

Here bright-eyed Fancy roved, and slaked her thirst
 Where earliest dreams are nursed ;
 Here Harmony her winnowing wings outspread,
 And round the shores and through the groves forthsped.
 And when the moon was silverly revealed
 In her ambrosial field,
 Down to the shore, with harps no longer dumb,
 Nor fearing death, I saw the poets come.
 A wondrous Genius led them, and impelled,
 Who, when their songs excelled,
 Plucked the fresh laurel for the victor's wreath,
 And showed the fame that cometh after death.
 There in that glorious cluster of renown
 That to the shore came down,
 Were some—a deathless and fraternal few,
 Whom in the flesh I saw, and dreamed I knew.
 There, with his harp, stood the benignant shade
 Who sang th' Acadian maid ;
 And one like reverend form beside him rears,
 Who in sweet Roslyn marked the flight of years.
 And with them were the sons of ages gone,—
 But now whose years are one ;
 I knew them well, for I had loved them long,
 Kissed their dead faces, yearned upon their song.
 There they who chanted Israel's lore sublime
 Sang to the sea's soft chime ;
 And there Etruria's bard had kindred place,
 While a sweet smile lit up his mournful face.
 And they of Hellas, and the Mantuan plain,
 There smote their harps amain ;
 Homer had his clear song, and vision bright,
 Nor Milton's orbs must roll to find the light.
 There he of the serene, capacious brow,
 Stood 'neath a laurel bough ;
 Song's matchless One, the mightiest of his peers,
 Star that on Avon rose in earlier years !
 But when I saw my earliest love draw near,
 And heard his song sincere,
 Who charmed sweet Doon, and did his cadence suit
 To sylvan Coila's step, and woodland flute ;—
 And Rydal raised his grave and reverend face
 To Shelley, in his place ;
 And he, whose dust 'neath Latium's violets lies,
 Lifted to me his languorous, melting eyes :—
 With tears, I reached to them my hands and cried,—
 " Let me not be denied !
 Take me to be with you, ye much-loved throng,
 And teach me, too, to be a child of song !
 " Forlorn, companionless, in dread and dearth,
 And weary of the earth,
 Bid me to your serene, immortal shore
 Where hearts faint not, nor song is hindered more."
 Their beckoning hands I saw, nor longer stayed,
 But ardently essayed
 To join them in the place of their delight,
 And hear them fill with song the rapturous night.
 But ere upon that white, sea-fretted marge,
 I landed from my barge,
 Where, by the dreamful wave's most silvery lip,
 Lingered for me that goodly fellowship,—
 Dim from my eyes went the illustrious host—
 Each beauteous fading ghost ;
 Melted their isle like snow ; alone I lay ;
 And, lo ! it was the breaking of the day !
 ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

"What a live poem," comments Mr. Lockhart,
 "that was of Mair's! The last stanzas move like
 a North-West rapid themselves. Good! good!"
 And echo replies, "Good! good!"

OUR GARDEN TALK ON LILIES.

Now is the time to keep your Calla lilies dormant, they will flower far better during the winter if you do so. An important point to remember in the culture of foreign bulbs is that their flowering season is the rainy season of their native countries. The Calla, a native of the Nile, blooms when the roots are a foot under water, in the spring, and rests at low water, when their roots are as dry as it is possible to be and live.

WATER LILIES ON THE LAWN.—*Orchard and Garden* suggests a very pretty plan for growing *Nymphaea odorata*. Several tubs, coal oil barrels cut in two will answer, may be sunk in the ground quite close to each other in a group, the spaces between them being filled up with Calla lilies, tuberous-rooted Begonias, Caladiums, Ferns, Grasses, etc. In planting, fill the tubs half full of a mixture of good loam and thoroughly rolled cow manure in equal parts, in which imbed the roots, and cover the soil with about half an inch of clear sand. Fill the tubs slowly with rain water, and replace the loss by evaporation.

Nymphaea Devonensis is commended as the queen of all water lilies, surpassing in brilliancy of flower if not in size of leaf, the famous *Victoria regia*. It is a night bloomer, each flower opening from 8 p.m. to 10 a.m. for three nights in succession. Under favourable circumstances a single plant of this variety will, in one season, cover a circle of twenty feet across, with leaves twenty-five inches in diameter, and flowers twelve inches from tip to tip of petals. The flowers are rosy red with bright scarlet stamens.

The *Gladiolus* will grow under any conditions, but it will not grow well. A cool, moist atmosphere is the one in which they delight. Climate alone is what makes them succeed so well in England. Last year we had rain in abundance, with low temperature, and never before have we had such perfection in *Gladiolus* flowers. We make a mistake in planting our bulbs too early. They should be kept cool and dry, and in a dark room until the first of July, when they will come into bloom about the first of October, throwing up spikes that for number and size of flowers would hardly be recognized as the varieties that bloomed in midsummer. If planted early, so as to flower in July and August, they should be protected against the heat of the sun by a lattice or light canvas covering, and the bed should have a light mulching of newly-cut grass. This will keep the roots cool and is not unsightly. The capabilities of the *Gladiolus* are only known to those who grow them in this manner. The soil makes but little difference with the *Gladiolus*. Any soil that will yield good crops of potatoes will be equally good for these plants. If it is heavy, plant shallow, say from one to two inches deep; if light, from four to six inches will be better. It is best to use ground made very rich for some other crop, the previous year, as fresh manure does not suit them.

Lilies, quite as much as *Gladiolus*, need a good mulching to keep the root cool and moist. A bed of lilies that has been properly mulched a few years will yield enormously; more than thrice the number of flowers will be produced, and they will be much larger, with better defined colours and of greater substance. A lily-bed should be made in a position where it can remain undisturbed for a number of years, and as long as the plants flower well. An Ascension Lily (*L. Candidum*), the handsomest of all Lilies, should be planted in July or August, while the bulb is resting. They will live when planted at any time, but will flourish only when planted at the proper season.

THE ART OF DRESS.

Herein lies the great art of dress: to know just how far to draw attention to clothes, and no farther; never to allow them to impinge upon the interest that should be centred in the face. I have seen intelligent human beings who apparently chose that their attire should be the first and last thing one thought of in connection with them. No beautiful woman, if she be clever withal, makes this mistake. Her dress may be sumptuous; it may heighten her attractions if judiciously chosen; it should never astonish and bewilder us. We read of the gorgeous attire of Queen Elizabeth, and are dazzled with the cloth of gold, the pearl-embroidered ruff and jewelled stomacher recorded in Zucchero's portraits of that vain and ill-favoured sovereign. They are the woman, and take an undue prominence in our recollection of the thin, shadowless face, surrounded and overpowered by so much magnificence. But of her beautiful rival's clothes we hear little; and when we think of the Holyrood portrait of Mary, it is the refinement and dignity of the lady we remember, not the splendour of her apparel. The butterfly prettiness of a Pompadour, or the vacillating plainness of many an *espiègle* countenance that smiles upon us from canvasses painted in the Directoire days, may thrive under a flutter of lace and roses and parti-coloured ribands, or be humourously accentuated by a monstrous wig, gigantic hat, and *jabot*. Perhaps they need such adventitious aids; at all events, eccentricity of form and violence of colour (as in the flowered brocades the ladies of the court of Louis XV. so much affected) cannot hurt them. But it is otherwise with the noble ladies whom Vandyck and Reynolds loved to paint.—*Hamilton Aidé.*



The Emperor of Russia has purchased Siemiradzke's colossal picture of "Phryne in Eleusis" for 70,000 roubles.

E. R. Doward, Toronto, has been appointed a fellow of the Society of Science, Art and Literature, England, in recognition of his standing as a musician.

The medal for the Ottawa Normal School has been taken by Miss Maggie McPherson of Dolton, Elgin County, who made 1,097 marks out of a possible 1,400.

Max O'Rell has accepted a second invitation to lecture in Canada and the United States. His first appearance will be in January, at Boston, under the auspices of the Press Club.

M. Gaume, the Catholic bookseller of Paris, who recently died at the age of 89, was one of the last survivors of Napoleon's armies, and took part in the expedition to Moscow.

One of the latest works which Sir Edward Boehm has executed for Queen Victoria is a colossal bronze statue of John Brown, which has been erected in the grounds at Balmoral, on a wooden bank near the garden cottage.

One of the titled American ladies now living in Paris is the Countess d'Adhemar. She was born in Cincinnati, but has resided in Paris for several years. Her devotion to theosophy and occult science has secured her a high rank among oriental scholars.

The illustrious Abbé Bois, curé of Maskinongé, to whose antiquarian and historical researches Shea and Parkman have been so much indebted, who died lately after a long and painful illness, is said to have left behind him a large quantity of precious manuscript relating to Canadian history.—*Saturday Budget.*

The noted Siberian traveller, George Kennan, is spending the summer in Cape Breton. His wife is with him, and he spends the most of his time in editing a large amount of matter not yet published concerning his Siberian journey. Cape Breton is getting to be quite a favourite summer resort for tourists, and deservedly so, for the air is bracing and the scenery everything that the lover of the picturesque can desire, while the people are hospitable to a degree.—*Chronicle.*

It is claimed that the birthplace of Elizabeth Barrett Browning has at last been settled. Canon Barrett, rector of Kelloe, a small village situated about half way between West Hartlepool and Durham, has discovered in the parish registers of the place an entry recording the baptism of the poetess. It appears that she was born at Kelloe on March 6, 1806, and privately baptized. She was, however, received into the Church on Feb. 10, 1808, when her brother, Edward B. Moulton Barrett, was baptized.

Miss Eliza Ritchie, of Halifax, is a B.A., of Dalhousie College, Halifax, and is the first Canadian lady who has received the degree of doctor of philosophy at Cornell, or perhaps any University. There has been a good deal of talk on the thesis which she sent in to Cornell. It is a discussion of individualism; and is an effort, a very serious and thoughtful effort, to trace the connection of the mental organism with the physical organization, the conclusion reached being a rejection of the materialistic theory, and a reference to the Divinity as the origin of all that is best and purest in the human soul. In the accounts given of Dr. Ritchie's paper there is no statement as to the source to which she refers the origin of the evil thoughts which abound in man, beyond a somewhat misty hint that they are animal, and, therefore, base; leaving the inference to be drawn that God does not create the baser animals. Doubtless the publication of the paper in its entirety—and such a powerful essay deserves wide circulation amongst those who are interested in this great theme—would be necessary in order that people may learn just how it disposes of this portion of the subject.—*Exchange.*

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