

from the lips of the man as artlessly we might say as the notes from the throat of the bobolink. The range of the work is very wide, the volume embracing subjects from the zenith to the nadir of song. But the most commonplace subject touched by Mr. Ramsay's genius becomes "poetry," and if our readers have closely followed our columns they know that by the word poetry we mean much. The dedication is an excellent piece of work, with respect both to its thought and its art. But what we like almost as well as anything within the covers of this collection of verse-gems is the preface. The author sets out to show the views that the "great unwashed" hold with respect to the poet and his song. As for the poet, "society deprecates his business ability as being below that of average men." And again: "As soon as a poet opens an account with eternally he is ostracised." But in spite of the dull prejudice, the poet takes heart. "Ah, well," he finely says, "as long as rainbows are not in the market, and there is no tax on acrobats, or toll-bars before the moon, poetry shall be received." This is the faith that brought him to the publisher's threshold, which has given to us a collection of song that we shall cherish as long as our literature lasts. We should like to be able to give copious extracts from the work itself; and make analyses of some of these pieces which have foremost claim upon our notice, but space will not permit us. "Mural," the poem from which the volume takes its name, is a splendid piece of work, of high aim, and well sustained throughout. Passage upon passage richly imaginative, might be pointed out; while the aptness of phrase, the limpidness and purity of the style are constantly noticeable. Read this passage:

Then from tumultuous anchorage risen,  
Earthward Encircling of woe  
Assailed our world; and all the wood  
Waited like a wild beast in a snare."

The book is illustrated, and some of the pictures with their setting of song are very effective. "The Haunted House," standing ruined under the moon calls up a flood of recollections.

"The cricket sings his dirge unmolested  
Where the dancers held soft revelry;  
The cry of their yokes have been diverted  
And all the harvesters are gone away."

Here, too, is a quatrain that suggests Goldsmith, and Goldsmith at his best:

"With harvest home this hall was often lighted—  
Dancing and merriment; and the simple board  
Made Autumn cheerful; travellers delighted  
Found welcome here and went away restored."

Two other stanzas we cannot refrain from quoting; they sound like a sorrowful echo from the depths of the human heart:

"How mournful winds among abandoned chambers  
Resound the anthem of departed days;  
Whose nights have come like cool upon the ebb  
By the old hearth which never more shall blaze."

The dancers are dispersed, the merriment ended,  
The laughter silent, and the lovers gone  
With their sweet schemes on which so much depended  
And we are following after, one by one."

No one surely will say that we are extravagant when we assert that verses like this is not alone a gain to Canadian letters, but to English literature itself. As we have said before, Mr. Ramsay is nature's child. He has not looked upon dandelion blooms and clover through city windows; but he has wandered among the woods and meadows in body as well as spirit. He has the seeing eye, and the heart to feel; and every note of his song is as true as the singing of the wild birds that he heard in his days. We cordially commend the book to our readers.

The gentlemen who proposed the celebration of the British Empire to be held at Toronto have not yet taken place. We have been informed by a gentleman who has been advised why the

interesting meeting did not come to pass; whether it was that the Empire builders could not muster enough of erasers, or whether they had grown a little timid when about to come fairly before such a proposition. Of course nobody of repute would have had the courage to seriously propose a discussion of this subject had not Sir John Macdonald led the way by making a bombastic speech in England some months ago in support of the idea. Sir John has been a very successful statesman, and he is individually the most popular politician in Canada to-day; but he is by no means the whole people of Canada. Men who have always admired his career in his own field, and who still hold the old gentleman in high esteem, declare that when he made the windy speech to which we allude that his head was "turned a little bit round." A short time before, it will be remembered, the Sovereign had decorated him with the most important bit of ribbon that a colonist has been ever known to wear. Imperial ribbons, brass and feathers are more than an old man can stand. Sir Allan MacNab was all very well, barring his petulance and his gout, till they began decorating him; then he straightway got it into his somewhat thick head that he was related somehow to the "Crown" and the royal family. He felt himself drawn nearer to the heart of the Empire; considered himself one of the vital organs of that system. So much was he overpowered with this feeling that he actually left Canada and sailed to England where he said he intended entering "public life." "Who in thunder is the old chap?" the Britishers asked; but nobody seemed to remember, except a few registering machines at Downing Street. "Aw, yes," one of these said; "glad to see you," this is the man who sent the men to cut out a little schooner." Then Sir Allan announced that he was "in the field for Parliamentary honours." Brighton, we believe, being the constituency that his ambition fastened upon. Of course, he was hardly heard of during the contest. Then, about Sir Allan. He next turned up in Canada, where he died. Now we hope that Sir John will not make the sunset of his life ridiculous; and we express this hope because we have the sincerest feeling of friendship for the old gentleman. He will therefore have to keep clear of such fads as this federation scheme; and the younger ones, like Mr. Dalton McCarthy, will have to stand alert; too, lest they also may bring the public laugh upon themselves for their folly.

There was born the other day, at Whitby, a kitten with eight legs, two mouths, four ears, two tails and two bodies as far as the waist. The interesting twin did not live.

On page ten of this issue is depicted the somewhat inglorious ending to the first touring trip of a celebrated dude cyclist of this city. The auspicious start, the accumulating troubles which so relentlessly pursued the poor fellow on his journey, and the humiliating "hang up" at the finish, are so faithfully reproduced by our artist as to render further comment unnecessary.

The latest and most absurd phase of the proposed Home Rule legislation & the introduction into the measure of a clause permitting members of the Irish Parliament to go over to England and assemble at Westminster whenever such questions as taxation, of which Ireland is to bear a portion, in general affairs of the Empire, are to be discussed. We have never read, in all the history that has come before our eyes, of a proposal by any great statesman, so absurd, and so undignified.

George Brown once said that a party without a policy is apt to devote itself to claptrap. His words like chickens are coming home to roost.

Even in a Reformer there is at last to be reached the breaking-down point. One overtaxed gentleman has at last gone over to the Tories, and his reasons are these two: (1) The *Toronto Globe* demands a reformation of the House of Lords; and (2) it opposes Imperial federation. We will wager anything that this man's affection for the House of Lords arises not from any knowledge of that wonderful branch of Parliament, but from the fact that himself or his father has been boot-black to some member of the House of Lords. Such a man would be a serious loss to any party. The *Mail* rejoices in the entry of this precious sheep into the fold;—and *per contra* the *Globe* shakes its duds in high glee because the unmentionable billesian senator has gone, perfume and all, into its camp.

A New York woman of fashion in order to cut a "shine" has had the hoofs of her horse gilded.

There is a collision between the Knights of Labor and the Trades Unions of the United States. Mr. Powderly evidently wants the Knights of Labour to hold supreme authority in the ordering and conducting of strikes, and of other matters of a wide nature concerning labour. And unquestionably Mr. Powderly's view is the right one, looking at the question from the workman's point of view. "Where there's a union there's strength"; and the workmen of this continent, united in one body, would be the strongest combination ever witnessed. It simply could dictate its own terms; and in seven cases out of ten would win in the strike battle.

A Chicago policeman has discovered a copper bomb charged with dynamite.

The railway scheme in which Mr. James Beatty, Q. C., was concerned has collapsed.

The story circulated at Ottawa that 30,000 stand of arms were about being sent to loyal inhabitants of Ulster, looks very much like a "yarn"; and a very ridiculous yarn, too.

The Hon. Mackenzie Bowell lately attended a meeting of Orangemen held at Toronto; and the Reform newspapers charitably say that it is Sir John's intention at the coming election to "work the Order" for "all it is worth." Simple doors; do they not know that Sir John would work it in that way, "whether or no."

The Royal Society meeting has closed, and members thereof have found much relief since reading their papers. School boys and very young men can afford to do foolish things; but what on earth is the excuse for men, some of them of middle age, and many of them old?

It is reported that the usual spring procession of icebergs has passed through Davis Straits, on their way to more temperate waters; where, under the midsummer sun, they will split and crumble with a noise of thunder.

History has a trick of repeating itself. The men who had posed as the representatives of loyalty, the iron-clad old Tories of Canada, were the persons, who, when their will was thwarted in 1849, burned down the Parliament buildings at Montreal, threw rotten eggs at Lord Elgin, and poked sticks through a portrait of the Queen. It is not surprising that the cables should bring us tidings that the "loyal Orangemen of Ul-

ster" have been found at drill; and at drill for the purpose of resisting the law, and the will of the crown.

Loyal when pitted  
Rebel when fitted.

It has always been so since the world began. But all the same we do not want to hear Goldwin Smith screech out any more, "what is to become of the loyal minority of Ulster?" One man in the eyes of the British constitution has equal rights with his fellow man; and that is all.

We perceive by late despatches that Halifax social circles are in a state of excitement over the verdict rendered in the Supreme Court, Windsor, recently against William Lithgow. Lithgow is very respectably connected and has a large estate in his own right. Some time ago he ran off with the pretty young wife of an old farmer named Church, residing at Falmouth. Last year Church got a divorce from his faithless wife whom Lithgow subsequently married, settling down on a farm in Annapolis Valley. Then Church brought action against Lithgow for \$4,000 for criminal conversation with his wife, and has just obtained a verdict of \$1,000. He has also action pending to recover \$8,000 cash, which he settled on his wife at marriage, that being one of the conditions of the union. She was twenty and he over sixty. Whipping, as a punishment, has gone out of fashion quite too soon.

Mr. Parkman, the celebrated historian, is spending some weeks on the island of Lake Edward, some ninety miles from Quebec. Mr. Farham, of *Harper's Magazine*, is also sojourning at the same place.

It is rumoured that Mr. Charles Mair purposes bringing out a sumptuously illustrated edition of *Tecumseh*, and that he has had interviews with our celebrated artist, Mr. O'Brien, touching the matter. It is understood that the complete edition of *Tecumseh* is about exhausted.

The *Montreal Witness* publishes a portrait of Capt. Scott, Commander of the steamer *Canadowne*. The total fleet under the command is six schooners.

Our music page next week will be occupied by a composition in commemoration of the assembling here next month of the Grand Lodge of the Knights of Pythias. The words are by Mr. John Imrie, and are exceedingly appropriate to the occasion. Prof. J. F. Johnstone has written the music, which is simple, catching, and well adapted to the inspiring words.

Saw the Relation of Things.—That was a rare philosophy in the three year-old boy, who asked: "What is night for?" And, not content with the reply, "For rest and sleep," added, "No, papa, night is for to-morrow." Many men and women grow never apprehend so clearly the true relations existing between rest or recreation, and the serious duties of life.

The devil must not be allowed to monopolize all the fun or to do all the laughing. Piety does not consist without sobriety nor in sobriety. It is as godly to laugh as to cry—and godly to do neither in an ungodly way. The theatre, the opera and the dance, now too often possessed by seven devils, are not to be forever pre-empted by the lower world. The day is coming when the play-house will be the gate of Heaven instead of the gate of hell, as it too often is to-day. The dramatic and musical faculties belong to God, in their best development, as they were alleged to belong to Him in the great feast at which the Galileans were won to Jesus.—*Ibid.*