

THE CHORUS OF DAWN.

Across the eastern hills whose outlines dim
Swell vaguely darksome thro' the misty
light,
Tall poplars stand along the daybreak's
rim,
Like sentries on the fading walls of night.

A dull gray haze hangs over sky and earth
And westward glides, half dark, with
silent flow,
To guard the mystery of morning's birth
From eyes that fain would watch it here
below.

In solemn silence, night has westward fled,
And now, as morn's first beams grow
dimly light,
From orchard branches bending overhead,
Half hidden 'mong the blossoms, ruby
white,

From the deep pine grove down below the
hill
And all the cloud-wrapt valley, eastward
drawn,
Swells up in joyous notes, and free, and
shrill,
The birds' wild welcome to the coming
dawn.

But, watching for the hour of daybreak's
change,
For me the air is filled with mystic song
And all the misty scene grows vague and
strange
With no familiar things that there
belong.

On Gobi's desert plain 'tis opening morn,
And round and fiery from the eastern
rim
Looms up the sun across the waste forlorn
And floods its glory o'er the desert grim,

And, as the rising sunlight, warm and
strong,
First o'er the wide east throws its glory
fair,
Strange sounds of music, and of sacred
song
Fill the lone chambers of the desert air.

The sound of cymbals and the voice of
praise
From some lone wand'ring, trailing
caravan
As, with his head bent low to east, he
prays—
Fire-worshipper, the loneliest son of man.

But soon the dreamy vision fading dies
And backward on the tide of song up-
borne
I see the glories of our dawnlit skies
With night-shades prostrate at the feet
of morn.

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

Strathroy.

ART NOTES.

The Prince of Wales is said to be highly
pleased with his portrait as painted by
Mr. Stuart Wortley, who has sent the
picture to the Royal Academy.

Mr. J. S. Hartley's statue of John Eric-
son, the inventor, was unveiled in Bat-
tery Park in the morning of Wednesday,
April 26, just before the American and
foreign men-of-war that were to take
part in the Columbian naval parade on
the following day swept into the Hudson
River from the Bay.

Lady Butler has sent home from Alex-
andria (where she and General Sir William
Butler are now staying) a picture of a
camel corps in full charge. It will be
exhibited this summer at Burlington
House. It is said to be one of the lar-
gest pictures she has yet painted, and to
be full of action.

Admirers of Carlyle and Sir John Mil-
lals will be glad to learn that an unfin-
ished portrait of the Chelsea sage by Sir
John, may be seen at Mr. Gooden's gal-
lery in Pall Mall. The head, which is
very finely modelled and rich in colour,
represents Carlyle as he was towards the

close of his life. This portion of the por-
trait is quite finished. The remainder of
the canvas is in an incomplete condition,
and the painter, it is said, is greatly averse
to working any more upon it.

Among the Canadian artists who will
be well represented at the World's Fair,
is the well-known Daniel Fowler. Four-
teen of his works were sent to Montreal
for the consideration of the selecting com-
mittee, and have all been accepted and
forwarded to Chicago. Of the pictures,
three are the property of H. A. Reesor,
Esq., of Toronto, and the rest were se-
lected from works still in Mr. Fowler's
own possession, and were all executed
within the last eight or nine years up to
last autumn inclusive. The collection
comprises six landscapes, four game
pieces, three groups of flowers, and one
figure subject.

WORLD'S FAIR EXHIBIT.—I.

Some parts of the Palace of Fine Arts
are still unfinished, principally the cen-
tral rotunda and east court, where be-
side some statuary are three beautiful
doorways, duplicates of continental cath-
edrals. In the north and south courts
the statuary though placed, is unfinished,
and the pedestals incomplete. Here is a
Roman athlete with one leg and two arms
lying beside him, and over there two beau-
tifully modelled female arms on the pedes-
tals of a statue to which they do not
belong. Several colossal heads for semi-
relief lie on the platform outside, among
whom one may recognize Vandyke's In
the rooms that are open, workmen here
and there are painting or putting on finish-
ing touches. In the French department,
when some large picture was to be hung,
the rest of the room being apparently in
order, two French sailors came in with
a step ladder. To the top of this they
climbed, and, balancing themselves on it
with the help of a frame near by, they
swung up the picture, shortening and
lengthening the cord as required—all with
incessant chatter, exclamations, orders
and counter-orders. Then the sailors and
ladder disappeared, and the workman pro-
ceeded to retouch some parts of the injured
frame.

Very little seems to have been done in
the Russian exhibit; the vessel bringing
the pictures was ice-blocked, we are told,
so empty frames and stacks of pictures cov-
er the floor. Italy and Germany are not
quite in order, but may be open in a few
days. In the room given to water-col-
ours, Germany has covered the walls with
a light cream plush; in some of her other
rooms the walls are of a greenish col-
our pannelled by strips of crimson plush;
the walls were not crowded. We could
only have a glimpse, though, as only a
few of the rooms are in order. Denmark
is almost ready apparently, but the
rooms are not yet open to the public. In-
stead of tinted walls they are covered
with what looks like tapestry of a dull
olive-green; the frieze is beautiful, the
figure of an animal conventionalized, re-
sembling a tiger somewhat, and alternat-
ing with a large flower treated in the
same way—probably something Danish if
one but understood. The door-ways are
draped with crimson plush and comfort-
able seats upholstered with the same. In
the centre of the seats, arranged in a circle,
are groups of tropical plants, or some-
times they are filling a corner.

Japan is still in disorder; the work
seems to be nearly all decorative—panels,
screens, cases full of their exquisite ware,
and sculpture. It is a great pity the Can-
adian exhibit is so crowded. Here are
Sweden and Norway with fewer pictures,
and occupying nearly twice as much room,
so that the pictures have spaces between
them and nothing is asked. Then for some
reason the Canadian rooms are dark; there
seems to be some obstruction over the sky-
light, which, however, will probably be
removed in time. "Awaited in Vain" is
there all right, wherever it was before,
only it is away up over a door where it
will have no chance to shock anyone, and
where its good workmanship is pretty well
lost.

the assertion of the essential similarity of
the drama and the romance. Had he gone
on with his definitions and told us in turn
the function of the drama, how it should
hold the mirror up to nature, which as-
pects of nature, if any, it should eliminate,
and which it should reflect, and at what
angle or angles, certainly Mr. Crawford
would have done something well worthy
the perusal. But this he has not done. He
has contented himself with setting down
in a somewhat rambling and disjointed
manner certain opinions on some of the
multiform and multifarious questions
which are to-day asked and have been for
years asked on the subject of the scope and
purport of fiction. He has chosen a great
theme: great, because the drama, and
therefore, (according to Mr. Crawford), the
novel, is on so high a plane in literature;
because of its influence upon humanity;
and because of the vast numbers of men
and women who to-day come under that
influence. But Mr. Crawford does not seem
to have treated this subject with quite that
seriousness which it merited and required.
For example, in one place he goes so far
as to say, "Probably no one denies that
the first object of the novel is to amuse
and interest the reader." We will not un-
dertake categorically to deny this, be-
cause so much depends upon the meaning
attached to the word 'amuse.' But the
word recalls some sentences in Carlyle's es-
say on Lockhart's Life of Scott. He is
discussing Scott's title to the adjective
'great,' and he says, "On the other hand,
he wrote many volumes, amusing many
thousands of men. Shall we call this
great?" No doubt "My Official Wife" is
amusing. Is "Anna Karenina" or "The
Sorrow of Werther" nothing more? Is
the difference between these and Colonel
Richard Henry Savage's tale merely one
of degree? Indeed, since one of Mr. Craw-
ford's sections commences with the words,
"All this is rather frivolous, perhaps," it
looks as if the writer had himself felt not
a little culpable of want of seriousness.
Here and there, we readily admit, are pas-
sages of a higher strain: the depiction of
the perfect novel, for example; the senten-
ces insinuating upon the exhibition of "an
ideal worthy to be imitated;" and those
also impressing upon us the fact that
"ethic rather than aesthetic is the founda-
tion of good fiction and good poetry." But
on the whole this little work leaves us
with the impression that the writer had
been asked, as a professional novel-writer,
to give the results of his experience and
answer the question, "The novel, what is
it?" and had proceeded at once to do so,
without that previous severe study and
thought which such, in reality most pro-
found and abstruse, question (for does it
not touch the very heart of that myster-
ious factor of life—Art?) demanded and ne-
cessitated.

The popular taste must indeed be an-
alytical and critical in a high degree, if
so shrewd a firm as Messrs. Macmillan and
Co. make choice of a work on the nature
and function of the novel to make one of
their series of "pocket editions." The
choice of Amiel's "Journal" is intelligible,
for it is more than a favourite with thou-
sands. Professor Goldwin Smith's "Trip to
England," too, is an admirable selection
for obvious reasons. So perhaps are some
of William Winter's works. Mr. Frederic
Harrison's "The Choice of Books," also
is a happy addition. But why Mr. F. Mar-
low Crawford's "The Novel: What it is"
was included, puzzles us not a little.

A cheerful soul that believes in the wis-
dom of the Creator, and is not at every
turn thinking how much better he might
have made the world, who now and then
churns up the region below the diaphragm
with a hearty laugh or sends a cheerful
message to the solar plexus, denoting that
he is in harmony with God and nature;
living in peace and good will with the rest
of mankind; who is, in fact, an optimist
and a practical philanthropic Christian—
can never become a dyspeptic.