

HERE AND THERE.

OYSTERS IN CLASSIC DAYS.—Kaw oysters were eaten at Athens and Rome as a preprandial whet, and although we have no evidence that the English mediaevalists followed so good an example, still there never was a time when English epicures failed to cultivate, or at least to plunder, oyster beds. To discredit them as judges of fish, however, and to prove that the tastes of epicures have changed, if not improved, it is only necessary to mention that our ancestors sugared their oysters.

THE ISLAND OF LEWIS.—This is the third of British islands in size, and 45 miles long by 30 broad, and inhabited by a mixture of Norwegians and Celts. Ninety per cent. are Presbyterians—all speaking Gaelic. Stornaway has 3,000 inhabitants; its castle is one of the finest in Scotland. Their literature consists largely of the Bible, Pitgrim's Progress, and Baxter's Fourfold State, and other theological works. The ministers will not marry any who will not promise to perform family worship night and morning, and the Sabbath is strictly observed. Grace before and after meals.

A CELTIC SCHOLAR.—Dr. John Smith's poems, in Gaelic, and his translations of the minor prophets and the psalms and paraphrases are celebrated. He died in 1807. He wrote a life of Columba, and many other works which rendered his name famous among Celtic scholars. He was appointed to gather information regarding the authenticity of Macpherson's Ossianic poems by the Highland Society. He published 5,335 lines of Gaelic poetry composed of poems, being old recitations gathered from time to time.

FRENCH WINES.—With the advent of the phylloxera and the wholesale failure of vineyards France has become a hopeful competitor for the palm of drunkenness. Government reports show a startling increase in the number of crimes and cases of insanity due to alcoholism. According to M. Laborde, of the Academy of Medicine, the manufacture of spurious liquors is conducted on an enormous scale, both in Paris and in provincial towns, and their quality is vile beyond description. Besides Indian hemp, nitro-benzol, and other products of the laboratory, poisonous in the extreme, such loathsome ingredients as hippuric acid, made from the drainings of stables, are freely used. The effect of such stuff upon the bodies and minds of the drinkers is of course ruinous.

THE ORDER OF THE WHITE CANONS.—The history of the White Canons, whom the Empress Eugenie has established at Farnborough, is curious. They were turned out of France in 1780. In 1882 there were only five under a prior, and they founded a little priory in a cottage belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, at Storrington. Now they number fifteen. Since the Reformation no White Canons have been seen in England. The order, founded by St Norbert, in the XII. century, at one time had no less than 1,000 abbeys under its rule. In the fifteenth century the Hussites ruined their abbeys in Bohemia, and, in the sixteenth, they lost their numerous houses in Germany, Norway, England, Scotland and Ireland. The revolution of 1793 completed their ruin. At the present time the order has twenty abbeys and forty priories throughout the world, ten of which are in America.

THE WATERFALL.

(SLEEPY HOLLOW, SHERBROOKE.)

A torrent ceaseless falleth
Near a heartless home I know,
My heart-friend's memory haunts it ;—
He left me long ago.

Each other's troth we cherished
In the golden days of yore,
We hoped, we thought, together,—
He roams the wide world o'er.

When I list to falling water
Vague yearnings never cease ;—
In works of love and kindness
Alone,—I taste of peace.

But in a Bright Hereafter
We'll meet, we'll love again,
And hold these years of silence
A fleeting dream of pain.

F. C. EMBERSON.

THE XMAS STAR.—We are glad to see that the public have thoroughly appreciated the beautiful number which Mr. Hugh Graham has put forth for the Christmas time. The *Star* has always redeemed its pledges in the periodical publication of illustrated supplements to celebrate events of general interest, but it has never succeeded so well as in the present instance, in the matter of perfect art, good taste, faultless workmanship, and a strong impression of the fitness of the means to the end. The illustrations are well chosen, appropriate and finished, and the letter press is all good, and we specially hail the name of Miss Helen Fairbairn, well known to our readers, for the first time that we see her in verse—as good as her prose, and that is saying a great deal.

THE CHAPEL OF THE DEAD MONKS.

A Capuchin Convent,
Near Nineveh's mound,
Stands high o'er a Chapel
Scooped out underground.

Wax tapers illumine it
By night and by day ;
Dead Monks are its tenants,
In ghastly array.

Erect in tall niches
The grave they survive,
Each robed in the habit
He wore when alive.

They stand there, like spectres—
Gaunt, statues of flesh,
That cunning embalmers
Have toiled to keep fresh.

Each Monk, young or old, has
A scroll in his hand,
With red-lettered legend
That all understand :

"I, whom thou beholdest,
Was once like to thee,
And such as I am, thou
Hereafter shalt be."

One night in their Parloir
The Monks sat around,
And talked of pale ghosts in
The Crypt underground.

Outspoke a young Brother,
And deeply he sighed :
"I will seek our loved Prior,
Who recently died,

And, kneeling before him,
Confessing each sin,
Christ's pardon through faith from
His lips I may win."

"Oh ! go not !" his comrades
Besought in alarm :
"The Spirits of Evil
Are plotting thy harm !"

"I fear not," he answered,
"God's arm will control
The fiends that oft harass
A penitent soul."

He went—and they listened
With feelings of dread—
His footsteps descended
The stair to the dead.

They heard a door open—
They heard a door close—
And trembled, like leaves, at
The thoughts that arose.

Soon, piercing abruptly
The tremulous air,
A shriek of wild terror
Rang up from the stair :

The Monks hurried downwards
With tapers alight,
And found their young Brother
Convulsed with affright.

Quick climbing the steps while
He felt for the rail,
The hem of his long robe
Had caught by a nail.

Then, horrors of darkness
The victim misled
To dream he was clutched in
The grasp of the Dead.

* * * * *

He died on the morrow—
Secure from decay—
His corpse fills a niche in
The Chapel to-day.

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.



St. John (N.B.) is considering a scheme for systematic relief of the poor.

Cariboo hunting in the Sague ay district is reported in full blast. Several hunting parties are out and the sport is reported good.

British Columbia dealers are forming a Salmon Cannery's Association for the purpose of advancing their interests in other parts of the Dominion.

Arrangements have been made for the amalgamation of the Colonial and Westmoreland Copper Mining companies, and they will begin to operate the mines at Dorchester, N.B., in the course of a few weeks.

Hon. Mr. Dewdney continues to receive encouraging reports of threshing operations in the Northwest. A settler located ten miles south of Regina had a crop of four hundred acres of wheat this season. He got \$1.05 per bushel without even leaving his farm. He will put six hundred acres under cultivation next year. Another correspondent says that the settlers throughout the Qu'Appelle valley are in good spirits. He recently saw 302 bushels of hard fyfe threshed from five acres. This is over sixty bushels to the acre. The wheat was raised near Katepwa at the edge of the Qu'Appelle valley. Wheat on the various Northwest districts averaged from thirty to forty bushels per acre.

HEARKEN YE.

"Peace be on Earth,"
Let all men know
God wills it so ;
Joy at each hearth.

Love in each breast,
For God is Love.
In Heaven above
The Saints have rest.

New Glasgow, N.S.

J. H. IVES MUNRO.

LITERARY NOTES.

We shall publish, in our New Year's number, a beautiful little poem by Miss Hattie R. McClellan, of Windsor, N.S.

Richard Henry Stoddard had a poem published in Harper's after it had been fifteen years in the publishers' hands.

The writer of a book on dancing estimates that eighteen waltzes are equal to about fourteen miles of straight work.

Rowsell & Hutchison, of Toronto, will soon publish "The Lives of the Judges of Upper Canada and Ontario," by David B. Read, Q.C.

A fair and gifted correspondent informs us that Mr. Bliss Carman is visiting Prof. Roberts, at Kingscroft, Windsor. The two poets are cousins.

Mr. Douglas Sladen, the Australian poet and anthologist, will probably take in the literary men of Nova Scotia about Christmas, and is awaited in Montreal during Carnival time.

Doctor Scadding speaks very highly of Kingsford's "History of Canada," so far as it has gone, and forecasts that it will yet become the standard in its own field. The second volume is doubtless much better than the first.

The Abbe Casgrain has prepared a new edition of his work "Un pèlerinage au pays d'Évangéline," much augmented by references to MSS., in London and Paris, bearing upon the subject of the expulsion of the Acadians.

Andrew Lang says in the New Princeton Review there are four popular kinds of novels—the novel of the new religion, the novel of the new society, which declines to have a religion, the novel of the divorce court, and the novel of the dismal commonplace.

In reviewing "Poems of Wild Life," the *Globe* is quite right in calling two of the names therein—Maurice Thompson and Edgar Fawcett—"wearisome bores." The latter, chiefly, turns up a little everywhere, trying his hand at everything, and being only a mediocrity in all.

Prof. W. J. Alexander, of Dalhousie College, Halifax, is about to publish, through Ginn & Co., of Boston, an "Introduction to the Poetry of Robert Browning." Our readers have been made acquainted with Prof. Alexander through a late editorial article on "The Study of Literature."

The old form of "the" as in "Ye Merrie Engleande" is often pronounced "ye" incorrectly by those who never heard that this form arose from the resemblance of the contracted form of "th" to Y. It was a form similar to that of the letter theta of the Greeks, embodying the consonant t and the aspirate.

Prof. Chas. G. D. Roberts is the editor of the volume "Poems of Wild Life," recently added to the "Canterbury" series. He prefaces the volume with a short essay on "Wild Life" versification. Several Canadian poets, including Mr. Duvar, Miss Machar, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Mair and Mr. Sangster, are represented in the book.

The *Canadian Horticulturist* may be called one of our institutions. It will begin its twelfth year in 1889, and doubtless will be even still more improved. A few years ago we had only *Vicks*, of Rochester, as a floral magazine, but now Mr. Wolverton has given something national, which holds its own against any other publication. The matter is well chosen and useful; the illustrations are appropriate; the frontispiece is always a beautiful coloured plate, and the whole periodical is a credit to the publishers. The office address is Grimsby, Ont.

The *Week* has enlarged its shape, with the first number of its sixth year, thus giving almost twice more reading than before. The size of the sheet is perhaps too oblong but the paper, type and "make-up" give it the look of the great English weeklies, as the *Spectator*, *Athenaeum*, *Examiner* and *Saturday Review*, four periodicals that have not a rival in any country. It is agreeable to see that the *Week* is meeting with public favour, and we congratulate the two brothers Robinson, as manager and editor, on their success.

Nov., 1888.