



DAPHNE.—Our engraving evidently represents the fair damsel who was blessed or cursed with the sun-god's love in her quiet moments. As yet no thought has come to her of the importunities of the god of light and song, from which she fled in such alarm. She is still "in maiden meditation, fancy-free," though her eyes seem to forecast some strange doom. She is clearly a maiden of the woods, in sympathy with all wild creatures, and, like them, fleet, whether in pursuit or retreat. Whatever the artist intended her to be, he has given her a fine head, an expressive face and a graceful figure. Of some such type of beauty did the poet write:

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace  
A nymph, a naiad or a grace,  
Of fairer form or lovelier face.

THE VICTORIA RIFLES AND FORTY-THIRD COMPETITION TEAMS.—Our illustrations represent the teams chosen by the 3rd Victoria Rifles of Montreal and the 43rd of Ottawa to uphold the reputations of their respective corps in the telegraphic match, shot simultaneously on the Rideau Ranges, Ottawa, and Cote St. Luke Ranges, Montreal, on the 27th July. Rain fell during the match at both places, but the Vics were even more drenched than the 43rd, the rain falling on them in torrents. The 43rd came out 23 points ahead, the total scores being as follows: 43rd Battalion, 775 points; 3rd Vics, 752 points. The following were on the teams: 43rd, Major Wright, Lieutenants O'Grady and Sutherland, Sergeant Dial, Privates Hutchison, Ellis, Scott, Rolfe, Taylor and McGanet; 3rd Vics, Lieut. Desbarats, Staff-Sergeants MacAdam and Wilson, Privates Burns, Cooke, Thomson, Mathews, Pope, Pringle and McCrae. We are indebted to Lieut. Parker, of the Vics for the photographs of their team, which was taken in the rain while some of the team were finishing their luncheon. The Ottawas were photographed by Mr. Topley.

THE CAMP, WIMBLEDON.—In the present number we present our readers with a number of supplementary views of scenes in Wimbledon and its neighbourhood. In one of them we have a general view of the Canadian portion of the camp; in another we catch a glimpse of the interior of Col. Bacon's Reception Tent; while two others present the Canadian Team under different circumstances. These views, taken expressly for this journal, are remarkably good and true, and with those which appeared in our issue of August 17, constitute a memorial of the last Wimbledon meeting, which Canadian marksmen are sure to appreciate. Some of the other scenes depicted, which call for special notice, are referred to further on.

HIGH STREET, WIMBLEDON.—In this engraving our readers have depicted a scene such as has been associated with camps—whether in real or mimic warfare—since those immemorial conflicts of race out of which civilization developed. The armies of Greece, of Rome, of Persia, of Carthage, had just such high streets—mutatis mutandis—whenever they encamped for any time in any locality. It is not without interest, in this connection, from the historian's or antiquary's standpoint, to recall the tradition which assigns to Wimbledon the *locale* of a Roman encampment in the years when the mistress of the world had conquered the new world of Britain. Caesar's Camp, as some of our readers have not to be told, is recognized in the outlines of an ancient earthwork at the southern extremity of the grounds. The interest that attaches to Wimbledon is, however, mainly of modern character, and there could be no more forcible reminder of the fact than the varied scene with which the artist has favoured us in this engraving. It is a little *cosmos* in itself, this high street—this Regent street, as it is called—of the camp followers, and adds greatly to the life and interest of the neighbourhood, as well, no doubt, as to the convenience of the soldiers, whose supposed demands created the supply of purchasable commodities of every variety.

APPROACH TO CAMP, WIMBLEDON.—This engraving shows one of the prettiest spots in a neighbourhood that is favoured by nature as well as by art. In fine weather its attractions make Wimbledon a most desirable resort for holiday visitors, and this lovely scene is fairly characteristic of the environment in which our volunteers passed the weeks of their sojourn.

COTTAGE OF MAJOR-GENERAL LORD WANTAGE, V.C.—There is no spot on the historic ground which military men will recall with more pleasure and gratitude than the cottage of Lord and Lady Wantage. Nor could the name of a braver or more enthusiastic soldier, or of a lady more, graciously and generously interested in the soldier's welfare be associated with an abode of military hospitality. Lord Wantage, though still in the prime of life—for he was born in 1832—has had his full share of the soldier's toil and the soldier's glory. He was one of the earliest in the service to win that object of the British soldier's highest ambition—the Victoria Cross. The first act of valour for which it was awarded to him was performed as long ago as 1854. He was then a Brevet-Major of twenty-two in the Coldstream Guards, fighting his country's battles in the Crimea. From that date till 1885, when Major-General R. J. Loyd-Lindsay was created a peer, with the title of Lord Wantage, he led the way in many an engagement in many lands, and

was again deemed worthy of the Cross, which he had gained once for all. Lady Wantage's entertainments have been among the most enjoyable social features of Wimbledon, and members of past Teams, as well as that which recently returned home victorious, will, we are sure, be glad to have a memorial of them in this engraving.

THE KOLAPORE CUP.—The massive silver trophy so well known as the Kolapore Cup—but which really consists of twin cups—may be seen in the engraving of the winning Team, which appeared in our issue of the 17th inst. The two cups which Capt. Hood (the adjutant of the Team) is holding in that engraving, are remarkably handsome specimens of the silversmith's art. They stand some twenty inches in height and are urn-shaped, being at the broadest part of the body about eight inches in diameter. On the shoulder of each are two lion's heads handsomely wrought, proceeding from which on each is a delicately worked chain handle ornamented with dead beaten silver bead knots. The sides of the cup are curiously ornamented with beaten scales picked out with delicately chased lines and burnished. The necks are plain burnished silver with chased border lines and are closed with concentric lids.

GRANDPAPA'S BIRTHDAY.—This fine picture is its own interpreter. The venerable old gentleman, who seems so pleased with his little granddaughter's gift of flowers, has evidently already received other tokens of unforgetting regard. None of them, however, have afforded him more real satisfaction than the large fresh bouquet which his sweet little kinswoman has so considerably brought him. His face and attitude express the gratification that it has given him to be thus remembered on a day which, while reminding him of his shortening years, is not without many tender memories. The consort of his joys and sorrows contemplates with sympathy the loving pair, the disparity of whose age has not precluded the closest ties of affection. In her mind, too, memories of the past are thronging. She has crossed the long interval of years that lies between the present and her own childhood, and for the moment grows young again at sight of her grandchild's simple love and trust. German apparently is the school of the painter, but whatever it be, he has produced a true and pathetic picture—one of those glimpses of real life which remind us that

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

THE FIRST FISH.—No triumph piscatorial of the coming years will compare for true satisfaction with the rapture of that "first fish." He can hardly believe his eyes, and his little companion is still more astonished. Apart from the two little figures, whose occupation and success have given it *raison d'être* and a name, the picture is effective as a study of rocks and water.

### THE SILLERY MISSION.

[The conjunction of greatness and littleness, meanness and pride, is older than the days of the patriarchs; and such antiquated phenomena, displayed under a new form in the unreflecting, undisciplined mind of a savage, calls for no special wonder, but should rather be classed with the other enigmas of the human breast.—*Parkman.*]

The Vesper signal echoes through the glades,  
As, cross in hand, the father wends his way,  
To lead his flock beyond the wigwam-shades,  
Within God's house to sanctify the day.

The swarthy hunters, interrupting cares  
Of after-chase, slow follow down the hill;  
Their helpmates meek, subdued in camp affairs,  
Seek welcome respite, at their master's will.

The spirit of prayer they feebly comprehend,  
Sincereless-trained to compass life's defense;  
Yet priestcraft oft, the perverse will to bend,  
Accepts the form of prayer for penitence.

The pious tones of him who reads their fate,  
His offerings doled with undeceived regard,  
Incentive teach what children learn elate,  
That duty reverent-done invites reward.

And were they not but children of the womb  
Of prehistoric twilight, mystery-bound,  
When Gospel-dawn, truth-tinted, lit life's gloom,  
To guide the soul its nearer depths to sound?

The birth-right of the teeming woods was theirs,  
And all that unprogressive art e'er gained:  
Theirs was the craft the higher ken impairs,  
When instinct's edge is dulled by routine trained.

Their faith, inconstant as the chance of war,  
Had for its only stay life's flitting joys:  
Their paradise, some hunting ground afar,  
Was but the sheen that through the glade deploys.

Their moral code, the imprint of their fate  
Writ on tradition's page, did self exalt:  
Their virtue was revenge, their valour hate,  
Their highest hope a mere pursuit at fault.

And was their mien not index sad of hearts,  
Fate-steeped in ill, dejected not subdued,—  
Their souls but dens where passion's rudest arts  
And covert plans found refuge to denude?

Did not ambition, cunning, and desire  
In them a license undefined espouse?  
Was not their glory but dishonour's hire  
Howe'er the good or ill their ire did rouse?

Such is the picture often drawn of life  
When man seems but the slave of fate's behest—  
When soul-growth, stunted by protracted strife  
Of birth-throes fierce, is retrogressive pressed.

Yet prudish progress, that, with virtues torn,  
Peeps 'tween the shreds its keenness to enhance,  
Is oft the pride, whose unreflecting scorn  
Detects a vice unvirtued by its glance.

Are hate and envy dead, by progress crushed,  
Or but disguised by etiquette's veneer?  
Are enmities and passion's outbursts hushed  
By culture's sweetest smile or Christian fear?

These nomads' toils a fickle harvest bore,  
With bounty's feast forboding hunger's stint;  
And misery's dreams of progress seldom soar  
Beyond the bounds of penury's restraint.

Yet in the soul, though swathed in dismal light,  
There gleams a cheer around some germ of good,—  
A germ whose leaflets nurtured seek their height  
In hope, the seeding crown of rectitude.

And when we feel the summer's rippling thrill  
Bestir the heart where glebe and river meet,  
As in the woodland Sillery warblers trill  
Their songs of peace our happiness to greet,

We dare believe such sweet environment  
Would often ray the gloom that weird controlled  
The being thrall'd by nature's chastisement  
And purify its heart like filtering gold.

And nature's charms, we know, though overcast,  
These children of the woods did oft admire,  
As round tradition's lore they stood aghast  
Within the glare of winter's wigwam fire.

With them each woodland valley had its god:  
Each headlong cataract was deified:  
The lake bestormed the awfulness forbode  
Of spirit rage that on its waves did ride.

The whispering brake, the laughing daffodil,  
The mad-cap poplar and the mournful pine,  
The mountain's fir-clad strength, the brooklet's rill,  
The gods of myth creation did enshrine.

The store-house orb of day, whose spilling gold  
Bathed eve's horizon fringed with forest light;  
The bride of heaven, with silvery veil unrolled  
In triumph drawn beneath the arch of night;

The stars whose merry rays were joy in dance,  
But further joyed at heaven's surrounding gloom;  
All bodied myths, whose fitting charms enhance  
The stable laws that through them quaintly loom.

And isn't not ever thus? Does not the myth  
Of sensuous birth still gild the hopes and fears  
Of humankind, as pressed by passion-faith  
Beyond its ken, faith-images it rears?

In good and ill their weak perception saw  
Antagonistic force with godhead crowned;  
Of right and wrong, not yet defined by law,  
Their tyrant king was self not yet dethroned.

Of God, the One, they knew no attribute  
Save that of awe-inspiring Manitou,  
To whom, their faith could unimpaired impute  
Whatever might their aims with right endow.

Upon a knoll of Beauvoir's fair demesne  
May still be traced o'ergrown their place of rest,  
Where through the grove is heard the meek refrain  
Of zephyr-song with tremour dismal pressed.

Its rustling breath the solemn problem blows—  
Is being but the friction darkness-rife,  
That scintillates a spark or two, and shows  
To man the crowding shadows in his life?

Was life to them the narrow span of time,  
The limit of their care-worn years on earth—  
A few heart-throbs in woe-begotten rhyme  
That had no song of longed-for after-birth?

Or did some glare of sensuous joy reveal  
To them a destiny beyond secured,  
As theirs it led a further strength to feel  
When Christian faith their feebleness matured?

Here sleep the chiefs whose brows erst wore the crown  
Of merit, gained as council's honour-star;  
Here lies ambition's glory, still our own  
By hero-worship hailed, though stained by war.

Here prowess sleeps that shed its tribal fame,  
To guard the glades against the lurking foe—  
To lead the winding trail in search of game,  
Or ward off winter's wrath befoamed with snow.

Perchance parental patience here may rest,  
Near other virtues that have lost their bloom,  
The care of kin, domestic fealty's test,  
May boast its solemn niche within the gloom.

Now all is peace; and round the gentle shore  
Historia's silken veil is graceful drawn,  
As honour we the faith that ope'd the door  
To Gospel light and fair refinement's dawn,