

THE SONG OF THE SEA.

THE stars o'er head in the dark have fled,
And the mountain side is drear;
And the moon has gone and the wind sings on
With a melody far and near.

And the cedars bend and their dark crests lend
To the night a fragrant breath;
And the glow-worms gleam and the night-dogs dream
The wind-swept sky beneath.

And the clouds race by through the moonless sky,
And shout to the earth in glee;
And the city's light flares up in the night,
Like a furnace—angrily.

Where the pathway turns through the moss and ferns,
I wandered in doubt and pain;
And the night-wind's child placed her kisses wild
On my parted lips again.

And I heard the wind, as it rose behind
The melancholy pinetrees there;
And the sound of the sea through the heavens did flee,
Like the voice of a grand despair.

From the long, lone beach the waves could reach
The hill where the pine-trees grew;
And the sound of the sea had a meaning for me—
Like a voice that I loved and knew.

In a passionate song the whole night long
The panting waters cry;
And they touch deep cords in my life, no words
Can awaken to melody.

And this is the song the whole night long
The breakers bring to me;
And this is the tune 'neath the dying moon,
The ocean sings to me:—

"The days go by,
The seasons pass,
And tearfully
We sing our mass
To a great, lone god.

"In my cold, wide streams
The bodies lie,
Where the sea-flower gleams
To beautify
Their restless sod.

"When the night steals forth,
And the daylight dies,
From the calm, cold north
A swift sail plies,
And then—plunge—goes down.

"And the corpses rest
On my wrinkled sand,
With a last behest,
To the loved on land—
Just a wish to the wind.

"Then my sea-heart swells
And contracts in pain,
Like funeral bells,
My waves sound amain—
And we cry to the night.

"'Tis a song without name,
That no mortal can know,
And 'tis ever the same—
'Tis a chaunt of woe—
A nocturne of death.

"And those mad death cries,
As my waves on the shore
Slowly fall and rise
With a sullen roar,
Are lost in the night.

"Some are held and mingle
With my chaunt of woe,
Down the shuddering shingle
The tides still flow,
Still the ships sail on.

"Thus, the days go by,
The seasons pass,
And angrily
We sing our mass
To an unknown god.

"And at night in pain
My song wails forth,
And its sad refrain
In the calm, cold north
The wind takes up again."

DU BOIS-NOIR.

THE RAMBLER.

A PROPOS of the Park question an English clipping informs me that a monster meeting of Socialists was held three Sundays ago in Eastville Park, Bristol, England, under the management of the Bristol Socialist Society and the Clifton and Bristol Fabian Society. The speakers were Mr. Edward Carpenter, Mr. Dan. Irving (who dealt with land nationalization), Mr. E. J. Watson, and Mr. Pete Curran. In seconding a resolution, Mr. Pete Curran said he was sorry he would shortly be leaving Bristol to organize for the Gas Workers' Union. He had made many friends in Bristol, and was sure the cause of labour would go well in their hands. Three hearty cheers were given for him at the close of the meeting.

When I was last in England, the great Parks, both in London and out of it, were hardly ever without some speaker, or band of speakers, belonging to the Seamen's Union, the Firemen's Union, the Labour Emancipation League, the Liberal Operatives Trades' Council, the Socialist Societies, the Sunday Recreation Society, the Labourers' Unions and Trade Unions. England is the most democratic country in the world.

An Iowa exchange asserts that "Prohibition is an absolute failure in this State. Every honest man must admit this fact." Many of us know it to be a failure in the State of Maine. The point is to discover where it has been proved to be a success.

Archdeacon Denison recently sent a letter upon "Lux Mundi" to the Archbishop of Canterbury putting such interpretation on the contents of that notable volume as to hint at its thorough want of rapport with the accepted tenets of the Christian religion. The Archdeacon sorrowfully concluded that all remaining now for the million is to have doubts suggested about the Divine authority of Scripture and the external knowledge of Jesus Christ, with no living voice in the Church to enable them to put the doubts away. With regard to the position of the Established Church to-day, some very peculiar statements were made recently during the proceedings of the International Congregational Council. The Chairman, a Mr. Illingworth, M.P., abused the Bishops as time-serving and selfish, remarked that not five per cent. of the working classes of England were communicants of the Established Church, said the whole Liberal party was pledged to bring to an end the Establishment in Scotland and Wales, and that the British Isles owed a great deal more to the activity and zeal of the Free Churches than they did to the Establishment. Whether these assertions are true or not, we cannot ignore the bitter and rancorous tone in which they appear to have been uttered. The meetings in fact were directed at abuse of the Churches of England and Scotland rather than at the consolidation and amelioration of affairs pertaining to the Congregational body—no very pleasant nor healthy sign. The amiable Chairman also alluded to the policy of the Home Government in olden times; wherever a colony was being planted, there to plant too an infant religious establishment, and he was proud and glad to know that in every case the handiwork of the Home Government had been upset and destroyed. He also referred to what he termed the oppressive influence of the Church with regard to marriage and burial laws. Yet I happen to know that the vicar of St. Luke's, Westminster, and the Baptist minister of the same place, are in the habit of working systematically together, week by week uniting in open air work and producing a marked result among people who listen in crowds every Thursday to the preaching of the Gospel—in a Park too. So there are—happily—all sorts and conditions of men.

There was apparently no end to the inquisitive flashings which Emperor William's eye and tongue treated his cicerone to as the English troops passed in parade. "What is that man's name?" he asked, pointing out a volunteer. "What business does he follow?" "Which is the old cloth the uniform was made of?" "Is the haversack watertight?" These and a host of other questions the Emperor flashed forth, his eye everywhere. He particularly admired the way in which the men carried their rifles, called to one of his aides-de-camp and told him to make a note of it. He is a curious mixture of independence and convention, prejudice and intelligence, pride and common sense. He has had a new and gorgeous crown "made to order," partly from his own design and partly in conjunction with a noted German painter, and the gems have come from the famous collection in the possession of the House of Hohenzollern, which is chiefly distinguished for its magnificent pearls and diamonds. The whole broad frontal of the crown is bordered with large diamonds, mounted on beautiful gold leaf work, from which rise eight diamond hoops, each set with four diamonds in the shape of a rosette, with a row of fine large pearls; the whole being crowned by a cross studded with brilliant diamonds. There are also numerous other gems on the crown.

STANLEY's contract with the American publishers of his book called for \$50,000 in royalty. It is now authoritatively stated that he has received from them the additional sum of \$41,000, and that Maj. Pond paid to him some ninety thousand dollars as his portion of the proceeds of the lecture tour.

fact almost anywhere in the New York uptown streets you may read Childe Hassam's poetry. Irving Wiles had exhibited sparingly; all we discovered of his was a little seated figure, in a red dress; this was animated by his usual refinement and originality and executed after his artistic conscience. Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nicholls exhibited her "Cloud," which is a sketch of a little rosy cloud in a grey sky and its reflection in the grey water below. James Boston exhibited a clever sketch of a boy blowing bubbles. We also saw examples of Mr. Warren Eaton's two styles, one a pale green twilight sky over a landscape darkened to a sage green, the other a little stream rippling through a bright green wood, very exquisitely managed. For the rest, perfect workmanship abounded. The exhibition was by no means small, and we wandered about a long time paying honour to the technique and searching, for the most part vainly, for shreds of poetry to be gathered from the efforts of the clever workmen. The walls became a wilderness of correct methods. We left, rising the next day clamorous for anything, however rough and untamed, which would show that nature had pulled the sleeve of the artist and said: "paint me this message to human folk." We were quite tired of the paintings which only said to us: "see how well we imitate nature."

Next, fortunately, George Hitchcock's pastel exhibition was lighted upon; the pastels were fifty-five in number, and every one interesting. "A Winter Twilight" was irresistible: some homely houses standing black against a frosty twilight sky, and below the houses a dark pool which caught a glimmer of light from the sky, everything holding breath for the evening inspiration; the white evening star is about to appear in the sky, and a warm little orange light will send forth tiny rays from a house window and it will be night. In "A Summer Sunset" there is a little stone country bridge, over just such a bridge one has often tramped at sunset-time, one's feet covered with dust, and laden with memories of one's afternoon walk, a bit of summer stored up for dark days. The "Sea Dunes" and many others were equally interesting and showed the possibilities of pastels.

At last the Metropolitan was opened. After a visit there, all too short, we left with dazed minds after gazing at Fortuny's "Spanish Lady," the works of Manet and Israels, and the "Jeanne D'Arc" of Bastien Lepage. From Manet's impression of the "Lady With the Parrot" one carries away a delicious remembrance of the colour in the lady's pink gown, the blue ribbon binding her parted sandy hair, the little black velvet neck band, and in the lemon lying on the floor; her quaint ladyship stands truly living before us; she looks at us plaintively and absently as she holds the sugar to the parrot between her thumb and second finger; her pink wrapper falls mild and womanly and a little dejected to the floor. Before the subtlety of the "Boy with the Sword" we could only stand and say: "Manet, King of Impressionists, how do you do it?" The boy remains on his canvas created but holding silence as to the master's method and means. Fortuny's "Spanish Lady" lives with his refinement and truth and is painted with all his skill. This is no stained canvas; the lady in her black silk dress is painted; her little pink coral buttons make the sweetest of key notes. And who paints such solid flesh as Josef Israels, or such humanity? The examples of Israels at the Metropolitan were "Expectation" and "The Bashful Suitor." After recovering breath from the first view of the "Jeanne D'Arc" we held up a hand to shut off the left side of the picture and then saw on the right side of the canvas, undisturbed by the confusion on the left, the most magnificently painted figure. Jeanne has a face of ascetic holiness; her mouth is firm, not with self-will, but with belief in her superstition; and the wonderful vision-seeing power of her eyes makes it astonishing that the artist should have thought it necessary to paint the distracting vision on the left hand side of the canvas.

MABEL SULLIVAN.

THE orator is in one respect like the poet, the dramatist, the novelist, the singer, the actor. He must have that magic gift which we call "touch" or "grip." Unless he can hold his audience or his readers, unless he can make them feel his thoughts, see what he sees, believe for the moment what he believes, think with him, laugh with him, cry with him, follow what he says, understand his eyes, his face, his gestures—unless he has this power, he can neither speak nor write, nor sing, nor act. It is magic, it is sorcery, it is mesmerism. Gladstone has this magic gift. It is scarce among orators, still scarcer among preachers, very scarce indeed among living poets. It is most common, in these days, among novelists and actors. Beerbohm Tree undoubtedly has it in full and flowing measure. Of story-tellers Rider Haggard and Rudyard Kipling have it; George Sims has it; that greatly praised author, Mr. Dash Blank, has it not, and never will have it. The presence of the gift is easily tested. If you cannot lay a book aside until you have read it, if you think of nothing but the characters and the story, if you are unable while you read to criticise, but can only feel, then that writer has "grip"—he has mesmerized you.—Walter Besant.

CLOTH can be made out of wood. This is now done by boiling strips of fine grained timber, crushing them between rolls, carding the filaments into parallel lines, as with ordinary textile material, and spinning them into threads, from which the cloth can be woven in the usual way.