

## Notches on The Stick

It has been the fashion to decry the present Laureate of England, and to belittle his verse. That there is in our opinion a blending of ignorance and injustice in this treatment, we have stated before; and we have confessed to appreciation and enjoyment of his verse,—believing that some of his briefer lyrics are in their way as exquisite as any living poet of England has written. This trouble seems to be with the second Alfred that he came after the first, and must necessarily show a diminished light. But when the sun first shone we remember how spots were discovered on his disk; and some can recall no little railing against the poetical god so recently gone. Mr. Austin's glorification of the South African affair exposed him to a good deal of animadversion, which took largely the form of reflection on the flatness of his muse; but since his spirited lyric on the proposed Anglo-American Alliance there seems a turn of the tide in his favor. We recently heard this poem rendered by a quartette, in the Park Square church, Springfield, Mass., on a Sunday evening, after a glowing address by the pastor, Rev. F. L. Goodspeed, on the moving events of the time. With Mr. John Hermann Loud at the organ, and the choir at their heartiest, we could but be thrilled as the lines were rung out:

### Cry of Kinship.

What is the voice I hear,  
On the wind of the Western Sea?  
Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear,  
And say what the voice may be,  
'Tis a proud free people calling loud to a people  
proud and free.

And it says to them, "Kinsmen, hail!  
We severed have been too long;  
Now let us have done with a worn-out tale,  
The tale of an ancient wrong,  
And our friendship last long as love doth last,  
And be stronger than death is strong."

Answer them, sons of the self same race,  
And blood of the self same clan;  
Let us speak with each other face to face,  
And answer as man to man,  
And loyally love and trust each other as none but  
freemen can.

Now fling them out to the breeze,  
Shamrock, thistle and rose,  
And the star-spangled banner unfurl with these—  
A message to friends and foes,  
Wherever the sails of peace are seen, and where-  
ever the war wind blows.

A message to bond and thrall to wake,  
For wherever we come, we train,  
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake,  
And his menaces be void and vain,  
For you are lords of a strong young land, and we  
are lords of the main.

Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March gale;  
"We severed have been too long;  
But now we have done with a worn-out tale,  
The tale of an ancient wrong,  
And our friendship last long as love doth last,  
And be stronger than death is strong."

Alfred Austin was doubtless chosen to succeed Tennyson in the Laureatehip because he expresses British sentiment very much in the British tone, and is devoted to the institutions of his native country. But aside from his political attitude and spirit, which may have had to do with his elevation to the public notice this office gives, he is genuinely a poet and true man of letters; and a closer acquaintance with his best work in prose and verse will lead the careful, impartial student of letters to prize him the more. We select an example of two of his finest lyrical work from Stedman's Victorian Anthology;

### Hay Maker's Song.

Here's to him that grows it,  
Drink, lads drink!  
That lays it in and mows it,  
Click jugs, click!  
To him that mows and makes it,  
That scatters it and shakes it,  
That turns, and teds, and rakes it,  
Click jugs, click!

Now here's to him that stacks it,  
Drink, lads drink!  
That thrashes and that tacks it,  
Click jugs, click!  
That cuts it out for eating,  
When Meret-dropp'd lambs are bleating,  
And the slat-blue clouds are sleeting,  
Drink, lads drink!

And here's to them and yeoman,  
Drink, lads drink!  
To horsemen and to bowmen,  
Click jugs, click!  
To lofty and to low man,  
Who bears a grudge to no man,  
But finishes from no foe man,  
Drink, lads drink!

## Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

## Hood's Pills

### Mother Song.

White little hands!  
Pink little feet!  
Dimpled all over,  
Sweet, sweet, sweet!  
What dost thou wait for?  
The unknown? the unseen?  
The ills that are coming,  
The joys that have been?

Cling to me closer,  
Closer and closer,  
Till the pain that is purer  
Hath banished the crosser.  
Drain, drain at the stream, love,  
Thy hunger is freeing,  
That was born in a dream, love,  
Along with thy being!

Little fingers that feel  
Their home in my breast,  
Li tie lips that appeal  
For their nurture, their rest!  
Why, why dost thou weep, dear?  
Nay, stifle thy cries,  
Till the dew of thy sleep, dear,  
Lies soft on thine eyes.

"The Grave-Digger's Song," from his "Prince Lucifer," has something of the quaint cheerfulness in treating a subject in itself grim or gloomy, peculiar to the elder English poets. Here is a stanza—the opening one:

The crab, the bullace, and the sloe,  
They Bourgeois in the Spring;  
And, when the west wind melts the snow,  
The redstart build and sing.  
But death's at work in riot and rout,  
And loves the green lads best;  
And when the pairing music's mute,  
He spares the empty nest.  
Death! Death!  
Death is master of lord and clown,  
Close the coffin and hammer it down.

Referring to his prose writing, as compared with his poetry,—

"It might seem at first sight," says "Literature," "but a left handed compliment to a poet to assign the highest place among his writings to his prose works. But it is, nevertheless, a compliment which, in perfect good faith, and with no suspicion of irony, may be paid to Mr. Alfred Austin. 'The Garden that I Love,' irresistibly invited it, and 'Lamia's Winter Quarters,' the sequel which the author has now given to that most fascinating piece of prose-poetry, compels the same apparently, but not really, equivocal praise. Its imaginative atmosphere, its feeling and suggestion are, as in the case of its predecessor, in the highest degree poetic; and the grace and wit and wisdom of its prose narrative and colloquies are diversified by lyrics of singular sweetness and charm. The truth is that in these two productions of his later years, Mr. Austin seems to us to have lighted—we are not, perhaps, justified in saying to have chanced—upon the most perfect medium for the full display of his powers. . . . But, after all, and in spite of the charm of their prose setting, it is to such little gems of verse as this valedictory lyric that the reader will return:—

'Good night! Now dwindle wan and low  
The embers of the afterglow,  
And slowly over leaf and lawn  
Is twilight's dewy curtain drawn.  
The slouching vixen leaves her lair,  
And, prowling, sniffs the tail-tale air.  
The frogs croak louder in the dyke,  
And all the trees seem dark alike.  
The bee is drowning in the comb,  
The sharded bottle hath gone home—  
Good night!

'Good night! The hawk is in her nest,  
And the last rook hath dropped to rest.  
There is no hum, no chirp, no bleat,  
No rattle in the meadow-sweet.  
The woodbine somewhere out of sight  
Sweetens the loneliness of night.  
The Sister Sours that once were seven  
Mourn for their missing mate in Heaven,  
The poppy's fair frail petals close,  
The lily yet more languid grows,  
And dewy-dreamy droops the rose—  
Good night!

Our correspondent in the west, Hon. C. H. Collins, writes respecting his appreciation of Rev. William Wye Smith's Gospel According to Matthew in Broad Scotch. He says: "Dr. Ross sent me one, and I was so delighted with its quaintness I ordered four copies more. It is a pamphlet. I shall certainly get a bound copy of the whole Testament, if it is ever published. . . . I have read it through several times, in a blundering way; but I intend to give my extra copies when I get them to Scotchmen who can both read and appreciate. So far from seeing anything ludicrous in the dialect, I find my reverence increased, and seem to see more clearly the power of the Gospel. It is in the language of Burns—the Ayrshire dialect. If you have it not I will send you one of my copies when they

come. If you have, you will have read Rev. Smith's Preface, 'To The Reader,' which expresses my views to an iota on the work." Not having had access to the work above, except in such fragments of it as have appeared in the newspaper press, we can only speak by anticipation. We are however pleased to reproduce an appreciation of it by our friend, Robert Reid, [Rob. Wanlock] of Montreal, the well-known Scottish-Canadian poet,—which recently appeared in the Montreal Daily Witness:

(The following criticism has been kindly contributed by Mr. Robert Reid, who is an authority in Scottish matters.)

"The Gospel of Matthew in Broad Scotch," rendered by the Rev. Wm. Wye Smith, (Imrie, Graham & Co., Toronto, 25 cents), is an advance specimen of the whole New Testament, translated by the same hand. We do not know of anyone in Canada better fitted for such a task than Mr. Smith is.

By birth a Borderer, that form of Lowland Scotch made classical by Burns, comes naturally to him, and he has improved his knowledge of it by study and exercise to such an extent that he has long been recognized as one of the highest authorities, where 'kittle' expressions in the 'braid Lallans' came to be considered. Our expectations, therefore, of anything coming from such a source must necessarily be very high, and on the whole they seem to be fully justified by the present work.

But the medium that Mr. Smith has chosen, though admirably adapted for narrative and conversational purposes, will not always express the scriptural phrases literally, (especially in exclamatory passages), without the introduction of certain words foreign to the Scots in colloquial form. Take, for instance, the word "Behold"—which we cannot call to mind having heard or seen used by Scottish speakers or Scottish writers, it seems out of place in conjunction with the homely Doric.

On the other hand, nothing could possibly exceed the simple beauty of the language used in the Beatitudes, the connecting narrative, and the different parables, and it is here that the wealth of Mr. Smith's vocabulary makes itself evident. Let anyone who doubts the expressiveness of the Scottish tongue, when used by a master, turn to chapter xiii., and read the parable of the sower:—

'A neifit' was mis-cuist on the fit-road, and eften up wi' the birches.  
'Some fell on the sterner bits, whaur the yird was jimp; and it braidit bonnie, for the mool was this.  
'And when the sun raise heigh, it birlt up; and for that it had nae rue, it dwined awa.'

The work has been executed in a masterly manner throughout—nothing slipshod or slovenly about it—and has evidently been a labor of love with the translator. Many quaint old words and expressions that one seldom hears except from the mouth of a shepherd on the hills of Scotland, find here a fitting setting, and express as mere English almost fails to do, the teachings of the Great Shepherd to the flock; for this reason it must appeal very strongly to the Scottish reader, and for those not 'to the manner born,' a copious glossary is appended. There is also a 'rough' of explanatory notes, which, apart from the light they throw on the subject matter, are interesting reading of themselves.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Smith will receive so much encouragement from the reception accorded to 'Matthew,' that the publication of the entire New Testament will be an unavoidable necessity.

ROBERT REID.

The forcefulness of the character of the late Harold Frederic was demonstrated by an incident which is recorded of his first visit to Berlin. After some diplomatic calls paid in a formal manner, he had entered the Cafe Bauer, hung his new hat on a hatstand, and seated himself to read an English newspaper that had come to hand, when "a particularly fine specimen of the lieutenant, booted and spurred and sworded and epauletted," entered, bringing the wind with him. Now the Prussian military officer, at his best estate, is a superior and formidable creature, regardless on high principles of honor of the rights of a civilian, and when incensed,—as he quite easily becomes,—even of his life. This showy gentleman of Mars, it is said, "brushed against the hatstand, knocked Frederic's hat over into the sawdust, and swaggered to his seat without so much as looking round. The slight to the hat was more than Frederic could endure. In a towering passion he went to the lieutenant, stood over him and pointed to the object on the floor. "Pick up that hat, sir," he roared. The officer stared amazed; the waiters were paralyzed with terror at hearing one so much more than human so addressed by a civilian. "Pick up that hat," repeated Frederic, in a tone more menacing than before. And the lieutenant did as he

was told. He was irresistibly dominated by the courage and force of the man as a school-boy before his master." Had he been a German citizen instead of an American, he might instantly have perished by a bullet. We do not usually enjoy any one's brag and bluster, but we beg leave to make exception in this case, for it is good to see the bully of any caste surprised and dominated by the force of sheer personality. It is to be regretted that he should have been so fearless as to have had courage to die before his time, to gratify the cupidity of a chimerical [we cannot say, medical] practitioner; for, with all his insight into character, and his skill as a writer, we can but consider him as one of the victims of credulity.

We came across a very appreciative article, by Prof. R. V. Jones,—long time a classic instructor at Acadia college,—on Dr. Theodore Harding Rand, written about the time the latter was appointed to the chancellorship of McMaster University. Prof. Jones speaks of the doctor's love of the treasures of literature, to which he has himself made worthy addition: "When a college boy he had a large acquaintance with literature. The finest passages of the best poets were ever at his command. His appreciation of these passages was intense. In the apocalypse of the thought, he would fairly chirp for joy. Tennyson was perhaps his favorite author. I can hear him even now reciting with his peculiar pathos and enthusiasm:

The lights began to twinkle from the rocks;  
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep

Moans round with many voices, etc. \*\*\*

With the instinct of a bee for honey Dr. Rand would light upon the most admirable passages. He was conversant with Longfellow, Byron, Emerson, Shelley. His wide acquaintance with literature enabled him to wield a facile pen."

We wonder if Burns had any cabalistic reference,—interpreted as the modern mode of dealing with Shakespeare—to the invocation of the interest of livery men by the electric motor, in his celebrated couplet in "Tam O'Shanter,"—

The cart-line clautht her by the ramp,  
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump!

We notice that "A Sister of Evangeline," by Charles G. D. Roberts is now on the literary market.

Men-de-in O!—in California.

The double Christmas number of the New Brunswick Magazine completes the first volume of some 392 pages. It is to be presumed that many of the subscribers will desire to have their numbers bound for future preservation and reference: which fact will account for the reluctance manifested at parting with them upon the call of the editor. The quality and the quantity of the contents of this Christmas number, exceeding perhaps what even the liberal patronage he has received might warrant, marks the determination of the publisher to give something really worthy the public confidence and appreciation. The promise for the future is as liberal as the past performance, and will we trust do much to confirm the present patrons and to enlist others. Several writers, two of them at least, somewhat familiar to the public.—Judge A. W. Savary, of Annapolis, N. S., and Harry Piers, of the Legislative Library, Halifax, appear for the first time in these pages; The latter with a readable account of the murder of 'one Edward Shea, a school-master of Rawdon,' in the North Barracks at Halifax, on Christmas day, 1824,—entitled "A Halifax Mystery." It is accompanied by an illustration of the barracks, as they appeared previous to the fire of 1850, from a drawing by Mr. Piers, and the article will be concluded in the number for January. The article illustrates the curious working of the system we call "society" which, while a miserable and erring fellow creature, forces him to his fate, and when he dies from violence, puts the machinery of law into operation to avenge his death,—as if that could do him any good! When will the world really learn from Christ, and the better instinct of the human heart, how to deal with man? "Christmas As It Was" is a racy description of the Christmas holidays in the olden time, with customs that prevailed as far back as 1808; by Mr. Clarence Ward, of St. John, of whom the editor declares that, though he discourages so largely of the use of liquors he "is a man of most abstemious habits . . . and dwells upon the liquid features of old times in a wholly impersonal way, and purely as a matter of abstract history." The editor himself gives in "The Wreck of the England," an account of a melancholy event that happened on the Foul Ground in St. John harbor, near Christmas time, in 1846. It is consonant with events of the

closing days of November, just past, when the Maritime Canadian coast, and the shores of New England have been swept by a tempest almost unexampled in fury and destructiveness. Judge Savary's brief article is on "The Acadian Melançons," whom he considers of French origin and not of Scottish,—a conclusion we are disposed to accept. Some of the present writer's forbears were Frsach, and of a similar name. Now written Bezanson, it was originally written with the cedilla "c"—Besancon. Mr. W. P. Dole leaves poetry and graceful essay writing so long as to give us a learned ingenious article on the origin of the word, "Abodean." The opening article by Prof. W. F. Ganong, on "The Ashburton Treaty," is very valuable. It is accompanied by a section of what is known as "the Mitchell Map," used in negotiating the Treaty of Paris, in 1783. "The One Hundred and Fourth," by James Hannay, and "When Telegraphy Was Young," by Roslynde, are not less readable. R. v. W. O. Raymond continues his interesting series, "At Portland Point." The reader will turn again to the strong and kindly pictured face of "the white-haired grandfather, hale and hearty," Major John Ward. The Chronological arrangement of notable events and of marriages and deaths of the time past witnesses to the industry of the editor, and his purpose to make the magazine as complete in every particular as possible. We commend the work to further attention as deserving of public support and appreciation. PASTOR FELIX.

### HARD LUCK.

A Gambler's Winnings on a Mythical Quarter and His Discomfiture.

'Talk about hard-luck stories,' said a reformed Western gambler, 'I think I can discount anything you ever heard in that line. It was in the early days of Leadville, just about this time of year, and I tell you it does get cold up in the hills a long about now.

'Well, I was broke, didn't have a copper, and had strolled into a gambling house to get a warm-up. There were several games going on, and when I had thawed out a little I walked over to the faro layout where I went broke the night before. As I said, it was a very cold night, and, feeling a great draught at my feet, I happened to glance down at the floor to see where it came from, and there by the side of my right foot was lying what I thought to be a quarter.

I had been watching the game closely, making imaginary plays. 'I'll play 25 cents open on the ace,' I said to the dealer, and in a moment more it won.

'The dealer handed me two white chips. I played again, and again won, and before the end of the deal I had a nice stack of chips. It seemed to me I couldn't lose a deal, and in half an hour I had a couple of hundred dollars worth of chips before me. 'I concluded to cash in, and stacked my chips, pushing them toward the dealer. He counted them, and looking at me, said; 'Where's that quarter you made your first bet on?' I had forgotten all about it. I looked on the floor; the quarter was gone. Then I lit a match, and saw that what I had supposed to be a quarter was simply a wet spot. It was originally a bit of ice, but the heat from my coat melted it. Of course, the dealer promptly refused to cash the chips.'

### A Black Record for wrecks.

There is no part of the world which has such a black record for wrecks as the narrow Baltic Seas. The number in some years have averaged more than one a day, the greatest number of wrecks recorded in one year being 425, and the smallest 154. About 50 per cent of these vessels became total wrecks, all the crews being lost.

Mr. Huggard: 'Ah! darling, must I say good night?  
Harsh voice from the top of stairs (tull of sarcasm): 'Not necessarily, young man; not necessarily. If you wish to be truthful, you must say good morning.'

## DON'T CHIDE THE CHILDREN.



Don't scold the little ones if the bed is wet in the morning.

It isn't the child's fault. Weak kidneys need strengthening—that's all. You can't afford to risk delay. Neglect may entail a lifetime of suffering.

### DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Strengthen the Kidneys and Bladder, then all trouble ceases.

Mr. John Carson, employed at M. S. Bradt & Co.'s store, Hamilton, Ont., says: "My little boy seven years of age has been troubled with his kidneys since birth and could not hold his water. We spent hundreds of dollars doctoring and tried many different remedies, but they were of no avail. One box of Doan's Kidney Pills completely cured him."

