

LITERATURE.

IN giving, a fortnight ago, Tennyson's poem on the death of the Duke of Clarence, we took it, not from the *Nineteenth Century* in which it appeared first, but from a newspaper which had copied it. The result was that to us, as we doubt not to our readers, the last two lines were wholly unintelligible. We were quite unable to understand why the Hereafter should "mourn in hope," and why the occurrence of such an event should make the "march of that eternal Harmony" more distinctly heard, but as emendation is a privilege only enjoyed by editors of the classics, we judged it safer to copy verbatim. However, we have since seen the *Nineteenth Century* itself, and all is light. The reading should of course be:

And march of that eternal Harmony  
Whereto the worlds beat time, though faintly heard  
Until the great Hereafter. Mourn in hope!

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CAP AND BELLS.

The jester sang in the banquet hall,  
His wit obeyed no bridle;  
He railed at all, both great and small,  
The rich, the poor, the idle.  
And mirth at every merry joke  
Rang out from floor to rafter;  
It mattered not whate'er he spoke,  
They answered all with laughter.

CHORUS—  
Ha, ha, ho, ho!  
It merrily, merrily, swells;  
They've never a care who motley wear,  
And don the cap and bells!

He preached a sermon true and wise,  
They only thought he jested;  
They laughed, and with their streaming eyes  
The witty quip attested.  
Perchance his heart had felt despair,  
But how were they to know it?  
They only saw the motley there,  
They never looked below it.

CHORUS.

The years passed by, the Fool lay dead,  
His laughter stilled forever;  
"He was the king of all," they said,  
"We shall find his equal never."  
But hid away they found one day,  
A jest that silent made them—  
A glove—a flower—a tress of hair—  
Upon his heart they laid them!

Ha, ha, ho, ho!  
It merrily, merrily, swells;  
They've never a care who motley wear,  
And don the cap and bells!

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*The Dominion Illustrated* for March is here. Roberts continues "The Raid from Beausejour," which is interesting, but has the serious defect that as yet there is no plot. William Wilfrid Campbell tries prose, and humorous prose, too, in "Deacon Snider and the Circus." While he is not unsuccessful, we prefer his poetry. Articles by J. M. LeMoine, Ed. W. Sandys, &c., make up an interesting number. We think the *Illustrated* would do well to lessen the quantity and improve the quality of the pictorial supplements, and to leave out altogether the Department for the Children. It is at present, as *The Week* says, rather too much of a hotch-potch.

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EMPIRE FIRST.

From "*Songs of the Great Dominion.*"

Shall we break the plight of youth,  
And pledge us to an alien love?  
No! We hold our faith and truth,  
Trusting to the God above.

Stand, Canadians, firmly stand,  
Round the flag of Fatherland.

Britain bore us in her flank,  
Britain nursed us at our birth,  
Britain reared us to our rank  
Mid the nations of the earth.

Stand, Canadians, &c.

In the hour of pain and dread,  
In the gathering of the storm,  
Britain raised above our head  
Her broad shield and sheltering arm.

Stand, Canadians, &c.

O triune kingdom of the brave,  
O sea-girt island of the free,  
O empire of the land and wave,  
Our hearts, our hands, are all for thee.

Stand, Canadians, &c.

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

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MADCHENSTIMMEN.

As in the pauses of some mighty theme,  
A momentary silence held the throng;  
The clear-voiced birds, in leafy Academe,  
Thrilled all the grove with sweetness of  
their song.

Or as the dew-drop songs some poet grand,  
Amid his deeper, stronger harmonies,  
Hath scattered wide, with free and lavish hand,  
Clear, brilliant, sparkling little symphonies.

As when a player at the organ set,  
Holding a mighty chord of bass sublime,  
Trills through the clear sharp treble notes  
which yet