

THE POET.

Far from distracting scenes of earth-born strife,
The poet dwelt alone;
Yet all the secret springs of man's deep life
To him were known.

Upon the current of his silver speech
Many enchanted hung,
Tho' few did all the subtle meaning read
Of what he sung.

His world was not their world—and yet the same;
The heavens above it glow'd
With golden orbéd spheres of splendid flame
Whence music flowed.

Earthward, in ever varying symphonies,
Then grandly re-ascended
With sounds of a iude and many-voiced seas
Divinely blended.

Thro' all the azure depths of symphonious,
Up to the gates of Dawn,
In swelling waves it roll'd—a sea of song harmonious
In eddies drawn.

The sound of this far echoing sea sublime
His soul with rapture fill'd;
He was the first of all born into time
Whose spirit thrill'd.

To that ethereal chorus, first begun
When, at Creation's prime,
A hundred million gold-ensphered suns
With mystic chime.

And the young morning stars that upward springing,
From hollow darkness dear,
With multitudinous voice together singing
In chorus clear,

Made melody, so passing strange, that even
Beyond the realms of Night,
In never-fading fields, the sons of Heaven
Heard with delight.

His world was not their world—and yet the same:
Myriads of living flowers
Ambrosial blooms of every hue and name
In fairy bowers.

Or on the sides of gently sloping hills,
Or clustering at their feet,
Where ever-murmuring streams and rills
Made music sweet.

Or with star-twinkling eyes on dewy lawn,
What time dark vapours roll
Away before the brightening face of Dawn,
Spoke to his soul—

Of Beauty, Love—immortal Love—and Truth,
First-borne of Light and Love,
To Beauty wed—dower'd with eternal youth
And throned above

The powers that darkly move, yet surely tend
With all things, great and small,
To Light—to perfect good—to God, the end
And source of all.

Paris, Ont.

H. M. STRAMBERG.

HOW MISS JENKINS "GOT OUT OF IT."

It was "writing afternoon," said Miss Jenkins,—"and my scholars were new. If you had ever been a teacher, my dear, you would realize what the combination of those two simple facts implies—the weariness of body and the utter vexation of spirit. First, there's the holding of the pen. If there's one thing more than another in which scholars exhibit their own originality, it is in managing a pen-holder. Then, the ink: To some it was simply ink, nothing more. To other it seemed an irresistible tempter, whispering of unique designs, grotesque or otherwise, to be worked out upon desk or jacket, or perhaps upon the back of one small hand.

Well, upon the afternoon of which I am going to tell you, I had had more correcting to do than usual, for some of the scholars were stupid, and couldn't do as I wished; others were careless, and didn't try. What with the looking, and stooping, and continual showing, I felt my patience giving way, and then I saw that three of the largest boys had left the page upon which they should have been practicing, and were making "unknown characters" in different parts of their books, I lost it utterly. "That I will not have," said I, sharply. "I will punish any boy who makes a mark upon any but the lesson-page."

They were very still for a while. Nothing was heard but the scratch, scratching of the pens, and the sound of my footsteps as I walked up and down the aisles. Involuntarily, I found myself studying the hands before me as if they had been faces. There was Harry Sanford's, large and plump, but flabby withal, and not very clean. His "n's" stood weakly upon their legs, seeming to feel the need of other letters to prop them up.

Walter Lane's, red and chapped, with short, stubbed fingers, nails bitten off to the quick, had yet a certain air of sturdy dignity; and his "n's," if not handsome, were certainly plain, and looked as if they knew their place, and meant to keep it.

Tommy Silver's, long and limp, besmeared with ink from palm to nail, vainly strove to keep time with a tongue that wagged, uncertainly, this way and that, and which should have been red, but was black, like the fingers. His "n's" had neither form nor comeliness, and might have stood for "v's," or even "x's," quite as well.

Then there was Hugh Bright's hand, hard and rough with work, holding the pen as if it never meant to let it go; but his "n's" were as "n's," and could not be mistaken for anything else.

At length I came to Frank Dunbar's desk—dear little Frank, who had been a real help and comfort to me since the day when he bashfully knocked at my door, with books and slate in hand. His hand was white and shapely; fin-

gers spotless, nails immaculate, and his "n's"—but what was it that sent a cold chill over me as I looked at them? Ah, my dear, if I should live a thousand years, I could never tell you how I felt when I found that Frank Dunbar had written half a dozen letters upon the opposite page of his copy-book!

"Why, Frank," said I, "how did that happen?"

"I did it."

"You did it before I spoke?" said I, clinging to a forlorn hope.

"No, 'm; I did it afterwards. I forgot."

"Oh, Frank! my good, dear boy! How could you? I shall have to punish you."

"Yes, 'm,"—the brave blue eyes looking calmly up into my face.

"Very well; you may go to the desk."

He went, and I walked the aisles again,—up and down, up and down, giving a caution here or a word of advice there, but not knowing, in the least, what I was about. My thoughts were all with the flaxen-haired culprit, who stood bravely awaiting his penalty. Vainly I strove to listen to my inward monitor. It seemed suddenly to have become two-voiced,—the one tantalizing, the other soothing,—and, of course, the tones were conflicting.

"You must punish him," said one.

"You mustn't," said the other.

"He deserves it."

"He doesn't."

"He disobeyed you flatly."

"But he forgot—and he has always been so good."

"But you promised. You have given your word. Here are thirty boys to whom you should be an example. Do you think they are not watching? Look at them!"

I did look at them. Walter Lane's sharp black eyes and Harry Sanford's sleepy orbs were fixed curiously upon me. Nor were these all. Gray eyes, blue eyes, hazel and brown eyes,—all were regarding me intently; I almost fancied that they looked at me pityingly. I could not bear it.

"Attend to your writing, boys." Then I walked slowly up to the desk.

"You see how it is," said the troublesome voice. "You will certainly have to punish him."

But I had thought of a possible plan of escape. "Frank," said I, "you have been disobedient, and—you know what I said, but—you are such a good boy that I can not bear to punish you—not in that way, I mean. You may go to the foot of your class, instead."

"I'd rather take the whipping," the honest, upturned face was very sober, but betrayed not the least sign of fear, nor was there the slightest suspicion of a tremble in the clear, childish voice.

"Bless your brave little heart," thought I. "Of course you would! I might have known it," and again I walked the aisles, up and down, thinking, thinking.

"You will have to do it," repeated the voice. "There's no other way."

"I cannot,—oh, I can't," I groaned, half aloud.

"The good of the school requires it. You must sacrifice your own feeling and his."

"Sacrifice his feelings! Loyal little soul!—good as gold, and true as steel."

"No matter, you must do it."

"I won't!"

I walked quickly to the desk, and struck the bell. The children looked wonderingly. "Listen to me, boys," said I. "You all know that Frank Dunbar is one of our best scholars."

"Yes, 'm—yes 'm!" came from all parts of the room, but two or three of the larger boys sat silent and unsympathetic.

"You know how ambitious he is in school, and what a little gentleman, always."

"Yes, 'm. That's so. We know." Only two unsympathetic faces new; but one of them, that of a sulky boy in the corner, looked as if its owner were mentally saying: "Can't think what you're driving at, but I'll never give in—never."

"You all know how brave he was when Joe Willis dropped his new knife between the boards of that unfinished building on Corliss street. How he did what no other boy in school would do—let himself down into the cellar, and groped about in the dark until he found it for him."

"We know that—yes, 'm. Hurrah for—"

"Stop a minute. One thing more."

Sulky-boy's companion was shouting with the rest, and Sulky-boy's own face had relaxed.

"You all know," said I, "how he took care of Willie Randall when Willie hurt himself upon the ice. How he drew him home upon his own sled, going very slowly and carefully that poor Willie might not be jolted, and making himself late to school in consequence."

"Yes, 'm. Yes, 'm. Hoo-ray for little Dunbar!" Sulky-boy was smiling now, and I knew that my cause was won.

"Very well," said I. "Now let us talk about to-day. He has disobeyed me, and—of course I ought to punish him."

"No, 'm, you oughtn't. Don't punish him! We don't want him whipped!"

"But I have given my word. It will be treating you all unfairly if I break it. He has been such a faithful boy that I should like very much to forgive him, but I cannot do it unless you are all willing."

"We're willing. We'll give you leave. We'll forgive him. We'll—"

"Stop! I want you to think of it carefully for a minute. I am going to leave the matter

altogether with you. I shall do just as you say. If, at the end of one minute by the clock, you are sure you forgive him, raise your hands."

My dear, you should have seen them! If ever there was an expression in human hands, I saw it in theirs that day. Such a shaking and snapping of fingers, and an eager waving of small palms,—breaking out at last into a hearty, simultaneous clapping, and Sulky-boy's the most demonstrative of all!

"Disorderly," do you say? Well, perhaps it was. We were too much in earnest to think of that. I looked at Frank. His blue eyes were swimming in tears, which he would not let fall.

As for me, I turned to the blackboard, and put down some examples in long division. If I had made all the divisors larger than the dividends, or written the numerals upside down, it would not have been at all strange, in the circumstances.

And the moral of this—concluded Miss Jenkins (she had just been reading "Alice in Wonderland")—is that a teacher is human, and a human being doesn't always know just what to do.—*Mary C. Bartlett, in St. Nicholas for August.*

SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE.

The annual meeting of the Victoria Philosophical Institute of Great Britain took place at the House of the Society of Arts, London, on the 30th June, the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G., in the chair. The meeting was very fully attended. Prior to the delivery of the address, "On the Credibility of the Supernatural," by the Right Hon. the Lord O'Neill, the honorary secretary, Captain F. Petrie, read the report, from which it appeared that the total number of members was now upwards of 900, a greater number than usual, especially of colonial supporters, having joined in the past year, during which papers and short communications written in furtherance of the Society's objects,—namely, the investigation of philosophical and scientific questions, especially those said to militate against the truth of Revelation,—had been contributed by several leading men of science, including his Grace the Duke of Argyll, K.G., F.R.S., Sir J. Fyfe, F.R.S., Professors Stokes, F.R.S., Boyd Dawkins, F.R.S., J. W. Dawson, F.R.S., Nicholson, F.R.S.E., Balfour Stewart, F.R.S., Mr. J. Bateman, F.R.S., and other Fellows of the Royal Society, besides Professor Hughes, Dr. Ransom, and others. The report closed with a special tribute to the newspaper press. The treasurer's report showed that a considerable advance had been made by the Institute. Amongst the speakers were Sir H. Barkly, K.C.B., G.C.M.G., F.R.S., Sir J. Fyfe, K.C.S.I., F.R.S., who strongly urged that the Society's mode of fully and impartially investigating scientific questions was of special importance; the Christian philosopher need never fear for the results of investigations so conducted, for the Books of Nature and Revelation had the same author, and if the former were fairly and impartially inquired into, the result would not clash with the latter. Mr. J. E. Howard, F.R.S., Mr. A. McArthur, M.P., the Master of the Charterhouse, and others, having spoken, the meeting adjourned to the Museum, where refreshments were served.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 325.

J. B., Lachine.—Problem received. Many thanks. It shall appear soon.

One gratifying proof of the increasing interest shown in chess is the little difficulty experienced by those who travel now, either for business or pleasure, in finding an antagonist with whom to pass an hour or two over the chequered board. It is, also, seen in the manufacture of boards and men adapted for steamboat or railway journeys, so that little trouble is experienced in carrying on a game in spite of rapid motion or occasional bumps and bumps, which, in ordinary circumstances, would not fail to mix up the pieces and spoil a position however important and critical it might happen to be.

We are led to make these remarks from the fact that having had the benefit of laying aside editorial and other duties, to some extent, in order to enjoy a trip on one of our beautiful Canadian lakes, we were delighted to meet with lovers of the game, who seemed to enjoy the beauties around them the more, from an hour or two daily devoted to the fascinating excitement of their favourite game.

A traveller, nowadays, has only to open his board, arrange his pieces so as to exhibit one of the fine combinations of a Heale, or a Shinkman, and soon a kindred spirit from among his fellow-passengers will be drawn irresistibly to the place, and the result is invariably a series of battles, which although they do not always prove equally gratifying to both players, are, nevertheless, productive of much social enjoyment.

When, however, an antagonist is not on hand, a selection of beautiful problems, or a well-chosen collection of games, such as we find in Bird's "Masterpieces of Chess," well vary the pleasures of a summer holiday, and prove acceptable to minds which are not, perhaps, altogether prepared for a long stretch of inactivity.

INTERNATIONAL PROBLEM TOURNEY.

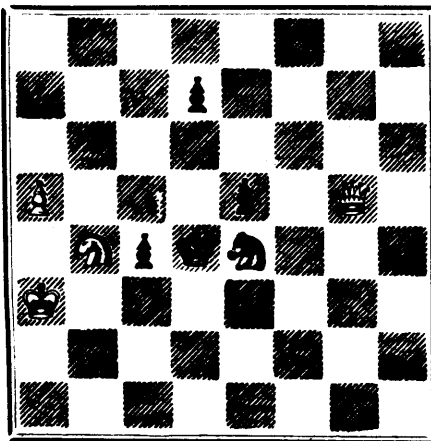
The fourth Problem Tourney of the Revista Degli Schacchi is announced. The Tourney is for two-move problems, each problem to have at least four variations, in which the white Queen shall mate on a different square in each case. Extra variations above the number mentioned will make the problem proportionately richer. Duals do not disqualify; but will place the problem in a second class. The sealed envelope system is adopted, and no limit is made to the number of problems each competitor may enter, but each envelope must contain one problem, and a separate motto for each problem. Composers abroad must mail their letters not later than 30th September. Three money and book prizes will be awarded by the judge, Professor G. B. Valle. Address

"Alla Direzione della Nuova Rivista Degli Schacchi Via dei Fiorini, No. 1, Livorno, Italy.—Chessplayers' Chronicle."

PROBLEM No. 339

By W. A. Shinkman.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 467TH.

(From Land and Water.)

CHESS IN LONDON.

The following pretty game was played a few days since between Mr. E. Freeborough and Mephisto, at Mephisto's Chess Rooms, No. 48a, Regent street. There were two other games between them, winning the majority.

(Allgaier-Thorold.)

White.—(Mr. Freeborough) Black.—(Mephisto.)

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|-----------------------|------------------|
| 1. P to K4 | 1. P to K4 |
| 2. P to K B4 | 2. P takes P |
| 3. Kt to K R3 | 3. P to K Kt4 |
| 4. P to K R4 | 4. P to Kt5 |
| 5. Kt to Kt5 | 5. P to K R3 |
| 6. Kt takes P | 6. K takes Kt |
| 7. P to Q4 | 7. P to Q4 |
| 8. B takes P | 8. Kt to K B3 |
| 9. B to K2 (a) | 9. K takes P (b) |
| 10. Castles | 10. K to Ksq |
| 11. B takes Kt P | 11. R to R2 (c) |
| 12. B takes B (d) | 12. Q takes B |
| 13. Q to R5 (ch) | 13. K to K2 |
| 14. Kt to B3 (ch) | 14. Kt takes Kt |
| 15. P takes Kt | 15. Kt to R3 |
| 16. Q takes Q P | 16. K to Ksq |
| 17. B takes R P (f) | 17. B to K2 |
| 18. Q to Kt5 (ch) (g) | 18. K to Q2 |
| 19. Q takes R | 19. Q to K Kt sq |
| 20. R to B7 | 20. Q takes Q |
| 21. R takes Q | 21. R to Ksq (h) |
| 22. B to Kt5 | 22. R to Qsq (i) |
| 23. R takes B | Resigns. |

NOTES.

(a) Introduced by Mr. Freeborough in the early days of the Allgaier-Thorold, and it does not appear that there is any continuation equally good. 9 Kt to B3 would be well met by B to Kt5.

(b) P takes P is far preferable. He cannot afford to abandon the K Kt P.

(c) Mephisto was some time considering this. He is certainly in a very awkward position. We rather think our choice would have been Kt to Q2.

(d) The right idea, taking the adverse Q out of the fight.

(e) Another strong stroke, and one admitting of no satisfactory reply.

(f) This brilliant continuation wins the Rook at once.

(g) He could also afford to play 18 Q R to Ksq, R takes B, 19 Q to B7 (ch), K to Q2, 20 R takes B (ch), K to Q3, 21 P to B4.

(h) If K to Q3, then B to Kt5 (ch), etc.

(i) If K to Q3 or Kt to Kt sq, then R to Ksq winning very easily.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 337.

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|---------------|--------------|
| 1. R to K3 | 1. P takes R |
| 2. Kt to Q B3 | 2. Anything. |
| 3. Mates acc. | |

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 335.

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|-------------------|------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Kt to Q B5 | 1. K to K4 |
| 2. B to Q B7 (ch) | 2. K to Q5 |
| 3. Kt mates. | |

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 336.

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|--------------------|-----------------|
| White. | Black. |
| K at Q Kt sq | K at Q R5 |
| Q at K B | B at Q B3 |
| R at K Kt4 | Kt at K3 |
| R at Q5 | Pawns at Q Kt2, |
| B at K2 | and Q R4 and 6 |
| Pawns at K4 and 5, | |
| Q B3 and 5, Q Kt6 | |
| and Q R2 | |

White to play and mate in two moves.

Burdock
BLOOD
BITTERS