

perchance, is of a piece with the folly of the day. For hath it not been declared that—

Now (so much does madness prevail), all the world must be
Sent to Anticyra to graze on Hellebore.

Vale.

W. H. H.

And chimneys muffled in the leafy vine,—
Through a green wicket in the privet hedge.
Then all was hushed again. And the silence grew
Deepening with the twilight ; in the west
Was one low streak of waning crimson gloom.

W. J. H.

A ROSE IDYL.

At sunset, Leolin, with his stringed guitar,
Crossed the smooth meadows, to where the sweep of wall
Around the park comes down to meet the road ;
Between the trees you saw the chimney-tops,
Antique, of the many-gabled Hall where dwelt
Sir Aylmer Aylmer. Leolin paused to muse.
O'erhead the noisy senate of the rooks
Shook the tall elms. He passed, in thoughtful mood,
The griffin-guarded gates, and strode along
An avenue of sounding sycamores.
The glory of a crimson sunset flush
Was waning, while he stood in the garden close,
'Neath an ivied casement, thrumming his guitar,
And sang in a mellow tenor.

Into the west the day has flown,
Low down in the west that yet deeply glows is
A bank of clouds on night's threshold strewn,
Flushed with a tint as of lake-blooming roses ;
While softly, gently, as rose-life closes,
The light dies out in the summer sky,
In thy rose-garden waiting, thy lover, Rose, is,—
Love's hour is nigh.

And in the pauses,
The fountain spray splashed faint ; all else was still.

Ah, what is youth till it hath known
How love comes, like spring, to the desolate closes ?
For love is the blossom of youth full blown,—
Who knows what the rose's hope ere it blows is ?
Like love-lorn maidens of Sorosis,
The flowery-fragrant breezes sigh ;
Their voice to the ripe red Jaqueminots is,
'Love's hour is nigh.'

"Ah, would," he prayed, "that a soft, sweet, half-sad sigh
Might flutter down from her casement to my heart,
And nestle there !" And as his love soared up,
One star stood out in heaven,—'twas love's white star !

Out in the west one star alone,
One lonely star that the dusk discloses,—
Over the crimson-flushed cloud-bank throne
Of dove-eyed twilight, who softly dozes,—
Like a hovering butterfly that knows his
Love hidden deep 'mid the roses doth lie,
Seems fluttering over a meadow of roses.
Love's hour is nigh.

He paused before the envoy, and his hand,
Wandering idly over the strings at will,
Wove from their throbbing chorded murmurings
A prelude,—*mf, andante, molto legato.*

Love, look down to me 'mid thy roses,
Languidly swaying, that fain would vie
With—Great Scott ! Here's old Aylmer with the dog ! O, Moses
I fly !

A great noise smote the stillness, and all the air
Rang with a sudden shouting, and swift forms
Fled, shrieking wildly past the gardener's lodge,—
Its old-time casements bowered in roses, its walls

PHYSICAL CULTURE.*

We have received from Mr. E. B. Houghton, of this city, a copy of his book on "Physical Culture." It is intended, as its title-page indicates, as a first book of exercises in drill, calisthenics and gymnastics ; and is intended for use in colleges and schools. It has, we believe, been examined and approved by competent judges, and is authorized by the Minister of Education for Ontario.

The author takes a broad view of his subject, and makes out a strong case for physical culture as a proper and natural concomitant of intellectual development. Referring to the lack of interest taken in physical culture by those engaged in intellectual pursuits, Mr. Houghton says :

"So long as those engaged in intellectual pursuits consider that gymnastic and calisthenic exercises consist of a few crude and monotonous movements invented for the production of strength, they will not care to give them the attention they deserve. When, however, it comes to be generally known that though gymnastic and calisthenic exercises will, desirably, for the time being, divert their attention from their usual pursuits, their intellectual faculties will not lie dormant, but only be directed to another channel ; they will then be induced through the acquisition of skill and grace to find the health and strength of body which it is the ultimate aim of physical culture to produce."

Within the compass of 277 pages, Mr. Houghton has compressed a vast amount of instruction, together with much useful and practical comment thereon. He has adapted the military Squad Drill to the capabilities and requirements of schools. The book comprises two parts. The first part is for boys. It includes : Squad Drill, three series of exercises in Calisthenics, Gymnastic exercises with dumb-bells and stationary ropes. The second part—for girls—includes : a modified system of drill, Calisthenic exercises, light dumb-bell exercises, and Indian club swinging. The text is illustrated with numerous wood-cuts, and the instructions are full, concise and numerous, both for teacher and pupil.

It is indeed astonishing that so little attention—and that largely spasmodic—is given to the subject of physical culture in the schools of this Province. It should as certainly find a place in the *curricula* of our schools and colleges as any branch of popular education now taught there. Now that a reliable text-book on the subject has been provided by Mr. Houghton, and authorized by the Education Department, we hope to see the claims of physical culture recognized and its practice promoted by the school authorities of the Province. The good sense of the community will assuredly support them in so praiseworthy a movement.

F. B. H.

IN AN ALBUM.

I said when I saw the sere maple
That joy had fore'er taken wing :
But I found in each branch the promise
Of all the sweet blossoms of spring.

And when the good-bye was spoken,
I had said that the past was all dead :
But there comes forever returning
The vision of all that was dead.

S.

**Physical Culture*, by E. B. Houghton ; Toronto ; Warwick & Sons, price 50 cts. ; (authorized text-book).