



Dr. Osler, whom Montrealers have not forgotten, chose "Æquanimitas" for the theme of his valedictory address to the Graduates in Medicine of the University of Pennsylvania, before entering on his duties at John Hopkins. The address abounds in wise reflections and good advice, and contains, *inter alia*, a tribute of esteem and gratitude to the memory of the late Dr. R. P. Howard, whose portrait we published not long since. We cannot, however, entirely accept Dr. Osler's definition of *æquanimitas*. It means, he says, "coolness and presence of mind under all circumstances, calmness amid the storm, clearness of judgment in moments of grave peril, immobility, impassiveness, or, to use an old English and most expressive word, phlegm." It is to this latter alternative that we object. "Phlegm" is not only an old English word, but an old Greek word, and had several meanings, more or less contradictory to each other, before it obtained hospitality in our own language. The original sense of it was not coldness but heat. *Phlegma* is from *phlego* (to burn). *Flamma* (softened from *flagma*) is its Latin equivalent. In course of time, however, it came to be used for the humour or matter gathering in an inflamed spot, then for any humour, and lastly, for a cold, viscous humour. The four chief humours in that system of medicine, which, though obsolete, has left us some of its symbolism, were blood, cholera, phlegm and gall. Hence the temperaments were divided into the sanguine, the choleric or bilious, the phlegmatic and the melancholic.

Now, as far as our experience goes, the term "phlegm" has never been used in a laudatory sense by good English writers. It is generally applied to that dull, sluggish temper which it is almost impossible to arouse to action or passion. A phlegmatic person is even-minded only in the sense in which any torpid creature may be called so, unless, indeed, we take Dame Quickly's use of it as normal. For, without in the least intending it, that lady employs the word in its original ancient sense. "I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic," she says to Dr. Caius, meaning just the reverse of what the word means in its common acceptation. To our mind equanimity stands on a much higher plane than phlegm, as a quality, has ever attained. It implies, what phlegm does not, conquest over self, and is allied, as phlegm is not, with timely resource and other virtues, which Dr. Osler has named in his definition. Another synonym which he suggests, imperturbability, is also much preferable to phlegm. Dr. Osler's valedictory should be read by all students and practitioners of medicine.

AN AUGUST SONG.

Two boys of all sweet boys alive,
Two boys I have and of babes none other,
And one is five and the other five,
Two sweet boys that call me mother.

Ah, if you knew my keen delight,
O water-lily, when bending down
Over your gold and over your white,
The sweet heads jostle their gold and brown!

Two boys of all brave boys on earth,
Two boys I have and of babes none other,
Two such boys at a single birth
As were never borne by any mother.

O August sky, if you but knew
How all regret in your gulfs can drown,
When looking up to your depths of blue
I see those eyes of blue and brown!

What to me was a night of pain
That won me boys so strong as mine!
While I have these, take golden gain,
Take goodly honours and mellow wine!

TYNG RAYMOND.

In his article on "Social Life at Ottawa," in the August *Cosmopolitan*, Mr. W. Blackburn Harte says some interesting things about Lady Macdonald. After describing her as strong and robust, with large, well-shaped head and strongly marked features, Mr. Harte observes that "there is the

same lurking determination and power about her eyes and mouth that one notices in Sir John's face. Indeed, it is generally remarked that in their long married life the Premier and his wife have become wonderfully alike both in their habits of thought and in physical expression."

This influence of strong individualities, even on the features and expressions of their friends, was noticed by Lavater a century ago. "As the gestures of our friends and intimates often become our own," writes the physiognomist, "so, in like manner, does their appearance. Whatever we love we would assimilate to ourselves, and whatever in the circle of affection does not change us into itself, that we change, as far as may be, into ourselves." And again: "This resemblance of features, in consequence of mutual affection, is ever the result of internal nature and organization of the character of the persons. It ever has its foundation in a preceding, perhaps, imperceptible resemblance which might never have been animated or suspected, had it not been set in motion by the presence of the sympathetic being."

"Lady Macdonald," Mr. Harte continues, "is a brilliant conversationalist, and has a wonderful power of drawing out people, and, by getting them to talk about their hobbies, mentally taking their measure. She is a shrewd judge of character, and her opinions on all subjects are worth having. She is a warm friend to the struggling littérateurs of Canada, and is herself a valued contributor to many of the leading English magazines. She has much of the personal magnetism that has been a material factor in Sir John's long and successful career, and, when she takes an interest in a person, she is a truly delightful hostess." The whole article is worth reading.

Our readers will, we are sure, enjoy this pathetic poem from the pen of an old friend:

THE DEAF GIRL.

When childhood's laughing tones reveal
Deep blessedness of heart,
I feign the joy I long to feel,

And check the sobs that start:
Shrouding the agony that lies
Within my dim, tear-blinded eyes,
Because on earth eternally
The door of sound is closed for me,
And man—man knoweth not the key!

In solitude I love to dream
Of what I may not hear,
And muse how sweet a sound must seem,
A human voice how dear!
Alas! that dreams which soothe and bless
Should be so full of nothingness!
I wake, and all is mystery:
The door of sound is closed for me,
And man—man knoweth not the key!

I shall not long be here on earth,
My mother's eyes are wet:
She felt, e'en when she gave me birth,
My star would quickly set.
I grow less earthly day by day,
Then, tell me why should death delay?
God calls me home, God sets me free:
The door of sound is closed for me,
But oh! it shall not always be.

My form is frail, my sight is dim,
Life's tide is ebbing fast:
My failing senses seem to swim,
And all will soon be past!
Peace, peace! I hear sweet angel-tones
Singing in Heaven around the thrones:
One last brief prayer on bended knee,
The door of sound is opened for me,
But God, God only, had the key!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

One of the scenes described in Mr. LeMoine's "Explorations," to which we recently called attention, recalls the City of the Birds, in which

"The welkin rings with sounding wings,
With songs and cries and melodies
Up to the thunderous æther ascending."

Miss Pope, whose account of her visit to the Magdalens will repay perusal, thus tells of her ascent to the aerial city on the summit of Great Bird Rock: "By the aid of a crane and windlass, a wooden box was lowered, into which we packed ourselves with, it must be confessed, a slight misgiving. The word was given and this primitive elevator began to ascend: up we went past countless denizens of the feathered kingdom—gannets,

puffins, guillemots and gulls, birds of all sizes, shapes and colours. The air was full of birds, and the air was also very unpleasant by reason of the contents of these birds' larder being somewhat decomposed; everywhere, scraps of decaying fish and bits of egg shells, birds tame, fearless almost to stupidity. The ascent took about half an hour. Those who possess the spirit of adventure will find it well worth their while to call on the light-house keeper in his 'sky parlours' on Bird Rock. The light on the top is a fixed light visible for twenty-one miles. With the station is connected a telegraph office to report accidents. The noise made by the birds is something deafening."

The *Newbery House Magazine* is one of the latest periodical claimants for the favour of English readers. The associations of its name are not the least forcible of its recommendations. Lovers of "The Vicar of Wakefield" will recall that John Newbery, "the philanthropic publisher of St. Paul's Churchyard" and "the friend of all mankind." He was born in 1713, and, after doing a fair business in Reading as printer and editor, he moved to London, and in 1744 opened a warehouse at the Bible and Crown, near Devereaux Court, without Temple Bar. Next year he transferred his establishment to the Bible and Sun, near the Chapter House, St. Paul's Churchyard, where he began the publication of books in great variety and quantity. Dr. Johnson and he became friends and Goldsmith wrote for him. Smollett was the editor of one of his periodicals. The unhappy Dr. Dodd was his partner in several literary enterprises. Newbery died in 1767, but his business lived after him, and the *Newbery House Magazine* is published by his successors.

"Let us not imagine that the mystery of ages will suddenly be unfolded to us. The increase of knowledge is ever gradual. The Unknown is infinite. Man can at best know little, but he can ever know enough for his purpose. Let him use such means as are placed at his disposal, and with the growth of the higher type of life, the perception of it will open to him such knowledge of the Great Intelligence who controls all as will fulfil his needs." This passage is taken from a thoughtful paper read some time ago by Mr. Percy Pope before the Literary and Scientific Society of Ottawa. We thank the author for his courtesy in sending us a copy. We have found it well worth reading.

We have received a characteristic letter from the elder of the authors of "The Masque of Minstrels." Enclosed in it was

A spray of the keen wild briar
That has grown beside

the cottage of Pastor Felix. Much, indeed, did we appreciate its fragrance and the kind thoughtfulness that prompted the gift. And all the more so as the sender was weary with unremitting toil and anxious with cares that made rest for a season impossible. But though "fagged and ill-conditioned," "amid many cares he steals an occasional hour with the muse," to the fruitfulness of which bears witness

THE ISLE OF SONG.

I dreamed of a white isle, girt by such seas
As never rave, nor freeze;
So lonely, rare, the world hath never come,
But poets make its solitudes their home.

The cherub winds flew down, and in delight,
Toyed with the wave-tips white;
And happy maidens danced, hand locked in hand,
O'er tracts of snowy and of golden sand.

Infinite pearls of shadow, lay the shells,
Where wove the sea its spells;
And the shy nymphs tossed up their shining hair,
And the sun glimmered on their shoulders bare.

And tall pines overhung, and fringed palms,
Where soft the sea sung psalms;
And from their dells the scented inland air
Bore breath of myriad blossoms everywhere.

An echoey temple, bent the arch of blue;
And moon and stars peer'd through
The myriad mossy arms of many a glade,
Where lovers silent walked, and unafraid.

With leaping laughter gurgled down the stream,
Then murmur'd in a dream
Along the vale, or jubilantly free,
Till kissed to voiceless rapture by the sea.