

Art deck her shrines and rear her domes,
And harmony upbuild her homes,
And virtuous incense, lightsome grace,
Illume and sweeten every place.

And hers be song, whose aerial fire
Shall nerve, and hearten, and inspire;
And hands, at Honour's master-word,
Can sweep the lyre or wield the sword.

Of her let Fame no more be dumb,
To her let eager peoples come,
While toward her westward peaks of snow
Her sons in strong procession go.

And none the scornful word bespeak,
Nor envious occasion seek,
While Canada unveils her worth
Among the nations of the earth,

—Arthur John Lockhart.

DO ACTORS FEEL?

Before writing his "Study in the Psychology of Acting," Mr. William Archer sent a number of questions to several artists of the first class, with the request that they would return him answers. The questions were:

In moving situations, do tears come to your eyes? Do they come unbidden? Can you call them up and repress them at will? In delivering pathetic speeches does your voice break of its own accord? Or do you deliberately simulate a broken voice? Supposing that, in the same situation, you on one night shed real tears and speak with a genuine "lump in your throat," and, on the next night, simulate these affections without physically experiencing them—on which occasion should you expect to produce the greater effect upon your audience?

The replies show, "on unimpeachable evidence," that tears have been shed on the stage by Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, Miss Mary Anderson, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Miss Bateman, and many of the greatest actors and actresses now no longer living.

The testimony obtained in reply to the query whether, in scenes of laughter, actors feel genuine amusement, is divergent. "Some actors declare themselves highly susceptible to the contagion of the character's mirth, others (of no less authority) are equally positive in asserting the laughter to be always a deliberate simulative effort."

The following questions were also put: Do you ever blush when representing bashfulness, modesty, or shame? or turn pale in scenes of terror? or grow purple in the face in scenes of rage? or have you observed these physical manifestations in other artists? On leaving the stage after a scene of terror or of rage, can you at once repress the tremor you have been exhibiting, and restore your nerves and muscles to their normal quietude?

The replies to this question go to build up one of Mr. Archer's strongest positions. The evidence shows that "three symptoms of acute feeling, which are utterly beyond the control of the will—blushing, pallor and perspiration—commonly, and even habitually, accompany the stage emotion of the greatest artists."

BE INDEPENDENT.

It has been well said that there is nothing in the wide world that secures success so completely as does perfect independence. People who are always waiting for help may wait a long time as a general thing. A little assistance, a little influence is not to be had by asking, but there is always something one can do himself. Do it, whatever it is, with a will.

Men who can defy adverse circumstances, and can earn a living in any quarter of the world in which they are dropped down; who can roll up their sleeves and set to work at almost anything that offers; and who can sew on their own buttons and make themselves a cup of tea when deprived of the help of womankind, are the ones who are really independent.

The most hopeful women are kindest and truest, and as for a man, never trust him in any capacity if he has not within him the true spirit of independence, without which neither strength nor sweetness may be hoped for. In the battle of life there is but one way to succeed—fight it out yourself. Give the helping hand when you may. Take it, if in some sore strait it is offered freely, but never ask for it. Be independent as far as man may be; if you would honour yourself, or be honoured by others, or be happy.

HERE AND THERE.

SELF-RELIANCE.—Sir John Macdonald, speaking to a deputation recently, declared that the practice of giving subsidies to projected railways was not only rolling up heavy liabilities, but was enervating the people and teaching them to rely on the Government instead of on their own private endeavors in the promotion of enterprises.

A CLERICAL ANECDOTE.—A few weeks ago the Rev. James Paterson, of Ballater Free Church, an old college friend of the Rev. John Macneill, received a call to become colleague to Rev. Adolph Saphir of the Belgravia Presbyterian Church, London. On observing the intimation of the call in the papers, Mr. Macneill telegraphed to his friend, "Will ye gang, Jamie?" Jamie replied laconically, "Acts viii. 55." On referring thereto, Mr. Macneill read, "And the Angel of the Lord spake unto Philip saying, Arise, and go toward the south, into the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert."

THE DOCTOR AND HIS LIBRARY.—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in presenting his medical library to the Boston Medical Library Association, has parted with a collection which has taken a lifetime to gather. The oldest book in the series was written in 1490 and the latest in 1887. Says Dr. Holmes:—"These books are dear to me; a twig from some one of my nerves runs to every one of them, and they mark the progress of my study and the stepping-stones of my professional life. If any of them can be to others as they have been to me, I am willing to part with them, even if they are such old and beloved companions."

THE VERGERS.—The Westminster vergers are famous for Bumbledon airs above other vergers. Dean Stanley used to tell a capital story about one of them, which ran as follows: A gentleman visiting the Abbey one week-day noticed some one enter and kneel down in one of the pews, as is common in all foreign churches, upon which the verger went up and tapped the worshipper on the shoulder, who rose and retired in disgust. Presently the same thing happened again, when the spectator had the curiosity to ask the verger for an explanation of his singular conduct. "Lor' bless you, sir, he was a sayin' his prayers; if we once allowed 'em to do that, we should have them prayin' all over the place!"

MILTON'S HAIR.—The most precious of all Mr. Stoddard's literary relics is a lock of Milton's hair that came to him from his friend G. H. Boker. Boker had it from Leigh Hunt's American editor, S. Adams Lee, to whom it was given by Hunt himself. Dr. Beatty gave it to Hunt, and Hook, the translator of "Tasso," gave it to Beatty. Previously it had belonged to Dr. Johnson. Hunt could not trace it back further, but it is believed to be a portion of the lock attached to a miniature portrait of Milton that once belonged to Addison. On these same threads of goldish light-brown Hunt wrote a sonnet and Keats a poem. But the lock is not so full as in those days, for Leigh Hunt gave part of it to Mrs. Browning.

FICTION AND GREAT MEN.—A London gossip has been noting the favourite fiction of statesmen. He says that Mr. Gladstone did not read "David Copperfield" until late in life, and the fiction he now most affects is that which deals with philosophy and history, like Mr. Shorthouse's "John Inglesant," Mr. Graham's "Næra" (a work whose popularity is less than its deserts), and Mrs. Ward's "Robert Elsmere." Mr. Goschen, on the other hand, delights in novels of incident. He is a great reader of fiction, and prefers Mr. Baring-Gould. Lord Salisbury's tastes are not so well known. He certainly makes no allusions to novels in his speeches. Mr. Bright prefers poetry to fiction, and would hardly make a good critic of the modern novel. Sir William Harcourt reads everything that comes in his way, but does not retain much of the lighter works which he reads. Lord Cranbrook is a great admirer of Sir Walter Scott.



A shoe found in a narrow street may be said to resemble a Florida reptile—alley-gaiter.

A dry goods store advertises: "A lot of stockings on our hands." Queer place for 'em, sure enough.

"Fast" colours are not usually "loud," thereby differing from human beings of the same tendencies.

Undressed kids are admitted free of duty, which fact probably accounts for the many babies who are born without clothing.

A St. Louis shoemaker has invented a gun that he says will carry a bullet ten miles. Provided, of course, that the man who carries the gun travels that distance.

Patti is to make another farewell tour of America. The diva is sure to fare well at the public's hands just as long as she chooses to exchange their notes for her own.

In a case in Memphis a witness testified that "Jim then rushed the growler." "Ah! I see," replied the judge, "Jim then drove a dog off, did he? I understand; go on, sir."

The Empress Augusta of Germany gives a diploma to female servants who have been in continuous service in one family for forty years. There ought to be a diploma for the family, too.

The tired individual, who went into the country, as he said, "to get away from the bustle of city life," found that these articles are just as prevalent in the small towns as in the large ones.

Lots of marriages turn out to be failures, but when a young man is sitting on the parlor sofa with one arm around a twenty-six inch waist, and the light mellowed almost to decay, he seldom thinks of this.

George Augustus Sala, the great English journalist, says: "I wear a white waistcoat on principle. No man ever committed murder in a white waistcoat." If Mr. Sala is right, here is a splendid chance for some dude to do something original.

An Uncut Jewel.—"Darling," he said, "I cannot show my great love for you by rich diamonds and jewels, but you know the strong, manly heart is a gem of no insignificant worth." "Yes, I know that," she said, "but you wear that on your sleeve."

Charles Theodore Russell was examining a witness in a Cambridge court one day recently. The question was about the size of certain hoof-prints left by a horse in sandy soil. "How large were the prints?" asked the learned counsel. "Were they as large as my hand?" holding up his hand for the witness to see. "Oh, no," said the witness honestly. "It was just an ordinary hoof." Then Mr. Russell had to suspend the examination while everybody laughed.

"He went through the window like a man going into his hat," said Mr. Jobkins to his wife, speaking of a burglar. "How was that, my dear?" she enquired, with provoking innocence. "Head foremost, of course. You never saw a man go into his hat feet foremost, did you?" replied Jobkins, sharply. "No, dear," she said demurely; "that is, never till I saw you try to do it at one o'clock in the morning." After that Jobkins somehow felt indisposed to carry on the conversation.

THE TRUTH ABOUT HORACE.

It is very aggravating
To hear the solemn prating
Of the fossils who are stating
That old Horace was a prude;
When we know that with the ladies
He was always raising hades,
And with many an escapade his
Best productions are imbued.

There's really not much harm in a
Large number of his carmina,
But these people find alarm in a
Few records of his acts;
So they'd squelch the muse caloric,
And to students sophomoric
They'd present as metaphoric
What old Horace meant for facts.

We have always thought 'em lazy
Now we adjudge 'em crazy.
Why, Horace was a daisy
That was very much alive;
And the wisest of us know him
As his Lydia verses show him—
Go, read that virile poem,
It is No. 25.

He was a very owl, sir,
And, starting out to prowl, sir,
You bet he made Rome howl, sir,
Until he filled his date;
With a massic-laden ditty
And a classic maiden pretty
He painted up the city,
And Mæcenas paid the freight!