

beauty. It is, however, not in the charms of feature or form, but in the high spiritual aspiration, the faith that sees what is unseen to the bodily eye and conquers the maiden's natural fear of a horrible death, the hope that looks beyond the agony which is momentary to the joys which are eternal, that we discern the artist's motive and the merit of the picture. Like the first martyr, her gaze is turned heavenward, her eyes seeming to be dilated by the emotions that fill her breast. She has said farewell to those who love her, and who now, she knows, are suffering unspeakable anguish for her sake, but by a superhuman effort she has silenced the promptings of pity for them as for herself and has fixed her thoughts on the Supreme Helper, the Master whom she will not deny to save her life, nay, to gain the world. A certain decent staidness in her posture and in the fall of the drapery is all that suggests any care on her part for what she may seem in the sight of man. Instinctively she feels that her dread peril may imply unseemly exposure, and she assumes the attitude of prayer in such a way as to minimize that risk. She wears the comely dress of a Roman girl *simplex munditiis*—when Rome meant civilization, but she is probably of Grecian blood, and of patrician lineage. The artist has left much to the imagination. Neither savage beast nor more cruel man is in sight. But we know that the pains of death will not be long delayed, and that the curious, sensation-loving, blood-thirsty throng awaits the fatal spring. It is a fine picture and worthy of the praise that connoisseurs have awarded it. Mr. Pinhey's career as an artist does not date back, we believe, beyond 1880, in which year he began to study in Toronto. He was adjudged the silver medal for the best stump drawing from an antique bust and other prizes. Determining to profit by the instruction of the best masters of the day, he went to Paris and entered the Academy of Monsieur Julian—the largest art training school in France, and took lessons from Messrs. Boulangier, Lefebvre, Bouguereau, Gerôme, Fleury, Chaput, and other distinguished professors. After five years, devoted to severe academic drawing from the nude, during which he won the approbation of his teachers as one of their most promising artists, Mr. Pinhey passed eight months at Avignon, where he painted the picture named "Le Midi," now the property of Mr. J. Christie, of Ottawa. In that city Mr. Pinhey resided for some time after returning to Canada, and soon made a name for himself as a portrait-painter. For about a year he has been settled in this city, where his skill and assiduity have won him deserved success. His "Afternoon Tea" was, it may be recalled, one of the most remarkable pictures at the Spring Exhibition. "The Christian Martyr" may, however, be considered his best work.

THE MONTREAL HIGH SCHOOL CADETS.—This engraving, which is sure to be gratifying to our young military aspirants, illustrates what has been generally recognized as not the least useful and acceptable feature of that revived physical training which is one of the great educational reforms of our time. The first of a series of very satisfactory inspections of the High School corps of this city took place on the 9th ult. Lieut.-Col. Mattice in addressing the boy soldiers told them they were a credit to themselves, to their instructor and to Montreal—a judgment on their appearance and evolutions which was heard with pleasure, as well by the cadets as by their parents and friends who were present on the occasion. The inspection, which took place on a Saturday afternoon, was enlivened by the excellent fife and drum band of the Sixth Fusiliers, while a detachment from the same battalion kept order on the ground. Among those who witnessed the inspection were the Venerable Archdeacon Evans and the Rev. Dr. McVicar, who represented the Protestant School Commissioners. The instructor, Capt. Macaulay, who was deservedly commended by the Brigade-Major, had his young companies—five in all—in admirable order. The four regular companies of more mature lads, the small body of little recruits, and the ambulance, which constituted the force, were dressed in their becoming gray uniforms. After saluting, they marched past, with the steadiness and regularity, if not of veterans, at least of older warriors, doubling and wheeling into line, forming squares and preparing to meet cavalry, and executing other manoeuvres with a sureness of movement which showed how carefully they had been drilled. Lieut.-Col. Mattice, in paying them a welcome tribute of praise, promised to have carbines substituted for the too ponderous rifles, and he had no doubt that they would prove as efficient in the use of their weapons as they had shown themselves in their manoeuvres. Archdeacon Evans then addressed the cadets in fitting terms. The inspection ended, the corps marched through several streets as far as Place d'Armes and then back to the school grounds, winning universal admiration on the way. After three cheers for Capt. Macaulay, which, notwithstanding a somewhat trying order (for they had been on their feet from morning till near dusk), were given with hearty good will, the future defenders of their country were dismissed. On every fresh appearance they gave evidence of improvement under their efficient instructor.

HOLY NIGHT.—The scene which Herr Grass has imagined is one of which every reader of the Gospels forms an idea of his or her own. He has evidently attempted to bring into a focus, as it were, several features in the sacred narrative that are generally treated apart. He has, however, given us an effective picture, and we have no difficulty in putting ourselves in sympathy with it. Every thing about it suggests the peace of the heavenly anthem, the peace that is promised to all who cherish good will, and with which Christmas is immemorably and blissfully associated.

CHRISTMAS.

O blessed day that hallowest
The old year, ere it dies,
And in Time's weather-beaten breast
Stillest the weary sighs,
We greet thee now with praise and mirth.
In memory of our Saviour's birth.

We hail thee, as the shepherd throng,
On that Judæan field,
And the same heavenly burst of song
By which their hearts were thrilled—
"Peace be on earth, good-will to men—"
From heaven to earth descends again.

The race of man had wandered, sore
Beneath its weight of sin,
For many a weary age before
The day was ushered in
On which the benison of God
On all his children was bestowed.

To Israel the word had come,
That in its royal line
Should rise at last a Prince, of whom
The race should be divine.
And so arose o'er all the earth
A longing for some wondrous birth.

Prophet to prophet handed down
The promise, still more clear,
While Jewish mothers pondered on
The Child that should appear.
And bards inspired of Greece and Rome
Foretold the Monarch that should come.

And farther east and farther west
The scattered nations felt,
By some strange yearning, half-confessed,
As to their gods they knelt,
That One, far greater than they knew,
God's needed work on earth must do.

Many had come to teach mankind,
And precepts were not few;
In vain, alas! men sought to find,
Amid the false, the true,
Or answer the hearts' questions keen
About the world that is unseen.

No teacher yet had come with power
To solve each doubt that springs,
Or give, in that most solemn hour
When death his summons brings,
The calm, clear faith that knows no fear,
Hearing the whisper, 'I am here.'

So now, in spite of priest and sage,
The world in darkness errs;
Rome reads with doubting smile the page
Of Greek philosophers;
And cynic age to questioning youth
With scorn repeats, 'Pray, what is truth?'

Still Israel, rent by factions wild,
And prey to alien foes,
Awaits the mother and the Child
Whose birth shall end its woes;
But never dreams to look for Them
In that meek group at Bethlehem.

Yet there, as on this very day,
In that Judæan town,
Obscure He in a manger lay,
Bereft of robe and crown.
Thither in spirit draw we nigh
And worship in humility.

O scene so dear to Christian art,
By inspiration graced!
O scene that on the human heart
By love divine is traced!
The stainless Mother and the Child!
The God-man and the Virgin mild!

The heedless world is unaware
Of thee, O Bethlehem,
And of the King reposing there
Without a diadem.
But Rome's old gods may feel the power
That dooms them at this awful hour.

Before the Babe of Bethlehem
What millions bow to-day!
O God! in mercy look on them
And send them, as they pray,
The spirit of good-will and peace
Till war and all its horrors cease.

Alas! how sad it is to know
That, after all these years,
Men still should cause each other woe
And drench the earth with tears.
They are unworthy of thy name,
O Christ, who put thee thus to shame!

So many centuries, alas!
Since Thou wast born, yet seems
The world so nearly what it was
When only fitful gleams
Of Thy reflected radiance glowed
Upon the earth which Thou hast trod.

So many centuries! But Thou
Hast no regard of time!
To Thee all ages are as *now*,
And, while we slowly climb
To cause from consequence with pain,
All things to Thee are ever plain.

At last we know all will be well—
Enough for us to know—
Enough all tempting doubts to quell,
However it be so,
Let us but strive that every day,
May find us further on our way.

O blessed day, traditions dear
Have gathered round thy name;
Of modest mirth, of kindly cheer,
Of charity's bright flame.
Unto the least of these, said He,
Whate'er you do, you do to Me.

Peace and good-will—O blessed words,
To be our guide through life!
Oh! may the nations sheathe their swords,
And cease from cruel strife!
The widow's wail, the orphan's tear,
Sad, sad are these for Christmas cheer.

Peace and good-will—O warring sects,
That bear the Christian name,
What is the faith that He expects,
On whom you found your claim?
By love He conquered all mankind—
Let there be in you the same mind.

O Christmastide! We would not throw
A shadow on thy name,
Or cause a needless sigh; but oh!
One privilege we claim—
We think of Christmas-days of yore,
And those whose smiles we greet no more.

O, dear, dead friends of other years,
Who shared our joy and pain,
We have not power, with all our tears,
To bring you back again.
But, as we think of you to-day,
We cannot deem you far away.

And we shall meet, we hope, at last,
When, rent the parting veil,
Death's tyranny is overpast,
And the glad earth shall hail
A glorious, endless Christmas morn,
When man in Christ awakes new-born.

J. F. HOME.

THE EDUCATION OF THE ANCIENT ROMAN.

Besides commercial arithmetic the chief subjects studied in Roman schools were history and literature. Reading was taught, not, as in Greece, by letters, but by syllables, according to our most approved modern methods; and sets of ivory letters were often given to children to make up words with. Homer and Æsop were the commonest reading books for Greek, while Virgil and Horace very soon after their death entered into their immortality as Latin class-books. The Laws of the Twelve Table were got by heart by all Roman boys as a matter of course. Public speaking, too, was an art in which it was not so much a glory to excel as a disgrace to fail; and in the upper divisions rhetoric and the practice of declamation were carefully attended to. For the rest the management of schools in Rome was similar to what it has been in all time. Little boys were coaxed to learn the elements of knowledge by gifts of sweets and biscuits. Prizes were given to the most proficient, books valuable for their rarity or beautiful manuscript or binding, while laggards in the race for learning were whipped up with great earnestness. Juvenal tells us how he had flinched his hand from the master's cane at school; and Orbilius the flogging professor, who had begun life as a magistrate's clerk, and had then tried his luck in the army, both in the cavalry and infantry, where he, perhaps, picked up his partiality for strenuous discipline, has earned for himself by his vigour in the use of the rod a reputation as enduring as that of Dr. Keate or Dr. Busby. The school day usually began even before sunrise, and Martial, living in his third story in the "Pear-tree district," complains of the schoolmaster near the modern Piazza Barberini who woke him up before cock-crow, when he had hardly got to sleep after the nightly din of the baker, with his shouts and blows. But the picture of the satirist is not altogether accurate, and it would be unfair not to say that the men at the top of the profession were well paid and enjoyed probably a good social position. Verrius Flaccus, for instance, tutor to Augustus's grandchildren, received from the Emperor more than £1,000 annually, and, in addition, had free lodging in the palace, and was allowed to keep a private school. Another master, Palemon, made an income of over £4,000 out of his school. There were also lucrative Government appointments open to teachers of Latin, Greek and rhetoric, the salaries attached to which amounted in some cases to over £1,000; and the holders of them were, in addition, exempt from municipal taxation. In the summer they had four months' vacation, and there were, besides, several holidays during winter and spring, so that the profession was not altogether without its prizes and compensations.—*The National Review*.