

poet and the wit; the soldier and devotee of cards and nineties; the lavish entertainer who to one of his banquets bid no ladies "who could not boast of youth and beauty," and whose last course, at this memorable entertainment, consisted not of the delicacies of desert, but of silk stockings, garters and gloves for the fair guests.

As a rule we find in Suckling's verses a vigorous independence in style and matter, but here and there is a trace of Shakespeare and Jonson. The "Song to a Lute," beginning

"Hast thou seen the downy 'th' air
When wanton blasts have tossed it?"

is more than a reminiscence of Jonson's "For Charis,"

"See the chariot at hand here of Love,"

of which the third stanza begins,

"Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?"

And one of the most charming lyrics in the volume is frankly entitled, "A supplement of an imperfect copy of verses of William Shakespeare's." This poem is founded upon the bed-room scenes of Lucrece and Imogen, and it contains these unsurpassingly lovely lines—

"Her eyes (and therefore it was night), close laid,
Strove to imprison beauty till the morn."

The song of Orsames in Act IV. Sc. I. of Aglausa, beginning, "Why so pale and wan, fond love?" is too well-known to quote here. And Suckling's masterpiece, the "Ballad upon a Wedding," is much too long for my present space, so I will quote one or two of the less known poems. But of the "Ballad upon a Wedding" I may notice in passing that its beauties availed to win an extravagant compliment even from Wordsworth, ever niggardly of praise. Wordsworth's dictum was, "This may safely be pronounced his *opus magnum*; indeed for grace and simplicity it stands unrivalled in the whole compass of ancient or modern poetry." The two following lyrics may be taken as characteristic of Suckling in a mood which was quite common with him, notwithstanding his declaration that he

"Prized black eyes or a lucky hit
At bowls, more than all the trophies of wit."

They are from the section headed Contro L'Amour.

THE METAMORPHOSIS.

"The little boy, to show his might and power,
Turn'd lo to a cow, Narcissus to a flower;
Transformed Apollo to a homely swain,
And Jove himself into a golden rain.
These shapes were tolerable, but by the mass
He's metamorphos'd me into an ass."

LOVE AND DEBT ALIKE TROUBLESOME.

"This one request I make to him that sits the clouds above,
That I were freely out of debt, as I am out of love.
Then for to dance, to drink and slog, I should be very willing,
I should not owe one lass a kiss, nor owe a knave a shilling
'Tis only being in love and debt that robs us of our rest,
And he that is quite out of both, of all the world is blest.
He sees the golden age wherein all things were free and common;
He eats, he drinks, he takes his rest, he fears no man or woman.
Though Croesus compassed great wealth, yet he still craved more,
He was as needy a beggar still as goes from door to door.
Though Ovid was a merry man, love ever kept him sad,
He was as far from happiness as one that is stark mad.
Our merchant, he in goods is rich, and full of gold and treasure;
But when he thinks upon his debts, that thought destroys his pleasure.
Our courtier thinks that he's preferred, whom every man envies;
When love so rumbles in his pate, no sleep comes in his eyes.
Our gallant's case is worst of all, he lies so just betwixt them;
For he's in love, and he's in debt, and knows not which most vexeth him.
But he that can eat beef, and feed on bread which is so brown,
May satisfy his appetite, and owe no man a crown."

In preparing an edition such as this, which is intended as much for the household as for the student, Mr. Stokes has found it very necessary to submit the reckless cavalier poet to a process of expurgation. This process he has conducted with good taste, not falling into the vulgar error of prudery or the effeminate mistake of finicalness. His notes are appropriate, helpful, and not too profuse.—PROF. ROBERTS in *King's College Record*.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

We resume our publication of the contributions with which we have been favored on "Success in Life":—

FROM A. H. MACKAY, ESQ., PICTOU.

Success is confined to no condition. In the humblest walks it conduces to make life enjoyable and worth the living, as well as in the most exalted.

It is won by making the best use of whatever powers and position we may have inherited from the great mother, Nature.

These powers are well directed—first by filial obedience which trains to the restraining of pleasurable impulses in view of ultimate greater good; and later, by obtaining such control of the body that neither the passive pleasures—laziness, nor the active pleasures—fast life, may prevent the immediate and whole-hearted execution of what we know ought to be done—duty.

What ought to be done, is what is at hand in whatever position of life we may be placed. Don't wait for a position. Every man's starting place is just exactly where he finds himself when he commences to think. And, "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do with all thy might"—and do it well.

To do it well requires some knowledge of our complex environment.

This is acquired by the accurate use of our powers of observation, collated with and supplemented by the experience of others as far as possible.

Remember, that a knowledge of the outside world derived from out of one's own head, no matter how logical and satisfactory it may appear, is, infinite chances to nothing, different from the reality. But the mind can arrange facts, and detect general principles, the intelligent apprehension of which will facilitate the acquisition of more knowledge in a condition ready to be applied. "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore, get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding."

FROM REV. W. P. DEGO, KENTVILLE.

The way will depend on the kind of success aimed at. Is it success in making money or in forming character, in winning applause or in winning souls? Is it as a merchant, artist, preacher, editor, or what?

The end to be gained will determine the likely way to it, and the measure of success will in general depend on the amount of talent or capacity one has for the profession or business engaged in. "A poet is born, not made"; and the maxim is equally true of the artist, the preacher, the lawyer, the merchant, the tradesman, and the Christian, even. There are some who are born to be saints; others are fools comparatively throughout, after conversion as before it. But given a fair chance and a fair measure of talent for the profession or business chosen, and success may be expected to be gained in it by singleness of purpose ("this one thing I do"), diligence and activity, perseverance, willingness to learn and watchfulness for hints, study of human nature, and of winds and tides metaphorically, and promptness in setting sails to catch the breeze. Details might be given for particular callings, but such in general is the way to win success in any line of life.

FROM J. O. CROWLL, ESQ., BARRINGTON.

My experience in business is as follows:—Be prompt, better be five minutes too early than one minute late, drones never gather much honey. Be punctual to every appointment, by this means you will gain confidence and respect. Be truthful and honest; never recommend anything to be better than it is, no one likes to be duped. Be diligent, leave nothing to do to-morrow that can be done to-day. Be economical; live within your means. Be not easily discouraged, permanent success is oftener won by "pegging away" than by speculation. Keep up with the improvements of the day. Keep no clerks who care more for tight-fitting gloves than for your business. Do not endorse notes for any person, or ask for an endorser unless absolutely necessary. Be courteous to all, it costs little and pays good interest.

MUSICAL ECHOES.

MUSIC OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.—There is no danger of mankind ever exhausting the gamut of musical expression, for we stand only at the threshold of musical combinations. Nevertheless, it may be very desirable to draw new modes of musical thoughts from unused quarters. The German, the French, the Italian flavor is no longer a new one in music. What is the chief charm of Grieg? He speaks to us with a fresh flavor brought from Scandinavia. Tchaikowsky charms us by frequently using the Russian style of musical expression. The Russian government is now collecting the weird, strange melodies of Siberia and of the Cossacks of the Don. Dvorak is presenting us with musical wonders from Bohemia. Liszt has made known to us the musical frenzy of Hungary. Let none of these be despised. They will all yet unite to broaden our music stream, and music will assimilate these new contributions in a manner that will make the compositions of the twentieth century yet more cosmopolitan than those of the nineteenth.—*Musical Herald*.

JOACHIM PARALYZED.—The latest European dispatches to some German newspapers bring tidings that Joseph Joachim, the greatest of living violinists, has been stricken with paralysis. It is feared that he will never again appear in public. In respect of breadth of style and volume of tone, Joachim stood easily first and foremost among the violin virtuosos of the day. In the Beethoven concerto he had no rivals, and in his own Hungarian concerto—a most difficult composition—he was actually unapproachable. During the last five or six years Joachim has been a changed man. In 1881 he was literally prostrated by a domestic sorrow; his wife, Frau Joachim, a songstress of *lieder* of some repute, ran away from him, taking as her companion a Viennese music publisher named Simrock.

MUSIC IN BRUSSELS.—Brussels, the capital of the little Kingdom of Belgium, is a very musical city, and is showing it just now by having two Sunday series of concerts in full swing. There can scarcely be anything more appropriate for Sunday performance than good classical music, ancient or modern, and it is to be deplored that New York has not succeeded in maintaining at least one series of good Sunday concerts led by a conductor of eminence. A well-known Belgian composer, Mons. Sorvais, has at present instituted a second series of Sunday concerts in Brussels just now, and is gaining laurels for the admirable manner in which they are conducted, and the same time, the concert hall is always full; this shows that where good musical food is offered there is always a public ready to enjoy it.—*Ex.*

The criticism on Wagner's early symphony are dismal and disappointing; one critic calls the work "Brummagen Beethoven," the other says that "the performance resulted in disappointment and loss," and one and all pronounce the symphony as utterly failing to proclaim the great musician of the future.