

The effect was magical. Janet dropped her flowers, raised her fair face to the moonlight, and, with a sweet smile of happiness, came down slowly from the pavilion to the bower, and along the shafts of the bower to a slanting beam that reached to the ground. Her father and mother rushed up to her.

"You are saved, my child!"

Janet opened her eyes, looked about her as if to gather her senses, and said, with trembling lips: "Whose voice was that I heard?"

Then, in a few words, all was explained. Harry came forward from his hiding place behind the trellis, and by the time we reached the house, peace and serenity had taken the place of anxiety and fear.

Janet had had a dream in her sleep-walk, and that dream was now to have a blessed fulfilment.

We had always been good friends from childhood, but, of course, I am now a favourite, and ever welcome at Janet Wills'. On her wedding day I made her the present of a splendidly bound copy of *La Sonnambula*, and we sometimes play from it together.

It was only a few months ago that, having her little Rita on my knee, I asked the child:

"Will you be a dreamer, like your mother, dear?"

And Janet answered for her:

"No, no! Such dreams are dreadful, and it is only once in a lifetime that they turn out well."

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

"HOW TO BE HEALTHY AND WEALTHY."

The Boston *Advertiser* solves it in the following words:

Don't worry. "Seek peace and pursue it." Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."

Work like a man but don't be worked to death. Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease."

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction.

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's passion may be fatal.

Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

Don't over eat. Don't starve. "Let your moderation be known to all men."

Court the fresh air day and night. "Oh, if you knew what was in the air!"

THE THREE ARCHANGELS' HYMN.

FROM FAUST.

Raphael.

The sun tunes in its ancient way
Its rival song with brother-spheres,
And, thunder-treading, doth obey
The written round of ordered years;
Its countenance gives angels strength,
Though none may tell its depth sublime;
The high works, past all reason's length,
Excel as at the birth of Time.

Gabriel.

And swift—beyond conception, swift
The fair earth spins its circling flight,
And all its Eden-light doth shift
To deep and dreadful shades of night;
The sea flows; its broad waves are flung
From lowest depths 'gainst rocky piers,
And rocks and sea are torn along
In the eternal race of spheres.

Michael.

And storms roar loud in rival sound
From sea to land, from land to sea,
And, raging, bind a chain around
Of awful moving mystery;
Destruction flames its flashing sword
Before the thunders take their way;
But all Thy servants worship, Lord,
The gentle changes of Thy day.

Chorus.

Thy countenance gives angels strength,
Though none may know thee, All-sublime,
And all Thy works, past reason's length,
Excel as at the birth of Time.

SAREPTA.

RED AND BLUE PENCILS.

I am at a loss whether I should use the word "pencil" in the singular or the plural. My instrument is a long hexagonal piece of cedar, broad and strong, with blue lead or graphite, at the one end, and red at the other. Practically it is one pencil in two. The red I shall use to annotate verse; the blue will be employed in marking prose. Hence, I had better say that I employ two pencils.

Dr. Benning, a German official, publishes the interesting claim that it is a mistake to assume that the word England is derived from the Angles, or their district in Schleswig. He insists that the word originated from the Engern, who were a numerous and powerful Saxon tribe from the banks of the Weser, and probably formed the bulk of the Saxon settlers. His theory is very interesting and plausible, and a good deal of proof is marshalled in its support.

An old friend congratulates the editor of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* upon his "excellent paper." He says:—"Like editor, like paper: like parson, like people; like mistress, like maid; like master, like man." Here is a bit of alliteration which is complimentary of itself. An editor does certainly wield an amount of power, which increases in importance the more he wins the trust of his readers.

My friend wants to tell the reader the three true lessons of life:—

I. Invincible Good Humour.

II. Infinite Patience.

III. Undying Hope.

Unless we begin, or supplement them with a *LOVING HEART*.

Let each of my readers say over these ten words to himself, every day, and many times a day and he will soon be strangely, curiously happy and immortally good.

A. T. Ching is amused at the guileless heathen-Chinee biting sarcasm of the assertion, in an editorial of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*, for August 25th, that "the farmers rule the province." He says that farmers everywhere are mere kine for lawyers and liars (a Hindoo pronounces both words alike "leier" and "leyer"), to milk, as milkmen milk cows and ants milk aphides.

"F. R. K." was puzzled for a long time over one of our editorial articles, because he took it that Quebec city was meant instead of Quebec Province. He says that homonyms, nay homograms are as misleading and vexing as bouquet in French, meaning plant, blossom and posy; flower in English, meaning flower and blossom; hog, in Leicestershire, meaning both a pig and a 3-year old sheep; eglantine, meaning a wild rose and a honey suckle. *Kai ta loipa.*

It is seldom that a good thing from a Canadian pen escapes me, and when I do get it, I like to lay it before my readers. The latter remember, of course, the following beautiful hymn, by Cowper, one of the *Olney Hymn Collection*.

O, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His Word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed
How sweet their memory still?
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet Messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Now, here is the translation by the Rev. Duncan Morrison, M.A., of Owen Sound, if I mistake not.

Ultimum sanctorum vita,
Serena, pura mens
Sit mihi; lux in via—
Lux semper candescens!

Oh, ubi est beatitas
Quum Dominum vidi;
Et Jesu vox tam recreans
His fessis in corde?

Quietis quales horae
Sum olim fruius!
Quam saepe sunt memoriae;
Sed saevius reditus.

An hi dies praeteriti
Et acti, Domine?
Liquescent vacuum quod mundi
Non possint implere.

O, columba sancta, redi,
Tu pacis nuncia;
Peccatum dolens te odi
Fugans ab hoc pectore.

Dulcissimum idolum
Quod novi, juva me
Deponere id ut colam
O, Deus, solum te.

Sic vita Deo stricta,
Et mi serena mens;
Sic sancta lux in via—
Lux semper candescens,

I am asked to draw attention to the loss occasioned yearly through the habit of wasting corn-husks, by letting them rot in the barnyard. Soak them in water and add a little salt, and they make appetising food for neat and kine. They make the best stuffing for beds, ticks and mattresses. Plait them and they make the strongest of ropes. Sew the "plait" together, in oval or circle, and they make a handsome door mat which will never wear out.

Dye the husks before plaiting them and obey the laws of complementary colours, in harmonizing the tints (red and green, blue and orange, black and scarlet, greenish yellow and violet, orange yellow and indigo, going together with blackest black and vivid white to "pick" them out), and these mats become things of beauty and, therefore, joys forever. Bleach the finest inmost husking and dye them and they make the daintiest and nattiest table mats. Put a stop to this and get people to grow apple-tree hedges from seed and you will eternally oblige.

"F. C. E." writes about what he calls a graceful quotation from Propertius, in a recent issue of the paper, to remind me of an exquisite stanza which Gray, with his almost morbid love of ideal perfection, excised from the later editions of his "L. E. G." (my friend's abbreviation of *Elegy*).

Here scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found,
The nodding primrose blooms and nestles here,
And branching oxlips brightly star the ground.

Of course, over the grave of his ideal self Gray seems to have rejected this verse, because the epitaph ought naturally to follow immediately the line,

Approach and read, for thou canst read, the lay.

My friend thinks that the dubiously courteous words "for thou canst read," would not have been necessary since the Education Act of 1871 came into force, and there is a dash of quiet satire and humour there which the initiated will seize and appreciate.

I am further asked whether

This very source of fount of day,
Dashed with a wandering speck of grey,

in the lines

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray.

means that they lived far from worldly strife and their sober wishes never went astray, while it reads to most ears "their sober wishes never learned to stray from worldly strife."

Again, is it *perfect* to have two identical rhymes in sequent verses—"nigh," "sigh," "supply," "die"? Should not the stanzas, "Nor you, ye proud" down to "cold ear of death," come just before "Yet e'en these bones." And last, but not least, do we, in Gray's "L. E. G." hear

Gales in very deed and truth
From distant Eden borne?

TALON.