

and poking about with their sharp beaks, they seem to be having a most enjoyable time.

Two baby squirrels play hide-and seek among them, while on an old stump near by, sits their mother. Cautiously drawing near, for the slightest noise would disturb the timid dwellers of the woods, one hears a sound like a file at work; it is the mother squirrel filing a butternut with her sharp little teeth. Who can tell from what hidden store she got it. How cleverly she holds the nut in her forepaws; but her bright eye discovers somebody watching, and, quick as a flash, the nut is dropped, and with her pretty broad tail spread out away she goes. Suddenly there flits by a golden oriole. Scarce has one turned to watch its flight and admire its loveliness when a sharp tapping is heard, and running up the trunk of a tree the pretty hooded woodpecker is seen. And

"Where forest paths and glades, and thickets green
Make up, of flowers and leaves, a world serene.
The soul can learn to love all things
The God hath made."

HOW WE WON THE TROPHY.

No stirring deed of arms I tell, by flood or trampled field,
Nor clash of sword on pluméd helm, nor spear 'gainst ring-
ing shield.

The Isthmian and Olympic games were sung of old in
Greece,

And in the bright Laurentian land we too love wars of
peace.

Let gladsome pæans songful rise, on high your garland's
toss,

With chaplets crown our hero game, the Indian's gift,
Lacrosse!

Then let it down our history ring with Deeds and Arts and
Laws,

And children's children welcome it in thunders of applause!

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

Tell how we won the Championship and swept the field
that day?

And you, the old time veteran, the great game missed, you
say!

Your fighting spirit sure has flown, your blood no longer
stirs

As in the days of long ago when first you won your spurs!

In swelling crowds, full hours before the time play should
begin,

The people come in car and cab still ever flowing in,
Filled the grand stand from end to end, packed all its
ample space

In towering tiers of manly strength, beauty and winsome
grace.

I vow 'twas sight to fire the blood;—enthroned, that serried
mass

Of pulsing life, with color bloomed; afoot, the velvet
grass;

Above, the blue Canadian sky; beyond, the river's sheen
Shot back the burnished rays that kissed the mountain's
crested green.

And almost hidden 'mid the flock, with brilliant plumage
gay,

That fluttering and twittering await the coming fray,
Was one white dove whose heart I knew beat 'neath its
downy vest

In visions of her love's return, crowned, from that stirring
quest.

All paused. I watched the players stand, or toss the
rubber high;

Admiring scanned each stalwart form, dear to an athlete's
eye,

As o'er the field, with easy grace, the lissome figures glide;
Or, playful, chase the darling ball with lithe and wingéd
stride.

The signal whistle shrilly piped, sharp on the stroke of
three

The teams lined up in centre field; out stepped the Referee.
Kindly he warned us of the rules: "Now boys, let people
say,

In after years, who see this game, 'twas pure Lacrosse
that day!"

Nervous! you're right; although our men were in the
finest trim,

And jauntily toyed with their sticks, their smiles were
rather grim.

Ten thousand pairs of eager eyes, the Championship at
stake!—

Man, each green blade sprang 'neath our shoes with brist-
ling nerves awake!

I won the toss and chose to play down, with the sun be-
hind;

And, as the team strung out to place, urged them to keep
in mind

The precepts I, all practice eves, unceasing trained them
in—

"Cover; check close; get on the ball; keep cool and
sure we'll win!"

The Centre-field's knelt for the face. "Ball's off!" the
ladies cry.

Quick as a flash our Outside Home caught at it on the fly,

And, heedless of the raining blows, dodged each man as
he came,
Passed it to Home. A shot, dead on; the Umpire's
signal. Game!

'Tis ours! 'tis ours! Surprise, delight, dear brimming
eyes confess,

And sweet with hope their speech to me, and joy at first
success;—

Then, as bent bow in archer's hand twangs from the loos-
ened string,

The pent voice of the people's heart breathed in one
mighty ring!

The old heads, when they got their breath after the first
glad shout

None could restrain, looked very wise and muttered:
"Boys! look out!

That's but the first—too quickly won,—the pace is rather
fast!"

And swift the ready challenge came: "Yes, much too
good to last!"

Next game both sides had settled down and showed some
pretty play,

As up and back the ball was tossed along its bounding
way.

Our Home poured in their red hot shots; theirs rattled
round the poles;

Till, swift and true, in arrow flight, the ball whizzed
through our goals!

The second game against us scored, our doughty rivals
heard

The cheer that heartens combatants,—and then they took
the third!

Somehow that's always been our luck—it takes a crack or
two

To knock the dust out of our eyes and let the grit shine
through.

And so it proved, for, when the teams answered the
whistle's call,

My men were first upon the field; I saw in each and all
The look betokening grit would tell, 'spite the stonewall
Defence

That held the goal impregnable—a living barrier dense.

Again the ball was quickly faced. Our Cover-point leapt
in

'Mid whirling sticks and bore it off, amid ear-splitting din
Of proffered counsel, ringing cheer, applause that never
lags,

Till luckily he heard me roar: "High drop, right on the
flags!"

One instant balanced on the net, then urged by powerful
swing

The soaring ball rose to the sky as if on buoyant wing.
The players stood and watched its flight; the stand gazed,
breathless, too,

And strained their eyes upon the speck cleaving the distant
blue.

As darting hawk in downward swoop, the rubber, curving,
dipped;

The Home rushed in. "Check sticks!" I cried. Each
man his crosse tight gripped.

Crash went the sticks! Home's furious swipe the flag-pole
barely shaved.

"Missed by an inch!" the Umpire said. The hard pressed
goal was saved!

Back to our end the rubber whirled. Their Home sprang
to attack

In fierce assault our citadel, by our Defence hurled back.
In vain they tried to force a breach, each well-aimed shot
was stopped,

Till Point a soaring over-hand clean through their fortress
dropped!

"Magnificent!" " 'Twas only chance!" But all could
plainly see

How narrow was the time between defeat and victory.
Each side two games; ten minutes rest; but *three* in which
to win

Or lose, or draw!—the odds were then a crosse stick to a
pin.

Three minutes for the Championship! How the swift
seconds flew.

"Play!" cried the Referee at last, and sharp and quick
'twas too;

The face—a draw—a catch—a shot! "Game!" rings
across the field;

Our hero-team had nobly won their title to the Shield!

And if our sticks were tossed in joy, you should have seen
the crowd

Dance, laugh, and slap each other's backs and shout in
glee aloud;

While sparkling eyes their plaudits beamed, and kerchiefs
waved on high,

And polished tiles went rocketing up towards the evening
sky.

But sweeter far than glad applause, dearer than glittering
prize,

The whispered praise from those dear lips, the welcome in
her eyes.

Stilled the quiet heart that beat in fond anxiety
When Victory's wings brushed by Defeat—now triumphing
with me.

The gallant stand our rivals made we shall not soon forget,
The cheer we gave them on the field rings in my memory
yet.

Right royally they sent it back, and in its hearty ring
Was highest tribute to success—defeat had left no sting!

Montreal.

SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

HONOURING DEAD ARTISTS.

At the banquet of the Royal Academy Sir F. Leighton, Bart., the president, made the following reference to members who had passed away during the last twelve months, including in the honorary list the artist-poet, Browning:—

This year the call from which there was no appeal has been heard twice within our active ranks, once within those of our honorary members. The first to fall away from them left a void not easily filled in the number, too small already, of our engravers. To his gifts as an artist was added a most kindly nature, and his friends will long miss the gentle and courteous companionship of Thomas Oldham Barlow. (Hear, hear.) Our latest loss was sustained in the person of a veteran who in the days of his prime held and deserved a conspicuous position; an artist whose aspirations were ever high and who never paltered with his beliefs. Hand and eye paid, no doubt, in the days of his advanced age their necessary debt to un pitying Time; but in elevation of aim and singleness of purpose J. Rogers Herbert was true to himself to the end. (Hear, hear.) The third loss we deplore robs not us only; in it a nation, a generation, a literature are the poorer. It is for others more fit than I am to gauge the depth and range of genius of the great delfer in human souls who now sleeps by Chaucer and Dryden; but may I not say this—that by his loss the pulse and temperature of English verse seem in some sensible degree lowered? For surely in our generation no such white heat has faded into ashes as that which burns no more in the breast of Robert Browning. (Hear, hear.) But whilst I record with sorrow that his seat here will know him no longer, I rejoice to be able to announce that the honorary office he held among us will be henceforth filled by a man widely known and as widely esteemed, to whose insight and magnificent energy this country owes, among other things, the priceless samples of Assyrian art which are the boast of our famous museum in Bloomsbury—Sir H. Austen Layard. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, these walls on which are presented to you to-day some fruits of this year's labour in English art were bright some months ago with the works of artists long since passed away. In this array Spain and the Low Countries played a magnificent part; but the art of our own country contributed also its large and honourable share. One room, indeed, in which had been seen but recently a remarkable display of plastic work of the Italian Renaissance, revealed in a most impressive manner—I fear that to many it was a revelation—the genius of a great English designer, who was filled full with the spirit of that supreme period of Italian art, and in whom was seen much of the versatility of his great predecessor—Alfred Stevens. We saw, among other examples of his power, the sketch model of the first monument that has in this country issued from English hands—the monument erected in St. Paul's to the great Duke of Wellington; and in those who are careful of the honour of English art a warm hope was once more kindled, that this great work, no longer stowed away unfinished and uncrowned, thrust aside in a chapel where it cannot be duly seen, may some day soar in completed beauty under the arch and on the spot which it was designed to enrich. But there is, to my thinking, another and peculiar significance in this gathering of some of Stevens's principal designs, and it attaches to the illustration they furnished of the employment of the highest gifts in the production of objects of common use, and the witness borne in every touch of his hand to this great cardinal truth—that all art is one. (Cheers.) And the sight of the works of a great English artist, thus momentarily, many of them, emerging from oblivion, had yet a further lesson; it shargened in many minds a consciousness which has long been gaining strength, and is now on many sides finding articulate expression—the consciousness that England possesses no great gallery specially devoted to the achievements of native art in all its manifestations. (Hear, hear.) Does a foreigner desire to learn what is the condition of modern art down to the present day among our great neighbours in France or Germany, magnificent galleries stand open where he can see, study and admire. Shall we alone be content that no such monument of the manifold energy of living art in our country be found among us? Gentlemen, the absence of such a witness to our artistic life is a reproach which should not be longer suffered. The time is ripe; I cannot doubt that action is at hand. What form that action may take I cannot prophesy; this only I think may be foreseen—that whatever is achieved will be in a large measure promoted, as are most great things amongst us, by the munificence of individual Englishmen; and I ask you as I sit down to share with me not only the hope but the faith that the year which lies before us may see the inception of a scheme which shall ripen in due time and bear fruit to the honour of British patriotism and of British art. (Loud cheers.)

The famous old mountain fortress of Asirgarh, which was formerly regarded as one of the principal defences of Central India, is about to be dismantled. It stands on the summit of an almost inaccessible mountain, and has many interesting historical associations.