

men to take more interest in the "Lit." than they do. How often are we warned in the valedictories to speak every chance we get. We all admire a man who can get up and speak, and the only way to become able to do so is to practice, and there is no better place to practice than in the "Lit." meetings. THE REVIEW wishes success to the "Lit." Council of '98-'99.

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After the elections the out-going members read their valedictories, of which Mr. Bushell's might be specially mentioned.

THE GOOD-NIGHT PIPE.

How gratifying to Julia Arthur must have been the homage of her own countrymen, of realizing that even in her own land she was "not without honour."

There is little left to be said of her triumph, of her winning personality and clever acting. We are justly proud of her as an actress and as a woman. Such as she raise the tone of the stage, and it never needed elevating more than at the present time, when theatrical combines are forcing men and women of genius to sink their own talents and individuality in catering to the demands of a public too ready to be imposed upon. Many condemn a "Lady of Quality," but even though it is pronounced faulty in so many respects, Julia Arthur's interpretation of it, her clever portrayal of a most difficult part, have saved the play from being a dismal failure. You live her character with her; you suffer with her, sympathize with and condone her.

Our hearts go out to the bonny Canadienne in her success, and our wishes for a complete future in the uncertain realms of stageland.

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"The oak has an eccentric fashion of growing—knotty boughs, sombre foliage, rough and coarse bark; but he is the oak, and it is because of all this he is the oak."—VICTOR HUGO.

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Of late there seems to have been a growing demand and love for negro songs, for plantation melodies, and the quaint sentiment, so crudely, yet beautifully expressed of our dark-skinned brethren. Negro lullabies, negro love-songs and negro folk-lore form the theme of many of our popular songs. They are so different to all others, so distinctive in their setting and wording. The simple pathos of plantation life, the queer superstitions of a race misjudged and misunderstood, the tragic hopelessness of nature crushed and subdued, all find expression.

We see the darky labourers, the white fields of downy cotton, the small closely clustered huts, the ubiquitous dark-eyed pickaninny—millions of them—and the swarthy white-turbaned "mammy," that Harriet Beecher Stowe has immortalized.

Or we can turn to the delights of the "Uncle Remus" stories, the adventures of Brer Fox, Brer Rabbit, and the other creations of Joel Chandler Harris' pen, so full of humour, so rich in imagination and so quaint in legendary seriousness.

It is a rich treasure house of enjoyment and profit—one that must and should find recognition in the present and in coming years.

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"Pray to Him!—Thinking's praying very often, and so is being sorry and ashamed when one's done a mean thing and being glad when one's resisted a temptation, and grateful when it's a fine day. What is it but praying when you try to bear up after losing all you cared to live for! There can be prayers without words as well as songs, I suppose."

"Mrs. Martin's Company," by Jane Barlow, is a delightful little volume of short stories, replete with Irish wit, humour and gladness. Those who have read "Irish Idylls," by the same authoress, know how interesting are her sketches; they are so truly national and characteristic in style that one grasps at any insight into these "short and simple annals of the poor," living in the little island "beyond the wather."

Some of the stories in this volume are, "Mrs. Martin's Company," "A Lost Recruit," "After Seven Years," "A Case of Conscience," with others equally good.

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"I must be up and doing—ay, each minute;
The grave gives time for rest when we are in it."

"VOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL."

With apologies to Alfred Austin.

What is the voice we hear
Singing across the sea?
The song that it sings is hardly clear,
And is wanting in melody.
'Tis the proud, free laureate calling,
Calling loud to the proud and free Yankee.

And it says to him "Kinsman, hail!"
I have lived in the shade too long!
Put away from you now as a worn out tale
The Kipperling's Jubilee Song;
But read A. A. while his rhymes do last,
And you can't go very far wrong."

Tis.

NOAH OUTDONE! AND COLUMBUS LEFT IN THE SHADE!

THE CRUISE OF "THE UNDERTAKER'S JOY."

Wherein the adventures and hardships of two of the "Gilded Youth" of Canada are truly reported and other interesting circumstances observed.

(Continued from last issue.)

v.

It is always the unexpected that happens, and, incredible as it may seem, gray dawn at last broke in the east; then, of course, both the Baron and the Boy Trapper fell into profound slumber. How long they might have remained in this state of unconscious bliss who can tell? But suddenly they were startled into a state of semi-wakefulness by the arrival of a perambulating milk-factory—just in time to add her contribution to the breakfast table. How the farmer's heart must have beaten with ecstatic joy that morning as the old lady handed over to him one solitary quart of milk! It must have shaken his faith in cow-nature!

Thoughts of breakfast now rise uppermost in their breasts. They lave themselves in the lake and then the Boy Trapper announces that the porridge is ready. "Just a trifle thin," he adds apologetically. "Oh, don't bother about a little thing like that," replies the Baron, generously.

They seated themselves and glanced fondly at the steaming pail. Someone has said that half the pleasure is in the anticipation—the Baron and the Boy Trapper will back that statement. The cover was removed. Both shuddered as they looked at the juicy compound. As the Boy Trapper buried it in the next field, he wrote the following epitaph upon its tombstone—

"Dread mixture of oatmeal and water!
No digestion could stand the strain;
It resembled porridge only
As the mist resembles the rain."