

ing of history, it will appear that more Princes have been dethroned for being too Good or too Weak than for being too Wicked." Humanly speaking, it is indeed not easy to disprove Machiavelli's assumption that weakness is the worst of all political crimes, and that morality is of comparatively small account. Matters have certainly improved somewhat since "The Prince" was written, and our standard is higher now than it was in the days of the Medici; but, even to-day, the man who recommended his children to study the politics of Canada or the United States as a school of morality would run great risk of being considered a fool. The politician who combines a high standard of morality with practical success must always be considered more or less phenomenal. George Washington was one of the few men of modern times who seem to have achieved that distinction, but we should not forget that his latter days were embittered by the machinations of men less scrupulous, and consequently more successful, than himself. However much we may dislike the conclusion, we can hardly fail to see that political morality is not necessarily accompanied by political success, and that we must, to some extent, at any rate, admit the truth of much that Machiavelli has to tell us. And the moral to be drawn from his arguments is clear enough. Let us, by all means, strive after a higher political morality if it be attainable; but if we cannot have it, let us, at any rate, be strong; for if we are not only wicked, but weak also, the end must be disaster.

There is really only one fault to be found with Machiavelli, and that is that he seems to overlook the fact that

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

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H. S. S.

HAFIZ AND HIS POETRY.

It is a well-known saying of Buffon that *le style est l'homme*, and this is illustrated by few men better than by the great Persian poet. The proud independence, the contempt for religious regulations, the sparkling wit, the intense love of beauty which characterized Hafiz, characterize also his poetry.

He was born in the beginning of the fourteenth century at Shiraz, a place which he occasionally refers to in his verses. He early devoted himself to study, and his progress in learning, and his proficiency in various branches of knowledge, drew upon him the notice of the then reigning house of Muzaffer. He was appointed a teacher in the royal family, and was honoured as the first philosopher, poet, and grammarian of the day.

His gratitude to his patrons appears frequently in the dedications prefixed to his more important works, and very decided in their tone are the compliments which he showers upon them. In one place we have:—

What lovelier forms things wear,
Now that the Shah comes back!

And in another:—

Thy foes to hunt, thine enemies to strike down,
Poises Arcturus aloft morning and evening his spear.

Yet his self-esteem always prevented his descent to such servile flattery as some of our English poets have been guilty of in their panegyrics to grandees of less rank than the Shah of Persia. The independence of his spirit often prevented his worldly advancement, so that notwithstanding many offers of princely favour, he never rose above the humble condition of a dervish.

In his verse he praises wine, love, birds, flowers, and music, showing in every word his sympathy with beauty and joy, and treating his theme with an ease which shows that these are the natural topics of his muse.

It is a peculiar feature of the "gazels," or short odes of Persian poetry, that the last stanza contains the name of the author, intermingled, more or less closely, with the subject, according to his skill. This Hafiz does in many ways, gracefully, proudly, playfully, always easily. At one time he tells us that "the angels in heaven were lately learning his last pieces." At another that "only he despises the verses of Hafiz who is not himself by nature noble." And again:—

I have no hoarded treasure,
Yet have I rich content;
The first from Allah to the Shah,
The last to Hafiz went.

And in another place:—

O Hafiz! speak not of thy need,
Are not these verses thine?
Then all the poets are agreed
No man can less repine.

Yet in spite of these slightly boastful utterances it does not appear that he really valued his songs very highly, for it was not until after his death that

they were gathered together by Said Kasim Anwari, under the title of "The Divan." His admirers have given him the name of Tscheherleb (Sugar lip), expressive of the surpassing sweetness of his poems, which are relished among all classes of the people, from the camel-drivers, singing snatches of rollicking tunes in the pathless desert, to the educated and refined Persian, who learns the lyrics by heart. Amatory poetry, written in a style brilliant, yet clear, and full of ingenious courtesies to the lady of his heart, forms the bulk of "The Divan." He says to Zuleika:—

Ah! could I hide me in my song,
To kiss thy lips from which it flows.

And again:—

Fair fall thy soft heart!
A good work wilt thou do?
O, pray for the dead
Whom thine eyelashes slew!

Yet among all these gentle flatteries and delicate compliments, he never loses his head in a transport of passion, but is sometimes rather severe on the fair sex, as will be seen in one of his odes, said to be a favourite with all Persians of culture:—

I, too, have a counsel for thee;
O mark it and keep it,
Since I received the same from the Master above;
Seek not for faith or for truth in a world of light-minded girls.

His anacreonic lyrics are the national poetry of his country, and are sometimes even appealed to as oracles on important questions. They are distinguished by gorgeous fancies, joined with a simple and correct expression of ideas, by quick alternations from grave to gay, from sacred to profane, yet maintaining an almost classic harmony. It is a question among critics whether or not some of his odes, which seem to bear the stamp of a licentious nature, are intended as allegorical illustrations of Divine things, after the manner of Sufistic poetry, which represents the highest objects by human emblems and human passions.

Considerable enmity was aroused in the breasts of the defenders of religion by his freedom of expression, and his disdain of all outward forms of godliness; and this resulted in undisguised violence at his death, the ministers of religion refusing to repeat the customary prayers over his corpse. After a long and bitter dispute the question was settled by lot, and the result being favourable to his friends, his interment was celebrated with great honour. His tomb, at a short distance from his birth-place, has been magnificently ornamented by princes and nobles, and is still visited by pilgrims from all parts of Persia.

J. E. M.

Goderich.

THE MORAL OF THE LATE CRISIS.—II.

THERE is an alternative—to restore the old Constitution, which would be done by reviving the political power of the Crown, encouraging the personal intervention of the Sovereign, infusing, if possible, new vigour into the House of Lords, and reinstating the royal and national Privy Council in the place which has been gradually usurped by the party Cabinet. Such is the course to which a reader of Sir Henry Maine's "Popular Government" will probably be inclined by the general tenor of that most admirable and important work. Sir Henry perhaps regards the subject from the special point of view of an Indian administrator, and sometimes applies rather too much to modern politics the method which has yielded such memorable results when applied to the investigation of ancient law. Reason, if it does not yet reign supreme, is now awake, and we can no longer explain the actions of men like those of a superior kind of ants or bees. But this does not prevent the book from containing riches of thought. To all that Sir Henry says against the worship of democracy and the insane jubilation over its advent all men of sense will heartily assent. Nothing can be more absurd or dangerous than this frenzy, which, with a good deal besides that is disastrous, has its chief sources in the American and French Revolutions. But I should hesitate to say with Sir Henry Maine and Scherer that democracy is merely a form of government. It seems to me, living in the midst of it, to be a phase of society and of sentiment to which the form of government corresponds. The sentiment pervades not only the State but the Church, the household, and the whole intercourse of life. The cardinal principle of democracy is equality, not of wealth, intellect, or influence, but of status in the community and right to consideration—equality in short as the negation of privilege. To this, with all its outward symbols, American democracy tenaciously clings, and the sentiment is in the republic what loyalty was in monarchies. Fraternity is an aspiration which though most imperfectly fulfilled cannot be called unreal or abortive. The relation of democracy to personal liberty remains undetermined; we have yet to see whether democracy will choose to be Authoritative or Liberal. Among the chief causes of the advent of democracy appear to be industry and popular education; but together with these must certainly be reckoned the action of Christianity on society and politics, the omission to notice which appears to me to be a defect in Sir Henry Maine's historical analysis. "That is the best form of government which doth actuate and dispose every part and member of the State to the common good" would hardly have been said by a man who had not the Christian Church in his