

and clipped ears, suspecting that his young mistress is a trifle lazy, creeps through the door, leaps lightly on the bed, and, with outstretched paw, tugs at the woollen coverlet. Pussie has heard him, and seen him from the corner of her eye, but pretends to be fast asleep, while "Spot" gazes hard at her, not quite certain whether Pussie is shamming, in which case he will pull off the counterpane outright.

RED AND BLUE PENCILS.

In a brief, but searching paper on Cardinal Newman, as a teacher and poet, as well as a master of English, Augustine Birrell has one or two new insights. He says that Scott and Coleridge led the way for the Neo-Catholicism of the Oxford movement by making the old times and writers interesting. Dr Newman has not forgotten to pay tribute to Sir Walter and, in his own way, so has George Borrow.

On Dr Newman's standing as a poet, Birrell has some keen sayings. He holds that the Verses, in their intense sincerity, reduce all human feelings, whether fed on dogmas and holy rites, or on man's own heart, to a common denominator.

The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.

The Believer can often not say more. The Unbeliever will never willingly say less. Then he adds: "That we have two such religious poets as Cardinal Newman and Miss Christina Rossetti, is, or ought to be, matter for sincere rejoicing."

My readers will be delighted to know—what, it may be, they did not know before—that, recalling the death of Lord Lucan, and the battle of Balaklava, both Captain Nolan, who carried the fateful order to the Six Hundred, and Lieutenant Dunn, who was declared the "bravest of the brave," in that fearful charge, and decorated by the Queen's own hands for deeds of gallantry, were Toronto boys.

This valuable information was furnished the *Ottawa Citizen*, by "Mufti," a writer whose own name is known far and wide by the historical, biographical, and statistical books which he has written or compiled. He it is also who, a week ago, wrote a short review of the honourable and bright career of the late William Alexander Foster, whose name is forever linked with "Canada First," but whose death has been strangely overlooked outside of Ontario.

While yet a student, William Foster began his public life, with the late Chief Justice Moss, W. J. Rattray, the historian of the "Scot in Canada," and others, by contributing to a humorous weekly called the *Grumbler*, published in Toronto by the now famous Erastus Wiman. In 1869 he issued his pamphlet, "Canada First or the New Nationality," which led to the establishment of the "Canada First" party, that lasted until 1878.

I had set aside three short poems from my reading, signed Elizabeth Gostwycke Roberts. Upon inquiry I find that she is a young sister of her brother, that is a poet himself—the author of "Orion" and "In Divers Tones." The titles of these three pieces of verse are "First Snow," "Meadow Lilies" and "A Secret Song." My readers will have the pleasure of reading them, one by one, beginning right here with the last, from the November *Century* :—

A SECRET SONG.

O snowbird! snowbird!
Welcome thy notes when maples are bare;
Thy merry twitter, thy emphatic call,
Like silver trumpets pierce the freezing air,
What time the radiant flakes begin to fall.
We know thy secret. When the day grows dim,
Far from the homes that thou hast cheered so long,
Thy chirping changes to a twilight hymn!

O snowbird! snowbird, wherefore hide thy song!
O snowbird! snowbird!
Is it a song of sorrow none may know,
An aching memory? Nay, too glad the note!
Untouched by knowledge of our human woe,
Clearly the crystal flutings fall and float,
We hear thy tender ecstasy and cry,
"Lend us thy gladness that can brave the chill!"
Under the splendours of the winter sky,
O snowbird, snowbird, carol to us still.

In reply to a query, Charles Dana, of the N. Y. *Sun*, himself a skilful writer, says that, by common consent, Dr. Newman is the great living master of a pure, idiomatic, luminous, elegant English style. He next names Thackeray, Hawthorne, George Ripley, Dr. Channing, Matthew Arnold, John Fiske, and only a few others. I do not agree with him about Bancroft, whose style is stilted, and wonder that he left out Dr. Brownson, the best writer of English prose in the United States.

On the cover of our last number there is a pretty picture called "The Favourite," the subject being drawn from falconry. I have often wondered why that sport has not been introduced in America, where that of carrier pigeons is so successful and popular. In England the training of these birds is almost as general as in the Middle Ages, and there are frequent references to it in our modern literature, and, chiefly, the two pets, the goshawk and peregrine. No image, however, can surpass that of Juliet, on parting from Romeo, in the garden of the Capulets. Waving her hand from the high balcony, as her lover crosses the garden, she exclaims :—

O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!

TALON.

DAY DREAMS.

By ACUS.

Of hopes, none more lovely to lure us
Than they that but blossom to die;
And of fears, none more dread in the distance
Than they that are bubbles when by.

Of tunes, there are none like the old tunes
That live in the spirit, though dead!
And of places, none fair as the far ones,—
The near no enchantment can shed.

Of loves,—Ah! there's none like the first love,
Like the glory of spring-time, that glows;
But what comrade can yield the communion
The soul with itself only knows.

Of laughter, there's none like the laughter
That shrinks ne'er to pass the lips' bound;
And of sighs, there are none like the silent
That lie in the heart without sound.

Of words, the most freighted are spoken
To ears that are lifeless and cold;
But when silence would veil the emotion,
More deep it appears than when told.

Of dreams, there are none like the day-dreams,
What might be beclouds things that be;
And a light, far more radiant than daylight,
Is a light "ne'er on land nor on sea."

A MOTHER'S TEARS.

It may be only a Barlow knife with a rusty blade and a broken point, or it may be a peg top half split down the middle, or only half a dozen battered spools on a knotted string. But there it lies, whatever it is, stowed carefully away in the far off corner of the bureau drawer, under a yellow pile of little linen and stockings, patched and darned at heel and at knee, but all the gems of Golconda can not buy them; no, nor the gold of all the wide world size their preciousness. For they are the holy of the holies.

It is not often she looks upon the treasure there, but once in a while, sometimes, the time when a knock comes to the heart, that comes to mothers' hearts alone, like the famished and thirsty, she goes to the nest of her jewels. Slowly, with soft hands, the little linens are laid aside, and slowly, with trembling hands, the knife, the top, or the string of dingy spools are drawn forth. Ah, how gently they are pressed to the hearts and lips? What words are they saying, what sad, sweet songs are they singing! Kissed and cried on, and cried on and kissed. Then yearningly, reluctantly clinging, back they go to their nest in the far off corner, and the yellowing little linens are put back one by one. All alone, jealous that mortal eyes should see her worship at the shrine, the drawer is closed, and she who knelt before it, comes to earth once more.



E. J. Price is likely to succeed the late Mr. Ross as Senator.

Sir David and Lady Macpherson have started on a trip to England.

Sir Charles Tupper has been chosen by the British Government to negotiate a treaty with Spain.

The Hudson's Bay Company have chosen Sir Donald Smith to succeed the late Sir John Rose as deputy governor.

Commander Smith will once more take the "Parisian" to England before settling in Canada as chairman of the Dominion Board of Masters and Mates.

Capt. Miles Standish, who came over in the "Mayflower" in 1620, has a direct descendant in Waldeboro', Mexico. His name is Miles W. Standish and he has a son who is also named Miles.

Mr. Macfarlane, Dominion analyst, attended a meeting of the International Geological Congress in London, lately, where he advocated the appointment of a National Canadian Committee separate from that of the United States. The proposal was agreed to, and Dr. Robert Bell was appointed as chairman.

WELCOME TOOTS.

Yes, the dinner-horn surely, then the rush for outer garments, laid aside on account of the heat, by the boy and men folk; then the rush to the stone basin just below the mountain spring, by the girl and woman folk, there to take off the wide hats, smooth down the hair, and wash the dust and "Adamic dews," from the warm and blooming faces. All ready; now we are off to dinner. Not home, that would be too far, nor would it be a healthy exercise, just after a good dinner, to climb the "high hill," to the plateau where our work lies. No, but just at a little distance, is a spacious hall, which, with its surroundings, would have pleased Semiramis herself. A beautiful level space, then a romantic valley, both well wooded with maple, birch and beech, the sweetest and cleanest of all trees. Across the valley rises a pile of dark grey rocks; here and there all up its rugged front, are spots of foliage where the autumn winds have repeatedly hidden their spoil which, like the hidden secret, has sprung up to wave in grasses, and bloom in flowers fair as those on the plain, and in the valley below; and over all the song of birds finishes up the list of enchantments. They say that we have no singing birds in Canada. I would just like to have those who have said so dine with us to-day. But we are hungry, where is the dinner? Just here; a long table, covered with a longer white cloth, home-made benches on either side, a rustic chair, at the head; at the foot, stand the mother and elder sister, the one setting out plates, etc., the other uncovering steaming dishes brought from the home. Tea or coffee? Yes, for the elders; for the boy and girl, milk, cooled, if so desired, in the aforesaid spring where the peppermint and spearmint, brought from the garden, and dropped there, taking root, grew all around, and where our old acquaintance, the great green frog, sat on the flat stone, ready to jump into the cool water, in which he could by no means hide himself, but has to be content with blinking at the faces down beside him, or darting about and mixing up faces and sunbeams generally.

But dinner is getting cold. All in our places, blessing asked, and good things dispensed. Pleasant conversation goes round. No black bull's head on that table, neither are farm implements, fence-rails, or depredating cattle laid before us; no, we have perfect rest and enjoyment; some incident from the old home over the sea, the story in the *Montreal Transcript*, the latest poem by Longfellow, or some other such topic, filled up the time, while whisking around, and over our feet, enjoying our gifts, are the bright little chipmunks, a constant source of pleasure and amusement, while high up in the trees above, their more distant and lofty kinsfolk, the wood squirrels, are chattering at, and soundly rating, their more humble minded, and so more fortunate relatives.

Kindergarten.

ZENOBI.