

## SUNSHINE.

MERRILY dancing over the wave,—  
Through the wee rift—into the cave,  
Sporting with ocean centuries old,—  
Rises the Sun decked in purple and gold.

Bursting through clouds with the purest of light,  
Tinging the edges with crimson and white,  
Bathed in their blushes where blend they together,  
Rises the glorious Sun of Fair Weather.

Over the mountain with soft tender glow,  
Kissing the white tops all crested with snow ;  
Breaking through lattice of hamlet beneath,  
Yellowing maize in its delicate sheath.

Over the desert, parching for rain,  
Sultry it rises to scorch it again—  
Ball of dull red in a flame-coloured sky,  
Welcome you find not in traveller's eye.

Touching with silver the fin of the trout,  
Glancing through trees overhead, in and out ;  
Weaving the richest designs on the ground,  
With mosses and daisies and ferns interwound.

Drawing the dew from the heather bell's cyst,  
Rolling it up on the hillside in mist ;  
Shining o'er spires of village and town,  
Proudly the Sun in its course looketh down.

Painting new pictures on Nature's great page ;  
Mellowing some with the beauties of age,  
In colours so rare, that no artist may vie  
With the tints and the shades which the Sun's rays supply.

Stretching fair beams to the far-lying west,  
Sinking in splendour into its rest—  
Shadows grow long where the Sun held full sway,  
As darkness envelops the close of the day.

Kingston.

KATE EVA FRASER.

## AFTERNOON TEA.

AN item that will be quite a *bonne bouche* to everybody interested in Canadian literature reaches us anent Mr. William Kirby's "Le Chien d'Or." One must leave home to get information upon domestic matters, and it is not surprising that this bit of news comes from our agreeable friend, *The Critic*, of New York. Lord Tennyson has written to Mr. Kirby, says "The Lounger," "to say that few novels have given him more pleasure than the one in question, and that he would like to write a poem on the subject the author has treated in prose. The romance is published in English in Lovell's Library, and has been well translated into French by the French-Canadian poet, Pamphile Le May, with whose compatriots it is very popular." With Lord Tennyson's endorsement on the back, as it were, of Canadian literature, it should not be discounted.

Mr. W. H. BISHOP, whose "House of a Merchant Prince" you may remember, in a lecture at Columbia College, upon "Character and Dialect in Fiction," has been saying that he thinks it strange that American novelists write so largely of the foreign element in American life, or of American life under peculiar conditions. "Their books," he says, "are about Californians, Creoles, Acadians, Mexicans, mountaineers in Georgia and Tennessee, miners in Colorado, Shakers, Moravians, europeanised Americans—any people except those among whom they live, and about whom they ought to know most." Bret Harte, Cable, Craddock, Mary Halleck Foote, and Henry James are revealed to the casual glance as the authors most directly concerned in this indictment, and a little reflection makes one wonder at its phrasing. For surely Bret Harte lived among and knew his Spanish-Americans, Cable his Creoles, Miss Murfree her Tennesseans, and Miss Foote her Colorado miners, while Henry James, having been educated in Europe, and spent most of his bachelor existence in England, if he writes of Americans at all, might be reasonably expected to write of "europeanised Americans." Mr. Bishop makes one exception to his somewhat sweeping charge—Mr. Howells ; and he should not have made it, because, although that novelist has lately turned his attention to the strictly domestic phases of American nationality—he achieved his earliest, and some of his most notable successes, in giving it Venetian atmosphere and setting. There are plenty of brilliant writers, moreover, whom Mr. Bishop could have found, without going beyond the literary movement in New York itself, who write much more exclusively of the common

phases of American social life than Mr. Howells has done. What of Julian Hawthorne, Edgar Fawcett, Brander Matthews? The authors Mr. Bishop cites, being people of genius in the depiction of human nature, would have done work the civilised world would find acceptable and admirable in almost any quarter of it ; and it is not really strange that in giving their books the advantage of novel accessories of situation and character they have enhanced the value of them.

MR. L. R. O'BRIEN'S Saturday afternoon receptions continue to give an agreeable fillip to the Sunday dinners of those who attend them. One is almost disposed to reverse, at least for his own benefit, the popular verdict that Torontonians are not in the mass an art-loving people, upon seeing how few of the simple, direct, yet exceedingly *chic*, little brown paper invitations have been disregarded, and how thoroughly those who have accepted them seem to appreciate the privilege, Mr. O'Brien is giving us during the present succession of Saturdays the results of his last summer's trip to the Far West. They are embodied in six or seven pictures from the Selkirk Range of the Rockies, chiefly done in the vicinity of Syndicate Peak, which the artist makes a favourite subject. The plan of the pictures does not vary greatly, although each has its subtle individuality of mood. High and cold and gray in the background, the silently forbidding peaks and ridges, the stern beauty of their uncompromising curves outlining well the far purity of their creviced sides, and striking against a sky full of clear cold light. In the foreground the summer of that region, with warm patches of light upon the grass, and tall, mysterious branching cedars, and desultory streams and winding roads—all of the uplands still ; the contrast is not of valley and mountain, but of mountains gracious and susceptible to the beguilement of earth, and those nobler heights whose eternal passion flames constant to the moods of heaven alone. Any one familiar with Mr. O'Brien's work might guess what the adaptation of his manner to the treatment of such a subject as this would be. It affords marked scope for several distinguished virtues of his brush, which is markedly availed of. The tones of the picture—I am thinking especially of "the Glacier of the Selkirks"—are singularly pure and clear, the drawing trenchant and the management of light skilful, even for Mr. O'Brien ; and there is the great depth and tenderness in the painting of the dreamy middle distance, half in purple shadow, that the President of the Canadian Academy has taught us to expect from him. These mountain pictures are above all things pleasing. Mr. O'Brien has not painted among them a single angry or lowering or tempestuously unbeautiful phase of the varying sentiment of the Rockies. One half wishes that the combined possibilities of nature and of Mr. O'Brien's brush had resulted in something more stimulating than the serene loveliness he has portrayed. It is the ungrateful lot of human nature never to be satisfied.

Admitting all grand and inspiring qualities to these mountain-scenes, I must confess to having found a supreme attraction in the single lowland piece the studio contained, a picture Mr. O'Brien called his "Last Look at the Prairie"—an evening sky, softly luminous in rare and indescribable blendings of rose and gold, a sky that deepens and changes as one looks into it—a dark line of tree, farmhouse, marsh, etc., against it ; more marsh in the foreground, and water, and the glow of the sky shining in it—the idea common enough, but painted with wonderful delicacy and sympathetic interpretation.

THE HON. MR. INGALLS, whose fusillade against Canada's comportment of herself in the matter of the fisheries still amuses our politicians, and irritates the diplomatists of his own country, is not at all a gentleman who might be expected to compromise his own and his country's dignity in any such fashion. He is a most potential person in the American Senate, hated by his enemies, admired by his friends, and feared hardly less by one than the other. His logic is keen and his irony merciless, and he is an orator in the single American body which still produces orators. When Mr. Ingalls makes a query or a comment during debate, people ask each other what he said ; when he rises to speak the stragglers come in from the lobbies ; when a speech of his is announced the galleries are full. He is eloquent, forcible, scholarly, brilliant, and his discernment in the matter of his adversary's weak spots is almost second-sight. Personally, being extremely tall and slender, with a somewhat peculiarly shaped head, Mr. Ingalls is a good deal of an opportunity to the caricaturists, but he does not help them out by anything he says. Socially he is not easily met, the cares of state and society being incompatible in his eyes ; but his deportment in the "vortex," as Washingtonians are fond of calling their social festivities, is quite Chesterfieldian with a hint of ice in it. This is not at all the gentleman whom an unsophisticated colonial regard for the binding conditions of a treaty should cause to lose his head and his vocabulary, and adopt instead