

there's some vera nimiable Chreestians among th' Episcopopians.'

On our telling her we are also Canadians, she looks much surprised.

'Ma, but ye speak English vera weel,' she remarks patronizingly. 'Maist like ane o' oorsels.' And we leave her nodding at us from the doorway, the curl papers bobbing wildly in mute farewell.

After this the street widens out, the noise grows less, the air fresher, and in a few moments we are confronted by the ancient palace of Holyrood, standing stately and calm, its beauty accentuated by a background of dark hills.

We turn and make our way up the nearest of these, and after a short climb pause to rest and look down.

The scent of the new grass greets us, the far-off cry of 'co-ke,' the shrill whistle of an engine, comes to us softened by distance. Below lies the city with its busy hum of life, its poverty and wealth.

Beautiful, fascinating Edinburgh! Most dramatic city! where every building appears to be placed with a view to effect, and all is enclosed by nature's most lavish charms.

VALANCE ST. JUST. BERRYMAN

AMONG OUR BOOKS.



PERHAPS the thing which strikes one most forcibly in the present day is the large production of works which the reading public declares to be destined to take a lasting place in literature, and the rapidity with which such works, once their immediate vogue is over, drop out of sight and are forgotten. Who now reads or discusses those favorites of a year ago, 'The Heavenly Twins' and 'Dodo'? Even the immortal 'Trilby' is but little heard of. Yet among our modern authors there are still some who, one

in vain to believe, will not be thus consigned to oblivion, but for whom we always keep a warm spot in our hearts; and one of these is Rudyard Kipling.

His latest book, 'The Seven Seas,' serves but to deepen our admiration of his great and varied knowledge, his clear insight into character. The common soldier, the civil magnate, or the Cape Cod fisherman, he has introduced us to them all, and they stand out in our memories as living, breathing realities, not mere lay figures.

If there is a fault to be found, it may be discovered in that portion of the book containing the Barrack Room Ballads. These show a slight falling off from the excellence of the older ones. They lack the free swing and sweep of the lines, something also of the careless felicity of wording. They do not cling so easily to the memory as do the others. From any other than Kipling they would be received with acclamation, but that he can do better work than this the remaining portions of the volume show.

Perhaps the poem which will please the general

reader most is 'Buy my English Posies.' Indeed, the temptation to quote it in full is almost irresistible. Two stanzas, however, must suffice:

Buy my English posies!—
You that scorn the May
Won't you greet a friend from home
Half the world away!
Green against the draggled drift,
Faint and frail and first—
Buy my northern blood-root,
And I'll know where you were nursed.

Robin down the logging road whistles, 'Come with me,'

Spring has found the maple grove, the sap is running free;

All the winds o' Canada call the ploughing rain,
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again

Buy my English posies!
Ye that have your own;
Buy them for a brother's sake
Over seas, alone.
Weed ye trample underfoot,
Floods his heart a-brim—
Bird ye never heeded,
Oh, she calls his dead to him.

Far and far our homes are set, round the Seven Seas,

Woe for us, if we forget, we that hold by these
Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird and land

Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and understand.

The majestic 'Prayer Before Action' deserves notice, as does also the 'Ode to the True Romance,' which has, however, appeared before as the dedication of 'Many Inventions.' The last stanza of this is particularly beautiful:

Oh Charity, all patiently
Abiding wrack and scath!
Oh Faith, that meets ten thousand cheats,
Yet drops no jot of faith!
Devil and brute thou dost transmute
To higher lordlier show,
Who art in sooth, that lovely Truth
The careless angels know.

The volume contains many other poems but space forbids farther quotation. It is prettily bound and printed on the best of paper, and is altogether a desirable addition to a library.

* * *

The name of Rudyard Kipling leads naturally to thoughts of India, and on this subject a new writer has appeared. The mantle of Kipling has fallen on Mrs. F. A. Steel, who exhibits in her latest novel, 'On the Face of the Waters,' a knowledge of native character and intrigue which has seldom been equalled. The scene is laid in the days of the mutiny, and the figures of Nicholson, Hodson and many others are set before us with no uncertain hand. But it is in the delineation of native manners and modes of thought that Mrs. Steel excels. Soma, the sepoy, who while joining the mutiny is still faithful to his white master, Tara his sister, the weak and wavering Aboul-Bukr, and the great-hearted Farkhunda, bear witness to her insight into the subtle workings of the Oriental mind, so far apart in every respect from the colder and more direct western mode of thought.

The tale begins with a spirited description of the sale of the king of Oude's menagerie by the British forces, and the purchase by Major Erlton, of a large white cockatoo in spite of the efforts of a native bidder, to secure possession of it. This bird plays a somewhat important part in the story. The scene, which is perhaps one of the most impressive in the volume, is connected with it. Sonny, the child of an English resident in Delhi, is playing in the garden, while within the house is Kate Erlton, the heroine of the tale. Suddenly a cry startles her.

'God in heaven! What was that through the stillness and the peace! A child's pitiful scream. 'She was at the closed window in an instant, peering through the slits of the jalousies; but there was nothing to be seen save a blaze and

blaze of sunlight on sun-scorched grass, and sun-withered beds of flowers. Nothing!—stay—Christ help us! What was that? A vision of white, and gold, and blue. White garments and white wings, white curls and flaming golden crest, fierce, grey-blue beak and claws among the fluttering blue ribbons, Sonny! His little feet flying and falling fast among the flower beds. Sonny! still holding his favorite's chain in the unconscious grip of terror, while half-dragged, half-flying, the wide, white wings fluttered over the child's head.

'Deen! Deen! Futtah Mohammed!'
'That was from the bird, terrified, yet still gentle.

'Deen! Deen! Futtah Mohammed!'
'That was from the old man who followed fast on the child with long lance in rest like a pig-sticker's. An old man in a faded green turban, with a spiritual, relentless face.

'Kate's fingers were at the bolts of the high French window—her only chance of speedy exit from that closed room. Ah! would they never yield! And the lance was gaining on those poor little flying feet—'

There are many other stirring scenes to be found in the volume, and it will well repay the time spent in its perusal. It is published in New York by the MacMillan Co., and contains a short preface declaring it to be in the main composed of historical facts. Those who wish to add to their knowledge of the Indian mutiny cannot do better than purchase it. N. M. H.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

Her little feet have wandered all the busy, tired day,
Along the paths where sunbeams with the shadows
Love to play.

And now, at night, she comes to me, my sleepy little fay,

To rest within my arms awhile till she is tucked away.

Her little hands are pliant now, they yield to my caress,

And drooping lids to dreamland's charms would willingly confess,

Yet closer to my breast she sinks, her thoughts are far away

Across the Jordanland where she will soon be tucked away.

Ah! little life, my head of care slips down when you appear,

Your goldenlocks light up my life with very precious cheer—

I wonder if you think or know how rich I count each day

When all my hopes and all my love with you are tucked away

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

WHEN APRIL COMES.

VERNA SHEARD.

When April comes with softly shining eyes,
And daffodils bound in her wind-blown hair,
(1), she will smile all clouds from out the skies,
And make each day into a glad surprise,
For there'll be blossoms swinging on the air,
When April comes!

When April comes, with tender sigh and tear,
Gay dandelions will gild all common ways,
And ah! 'tis then that we will surely hear
The piping of the robins, sweet and clear—
While bobolinks will whistle through the days
When April comes!

When April comes, this sad world, wise and old,
May half forget that it has grown so grey;
Winter will seem a weary tale—long told,
And all its bitter winds, its frost and cold,
Will drift into the things of yesterday,
When April comes!

When April comes, dancing the tango through
As though in answer to some sweet refrain,
She'll coax the whole world out into the blue,
For she's a madcap—but—her heart is true
And it may be—sad lips will smile again—
When April comes!