

rapidly uttered cry from two voices across the chasm of the years.

"Frances!"

"Owen!"

But even before that greeting, I knew, by some electric thrill from the intensity of the moment, that at long last the lovers had met.

When, after the lapse of hours, Betsy insisted on my taking in some nourishment to the invalid, my feet were arrested on the threshold of the door by the attitude of the old soldier.

He was on his knees at the bedside, his hands stretched far above his bowed grey head, as one reaching for what Heaven holds forever beyond grasp.

A trembling step forward shewed me the delicate, worn face lying back on the scarcely whiter pillows, the features looking nearly as smooth and clear-cut as in the companion picture to that lying on the coverlet and half clasped in the tense, rigid fingers.

One glance at that set, calm and placid pallor and I knew, though my eyes saw it for the first time, that I looked on that against which nerve, pulse and heart throbbed and beat in passionate rebellious pain.



### VIII.

A few days after the loss of my dear old friend, a parcel was left at the door, with compliments and sincerest regards of Col. Falkland, whose name was that morning in the list of departures for England.

The package contained the old album, with a new inscription on a slip of mourning paper, "commending it to the care of Miss Una Gower, whose friendship for its late owner, the sender believed, would make the book a merited and valued souvenir."



K. A. C.

### RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

Our readers may think, perhaps, that to enter fully into the beauty, pathos and solace of the following sonnet, they ought to have before them the painting of the same name on which it is founded, or, at least, an engraving of it. The artist is G. F. Watts, R. A., and "The Angel of Death" is one of his masterpieces. For our own part we take more comfort from the poem than we could ever take from the painting. Grand it assuredly is in conception and execution: even a feeble reproduction reveals that much. But no halo of promise, no gleams of iridescent light can lift the gloom of those terrible overshadowing wings. Very fine and very suggestive it is, but to us not hope-inspiring. The poem, in thought and expression, is admirable throughout.

#### THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

Tired spirit, come! Lo! the celestial light  
Encompasseth thee, and above thy head  
A halo is. On earth they call thee dead.  
Alone thou art not for thy heavenly flight:  
I, angel from on high, am sent for thee;  
Encircled now by my protecting arms,  
I bear thee far beyond all earth's alarms—  
Thou weary soul, confide thyself to me!  
Now and forevermore doth sorrow cease,  
And jealousy and envy, toil and strife,  
For the supernal Goodness reigns above.  
My touch shall give thee everlasting peace;  
And from my breath thou hast immortal life;  
My kiss . . . ah, shrink not, . . . is eternal Love!  
Feb. 1889

MARY MORGAN (Gowan Lea.)

Strange is the force of association. For some days after reading Miss Morgan's poem and looking at the engraving of the Academician's picture which accompanied it, we were puzzled to

know why the poem and the picture affected us so differently. It was to the wings we took exception. They reminded us of something which, we felt assured, was not hopeful in its tendency. At last the mention of Omar Khayyam, in a poem to the memory of his translator or interpreter, recalled one of the pictures in Vedder's Accompaniment. It is the illustration of this quatrain:

So when the Angel of the darker drink  
At last shall find you by the river brink  
And, offering his cup, invite your soul  
Forth to your lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

The wings of the angel in that picture, different though it is in other respects from that of Watts, have the same towering predominance, the same metallic lustre. We saw an engraving of it first in the *Century*. Some time after, through the kindness of a friend, we had the privilege of examining the entire work.

Here is the latter half of the tribute to Fitzgerald in the *Atlantic* for May:

But from the dust in Omar's tomb  
A Fakir has revived a Rose,—  
Perchance the old ancestral bloom  
Of that one by the mosque which blows;  
And from its petals he has caught  
The inspiration Omar knew,—  
Who from the stars his wisdom brought  
A Persian Rose that drank the dew.  
The Fakir now in dust lies low  
With Omar of the Orient;  
Fitzgerald, shall we call him? No;  
'Twas Omar in the Occident!"

We have just received from a trustworthy source the assurance that the "Songs and Poems of the Great Dominion," edited by Mr. W. D. Lighthall, will shortly be in the hands of the Canadian public. The book is succinctly characterized as comprising "poems and passages distinctive of Canada, its scenery, life, races, history, the canoe, the forest, the toboggan, the settlements, the North-West." From what we know of the writer, we believe that the book will be as worthy of our land as it was in his power to make it. It will certainly be the most conscientious representative collection of Canadian poetry ever issued from the press, and no good Canadian can afford to be without it. Those who would make sure of early copies would do well to send their names to Messrs W. Drysdale & Co., of this city, without delay.

We have been favoured with a letter from Prof. Squair, of University College, Toronto, in which, after taking exception to some criticisms on his "Contributions to the Study of the Franco-Canadian Dialect," he adds that, having written to Mr. G. L. Dick, a notary of the parish of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, he received the following reply:

"Le mot *rale* sert dans la bouche de quelques personnes à désigner une branche d'arbre."

"Le mot *aucun* doit se prononcer comme si le *c* était remplacé par un *k* mais vulgairement le *c* se prononce comme *g* et par quelques uns comme *ti*; enfin le mot *hublon* se prononce vulgairement comme *omenen*."

We gladly accept this confirmation of Mr. Squair's views, which were published in an excellent paper read before the Canadian Institute and included in its Proceedings. Delicate differences of pronunciation are sometimes hard to catch, but one who has given careful study to the subject like Professor Squair, or who has had some local peculiarity constantly forced on his attention, like Mr. Dick, must be accepted as witnesses that are above suspicion. For what object could they have in misrepresentation? We have read Mr. Squair's paper with much pleasure and profit.

His friends in Montreal will be glad to hear about Mr. Douglas Sladen. He expects to be in Quebec early in June, and there he purposes remaining for about a month. His next sojourn will be in Toronto, whence he will see what is to be seen in Ontario. Some time in September he will leave Montreal for Glasgow, where he is to deliver the first address before the Royal Scottish Society of Literature, of which he was elected an honorary member just before coming to the Carnival.

Mr. Harry Watts gives an appreciative review of the life and work of the late George Frederick Cameron in the *King's College Record* for March. The poet's brother and the editor of his "Lyrics" is editor of the *Queen's College Journal*. Mr. Goodridge B. Roberts, in the same number of the *Record*, does justice to the Rev. W. W. Campbell. Cameron was a Nova Scotian. That province has yielded so many of our later singers that it is almost a surprise to learn that Mr. Campbell is a native of Ontario.

"Jus et norma." These words having been written across the map of a newly surveyed district in Upper Canada, the words were adopted as the names of townships. In the *Upper Canada Gazette* for March 11, 1822, these three names, "Jus," "Et" and "Norma" were formally altered to "Barrie," "Palmerston" and "Clarendon." Flos, Tay and Tiny, which are still the designations of three thriving townships in the Penetanguishene region, were given in honour of three of Lady Sarah Maitland's lap-dogs. Dr. Scadding, who mentions all these instances of capricious nomenclature, adds three others still more daringly disrespectful to posterity—"Yea," "No," and "Aye." These, too, it was deemed well to change, the substitutes being "Burleigh," "Grimsthorpe" and "Anglesea."

The mention of Lady Sarah Maitland recalls that ridiculous slip of Sir Archibald Alison's, who, having occasion to mention Sir Peregrine Maitland among those who took part in the Duke of Wellington's funeral, actually set him down and allowed him to appear in print as "Sir Peregrine Pickle."

"Slack Tide," the poem by Miss Sophie M. Almon, which appeared in our last issue, is, as an accompanying letter of explanation from the author informs us, "literally true to nature." "It is," continues Miss Almon, "a bit of simple photography, and was written in my boat one day last summer—a drowsy afternoon in August." This piece of personal history enhances manifold our interest in the poem. It is impossible not to perceive that Miss Almon has the true poetic gift, and no second-hand imitation. The warm eulogy of Prof. Roberts was fully justified. In another column we have more to say on the same subject.

### HUMOUROUS.

Young Wife: "How the world moves! There's Bessie Gray, an old chum of mine, a graduate of the normal school, has just entered a medical college. She will soon be able to write M.D. after her name. Women are coming to the front, I tell you. Formerly, girls were taught nothing but housekeeping." Young husband: "Yes, and now they're taught everything but housekeeping."

A patent medicine vendor, in a country village, was dilating to a crowd upon the wonderful efficiency of his iron bitters. "Why," said he "Steve Jenkins had only taken the bitters one week when he was shoved into prison for murder, and what does Steve do but open a vein in his arm and take iron enough out of his blood to make a crowbar, with which he pried the doors open and let himself out. Fact!"

Paradoxical as it may seem, writes the veracious Joe Howard, the prettiest model in New York is a coloured girl who lives in Yonkers. She is a perfect type of Africa's golden sand, with a low forehead, jet black eyes, expanded nostrils, thick lips, white teeth, but, for all that, the most attractive in appearance, with a figure that is statuesquely superb. She stands straight as an arrow, is twenty years old, weighs 135 pounds, and is full of life and blood as it is possible for human nature to be. During the months of October, November and thence on to May she readily makes from \$5 to \$10 a day five days in the week.

He was a very courteous man,  
With manners perfect quite;  
No one was ever so urbane,  
Or could be more polite.

To hear him murmur, "Thank you, sir!"  
Was really quite a treat;  
To see him bow with inborn grace  
Was happiness complete.

But though a man be most polite,  
Some time he's sure to slip  
From grace, and once a cruel fate  
Made even this one trip.

For one day a sweet girl said "Yes,"  
(How strange are Cupid's pranks!)  
And then he lost her, once for all,  
Because he murmured "Thanks!"