



SHUTTING UP THE HOUSE.

SIR JOHN (*loq.*)—"Er—now, let's see; I don't think of anything I've left undone that I shouldn't have done, nor anything that I should have left undone that I haven't performed."

N. F. D.

"AN Epic of the Davin, and other Poems"—hold up, this is a slight misreading; on closer scrutiny it is "An Epic of the Dawn, etc.," by Davin—Nicholas Flood, M.P., Regina's meteoric statesman. We are referring to a daintily-printed little volume which has just been deposited on our table, and which contains as a frontispiece a very truthful and consequently attractive portrait of the author, attired in a classic bald head and a Rideau-club overcoat; and as contents a collection of poems which show that the cares of State have in no degree dulled the poetic faculties of our genial friend. The work deserves a much more careful and critical review than our space will at present permit us to give, and a thorough reading of it will, we doubt not, reveal many striking beauties of thought and expression. Opening at random, however, we happened to strike something which a captious critic might consider equivocal, to wit, the opening lines of a sonnet addressed to Sir John Macdonald:

"The child of love, and power, and fame, you came,
An Empire's sunshine on your classic brow."

The question arises here whether the word Empire should not have been printed in italics, to make it clear

that Brother Creighton's newspaper is indicated. On the next page we find some "Lines to Lady Macdonald," in which occurs the following:

"We build men statutes; but, did Justice speak,
She'd say, Do likewise for those gentler lives.
Who, hid away from public gaze, but seek
The selfless guerdon won by faithful wives."

Perhaps the author meant statutes; or perhaps this is the spirit of the law-maker breaking through the poet. If the latter, we are glad to note this plain announcement of Mr. Davin's conversion to the doctrine of Woman's Rights.

A COMMON CASE.

THE story I've to tell's
Quite plain and unromantic,
Momus with Cupid joined
To play an antic.

I saw too much of her,
My peace of mind was busted;
She saw too much of me,
Was bored, disgusted.

At length there came a time
My mind its peace recovered;
And what became of her
I've not discovered.

DICK BEDLOE.