

there has been since the Reformation ; but it is not on the increase. It is "Ouida," not England, that has changed in this respect. Always having a certain contempt for English prudishness and tenacious retention of *convenances*, that trait of her character has been largely developed by her long residence on the continent, and she is now become more French than the French. With all respect for her genius, there are thousands of English men and women to-day with a wholesome contempt for "prudery" and "hypocrisy" who would infinitely prefer the mediocrity of a "Hugh Conway" (whom she savagely attacks) than the brilliance of a "Ouida"; and when this shall cease to be the case England will have "stepped down and out" of her position as the head of Christianity.

MRS. HELEN JACKSON ("H.H."), whose decease has just occurred, was a daughter of Prof. Nathan M. Fiske, of Amherst College. She was born on October 18, 1831, and was christened Helen Maria. She is credited with having displayed in early childhood the ardent and impetuous nature that always belonged to her; and according to the *N. Y. Critic*, is said by local contemporaries to have run away from home at the age of ten or thereabouts, with a little playmate—the two girls being at last discovered, walking contentedly along, hand in-hand with a tin-peddler. In 1855 she married Capt. Edward B. Hunt, U.S.A. At this time she is described as being a great social favourite, full of vivacity and spirits, with much personal attraction. "She was a devoted wife and mother, but nobody dreamed of her as a literary woman," says the authority already quoted. In 1863 Major Hunt was killed by the premature explosion of a submarine battery of his own invention. It was not until 1865 that Mrs. Hunt began to publish her writings, though she had already written much poetry. Her first printed productions appeared in the *Nation* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, and these were followed by brief prose sketches in the *Independent* and elsewhere. Her constitution was never very robust, and it was while living in Colorado Springs in search of health that she met and married Mr. W. S. Jackson, a banker, in 1875. It was during this period that she formed—partly from her own observation, and partly through personal interviews with those well-known Indians, Sitting Bull and Bright Eyes—a profound interest in the cause of the aborigines, and to this she devoted nearly the whole of her remaining literary life. Her death was the cumulative result of a long series of disasters. In June, 1884, she fell down a flight of stairs at her house in Colorado Springs, and sustained a compound fracture of the leg. When she was cured it was found that the other leg had been so strained by over-use that she was hounded with a second lameness. This so impaired her general health that she went finally to California for change of air and treatment, and there unfortunately took up her abode in a malarious residence, at Los Angeles. In February of this year she was taken seriously ill; went to San Francisco in March, and there underwent a second poisoning from sewer-gas, bringing her rapidly to a condition which her physicians could only call "nerve-exhaustion," but which was described in subsequent telegraphic despatches as cancer. The telegraph announced her death on August 12. The series of stories signed "H.H." which ran through *Scribner's* in 1871 is supposed to have been written by Mrs. Jackson, though at the time she denied the fact, and has not since withdrawn that denial. Be that as it may, no other writer has exhibited a claim to their authorship. She was an easy and prolific writer, delighting in the exercise of her pen. She also had a high standard of literary form, and was unwearied in correcting and revising, making also careful and critical study of the style of other prose writers.

ERRATA.—By an oversight a contribution which appeared in our last issue, entitled "Political Pauperism in Quebec," was published unsigned. The same *nom de plume* as appeared in the list of contents ("Observer") ought to have been appended to the article. Two clerical errors also occurred in the editorial referring to Sir Francis Hincks' death: "destruction of sleep" should of course have been "destructive of sleep," and in the second line "fails" was made into "fail."

THESE DEGENERATE MODERN DAYS.

GLIBLY fall the tones regretful o'er the pleasant times, no more,
When this earth of ours was younger, in the goodly days of yore;
When full dress was but a fig leaf in the pre-historic time;
When the troubadour and jongleur sang in mediæval rhyme;
When fat Hal, our kingly Bluebeard—model of false heartedness—
Changed his wives almost as often as he changed his royal dress;
And those days of England's Georges—mention of them is to praise,
With a parting sigh and sneer at these degenerate modern days.

In the good days pre-historic folks camped out in goat-hair tents,
Innocent of baths, etcetera (*vide* "House" advertisements);
Eastern night-dews picniced round them, and our Aryan forbear's phiz
Grimaced as its owner wallowed in the pangs of "rheumatiz."
'Neath our roof-trees we may never sleep in soul-entrancing joy,
With a billy-goat beside us, like the patriarchal boy.
Sheltered by our bricks and mortar, winter's frosts and summer's rays
Are, alas! but little felt in these degenerate modern days.

In the mediæval period, murder, violence and lust
Made things rosy for those mashers who are with the saints we trust;
Happy, happy mediævals! when crusading was the rage,
Home returned ye, wives re-married: nothing left save lonely age.
We in peace and safety slumber in our household's calm retreat,
And our lullaby's the tramping of 120 on his beat,—

That is if he isn't "vittling" 'neath our cook's admiring gaze
(For "the finest" dote on cooks in these degenerate modern days).

In the reign of bluff King Harry swells but seldom died in bed,
For the bloated Tudor's weakness was a loving subject's head;
And full many a noble victim of that same despotic power
Passed beneath the Traitor's Gateway to the headsman of the Tower.
Now-a-days our English monarchs trouble not their royal heads
As to whether loyal subjects die in ditches or in beds.
All they ask is peace and plenty, with the right to pleasant ways;
And this whim we always grant in these degenerate modern days.

When that bright quartette, "The Georges," figured at the royal helm,
Dinners were but drunken orgies 'mongst the gentry of the realm;
And—to tell the truth—the parson gambled, swore and drank his fill,
Called his man out, yea, and winged him with the heartiest good-will.
Now the exile of Oporto and the tear of Champagne's vine
Are exchanged for *aqua pura* (*Anglicè*: old Adam's wine);
And our parson, Heaven bless him! for deliverance he prays
From liquor, crime, and sudden death in these degenerate modern days.

Still we hear the tones regretful for the goodly times, no more,
Still that sentimental slobbering for the brave old days of yore.
And sometimes we can't help thinking, while folks of the bygone dream,
Of the comforts we're enjoying in these sneered-at days of steam.
Julius Cesar was a hero, yet his came-saw-conquered tone
Never warbled "Hello, Central!" through the wondrous telephone.
Praise your Past! though half its glory is but an exploded craze,
Still our vote and influence go for these degenerate modern days.

H. K. COCKIN.

SONNET TO A STREET LAMP!

THOU bright usurper of the Link-boy's trade,
What praises shall my muse to thee indite
Thou solitary guardian of the night!
Unwonted homage shall to thee be paid!
When in the west the sun-tints slowly fade,
And night-hawks shriek in lofty-flight,
Then with the stars shines out thy humble light;
By their soft radiance thou art not dismayed.
Belated wanderers home returning late
Invoke a blessing on thy cheerful ray;
While foot-pad burglars, and their noisome brood,
Who, forced by what they deem unkindest fate,
Their avocation find unsuited to the day,
View thy accusing gleams in surliest mood.

C. W. P.

EURIKLEIA.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHNEEGANS.]

IV.

If anyone of the hunters approached the monastery with ideas and anticipations based upon his European experiences he was fated, upon reaching it, to be most painfully undeceived. It was not a venerable and stately structure, built solidly of granite or freestone, and enclosed within lofty battlemented walls, as in the West or North, nor was it even a dwelling which, in spite of its age, the pious and loving care of an industrious and well-ordered brotherhood had rendered a comfortable and inviting abode, that rose to view in these Bulgarian cloisters. Only from a distance did they present an agreeable and striking picture to the artistic eye. The low mean-looking wall which, with anything but mathematical regularity of outline, enclosed the inner court was built of rude, unhewn stones; while in sundry places the stones had fallen and left ugly gaps which had been hastily and carelessly stopped with broken bricks and withered thorns or bramble bushes. The battered and rotten gate, affording a passage within the enclosure, creaked dolefully upon its rusty hinges and added still further to the air of sordid poverty and desolation which prevailed around; while a long wooden bolt served the monks in place of a lock as a defence against sturdy beggars and marauding gypsies. Within the wall lay the dwelling-houses, stalls, barns and church; but scattered about, void of plan or architectural arrangement of any kind, and apparently owing their position to chance. Grass and bushes grew in wild luxuriance, or rather as luxuriantly as the cattle, sheep and swine which formed the sole possessions of the monastery allowed; while, to add to the feeling of all-pervading discomfort, a few warped boards and weather-beaten beams leaned aimlessly against the decaying walls. Through this wilderness the monks had contrived a few narrow paths in order to pass from their cells to the church and from one dwelling-house to another. Around the church ran a somewhat wider path which enabled them to make the summons to prayer with tolerable comfort, for since the use of bells is interdicted as well by Turkish custom as by Turkish law, they were wont to mark the canonical hours by means of blows struck with wooden mallets upon a board borne for the purpose on the shoulders of one of the younger brothers, a monotonous and melancholy sound, the weird, strange echoes of which could not fail to make the solitude of these mountain cloisters still more solitary and lonesome. The buildings in which the abbot, monks and resident lay-brothers lived enclosed the court-yard upon three sides, their irregular architecture and dilapidated walls, their rudely made balconies