

LADY MAUD.

WAKE, Lady Maud! the stars grow dim, the moon in heaven is high,
And I beneath thy lattice wait, sweetheart, to bid good-bye;
My carbine's slung my baldric fro', at side my sword is pressed,
Thy scarf doth deck my saddle bow, thy glove swings on my crest.
Wake, maiden, wake! the day-god's shafts lie slant the upland sod,
While I beneath thy lattice wait, my blithesome Lady Maud.

Wake, mistress mine! the time grows short, I must with speed away,
For Rupert's reckless cavaliers will brook no long delay;
The clarion call rings shrilly out, the silken flag floats free,
I hear the tramp and muster shout, the brandished swords I see;
My champing charger paws the ground, he scents the war abroad,
Yet I beneath thy lattice wait, my fair-haired Lady Maud.

Wake, lady, wake! this well may be thy gallant's last farewell,
For o'er the stiff-necked Commons' arms doth Victory clang her bell;
From point to hilt my burnished blade deep red shall soon be dyed,
For Rupert oath this day has made to humble Cromwell's pride.
He vows the crop-eared canting rout shall kiss this day the rod,
Rise! rise! and look thy lattice forth, my bright-faced Lady Maud.

Up! up! my fair one, 'tis no time to dream of song and dance,
Thy lover now must stride a horse, and handle sword and lance;
Not now in sport thy sandal fan thy doting gallant strikes,
He seeks the sword-play in the van, he braves the rush of pikes,
Ope, dear one! ope those eyes of blue that all the world doth laud,
And shine two victories on me down, my peerless Lady Maud!

Our standard floats on Naseby heath wide o'er the king's array,
And I and every loyal blade must meet him there this day,
And by Saint George! will they and I now ride the victor's course,
Or piled a rampart round him lie o'erthrown by Cromwell's horse.
One kiss—the last! and then farewell, and put thy trust in God,
If ne'er on earth, we'll meet in heaven, sweetheart, my Lady Maud!

C. L. BETTS.

AFTERNOON TEA.

THE Exhibition made most people familiar with Calvert's picture of the sunlit sea and the weedy strand, and the girl-child standing simply touching the common flowering thing that lifts its head to her hand in the happy, mellow summer afternoon—a picture, if ever there was a picture, of the *dolce far niente* of Nature's occasional mood; but there may be some few yet unacquainted with another by the same artist more recently brought to Toronto, and still on exhibition at Mr. Roberts's art rooms. The subject has all the simplicity and directness of suggestion of the school of which Mr. Calvert is so enthusiastic a disciple, and rather more than the average amount of care in detail and conscientiousness in general technique than is usually to be observed in those who study French art in the glowing fields and beneath the gleaming skies of Barbizon. A girl of ten or twelve leaning, with slight, graceful ease, against a tree trunk, watching a lamb which has mounted a mossy boulder, and is nibbling at the low-hung blossom-laden apple-boughs, a goat lying placidly nearer the foreground, a hedge behind, more trees, few, straggling, incidental, a grassy, weedy foreground—that is all. But that includes a great flood of sunlight that plays all manner of tender half-lights in the hedge beyond, and falls in chequered pattern over the lichen-grown stone with its woolly marauder, and flushes the lovely cheek of the child, the simple, half-averted contour of which is so eloquent of her delight, lies broadly on the straightly-hung white dress that suggests the childish figure with such beautiful art, and lights up all the weeds and grasses at her feet. The treatment of the child's dress is especially skilful, the whole graceful effect being expressed in two or three tones of light and shadow. The pose is perfect in its childish unconsciousness, and a very sweet and winsome feeling plays about the whole picture, both in conception and execution. "The Flower of the Strand" is now the property of Mrs. Cawthra; the other picture is still unappreciated to the point of sale.

THE Christmas cards of this season, while abounding in all the adventurous attractions of the milliner's art, must be said to show in their intrinsic merits a decided falling away from the standard fixed for us a year or two ago. The ambition of the manufacturers now appears to be the highest elaboration of their material possible within the limits of satin or plush, and the real beauty of drawing or colouring seems to be at least temporarily lost sight of. Messrs. Prang and Company have offered no prizes this year, which doubtless accounts for the marked decrease in the artistic value of the cards they issue. This is, of course, speaking relatively with former years. Judged apart from the former excellence attained by the firm, the output this year is extremely creditable to American taste. Mrs. Whitney's pretty combinations of flowers and landscape again appear

in popular and quite inexpensive form. Mr. Hamilton Gibson contributes a similar idea; and child life is quaintly and beautifully illustrated by Walter Satterlee, Harry Beard, Virginia Gerson, and others equally well known to juvenile picture book readers. The best things are done by Leon and Percy Moran, figure-subjects of "Christmas in Ye Olden Tyme." Among the English cards issued by Hildesheimer and Faulkner [both sets come through the Toronto News Company], the prettiest is "A Forest Stream," by Fred. Hines, in which the tinting is very pure and clear, with a decided water-colour effect. Ernest Wilson has a soft and pleasing monochrome landscape, set in primroses that seem to grow out of the neutral green tint of the card; and some charming river scenes are done by J. Nelson Drummond.

GARTH GRAFTON.

RECENT MISCELLANY.

THERE are few names in the scientific category that command more universal honour and esteem among Canadians than that of Professor Alexander Melville Bell. A native, and long a resident, of Dublin, he spent, nevertheless, many of his best years, and performed much of his most important work in Canada; and while, owing to his recent removal to Washington, in the future squabble between Great Britain and the United States for the copyright of his fame, Canadian claims will doubtless be lost sight of, we hasten to improve the present opportunity of asserting them.

Professor Bell's new book, "Essays and Postscripts on Elocution" (New York: Edgar S. Werner) is, as its title suggests, a series of papers upon the subjects directly connected with those into which its author's lifetime of research has made him so distinguished an authority. They follow out lines of thought laid down in his previous works, "Visible Speech," "Sounds and their Relations," etc., or branch discursively out into by-ways which the undeviating progress of former theory left open. While the chapters are full of valuable facts and suggestions for those directly or technically interested in their matter, they are so pleasantly, familiarly, and simply written, that the veriest tyro in church-social oratory could find untold benefit, and the wholly unoratorical and unscientific person much delight, in reading them. Here is one of the many passages which might be assimilated with benefit by a great many people whose elocutionary candles never shine beyond their own drawing-rooms:

Reading aloud is properly reading for the benefit of a hearer. The reader knows—for he sees—what he is going to say before he utters it, and his duty is, first, to take the thoughts into his own mind, and then to deliver them as if they were spontaneously conceived. But the majority of readers do not give themselves the trouble to think, and hence their reading is merely mechanical. Subjects and predicates, things new and things repeated, principal topics and parenthetical explanations, are all jumbled together; and the labour of sifting and assorting is left to be performed by the hearer, while the mass is heedlessly accumulated at a rate which renders the operation impossible. Public readers of this class are intolerable. They treat their hearers' ears as if they were quarry holes to be filled up, and they treat their subject as if it were rubbish to be dumped out in cart-loads.

While the book will find a very general and hearty welcome in Canada for its author's sake, its value will be especially apparent to the educational body, every individual member of which should possess a copy. Parents also will find in it conviction of many sins of omission and commission in the vocal training of their children, and not only conviction, but, what is more important, aid to reformation.

ENCOURAGED by the success of his first Ruskin Anthology, which contained Ruskinian convictions on art subjects solely, Mr. Wm. Sloane Kennedy has made a record of the famous critic's peculiar theories in Social Philosophy, which is also issued by John B. Alden, of New York. We had the most unstinted praise for the first, for Mr. Ruskin's ART THOUGHTS are adapted to selection in a very special manner, each being of perfect sort and beauty of itself, and depending little for either significance or any other value upon its context. But the statements of anybody's social philosophy are essentially interdependent, and of nobody's more so than John Ruskin's. To detach many of these remarks of his from the chain of their logical sequence, or to deprive it of the modifying benefit of the thought that went before or came after, is to place it before the world in almost unmeaning and altogether wrong-meaning shape. One cannot help a certain sympathy with an author, however eccentric in his statements, who finds himself saying to a foreign people, without any mollifying sentiment whatever, that "the Americans, in their war of 1860-65, sent all their best and honestest youths, Harvard University men and the like, to that accursed war; got them nearly all shot; wrote pretty biographies (to the ages of seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen) and epitaphs for them; and so, having washed all the salt out of the nation in blood,