

chen window, bestowing a smile of welcome upon the visitor, and an immediate adjournment was proposed.

With an affectation of making his toilette for the occasion, Mr. Smart flicked his top-boots with a red silk handkerchief of prodigal dimensions, and having given his horse into the charge of one of the boys, he uncovered his head, and offering an arm to each of a couple of the daughters of the house, to show his acquaintance with the formalities of town life, stepped cheerfully into the dining-room.

(To be Continued.)



The composition which gives its name to the book of poems of the Lockhart brothers* is the "Masque of Flowers." It occupies the place of honour in the volume, and is written in prose. Curiosity led us to read it first, and we saw at once that it was really a feat of strength on the part of one or both of the brothers, and should be classed as a prose-poem. There are two portraits, one of Burton W. Lockhart, and the other that of Arthur J. Lockhart, the latter being the chief author of the poems. We greet the work as a further proof of the literary activity which reigns in the Maritime Provinces. Mr. Lockhart is a Nova Scotian, born—we should say from several of the best poems, such as "Gaspereau" and "Hills of Minas"—in the Acadian valley, but now residing at East Corinth, Maine, whence we have received several interesting communications from him. His brother dwells in Suffield, Connecticut.

We shall say at once that "The Masque of Minstrels" is a distinct acquisition to Canadian literature. There is zest and freshness in the treatment of a broad range of subjects, sentimental in great measure, but the prevailing bent of the author's mind is introspective and philosophical. There are also mild assertions of faith and worship which impart grace to several of the lesser poems. "Alice Lee," a love story, in four parts, is the one that gives character to the volume, and that by which Mr. Lockhart will win his title to public fame and favour. We may say of this whole work what the author says in "The Maiden-Eve."

The maiden-Eve is a bride to-night,
And her brow is bound with a circlet bright,
And her robe of blue, in every fold,
Is sprinkled and starred with dust of gold.

And I at the holy altar stand,
And hold, sweet Mary, thy lily-white hand;
Fair is thy face, and thine eye is bright,
And thou, meek maid, art a bride to-night!

As Byron says, "there is the charm of recollected music" in the modern treatment of classical subjects. Here we have before us the "Legend of Marathon," † written forty years ago by a Canadian judge whose name is withheld, and who prints this work, of his three and twentieth year, for private friends, because he deems it "less worthy of cremation than the residue." The legend is that of Euclides, the soldier, who, after being wounded in the battle, ran from Marathon to Athens—22 miles—and fell dead as he spoke the words: "Rejoice. We triumph! *Chairete, Nikomen!*"

If it is true that the style of the historic and warlike ballad is, as it were, forgotten in our day, then we account for the charm with which compositions of the kind before us take the mind back to the good sterling days—which seem already so far away—when the school of Scott, Lockhart, Macaulay, Moore, Byron and the incomparable Aytoun—kept up the Lays of the Last Minstrels, and sang in rattling verses the scenes of love and the deeds of chivalry. Our septuagenarian bard handles his metre—which he diversifies in several rhythms—with perfect skill,

and we met not a single slipshod line. The descriptive passages are correctly classical, and in the account of the battle the splendour of Persian pageantry is happily contrasted with the simple valour of the Greeks. The episode of the appearance of the phantom Theseus is introduced with striking effect:—

What awful Shade
Gigantic in the sunlight made,
O'er silent hosts and ranks dismayed,
Is floating stern and slow!

The work closes with a little love-poem in itself, "By the Grave," and these are the concluding lines:—

Years fled on—the land was dark,
The Persian swept the Attic hills,
And thousands thronged the flyer's bark
And wail the mourning Athens fills.
The eve before the woful flight,
A scant and melancholy train
With dirge and wreath and funeral rite,
Came sadly to the rustic fane;
A maiden's dust to earth they bare,
Her heart for years had rested there.

MILITIA NOTES.

The Militia Department deny that St. Johns Infantry School will be moved to Montreal.

Captain H. B. Mackay, R.E., graduate R.M.C. June '84, has been appointed Commanding Royal Engineers, West Coast of Africa.

Lord Lansdowne has appointed Captain Streatfield, Grenadier Guards, who was his aide-de-camp in Canada, his acting private secretary.

Lieut.-Col. Boswell, commandant of the 90th Battalion, has applied to the Militia Department to be allowed to raise two additional companies.

The death is announced in England of General Sir C. H. Ellice, late adjutant-general of the forces. Among his military services is recorded a campaign in Canada during the rebellion of 1837.

Colonel Francis Duncan, who died lately, had, as an officer of the Imperial Army, served in Nova Scotia, and often visited the Dominion, where he had many friends. He was an honorary D.C.L. of King's College, N.S.

Major W. P. Anderson has been promoted to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 43rd Rifles and Carleton Rifles, in place of Lieut.-Col. Wm. White, who organized the battalion in 1881, and has ever since commanded it.

As a result of the recent visit of Mr. John Robson to Ottawa the Dominion Government have agreed to assume the greater portion of the expenses of suppressing the Indian uprising on Skeena river, and an appropriation for that purpose will be asked for at the coming session of Parliament.

AFTER THE STORM.

Oh! swallow, fleet swallow, thou fliest so high,
Now the storm in its fury no longer is nigh;
Beseeems it thou piercest, in arrowy flight,
The gold and the blue on the borders of night.

Is it for joy that thou spreadest thy wings,
Where the last gorgeous beam of the rainbow springs?
As tho' thou wert happy to welcome again
The sun-setting blushes o'er valley and plain.

As I watch thy manœuvres I cannot but think,
How much of the glory that lies on the brink
Of our deepest affections, we never behold,
Because we soar not for the blue and the gold.

But tempest-tost, rudderless, hopelessly lie,
Seldom caring to look for the succour so high;
Contented to wait for the chance that may bring
Some miracle-mercy on far-reaching wing.

How sweet is the calm now the tempest is spent!
It seemeth as tho' the old promise was sent,
Once more to the earth thro' the bow in the sky
To shield us and tell us "THE MASTER IS NIGH!"

Oh! swallow, sweet swallow, thy heavenward flight
Hath taught me a manifold lesson to night,—
A lesson of hope, inexpressibly sweet,
A balm for my soul, and a light for my feet.

Montreal.

HENRY PRINCE.

Ruskin says: "To read, to think, to love, to hope, to work—these are the things to make men happy. They have power to do these things; they will never have power to do more." To this a contemporary rejoins: Yes, men have power to do more than these things. They have power to pray, to worship God, to abstain from the commission of sin, practice virtue, to help their neighbour in distress—in fact men have power to do innumerable good things beside those mentioned by Ruskin. And these, more than those mentioned by Ruskin, will help to make men happy.



The Empress of Austria lives almost entirely on milk, boiled eggs and biscuits.

A little girl's view of it:—"Minerva was the Goddess of Wisdom; she never married."

A man always thinks his love letters models of composition till they come up in a breach of promise case.

"On what do you base your sudden antipathy to tobogganing, Spriggs?" "On the seat of my trousers!"

Theodosia is about to marry a corn doctor. She is romantic, and says she always wanted a man at her feet.

A British subject has been declared insane in Chicago. Probably he had been trying to understand the England campaign bugaboo.

There are few things more painful than the effort of a man using a word, of whose pronunciation he is doubtful, to appear nonchalant.

A little boy who had been used to receive his elder brother's old toys and clothes recently asked: "Ma, shall I have to marry his widow when he dies?"

"John, you are not listening to a word I am saying!" "Why, my dear, I am all ears." "I know you are, and that makes it all the more provoking."

"The awkwardest thing in the world," says a cynical neighbour, "is a woman handling a gun." Dunno about that; did you ever see a man handling a baby?

Miss Westend (confidentially): "Mr. Saphead proposed to me last night." Rival belle: "Did he? When I refused him in the afternoon he said he was going to do something desperate."

"My dear," remarked a fond mother to a belle of several seasons, "what did you mean by taking Mr. Red-cheek's hand last night?" "Nothing, mamma; I always like to encourage amateurs."

"Do you not think that this world is beautiful?" she said. "Yes, tolerable." "Do you not think that there is poetry in everything?" "Yes, poetry in everything except the poems we see in the magazines."

A correspondent asks: "Which is correct, 'Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes,' or 'See, the Conquering Hero?'" It depends upon the location. If the correspondent should be out West and see an Indian making for him with a scalping knife the former would be the correct way of using the quotation.

Mr. Bogle, of Chicago, has a small daughter who has just begun to attend Sunday school, and a good neighbour who answers to the name of Jewell. Lately there was sung at Sunday school the hymn beginning, "Precious jewels, precious jewels," when the young Bogle, who thought an invidious distinction was being made, rendered her part of it, "Precious Boggles, precious Boggles."

Seven is the perfect number, and if the following seven rules were faithfully observed they would do something toward making a perfect man. Before thou openest thy mouth think: 1. What thou shalt speak. 2. Why thou shouldst speak it. 3. To whom thou art about to speak. 4. Concerning whom or what thou art about to speak. 5. What will result therefrom. 6. What benefit it can produce. 7. Who may be listening.

HIAWATHA'S OTHER GIRL.

I.

Legends say that Hiawatha,
When he lost his Minnehaha,
Joined the tribe of Oglawaha
For a lark.

II.

And made love to Mintawewe,
Daughter of the Chief Okeechee,
On the shores of Lake Pokeepsee,
In the dark.

III.

But the maiden met a trader,
Who proceeded to persuade her
Of his love until he made her
Eyelids fall.

IV.

Then a dumpy little squatter
Flung the trader in the water,
And the Indian warrior got her
After all.

FRENCH TEA.—The French do not drink good tea, but they give this recipe as the proper way to make tea: Pour boiling water on the leaves and then turn it out of the pot. Then pour one-third of the water required, and place the pot over a steaming apparatus in order to let it draw without boiling. After a while add another third, and then the last third. In this way the full flavour and strength of the tea are obtained.

* The Masque of Minstrels. By Two Brothers. Bangor, Me., 1887, 12, 361 pp.
† A Legend of Marathon; 8 vo. paper; 35 pp.