

—my wish is only to "know, you know," like the unfortunate frequenters of the Circumlocution Office. Mr. Macomber, however, is not far from being right when he remarks that: "Moreover, Canadian unity is not only new but far from harmonious. The subsidy scheme, which accomplished the union, did much, yet little in comparison with what a century of time and the struggles of war have done for the United States. It must, therefore, always be taken into account that any contract between these parties is between an old, experienced, conservative, prosperous and unified nation and a young and hardly yet prosperous aggregation of provinces, subject to a foreign nation."

But what has the "Rambler" to do with politics or with Canadian unification, further away to-day than it ever was? Only I should like to have been at "Tourouvre" last week, I should indeed! I would have preferred the sight of the Seigneur of St. Anne's green coat and cocked hat to that other coat of doubtful origin exhibited at Trèves. Horse-cars and the Holy Coat—what an anomaly the present age offers! The age of the telephone and phonograph also supports a Passion Play. Miracles, trance, visions, fêtes, exist side by side with World's Fairs, asphalt, the Koch lymph, and Zola. Realism and Religion, Fear and Free-thought, Credulity and Cunning, all hand-in-hand to-day as they were thousands of years ago! And political and journalistic codes just the same, too.

Mr. Davin's brush with Mr. Amyot recalls, does it not, the language of the *Estonsville Gazette* and *Independent*. You remember the scene in the kitchen by the fire, when Mr. Pott read the *Independent* and Mr. Slurk the *Gazette*, each gentleman audibly expressing his contempt of the other's compositions by bitter laughs and sarcastic sniffs; whence they proceeded to more open expressions of opinion, such as "absurd," "wretched," "atrocity," "humbug," "knavery," "dirt," "filth," "slime," "ditch-water," and other critical remarks of the like nature.

"The ribaldry of this miserable man is despicably disgusting," said Pott. "If you can wade through a few sentences of malice, meanness, falsehood, perjury, treachery and cant," said Slurk, "you will perhaps be somewhat repaid by a laugh at the style of this ungrammatical twaddler." "What's that you said, sir?" enquired Mr. Pott. "What's that to you, sir?" replied Slurk. "Ungrammatical twaddler, was it, sir?" said Pott. "Yes, sir, it was," replied Slurk. And so on, Mr. Pott finally branding Mr. Slurk as a man who had placed himself beyond the pale of society, by his most audacious, disgraceful and abominable public conduct, and whom he could only view, personally and politically, in no other light than as a most unparalleled and unmitigated viper.

Readers of the daily Canadian papers—are these apparently highly-coloured sentences overdrawn? I, for one, do not think so. Said Dean Swift: "Politics, as the word is commonly understood, are nothing but corruptions, and consequently of no use to a good king, or a good ministry, for which reason all courts are so full of politics."

I see that Mr. Frederic Boscovitz is announced as shortly taking up his residence in Toronto. His old friends will be glad to see him again, for I suppose it can be no secret that some twenty years ago Mr. Boscovitz was a very successful piano teacher here previous to his going to Chicago. He was, in addition, a fine performer of classical music, being peculiarly happy when interpreting the older suites and pieces of harpsichord character. But is it not to be lamented that we cannot, or do not, support a native pianist in Toronto—some one like Mr. Waugh Lauder, for instance, in whom our interest would be national, local, genuine and lasting? What is the reason of the apathy complained of by many fine executants among us? In this connection I am pleased to note the return to New York from the West Indies of Mr. W. Romain Walsh, late of this city. Mr. Walsh has done good work in a distant land, and has doubtless gained that familiarity with the actual stage and knowledge of stage methods so necessary to the actor. This familiarity will render his future success a certainty, and should he visit Canada shortly we will not forget that he is a Canadian.

Alas for those whose souls cry out for artistic employment—there is little chance of Canada doing much for them. If actors they must go elsewhere; we have not a single stock company in the Dominion. If authors, composers, executants—the same inexorable law must be followed. Only the artists may remain. Painters woo a more tangible Muse. Rich men are continually in want of pictures. Like Mr. Merdle who "bought a bosom to hang jewels on"—they buy pictures in order to show off the interiors of their houses. Therefore the painter hath not such a bad time of it. This with all deference to the enterprising Mr. Blackburn Harte.

The latest addition to the curios at the "Musée" is a reproduction in wax of "Christ before Pilate." I haven't seen, nor do I intend to see, it. I would rather sit in the Queen's Park the whole of a long hot Sunday afternoon and listen to open-air preachers. However, that is my own business, and my readers will retort that what they think of a waxen Christ on Yonge Street is *their* business. So it is. Here are, however, two new presentations of the Saviour which we owe to two rising artists, one a Norwegian, M. Skredsvig, the other, also of Scandinavian extraction, Edenfelt by name, and both contributors to the last Salon. These two painters have taken us very far from the Plain of Nazareth, and the Sea of Galilee. The

first conducts us to the damp verdure of a Norwegian village, in the midst of a little hamlet of wooden houses, the horizon bounded by gentle hills. The Saviour of men has come to see these good people; He is dressed, like them, in the costume of a workman, wearing a heavy beard, badly trimmed, which gives a certain ruggedness to His sweet countenance. The labourers come to Him, telling their troubles, and begging Him for consoling words. They bring Him the sick on stretchers and in wheelbarrows. He places His hand on the foreheads of the little girls and boys. In order to do Him honour they have stretched on the ground an entirely new carpet; and have ranged pots of flowers along His pathway. The peasants remove their hats in speaking to Him. Beside Himself there are three persons in long over-coats, with an important air. It is evident that these are the school-master, the pastor, and the doctor. It is perfectly evident, from their solemn attitudes, that they are hostile to Him, and that they blame, from their "enlightened" standpoint, the simple faith of the humble and the small.

In the second picture M. Edenfelt gives us an entirely new version of Mary Magdalene, who is represented as poor and weary, walking through a forest of hail-beaten birch trees by a sluggish lake which mirrors a pale sun. To this wan figure, racked perhaps by thoughts of suicide, comes Christ, conventional only as to white robe and long hair. The treatment here is original enough, while keeping closely to the traditional aspect of the Man of Sorrows. It would seem as if modern characterization were out of place when dealing with the Saviour. Even Holman Hunt in his celebrated and forcible "Shadow of Death" adhered, on the whole, to the typical head of the Carpenter of Nazareth, who has, perhaps, found his most powerful modern limner in the person of the Frenchman, Doré. When I saw the original of "The Dream of Pilate's Wife" I thought that painting could no further go, and I have not had reason to change that opinion yet.

THE ILSE.

[From Heine's "Hartz-Reise."]

I AM the Princess Ilse,
And in Ilsestein my home.
Come with me to my castle,
No longer joyless roam.

Thy weary head I'll sprinkle,
With mine own crystal wave,
And thy griefs are all forgotten,
No longer sorrow's slave.

In mine arms of alabaster,
Upon my snowy breast,
Of joys of olden story
Dreaming, there shalt thou rest.

And I will press and kiss thee,
With kisses like I gave
To dear Emperor Henry,
Who lieth in his grave.

There's life but in the living,
The dead forever sleep;
And I am fair and blooming,
My laughing heart doth leap.

Come down, then, to my castle,
Down to my crystal hall.
There dance the knights and ladies,
There feast the spearmen tall.

The silken robes they rustle,
The spurs clank night and morn,
The dwarfs play cymbal and trumpet
And harp and braying horn.

But thee shall mine arm encircle,
As it Emperor Henry enwound.
I held his ears whenever
I heard the trumpet sound.

THOMAS CROSS.

AUGUST DAYS.

WITH such unmistakable signs made manifest to the eye and ear, the summer signals its fulness and decline that one awakening now from a sleep that fell upon him months ago might be assured of the season with the first touch of awakening.

To the first aroused sense comes the long-drawn cry of the locust fading into silence with the dry, husky clap of his wings; the changed voice of the song birds, no more carolling the jocund tunes of mating and nesting time, but plaintive with the sadness of farewell.

The bobolink has lost, with his pied coat, the merry lilt that tinkled so continually over the buttercups and daisies of the June meadows; rarely the song sparrow utters the trill that cheered us in the doubtful days of early spring. The bluebird's abbreviated carol floats down from the sky as sweet as then, but mournful as the patter of the autumn leaves. The gay goldfinch has but three notes left of his June song as he tilts on the latest blossoms and fluffy seeds of the thistles. The meadow lark

charms us no more with his long-drawn melody, but with one sharp, insistent note, he struts in the meadow stubble or skulks among the tussocks of the pasture and challenges the youthful gunner. What an easy shot that even, steady flight offers! and yet it goes onward with unfaltering rapid wing-beats, while the gun thunders and the harmless shot flies behind him. The flicker cackles now no more as when he was a jubilant newcomer, with the new-come spring for his comrade, but is silent, or only yelps one harsh note as he flashes his golden wings in loping flight from fence stake to ant hill.

The plover chuckles while he lingers at the bounteous feast of grasshoppers, but never pierces the August air with the long wail that proclaimed his springtime arrival. After nightfall, too, is heard his chuckling call fluttering down from the aerial path, where he wends his southward way, high and distinct above the shrill monotony of crickets and August pipers. The listening sportsman may well imagine that the departing bird is laughing at him as much as signalling his course to companion wayfarers.

The woodland thrushes' flutes and bells have ceased to breathe and chime, only the wood pewee keeps his pensive song of other days, yet best befitting those of declining summer.

The trees are dark with ripened leafage; out of the twilight of the woods glow the declining disks of wild sunflowers and shine the rising constellations of asters. The meadow sides are gay with unshorn fringes of goldenrod and willow herb; and there, in the corners of the gray fences, droop the heavy clusters of elder berries, with whose purple juice the flocking robins and the young grouse, stealing from the shadowed copses along this belt of shade, dye their bills.

The brook trails its attenuated thread out of the woodland gloom to gild its shallow ripples with sunshine andadden them with the inverted flames of the cardinals that blaze on the sedgy brink. Here the brown mink prowls with her lithe cubs, all unworthy yet of the trapper's skill, but tending toward it with growth accelerated by full feasts of pool-impounded minnows.

Here, too, the raccoon sets the print of his footsteps on the muddy shores as he stays his stomach with frogs and sharpens his appetite with the hot sauce of Indian turnip while he awaits the setting of his feast in the cornfields.

The hounds are more impatient than he for the opening of his midnight revel, and tug at their chains and whimper and bay when they hear his querulous call trembling through the twilight. They are even fooled to melodiously mournful protest when their ears catch the shriller quaver of the screech owl's note.

The woodcock skulks in the bordering alders, and when forced to flight does so with a stronger wing than when a month ago his taking off was first legally authorized. Another month will make him worthier game; and then, too, the ruffed grouse need not be spared a shot, as fall grown and strong of pinion he bursts from cover; nor the wood duck, now but a vigorous bunch of pin feathers, be let go untried or unscathed, when from his perch on a slanted rock or out of a bower of rushes he breaks into the upper air with startling flutter of wings and startled squeak of alarm.

Summer wanes, flowers fade, bird songs falter to mournful notes of farewell; but while regretfully we mark the decline of these golden days, we remember with a thrill of expectation that they slope to the golden days of autumn wherein the farmer garners his latest harvest, the sportsman his first worthy harvest, and that to him that waits come all things, and even though he waits long, may come the best.—*Forest and Stream.*

ART NOTES.

AMONGST the more recent acquisitions at the British Museum is a marble stèle which has had a curious history. It was found by Mr. Murray quite recently in the most casual way in the garden of a house at Hampstead where he had gone to inspect some other works. This stèle had been seen at Athens by Spon in 1675, and Fourmont in 1730, and a drawing now in Paris had been made of it by a French artist. Thereafter it vanished from Athens, and must have been acquired by some Englishmen, for its next appearance was made when the workmen were digging the foundations of a house at 67 New Bond Street, and it afterwards came into the possession of Mr. J. Johnstone, who, little guessing its importance, placed it under a tree in his garden. It shows a draped female figure considerably mutilated, but its chief interest to archaeologists has been the inscription which it bears. This is "Epigone, daughter of Moachion of Miletus," and it appears that this is the only instance of the occurrence of this name in Greek inscriptions.

Among the recent additions to the National Portrait Gallery is a life-sized portrait of Sir R. Peel when he was a boy. The trustees, who gave £100 for the picture a few weeks ago, are uncertain who was the painter, but it is believed to be by Romney. "The portrait," according to the official description, "is a smooth-faced youth, with pink cheeks and fair complexion. The head is turned slightly upwards. The blue grey eye in shadow looks to the left and is somewhat raised. The eyelashes are dark, the nose slightly aquiline, and nostrils dilated. The hair is silky pale yellow (straw) and glossy. The ear carefully drawn and coloured with clear red tones. His neck is open, with a plain white falling collar kept beneath the collar of his dark crimson brown coat. Background plain,