

## ENDYMION.

BY J. A. R.

Low sank the god of day, and o'er the verdant hills,  
 Long shadows crept, increasing as the daylight died,  
 And silence fell o'er all, save where the tinkling rills  
 Plowed through the dells adown the mountain side

Or the soft lowing of some wandering kine  
 Broke the sweet stillness of the twilight air,  
 While in the west, one long bright glowing line  
 Betokened that the sun's last rays were there.

Tired with the toilings of the long bright day,  
 Upon a soft green bank and 'neath the shade  
 Of a wide spreading beech, Endymion lay,  
 Lulled by the music that the night winds made.

While all around above him and below  
 Reposed his flock upon the dark hill-side,  
 Each like a bank of scattered April snow  
 Or lilies on a dark lake blowing wide.

Fair Cynthia sailing up the sea of space,  
 Shedding sweet radiance o'er the slumbering land,  
 Spies on the hill the sleeping youth's bright face;  
 Steels softly down to view him near at hand.

Naught dreamed he then of love or lover's lute,  
 Deep were his slumbers as a tired child's;  
 His youthful form she viewed wonderingly mute  
 To find such beauty in these mountain wilds

And soon the seething torrent of her love  
 O'er comes control and quickly from her slips,  
 Soft stealing through the loose laced boughs above,  
 She plants her soft caress upon his lips

So love comes ever, stealing unawares,  
 To those who dreaming least expect his dart,  
 To idlers thinking not of wiles and snares  
 Until each feels the arrow in his heart

## MELBOURNE.

BY G. A. MACKENZIE, M.A.

One comes upon Melbourne, after traversing for weeks the dreary solitudes of the Pacific or Indian Ocean, leaving what we are accustomed to consider the "world" far behind, with much the same sensations as the traveller must have experienced on finding himself in Palmyra surrounded by gardens and fountains, and all the products of art and science, called by the magic of commerce out of the desert. We do not expect to find, away out there on the wrong side of the world, and on the confines of a vast wilderness, a stately capital, which in little more than a quarter of a century—for the growth of the city practically dates from 1851—has bloomed into maturity. To an American, knowing Chicago, St Louis and San Francisco, there is nothing surprising in the expansion of a town, in thirty years, to the limits of a metropolis with some 250,000 inhabitants. But the American cities have risen on a continent already well-peopled, easily accessible to Europe, and possessing an established civilization of its own. The great island

continent of Australia, with the exception of a fraction, is not inhabited nor apparently habitable. Victoria, the province of which Melbourne is the capital, has a population of some 890,000 all told,—the whole of Australia has about 2,000,000. New Zealand, the nearest country which may be considered foreign, is six days' distant steady steaming, five days on an exceptional run. It takes seven or eight weeks at the quickest to reach London from Melbourne, a month to reach San Francisco. Sydney and Adelaide, the two nearest towns of importance, are two days' journey distant. It is thus that we find Melbourne, under strange stars and in inverted seasons, isolated and yet complete and cosmopolitan in itself, "a glorious city" as, with Anthony Trollope, we are well justified in calling it.

"You have a beautiful city," says the traveller to the citizen of Melbourne, "but—you are so far from the world." "So much the worse for the world" is the reply, uttered more than half seriously. "We have a little Paris here" I am told, "or a little London, and indeed we are ahead of London in some ways." In what ways I am not informed, but this illustrates the general feeling of the people on the subject of their city. There is no place in the universe like it. Its past record, its present prosperity, its prospects for the future are like nothing else that has ever been heard of. You hear a great deal of "tall talk" of this sort in New Zealand and Australia for the people are endowed with immense confidence in themselves and their country. Trollope, whom I have quoted, in his book upon the two countries, mildly strives to check the exuberance of their self-esteem by begging the people not to "blow" too much. They cannot forgive him this, for they consider themselves modest in the face of what *might* be said. You have only to pronounce the words "Anthony Trollope says—," to raise a storm anywhere in New Zealand or Australia. If this courageous literary man were to visit Melbourne again I doubt whether any of the hotels would receive him.

The metropolis of Victoria is not the greatest city in the world, but a glorious city it certainly is. There is nothing in its appearance to suggest that it was ever the resort of the scum of Europe and America, a town of bar-rooms and gambling-hells, in a word, a city built up by gold. It has been designed on a liberal plan, and the sudden influx of wealth has made possible in a great measure a liberal execution of the design. The evidences of youth have by no means vanished; cheap and shabby buildings of the early days still hold their own beside more splendid ones, but on the whole there is a surprising air of maturity about the place. The solid warehouses, the stately public buildings, the broad smooth streets, and well-kept public gardens look as if they had been there for a long time. There is dignity and reality where you are led by natural preconceptions to look for flimsiness and sham. And turning from the outer appearance of the city to its inner life, while you meet with the ostentation of mere wealth, you may