

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

Legion is the name of those who in our day have written memoirs more or less autobiographic, either leaving them to others to bring out after their departure for "that bourn whence no traveller returns," or, as in not a few instances, publishing them during their lives. Of those who have adopted the latter plan may be mentioned the late Sir Henry Taylor, Adolphus Trollope, Edmund Yates, James Payn, W. P. Frith and Lord Ronald Gower. The last mentioned, though the youngest autobiographer, is not by any means the least experienced. Favoured by birth, in more ways than one, Lord Ronald had seen more of what is worth seeing in the world—the *beau monde* of art, of letters, of society—than most octogenarians who care to record their experiences. In one of his inimitable short essays on eastern politics, the late Lord Strangford, writing anonymously, ventured (in referring to the remark of one of the Kingsleys as to the advantage of being a lord—a subject which Lamb and Hazlitt also dealt with, but from different points of view) to express the opinion that, incredible though it might seem, there were lords who would gladly be unlorded. Lord Ronald Gower is as good an instance as one might find of those sons (or daughters) of a hundred earls who are unaffectedly democratic. Where such *bona fide* instances of the enthusiasm of humanity in high places really come to pass before the world's eye, they are charming. Lord Ronald (whose very name suggests romance) is one of the most delightful and instructive of writers. As to what he is in personal contact we have ample testimony to enlighten us, not to speak of his portrait which, we hope, is like that terrible fellow in "Maud":

Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie.

If it lies not, then a noble fellow, indeed, is Lord Ronald.

His love of art is as honest as it is intense, and is only exceeded by his generosity. Alas! that he should know so little of the needs of us—his loyal kinsmen, and that the gifts of the gods should pass to his and our cousin Jonathan. For this is what we read in a recent cable despatch:

"NEW YORK, May 2.—Mrs. Frank Leslie to-day received letters from Lord Ronald Gower, informing her of his purpose to present, through her, to some public gallery or collection in New York his colossal marble bust of our Saviour, called "It is Finished," now in the Academy of London. This work of art, which is now on its way to this city, will be accompanied by plaster casts of the Shakespeare monument in bronze lately presented by Lord Ronald Gower to Stratford-on-Avon, and which he desires Mrs. Leslie to tender to some public collection of casts or a Shakespeare or artistic gallery. Mrs. Leslie has not determined the ultimate disposition of the marble bust of Christ, but it may be transmitted to the Metropolitan Museum of Art or the St. Patrick's Cathedral."

Now that the Shah of Persia is again talking of visiting Europe, it may be of interest to recall what he grimly suggested to the Prince of Wales, when he witnessed the wealth and splendour of one of his noble entertainers. We have Lord Ronald's word for it that the story of his asking the Prince whether, when he came to the throne, he would not behead so evident and so dangerous a rival, is a true story, and also that the Prince mildly replied that there were too many other great nobles to permit him to attempt such a clearance with safety.

The elder author of "The Masque of Minstrels" asks kindly and admiringly after Mr. Charles Mair and wants to know when we are to have another poem from him. If we mistake not Mr. Mair is not far from Ottawa at this moment, and we trust shortly to hear from him. We congratulate the Royal Society on such an accession as the author of "Dreamland" and "Tecumseh."

With respect to what we ventured to say of the late Hon. Joseph Howe, Mr. Lockhart sends us a poem in *memoriam* of that eminent statesman, orator and poet. Though written under influences which give to portions of it more of the "Lost Leader" flavour than, in our opinion, the circumstances warranted, the admirable pertinency of some of the stanzas can no more be disputed than the characteristic "tender grace" of the whole poem. For instance:

The misty years rolled back and I beheld
A printer-boy—then man—of type and quill,
Who wrought with love, and still his peers excelled,
With an undaunted mind and steady will.

I saw the cheerful, smiling faces; th' erect
And stalwart frame, so well known in their day;
The ample brow—broad throne of intellect;
The full, bright eye that knew the winning way;

And the persuasive lips, where, clustering hung
Rich, swarming words that full of honey glide;
Ye knew him well, ye yeomen, children young,
And happy matrons of the country side!

Just once it was our lot to hear Joseph Howe, but he was not then in his best vein. He was in presence of an audience to whom his name was as yet but little known, and he evidently missed the enthusiastic greeting from familiar faces to which he was accustomed in his native province—that greeting which was ere long to change from ardent sympathy to sullen resentment. We have still before us a vivid image of that sturdy frame and expressive face. Like Ulysses in the Iliad, he was

"Less by the head than Atreus' royal son,
But broader-shoulder'd and of ampler chest."

Another poem of Mr. Lockhart's—"By Pennamaquan—A Summer Memory"—we have for some time been holding in reserve. It is full of pleasant inspirations for the nearing holiday season, in the languorous days when life in the city becomes a burden, and we hope to dispense it as a solace to the business-stayed of our readers in that time of trial.

We found "The Last Bison" in strange company the other day, but it was not ours. Here is the passage: "One is almost tempted to wish the writer up to his neck in a Lithuanian swamp, banished to the Lithuanian backwoods to keep company with the last living verb in—mi, the last old-world bison, and perhaps the last patriot." Clearly when this half-imprecation was penned (1863) the writer did not dream that, in a quarter of a century, the new-world bison would be virtually as rare as his old-world cousin. According to Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, F.G.S., there are or were quite recently a few specimens of the variety known as the Wood Buffalo in the great Mackenzie basin, to the resources of which the Hon. Dr. Schultz has done so much to call the world's attention. And, by the way, we would take occasion to mention that in Mr. Tyrrell's little treatise, "The Mammalia of Canada," seekers of knowledge as to our remaining wealth in wild live stock will find a welcome fund of comparatively rare and trustworthy information.

His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba finds time, we are glad to see, to enlighten old-world sportsmen as to the kind of game they may come upon in such little frequented regions as Northern Keewatin. The polar bear and the musk ox, for instance (types also enumerated in Mr. Tyrrell's list), may be met with in the neighborhood of Chesterfield Inlet by any sportsman or naturalist who has leisure enough, with a sufficient stock of scientific enthusiasm or love of adventure, to penetrate so far north. Dr. Schultz's letters appear in the *Canadian Gazette* and are well worth reading.

The question of establishing a festival to be called after Jesus the Workingman has been under discussion at Rome. The suggestion came from Paris from the *Cercles Catholiques*, which M. le Comte de Mun has done so much to organize and to build up. The proposal meets with favour from the Sovereign Pontiff, and we may expect ere long to see this great holiday of modern democracy sanctioned by the highest authority in the Church. Strange, is it not? Rather is it not strange that the recognition by Christendom of the exemplary side, as affecting our work-a-day lives, of His character whose praise it was that he went about doing good should have been so long delayed? Jesus as child, as son, as healer, as quickener, as sufferer—all these and much more have we had in church calendar, in religious art, in the associations of the sanctuary, but Jesus, the toiler, who laboured with hand, as with head and heart—this idea was reserved for the practical piety of the 19th century and for Paris, pioneer in all experiment. And a grand idea it is, bringing religion home to the common life of each of us—to workshop and office, to factory and desk.

THE CARNIVAL ROMANCE
OF WHAT WINNIE WILLED AND WILLIE WON.

WILLIE LOQUITUR.

"At that cheery crowded station
We jostled in the crush,
My cheek blazed bright carnation,
Her's mantled with a blush;
'Twas just before we started
We touched and we were parted—
Oh, charming tell-tale blush!"

WINNIFRED IN THE CARS.

(February 4th, 1889).

"Tho' nestled near my brother,
My rebel cheek would flush,
Our eyes met each the other;—
What could I do but blush?
With social ice unbroken,
Not e'en a chance word spoken,
What need had I to blush?"

WILL.

"Amid the whirl of dancing,
Thro' all the mazy crush,
A coy brown eye fell glancing;—
Oh! timid tell-tale blush.
I found a friend who knew her,
For one brief waltz I sued her,
Consent came with a blush.

WINNIFRED ON HER WEDDING DAY.

Now, hand in hand, united,
With holy happy hush,
A life-long troth we plighted;
O last sweet maiden blush!
Mid blessings and soft showers
Of snowy bridal flowers
A joyous wife, I blush.

F. C. EMBERSON, M.A.

140 Ste. Monique St., April.

DEATH IN LIFE.

FROM VICTOR HUGO.

I breathe wherever throbs thy heart,
Thou dost know. What good, alas!
For me to stay, if thou depart—
To live, if thou away shouldst pass?

What good to live, the mournful shade
Of one fair angel that has flown?
What good, when clouds the sky invade,
To be, like darkness, left alone?

I am a flower upon the wall
That only May can wake to bloom:
I shall have been bereft of all,
When thou art shrouded in the tomb.

What will become of me alone,
If I thy step no longer hear?
Will thine existence, or my own,
Have left the world? I know not, dear.

When'er my strength or courage sinks,
'Tis thy pure heart that makes me brave;
For I am like a dove that drinks
From some blue lake's refreshing wave.

Go! if thou must: and I shall die,
While musing on the days of old:
Nought in this world can please mine eye,
Unless thine eyes with me behold.

GEORGE MURRAY.

HUMOUROUS.

There is a boy in Iowa who has lost both hands, both feet, both ears and most of his nose by frost bites, and, as he has nothing else to lose, he is having lots of fun outdoors this winter.

Family jars.—Joan: "The idear of Susan's askin' John to William's funeral, after the way 'e'd beyaved! I shouldn't certainly ever dream of askin' im to yours." Darby: "What! Then all I can say is, I should be very much offended if you didn't!"

"I'm not going to school any more," said a four-year-old to his mother, after his first day at the kindergarten. "Why not, my dear? Don't you like to see the little boys and girls?" "Yes; but I don't want to go," persisted the boy, "'cause the teacher says that to-morrow she's going to try to put an idea into my head."

"There ain't any blemishes about this animal?" asked the would-be purchaser of a cow. "No, she's all right; but I must tell you candidly that sometimes she kicks when she is being milked," replied the owner of the cow. "That's of no consequence, my wife does the milkin'," said the other.

A butcher's lad went to deliver some meat at a certain house in Newcastle where a fierce dog kept. The lad entered the back yard, and, as soon as the dog saw him, he pinned him against the wall. In a short time the mistress of the house ran out and drove the animal away. "Has he bitten you?" she asked. "No," said the lad; "'aa kept him off by giving him your suet, and ye just cam' in time to save the beef!"