

Olney Collection, coincident with the blinding of his mind and its translation into Latin, by a Canadian man of letters.

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

For since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other Name but Thine.

Rev. D. Morrison, M. A., Owen Sound, gives this clever translation:

Est sanguinis repleta fons
Ductus Immanuel;
Submersus hic lustratus fit
Et foedus Israel.

Laetatus moriturus fur
Iam tum fontem videns;
Hic quoque vilis ablui
Peccata poenitens.

O Agne Dei, ista fons
Defecerit numquam,
Donec omnis redempta gens
Allata gloriam.

Abhinc vidique fluvium
Fluentem Calvara,
Fuit mihi sanctum gaudium,
Erit per saecula.

Tum dulcius, nobilius
Laudabit carmen Te,
Quum balba vox non amplius
Est mi, beato me.

Indignus, at existimo
Ut lyra aurea
Parata mi a Domino
In alta munera.

Existimo me ad thronum
Laturum carmina,
Laudantem Te et Te solum
Aeva intermina.

A few numbers back Miss Helen Fairbairn had a thoughtful paper on the woodland philosophy of Henry Thoreau. I wonder she did not light on his Homeric or Paphlagonian man—a Canadian, a wood-chopper, a post-maker, who could "hole" his fifty posts a day and made his last supper on a wood chuck which his dog caught. I hope to be able to give a short paper on it for next week.

I cannot close this week's paragraphs more fittingly than in publishing the following verses sent me by Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, the author of "Orion" and other poems. There is a grim humour in this—shall we call it rhapsody?—on the noisiest and most domestic of batrachians, which we did not suspect beset the writer:

FROGS.

Here in the red heart of the sunset lying,
My rest an islet of brown weeds, blown dry,
I watch the wide bright heavens, hovering night,
My plain and pools in lucent splendours dyeing.
My view dreams over the rosy wastes, descrying
The reed-tops fret the solitary sky;
And all the air is tremulous to the cry
Of myriad frogs on mellow pipes replying.

For the unrest of passion, here is peace,
And eve's cool drench for midday soil and taint.
To tired ears how sweetly brings release
This limpid babble from life's unstilled complaint;
While under tired eyelids lapse and faint
The noon's derisive visions,—fade and cease.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

It is fashionable to say that the French do not understand Shakespeare. Paris has now a fine statue of him, all the same. It is true that the memorial is a gift of W. Knighton, the Anglo-Australian man of letters, President of the International Literary Association, and the author of "Struggle for Life" and other books, but the artists are French, Paul Fournier being the sculptor and Henri Deglane having wrought the pedestal. The poet is shown in the court dress of the 17th century; doublet trimmed in leather, trousers fluted; swaddle, ruffles and neckcloth of lace. A cloak, falling from the left arm to the ground, wraps the body in graceful folds.

TALON.

NARROW ESCAPE.

Mr. Joseph Tyrrell of the Canadian Geological Survey, has reached home from Winnipeg Hospital, where he had lain three months suffering from typhoid fever, contracted when surveying Lake Winnipeg. Mr. Tyrrell was away up the lake, out of the reach of civilization, and but for the attention of the cook of his party he would never have returned alive. He was delirious for over two weeks, yet the faithful cook and other men of the party paddled and carried their chief right into Winnipeg. When Mr. Tyrrell reached the hospital his case was considered hopeless, but he was gradually brought round. He is now able to walk out, but will not be himself again for some weeks. Mr. Tyrrell has done a lot of important work on the geological survey of Canada, his last book having been reviewed in these columns. He has located a lot of the coal fields that abound in that territory.

HOBBIES.

However much pleasure a hobby may afford its owner, it is generally a nuisance to his intimate friends, if he has any, or even his neighbours, if it takes a musical turn, for, of all hobbies, a musical one is the worst. I know a young man that no sooner emancipates himself from the chromatic scale, on any instrument, and attacks some old familiar air with a *rallentando* on all difficult passages, and *da capo ad nauseam* on the same, than he straightway becomes anxious to learn something else—a violin for instance. To see and hear him with his eyes fixed in a Gorgon-like stare on the music and the bow, wandering zigzag from the bridge down to his finger tips, is a treat for those "who have no music in their souls," but for the majority of people within earshot the main feeling is one of hope that the crisis is near, and that he will shortly exchange for an instrument on which the possibilities of discord are fewer.

For the performer, however, the struggling after (for him) the unattainable, is the purest pleasure, and he will devote time and labour enough to his violin or flute if turned into other channels to enable him to converse in Hebrew with the greatest ease, or to have a familiar acquaintance with old Sanscrit roots, although these latter accomplishments are quite liable to bore persons who are unfortunate enough to be entrapped by him into a conversation, the sole object of which is to show his profound learning and skill in elucidating, by a tortuous method peculiar to himself, a root as utterly unlike the word as possible.

He will stop you short in the middle of an anecdote which you have read somewhere, but which you nevertheless are telling in the first person with all necessary gestures and inflections of voice, pertaining to a first class *raconteur*. He will stop you, I say, and ask you if you know the derivation of some word you may innocently enough have used and will expound with great verbosity and length on the said word until you have forgotten, or affect you have, (in order to refrain from furnishing food for any more displays of erudition) the finale or "nut" of the story you so lightheartedly started to recount some time previously.

I recollect quite well at a social gathering, some time ago, an elderly gentleman who was a firm believer in the onomatopœic theory, that is the formation of words, in imitation of natural sounds. Having given me his view of the theory in a voice of medium pitch, he proceeded in a louder key to furnish examples—such a roar, rap, rumble, clatter, quack, whizz, bang. There happening to be a lull in the conversation just then, the effect produced by this verbal mitrailleuse may be imagined. These are only a few specimens of hobby proprietors. To write the history of them all would be to write the biographies of all mankind, for we all (even you, kind reader, think it over) have our little hobbies.

Huntingdon, P. Q.

MACK.

BEAR AND FORBEAR.

Compared with thee, Eternity!
Whose years remain unreckoned—
The life of man is but a span,
The longest, not a second!

'Tis but a shade by cloudlet made
As 'thwart the sun it hurries—
A flake of snow toss'd to and fro,
Then lost in blinding flurries!

A bubble fair that bursts in air
Scarce ere it grace the vision,—
And yet men frown each other down
In anger and derision.

On this world's stage they fret and rage,
And strut with haughty bearing—
For selfish ends they *play* at friends,
The mask of Judas wearing!

And smiles that beam—most cordial seem—
Are oft, alas! affected,
For, hid behind those smiles so kind,
Sneer demons least suspected!

Each aiming each to over-reach,
To passions base men pander—
They scruple not at deed or thought,
From shedding blood to slander.

Ah, why this guile—is it worth while
To worry thus each other!
Too brief's the spell we've here to dwell—
Be each to each a brother!

"Peace and good will!" This anthem still
From angels let us borrow—
'Twill soothe the strife that makes this life
A pilgrimage of sorrow!

Its blest refrain will rob of pain
Much of our earthly failings—
Will lighten care and help us bear
Each other's faults and failings!

Montreal.

W. O. FARMER.

MILITIA NOTES.

Lieut. Pelletier, of "B" Battery, Quebec, was badly gored by a buffalo which came from the Northwest, and was kept on the citadel.

Lieut. Eugene Panet, son of Col. Panet, Deputy Minister of Militia, has received orders to join the School of Royal Engineers at Chatham without delay.

The *Militia Gazette* publishes a correspondence and an editorial article, in which it strongly urges the removal of the Infantry School from St. Johns, on the Richelieu, to Montreal.

The Infantry School has been recalled from the Fort Whyte crossing, Manitoba, and there is every indication that nothing will be done until the decision of the Supreme Court is rendered.

Lieut.-Col. Frank Bond is about to resign his command of the Prince of Wales Regiment. The ball on the 9th inst., in celebration of the Prince of Wales' birthday, was his last appearance as Colonel of the Rifles. He has been for twenty-nine years an active officer in the militia, having served in the Fenian raids of 1866 and 1870.

The Lee rifle, the Canadian invention which has been adopted by the Imperial authorities for the British army, was put to a severe test recently, and came out of the ordeal very satisfactorily. The shooting was made at long ranges, the target representing a battalion of seven companies, each of twenty-four files, standing in quarter column.

Seven commissions in the regular army have been issued to the following native Canadians; A. E. Panet, Ottawa; T. Joly de Lotbiniere, Quebec; W. L. Leslie, Kingston; C. B. Farwell, Sherbrooke; A. P. Bremmer, Halifax; P. C. Girouard, Dorval, P.Q.; and T. Adams, Kingston. Three French out of the seven is not bad, and the three of distinguished Provincial stock.