

of England, of Hungary, and of Cortona. St. Margaret, virgin and martyr, beginning of the 4th century.

Phœbus, Phœbe—The Purenness of Light. Phœbus was a name in old France, probably through the Romances.

Sophia—Wisdom. The name rendered familiar by Tom Jones' heroine. Sophia Charlotte, Queen of Prussia. Sophia, Electress of Hanover. Sophia Dorothea, consort of George I. Sophia Dorothea, mother of Frederic the Great. St. Sophia, virgin martyr, 3rd century.

We will now select a few familiar names from the Latin and Italian.

Angela, Angelica, Angel, Angelic.

Arabella—A Fair Altar. Arabella Goddard, celebrated pianist. Arabella Fermor, the heroine of the "Rape of the Lock," under the title of Belinda.

Bianca—White, very fair.

Beatrice—Happy or Happy-Making. The name of Dante's favourite; also of one of Shakespeare's beautiful characters in "Much Ado About Nothing." St. Beatrice, martyr, 303.

Clara, Chiaricella, Clarissa—Clear. The name of Richardson's heroine; most likely adopted by him intentionally.

Cornelia, from Cornu, a Horn, the ancient emblem of plenty. It has been made famous, and a favourite with posterity, by that fine maternal spirit which produced the Gracchi.

Emily, Amelia, Amie or Amy—Beloved—probably from Æmilus, of which it is the feminine—Urbane, Affable, Sociable. Amelia, the heroine of one of Fielding's novels.

Florence—Flourishing. Florence Nightingale.

Grace—Grace, in the sense of Favour. Grace Aguilar, Jewish authoress. Grace Darling. Connected with the name Grace, there is a good Irish story, which we hope the ladies will pardon us for introducing. The Hon. Col. Richard Grace, an old cavalier, when Governor of Athlone for James II., was solicited, by promises of royal favour, to betray his trust, and espouse the cause of William III. Taking up a card, which happened to be the six of hearts, Grace wrote upon it the following reply, and handed it to the emissary who had been commissioned to make the proposal: "Tell your master I despise his offer, and that honour and conscience are dearer to a gentleman than all the wealth and titles a prince can bestow." Surely honour and conscience in a man are no unfitting offerings to the heart of a woman—hence we make no apology.

Julia, Juliana, Juliet from Julianus, Julius.—Guilia Grisi, the wonderful songstress. Juliet, the Juliet of Shakespeare, the union of "passionate violence" with the rarest refinement and most delicate purity.

Lucy, Luciana—Like Light. Camden says it was given to girls born at daylight; which is very probable. The Romans gave their names for very idle reasons, compared with the Greeks, throughout whose language the superiority in sentiment is remarkable. A better cause would be Brightness of Aspect,—a glad Clearness of Eye and Look.

Portia, the noble daughter of Cato and devoted wife of Brutus. Portia, immortalized in the trial scene in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice."

Lucretia—Profitable, Lucrative. The name of the celebrated Roman wife. Suitable for your chaste marriers for money.

Prudence—Humanized into Pru. We suspect that these very staid names are apt to overshoot themselves. We know of no fair Prudence but one, whom our English Anacreon, Robert Herrick, a bachelor and poet, has often recorded as an exquisite maid-servant. Hear his epitaph upon her:—

"Under this turf is laid
Prudence Baldwin—once my maid.
From her happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet."

Rosamund—The Rose of the World. The name of the fair mistress of Henry the Second.

Rosabella—Beautiful Rose.

Rosetta, Rosalin—Little Rose.

Rosalba—White Rose.

We shall now select a few names from the Saxon and German.

Alicia, Alice—German—Noble.

Adelaide—German—We believe it means princely. Adelaide, Queen Consort of England, wife of William IV. Adelaide Ristori. Adelaide Kemble.

Charlotte—German. The female of Charles—Prevailing. Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV. Charlotte Brontë. Charlotte Elizabeth, controversial writer.

Edith, formerly Eade, Ada, &c., from the Saxon word signifying Happy. It was the name of Alexander Pope's mother. Ada, daughter of Lord Byron.

Matilda, Maud—German—Noble Maid. Matilda, wife of Henry I. of England. Maud, (read Tennyson's poem.) The song, as rendered by Simms Reeves, "Come into the garden, Maud," will ever ring in our ears, and now, when all nature is bursting forth with flower and leaf to gladden the eye, we sigh to be

"Where the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown."

We must now close with a few names from the poets, which our fair readers can wear as they would a crown of flowers.

Una—The Only One.

Ariel—So admirably suited to the delicate sprite of the "Tempest."

Miranda—One to be Admired.

Rosalind—Shakespeare's heroine in "As You Like It."

Imogen, Miranda—One to be Admired.

Viola—A Violet. Read Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night."

Cordelia—Cordial, unless it originally meant, with another accent, Heart of Leah. "King Lear."

Perdita—Lost; a foundling. "Winter's Tale."

Sylvia (Hylas, Fond of the Woods)—Sylvan.

Laura—From Laurel. Read your Petrarch.

Now, for the Amen. Whatever name you bear try to emulate the great and good women who have borne it in the ages long past.

M. Thiers is a bit extravagant in some things. He possesses in his large collection of pictures a small canvas some few inches square, which may with the frame be worth twenty francs, for which he gave 8,000, having bought it in 1864 as a Ruydael. It has paid expenses over and over, for whenever Thiers feels tempted to buy a picture he looks at it, and—over, comes the temptation.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

SEA NYMPH'S LAMENT.

(Translated from the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus.)

Chorus 405-444.

I pity thy disastrous fate,
O my Prometheus!
And from my eyelids delicate
The large, abundant tear-drops pour,
Bathing my white cheeks o'er
With tepid dew.
Direful are thy woes, for o'er the Heavenly powers
Zeus with arbitrary laws and arrogance towers.
All the land resounds
With dismal sounds.
And, mourning, weeps for thee,
Weeps o'er thy cruel penalty,
Large-limbed, time-honoured Deity!

All they who dwell in Asia's hallowed meads,
And valiant girls of Colchis, bold in war,
The clans of Scythia, who refresh their steeds
Near the Maestian lake—earth's utmost bound afar;
The savage tribes who pitch their mobile tent
High on the beetling crags of Caucasus, and start
Its echoes with the clash of pointed dart,
All, all bewail thy intolerable punishment.
Never before thee did a god
Thus cringe beneath the rod;
Or pining in hard iron chains,
Endure such scathing pains,
Save only Titan Atlas, bent—
By inexorable Fate—
Beneath the weight
Of the aerial firmament.
And now for thee the ocean waves
Ebbing, bemoan—the deeps respond—
The nether-earth from out its gloomy caves
Repeats the plaintive sound
In accents grave and low.
Up from their mountain spring
The clear, pure waters surge,
And surging, sing
The dirge,
Prometheus, of thy piteous woe.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

TOUCHSTONE PAPERS.

NO. VII.—EXCURSUS.

I shall not write on a type of men to-day; my mood impels me to describe a phase of nature. There are many of us who, perhaps, have never noticed how much we are affected by the revolutions of the seasons. Poets and philosophers have likened life to the four changes of the year; they might extend the comparison to the mental and moral complexion of most men. Delicate organizations, whether physical or psychological, are most strikingly influenced by the genial warmth of spring and summer, the decay of autumn, and the icy rigors of winter. To speak only of summer, as it now comes upon us, with its greenness and its golden light, its fruits and its flowers; see how every creeping thing glides out into its radiance, how the weak and pale consumptive breathes the invigorating fragrance of its breezes; how the bright-eyed, whole-souled poet exalts in the glories of its flushed landscape. No more faint-heartedness now, as on the bleak December days; no more impatience and testiness as in those tantalizing afternoons of April, when the tepid white light was curtailed out by haze and the inclement rain.

It is the season whose advent I hail with delight and whose departure I dread and regret. Even my fat friend, most good-natured of men, who hardly needs a fire in the depth of winter, will meet you with a smile on his reeking face, and, if you be a lady, will be the first to present you with a bouquet of flowers—the *primitive* of the beautiful season.

Imprisoned within the city, I am condemned to view only the unfavourable aspect of this summer weather, the dust of the streets, the sultriness of unventilated rooms, and the glaring reflection of the sun on the brick pavements and the high slate roofs. So I have to take it out in reading or writing about green fields—not a very refreshing process—or in sitting back and dreaming on the days when I rambled through the country unimpeded, when I could leave the narrow city limits behind me and have my fill of fun and frolic on the common. But you, O happier Contadino! off to the shadowy woodlands, where the leafy banners wave in the breath of the lukewarm winds, where, under green arcades, you may rest on the fresh grass, and in half unconscious listlessness see all the sights of summer and listen to the forest music. A thousand flowers bloom around you; creepers and parasites balance from the trunks of the trees; birds of gorgeous plumage and sweetest note chirrup from their nests; bright insects glide and murmur among the mosses; white-bosomed clouds sail in the open spaces above, and down in the glen the waters of the spring grate gently over the red pebbles. What a delightful panorama! What "a concord of sweet sounds!"

Off to the pasture or the plain, where the corn is ripening for the sickle; where the grateful odor of hay mingles with the strong but not unpleasant smell of the statelier field flowers. The mild-eyed cattle are quietly browsing or resting in the shade of the clump of elms. The harvesters, mayhap, are reaping the fruit of their toil and sweat, and as you hear their distant cries and the clink of their steel implements, you are filled with the poetry of the harvest; you go back to the Saturnian reign, to Syracusan slopes, where Theocritus sang; yea, back even to the ancient Hebrew days, when the long-haired Ruth gleaned in the corn-fields of Boaz; when—*euntes ibant et fletant*—the brethren of David going, went and wept, casting their seed; but coming, they came in exultation, laden with golden grain.

But the summer day is waning, and the summer night sets in. Before we go let us visit the graves of our dead and strew them with loveliest flowers. Sad and desolate as is the churchyard in autumn and winter, it is invested with melancholy beauty in the mellow summer. Yonder, where those we love are sleeping under the lilacs, the last ray of the setting sun lights up the marble slab, clothing it with glory, which, let us hope, is a faint reflection of that which our departed enjoy in the better land. It is that blessed sun which so many sensitive men have desired should shine upon them when dead. This wish we find recorded in Shakespeare and repeated in Beattie's "Minstrel." It is expressed by Bryant in one of his minor poems. It was attributed to the late

Archbishop Hughes, of New York, in a song entitled "Bury me in the Sunshine." Guided by this light, let us kneel down beside the ashes of our own and adorn them with flowers. *Manibus date lilia plenis.* It is an affecting action, a deed of love and a prayer.

"While Summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azure hare-bell, like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Outsweetened not thy breath."

In summer nights there is a variety of special sounds which the comparative silence renders very impressive. But this climate is not so favoured in this respect as are more southern regions. There are as many fine night birds in the tropics as there are day birds. The latitudes from Virginia to Florida boast of one particular species, and that is the mocking-bird, who is a whole orchestra in himself. Those who have never heard him in his native woods can form some idea of his wonderful powers by reading the magnificent description of him in the second part of Longfellow's *Evangeline*. He is the best substitute for the unrivalled nightingale, which, I believe, cannot be acclimated here any more than the European lark—that marvellous bird who is to the morning what Philomel is to the evening. I cannot refer to any particular attempt to introduce the nightingale, but I remember that, a few years ago, a gentleman of Wilmington, Delaware, brought over from England seventy-five sky-larks, which he let loose and never heard of afterwards.

But what we lack in nature's music on summer nights is made up by that growing taste for art which we have derived from the old classic lands of Germany, France and Italy. There, on such nights as these, gondolas dance over the moonlit waters in time to the strophes of the gay barcarole, and under festooned balconies Il Trovatore sings a ditty to his and Leonora; some loving heart, stealing the inspiration of genius, repeats with ecstasy the incomparable serenade, "*Com è gentil*," the gem of Don Pasquale.

The custom of serenade, carried on with propriety, appears to me full of charm. At no time does the human voice, especially the tenor, sound more sweetly; at no time does the violin vibrate more sympathetically.

I fancy that the flute accompaniment is never so effective as in a serenade, and it is remarkable that basses have a mellowness in the damp night, which is often sadly lacking at other hours. "Soft stillness and the night become the touches of sweet harmony," whispers Lorenzo to Jessica. As winter evenings are associated with chit-chat and social parties, so summer nights are remembered and loved for their low music in the silent woods and the concerts of fine-toned instruments and voices in the solitary streets.

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THE LORE OF THE CALENDAR.

NO. VII.—ROGATION WEEK AND ASCENSION DAY.

It was a general custom, and one still practised in England in some country parishes, to go round the bounds and limits of the parish on one of the three days before Holy Thursday or the Feast of the Lord's Ascension, when the minister, accompanied with his churchwardens and parishioners, were wont to deprecate the vengeance of God, beg a blessing on the fruits of the earth and preserve the rights and properties of their parish.

The origin of this custom is dated from the time of the heathens. For from the days of Numa Pompilius, according to Plutarch, they worshipped the God Terminus, whom they looked upon to be the guardian of fields and landmarks, and the keeper up of friendship and peace among men. Upon this account the feast called *Terminalia* was dedicated to him; instead of which it is a very ancient custom to surround the bounds of parishes every year, and instead of heathenish rites and sacrifices to an imaginary God, to offer praises and prayers to the true God, the God of the whole earth. The custom was, the people accompanied the Bishop or some of the clergy into the fields, where litanies were made and the mercy of God implored that he would avert the evils of plague and pestilence, that he would send them good and seasonable weather and give them the fruits of the earth in due season.

The litanies or rogations which were then made use of and gave name to the time of Rogation Week, were first observed by Mamertus, Bishop of Vienna, in the year 550, on account of the frequent earthquakes that happened and the incursions of wild beasts, which laid in ruins and depopulated that city. Not that litanies and rogations were not used before, but that before this time they were not affixed to these days. And since that they have been observed by the whole Church of Spain, who chose to have them after Pentecost than before it, because from Easter day to Pentecost it was the custom of the Church not to fast, for, as they themselves reasoned, the children of the bride chamber cannot fast so long as the bridegroom is with them; and therefore they hold their rogation after Pentecost.

What now remains in England is the relic of this ancient and laudible custom, which was always observed in the old Church of England, and has also in some measure since the Reformation.

In the canons of Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, which were made at Cloves-hoo, in the year 747, it was ordered that litanies, that is rogations, should be observed by the clergy and all the people with great reverence on these days, viz: The seventh of the Kalends of May, according to the rites of the Church of Rome, who termeth this the greater litany; and also, according to the custom of our forefathers, on the three days before the ascension of our Lord into the heavens, with fasting, &c. And in the injunctions made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it is ordered "That the curate, at certain and convenient places, shall admonish the people to give thanks to God, in the beholding His benefits, for the increase and abundance of his fruits upon the face of the earth, with the saying of the 103rd Psalm, &c., at which time the minister shall inculcate these or such sentences, "Cursed be he which translateth the bounds and doles of his neighbours," or such orders of prayer as shall be hereafter.

Agreeable to this, we read in the life of the pious Hooker, "That he would by no means omit the customary time of procession, persuading all, both rich and poor, if they desired the preservation of love and their parish rites and liberties,