

the Peloponnesus. Traces of these primitive attempts are seen at Corinth, in Attica, at the Acropolis, at Mycenæ, similar to those found in all Italy, where the footsteps of over two hundred Pelasgian forms were discovered. Thence was established the country and the nationality was born which was reserved for so marvellous a destiny. Yet, Greece is one of the smallest countries, smaller than Portugal. It has only 700,000 inhabitants.

From the highest antiquity, from the fifteenth to the tenth century before Christ, famous names are brought forward—Hercules, Theseus, Perseus and Bellerophon. Then the renowned legends are unrolled,—that of Orpheus, Psyche, Danae; the Niobides and the Atrides. At length we come to the Trojan war, the exploits of the Heracleides, and the struggles of the Messenians and Spartans. The siege of Troy, for instance, is a subject worthy of the greatest attention for the knowledge of Grecian antiquity.

Homer towers by his genius. He gives us the most useful information about the knowledge of the Greeks. The shields of Achilles, Ajax and Nestor are masterpieces of description.

The learned lecturer closed by describing the Erechtheron, the Temple of Theseus and the Parthenon, calling attention to the inclined lines of the latter. He was severe on Vitruvius and his rule and compass principles, and facetiously said that, at the battle of Navarino, in 1828, it was not only the Turkish and Egyptian fleets that were knocked to pieces, but Vitruvius and his false principles went down to the bottom of the sea. After the lecture the public were shown the great work of M. Arosa on the Parthenon, by the Abbé Desmazures, Professor of Transcendental Archaeology in Laval University.

LITERARY NOTES.

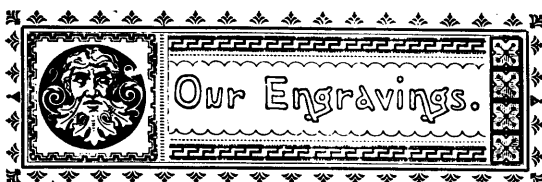
Mr. George Gehan, author of the "Lancashire Witches," "John Barleycorn," and other works, is dead. He was 74 years old.

A paper in the St. John, N. B., *Progress*, by Mr. H. Percy Scott, of Windsor, N.S., informs us that the Haliburton Club, of Windsor, have arranged with Mr. F. Blake Crofton, Provincial Librarian, to publish "The Study of Haliburton; The Man and Writer," a work which has recently engaged the attention of the Historical Society of Nova Scotia.

Mr. G. Birkbeck Hill, the editor of "Boswell's Johnson," has engaged to collect and edit for the Clarendon Press the letters of Johnson. Many of these are already in print, although scattered through many volumes, while many others still remain in manuscript. Since editing "Boswell," Mr. Hill has received copies of letters which he had never seen.

The Provincial Government has appointed Prof. Wm. J. Alexander, of Dalhousie College and the University of Halifax, N.S., to the Professorship of English Language and Literature in the Toronto University. Prof. Alexander, who is a native of Hamilton, Ont., is a scholar of high attainment. He is a B. A. of London, also winning high honours in the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. He got the appointment in preference to Wm. Houston, M.A., and D. B. Keys, B.A., of Toronto University.

The Quebec *Chronicle* says:—"There are three fellowships vacant in the English literature section of the Royal Society, and to fill these vacancies Messrs. Horatio Hale, of Clinton, Ont.; Geo. Patterson, of New Glasgow, N.S., and Charles Mair, of Prince Albert, have been nominated. As the time for receiving nominations has closed, they will, without doubt, be elected. Mr. Hale occupies a high rank among the philologists of this continent. He has given special attention to the native languages of Canada, is the author of numerous valuable papers on that subject, as well as on the languages of Polynesia, and on important departments of the science of language. He is one of the three members of the British Association specially nominated to report on the physical characters, languages and social condition of the Northwest tribes of Canada. Mr. Patterson has devoted much attention to the history and archaeology of Nova Scotia and to its native Indian tribes, while Mr. Mair is well known as the author of 'Dreamland' and other poems, and 'Tecumseth,' a drama."



AGNES THOMSON, THE YOUNG CANADIAN SOPRANO.—Readers of this number cannot fail being struck by the face of the young lady whose likeness adorns our front page, and they who may be so fortunate as to hear her sing, will readily acknowledge that her voice is as sweet as her face is attractive. Agnes Thomson, of Toronto, has gradually been winning favour and honours in Western Canada while studying under Mr. W. Elliot Haslam, who points with pride to the success of his fair pupil. During the past year she has still further improved her voice and style under the able tuition of Mr. Emilio Agramonte, of New York. Agnes Thomson's voice is a brilliant soprano, of such exceedingly high range that it extends to F in alt., and it possesses a capability and sympathy of expression rarely met with in voices of that *timbre*, the quality of tone being exquisite. In singing that part of her repertoire which comprises the finest operatic gems she excels in brilliant floriture, while in ballad singing, with which, perhaps, she delights her audiences most of all, the critics aver that she has no equal. "Metronome," in a Toronto weekly, says: "Her singing of 'The Last Rose of Summer' is a wonderful instance of this power. When she sings the line 'Are faded and gone,' one sees the full autumnal desolation, and one's whole sympathy goes out to the poor forlorn blossom 'left blooming alone.' In strong contrast to this is her mischievous 'Comin Thro' the Rye,' where arch, yet innocent, merriment seems to run riot." "Figaro," in another Toronto weekly, says: "The chief charm of her voice is a happy, joyous quality, which reminds one of the birds and sunshine of leafy June." And a Toronto poet writes this of her pathetic singing of "Home, Sweet Home," which she renders as few can:—

I see agen the cottage porch where mother uster sit,
A watchin' uv us children while she'd darn the socks er knit.
I see once more the honeysuckle climbin' round the door,
Myself, a 'lue-eyed baby, chasin' sunbeams on the floor,
The speckled rooster crowin' and a w-aggin' uv his comb
When little Agnes Thomson sings 'em

HOME, SWEET HOME.

I've somehow got a feelin' thet, when in the by-an'-bye,
The great celestial choir's a-singin' up there in the sky,
The angels joinin' sweetly in the grand, triumphal song—
Thev'll dro' their harps an' hush when Agnes Thomson comes along.
Thev'll hush, an' 'silence deeo will reign above the cobalt dome
While little Agnes Thomson sings 'em

HOME, SWEET HOME.

During her term of study in New York, Agnes Thomson sang once in Steinway Hall and once in the Academy of Music, and on each occasion she was so appreciated that the very exacting critics of that city spoke of her in words of the highest praise, especially for her ballad singing. The lady's most recent appearance in Canada was upon her return to Toronto from New York, when she sang at a concert given under the auspices of the Royal Grenadiers, and attended by the wealth, fashion and art of the city. An ovation of some minutes greeted her appearance upon the stage and the enthusiastic applause was overwhelming. That Agnes Thomson is not only justly appreciated but devotedly admired in her native province has long since been proven, and now her fame is extending over the whole continent. As will be seen by the portrait, her face is particularly pleasing, its chief charm being a bright, sunny smile, that never leaves it, and a clear complexion, so characteristic of our fair countrywomen, to both of which our engraving can scarcely do justice. With robust health, good looks, youth, and her sweet voice, it is a fair prediction that before many years Agnes Thomson will have acquired universal renown, and that we shall point to her with pride as another Canadian Nightingale.

TOBOGGANING.—We present our readers with quite a variety of engravings of one of our national winter sports, from photographs by Notman and Summerhayes & Walford. The scene of "TOBOGGANING BY MOONLIGHT" is spread on Fletcher's Field, than which there is no more suitable ground in or around Montreal. In the background gleam the gables of the Golf Club-house; to the left the dark hump of the Mountain, and to the right a stretch of valley, bounded by the gardens and orchards of the Hotel Dieu.

"THE PARK SLIDE" is by Notman. Four infinite lines. The members of the several clubs, with their lady attendants, in costume,—children, with a wary guide, on the left; two young ladies, with a jolly pilot, in the middle, and on the left a similar trio. It is a beautiful scene, full of animation, and gives a fine impression of the sport.

SNOWSHOEING.—THE SNOWSHOE MEET.—The old, well-known trysting place, at the McGill College Gates. The men strapping on their webbed sandals, or pulling down their tuques, or, being wholly equipped, chatting with their fair friends, who have come to see them off, and who frequently join in the tramp—all these present features which are always pleasing to the eye, although witnessed every winter.

"THE SNOWSHOE HALT on the Mountain" is again by Summerhayes and Walford, representing members of the Tuque Bleue, St. George, and other clubs, under Evergreen

Grant and Fred. Henshaw, stopping to rest under the Pines, and gathering round the blazing fire, while the numerous torches and the full moon throw fantastic shadows on the silvery snow.

THE CHAIRMEN OF THE CARNIVAL COMMITTEES.—The name and qualification of each being given at the foot of the engraving, it is not necessary to repeat them here. Suffice it to say that where all have worked like beavers, it would be invidious to particularize. The success of the Carnival will, in a great measure, have been due to these men, and we put them on record, that their names and their features may be equally familiar to fellow citizens and visitors alike. The portraits and grouping are Notman's.

THE ICE CASTLE AND PALACES.—There is a distinction to be made in the names. In 1885, it was an Ice Castle of gothic times, such as we see in England and Scotland and the North of France. In 1886, it was an Ice Palace, such as are again seen in many of the "stately homes" of England, and which we find in plenty in the pleasant valley of the Loire. In 1887, the Ice Castle was more chastened and plainer in outline, offering a better play for the sunlight, moonlight and glare of torches. This year we have a monumental Ice Castle of greater spread, more massive, and more architecturally built than any which has yet stood on the classic ground of Dominion Square. We will publish, in a fortnight, a fine view of it, taken from nature, as were those now given, and it will be interesting to compare the relative merits of the four constructions.

TIRED OUT is another picture by Notman, of two snow-shoe trappers, belated in the wilderness, in the teeth of a drifting snowstorm, one of them, fagged, falling under the burden of his packs, while his sturdy companion stands over him, like a Providence, to lighten his load, and spread him a couch upon the snow, after which he will set about building a great fire and cooking a roaring supper. Then the tired man will shake his limbs together and start back to the camp or settlement, like a giant refreshed by wine.

A POEM TO THE VIRGIN.

FROM A MS. IN THE CAMBRIDGE PUBLIC LIBRARY, OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Mary moder, wel thow be!
Mary mayden, think on me.
Mayden and moder was never non
To thee, lady, but thow allon.
Swete Mary, Mayden clene, (1)
Shilde me fro all shame and tene; (2)
And out of synn lady shilde thou me,
And out of det, for charite.
Lady, for thi joys fyve,
Gyf me grace in this life
To know and kepe over all thyng
Cristyn feath and Goddis biddyn,
And truly wyne all that is nede
To me and myne, bothe cloth and fede.
Helpe me, lady, and alle myne;
Shilde me, lady, fro hel pyne, (3)
Shilde me, lady, fro vilany,
And fro alle wycked company.
Shilde me, lady, fro evel shame,
And from all wycked fame.
Swete Mary, mayden mylde,
Fro the fende thou me shilde,
That the fende me not dere; (4)
Swete lady, thou me were (5)
Both be day and be night;
Helpe me, lady, with alle thy might,
For my friends, lady, I pray the,
That thei may saved be
To their soules and their life,
Lady, for thi joyes gyve.
For mine enymys I pray also,
That thei may here so do,
That thei nor I in wrath dye;
Swete lady, I the pray,
And thei that be in dedly synn,
Lett hem never die therein;
But swete lady, thou them rede (6)
For to amende there my seede (7)
Swete lady, for me thou pray to hevyn King,
To graunt me howsile (8), Christe, and gode endyng
Jhesu, for the holy grace,
In heven blisse to have a place;
Lady as I trust in the,
These prayers that thou graunt me;
And I shall, lady, her belyve (9)
Grete the with avys fyve, (10)
A pater noster and a crede
To helpe me, lady, at my need.
Swete lady, full of wyne, (11)
Full of grace and gode within
As thou art flour of alle thi kynne,
Do my synnes for to blyne, (12)
And kepe me out of dedly synne,
That I be never takyn therein.

1. "Clene"—Pure
2. "Tene"—Sorrow or reproach
3. "Pyne"—Torment
4. "Dere"—To injure
5. "Were"—To defend
6. "Rede"—To advise
7. "Sede"—Seed
8. "Howsile"—To administer the sacraments
9. "Belyve"—Quickly
10. "Avys"—Aves Hail Mary
11. "Wyne"—Pleasure; Joy.
12. "Blyne"—To cease