

CANADA'S FAREWELL TO LORD DUFFERIN.

BY HENRY PRINCE.

"Loath to depart e'en with a thrice farewell,"
—April Sonnet.
Farewell! my Lord; alas! farewell! farewell!
Would I might say but simply "Au revoir!"
For 'tis but now, when time proclaims the end
Of our official friendship, and the hour
For thy departure beckons thee away,
I fully realize my loss, and feel
How much I love thee.

Ne'er before, my Lord,
From cradled infancy to present time,
Have I so sadly parted with a friend.
Go where thou wilt, my heart will follow thee;
And memory, with still increasing love,
Will ever press into the coming years,
And dwell with fondness o'er the happy past.
My blessings, on the wings of fervent prayers,
Shall knock at heaven's gate for benediction,
And being blest, shall graciously descend
To bless and crown with glory all thy days.

Not few have been the wise illustrious men,
Invested with all like authority,
Who, as Imperial guardians of the State,
Have nobly ruled to dignify the land,
So it might rear its young colossal head
Amongst the mighty nations of the earth.
And when the time hath come to bid "adieu"
To one whose star had shed a brighter light
In setting than his predecessor's star,
And left a lingering ray of love behind,
I've said "God speed," with many a heavy sigh.
But unto thee, my Lord—whose glorious star
All others hath eclipsed—hath been reserved
The moistened eye—the trembling heart and hand,
Sadly in unison—the quivering lips
That cannot utter audibly the sound
Of that most sad of all sad words—Farewell.

And well hast thou deserved my love and tears;
And that vast gratitude that flows to thee
From every heart throughout my wide domain;
For from the very hour when first thy feet
Press'd light and lovingly Canadian soil,
Thou hast not ceased in diligence and zeal
To raise to lofty eminence my name
Whenever occasion gave the time and place—
By wondrous words of eloquence and force;
By happy thoughts, exquisitely expressed;
By sage advice, that sages might accept;
By counsel, that a counsellor might keep;
By love, that brought love tenfold back again;
By kind regard and tenderness of speech,
Where high-born manners had no name or place;
By hospitality that knew no bound.
Unless the limit of that moral sense
That ever marks the noble, wise and good;
By many a deed that bless'd the Orphan's home,
And cheer'd the Dumb, and comforted the Blind;
By many an untold charitable act,
Unchronicled by any saving God—
For modesty is not the least, my Lord,
Of all thy great and noble attributes.

But why rehearse what all my people know?
Praise can but fail, where praise cannot extol!
From Gaspé, forth to yon Pacific slope,
Thy name is registered in every heart,
And all thy words and deeds now boldly stand
Like facts in figures, speaking for themselves.

But yet, my Lord, I could not let thee go
Without some verbal token of esteem;
Some faint expression of my love, in words
That may find echoes in thine own warm heart,
When time and tide betwixt us intervene.

Farewell! again, my Lord, farewell! farewell!
May all good angels guard thee on the sea,
And bear thee safely to that fair green Isle
Where loving hearts in watchfulness await
Thy long'd-for presence. Should it e'er occur
For some propitious chance to bring thee near
The scenes where thou hast laboured and hast lov'd,
Oh! come, my Lord! a greeting thou shalt have
Of royal character; yea, such as Kings
Are wont from loyal subjects to receive.
Good-bye, my Lord! Farewell! Good-bye—Good
bye!

WAS IT SUICIDE?

Rev. W. H. H. Murray in the Golden Rule.

Two men.

One, John Norton. You all know him, John Norton, the trapper.

The other—well, I don't know his name. John Norton didn't know it himself. You see, the man came into camp one day—coming up the Racquette; and he went out of it before the next morning by the way of another river that most men dread to sail on, but which seemed to him pleasant enough to seek it; and it is about this other river and the way the man launched out on it, and why he came to do so in the way he did—a rather abrupt way, perhaps, some would think, that I wish to tell you.

I said I didn't know his name. That doesn't matter, perhaps. At the two extremities of life names signify little provided the circumstances are of a certain class. What does it matter what the name of a babe is if there is no one to love him? Names are for the strong and those that move amid the world's activities. But the weak—the very weak, I mean, and they who stand on the thin edge of the world's doing, and on the very point of quitting it for ever—well, what use have these for names, and what matters it whether they have a name or not?

So we all agree that it doesn't matter what the man's name was.

What sort of a man was he? Well, there was nothing very remarkable about the man by which to distinguish him from other men. He was old—seventy perhaps—he was pretty well broken down as respects his bodily structure; that is, he showed signs of age. His hair was gray. It had been black once. His face was deeply wrinkled. I dare say that his body had the pains that seventy years bring to flesh and blood; but beyond these ordinary marks and symptoms of decay there was nothing by which to specially describe him. Take an old man of seventy that you know, of noble countenance, and he will look very like the man that came

into John Norton's camp one morning and went out of it the next.

Eyes? Well, yes, his eyes were remarkable. By the way, what strange things eyes are. What deceits they are. How they can lie. Don't you think so? Why, I saw a thief the other day on a rail car caught in the very act, looking into the face of the officer with the eyes of a saint. How frank they were! How clear and steady of gaze! No shriveling of the lids! No variability of the retina! No uneasiness in the look; and yet the man was a thief! but this man's eyes were peculiar in one thing; the look in them was the look of a man that never looks back, and never looks at things that are near; the look of a man that looks steadfastly for something ahead and something far away. I can't describe it any better than that; perhaps you can catch my meaning. If you don't it doesn't matter. The man's appearance doesn't affect my story much anyway.

"Do you think it wrong for a man to commit suicide, John Norton?"

The trapper deliberated a moment, and then said: "The word is a new un to me, friend. Can ye show me the trail by some other track?"

"Is it right for a man to take his own life, John Norton? That is what I mean," answered the other.

This time the trapper deliberated even longer than before. He fingered the hammers of his rifle as if he were trying the lock, for a minute, and then said:

"I've seen the thing did, friend, but the circumstances was unusual."

"Did you say that you had known a case where a man took his own life?" said the other.

"Sartinly, sartinly," answered the trapper, "I've seed it did. Ye see fire is hard to bear, and the redskins be cunnin' at tormentin', and to escape burnin' I've seed men kill themselves. Yis, I've seed even officers who ought to be rational, blow their brains out with their pistols rather than be taken alive by the varmints."

"Were you ever tempted to do it yourself?" asked the stranger.

"Never," answered the trapper solemnly; "the ills and the dangers of life came with the life accordin' to the Lord's orderin', and the days of our bearin' them be writ in a book, and the will of the Lord is that we live and bear up till the day comes round. Leastwise, that is the way the thing looks to me. Does it not look the same to you, friend?" queried the trapper.

"It does not," answered the man.

The trapper looked at the man quickly and searchingly; then the look in his eyes softened, and he said:

"Friend, yer head be as white as mine, and the years have made them white, and the troubles, too, should have made ye wise. I would like to hear yer reasons for the sayin' ye have said."

"My years are as many as yours, beyond a doubt," responded the man, and he looked at the head of the trapper as one old man will look at the head of another when speaking of their years, "and my troubles have been many and dire;" and here the man paused a moment and then added, "Have you had many troubles, John Norton?"

"Nothin' wuth speakin' of," answered the trapper, "and sech as a reasonable man expects. No, I can't say that I ever had any actual trouble."

"Have you ever had any great grief, o hn Norton?"

"I've buried one or two that made the world look empty after they was gone," responded the old man.

"Children?" queried the stranger.
"Arter the sperit; yis, children, arter the sperit. That makes them mine, as I conceit," and the look which the trapper gave his companion had the force of an interrogation.

"It ought to," replied the stranger, in answer to the look. "Children after the flesh may not be children, but children of the spirit and the soul remain ours forever."

The man said this with dignity.

"I've built somethin' on that idea," responded the trapper.

"What you've built will stand," said the other sententiously.

For perhaps a minute nothing was said. Both men sat with grave faces looking steadily off across the lake at the mountain, which lifted its green slope up from the other side. Perhaps they were looking beyond the mountain. Most of us do, occasionally. Then the man said, somewhat timidly, as if feeling his way:

"Did you ever lose a wife, John Norton?"

"I never married," responded the trapper.

"You are strong yet," suggested the man, and he looked at the stalwart frame of the trapper.

"If I fetched a trail from Mount Seward, good thirty miles. I reckon, yisterday," returned the trapper.

"You must be very strong," returned his companion, and he looked at the broad proportions of the trapper, and then he glanced at his own feeble body, adding, "I am not very strong myself. I have a good many pains. I suffer a good deal. I don't know why I should stay"—the man paused at this point. He had been talking as a man talks who is trying to bring the conversation round to a certain point and is not making a success of it. At last he said as if he would get over the difficulty with one dash:

"What is dying, John Norton?"

"It's goin' out of the body, as I conceit," answered the trapper.

"Is it anything else?" answered the man meditatively.

"Sartinly," replied the trapper; "it's goin' into a body."

"The body then," continued the man, "is a sort of house in which we live, is it not?"

"That's the way it looks to me," answered the trapper.

"When the house gets old and unfit to live in, have we a right to open the door and go out seeking a new and better one, John Norton?"

"The Lord who gave us the house, alone knows when it is unfit; leastwise, no hand but his should open the door, as I conceit," answered the trapper.

"John Norton," and the man spoke earnestly, "listen. Look at this body; it is worn out. Its remaining strength only increases my pain. It affects my mind. Even the gifts of the Lord are no benefit. The beauty of the day, the glory of the night, the loveliness of the earth and the splendor of the heavens are not apprehended. My eyes are dim, so that I cannot see. My hearing is dull. I only half taste my food, I tire easily. A little toil in the day fills the night with suffering. I am well, but my body is sick. The tenant is noble and more needy than ever, for I need finer and higher things than I once did; but the house has become a hovel. Why should I stay in it?" and he put the question to the trapper with force, almost imperiously.

Perhaps it was the sudden earnestness of the man; perhaps it was the influence of the facts he had stated on his mind which caused him to remain silent; whatever was the cause, the trapper made no reply, but remained looking steadfastly at his guest. Then again spoke the man.

"What is life? Residence in one spot? No; it is movement. Why should we sanctify a spot and say that we must stay there forever?—say it is wicked to leave it? Why keep the soul pent, when it would move up and move on? Are the activities of the body and the soul one and the same? Certainly not. If the activities of the body fail, why should the activities of the soul come to a halt? Why should the higher be made slave to the lower? Why should the immortal wait the pleasure of that which dies? The body was given me as a blessing. It has ceased to be such—ceased to be such by no fault of mine; but by the working of laws inherent in its own weakness. It has not only ceased to be a blessing; it is a curse. Why should I stay in it, John Norton? Why should I not open the door to-night—the door of my prison, remember—and go out of my captivity into the wide liberties of the freed spirits that move in bodies that never die?"

The man was speaking, not only with earnestness, but even with passionate utterance now. His eyes glowed. His face lighted. And when he spoke of going out of the prison into the wide liberties, he swept his hand into the air with a gesture of mighty significance.

Again the trapper remained silent, and again the man resumed:

"You said, John Norton, you have no wife, I had one—I mean, I have one; but she is not here. For forty years we lived together—lived together in love. God gave us children, I was not lacking means. My fortune was abundant. Our home was all a home could be. We lived and labored together. We performed duty. We gave to the poor. But what have I now? My wife is gone; my children are gone; my home is gone; my fortune is gone; my strength is gone. I have no one to love on this side. I have nothing to do. There is no reason why I should stay. I shall open the door. I shall open it to-night. I shall go out and find my strength and new duties, and my old loves. The finding of the three will be in heaven."

For a moment nothing was said. The two men sat looking steadfastly across the water at the mountain which lifted its green slope on the other side—looking beyond the mountain as well. The new world lay beyond the mountain. The new world? The old, old world, we should rather say—the old perfect world—old without age, and as perfect as God. The two men sat looking into it—looking as the young never look. Why should they? Their time to look hasn't come.

At length the trapper said:

"It may be ye are right, friend; but arter my way of thinkin' there be some things not given for mortal to fix; and the time that a man is to be born, and the time he is to die, is not within the reach of his orderin'. I have knowed them that was born too late; and I have knowed them that was born too early. And I've seed many die; and the same might be said of their dyin'; leastwise, it seems so to me. But the Lord be wise, and man be ignorant, and he alone knows when it is best for the trail to end—whether it be hard or easy to travel; and, therefore, I say, that, arter my way of thinkin' ye be wrong, and should wait, with the patience of a man who has seed trouble, for the Lord to give ye release."

"I do not accept your doctrine," said the man, "for your position limits man's sovereignty. I hold that it is intended that man should have authority over his surroundings and shape them for his happiness; where he should live is a matter of personal choice. He is to be wise—very wise—wise enough to leave a spot and conditions when they become hurtful. I am wise enough to see that my present residence forbids me to fulfil duty, to engage in honorable service, or enjoy life. I propose to leave it and seek another, where the conditions are adequate for an honorable career and an enjoyable experience."

"It has always seemed to me a little cowardly

for man to hasten his death," retorted the trapper; "if the burden be heavy a man should bear it till he drops, and not shirk it."

"There is no virtue, John Norton, in merely bearing adversity as an ox bears a yoke. There must be a worthy object perceived of the mind or burden-bearing is without significance. If there is no wise purpose to serve, there is no wisdom in bearing it. In my case the life I bear is a burden, borne without any object. I get, therefore, no moral betterment; no worthy exercise of faculty; no development of the qualities that ennoble me."

Here the man paused a moment, then added: "I suspect, old trapper, that the cowardice is not seen in our voluntary surrender of life, but in our grasping retention of it. It is the fear of death, and not reverent patience, that makes mortals hold back from the grave. Their superstition makes it a pit and not a pathway, and so they cling to life. Did they have faith in themselves; did they but know their greatness—the indestructibility of life—the immortality of being—that death is only an incident, weighty only because it brings emancipation from ills that be, and gives introduction to a world into which ills never come—did they but know this, old trapper, do you think they would race and chase the world over to escape it? Men cling to life because they fear the hereafter; because they doubt themselves; not because they have humility enough to wait God's will. But I fear no hereafter; it is only the extension of the time that is. The God of the future is none other than the God of the present. I see him now, and I love him now. Nor do I doubt myself. I am at peace with men. I am upright in spirit. I am good enough to live. I own the future by the strength of my goodness. It is an ample band. I repented and believed. The Wise Man of the East spoke truth. I have accepted his truth. I have everlasting life. I have it, old trapper. I have it now. The everlastingness is in me. I feel it. It moves like a current through my spirit. It beats like a pulse in my soul. The grave is only a spot about which, passing in my onward flight, I shall fly out of my old self and fly into a new structure and a new plumage. The old self will fall into it, and I, delivered, shall go on to infinite voyages. This world is a thingman uses, and when he has outgrown its use he is done with it. He therefore leaves it. I have outlived its use; I shall leave it."

As the man said this, his voice lowered and a happier sound came to it as he said:

"I have outlived its use; I shall leave it, I am glad to say good-bye to it and meet this sweet surprise of the future."

Again he paused. As he looked toward the mountain his face was bright and cheerful as one thinking of pleasant themes. After a while he asked:

"Do you know why I have come to this spot, old trapper?"

"It's a cheerful spot for either the young or old to visit," evasively answered the trapper.

"I will tell you why I came here," continued the man, speaking as if he had not heard the trapper's reply. "I came to do what I admit to be a solemn act. I came to surrender my body to the elements from amidst which it was originally called. To me it is my second birthday. I wish by the high communion to prepare myself for its happiness. I have heard of you as one wise, good and thoughtful of strangers. As a wise man I wish to talk with you. As a man I wished to commune with you. As one thoughtful of strangers I wished to ask your assistance. I also wished to spend my last days on the earth amid the beauties and the peacefulness of nature as she reveals them in these woods. In the city I should be a beggar in death. I should be compelled to beg my hearse, my coffin, my grave. Here I am rich. I own all. As an old man may claim from another old man, I can claim of you the services which friend pays to friend when spirit has departed from body. I have eaten at your table to-day. I shall leave my body to-night; you will bury it to-morrow. I would like it to have a suitable grave. Can you guide me to such a spot, old trapper?"

The trapper imitated his guest in rising. That he regarded his guest as perfectly sane; that he had respect for his judgment; that he accepted the conversation as utterly honest, and the stranger's view as final—was shown by the fact that he yielded instant compliance with the stranger's request.

"There is a place just behind the rock there that I've often conceived would make a cheerful spot for a grave; for the pines be big over it, and the water makes pleasant music on the white sand and leetle stuns underneath. We will go and see it."

The next morning the trapper rose at the usual hour. He did not go to the bed occupied by his guest at once. He went and stood in the door-way. He even went to the spring and brought a pail of freshwater. He acted as if his guest were asleep, sleeping a needed sleep, and would fain not wake him; but at length he entered the house and moved with a steady and measured step to the bedside of his guest.

The man was lying on his back, his hands by his side, and his face composed with that composure, the complete tranquility of which no earthly trouble can ever ruffle. The trapper looked steadily at him for a moment, and then he bent towards him so as to command a view of the farther side of the body. A knife lay on the blanket, and one keen, delicately-shaped blade was open. The trapper took it up and looked at it. The sharp point of it was colored