

tenths of the "Immortal Forty" are angels. As for the rest, the hands do duty.

The instructor signals one to reply.

"Shakspeare."

"What constitutes him the greatest poet of the ages?"

Puzzled looks dawn into opaline eyes, and vagrant tresses quiver, aspen-like, in nervous accord with nascent mental perplexity.

"Next, next, next!"

"Anyone in the class?"

"Everybody says so," pipes one enterprising individual from the shadows.

And what everybody says must be true!

"Have you read Shakspeare?"

"No."

"Has any one of you ever read a play by Shakspeare?"

Silence does *not* give consent.

"One act then?"

The Sphinx is irresponsive.

"A single scene."

The silence is a silence that may be felt.

A smile begins to ripple over expectant faces and a hearty burst of laughter dissolves the spell.

Finally, it is confessed, that Shakspeare is as unknown a quantity as  $x + y$ ; where  $x$  = popular education, and  $y$  the end of it all.

No wonder the dialect poet is the only man in the neighbouring Republic "who is in real touch with the people as a whole." Poor wretches! they take their poetry where they get their other ideas, and we heard lately of one English Professor who undertook to enlighten the natives in a certain high school as to the merits of the "Merchant of Venus" (*sic*).

But what can be expected of the soul that grovels in dialect and apostrophises the ghost of a "punkin"?

We warrant that 90 per cent. of the aforementioned class that had not read a scene in Shakspeare had read all about the "punkin"; but that fact does not constitute the "punkin" a product of the Hesperides, any more than it proclaims Shakspeare not a poet. We do not go to Whiskey Hollow for inspiration. Apollo still dwells on Parnassus, though clouds veil its summit from the plains below.

Yet, thank Providence, some parts of the world are to-day as literary as they ever were before; the world is as full to-day of clever men and women as it ever was before; and poetry to-day is flourishing in a manner that would have been impossible before, only cleaner, purer, nobler, simpler, farther from earth and nearer to heaven and heaven's true God, with less of the Dantean frown and hangman's hemp, and more of the 25th Psalm and loving woman's smile. Great-hearted and many-tongued, spite of carpers and pedants, may its stream continue to flow, sweeter for that pastoral cadence, brighter for that womanly smile, till all existence become a poem, not, indeed, amid the clash of opposing armies, and the polysyllabic gibberish of the parade ground, or demoralizing jargon of the butcher's shambles; but, as dissolution must come, in the still, white, sympathetic, loving arms of the great corrector and beautifier, Nature's truest Death.

"Lovely and soothing death,

serenely arriving, arriving,

In the day, in the night, to all, to each,  
Sooner or later, delicate death."

And with such death Achilles has no part, nor has Dante, nor Grendel, nor Chriemhild, nor Satan, nor even the Miltonic Jah!

*Vox et præterea nihil!*

Very likely. So be it. We are content.

*Horribile dictu!* Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.

Yet in the face of this most awful apophthegm, there be some, who, having, doubtless, rushed down the steep place of Divine incitement, prefer "The Ode to Immortality" to "The Nibelungen Lied," and would rather muse by the dust of the dead English elegist in his quiet country churchyard than encounter the blazing eye of Polyphemus, or listen to the sweet, seductive voices of the sirens, though in the august company of the great son of Laertes himself.

A. H. MORRISON.

#### BOATING SONG AT SUNRISE.

Sing, Oh sing! the light is breaking  
In the eastern sky,  
And the merry world is waking—  
Sing until the hills reply!

Sweep down the river's bosom,  
Bend the oars along;  
Catch the echoes ere we lose them—  
Louder, louder swell the song.

Down the west the night retreated;  
Bright the dawn-beams glow;  
Light above their coming greeted,  
Then let music here below.

Sing the carol, clearer, stronger;  
Sweep the boat along;  
Life has pain and cares no longer,  
All are passing with a song!

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

Strathroy.

#### ART NOTES.

Miss Ford expects to leave this month for Ontario to spend a while at Mr. Reid's summer school there. This is a delightful settlement among the Catskills of literary and artistic people, and is fast becoming popular with fashionable New Yorkers, which would be rather a calamity than otherwise, if it should alter the simplicity of living that has hitherto been one of its greatest charms. A number of students from our art school have gone to become Mr. Reid's pupils at his summer school—a most delightful way of combining holiday-making and work.

We are extremely pleased and proud to learn of the marked success one of our Canadian girls has had at the New York School for Applied Designs for Women. Miss Jean Carré, niece of Senator Primrose, of Pictou, Nova Scotia, has this year won the first prize and scholarship over the heads of two hundred competitors, the competition being open to the whole school. Those competing had had years of training, while Miss Carré only entered the school last September and previous to that had had but three months' instruction. Miss Carré's success is certainly most striking; we wish her even greater in her future career.

*Public Opinion* deplores the influence which Claude Monet seems to be exercising over many of the clever young artists exhibiting at the New English Art Club Winter Exhibition. It says: Monet's daring experiments are all very well in the case of Monet, but let such experiments stop there. Sunlight reveals to us far too much; in plain English, the truth is not

beautiful, and, in a certain sense—in the sense in which we intend it—sunlight shows us too much of the ugly truth of things. It is to hide the crudity of bold, glaring fact that the romancist, the poet and the romanticist exist. What is permissible, however, in fiction and the drama—things properly considered designed as intellectual exercises—is not permissible in a painting of which the *raison d'être* is primarily—nay, solely—to be beautiful.

Two rooms of the Normal School Art Gallery have this week been hung with an exhibition of the work of various Art schools of the Province as well as of several colleges. Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, Brockville, St. Thomas and London is each represented by its Art school, and Alma College of St. Thomas, the Whitby Ladies' College, the High School of Simcoe, Albert College of Cobourg, Miss Veale's school and Loretto Abbey all contribute to the exhibit. Each group shows a number of still life studies, and of these a bunch of Indian corn from Albert College was noticeable, a pretty painted hanging-basket from Loretto Abbey, a white cloth on which was cake and wine, from Alma College, were in a pretty light tone. Toronto alone of the Art schools showed work in lithographing and modelling, and some very creditable pen-and-ink work. Several really beautiful designs for wall paper, and tiling, and schemes of colour of wall and ceiling were shown, also an elaborate design for Majolica vase and plaque. Among the work from the Brockville school were some wash drawings and a daintily executed alphabet, each letter occupying about two inches square, with a slight sketch of land or water on each.

From the *Montreal Witness* we clip the following account of the new salon:—

Puvis de Chavannes exhibits a decorative ceiling for the prefect of the Seine's bureau, at the Paris Hotel-de-Ville, of which he showed the design last year. It represents the city of Paris, typified by a female figure, crowning Victor Hugo. The president of the salon also sends the ecoincons for this ceiling and a series of drawings.

Jean Beraud's symbolic picture this year is entitled "The Way of the Cross." The central figure is the Man of Sorrows, in a red vestment, wearing a crown of thorns which have scratched His wan face, bowing under the weight of the enormous cross which He is bearing up the slope. To His right is Mary Magdalene in a dark purple robe, her hands clasped in prayer. The Virgin is tottering behind, supported by St. John, without whose assistance she would fall. Behind and around the Saviour is a crowd of jeering enemies. Most of them are impersonal brutes, their predominant expression being animality. A well-dressed clubman, with a lady of fashion in evening dress on his arm, typifying sensuality and egoism, are laughing boisterously at the agony of the man who dared to reprove their frivolity. A workman, barefooted, and wearing his working clothes, is, however, the prominent figure of the crowd. He is stooping down picking up a stone to cast at the cross-bearer, while a mysterious being behind him, hidden under the red cloak of Anarchy, is pushing him on to stone the Saviour. On the other side of the way are a number of figures, typifying the elements of Christianity. A bride and bridegroom kneeling, typify the sacred marriage tie, a soldier represents military devotion, a priest administering to an old man dying evokes piety