

When the nurse came back, Mag was looking steadfastly at the beautiful sky. A fitful breeze stirred the tree tops. The evening star was shining alone. The nurse sat down beside her bed. Before long another star came out. Mag drew a long breath.

"It had shone so long alone, and it looked so kind. Won't you lift me up in your arms the way you did before. Don't go away again."

"No, dear."

Mag sighed contentedly and the lines of pain in her forehead relaxed. The nurse began to repeat verses from the Bible in a low voice. "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me."

"That is Jesus who will be with me?"

"Yes, dear."

"Now say, 'Suffer the little children—'"

Presently she fell asleep and the nurse laid her down on the pillow. She woke with a start. "He is waiting for me, don't you see. Good-bye." She lifted her arms with a cry of joy.

There was no sound in the room; but the wind, that had for the last hour been still, suddenly swept through the trees. The great silent heavens were set thick with shining stars, and through the open windows came the distant music of the cathedral bells.

MARJORY MACMURCHY.

ARTISTIC LICENSE.

Ruskin has said that an artist must move the features of a landscape into artistic relation with the same freedom that a chess-player moves a "castle," and Ruskin spoke with authority, for well has it been said that it belongs to photography to simply reproduce, the artist creates.

To differ with so profound a critic were venturesome, did there not exist a truism which, in its radical sweep, includes even the dictum of this master. We are told "it's the exception proves the rule." Then, by differing, we agree with all the liberties claimed for the pencil. And on this ground alone would it be possible to dispute the correctness of the production of the Knight of the Brush, who, years ago, stood to his easel awaiting the inspiration that comes to the faithful worshipper of Chroma.

That his labours were not in vain is evinced, for his finished work was soon accepted and well hung. Time rolls on, and yet not alone the aesthete, but even the passing plebe, gazes on this effort. It is not reserved for the dingy display of any Gallery.

Those who visit Ottawa and are attracted by the magnificent Chaudière Falls, and, to view it best, stroll across the Suspension Bridge, by turning the eyes for a moment to the sturdy columns which do service as supporters to the graceful bending cables of this structure, may still see the production which calls forth this supersensitive criticism. The background is white and the treatment might be called severe. The following sketch was taken on the spot:

"ANY PERSON OR PERSONS RID-
ING OR DRIVING OVER THIS BRIDGE AT A FASTER RATE THAN A WALK....."

FALSE TASTE IN DRESS.

As was to be expected, a paper lately read before the British Association by Mrs. Carmichael Stopes on "Errors in Women's Dress" was warmly received, and formed the starting point of an animated discussion. In this paper the fallacies approved by women in regard to dress were divided into two classes: those which merely infringed the laws of art, convenience, or sense, and those which left their mark in permanent injury. The former divisions comprised a host of ungainly fashions and so-called improvers, as crinolines, lengthy trains, tight sleeves, and the like, the latter such mischievous devices as the high heel and the tight corset. As a consequence of their use healthy exercise and even free movement were, said Mrs. Stopes, impossible; uncleanness and infection clung to the trailing skirts, walking on high heels became a mitigated hobble and strained the whole body, and grace, when enclosed in whalebone, a synonym of perverted development and consequent ill-health in which posterity claimed a share. In the discussion which followed, the practice of tight lacing received a principal share of attention. There were several avowed champions of the corset, evidently more or less under the impression that the dangers of tight lacing had been exaggerated. The balance of medical opinion, of course, supported an opposite view, and this was fortified by the president's experience of injury done to the viscera, and actually traceable to persistence in this disfiguring custom. Such questions as these are not of a kind to be settled in the course of a few academic discussions. The clue to their true method of solution was suggested by the lecturer when she referred to a pernicious dress custom as a falsification of truth. It is the dislike to simplicity, the hankering after showy, though false, ideals, which are mainly accountable for the patience of women under the deforming yoke of fashion. Their emancipation, therefore, cannot be the work of a day. It will not be brought about by the warnings of experience alone. The process of training must go deeper, and act on taste by affecting the mortal sense on which it is moulded.—*Lancet*.

OVER THE ICE.

Over the ice with a curving swing,
With a wheeling sweep like a bird a-wing,
A dream of beauty and matchless grace
With sparkling eyes and a bright fair face
And a heart as light as her tossing curls,
Queen of the winter—fairest of girls.
The skirl of two tiny steel-shod feet,
A poem of motion wondrous fleet;
A swaying figure in every line
Quick with a supple grace divine,
A luring vision of poesy
Hither and thither, swift and free
Over the ice.

Over the ice with a measured stride,
In a long, long roll of manly pride,
Bending with easy skill that spurns
The snowy flakes at the sharper turns,
With cunning toe and skilful heel
Tracing through spin, and loop, and wheel,
Checking the gleaming surface o'er
With flowing figures in varied score—
King of the winter—in muscled prime
Hither and thither with cadenced time,
With iron nerve and a fearless heart
Glancing safe in his practised art
Over the ice.

Over the ice—in united strength,
To and fro o'er its polished length,
In smoothest measure that chimes and blends
The tiny "twos" with the "number tens,"
Through "outside edge," and "roll," and "eight,"
Tangling two in a single fate
Hearts that flutter and proudly beat
Chiming true with the clinking feet;
Blades that are carving one destiny
Blent in the graceful tracery,
Braving the fate—that plans a fall
Sudden and awful—and spreads e'en all
Over the ice.

ED. W. SANDYS.

AN OLD ROMANCE.

A bar of an old-fashioned waltz!
A glance at a faded dress;
What is it that wakes in my heart
These echoes of tenderness?

When that was the waltz of the hour
That dress in its pride and glow
Of shimmering azure and pearl
A seven of summers ago,

Sweet eyes used to gaze in my eyes
Light fingers would clasp my own,
And a soft voice fell on my ears
In a tremulous undertone.

The face and the fingers I touch,
The voice in its music is here,
But Romance is a delicate moth,
Which lives—just the sweet of a year.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

MARCH FLOWERS.

Far away a cottage stands,
Sun and wind have browned it;
Far you'll go o'er sea and land,
Ere you will have found it.

Primroses, all sweet and bright,
Violets of purple blue,
Daisies, with their ruff of white
Round the hearts of golden hue,
Daffodils of brightest gold,
Snowdrops delicate and fair,
Grow around that cottage old,
Now March winds are there.

Naught care they for saucy winds
In their sheltered places,
For the springtime's sunlight shines
On their lovely faces.

SUNSET.

Weary and panting from his futile race
'Gainst swifter flying hours, at earth's extreme
The day throws down his glowing length, and stream
And float his tinted garments in a haze
Of purple, gold, and crimson; and there raise,
And darker hang against the golden gleam,
The clouds of his hot breath. Then to a dream
Of swifter race the morrow falls; from grays
And glooms of the cool forest night comes on,
And o'er him throws her star-gemmed mantle dark,
The winds sing through the tree-tops lullaby,
And sound he sleeps until the rose-clad dawn
Comes swiftly o'er the hills; and herald lark
Wakes him with song to fruitless rivalry.

Ottawa.

J. ERNEST MACPHERSON.

TICONDEROGA.

One summer night I visited this most historic of all our historic places, this most romantic of all our ruins, and watched the night out seated upon its crumbled walls or wandering along its mounded ramparts. The moon was at its full, and its white ghostly light gave fitting illumination to the spot where so many in other years had fought and died. I doubt if any, even the dullest, might be so placed and not have both memory and imagination quickened. As for myself, I will confess that night and its emotions remain after a quarter of a century of time as clearly and impressively engraved on my memory as the features of my mother's face. To me as to the red men Ticonderoga was a name of nature, suggestive of mellow sounds, for to my ears, through the damp air of dewy upland and foggy river, there came the murmur of rapids and the voices of the waters of the falls mellowed by the distance. Then came the memory of later times,—of war and battles,—and I heard the measured fall of sentinel feet; the hourly call from angle unto angle; and caught the gleam of cannon on the ramparts and of stacked arms and long lines of blanketed forms sleeping on the warm turf beyond the glaciis. Below me on the pallid waters I saw canoes come noiselessly out of distance and into distance go as noiselessly. To the angle of the wall nigh where I sat Montcalm came and on it seated himself. Soon De Levis joined him, then Bourlamaque with Bougainville. And last of all Marin, the scout, the only rival in skill and courage that Rogers and Putnam ever had, and who saved the latter from the stake, even when the fagots were on fire around him. Together in low tones they talked of France and loved ones; of battles fought and won; of comrades dead or distant; of perils past and perils yet to come. Then round them gathered their great foes: Lord Howe—who in the field matched the younger Pitt in the cabinet, whose virtues made him envied at death, over whose lifeless form the rough Putnam sobbed like a girl, and the largest army England ever marshalled in America stood appalled at its loss; Abercrombie, the incompetent, to whom Montcalm lifted his chapeau in derision; Amherst, cautious, persistent, brave, with the laurels of Louisbourg on his brow; Campbell of Inverawe mysteriously fated unto death; Rogers, the great scout—the only scout of fame who after Lexington loved the King of England better than his country; Arnold, Townshend, Lyman, Johnson, Montgomery, Gates, Ethan Allen, Seth Warner, Remember Baker, Stark, and Putnam—all came as to a familiar place and stood before me making such a group of fame, as history cannot equal at any other citadel or ancient battle plain save one—Quebec.

Then came the dawn and with it the rush of feet, the sharp click of a firelock at the postern, and the stentorian voice of Ethan Allen demanding of Laplace that the fortress be surrendered to him, speaking "in the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress."—*Murray's "Lake Champlain and its Shores."*

THE RICHELIEU.

The Richelieu—all unknown as it is to the average American—is a marvel among rivers. There is, perhaps, no other river on the globe of equal length that can match it with traditions so potent to quicken the imagination or a history so closely connected with the progress of the human race. To the red man it was known as the Rivière aux Iroquois, so called from Labrador to Lake Huron, because the savage Iroquois used it as the great highway of their hostile forays into the North. In the skin tent of the Esquimaux, in the bark wigwam of the Montagnais at the mouth of the Saguenay, in the great Indian villages of Lake Huron, and in the buffalo-skin tepee of the Western Indians, this river was called by one and the same name—the name of their dreaded foes, that no distance intimidated and no opposition appalled. There was no river on the continent that had so wide a fame before the white man came as this stream which delivers the waters of Lake Champlain into the St. Lawrence.

Then came the white man. French ambition builded its eyrie on the lofty and bald promontory of Quebec. Dutch commerce centred its growing trade on Manhattan Island, and the Puritans laid the foundations of a commonwealth around Massachusetts Bay. And for two hundred years this water-course became the great highway between the hostile forces thus gathered at the North and the South. Great armies, year after year, toiled up and floated down its stream. Health and sickness, the wounded and the well, the living and the dying, came and went on its current. Between its verdant banks, first of white men who ever saw them, came Champlain. Then follow Frontenac, Montcalm, Wolfe, Arnold, Montgomery, Schuyler, Sullivan, Carlton, Dieskau, Johnson, Putnam, Rogers, and all the great chiefs and scouts of the old wars. All these with their thousands and tens of thousands of followers, titled and unknown alike, came and went with the years along this stream. The great Richelieu and the greater Pitt, kings, generals of fame and noted diplomats, have all studied intently the rude maps on which this little waterway was traced, as men study the cause and course of war, and the way to victory and empire.—*W. H. Murray*.

A contented spirit is the sweetness of existence.

Every one must have felt that a cheerful friend is like a sunny day, which sheds its brightness on all around; and most of us can, as we choose, make of this world either a palace or a prison.