

A BALLAD OF DREAMLAND.

I hid my heart in a nest of roses,  
 Out of the sun's way, hidden apart;  
 In a softer bed than the soft white snow's is,  
 Under the roses I hid my heart.  
 Why would it sleep not? why should it start,  
 When never a leaf of the rose-tree stirred?  
 What made sleep flutter his wings and part?  
 Only the song of a secret bird.

Lie still, I said, for the wind's wing closes,  
 And still I leaves muffle the keen sun's dart:  
 Lie still, for the wind on the warm sea dozes,  
 And the wind is quieter than thou art.  
 Doth a thought in thee still as a thorn's wound smart?  
 Does the fang still fret thee of hope deferred?  
 What bids the lids of thy sleep depart?  
 Only the song of a secret bird.

The green leaf's name that a charm encloses,  
 It never was writ in the traveller's chart,  
 And sweet as the fruit on its tree that grows is,  
 It never was sold in the merchant's cart.  
 The swallows of dreams through its dim fields dart,  
 And sleep's are the tunes in its tree tops heard:  
 No hound's note wakes the wild wood hart,  
 Only the song of a secret bird.

END.

In the world of dreams I have chosen my part,  
 To sleep for a season and hear no word  
 Of true love's truth or of light love's art,  
 Only the song of a secret bird.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

TENNYSON AT HOME.

Like the better-known house at Farringford, whence the poet has been almost driven by the vulgar curiosity of mobs of tourists, this at Halsemere stands close to the ridge of a noble down, and there are groves of pine on either hand; but instead of forming vantage points whence, by the aid of telescopes, the poet might be seen wandering in the careless-ordered garden these groves dip suddenly down into deep gorges. Nothing of the house but the chimney-tops or the gables and pinnacles of the highest windows can be seen from any point near at hand.

To get firm foothold for the walls of the house a broad platform had to be cut in the rugged face of the sandstone cliff, and the level terrace, stretching along the southern front, is only kept from sliding down to the fields below by sturdy brick buttresses and arched ramparts. The house is modern Gothic, designed in admirable taste with wide mullioned windows, many-angled oriels in shadowy recesses, and dormers whose gables and pinnacles break the sky-line picturesquely. Within everything is ordered with a quiet, refined elegance that has in it, perhaps, just a *suspicion* of an affectation of aestheticism not quite in keeping with the spirit either of modern or mediæval life. The hall, in spite of its richly tessellated pavement, has a delightful sense of coolness in its soft half light. The lofty rooms have broad, high windows, the light from which is tempered by delicately colored hangings; walls of the negative tints in which modern decorators delight, diapered with dull gold, and panelled ceilings of darkly stained wood with moulded ribs and beams. High-backed chairs of ancient and uncompromising stiffness flank the table, typifying the poet's sterner moods, while in cosy corners are comfortable lounges that indicate a tendency to yield something to the soft seductions of more effeminate inspirations. Nowhere is the spirit vexed by garish ornament or the eye by glaring color. A few good etchings and paintings hang on the walls, among them an excellent copy of the Peter Martyr, which is doubly valuable since the destruction of the original. But there is one room in which all that is most interesting in this house centres. The door opens noiselessly, and the tread of your feet is muffled as you enter a dim corridor, divided from the room by a high screen. The air is heavy with the odor of an incense not unfamiliar to men of letters, and if you could doubt whence it arose your doubts would be speedily dissolved as the occupant of the chamber comes forward to meet you, the inseparable pipe still between his teeth. The figure, though slightly bent, bears the burden of its sixty-six years lightly; the dark mass of hair falling backward from the broad, high forehead, and the "knightly growth fringing the lips," are but sparsely streaked with silver, and the face, though rugged and deeply lined with thought, is full of calm dignity and of a tenderness strangely at variance with his somewhat brusque tone and manner. His disregard of the conventionalities of life is thoroughly natural and unaffected. His suit of light gray hanging about him in many a fold, like the hide of a rhinoceros, the loose ill-fitting collar and carelessly knotted tie, the wide low boots, are not worn, you may be sure, for artistic effect, or with the foppishness of a Byron. The spirit of the man speaks as plainly in his garb as it did when he lashed his critic with that cutting

"What profits now to understand  
 The merits of a spotless shirt,  
 A dapper boot, a little hand,  
 (If half the little soul be dirt!)"

Few poets have been exposed to the same kind of persecution as the Poet Laureate. The sting of envious criticism was bad enough to a proud spirit like Byron, but it could hardly have been so bad as the pertinacity of the curious who invaded the solitude so dear to a man of Tennyson's reflective temperament until he could hardly venture to move from the door of his

home in the Isle of Wight. Americans first injured him by stealing his verses, and then added insult to injury by flaunting their nationality constantly in his face, until the sight of a stranger became hateful to him, and his sensitive dislike to prying inquisitiveness goaded him into treating all whom he did not know as if they were in act or intention his persecutors. This peculiarity has probably not lessened with increase of years. But if his first impulse is to receive men brusquely, almost rudely, he reads character with wonderful quickness; and when he changes his first unfavorable impression he is not slow to act on the better opinion. His face betrays him at once.

Mr. Tennyson has not made many friends among Sussex neighbors, and though he has numerous visitors during the few months of his annual stay at Halsemere, they are nearly all companions of that charmed circle which is narrowing so fast year after year. But his chief delight is not in communion with his fellows. Rather it is to sit here in this quiet, secluded study, surrounded by a few choice books of favourite authors, and, when not working at the desk by the window that overlooks the pine glen and the purple wood westward, to lounge by the larger one that looks down on the bright blossoming terrace over the dense belt of beeches and hazels, where the whirling of nightjars sounds ceaselessly in the twilight, away to the gray lines of undulating hills and the streak of silver sea. Whatever he is doing, the eternal pipe is ever ready at hand, and a huge tobacco jar, big enough for an ancestral urn, on the floor beside him. At other times he will wander down to the zigzag pathways that meander in all directions through the tall hazel twigs which hem his house around, where one comes suddenly on a little secluded glade bright with mossy verdure, or a garden laden with odors from a score of pine-trees, or a bigger lawn devoted to the innocent pursuit of croquet or lawn-tennis. Less frequently he may be seen walking through neighboring ways and exciting the curiosity of the village folk by the strangeness of his mien and the eccentricity of his costume. In all his out-of-door excursions he is sure to be accompanied by one or other of his handsome sons "full limbed and tall." She, the "dear, near and true," whose sweet faith in him was ever the incentive to greater labor and higher aspirations, is no longer able to be by his side in work, but invalid as she is she still finds opportunity for ministering to the wants of the poor about her gates.

NATIONAL HEALTH.

The workers who stand at the head of vitality are the barristers. The deaths recorded in their class in the three years from which observation is derived were one hundred and thirty-five; the deaths that would have occurred amongst them in the same period if they had been in the mean rule of deaths, that is to say if they shared the common rate of deaths with all the others, would have been two hundred and fifteen. The rate of their deaths was sixty-three compared by the standard. The next in order on the list of those who present a high vitality is the class composed of the clergy of the Established Church of England. The deaths in this class were actually one thousand one hundred and five in the three years; the deaths that would have occurred amongst them according to the standard rate, would have been one thousand five hundred and forty-seven. The rate of their deaths compared with the total of all the deaths of all the classes was seventy-one to a hundred. The good health and longevity of the clergy have long been observed, both in England and in Switzerland, but that it was so superior in its totality had certainly not before been surmised. Under the head of Protestant ministers are placed all the other ministers of England and Wales who, preaching Protestant principles, are not included under the title of ministers of the Established Church. These are a very slight degree lower in the vital scale; they rank as seventy-five by the standard. Next in order to these ministers come the class of men in trade known as grocers. These yielded an actual mortality in the three years of three thousand one hundred and sixty. By the mean standard they would have yielded four thousand one hundred and seventy-three. The rate of their mortality compared with the standard of the hundred was seventy-six. In another very large group of traders who combine grocers' business with other forms of shopkeeping the same favourable condition did not precisely obtain, but still it was not greatly altered. The deaths were at the rate of seventy-seven. After the grocers come a small class of a very different order, a class not destined probably to remain always on the books of the statistician. This class is made up of game-keepers. The rate of their mortality was eighty. The large class of superintendent tillers of the soil known as farmers and graziers are the next favoured. Their mortality is eighty-five as compared with the standard of a hundred. They are followed by the civil engineers eighty-six, booksellers and publishers eighty-seven, and wheelwrights eighty-eight. Next to the wheelwrights are the silk manufacturers, who rate at eighty-nine, and who are specially worthy of notice because they contrast, as we shall see in due time, most favourably by the side of some other workers in textile manufactures. Labourers, including the whole class of agricultural work-

kers, and carpenters and joiners, succeed in order: they each present a mortality of ninety-one, and compare in degree favourably with the little class of men who are known as bankers, and whose rate of death is ninety-two. Next to them are the whole class of male domestic servants, who yield a rate of ninety-three deaths in proportion to the hundred. Sawyers, a rather large class of working men, present a little higher mortality, ninety-five. Brass manufacturers and braziers present ninety-six as their rate, and paper manufacturers and musical instrument makers present the same, viz., ninety-six. Gunsmiths and blacksmiths rise to ninety-seven. Shoemakers, iron and steel manufacturers, and tanners and curriers, rise to ninety-eight. Bakers complete the list of those who stand on the favourable side of the standard in the scale. They exhibit a mortality ninety-nine compared with the standard of one hundred as the mean. We have now descended step by step along the scale until we have arrived at the classes of men who out of the seventy occupations under our cognizance yield the average mortality. These are two in number. They are engine and machine makers, and wool and worsted manufacturers.

A MEMORY OF THE PAST.

READER, did you ever have any pleasant memories of long years gone by? If so, do they ever recur to you? Do the angel faces that you loved so long ago ever return to greet you in the moments of your quiet solitude? Perhaps you never loved, or had anyone to love; if so, let me tell you a little romance of mine.

'Tis now, as nearly as I (the narrator) can remember, twenty long, sad years ago. I was young then, and people called me handsome, simply because nature had been too lavish with her charms, and gave me a Grecian cast of countenance, large, dreamy blue eyes, brown, curly hair, and a frame sufficiently strong and well developed to battle with the labours of life. I suppose, like other young men, I was a little vain; my love for woman was prompt and cordial, and I would go as far and give as much as anyone for a little fun or pleasure. Physically I resembled my father—mentally, my mother. I possessed her sympathetic disposition. I had travelled considerably, and had seen a great deal of life in different countries, had encountered many very handsome women, but never had I come across my ideal until I reached the city of New York, that babel of noise, fashion, and lovely women. It was by the merest accident that we met; I was not even introduced to her; fate seemed to throw us in each other's way. It was in the month of June, when the birds put on their brightest plumage, and flowers their gayest hue, and all God's creatures seemed to be in their loveliest, sweetest mood. She was a blonde, with deep blue eyes, golden hair, sweet, dimpled hands and cheeks, and a laugh so soft, yet so melodious, that their echo never seemed to fade away. She was like the rose whose name she bore—lovely to look upon—all that man could wish to possess. I knew but little of her disposition, although I firmly believe if there had been no obstruction in the way she was capable of loving passionately—for her eye lit up the heart within.

We became fast friends, and I had tried to be very kind, in order, if possible, to win her affection. She seemed pleased with my attention, and in fact I believed that I ruined all my hopes and aspirations in being over-zealous in my love for her.

We parted, one evening, I promising to call on the following Thursday. We lingered long in the porch before I took my leave. Little did I think then it was for the last time! But fate seemed to will it should be thus, and kept me away on the evening I was to call. I sent her an apology, but received no answer. My pride was wounded, and, although I believe she loved me, we never met again—only in silence.

And in all these long years we have waited for the wound to heal; and to-day at dear old Westlands, my home for years, while plucking the withered leaves from the fresh young budding plants, I accidentally severed a rose from its parent bush. I raised it tenderly from the ground, and sighed as I thought how soon it would wither and die. I pressed it to my breast, and wished it could always live and blossom there. And then I remembered that other rose; but, ah! how different from my garden flower! She was a flower from above, destined to live and bloom as long as it pleased the will of Heaven! I would fain have cherished her; but no; she, too, might have withered and died, for love, like plants, will not thrive in a climate not suited to their nature. So I press my flower between the leaves of a book, and, as time rolls on, I can look back and think of the time when that flower was all life and beauty to me. But now 'tis faded, and there is nothing but the dry leaves left to remind me of my once beautiful rose.

And so it is in life. We discover a fair human flower, lovely to gaze upon, all that a man could wish to possess. We struggle hard to win it, and, just as we think we have attained the summit of life's ambition, it is plucked by the hand of fate, and transplanted, to bloom and to wither and die in some other garden, where perhaps, it will not be cherished when it has lost its bloom of youth and loveliness, and we have nothing left to remind us of the fair flower but the withered leaves of a once fair rose, and the pleasant memories of the past.

MARCHMONT HOME, BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.

Most of our readers, no doubt, know at least something of Miss Macpherson's work. This Christian lady devotes her life specially to rescuing neglected children in Britain, who, if let alone, would, in all likelihood, grow up in wretchedness and vice. After having been trained for a time in Britain, they are brought out to this country, and placed in homes chiefly among the farming population. Many of the children are quite young. These are adopted into homes where there are either no children, or they are already grown up. Great care is taken to place those brought out, where they will not only be kindly treated, but also be surrounded with good moral and religious influences. Many of them are in good positions, doing well for themselves. Some, it is to be hoped, will be blessings to society. But for Miss Macpherson, how very different it would have been with them, humanly speaking! That some of the older ones have not turned out well, is not to be wondered at, considering their early training. The wonder is that it is otherwise with so many. It has been said that Miss Macpherson makes money by what she does for the children. This statement is a grossly false one, and consequently treats her with great injustice and cruelty. She, and at least her principal helpers, labour at their own expense. They exercise great self denial, that they may be enabled to serve the Lord in this way. They should, therefore, be highly honoured, instead of being sneered at, and slandered.

Since this work began in 1870, over three thousand children have been brought out and distributed. There are 3 distributing "Homes" in Canada—"Marchmont," at Belleville, and "Blair Athol" at Galt, Ont., and "Knowlton" at Knowlton, Que. The first is the principal one, and is under the charge of Miss Bilbrough. Those wishing to obtain children from it should apply to her. Many write to "Miss Macpherson, Belleville." It is useless to do so, as she is very seldom there.

In this number, we give a picture of the present Marchmont Home, from a photograph, by Mr. J. W. Boyce, of Belleville, Ont. The last one was burned down in April, 1875. It replaced one which was destroyed in the same manner in January, 1872. On that occasion, we are sorry to say, a poor little boy, aged six years, perished in the flames. Providentially, no lives were lost on the other occasion. The present Home, which is of more durable materials than those of the former ones, is a very handsome and convenient building, and a credit to the friends in Great Britain and Canada by whose gifts it has been built.

LITERARY.

MR. W. E. H. LECKY is engaged in writing a history of Social Life in the Eighteenth Century.

M. OFFENBACH has handed to the publisher, Colmann Lévy, the manuscript of a volume in which will be related, in all its curious and interesting details, the journey of the composer in America.

AN interesting discovery has been made by Professor Carl Hirsche, of the University of Heidelberg. It is that of an original MS. of the "De Imitatione Christi," in the Royal Library of Brussels.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS has an epic poem in the press, the subject of which is the great Northern story of Sigurd and the Niblungs. The author has for the most part followed closely the Eddic version of the tale.

MR. JOSEPH HATTON is writing a history of the White Star Fleet, in connection with which he is to visit New York. Mr. Hatton returns in October, when he will produce his new drama of "Hester Prynne," in London.

WITHOUT counting daily newspapers and local journals, but reckoning the whole of the other periodicals, from those sold at one halfpenny to the quarterly reviews, the serials published in London number near upon 800.

THE old Elizabethan survey, or John Norden's map of Shakespeare's London in 1593, having been enlarged to four times its original size by the New Shakespeare Society, and cut on wood, is about to be published in the Graphic.

IT is said that the passages in Mr. Trevelyan's "Life of Macaulay," referring to the late Mr. Croker have led to some correspondence with the author, and that Mr. Trevelyan has offered to withdraw the passages in question from future editions of the work. It appears that Mrs. Croker is still living.

THE New York Nation announces a forthcoming "Memoir of Lieut. Colonel Tench Tighman," an eminent patriot of the Revolution, the aide-de-camp and secretary of General Washington. An appendix will contain his private journal of the treaty at German Flats, N. Y., between the Commissioners of Congress and the Six Nations; his diary of the siege of Yorktown; a number of his letters to his father from army headquarters, 1776-1781; and several of Washington's letters to him never before published.

THE Academy states that a "Chronique de la Pucelle Dorléans Jehanne Darc, Escript en la Ville Dorléans en nostre Convent lan 1512" MS. has been bought by the Museum authorities at Mr. Bragg's sale in June. This is written on very thick parchment, and has on the first leaf an equestrian portrait of Joan of Arc, who is painted in armour, riding from the gates of the city on a white horse, sword in right hand and flag in left. Beneath the portrait is written "De par Dieu pour la France et Mon Roi."

A WORK will shortly be published by Mr. W. Ross, well known as a Homeric critic in the Edinburgh Review, on Tacitus and Bracciolini, the object of which will be to show that the "Annals" of Tacitus are not genuine, and that they were forged by Bracciolini (known otherwise as "Poggio") in the fifteenth century. The arguments adduced in support of these conclusions are grounded partly on the fact that chronologically Tacitus could not have written the "Annals," and partly on the circumstances that the "Annals" show singular differences from the style and treatment of the "History," and that the peculiarities thus displayed are precisely those most prominent in the acknowledged writings of Bracciolini. The correspondence of Bracciolini with his Florentine friend Niccoli clearly points to some scheme of forgery connected with the name of Tacitus.