

And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave."—

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"No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices ;
The blaze upon the waters to the east ;
The blaze upon his island over head ;
The blaze upon the waters to the west ;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in
heaven,

The hollower bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail."

Enoch Arden's long imprisonment came to an end at last, a ship blown by baffling winds, touched the island and carried back, "The long-haired, long-bearded mariner," to encounter worse solitude than distance could give, deso-

lation so merciless, that in its iron folds, the brave stout heart was crushed and broken and could only wait within sound of the English sea, for that sail that was coming to bear him to eternal rest.

To us, Enoch Arden left his island, for ours are the lands the poets give us, where our tired spirits may wander and find refreshment. Close to us they bring snowy mountain peak and tropic sunshine, new kingdoms they discover for us in the dewy meadow at our feet, and of all our broad domains, foremost in our grasp we hold the varied glories of land and sky and sea, shut up in two small volumes known as "*Tennyson's Poems.*"

H. M.

THE MUMMY OR THE MUFFIN!



Who should say, "The Antique; the far Eastern Antique, or the Modern, the practical, home-made Modern?"

Reading, or rather hazily perusing, an elaborate and very emphatic account

of a learned lecturer's performance in a western American city, I fell to thinking and blinking (taking after my parent) about men and things and women, some women in particular, concentrating, as much as an owlet can concentrate its thoughts upon one in very particular. I have never seen her, nor do I pine to see her, but she has led me to ponder much and to query more; and, alas, to answer less, the great question of respective spheres, etc.

Amelia B. Edwards, that's her name. She seems to have taken the various centres of high culture by storm. What next, or who next? Think of a woman exhuming Egypt! (an Amelia at that.) Shades of Richardson and Smollett rest in peace! your day is forever gone; you lived too soon. This Amelia, I fancy, must have reached the bronze age when spiritual *Verde Antique*, I suppose, makes interest in things above ground out of the question; and yet what is there to prevent one

from pursuing a course of under-ground study if one feels inclined? Isn't it one of the strong-minded who says: "The proper sphere for all human beings is the largest and highest they are able to attain." Anyway, whoever said it I feel like saying *Ann Koar!* in spite of myself. Stir up your Egypt, Amelia, while your suffering sisters stir their puddings, and your brothers attain *Worth* or skill in millinery. After all, it's the old query in another guise: Which is mightier, the *Mummy* or the *Muffin*?—the sword or the scissors?

Entre nous, home, fair readers, should there be any in this case, let me urge you to "build your stronghold on cookery" and *Miss Parloa*, and let Miss Amelia B. go to—Egypt! There is something very pleasant in the thought of *one* woman in these negative days coming before the public with a comfortable affirmation, even though it's no more than that man *has* digestive organs. We are all tired of negation. Not long ago I read about an "elderly maiden lady," who having heard Ingersol and Mrs. Jenness Miller, (?) felt there could be nothing further in the matter of negation. Bless her! I should think as much. What is the world coming to? A long-drawn out *No!* evidently. If anybody wants to *negate* this let him come.

OWLET.