

the tall tapestry screen and listened, not to the tales of *that*, but to the voice of *this* Tristan, which, dear heart! was so soon to silence all other voices in the world to her. For here was no Iseult of Brittany, 'meek, pale-blooded, prayerful.' Baby Elsbeth alone, the little prophet-soul, as I used to call her, was never won to love this new friend—her heart melted not to coaxings or new toys, but I verily believe that she was the only living thing at Penmarne whose heart did not go out in welcome to this man; every soul in the village adored him, and small wonder, for to know Sir Tristan was to love him. You look indignant, Gwen, but remember one must be just; and even now there is no man in all Llaneach who does not swear by him.

"To return to my story. Lady Cornelia still clung to, at least, the memory of all the happy days passed with her husband, and yet—and yet as time went on she would less often say, 'How happy I was,' than 'How happy I am'—for, heaven! that it should be so, life had come to her, come through this man, her husband's friend! Earth was new-born; for her the world was created but yesterday! You will say 'How terrible the awakening!' Ay, and so sudden, so terrible. None ever knew how Lord Gower heard how affairs were progressing at Penmarne, but gossip, that mustard seed of society, is wafted far, and one day a letter came for Sir Tristan from India. It ran thus:

'Traitor! I sail for England in the steamer *New Zealand* to-morrow, and if there is justice on earth or mercy in heaven, I shall kill you! GOWER.'

"Their dream was over. These words were as an angel's flaming sword, by whose gleam they saw their Eden in its true light—no Eden, but a howling wilderness. Lady Cornelia awoke to realise that love and despair were all one—yet she was fain to ask herself was *this* an awakening, this, when all the springs of life had stopped, the very sunlight looked gray, and she might have been dead and buried a year ago, for aught she felt.

"With a dim, far-away look in the beautiful dark eyes she came—little Elsbeth in her arms—out in the terrace to bid farewell to Sir Tristan, perhaps the last on this side heaven, yet even this thought failed to rouse her from the deadly torpor which held but one word, one sensation—to-morrow! 'To-morrow,' her husband wrote, to-morrow he and Sir Tristan would meet, to-morrow life would begin or end for her. To-day is nothing but an empty sound; nor does her face change when a moment later Sir Tristan appears, equipped for his journey to London—within an hour of the arrival of that terrible letter. Leonard hangs on his arm, his eyes dancing with delight at visions of the bow and arrows his guardian promises to bring him; he had not heard the 'if I return, dear boy,' Sir Tristan added brokenly. A hearty embrace from the boy, emphasised with 'I'll ride the pony down to the station to-morrow when Jock goes to meet you. Mother can't say "no" to that,' and he turns to Lady Cornelia—but words fail him; what is there to say? Silently he bent and kissed little Elsbeth, once, twice—were both for the child? Then, giving the mother one look which 'caught up the whole of love and altered it,' he threw himself on his horse and galloped down the avenue.

"'Mother, mother,' cried Leonard, 'look how red the sun is; it is going down like a ball of fire. Jock says that means we shall have a bright to-morrow, and Jock never makes a mistake.' For an instant the Lady of Penmarne stood and watched the sunset, then—with a child on either side, but oh, what stricken loneliness in her heart—she turned and went in.

"Arrived in London, Sir Tristan drove at once to the India Steamship Company's for news of the expected steamer—only to find, of course, that neither there nor at any of the telegraph offices could he learn any information at such a late hour. Finding all search useless, he went to the hotel he usually stopped at when in town, in Albemarle Street, and spent the night in writing, in preparing for the settling of that dread account against the morrow. There would be justice, and he was ready to meet it; that there would be mercy in heaven—afterwards; he bent his head and prayed. With what strange and varying thoughts he watched the sun rise! What a lifetime of agony, of dread, of love, will be compressed between its brief rising and setting! This morning the measure of life seems full, pressed down, and running over, and to-night it may be nothing, gone from light into gloom, like the passing away of an *ignis fatuus*. A cold douche brought him back to the realities of the present moment, and, dressing hastily, he went down to the coffee-room. It was quite deserted at that early hour. After ordering his breakfast, he took up the *Times*, and walked to the nearest window. Presently, glancing down the column of 'Morning News,' his eye caught this paragraph:

Wrecked.

"Steamer *New Zealand*, off the coast of St. Helena, in a tremendous gale. Before assistance could reach her she sank with all on board. Not a man was saved." REN.

"MARGUERITE."

FIRST of the new Canadian volumes promised during the present Christmas season is Mr. George Martin's "Poems," published by Dawson Brothers, Montreal. The appearance of the book is highly creditable to this well known firm, the use of heavy cream paper, fine type, and red marginal lines distinguishing it as a publication which would do honour to an older country. Of the poems, the opening one, "Marguerite," dealing with a romantic legend of New France, is characterised by careful preparation and a genuine enthusiasm. The story is well told, and the fate of the heroine vividly brought before the reader, but the poet is hampered by the prosaic metre in which he has cast his verses. It is Byronic,

certainly, and once would have found hosts of admirers, but the world moves apace, and finds a newer metre absolutely necessary for the unfolding of its modern tales. However, Mr. Martin has managed to awake interest in one of these beautiful legends of Old Canada, and for that we owe him all honour and much praise. "Marguerite" contains some fine passages, but will be best understood and appreciated if read aloud; its melancholy incidents sweeping along towards the grim climax in a masterly way as related by the gentle nun. "Eudora," the second poem in the book, opens with the following beautiful stanzas:

Like a white blossom in a shady place,
Upon her couch the pure Eudora lay,
Lovely in death; and on her comely face—
So soon to make acquaintance with the clay—
Fell faint the languid light of evening gray,
Flecked with the pea-blossoms at the window case.

Deep sobbings echoed in the outer hall,
And all things in the chamber seemed to mourn;
The pictures, which she loved, along the wall,
The cherubs on the frescoed ceiling, lorn,
Looked downward on the face so wan and worn,
And sad each wavy curtain's foamy fall.

"The Street Waif," the "Apple Woman," the "News Boy," "Blind Minstrel," and the "Drunkard" are powerful figure-studies from life, which will lend themselves admirably to elocutionary purposes. The two most satisfactory poems in the book are two of the shortest—no unusual thing: "Bound to the Wheel," recalling some attributes of Sidney Lanier, and "To Keats." We give the opening lines of this noble poem:

Full late in life I found thee, glorious Keats!
Some chance-blown verse had visited my ear
And careless eye, once in some sliding year,
Like some fair-plumaged bird one rarely meets.

Poems on our Winter Sports, the Carnival, Jack Frost, the Ottawa River, Viger Square, Mount Royal, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and Charles Heavyside attest to the endeavour of the author to provide some genuine Canadian material for the national delectation. "Peter Wimple's Courtship," an early attempt in the semi-comic style, is not in keeping with the rest of the book. The "Sonnets" show a wonderful aptitude for that difficult poetic form. A poem to "a friend of early days" combines a sort of paraphrase of certain celebrated stanzas of "In Memoriam" with a dignity of fact, to make the world purer and better is clearly his aim. He writes, hoping that he may:

Thrill the tame world with sunlit poesy,

and henceforth he vows to try to "sublimate his life to purest gold."

With such aims as these the poet cannot go far astray; and should Mr. Martin in good time add other poems of Canadian flavour to "Marguerite," "Aspiration," and "Keats," we have no doubt it shall be said of him, in his own words—

He left behind him, though he knew it not,
A trail of glory on the world's highway,
And loving fingers now denote the spot
Where he was wont to build the witching lay,
And champions of mind, admiring, say,
"Grandly he tried,
Before he died,
To teach dull earth the majesty of thought."

SERANUS.

MUSIO.

THE *Etude*, an American journal published in the interests of music, contains in the current number an article entitled, "Wanted, in the musical profession, more brains and better morals." Here are some extracts for the benefit of the profession in Canada:—

"What the musical profession of America most needs is men of brains and moral character, who can talk intelligently about something besides music; men of strong personality and purity of life, under whose influence it may be safe to implicitly trust a susceptible young girl; men of intellect, dress, and address, who can ornament either their profession or society, and relegate slouchy, boorish musicians to the congenial shades of the saloon and beer garden; men of stamina and business responsibility, who apply business principles to their profession; men who know a promissory note from a parachute, and Xenophon from Xantippe; and men who can hear their competitors praised without a pang of jealousy, and who are content to stand or fall upon their own merits, instead of seeking to elevate themselves by pulling a rival down. Then, indeed, will the musical millennium have come."

Then, indeed, we echo with the essayist, shall the musical millennium appear, when the decline of genius will be co-existent with the growth of mediocrity. The essayist, however, is a little out in his allusion to a promissory note, as it is, we fancy, a highly useful invention not altogether ignored by the members of a fluctuating and uncertain profession, while the difference between the ancient historian and the much-abused spouse of the hemlock-dosed one is not so difficult to gauge as it appears. Who