their light the light of chastened flame.  
As the orient noontide drinks draughts of sunlight's quickening fire,  
So her being, soft, receptive, all his bolder feelings tame,  
And her love is glorified by the warmth of chaste desire,  
For she feels her vestal angel's hand is letting down the bars

And a tremour shakes, like leaves, the fibres of her delicate frame.

Room for the Bridal! room!  
Eros! Eros! the groom,—  
Let citron blossoms wave and torches lume.

Who comes along the highway, girt by guards in gilt cuirasses  
And lances shedding rainbows from their tips of diamond flame,  
Heralded by braying trumpets and the clash of smitten brasses?  
Love, the Lord and the Avenger! Young Love changed, and yet the same.

Spotted panthers in the harness of his falchion-axled car,  
Stealthily and velvet-footed march along and champ their tushes

Till from their ensanguined jaws out the blood in red gout rushes,  
Which they lick up—looking askance at the crowd of frightened faces:

His own eyes are fierce and cruel as the beasts that pull the traces,  
Full of stern suspicion, as dictators' glances are;

Woe! to think that out of love jealousy should rise—and scorn!  
Woe! for shallow passion sated! Woe! for disappointed hopes!

Woe! the unattainable, that leaves the spirit crushed and torn!  
Woe! that heart in wilful bonds should perish tugging at the ropes!

That beneath the masque of love there should lie so deep a scar,  
And bitter hate from ashes of rejected love be born!

It needeth much to convince  
This is Eros! the Prince—  
Child in his cot a handful of years since.

Falleth the snow in summer; Doth the young beard turn to grey?  
Is it not the autumn time when ripens the yellow rye?  
Love that is of woman born cannot hope to flower for aye,  
Though it live in summer time with the winter it must die.

And as winter with ice-lances from the arctic land advances,  
Eros wraps him in a mantle of the feathers of the eider,  
And the dame bride feels the chill, though she have her Love beside her,  
For the maiden's blooming freshness with the summer goeth south,

And her sweets of love have melted with the kisses of her mouth;  
Aye! the lava stream of passion in young veins that boils and dances  
Chilleth to a tepid current, and love grows subdued to kind,  
Till the mocking mimes of Bacchos, with quick eyes and pricked-up ears,  
Note the change and scoffing say "Love he groweth blind!"

Praise to Love the Quiet!—constant! Praise to Love that loves for years;  
Truer than the warmth of passion, warmer far than youth's romances  
Is the love that feeds on fondness. Laud to quiet, loving mind!

Yet must the truth be told,  
Eros he groweth old  
When hair is snowy and heart is cold.

Then on altar wanes the flame that once made the heart a shrine;  
Dims the roseate aureole; Hymen stoops with torch depressed;  
All the joys of vanished passion range them in funereal line,  
Flamens like the ghosts of mem'ries, all in weeds of violet dressed,  
Or the lonesome shades that wait attendant on the unburied slain;  
And the Cupids, fluttering wildly, all dejectedly are crying  
With their piping voices "Aï, aï, Eros lies a-dying,"  
For his form is waxing dimmer till it goes out in the glimmer,

And a young Boy Love is lying 'mong the roses in the shimmer  
Of the shifting scenes that ope the temple of the heart again;  
Till rejuvenate the glory—till a flush of roseate hue  
Limns upon life's vivid curtain all the pageant of the past,  
And in radiant youthful prime, Love the Strong, the Brave, the True,  
Stands as central figure grandly, and so very like the last  
That the warm blood throbs the question fiercely through each beating vein,  
"Is this the old love or another? Is it the Old or New?"

Pipe the oat! attune the tongue!  
Eros is ever young!  
For from the old dead Love new Loves have sprung.

HUNTER DUVAR.

### MOTHER EARTH.

They tell of other homes from thee afar;  
We know not what, we know not where they are.  
Whatever and wherever they may be,  
They seem so distant when compared to thee.  
Thy teeming children in the east and west  
Derive their nourishment from out thy breast;  
And priceless jewels thy fair shoulders grace  
To be the playthings of our ancient race.  
While in and out twines many a garland fair  
Of flowers, among the richness of thy hair—  
That shimmering shows the golden waves of light  
Or hides upon the dusky pillow, night.  
Thy garments are the slopes of velvet green  
And all the ocean's crests of silver sheen.  
We hear while wandering thy paths along  
In storm thine anger, or thy joys in song.  
The wailing winds are but thy sobs and sighs;  
The clouds, the well-springs of thy weeping eyes,  
Led by thy hand, our little journey past,  
We sink to rest upon thy breast at last.  
Forgive us if, poor children of a day,  
We cling too fondly to thine earthly way.  
Those homes afar, of which we wondering hear,  
They seem so distant, and thou art so near.

—ACUS.

### NEW INVENTION IN GLASS INDUSTRY.

An invention has been perfected in the glass industry which, it is stated, will accomplish a complete revolution in that branch of manufacture. Until the present it has only been possible to produce sheet glass by blowing a hollow cylinder, which was then cut, separated, and polished. An American glass manufacturer has now succeeded in producing glass plates of great breadth and of any desired length by means of rolling. Glass thus produced is said to possess a far greater homogeneity, firmness, and transparency, and it has, on the upper surface, a brilliancy which is hardly to be distinguished from art plate glass. The material part of the invention consists in the application of the peculiar, undulated, hollow metal rollers, heated from the inside by means of steam or gas. These rollers seize the sticky, liquid glass, which is conducted to them from the bottom of a melting-tub, without the intervention of any other apparatus whatever. To prevent the soft glass from adhering to the rollers, the latter are covered with an extremely thin coating of wax. If the new process is extensively used, window glass will be considerably cheapened.—*English Mechanic.*

### A VEGETARIAN'S EXPERIENCE.

Mr. John Borroughs, the naturalist and author, who gave up the use of meat some three years ago, is quoted as expressing himself in the following manner, in answer to the question what apparent effect the omission of meat eating had upon his health: "I find I need less physical exercise," said Mr. Borroughs, "that my nerves are much steadier, and that I have far fewer dull, blank, depressing days; in fact, all the functions of my body are much better performed by abstaining from meat. In summer I make very free use of milk; at other seasons I cannot touch it. I eat one egg a day, usually for breakfast; I eat oysters, fish and fowl, oatmeal, hominy, beans and a great deal of fruit of all kinds. When I can get good buttermilk I want no better drink. There is great virtue in buttermilk. Two years ago I gave up the use of coffee, and think I am greatly the gainer by it. Certain periodical headaches with which I was afflicted I attributed to coffee. If I missed my coffee in the morning I was sure to have a bad headache. Since I have left off coffee my headaches are much lighter, and the character of them has entirely changed. They leave me on the going down of the sun."

### INTERESTING DISCOVERIES.

There are now placed in the Museum at Pompeii the plaster casts of the bodies of two men and a woman, taken from impressions made in a stratum of ashes outside the Stabian Gate. One of the men had fallen on his back, and the other, which is remarkably perfect, on his side, while the woman lies on her face with her arms stretched out. The impression of the tree with foliage and fruit has been examined and found to be a variety of the *laurus nobilis*, the round berries of which ripen in late autumn; and, as the impression found shows the fruit to have been ripe, it seems to prove that the destruction of Pompeii did not occur in August, as believed by many, but in November.

### AN EMPRESS'S GIFT.

The mortuary chapel at Farnborough, near London, Eng., where the remains of Napoleon III. and the hapless Prince Imperial are interred, has just been endowed with a beautiful and interesting gift. It is an altar cloth shaped and trimmed by the hands of the Empress. The cloth is made from the gown worn thirty-seven years ago, when Mdle. Eugénie de Montijo, Comtesse de Teba, was married at the Tuileries to Napoleon III. The altar cloth is trimmed with the lace and embroidery which ornamented the wedding gown. It is perhaps the most beautiful and pathetic tribute ever laid near a tomb by a widow.