

range falls in gentle undulations to the horizon. The Rockies, on the contrary, assert themselves more boldly, lose the low wooded grass benches that have marked their bases hitherto, and descend precipitously to the water's edge, the Columbia flowing so close to their rocky sides that I could distinctly see a number of apparently inviting paths marking the face of the mountains. On suggesting that the Duchess should be stopped for a climbing expedition, I was informed that my inviting paths were the dry beds of divers and sundry torrents formed by the melting snow in June and July. I noticed here and there, on most giddy elevations, the pack trail leading from Golden City to the Lakes, and, marking its course along many dangerous slopes, congratulated myself upon being able to prosecute my journey by steam instead of by horse power. Nothing can exceed the beauty and grandeur of this Rocky range, with its countless peaks and summits, some, though barren and rugged, diversified by groups of pines, while others are streaked far up their barren fastnesses, with the brilliant greens of a recent undergrowth following in the track of some great forest tree.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

Last May twelvemonth Mr. George Murray, who, besides being a scholar of rare endowments and an original poet of no slight merit, is unsurpassed by any one we know for the accuracy, beauty, taste and spirit of his translations, read before the Royal Society at Ottawa, in general and public session, a lecture on the works of François Coppée, illustrated by versions of some of his finest pieces. One of these versions we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers. It is called

THE HOROSCOPE.

Two sisters there, whose arms were interlaced,
Stood to consult a fortune-telling hag :
While she, with wrinkled fingers, slowly placed
The fatal cards upon an outspread rag.

Brunette and blonde, both fresh as morning's hour—
A poppy brown, a white anemone—
One, like a May-bud, one, an Autumn flower,
Both yearned alike their destiny to see.

"Sorrow, alas! my child, thy life must fill,"
The old witch murmured to the proud brunette :
The girl enquired : "But will he love me still?"
"Yes." "Then I care not—life is happy yet."

"Thou wilt not own thy lover's heart, sweet maid!"
This to the second sister, white as snow :
"But shall I love him?" tearfully she said—
"Yes." "That is bliss enough for me to know."

During the last ten days we have been frequently asked for information regarding the work by which Prof. Thomas Davidson, who recently lectured in this city, is best known in Europe and America. Its full title, we are informed by a friend who has the work, is "The Philosophical System of Antonio Rosmini-Serbatì: translated, with a Sketch of the Author's Life, Bibliography, Introduction and Notes, by Thomas Davidson, M.A." The nucleus of the book is the summary of his own philosophy, which Rosmini, the greatest philosopher of Italy and of the Roman Catholic Church since Thomas Aquinas, wrote for Cantu's *Universal History*. Around this nucleus is collected a large amount of explanatory matter, consisting of translations from Rosmini's larger works, an introduction, a life of Rosmini, and extensive notes by the translator. The whole forms a complete propædæutic to Rosmini's philosophical system, in which the fundamental principles of ancient and mediæval thought are sustained with wondrous acuteness in opposition to the systems of more recent times—those of Germany and England especially.

Of Professor Davidson's work the *Athenæum* has spoken highly, commending the translation as excellent and the entire volume as indispensable to the student of Rosmini. The *British Quarterly Review* is still more emphatic in its eulogy. Of Rosmini it says that, while no man knew better than he the philosophies of our century, no man was less a child of it. And again: "It is this fine unworldliness, this other-timeliness of the man that makes him so interesting and so instructive a figure, a man that ought to be studied, were it only for the light he throws on ages and systems other than his own." Of Mr. Davidson's treatment of his subject

it adds: "Seldom has an author been more zealously praised, more laboriously elucidated, interpreted, supplemented. . . . Almost everything that zeal and single-minded devotion to an author could do has been done."

Here is an extract from his little book on "The Positive Virtues." Speaking of a certain form or fashion of Christianity, he says: "It has made the whole aim of that (the moral) life to be a striving to attain the zero-point of virtue, a mere freedom from vice; mere blamelessness. Let me not be misunderstood here. I have not the smallest intention of depreciating the specific virtues of the curate and the church-warden. They are virtues, great virtues, and the world would be on an evil path if they were made light of in theory or disregarded in practice. But they are not *all* virtue; they are not even the greatest of virtues. A man may lack them in their perfection, and yet be a more virtuous man than he who has them and them alone. The selfish, respectable Pharisee is a far less righteous man than the great-hearted, strong-pulsed, loving toiler for humanity, who occasionally allows his exuberant love to flow into wrong channels. Perhaps, of all the obstacles to human advancement and well-being, there is none so great as respectable Philistinism, self-righteous, self-contented, unsympathetic, spell-bound."

One of our contributors, Miss Sophie Almon, has just returned from her honeymoon. We are glad to think that Mrs. Hensley, to whom we wish all that is best worth living for, will still have some time to give to the cultivation of her poetic gift.

From another contributor, whose volume, "The Soul's Quest, and other Poems," we reviewed not long ago, we have received the following sonnet:

WEDLOCK.

Sweet Lady, queen-star of my life and thought,
Whose honour, heart and name are one with mine,
Who dost above life's turbulent currents shine
With a clear beam, which oftentimes hath brought
The storm-tossed spirit into harbours wrought
By love and peace on life's rough margin line,
I wish no wish which is not wholly thine,
I hope no hope but what thyself hast sought.

Thou lovest not, my Lady, in the wife
The golden love-light of our earlier days ;
Time dims it not, it mounteth like the sun,
Till earth and sky are radiant. Sweet, my life
Lies at thy feet, and all life's gifts and praise,
Yet are they nought to what thy knight hath won.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

Drummondville, Que., May, 1889.

We had, last week, the very real pleasure of meeting Prof. Roberts in the flesh after an acquaintance, through his works and by correspondence, never very long intermitted, extending over some eight years. We were the earliest to recognize the great gifts of the author of "Oriol," and have, therefore, in his success the satisfaction that comes of forecast fulfilled. We hope, ere long, to present our readers with the portrait of the poet.

THE CURE OF SLEEPLESSNESS

In an article on sleeplessness, *Good Housekeeping* says that with rare exceptions the absence of sleep comes from excessive brain-work, from overstrained nerves or overtaxed mental faculties. It then enumerates a long list of cures, last of which comes this:

Discard linen or cotton sheets and "turn in" between a pair of light woollen blankets.

The article then continues and concludes as follows:

This last "recipe" might have been given first and the others all omitted. "One who has been there" gives a well asseverated "word of honour" that all things being equal, the woollen blanket will solve the vexed problem more satisfactorily than any other known experiment. A weary brain, threaded nerves and a troubled conscience will give the lie to all the soothing protestations of soporific doses and to plausible schemes for producing sleep. But as there are "many men of many minds" and many women of noteworthy notions each of whom has a mind of her own and notions that must be humoured, and as each one, in turn, desires to take the kind of medicine individually liked best, the list above given is open for service. A "trial trip"

may be found a successful one before the list is half gone through with. If, however, the whole catalogue should chance to be experimented with, without securing "the timely dew of sleep," the experimenter will have the sleepy satisfaction of knowing that the list has been exhausted and the operator nearly enough so to insure the presence of "tired nature's sweet restorer."

"Throw physic to the dogs" and let it have its perfect work; pill and powder boxes at the cats, with unerring aim; leave "Welsh rabbits" and cold bites untasted at bedtime; the "Indian weed" of which "the devil it was who sowed the seed," unchewed and unsmoked; pour all narcotics and stimulants into the slop-jar rather than down the throat, call conscience to account, "drive dull care away," forget ("aye, there's the rub"), forget all petty foibles, drone in a low tone, while disrobing, "Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home," "There is a Happy Land," or something akin to these, drop deftly into the folds of the woollen blankets and "lie down to pleasant dreams." This prescription to be taken at night, and the patient shaken in the morning, if found to be over-sleeping.

JUNE.

O full-leaved June, profuse of good!
Soft blow thy warm sweet-scented airs:
Thou bringest now to field and wood
The glorious dress that summer wears.

The hills, but late, of varied gray,
Show now in new and vivid green;
On mountains, too, where sunbeams play,
A fresh, though purple, tint is seen.

The trees of great primæval woods
Umbrageous spread their giant arms,
And brown their cooling shadow broods
O'er long arcades of leafy charms.

Remote, on mountain slopes, we see
How various woods their spheres define;
Here, pale the oaks and beeches be;
And there dark shade reveals the pine.

The whole broad earth, in verdure deep,
Adorns herself from land to land;
Now honied scents the fresh meads steep,
And half-waist high the dense crops stand.

The field birds charm us with their song—
'Midst nature's loveliest scenes they dwell;—
From off the wing, or grass among,
Their free wild calls of blest lives tell.

The bobolink, from wings and throat,
Pours forth his frenzied, clamorous strain;
The lark starts up and chants his note,
Then drops within the grass again.

Song sparrows greet the early morn
With raptured thrill from hedge and bush;
The blackbird's calls, from marshes borne,
Make gay the wastes of reed and rush.

Now gardens blaze with Eden bloom,
And rose and lily rivals are;
In colour, form, and sweet perfume,
No other can with them compare.

About the lawn and orchard trees
The robin claims a favourite's run:
He loud exclaims at all he sees;
His fierce, high calls are never done.

The oriole now suspends his nest,
Among the elms he chirps and flits;
He, fluttering, shows his golden vest,
And wildly pipes his song by bits.

The orchards springtime promise fill:
The cherry, apple, peach and pear
Their rich nectareous sweets distil
From alchemy of earth and air.

Full-brimmed, the streams glide on in peace,
'Neath pendent boughs of elm and ash;
And where deep pools wear smoothest face,
The blithe fish leaps with sportive splash.

We lift our hearts in grateful praise
To God, who paints and graves the flower,
And gives us mind to read his ways,
His Fatherhood and matchless power.

What, though our life have trials hard,
And tragic fates stain earth and blood;
These first have future full reward,
The last are paired with loftiest good.

Ottawa, May, 1889.

CROWQUILL.