

### She's Gone to Rest.

She's gone to rest in peaceful slumber,  
To blend with earth from which she came;  
You need not her misfortunes number,  
Or even try to guess her name.

Regard her as an unknown maiden,  
Trusting, loving, kind and gay,  
Pure and sweet as roses laden  
With the sparkling dew of May.

One too true to doubt a friend,  
Too simple to detect a foe,  
Who never had a thought to lend  
To future sorrow, care or woe.

And now a nameless mound forsaken  
Is all that marks her lonely grave,  
E'en friends would not to pity waken,  
Or try her precious life to save.

O youth, how silly are thy actions,  
How prone to evil deeds and vile,  
How often lost in dire distractions  
That arm our peace, our thoughts defile,

And O deception, vilest, lowest,  
Meanest cunning of thy kind,  
What arts thou bringest forth and showest,  
What charms to lure a tender mind.

To lead to vice, from virtue win,  
Pollute, dishonour and abase,  
To mark with ruin, shame and sin,  
And steep your victim in disgrace.

Could I but raise her silent clay  
Into these longing arms again,  
And for a moment chase away  
Her every pang of grief and shame,

I'd willingly lie down to rest,  
My conscience purged from hidden care,  
And think I was serenely blest,  
Her drear and silent grave to share.

But no, remorse will ne'er resign,  
It ever at my conscience rends,  
And bids me live but to repine  
For what I ne'er can make amends.

St. John, N.B.

FRED. DEVINE.

### Sonnet.

TO CHARLES C. D. ROBERTS.

Still walk amid the beautiful, and know  
The mystic things to eye and heart reveal'd  
For thee the sacred fountains be unseal'd  
In kindred worlds, within, above, below.

When green's the marsh, and the sweet birds do blow,  
As woo'd by kisses of the amorous spring,  
Win thee the notes of all the birds that sing  
And kindle in thy soul Love's fiery glow.

For fairer seem the hills my boyhood trod,  
And brighter those triumphant waters shine  
That swell'd to match my gladness, for the wine  
Of thy warm praise to chime each precious sod.

Richer, down golden wastes, for thy clear call,  
The burning leaves of sunset crimson'd fall.

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

### Literature and Art in Toronto.

[From our own Correspondent.]

TORONTO, October 27.—The "intelligent compositor" may not have been the sinner in transforming the name of Dr. Michael Barrett, the late Dean of the Women's Medical College, into Bauch, nor in misrepresenting the name of our Toronto artist, Forster, by an outlandish proper noun never before heard of. Sometimes the caligraphy of correspondents is not as legible as might be; your correspondent is quite ready to "own up" and beg the reader's pardon, if such was the source of the errors in your last issue but one.

The Association for the Advancement of Women has made its mark, as all such gatherings—whether called by the name of congress or convention—must. A club (title yet undecided upon) is already under weigh, and English literature is to be the first branch of study taken up. It is felt that the higher culture is almost an unknown quality among our women of—and not of—leisure. Society, necessary as its duties and responsibilities are to a proper balance of human life, is often made a scape-goat for that *ennui* that need not exist if an additional interest of a worthy intellectual sort were made to the mental activities of women.

The excellent standard of the papers read at the meetings of the association have had their effect, converting some who, through the narrow prejudices that still warp the souls of able men and women, oppose everything they know nothing of, and awakening a cheerful ambition in others who having felt the value of such impetus to their thoughts, such centres around which to cluster them, see

that it is for their own and humanity's interest to "go—and do" likewise.

Availing themselves of the prolonged stay among us of Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods, the women graduates of University College asked her to lecture for them on some historical subject. Mrs. Woods chose the "Moravians of New England" for her topic, and spoke in the theatre of the Normal School, readily lent by the Hon. the Minister of Education for Ontario. The audience will not soon forget this lecture, which set before them in their inside and outside influence the customs, life and aims of a people—if so we may style them thus—who have left their mark on the world in so many and such distinct spots.

On Saturday night, at the request of Public School Inspector Hughes, Miss Mary F. Eastman addressed the city teachers in Victoria Hall. Miss Eastman is a tall, grey-haired lady of fifty or thereabouts, of a genial countenance, possessing that type of head which looks well from every point of view, not capacious but roomy, promising everything and failing in nothing. The lecturer dealt with the responsibilities and consequent needs of women teachers, and to these ladies she addressed the most of her remarks. Sketching for her audience the rise of the higher education of women from the time of the Puritan settlement of New England, when Harvard, and afterwards Yale, were founded for boys, she told how girls' education had had to creep through dame schools, where they were taught "manners and the catechism," in at the door of the "Latin schools," where they were allowed to attend before breakfast hour—our breakfast hour, more correctly—that is before eight of the clock, and on Thursday afternoons, when the boys—those terrible fellows, so corrupting and so easily corrupted by girls—were away on their weekly holidays. Fifty years ago this state of things for girls was hardly bettered; but at length, after several years of consultation with clergymen and other men who were referred—and deferred—to as absolute authority, a lady, Miss Smith, of Massachusetts (your correspondent forgets the town), who had inherited a large fortune, used it to build the first college for girls in America, namely, Smith College. Taking this glance into the past as her text, Miss Eastman urged upon her hearers to be content with nothing less than all, no longer to take with thankfulness the dole of the lesser part; for how, if they had not the best, could they do their best or give the best to their pupils? And on several occasions during her address Miss Eastman impressed upon her hearers that she regarded each individual in her audience, at home, at school, or in the world, as a teacher. The address was listened to intently, and the many points which Miss Eastman has the gift of making were earnestly applauded. The gentlemen of the Public School Board were upon the platform, and also the Rev. Septimus Jones, who for several years past has given a prize to the boy and the girl among our public school pupils who reads at sight the best. A visitor of note, Mr. Garratt, of Nashville, Tennessee, president of the National Association of Teachers of the United States, addressed words of praise of our methods of teaching, and hoped that Canada would make his association international by becoming officially part and parcel of it. Mr. Garratt was received with warmth.

The invitation piano recital given by Miss M. Irene Gurney at Association Hall on the 20th inst. was an event in musical circles. Miss Gurney, who is a graduate of Boston Conservatory of Music, is the daughter of Mr. Samuel Gurney, the iron founder, of this city. The young lady exhibited great mechanical skill, as well as musical insight and sympathy, and her career is looked forward to with much interest by her fellow-citizens. Her playing of Schumann's "Nocturne," Op. 23, No. 4, showed that she had caught the spirit of the composer, while the *Morceau* No. 6, from "Soirees de Vienne," exhibited her wonderful brilliancy of touch. Miss Gurney was happy in having the assistance of musicians of such high standing as Tarrington and Mrs. Adamson, and of Earnest Mahr, whose cello playing is something to be heard.

Art sales have opened the season already. Many are advertised "on their merits," with a big "m." The judges are not mentioned, however, and the hydra-headed public, always conceding that each head has a brain, may surprise by its prices the owners and advertisers of the pictures. Certainly Paul Peel's sale does not promise much from a discriminating point of view. It is said the artist was disappointed at the prices fetched, his best and largest work realizing but \$30 or near it, while many of the smaller ones went for "an old song." But we must not judge our public too harshly; money is not so plentiful in Canada as to warrant a fancy price for anything, and at present the old saying holds good for more things than pictures,

"The real worth of anything  
Is just as much as it will bring."

The Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers in this city have just issued a very musical waltz by Angelo M. Reid, of St. Catharines, Ont., entitled "Ormalinda; or, the Fair Maiden." The fine poem by Mr. McNaughton, New York, has evidently touched the artistic taste of our people, among whom it was introduced in a somewhat expensive form three or four years ago, even an *édition de luxe* at \$20 finding purchasers here, so that "Ormalinda" is as well known in Canada, perhaps better, than native works of equal merit.

"What do you think of the Kreutzer Sonata?" said one lady to another in your correspondent's hearing so lately as a week ago.

"If my opinion is worth having among so many of authority," was the reply, "I think Tolstoi has made a

great artistic mistake in the Kreutzer Sonata; he has taken a character that might have formed with propriety one of a number, and has shocked us by setting him before us alone. All his deformity is so evident, all his weakness so cruelly laid bare that we are disgusted; it is like dissecting a cadava in the market place. We know that there are such beings as Posdnichoff wherever there are men; they are not Russian, not savage, they are of humanity—human, but we get no good from contemplating them as types—they are not types, and to use them as such is outraging both common sense and decency.

"But do you not think Tolstoi tells many plain and necessary truths in his book?"

"He does; but he so interpolates them with senseless raving, and he so often, through starting from a wrong premise, works out a false logic, that he undoes all he would do, and in this lies, I think, the safety of his book. The human mind, particularly on a subject like Tolstoi's, cannot be bamboozled; the appeal to experience defends that, and so the mischief is lessened and, I fear, the good discredited. Certainly it is an artistic mistake."

Golden chrysanthemums are all the rage just now. They flourish alike in our gardens and greenhouses, our windows and our young ladies' corsages, where, indeed, they look but cold, for yellow is a very cold colour, is it not? But oh, how beautiful the soft-petalled flowers are, and how hardy! Such a blessing as a bit of garden is, where you may see your cobwebs climb to your first floor windows, throwing out their tendrils, like children's fingers, to catch at everything, and pushing out their wonderful little unpromising green buds only to become in a day or two a beautiful pale green bell-shaped flower, that, chameleon-like, changes its colour in twenty-four hours through all the shades to a deep purple, and later to a large fig-shaped fruit which is almost as ornamental as the flower; nor fears the frost and cold until all other flowers are dead. And oh! your beautiful dahlias, black almost, garnet, claret, mauve, yellow, rose-tinted, white, so many! and at their feet the sweet white alyssum filling the air with sweet fragrance when the many tinted colours are black with the cold. The late stocks, too, and the lady's pincushion, scabious, red and white, and still, right up to November, the geraniums making up by the increased brilliancy of their browns and bronzes, their yellows and greens, for the fewness of their slowly developing flowers. And then the late sweet peas, and the purple heliotrope and the changeable shrubs. Ah, pity the man or woman who has not a bit of garden; but oh, pity more, *more*, the man or woman who does not love it.

Toronto holds its chrysanthemum show about the 11th of November, and Montreal florists are expected as competitors. Meanwhile there are private shows of these beautiful flowers going on, a small florist in our neighbourhood boasting three hundred plants in full bloom.

Are you asking what sort of literary result the *Empire's* offer of a prize for the best essay on the "Patriotic Effect of Hoisting the Dominion Flag on Our Public Schools" will give? Certainly the effect of a consideration of the subject by the young Canadian must be good, whatever the essays may be. In the meantime, it is satisfactory to know that some of the poems to be found in the pages of our Loyalist Poet were chosen for recitation on the occasion of the late celebration of the Battle of Queenston Heights by the schools. Would it not be well if more correct and elegant English were cultivated by our newspapers? Then we should "raise" our flag, not "hoist" it.

### A Ferrivorous Worm.

A worm that feeds on common steel was first brought into general notice by an article in the *Cologne Gazette* in June, 1887. For some time preceding the publication of the account mentioned, the greatest consternation existed among the engineers employed on the railway at Hagen by accidents, which always occurred at the same place, indicating that some terrible defect must exist either in the material or construction of the rails. The government became interested, and sent a commission to the spot where the accidents, one of them attended by loss of life, had occurred. It was not, however, until after six months had elapsed that the surface of the rails appeared to be corroded, as if by acid, to the extent of over 100 yards. The rail was taken up and broken, whereupon it was found to be literally honeycombed by thin, thread-like gray worms. The worm is said to be two centimetres in length, and about the bigness of a common knitting needle. It is of a light gray colour, and on the head it carries two little sacs or glands filled with a most powerful corrosive secretion, which is ejected every ten minutes, when the little demon is lying undisturbed. The liquid, when squirted upon iron, renders that metal soft and spongy, and the colour of rust, when it is easily and greedily devoured by the little insect. "There is no exaggeration," says the official report. "in the assertion that the creature is one of the most voracious, for it has devoured thirty-six kilogrammes of rails in a fortnight."

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