

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

LINES ON A VILLAGE CHURCH.

In days of old, the legend goes,
 Jarl Svend, a resolute Viking chief,
 A band of loyal companions chose—
 The whole imbued with that belief
 Which taught that, lacking battle stain,
 No dead could Gimli's halls attain—
 And when he sighted land
 Threw in the sea the mystic door,
 And where it floated on the shore
 His sharp keel ploughed the sand.

And deep they swore "by edge of sword
 And horse's shoulder," that no foe
 That ransom lacked should live; and lord
 And thrall were plunged in common woe.
 Pyx and chalice, paten, relic,
 Crown on Mary's brow angelic,
 They clutched; while Litany
 Rose through all the land before them,
 "A furore Normannorum,
 Libera nos, Domine!"

One day, however, while his crew
 High wassail held in some sacked fane,
 An boast of the monks they slew,
 And white-haired skalds sang loud their strain—
 Whilst toasting Odin, Baldur, Thor,
 Blind Hodur, Frigg, and some score
 Of Æsir small and great—
 Some Mercians took them unawares,
 And only Svend griu Wilfred spares
 From out the common fate.

He must abjure and be baptized
 Or else a cruel death awaits;
 And Abbot Cuthbert sermonized,
 And then the Rood he elevates.
 Points to the Saviour on the Tree,
 And tells of the great mystery
 Of Mary undefiled;
 Of how the blessed Son of God
 The sad wine-press of sorrow trod
 For man so sin-beguil'd.

And from among the sandalled throng
 Now slowly swells a plaintive air,
 Well suited to a passion-song,
 Of loveliness and beauty rare,
 Just recently composed, and sent
 From Clairvaux Abbot that mid-Lent
 With benison and gift.
 And as precentor Efric led
 Words with Gregorian music wed
 The choir their voices lift:

"Salve, caput cruentatum
 Totum spinis coronatum,
 Conuassatum, vulneratum,
 Arundine verberatum,
 Facie spatis illita,
 Salve, cunus dulcis vultus,
 Immutatus et incultus,
 Immutavit suum forem,
 Totus versus i pallorem
 Quem cœli tremis curia.

"Omnis vigor atque viror
 Hinc recessit, non admiror,
 Mors apparet in aspectu,
 Totus iendens in defectu,
 Attritus agra moeie,
 Sic affectus, sic despectus,
 Propter me sic interfectus,
 Peccatori tam indigno
 Cum amoris intersigno
 Appare clarâ facie."

The Jarl replied that "this was well,"
 Then a keld where his forefathers were?
 The pious Abbot said: "In Hell!
 Our paradise no robbers share!"
 Quoth Svend, "I'll meet them in that place:
 In A-gard 'twere no great disgrace
 To bide where such folk stay!"
 And from the font the pagan turned
 And baptism and mercy spurned:
 He died that very day.

And on his death the *Mardoll's* hold
 Was sacked of all its treasures rare;
 And with the rover's ill-earned gold
 Was built this pile so grand and fair.
 And Norman art and Tudor taste
 Successively through time have placed
 Some beauties here and there;
 And grim Crusaders with legs crossed,
 Secure from life's sea tempest-tossed,
 Rest here in endless prayer.

Still high anon the organ swells
 In mellowed sweetness down the aisle;
 And clang the deep sonorous bells,
 Vibrating through the solemn pile;
 And in the deep religious gloom,
 The banners floating o'er each tomb
 Swave slowly to and fro;
 And helm and hauberk, sword and lance,
 And gonfalon from sunny France
 Of victor's *devoir* show.

Brightly the taper's gleam is shed
 On jewelled cross and chalice rare,
 While for the Living and the Dead
 The sacrifice is pleaded there.
 The same Gregorian tones are sung,
 The silver censer still is swung,
 And worshippers adore
 At that same altar Cuthbert blessed,
 (Christ grant his soul eternal rest)
 Seven centuries and more.

O! holy spot! through change and time
 'Mid foreign strife and civil brawls,
 In days of rapine, lust, and crime,
 Uncathed remain thy sacred walls.
 As if a seraph had kept ward,
 And with his incandescent sword
 Brought Sacrilege to bay;
 And Force, abashed, shrinks from that door
 As Adam quailed, when stood before
 The Angel in his way.

Yes, ever and forever may
 It weather each vicissitude;
 Far distant be the angry day
 When frightened flits the swallow's brood—
 Here *Jubilates* never cease
 And prayers ascend in holy peace
 With incense, as of old;
 And village *Simeons* yet repeat
Nunc Dimittis, ere they in sweet
 Repose their eye-lids fold.

HENRY MARTEN GILES.

St. CATHARINES, Ont.

We beg to call attention to Mr. H. R. Gray's advertisement in another column referring to his very useful preparation. It is not a quack remedy, but a pharmaceutical preparation, and, as its name indicates, a *bonâ fide* Syrup of Red Spruce Gum, which Gum is a product of the Red Spruce Tree, *Abies Rubra*, a variety of *Abies Nigra*. It is highly recommended by the Medical Faculty, and we can speak from experience of its superior efficacy.

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WHAT I THINK ABOUT IT.

ABOUT AN OLD NEWSPAPER.

What a melancholy thing is an old newspaper,—the older, the more melancholy. One takes it up with a faint touch of curiosity, and a smile at its shamefaced confusion at being looked at. Here are your jokes that once did set the break-fast-tables of the city in a roar—what a very little humour remains in them now; they need explanation, and explanation is fatal to a joke. Here is your eloquent article that once set the papers on the other side raving against the able editor—alas! perhaps the editor's hand is dust, and the cause he advocated is exploded and unpopular now. Here is your telegraphic dispatch about a king—who is deposed; about a minister—who is defeated; about a politician—who has been bought; about a ship—that has gone down in the sea; about a great popular reform—that has stopped going on. Here is an advertisement of a marriage between two people—who have been divorced perhaps; here is a notice of the brilliant beginning of some young man—who has since grasped hands with the devil and taken shame to his bosom forever; here is a generous offer from a tradesman to his customers—he went up the familiar spout soon after as all people do who give more than they can afford to the public. Bah, what a grim satire it is! What a collection of dust and ashes, of rags and bones, of *vanitas vanitatum* generally. Lay it down, my brother. Come out from this

Banquet hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,

And all but you and I who talk with you deserted. Let us take up the first paper of to-day with its news and items and leaders and all the rest of it—that will some day be dust and ashes and satire too, and fit subject for just such a short little sermon or snarl, or whatever you like, as this is.

PARLIAMENTARY LEARNING.

Have you ever, O beloved brother, as you sat in the gallery of the House of Commons (as I hope you have sat, for it is an enlivening and interesting occupation) taken a memo of the scholastic quotations that the learned and honourable gentlemen below are wont to use? Perhaps you didn't; you say you didn't hear many. Neither did I, but I have taken a note of them. Here is the list:

1. Pro bono publico.
2. Sine die.
3. Non constat.

That is all the Latin I have heard quoted; but then it was quoted with an air as if the speaker expected the country members to ask him to translate for their benefit—I really don't know what to think about it, there! Whether it is good that the days of Parliamentary scholarship have gone by, or whether we ought to regret. It is clear that the days of "Orations" have quite gone by, and as a matter of course Parliamentary quotations have also gone by; for a good quotation from the Latin to be effective must be solemn, and in our merely conversational speeches there is no chance for a solemn quotation; it would be out of place. It is only in the courts of law that Latin quotations linger. Lawyers perforce are a "learned" body; but I have never understood that constituents required a B. A. degree as a preliminary qualification for candidature. It is very well they do not, since many would remain without representation for some little time. For there are very few men now-a-days in Parliament who talk even English correctly, and of course still fewer who could quote Latin with correctness and force.

What I Think About It is this:—The days of Latin quotations have gone by because the conditions of Parliamentary influence have changed. Before the days of reporting by newspapers it was necessary to appeal to and to influence the House directly, by eloquence, by scholarly attributes, by all the higher arts of refined Parliamentary tactics. But now the process is reversed. The House is to be influenced through the people. The people are to be influenced through the newspapers by means of speeches. The shorter these are the more likely they are to be read; the plainer they are the more likely they are to be understood. And so eloquence is expunged, quotation is voted youthful, and a general condensation is going on among "Parliamentarians."

ABOUT NATIONAL SOCIETIES.

We have been looking at the processions and listening to the speeches which celebrated St. Patrick's Day. The first were fine and long and proud; the last were rich and eloquent. There was a fine outpouring of patriotic exultation, and all that which a great many people relished, and some unpleasant utterances which a great many people did not relish.

What I Think About It is this: That all distinctively National Societies should dissolve or be put down. We who live in Canada should be all Canadians. We live here; we work here; we love, marry, grow old and die here. Why should we not be more Canadian than Irish or Scotch or English? I venture to say that there are not a dozen poorer Irishmen or Scotchmen either who would care to go back to the "old" land they talk so much about. It is six parts froth, and three parts champagne, all the annual stuff I hear about the old land. The one remaining part is true feeling and exists chiefly among those who do not go to Annual Dinners. These Annual Dinners are a delusion and a snare, often a sham. There is a great deal of hard drinking done at them. They afford young legal and other cocks an opportunity to crow a lot of nonsense which they do not believe, in order to catch the public ear and solicit public business or votes. They afford politicians an opportunity to talk cheap clap-trap; and the societies which "celebrate" annually are generally as full of little "rings" and cliques as any ward in a city.

Gentlemen,—I think if you want to keep up the "sacred memories of the old home" you had better do it at your sacred firesides; if your firesides are not sacred—shame on you! There is no need of a public Dinner, no need of a procession, no need of all the false froth and flummery which is yearly outpoured to "celebrate" an anniversary; and when this

annual celebration takes away, as it does, one's love for Canada, it ought to cease instantly. For this is not a "foreign strand" from which you are "burning" to return; it is your country, your home, your birthplace likely (for as a matter of fact half the members of the various National Societies are born Canadians), and it should be ever first in your thoughts—Canada first always.

ARTHUR PENDENNIS.

Dramatic Notes.

"David Garrick" is in its seventh week at Wallack's. Sardou's "Oncle Sam" is to be brought out at Vienna. Olive Logan's "Business Woman" has been very roughly handled by the critics.

Lester Wallack began an engagement on Monday at Mrs. Conway's Brooklyn Theatre.

A "History of Dramatic Music in France" is expected from the pen of M. Gustave Choquet.

Agnes Ethel will reappear on Easter Monday at the Union Square Theatre in "Frou-Frou."

It is reported that Edwin Booth has been offered an engagement at the Drury Lane Theatre.

Clara Louise Kellogg is expected to sing at Her Majesty's during the latter part of the season.

The Brazilian composer Gomez has just produced a new work, entitled "Fosca at the Milan Scala."

Miss Minnie Hauck has been engaged for the coming two years at the new Opéra-Comique of Vienna.

Hewe's new three-act opera "La Veuve de Malabar" was to succeed Offenbach's "Les Braconniers" at the Paris Varieties.

A piece entitled "L'Anglais, ou le Fou Raisonnable," evidently on the pattern of "Oncle Sam," is about to be brought out at the Paris Odéon.

George Fawcett Rowe is writing a local satire, based on classical subjects, for Lydia Thompson, which the latter will bring out at Wallack's in August.

The Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris, which was burnt by the Communists, has been rebuilt, and will open shortly with Victor Hugo's "Le Roi S'Amuse," which was prohibited thirty years ago under Louis Philippe. It is now known as the "Théâtre de la Renaissance."

The personal estate of the late Edwin Forrest has been appraised at \$320,386, of which over \$100,000 are in securities on deposit, \$4,071 in jewellery, and \$17,000 in paintings. His library contains 7,357 volumes. The real estate is quite large, though the estimated value is not given.

An Italian operatic company, with Arditi as conductor, will commence a series of performances at Vienna on the 11th of March. The list of artists comprises the names of Mmes. Adellina Patti, soprano, and Marchisio, contralto; MM. Nicolini and Marini, tenors; Graziani, baritone, and Vidal, bass.

The committee of the proprietors of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London, have determined to raise the rent to future managers. The present lessee, Mr. Chatterton, has for some years past paid a rent of £5,000 per annum. He now offers £6,000, Mr. Mapleson bids £8,500, and Mr. Mansell £7,000. If Mr. Chatterton should remain manager of that establishment he would cede the theatre for the fall months to Mr. Carl Rosa, for the purpose of giving a season of English opera.

A writer in *Church's Musical Monthly* makes the following sensible remarks on the hissing question:—"At the theatre let them indignantly hiss the musicians who come stumbling noisily into their places in the midst of the important scene at the close of each act. Let them hiss late comers who heedlessly bustle into their seats, to the disturbance of the whole assembly; hiss the men and women who rush from their places before the play is over; hiss, relentlessly hiss, the chattering and noisy groups so often assembled in the private boxes."

TORONTO NEW ROYAL LYCEUM.—The past week at this establishment has been very prosperous. The enterprising managers are making arrangements to introduce the first full grand English opera company that ever visited Canada. The troupe consists of forty-five artists, including a full orchestra and chorus. The opening performance will be given April 28th, and during the week will be presented "Martha," "Maritona," "Bohemian Girl," "Fra Diavolo," "Lucia," and "Trovatore." The prices for reserved seats will be \$2.00 and \$2.50. Parties residing at a distance can secure seats by telegraph, designating the opera they desire to witness.

Speaking of life on the stage, Madame Lucca sees in it nothing of the fascination that makes it so attractive to most performers. She says:—"It is the saddest life on earth. I want my husband, my parents, my child, my home. I am not as other artistes. I can not become intoxicated, as the Celts do, with admiration, and live on in a stream of excitement. While I am on the stage I do my very best. That is a mean artist, that is no true artist, who would not abandon herself wholly to her art upon the stage, not because the public is there—for I never know that the public is there—but because of the sake of art. I do not know that any body sees me when I am Margaret. I only know that I am *being* Margaret. But I shall stay on the stage just two years more. I do not care for so much money as other artistes do. I shall then have enough to accomplish all I have to undertake."

A novel exhibition and festival will take place on the 1st of May next at the Palais de l'Industrie of Paris. The manager of the Théâtre de la Gaîté, M. Ballande, appeals to all dramatic celebrities of all countries for their support in the organization of a "Grand Molière Jubilee." The plays of Molière will be successively given with a different cast of actors for each play, and divers professors and men of letters will deliver lectures before the performances. At the same time the admirers of the great author will find ample repayment for their curiosity in a museum composed of the autographs, portraits, manuscripts, and rare editions of the works of Molière. M. Ballande has collected almost every object associated with Molière's name, including the wooden arm-chair of a barber of Dax, where he was wont to sit for hours observing the barber's customers.

Is the mind a ponderable or an imponderable substance; an essence, vapour, or an indescribable something which cannot be grasped, felt, or withheld?

Man thinks, studies, invents, tires the brain by overwork, and loses his reason; rests his intellect, becomes calm, uses restoratives, and again thinks.

When we reflect that a power of endurance can be imparted to the brain, and that weak minds have been restored to strength by Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, we cannot but conclude that the subtle power is really ponderable matter, from the fact that the ingredients are supplied which render it support and give it vitality. Persons who study hard should preserve their balance of power by using the Syrup.