

Song of the Fairies.

We come from far
Where the twinkling star
Shines ever fair and bright,
To gladden the earth
With our joy and mirth,
And dance in the silver light
Of the Queen of Heaven,
And the shadowless Seven ;
Through the livelong summer night—
Through the beautiful summer night—
Through the witching summer night
We dance and sing
And then take wing
Ere the morning comes in sight.

We float in the stream
Of the pale moonbeam,
Half-way 'twixt earth and sky,
Till we find some spot
Where man is not,
Then downward swiftly fly,
To rest by some nook
Of a rippling brook
Where the moonbeams love to lie—
Where the moonbeams streaming lie—
Where the moonbeams dreaming lie ;
There our voices ring,
But we swift take wing
Ere the morning draweth nigh.

For as we sing,
Each gossamer wing
Is spread on the dewy air,
And we fly away
To our own sweet day,
To our land no one knows where,
To our land of love
Through the clouds above,
Where we know not grief and care—
Where we know not pain and care—
Where we know not sorrow and care ;
But sing and dance
'Neath the loving glance
Of our Queen so good and fair.

BARRY DANE

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Parisian Affairs.

THE French are assiduously labouring to impress opinion that the four dynamiters arrested resolved only to operate in England and had no intention to touch even a hair of the Czar's head. *Credat Judeus!* Nothing ought to interrupt His Majesty's visit to Paris nor endanger the alliance. All the rest is but secondary, and every nation for itself. However, the papers found on the arrested connect them with that rather unpleasantly diffused family the international anarchists, whose shells on exploding made no discrimination between the victims. Opinion is delighted that the gang has been pulled up in time, and that justice is still omnipotent to detect crime and frustrate the knavish tricks of the slayers of mankind. Happily the arrested had a weakness for champagne ; had very glib tongues ; indulged in a luxury of aliases, and a variety of collective movements. Even in presence of the preparations for tragedies, ruin and mournings, one cannot help an end of the lips' laugh at the incident of the cabman, a real number one, who drove Tynan a few days ago to view the lions of Paris, proving to be a London detective. During the negotiations for peace in 1870-71, when Thiers and Jules Favre were led blindfolded through the German advanced lines that belted the capital, they found a vehicle awaiting them to conduct them to Versailles to confer with Bismarck. The driver shed tears as feelingly and as fast as Jules Favre himself. He was, besides, the head of the Berlin detective police, and by playing the lachrymose patriot wormed the latest intelligence about the besieged city out of his fares. There is nothing new but the old.

Parisians are surely but quietly reaching the tip of the tiptoe of expectation anent the Imperial visitors. Every spot in the city that their Majesties are likely to view will be swept and garnished. The Czar will only remain three days the host of France, or, according to the proposed Decimal Calendar of Deputy Etienne, forty-three hours. Now the programmes elaborated by amateurs for the employment of the Czar's minutes would require ten times that num-

ber of the 100 minutes decimal hour, even to give a wink at the lions, or a second to descriptions. At table Napoleon's time will be an ideal guide, and which was ten minutes to get through a chop and a few glasses of Chamber-tin. Operatic and theatrical representations will be whittled down to skeleton proportions. During the stay of their Majesties the houses will hang out tricolor and Russian eagle, and every night the illuminations will be continued. The Venetian lanterns will themselves be illuminated with alliance symbols. Each "quartier" of the city will have its independent rejoicings, and street "hops" will be general as on a national holiday. In the provinces the high jinks will also be kept up. The ladies of France are presenting the Czarina with a gift, and it is also intended for mothers to offer Her Majesty one on behalf of the babies of France—for there are a few still despite the progress of depopulation—as a compliment to her own little stranger.

Very intense interest is being taken in the European situation. Turkey is the Marplot of the wished-for peace. The attitude of England is closely watched, as she is the only one of the six powers that seems to have a relish of salvation left for the rights of man. Indifference to all practical action to purge Turkey of its abominable administration, appears to be the watch-word with the others. They dread a European war, because some in that cataclysm may go under. Hence why there is a return to the round-robin diplomacy against Britain. In that conflict all the powers will not be losers. England's diplomatic force resides in playing the waiting game which has proved so profitable to Russia. All the alliances and combinations made to strait-jacket England and snap at her wealth, would be burst asunder on the first brush of war when all empires will be, as it were, the object of pruning, partitioning, and war indemnity payments. How many first and secondary states will risk their rank and existence in a coalition to suppress the British Empire? It is too much forgotten that England belongs to that class of wicked animals which when struck defend themselves. She is upbraided with having no allies ; Russia was in the same predicament not long ago and groaned in spirit that she had only one friend—Montenegro. Since, she has had France and Germany, and utilized them well—in the Far East, as they well know.

Sir Charles Dilke is of late more selected by the Anglo-phobian journals of the Continent, as the model of British statesmanship, than Mr. Labouchere. His "extra Parliamentary utterances" are ever welcomed in the fattest of type. Every country likes the milk-and-water patriots of its neighbours. Why harp on Britain occupying Egypt when the French voluntarily quit it and decided the Italians not to accept the English invitation to step into the French shoes? Cyprus is only occupied till Russia evacuates Kars and Batoum. In the grabbing line, France cannot complain ; she has Tunisia, Chautaboun, Tonkin, Annam, good areas of Africa, and that bagatelle, Madagascar, etc. Russia swells out in the East ; it is Austria checks her sway westward, and the latter power has her Bosnia and Herzegovina grab. Germany failed in her snap at the Carolines, but has had white-elephant compensation in Africa. Italy is still unprovided for, but Cinderella's time is coming in Tripolitania, Morocco, and China. Only two countries are ranked as prepared to face immediate war and starting with the odds in their favour—England on sea and Germany on land, and, despite appearances, it is shrewdly suspected these two powers thoroughly understand each other.

The actual preliminary works of the 1900 Exhibition have commenced. The sides of the Seine from the Pont de la Concorde to the Jena bridge are being arranged so that the heavy barges can come alongside a quay wall to discharge instead of the system of slips and draggings. Embankment hanging or promenade gardens will partly line each side of the river, and these terraces will be permanent. The soundings are being made for the piles of the new decorative bridge to span the Seine from the Champs Elysees to the Invalides esplanade, and the lines for the boarding to be run up to screen the demolition of the Palace of Industry and the erection of two palaces on its site are being measured off.

A very pressing appeal is made to France by a few of her enlightened sons, that some attention will be given to the terrible devastation alcohol is making upon the people. The canker has been gnawing at the vitals of the country,