

## FAREWELL.

THE golden autumn's past, bleak winter near,  
The flaming hues of Indian summer wane;  
Sad Zephyr, wandering in the woodland sear,  
Seeks his dead loves, the gentle flowers, in vain.

Profuse, glad summer in this woodland dale,  
Late flung her gifts. A thousand wilding flowers  
Breathed on the tender gloom a fragrance frail,  
And lit with varied tints the leafy bowers.

Then wandered merry children through the glades,  
The brooklet to the lonely fisher sang,  
And bird-calls broke the lofty forest shades,  
Whose checkered roofs the echoing music rang.

But, now, the skies brood low and chill and grey,  
The withered leaves wind slowly to the ground;  
Through the still gloom a cold and struggling ray  
Breaks brief. The winter slowly gathers round.

In the black night awoke a fateful sound,  
A distant moan. It grew, a gathering blast,  
Which, whistling, whirled the lonely turrets round—  
December's wintry blight had fallen at last.

Fling, fling thy groaning branches to the wild night sky,  
Ye naked woods! Wail, wail thou dying wind!  
Then swell to wildest woe, for Death glides by,  
Pale ghoul, and leaves his icy wake behind.

Lower, ye skies, your icy tears to pour!  
Ye dismal wastes of moorland moan for grief!  
Howl, hollow caves! Ye watery deserts roar!  
To mourn the gentle spirit of the summer brief.

Farewell, farewell, ye gladsome hills and dales,  
All summer-clad with trees and grass and flowers!  
Farewell, ye murmuring rills in dusky vales,  
Farewell ye hallowed haunts in shady bowers!

Out of the dreary moor with gloom o'ercast,  
An answering wail of darkness now doth swell,  
Now fail; and, lingering on the sorrowing blast,  
A wild note, dying, moans farewell, farewell.

Thus play the seasons of our life their part;  
And nothing leave of our brief day to tell,  
Save in the shadows of some lonely heart  
Where gentle memory sobs farewell, farewell.

— C. A. SEAGER.

## A PARABLE OF LIFE.

## THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PROFESSOR CLARK lectured in St. George's Hall on the 14th of February, before a very large and deeply interested audience, on the spiritual meaning of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," treating it as a Parable of Human Life. The origin of the poem was in a dream by Mr. Cruickshank, a neighbour of Coleridge's at Alfoxden, in Somersetshire. The plan of the poem was worked out by Coleridge and Wordsworth in a walk from Alfoxden to Lynmouth in 1787, when they were accompanied by Miss Wordsworth. Wordsworth contributed a few lines.

A question had been raised as to the poem having a spiritual meaning, but this question, the lecturer said, was surely put to rest by the analysis in the margin. Moreover, when Mr. Barbauld complained that the poem had no moral, Coleridge replied that it might be more properly blamed for having too much. As regards the general teaching of the poem, there could be no doubt. It set forth the evil and misery of sin and the repentance of the sinner.

Man's life is compared to the ocean, sometimes smooth and calm, sometimes troubled. The Albatross that came to the mariners was a kind of good genius; yet, the ancient mariner with reckless and wanton selfishness shot the bird with his cross-bow. As his companions made themselves partners in his sin, so were they in his punishment. Here we have the true conception of sin, a selfishness the negation and contradiction of love.

Then the miserable consequences of evil-doing are brought home. The memory of his sin remains with the mariner—the Albatross hung round his neck instead of a cross. Stagnation follows. They lay in one place "day after day." Then comes a terrible thirst, a longing which nothing could appease, "Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink." Next, the isolation of the sinner is shown. First the mariner had evil looks from all. Then they fell dead and he was all alone. False hopes were aroused by the light of a phantom ship, but no help came; nor could he even cry to heaven for help, for a "wicked whisper" spoke within and made his "heart as dry as dust."

Then came the crisis—perhaps we might say the second crisis—of the story in the mariner's change of heart, in the awakening of a better spirit, the spirit of love. He looked down upon the beautiful creatures in the sea, and he "blessed them unawares." Here was a divine change within, and all was changed around him and in him. He now could pray; the Albatross fell off; the mariner fell asleep, and when he awoke it rained. Thus there came to him rest and refreshment, and ultimately he was restored to human fellowship.

Yet, there was also a measure of discipline and suffering necessary. The spirit of the Albatross, which had followed the slayer from the southern hemispheres, still demanded vengeance, and both before and after his absolution by the hermit, the mariner was required to do penance, the first requirement being that he should tell the story of his sin and suffering, as well as of his repentance and restoration, from time to time, to one who should be constrained to listen to him.

The moral of his conversion is contained in some of the closing stanzas:

Farewell! farewell! but this I tell  
To thee, thou wedding guest,  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us  
He made and loveth all.

## CANADA'S INTELLECTUAL STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.\*

## SECOND NOTICE.

THIS is the first of a series of historical and other essays to be reproduced from the volumes of the Royal Society of Canada. Both in author and subject the series has made a good start. In Dr. Bourinot we have one of our best known and most representative literary men, whilst the subject chosen is an excellent one for an introduction. This sketch of the intellectual development of the Dominion was first delivered as the presidential address before the Royal Society of Canada in May, 1893. Since then the author has carefully revised it and added many valuable notes.

\* Canada's Intellectual Strength and Weakness. By J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., D.L. (Laval), F.R.S.C. Montreal: Foster, Brown & Co.; London: Bernard Quaritch.