

TIED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch;
You are almost too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are all so dull and thankless and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That, while I bore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The child that brought me only good.

And if, some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee—
This restless, curly head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heart-ache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the foot-prints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot
Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once more:

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest has flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

OUR HOLIDAY,

OR A VISIT TO THE SEA-SIDE.

Byron's sublime panegyric to the sea was suggested to my mind on my first finding myself standing upon old ocean's shore, with the breakers rolling in with a sublimely majestic sound and dashing their wild fury upon the beautiful strand which at this point stretches away as far as the eye can reach for miles in a beautiful plain of whitest sand. And as I found myself thus alone on the ocean shore, away from the dusty city, and the care and anxiety of daily toil, and felt myself really like a boy "out of school," and free from the spirit-fretting, petty annoyances of an overcrowded, overworked professional and business life, which, like grains of sand among the wheels of delicate machinery, grind but to destroy, or like particles of dust neath the eyelids, irritate but to inflame, I felt how joyous it is to be free, free from business calls, cares and interruptions. Here all is left behind, and here, we come to have our holiday and to commune with nature, to bathe, swim, boat, fish, walk, eat, sleep, talk, gossip. Oh, no, not gossip, for that must be left to the ladies; it is their special privilege, a sacred enclosure, upon which no rude male feet must ever be allowed to intrude. So then "here we are again," as the old song has it, at old Orchard Beach, on the coast of Maine.

I presume it is needless for me to enter into an argument to establish the advantages and desirability of a visit to the sea coast as a place of summer resort. That has now come to be accepted among the more intelligent classes of our larger communities as a self-evident axiom. One thing, however, I wish to say in this connexion, is that I regard the common idea that a visit to the "salt water" is sufficient as a grave error. Salt water may be met with high up in the Saint Lawrence, and the lower St. Lawrence has many admirable places of resort, but they are remarkable rather for the absence than otherwise of the peculiarities of a sea bath resort. There is no beach except a rough, craggy, treacherous rocky one; there is no surf or surf bathing. The temperature is much lower, the water colder and the breeze more extreme; hence for weak people and children I regard the open coast of the Atlantic itself as infinitely preferable a resort for invalids, to any inland bathing place in many respects. The climate is more equable, fogs less prevalent, the beach sandy, sloping and safe, the surf strong, invigorating and enjoyable.

In selecting a sea bathing resort, a point where the surf can be secured with a gently sloping beach should be preferred to still water or an abrupt coast. To be safe for women and children there should be no under current, which is seldom felt to any considerable extent where the beach slopes gradually out.

The coast of Maine offers many admirable points of resort suited for all tastes and inclinations. On arriving at Portland the voyager can find his way by boat either to Cushings or Peaks Island; at both places the best accommodation is offered, and persons can suit not only their tastes and predilections but also their pockets as to price. The water here is quiet and the resort a delightful one in several respects peculiar to itself.

Then we find Cape Elizabeth on a projecting point lower down the coast, with admirable advantages and accommodations, while a person standing upon its outmost point can look away South over an expanse of water unbroken by land until the islands of the Indies are reached. Hence the visitor lives, breathes, walks, lives in and is surrounded by the sea air.

Further down the coast is Scarborough beach, and a little further, Orchard beach with its village of hotels, boarding houses, and its fine spreading beach of many miles in extent, with the beautiful pine wood grove in the rear where annually a Methodist camp meeting is held.

From the house in which the writer lodged, an unobstructed view might be had of a beach ten miles in length, in front the broad ocean, dotted with numerous islands in the distance to the South Biddeford-pool, sometimes called Saccopool, an old and favourite watering place, but with a much bolder and more rocky shore, and not so favoured with beach accommodation for bathers. It is quiet, however, and is the favourite resort of many who prefer retirement to a more bustling place like Orchard on our left. At a short distance was the station of the Boston and Maine RR., a large and fine pic-nic grove, a large collection of hotels, cottages, boarding houses, restaurants, stores, &c., with the fine large building known as the Ocean House on the hill in the rear. By the way the "Old Orchard House" had, just previous to our visit, been destroyed by fire, but is expected to be rebuilt in fine proportions by another season. These latter two houses have always been the resort of the fashionables and would-be aristocrats, for it is well to know that a class of people are frequently met at watering places, who of little significance at home, set up to be somebody at the sea side, and succeed in passing themselves off as current coin.

Thus at a ball or evening party one will sometimes notice Mr. or Mrs. So and So mingling in the mazes of the merry dance with the *crème de la crème* of our best and wealthiest society, but it is the old story of the Magpie dressed in the peacock's feathers. They become known and then they are "let alone," severely so, and so the bubble is burst, or some unkind friend has pricked it all too soon, and the bird takes refuge in flight, some feathers less.

Society at the watering places is a curious study. We have the grandly fashionable, the morosely religious, the quiet plain people, the sensible people, the gossiping slandering people, and the puritanic, the quaker, the methodistic, the ritualist and the sacerdotalist, all blended in one happy confusion, and resolving themselves into so many knots, cliques and circles.

There we had the purse proud, the proud poor, the querulous, the garrulous, the whimsical, the eccentric, the indifferent and the particular.

There we had the notary who would like to be a judge, the trader who would fain be a doctor, the foreigner who would play the role of a special pleader, and the clergyman who could talk politics more glibly than religion, while the ladies were all paragons of excellence, although but one could lay claim to having been favoured by the goddess of beauty. Talents innumerable, faculties glittering like diamonds in a coronet so thickly studded that no room was left for more, and yet new characters and new types of humanity were continually coming and going. Were I a character painter like Josh Billings, what an opportunity I now had to take some sittings.

Well Orchard Beach presents perhaps the finest sea bathing beach in the world and requires only a visit to prove its transcendent facilities.

The beneficial effects of change in scene, air and association soon began to affect my appetite, and the qualms of conscience which I now began to feel as to the price of board interfered somewhat with my comfort, but a bargain is a bargain, and if I not could eat enough for four ordinary men, it was not my fault, but that of the health invigorating air and associations for which I was not responsible.

Indeed the invigorating influence of a short residence at the seaside is become so notable that its propriety—during the summer months—is no more questioned, but is universally accepted as being quite the thing, except under special circumstances and for exceptional reasons.

All Medical Authorities agree in the threefold nature of the beneficial influence which a seaside resort affords.

1st. in the unbending of the over-strained intellect kept constantly on the rack from years end to years end.

2nd. in the relaxation and repose which it affords from disturbing cares.

3rd. by the exhilarating and tonic influences of the change of air.

So from the soot flake of many a summer spent in the pent up work shops and office dungeons of the city come forth the pale haggard ones, bowed with their weight of cares and feeble with want of food and air. Forth they come annually to the sea in search of health.

"So now on sand they walked and now on cliff
Lingering about the thy my promontories."

They pass the first few hours at the unaccustomed sound of the low murmuring of the sea—strange sounds are heard, strange things are seen, all things are new to him or her whose lives have been one round of daily toil at desk or needle or the house wife's toil, or it may be the unwearied round of other daily duties for a dozen years or more now past and gone. But such is life. Whipped like a galley slave most of us go driven to our daily toil by a task master, more inexorable than any barbarous driver the enslaved ebony race e'er knew which rises with us and return with us as regularly too. I mean our own necessities. Many of these perhaps we create by our own morbid or falsely trained fancies but thus we increase our own burdens and heap tasks upon ourselves that would excite rebellion in the weakest of us if imposed by others. So inconsistent are we that we will voluntarily load ourselves with self imposed burdens like asses until we groan beneath the burden.

To such the holiday comes like a welcome visitant from some flowery land of fairies, relieving the burdened mind or body as may be and changing by its enchanting wand the whole scene to

one of pleasure and enjoyment. But such is life, it is just what we make it, a journey strewn with garlands leading to the skies or rugged and painful, more gloomy to the end. We choose our destinies as we choose our mates.

A month has passed away and we are still luxuriating in the cooling, invigorating breezes of the sea side. The children have gathered many a tiny shell upon the shore, collected sea ferns, mosses and weeds and withal we have gathered strength and renewed health and vigor from our pleasant sojourn here. Thus is it with us of ripe years, we gather from day to day to find empty shells, fascinating to behold but barren to enjoy.

Our time is up, the packing process now begins and we hie us away to our homes far inland from the sea to devote ourselves with renewed application, earnestness and vigor to our several callings and with an earnest loving cheerfulness so widely different from the demure spirits we were wont to be.

"Home again, from a foreign shore." The hall once more resounds with childhood's gleeful, noisy voice and the kettle sings and the cat purrs, the bell rings as of yore and all goes on again just as it was wont, and now we talk merrily of our visit, new acquaintances, odd people, and already begin to plan for the next year's holiday.

A TRAPPIST ABBEY.

A correspondent writes: A Trappist Abbey in the nineteenth century may be reasonably esteemed as great a curiosity as any pilgrimage. Indeed it is a greater, since, whereas any one can be a pilgrim, every one cannot penetrate into the monastery of so strict an order. The Abbey of Sept-Fonds Saint-Lieu is half-way between Dion and Dompierre, two small villages on the Moulins-Macon line, nine miles from Bourdon Lancy, and not far from where the Bebre joins the Loire. The name of Sept-Fonds seems an anomaly, for no documents testify to the existence of seven fountains there at any time, nor is the name of Saint-Lieu to be better explained. The abbey is a square mass of buildings divided into countless yards and courts, and the whole of the grounds are surrounded by a wall fifteen feet high, broken at intervals by small towers. It takes over an hour to walk around the inside of this wall. On entering the large courtyard we were at once conducted by a lay brother to the guests' room, where the following inscription appears over the door:

"Ici des tempêtes du monde
S'éteint le bruit tumultueux,
Nos jours dans une paix profonde,
Coulent sous un ciel radieux."

And immediately opposite I read:

"Le plaisir de mourir sans peine
Vaut bien la peine de vivre sans plaisir."

Here a brother, whose special duty it is to receive guests, appeared and cordially welcomed us. He was of course allowed to speak, and as his term of office was on the wane, he made the best use of his time. He had been a Pontifical Zouave, and related with pride how during the late war he and 149 others had kept the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg's whole division in check for nearly two hours. As he was relating his experiences, the Abbot was announced, and nothing could have exceeded his hearty greeting. The Comte de Durat, although only thirty-five, has been fifteen years in the monastery, and has lately been elected thirty-ninth Abbot. He is also Vicar-General of the Order, and hence is often called upon to make long journeys—indeed, he will shortly go to Turkey to inspect Mariastern. In dress there is but little difference between him and the other brethren, save that he wears an amethyst ring, and a violet ribbon, to which is attached an inlaid cross, is hung over his white garments. The first place we visited was the refectory, where about a hundred of the monks were eating their scanty meal of vegetable soup, bread, cherries, cheese, and beer, the bowls and platters being metal and the spoons wooden. Meat, fish, eggs, and butter are always forbidden. Of course there was no conversation; indeed, it is reckoned a sin to look up when strangers enter; but a brother was reading aloud from some religious work in a pulpit standing half-way down the room. From the refectory we ascended to the dormitory, where each monk sleeps, dressed in his clothes, in a separate cubicle on a straw mattress, with one coverlet and a bag of straw for a pillow. Seven hours is the limit of time allowed for sleep, the hour for getting up throughout the year being two A. M. We then went successively through the library, the Abbot's study, the laboratory, the chapel, which is an uninteresting modern red brick building, and the chapter-room. Here are held the solemn meetings where each Trappist confesses his sins aloud in the presence of all the others, and should he omit any fault, however trivial, one of his brethren may, should he have been witness of it, solemnly rise, and, after receiving permission from the Abbot, denounce the omission. Various punishments are allotted for sins, from prayers and fasting down to a good flagellation. Close by is the meditation-room, where each monk has a small cupboard in which to keep his papers, &c. "You see," said the Abbot, "not one of them is locked, yet one brother never looks into another's cupboard." In the cloisters is a gateway leading directly into the cemetery, and over it is the inscription, "*Hodie mihi, cras tibi.*" Before passing outside, I must remark how beautifully clean every part of the monastery was. I do not believe a particle of dust could be found anywhere. Sept-Fonds might serve as an example in this respect to similar institutions in Italy, and, indeed, Paris.

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Wayland Hoyt writes to the Boston Journal: There are two ways of getting into the House of Commons—through a card given you by some honorable member, or through a donation to some one of the honorable policemen standing about. It is something worth knowing that a half a crown will break away an enormous number of British barriers. It need not matter how I got in. It is enough that I entered. Well, what do you see when at last the doors of the strangers' gallery open for you? A room in the shape of a parallelogram, with a big table in the centre, with seats, or, better, with cushioned benches, rising in long lines either side, and there, at one end of the table, a pulpit-looking canopied seat, in which is Mr. Speaker, almost lost in a tremendous black gown and under a perfectly overshadowing gray horse-hair wig. On the benches, in all sorts of positions, lying flat, half reclining, sitting upright, some with hats on and others uncovered, are the honorable members. That is the House of Commons. There, in the gallery above site the reporters. Higher up and back from these, and behind a wire railing, as though they were dangerous and honorable members must be protected from them, peek down some ladies from their gallery. That does not look much like female suffrage for England. Though I think that England, of all countries, is the most logically entitled to female suffrage. Here Victoria is Queen, and not only that, but at one and the same time is the head of two churches—that of England and of Scotland. If one woman can be all that, why cannot any woman vote? Well, I think she ought to vote, both in England and in America. And some day she will. Opposite from these galleries of the ladies and of the reporters are the strangers' galleries—most uncomfortable places, in which you must break your neck in straining to see, and where, if you attempt to stand, inexorable doorkeepers compel you to sit down. On the right hand of the great table from the Speaker's chair sit the Government, Mr. Disraeli and his Cabinet. Directly opposite are the Opposition. The speaking in the House of Commons is not so much speaking as conversation. You very rarely hear anything like oratory. Nearly every one draws, and stammers and hesitates in a most painful manner. Few Englishmen can speak readily, and I noticed that it was by no means the readiest and most fluent speakers who most commanded the attention of the House. It was the man who seemed to know the most about the matter in hand to whom the House most quietly listened, however poorly he might express himself. An unpopular member has a hard time in the House of Commons. Dr. Kenealy—the notorious advocate for the notorious Tichborne claimant—is manifestly a very unpopular member. It is due to him to say that he is the best speaker I heard. His voice is clear and strong, his words are aptly chosen, his manner quite commanding. But when he rose to speak you should have heard that House of Commons. Laughter, cries of "Oh!", groanings, and an indescribable sound the reporters here call "murmurs." These were kept up throughout the entire speech. It was impossible, except now and then, to hear a word. But Dr. Kenealy kept at it undismayed, and the House kept at it.

ARTISTIC.

PORTRAITS of Hannah More, George Stephenson, and Jeremy Bentham have been added to the National Portrait Gallery.

COMMISSIONERS pronounce the Hermann monument at Detmold to be a very crude piece of art workmanship; both in form and substance quite barbarous.

MR. F. B. CARPENTER has finished a full-length portrait of President Lincoln for the State of New York, to be placed in the Albany capitol. Lincoln is here represented standing, with the emancipation proclamation in his left hand, and his right resting on a Bible.

MR. RUSKIN prints, in the August number of the *Fora Clavigera*, a petition to Parliament against the extension of railways into the Lake district. One of Turner's most splendid pictures is due to the poetry of colour he got out of a railway train in a storm.

PROFESSOR DRAKE, of Berlin, has completed his colossal statue of Humboldt, which, cast in bronze, is to be despatched to Philadelphia. The philosopher is standing in modern costume, with a large cloak disposed on his shoulders, holding a book in one hand, and having the other hand on a globe.

The Chapter of St. Peter's have at last permitted a plaster cast to be taken of the celebrated *Pieta* by Michel Angelo, but only on condition that it shall be entrusted to Signor Malipieri, who is said to be the most skilful artist in Rome in the execution of this kind of work. The cast will be exhibited at Florence on the occasion of the Michel Angelo Festival in September. A cast of the *Moses* from the tomb of Julius II. will also be sent to the Exhibition from Rome.

A competition has been opened at the French Ministry of Finance for a new design for a postage stamp in France. The only restrictions imposed on the candidates are that the words *Poste* and *République Française* must appear, and that the figures represented must not have any political character. The artist whose drawing is chosen will receive a prize of 1,500 francs; indemnities of 500 francs and 300 francs will also be accorded to the designs classed second and third in merit.

THE centenary of Michael Angelo has revived the interest of the Italians for everything connected with the artist, and led to the discovery of some interesting facts concerning him. The examination of the judicial archives of Rome has disclosed the existence of an official inventory made by order of the Governor of the city immediately after the death of Angelo. In that document are mentioned not only the furniture, the clothes, the money, and the horses belonging to him, but also different unfinished statues, and several cartoons are spoken of. An equally interesting circumstance is the discovery, or rather the deciphering, of an unpublished sonnet by him. It is written on the back of an original drawing of his, which forms part of the collection made by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and purchased by the University of Oxford.