

and valedictories of a lighter and more animated nature could be delivered in a less formal style than heretofore, and would be given more weight by the presence of the classes. The holding of the conversation before Christmas makes some such event of a less complex nature desirable in the spring, and the valedictories might in this way be more interesting and profitable. An experiment, at least, would do no harm.

POETRY.

RHYMES FOR THE UP-TO-DATE NURSERY.

AN EGG-SHELLEY POEM.

I LOOKED, and lo! the form of one who sate,
Girt with refulgent pomp and woven light,
Upon a jasper wall. Immaculate
The closely clinging covering of white
That glanced like silver on the startled sight
And blinded all who saw; symmetrical
The curved shape that framed a warrior's might,
A soaring soul that none might hold in thrall,
Owning no yoke save one—revered of all.

I looked again and saw—alas the day!—
The splendid form incontinently reel
And sway, and as the courtiers marked it sway
Its livid fear no visage could conceal.
Silence apace, a silence I could feel,
And felt. At once, as through the pallid skies
A meteor hurtles on its winged keel,
He falls, and in the lawn garden lies
Moveless, and knowing not the power to rise.

The guests that thronged around were pale with terror
To see the prince who once a world defied
Fall, like a shaft-loosed by the bowman's error,
Muttering the curses of his speechless pride.
What art thou now? where is thy flowing tide
That swept thee forward on resistless breast,
Bearing thee bravely to an Empire wide?
Now the dark wave with overhanging crest
Has whelmed thee in eternal nameless rest!

And now the horsemen come, a glorious band,
Their scarlet pennons quivering on the wind.
Along the city's ways on every hand
Their files of steel advance; the proud hoofs grind
The trembling earth to dust. The force is lined,
And at the signal's sound the warriors strain,
Their stout and sinewy limbs all intertwined,
To raise the ruler to his throne again;
Men, horses, strive alike—but strive in vain!

—*The Oxford Isis.*

This entertaining poem is one of a series of burlesque amplifications of Nursery Rhymes, and its last stanza a decidedly up-to-date equivalent of

"All the King's horses and all the King's men
Couldn't lift Humpty Dumpty up again."

In million tones entwined evermore,
Music with angel-pinnions hovers there,
To pierce man's being to its inmost core,
Eternal beauty as its fruit to bear;
The eye grows moist, in yearnings blest reverts
The godlike worth of music as of tears.—*Goethe.*

CONTRIBUTED.

SKETCHES FROM THE FOOT-HILLS.

A MODERN PILGRIM FATHER.

PART I.

A GENTLY sloping hill-side, overlooking, on one hand, a thrifty midland English town embedded in its wooded suburbs, and on the other, the outer suburban portion of the highly cultured yet charmingly rural and picturesque valley of a midland English stream. This hill-side is itself a portion of the setting of the town. Here are rambling groves and bushy thickets whose outlines are slowly taking on all the varieties of delicate brown tints which mingle so harmoniously with the deeper duller shades of the evergreens, and which mark the earlier weeks of the lingering British spring.

Half hidden among the woods and copses appear the clustered chimneys and varied though simple and mellow outlines of grey stone suburban residences, just old enough and grey enough to seem the work of nature rather than of man.

A family group, in animated conversation, is gathered round the dinner table in one of these homes. The furnishings of the room, whether for ornament or use, are substantial though unpretending, and speak of freedom, ease and comfort.

The head of the household is a fair example of the well-to-do provincial English tradesman. His frame is naturally of somewhat rugged mould, but the angles have been softened and the vigour subdued by a life which puts but little strain on the physical powers, and yet the mental powers are not severely taxed either. As may be gathered in part from his conversation, his range of ideas exhibits strength but neither great variety nor flexibility. His own business, under the conditions of his native locality, he knows thoroughly. His conceptions of his place in the community and of his relations to his fellow men are certainly somewhat old fashioned, as tested by the more advanced ideas of the day, but their possessor has not the faintest doubt of their correctness, and they have the practical advantage of being workable within their sphere of influence. He is by no means sentimental, and yet he holds many prejudices, the product of the social atmosphere in which he has been born and reared, which answer the practical purposes of sentiment, and cause him to appear as the ardent supporter of several ancient and somewhat decayed institutions. His wife is evidently a woman of much less strength of character and conviction. Her views of life are not her own but those of the social circle to which she belongs, and might as well have been the very reverse, had circumstances so determined. She is the very mirror of her social time and place. Of the family a son is the eldest, another the youngest,