

all the farmers are expected to contribute, and which their labourers may freely attend. Chambers in his "Book of Days," gives an interesting account of the manner of celebrating the Ingathering, which he tells us "is known in England by the name of 'Harvest Home,' while in Scotland it is called 'The Kirn,' supposed to be derived from the churn of cream usually presented on the occasion." The customs seem to vary in different parts of the country, but the main object in all is of course the same, the expression of joy and gratitude for the safety of the Harvest. The most universal custom appears to be in the bringing home of the "Hock-cart," or "Harvest Cart," loaded with the grain last cut and surmounted by a figure formed of a sheaf gaily dressed, preceded by a pipe and tabor, and surrounded by the reapers singing appropriate songs. In the north of England, it was customary for the reapers to leave a handful of grain not cut, but laid down flat and covered over; and when the field was done the bonniest lass "was allowed to cut this final handful, which was dressed up with various trimmings like a doll and hailed as a 'Corn Baby.' It was brought home in triumph, was set up conspicuously that night at supper, and was usually preserved in the farmer's parlour for the remainder of the year. The bonnie lass who cut this handful of grain was deemed the 'Harvest Queen.' The day's festivities ended with a supper in the barn, or some other suitable place, generally presided over by the master and mistress, and was the source of much good will and attachment between master and servant." Such were a few of the most common usages, but, as we have said, the old customs have now almost died out, or have been modernized beyond recognition.

Doubtless the American "Thanksgiving Day" was the Puritan modification of these festivities, or rather was intended by the Puritan fathers of the "Mayflower" to be so. But in these very un-Puritanical times the rigidity of the good fathers is so far relaxed in the observance of the day, that they would probably not recognize their institution, could they walk the earth once more!

"Seed time and Harvest, cold and heat, Summer and Winter," each in its turn and with a message of its own. And perhaps of all, the message of the Autumn brings most of sweetness and of cheer. Spring "with dewy fingers cold" is fleeting, and Summer only blooms to fade again. But with the autumn comes the looking forward to the certain hope of better things beyond, in the waking into life of a new Spring.

"Oh, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent!
For him the wind, aye and the yellow leaves
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings;
He shall so hear the solemn hymns that Death
Has lifted up for all mankind, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a fear."

S.

"SNOWFLAKES AND SUNBEAMS."

MR. W. W. CAMPBELL, who has well earned the title of "The Poet of the American Lakes," bestowed upon him by New York literary circles, has given us the dainty holiday booklet, "Snowflakes and Sunbeams," a delicious foretaste of his long looked for volume of "Lake Lyrics." The publication of "Lake Lyrics" has been postponed until some verse, which the poet wished to include in the collection, had been published in the various magazines to which it had been sent. Mr. Campbell needs no words of praise to introduce him to a literary public that must always read his words with the keenest pleasure and admiration. His "Legend of Blind Man's Lake," which appeared with illustrated frontispiece in the *American Magazine* for September, was called by the *New York Critic*, a poem of weird beauty. In the *November Century* was printed "Lake Memory," and another of Mr. Campbell's poems, "The Winter Lakes," will appear in the *December Century*.

But it is as the poet of winter that we shall learn to know and love the author of "Snowflakes and Sunbeams." Nearly every one of the score of poems collected under this title is a winter scene, crystal clear or sparkling, or with its wintry purity heightened by contrasts with gleams from the fireside. Mr. Campbell has a remarkable power of putting by force of suggestion the entire domain of winter into a single phrase. The essence of the season is caught by a stroke of his pen. February, which comes twixt winter's birth and winter's wane, is spoken of as the month "Of drifting at the whited pane."

Could anything be more colourless, more February-like than this? Could any line open up a wider outlook of suggestion? When you open your eyes on a chilly morning, and see the snow drifting at the whited pane, do you need to be told a single word regarding the aspect of all things out of doors?

Here is the embodiment of a winter twilight:

"Shadowy white,
Over the fields are the sleeping fences,
Silent and still in the fading light,
As the wirtry night commences.

"The forest lies
On the edge of the heavens, bearded and brown;
He pulls still closer his cloak, and sighs,
As the evening winds come down."

In these four lines we get a spirit-like glimpse of the world an hour before the dawn.

"I cannot see, but well I know,
That out around the dusky grey,
Across dark lakes and voiced streams,
The blind, dumb vapours feel their way."

And here, in a few vivid strokes, are the splendour and melancholy of Indian summer perfectly reproduced:

"Along the line of smoky hills
The crimson forest stands,
And all the day the blue-jay calls
Throughout the autumn lands.

"Now by great marshes wrapped in mist,
Or past some river's mouth,
Throughout the long, still autumn day
Wild birds are flying south."

A "Canadian Folksong," first published in the *Atlantic Monthly* is a blithe mingling of the rigours of the season with joys of home, set to the music of the merriest little tea kettle that ever bubbled on a hob. "To a Robin in November," has been highly spoken of, and there is scarcely a poem in the book that is not worthy of special mention and commendation. "Little Blue Eyes and Golden Hair" is given in full, as it is a favourite of its writer:

Little blue eyes and golden hair,
Sits like a fairy beside my chair,
And gazes with owlish look in the fire,
Where the great log crackles upon his pyre;
And down in my heart there broods a prayer,
God bless blue eyes and golden hair.

Little blue eyes and golden hair,
Chatters and laughs and knows no care;
Though far outside the night is bleak,
And under the eaves the shrill winds shriek
And rattle the elm boughs chill and bare;
God bless the blue eyes and golden hair.

Little blue eyes and golden hair,
Taken all sudden and unaware,
Caught in the toils of the drowsy god,
Has gone on a trip to the Land of Nod;
Half-fallen in my lap she lies,
With a warp of dreams in her lash-hid eyes;
And deep in my heart still broods that prayer;
God bless blue eyes and golden hair.

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

THE CHAPERON AND HER FRIENDS IN AMERICAN NOVELS.

WHOEVER has read Tolstoi's novels must have noticed that there are Russians and Europeans. This "men, women, and Montague" classification is less offensive to the "men and women," it seems to me, than is that of our near relatives over the border, who give themselves the wide designation of "Americans" in sublime forgetfulness of the existence of anybody else who may have equal claims to be so called. Notwithstanding their lack of a specific cognomen, they have become a great nation, they have never hesitated to tell us this, and have asserted so often and so loudly their superiority over ourselves and everybody else, that, with the nation as with the individual, they have been largely accepted at their own valuation, and they are wonderful and "Americans" the world over. We follow their lead and speak of the "American" novel.

Some years ago it dawned upon a number of enlightened individuals that there could be and there was a lack somewhere. It was discovered that their social machinery not only needed repairs, but improvement; a shudder ran through the social world of various Eastern cities when it realized that the great Republic, the United States of America, had reached the mature age of one hundred years without a chaperon. In some very exclusive circles she existed in mild form; but as a recognized necessity she was not. Extensive and intelligent European travel, with the opening of the doors of good society in many foreign cities to Americans, contributed to this enlightenment; the Anglo-mania furthered it. This eminently necessary, highly esteemed personage is not indigenous to the soil of the neighbouring Republic. In a story whose name, and the name of whose author I have quite forgotten, an English girl has been so unfortunate as to awaken the ire of an American girl who tries to take her revenge by attacking English institutions. At one time she says, "Why you never even hear of a chaperon in England!" and turning to the English girl asks for confirmation of her statement. "No, one does not," is the answer, "nor of the Tower of London." In that answer lies the reason why the chaperon has become a "personage" in our American fiction. She has not penetrated the wilds of the Western States. Chicago knows her not. Her name is unheard in Omaha. In their eyes Daisy Miller would be a quite correct young damsel. Charles Egbert Craddock gives her no place among the people of the "Great Smoky Mountain"; Egglestone does not introduce her to his "Hoosiers"; the Lady of the Aroostook reaches Italy before she realizes that she has sinned, sinned terribly, and has done worse than if she had trifled with the Decalogue—has broken a social law. Garda in "East Angels" needed her; she does not seem an imperative necessity to the heroines of Cable's acquaintance. Owing to French and Spanish influence she ought to be at least the Capitol at Washington to Southerners.

But there seem to be only a few writers whose mission it is to let all the world know that the great American nation has a chaperon; if they would only let her appear as a felt need, not as a fashion, their efforts might be more effectual, they certainly would be more impressive. She is as necessary and as useful to these as the villain to the "Terrific School" of fiction, or the ugly, funny, very young man to the "Duchess."

The chaperon, like the hare in Gay's Fables, has many friends; they are Americans who have lived abroad for years, or descendants of those who came over in the "Mayflower," or of old Knickerbocker families. Oliver Wendell Holmes may, I think, be said to have created them. With due