

FINE ARTS

The Spanish Government has decided to restore, or rather to save from impending ruin, the Palace of Charles V. at Granada, one of the best monuments of the Renaissance in the Peninsula, the work of the architect Machuco, who was educated in Italy.

At the time of the meeting of the British Association at Newcastle-on-Tyne an exhibition of local works of art, by local artists, living and deceased, was opened in the Central Exchange Art Gallery. It began on Friday, August 30, and continues open about six weeks.

Two ancient aqueducts have been discovered at Athens, one, large and fit for use, in the part called Goudi, towards Hymettus, the other, made of brick, in the city itself, beneath the royal stables. Near the latter have been found several tombs in marble, and in both places fragments of inscriptions, one of them bearing the name of Philagros, son of Alexis of the demos of Melite.

The *Builder* says that Chenies having been "opened up" by a railway company, the Duke of Bedford, whose foresight is to be admired, has forbidden that free access to the mortuary chapel of his family, where many of his ancestors lie buried under beautiful tombs, which was formerly granted. The fate of Fairlight Glen should be a warning to all who have a care for natural beauty which can be defaced by unworthy hands. The tombs at Chenies need care the once lovely glen has not received. How about Milton's cottage at Chalfont, which is only a few miles from a new railway station? Will anything be done to defend this still nearly intact relic of the poet?

The Montreal correspondent of the *Canadian Architect and Builder* writes as follows:—Canadian architects, if you want to be employed on Canadian works, go at once, rent an office in Albany, Syracuse, Boston, New York, or some small American town—but it must be American, otherwise you will never be appreciated by the Canadian public. In Montreal to-day it does not matter what your antecedents may have been. Hang up your shingle as an architect from Boston and New York; run down every other local architect; never mind your own social standing; keep up lots of style; take all the credit trades will give you, and when any important work is to be given, our public will ask no questions, and will put aside well-known and reliable men to make room for you. For all this we have but ourselves to blame. There is no *esprit de corps* among our Montreal architects, but, on the contrary, a feeling of jealousy prevails. It is a great pity we have not some such society as the R. I. B. A., of England, to raise the standard of our profession.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, therein the honor lies."

A meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ontario Association of Architects was held in Toronto on June 16th, to arrange preliminaries in connection with the approaching annual convention in November. Some eight or ten papers on a variety of interesting subjects have already been promised. It is proposed to hold an exhibition of drawings at the Canadian Institute rooms. Members of the Association are urged to assist in making this exhibition as large and interesting as possible. Those who may wish to send drawings for exhibition should correspond with the Secretary of the Association on the subject at as early a date as possible. It is intended that the convention shall extend over at least two days, and shall include a dinner on the evening of the first day. The secretary has been in communication with the promoters of the movement in England for incorporation, and from this source has gained information which will prove of much service to the committee appointed by the Ontario Association to further similar objects in Canada. This committee, we are pleased to learn, is making satisfactory progress with the work assigned to it.—*Canadian Architect*.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—There is good reason to believe that in a couple of years the nation will be possessed of a National Portrait Gallery architecturally worthy of its collection and of its site—assuming, of course, that the Government accepts Lord Rosebery's suggestion that £7,000 be voted to the County Council—or, according to the Government's proposal, £3,500 apiece—to secure the piece of ground in front of it. May not, therefore, the suggestion with propriety be revived that was first brought forward, I believe, in 1857—namely, that a special room be devoted to artists, and that a gallery of honour be devoted to them on the basis of the Uffizi Gallery? Our best artists, including Sir F. Leighton and Sir Everett Millais, Mr. Watts, and Mr. Gregory have all gladly accepted the Italian invitation to contribute their likenesses to the gallery of Florence. Why should they not rather turn their eyes homewards, and keep the great artistic biography of the nation in the country! Such a collection would unquestionably be the chief attraction in the Portrait Gallery, for an autograph likeness has far more of interest in it than another. The French found this out last year. Why should not we, too, if we can, get our artists to honour their country and themselves in the same way? If the danger of promiscuous invitation be avoided the standard will be high, and little, if any, difficulty would be experienced.—*Fall Mall Gazette*.

THE GHOST OF THE GASLIGHT.

It wanted precisely ten minutes of seven o'clock, and the rain, which had fallen in considerable quantities for two days past, had apparently not quite made up its mind whether to go on falling or to cease. An uncertain sort of morning it was, that might result in a fair, sultry, summer day, or in thunder showers or lightning, such as had preceded it. Looking up Laval Avenue, I perceived, burning dimly in the near distance, a solitary street lamp. It was such an unusual sight at this hour, when, as far as the eye could discern in all other directions, the lights were extinguished, that it at once arrested my attention. It continued to burn a while, feebly, sickly and ghostly in the broadening daylight, casting its faint little melancholy glimmer on an adjacent elm, and then, as I looked, it flickered, shot up a sudden, momentary gleam, and expired. Instantly I remembered that this was the 31st of July, and to-morrow from every quarter the new electric light would flash in inaugural splendour through the city. This, then, was the death of the old familiar light, that, in spite of our grumblings, had served us fairly well in the past, guiding our feet in darksome nights wherever they were fain to go—on errands of duty, of pleasure or of mercy, or—(but it was not to blame for this, and we shrank from it at such times)—of sin, perhaps. It had lighted us home when we were returning weary from the toils of the day, and it had been our beacon often to the House of God. We had welcomed its charming ray as the winter days grew short, and it had shone out earlier on dreary afternoons with a friendly glimmer. At times of local uncertainty we had looked to it, and it had seldom failed us. It had been our friend from the first, and a friend to all of us. But now we were going to give it up. Poor little ghostly light, that lingered so long for the last time. The light was a sad one; and what, after all, was it but a figure of ourselves. Lights of a little night, we too shine out in the dark, helping or misleading for our fleeting time, then vanishing like this tiny ghost of the gaslight, that other and newer luminaries may take our place.

EROL GERVASE.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

"I believe that every sin, however great, being repented of, and forsaken, is by God, and ought to be by men, altogether forgiven, blotted out, and done away."—*Miss Mulock's "Life for a Life."*

Fair Alice, dreaming not of woe,
By one she trusted was beguiled,
And when the ground was white with snow,
The child-like mother clasped a child.
"Sweet sister! shield my infant son,
The world will scorn a maid undone:
Let not thy pity be denied."
"Away, away!" the sister cried.

Fair Alice, tremulous with fears,
Strayed onward through the wintry storm,
And soon, through large remorseful tears,
Gazed meekly on her brother's form.
"I am too frail a thing to live,
Still, brother, still my crime forgive!
I pray thee, shut not out thy love."
"My heart," he swore, "thou canst not move."

Fair Alice sought her father's roof,
Her cold pale cheek suffused with shame:
She feared the stern old man's reproof,
She felt unworthy of his name.
"My father! I have suffered more
Than heart of woman ever bore:
Pardon! I know my sin is great."
"My love," he cried, "is turned to hate."

Fair Alice, by her father spurned,
Almost of reason's self bereft,
Despairing, to her mother turned,
The only hope or solace left
She sobbed with penitential cry,
"My heart is broken—I shall die!"
"Live," said her mother; "thou canst win
From God forgiveness for thy sin!"

GEO. MURRAY.

Half the misery in the world comes of want of courage to speak and hear the truth plainly, and in a spirit of love.—*Mrs. Stowe*.

The only way capital can increase is by saving. If you spend as much as you get, you will never be richer than you are. It is not what a man gets but what he saves that constitutes his wealth.

Humorous

WHOM IT BELONGED TO.—He: Oh! what a charming plant. Elder sister: Yes, it belongs to the Begonia family. Small sister: No, it don't. It belongs to the Brown family, who lent it to us for this evening.

TUBBS (recounting his experience at a musicale a few evenings previous): They did not even ask me to sing. Miss Whitelye (placidly): You've sung there before, haven't you? Tubbs: Yes, once; why? Miss W.: Oh, nothing.

ADORER (nervously): Isn't that your father's step on the stairs! Sweet Girl: Yes, but don't mind that; it's only a scare. He won't come down. He always stamps around that way when I sit up with young men after 11 o'clock.

"I am going into town, and perhaps I shall call on your mother, Mary," said Mrs. Grandlady to her youngest servant. "What do you wish me to say to her?" "Oh, ye can jist say I'm weel pleased wi' ye," was the innocent reply.

JUDGE: You are arrested for walking on the grass in the park; and that, too, right near a notice warning you to keep off. Accused: Yes. I'm near sighted, you know; and I couldn't make out what the sign was, so I went over on the grass to read it, and was arrested.

AN Aberdeen visitor to Glasgow lately was breakfasting in a cooking depot when a fly went into his milk. It was coolly walking away, when he was heard to remark—"Na, na, ma wee flee, yer nae run awa' that way till a sook yer wee wingie; ye were in ma milk, ye ken."

"Do you belong to the Salvation Army?" he asked of a stern-visaged woman who stood at his side. "No, sir, I do not. But in this generation of tired men," she added, with a withering glance at the row of sitting males, "I seem to belong to the standing army." She got a seat.

LITTLE HOWARD has been told that he must be punished, and that he could choose between a whipping and being shut up in a dark closet. After a moment's painful thought he said: "Well, papa, if mamma 'll do it, I guess I'll be whipped; but if you're going to whip me, I guess I'll be shut up."

HAD ONE.—"Have you any particular object in loafing around here?" asked the contractor of a new building of an idler who was in the way. "Yes sir," was the prompt reply. "Well, what is it?" "I want to dodge my creditors, and they will never think of looking for me where there is any work going on."

ONE of the Shah's suite, desirous of emulating an American marksman at Hatfield house, Lord Salisbury's seat, near London, took up the rifle, but one shot was enough; there was a screech of alarm, which would have been followed by a general stampede if the American had not promptly taken away the rifle, as the Oriental narrowly escaped "potting" a group of guests, and Lord Salisbury's terrier, Spot, was very nearly falling a victim.

HE SAW THE PROPRIETOR.—Wife: John, I wish you'd go into Coffee & Co.'s when you're down town and see why they haven't sent up the groceries I ordered by postal card two days ago. It's shameful to neglect my order so. Just give them a real hard scolding, will you, John? John: I shall go there and see Mr. Coffee himself about it. John (an hour later): Mr. Coffee, here's an order on this postal card that I've carried in my pocket two days. I wish you'd get the goods up to the house early this morning; will you please?

This is said to be a true story, though appearing in the *Melbourne Punch*. Lady Carrington, the wife of the Governor of New South Wales, is said to be a demure little lady, at times with a keen sense of humour. The other day a magnate from South Australia called at Government House. He sent his card in, and, waving the footman aside, said he would "go up and give his lordship a surprise." At the top of the stairs he met a nice-looking young woman, and, in a fine old gentlemanly, gallant way, chucked her under the chin, and pressed a half-crown into her hand, saying, at the same time, "show me into the presence of his lordship, my little dear." The little dear, with enigmatical smile, opened the door of his lordship's study and said: "Bob, here is a gentleman to see you, and"—opening her hand—"he's given me half-a-crown to show him where you were."

JOB WAS ILL-USED.—The minister of the "Auld Lights" in Laurieston Place, Edinburgh, had a hearer, a farmer, who lived several miles from that city, and being so faithful as to go nearly twelve miles to church every Sunday, was rewarded by having a visit from the minister for a fortnight or so during the harvest time, when he generally gave a sermon to the people in the neighbourhood in Jonathan's barn. The people assembled, however, one Sunday evening, when Jonathan got up and said: "My friends, something unexpected has, nae doot, come in the minister's road. At ony rate, he's no here, an' rather than let ye awa hame thirsting and hungering after the Word, I'll gie ye a bit screed mysel'." So he read them three chapters from the Book of Job, and closing the Book said: "Fellow-sinners, I'm nae great commentator, so I'se no be the yin to expatiate at ony length, but jist say, in a few words, the long and short o't is, between God and the deevil Job was a very ill-used man."