

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE ANGEL OF REMEMBRANCE.

BY JOHN RKADE.

I.

The Angel of Remembrance sits enthroned
Upon a world-girt mountain-top, and calls
From every side the heroes of all time.
All who, by hand or hand, by heart or tongue,
Wrought for the common weal of humankind
His acts and summons, each to his reward.

With him there is no favour. Every one
Finds his own place, as if by magic led,
And is accounted only what he is,
Not less, not more.

Lo! one by one, they come
And pass before him. Unto some he speaks
And says: "Well done, brave victor! wear thy crown."
To others he but smiles or waves his hand.
But other hands he presses in his own,
And some he clasps as brothers. These are they
Who in their generation were despised
Or suffered lack because they would not lie;
Who, serving nobly, went without reward,
Or laboured with divine self-sacrifice
To bless the future, slighting present gain
Or praise. And some there are who wanted bread
And yet complained not, full of their high aims,
And, with their eyes upon the mountain-tops,
Forgot the valley where the shadows fell.
As these draw nigh, from all the mountain sides
A glad acclaim arises: "Blest are they
For ever, for they gave us of their best."

And some who, in their day, were counted great,
Are reckoned now as little, well aware,
Divested of their purple, and the strength
Of hailing partisans no longer theirs.
That they are but as pignions in the host
Of giants—kings self-called, who were no kings
But slay as to their own pride. The faintest praise
Is all their dower, for what good they did
Began in selfishness and vanity.
And wealth and power were the gods they served,
Not means to the great end of doing good.
And many a timid woman and frail girl
Who suffered much, loved much, yet were denied
The prize of their nobility, are now
Set above conquerors. The brave obscure
Who toiled and wrestled for the right and true,
Though stung with base neglect; all those who, bowed
With sorrow, stood erect and met their fate
With smiling face because of those they loved;
The merciful who mercy were denied;
The meek who pitied those who injured them;
The wronged, the slandered and the persecuted,
Who gave their hearts, their lives, their fame, their all,
For those who did them evil; tempted ones
Who did not sin; sinners who did repent
In deed as word, and gave their sum of days
To noble undoing, bearing still the blame
Of what was done; heroes and heroines
Whom the world honoured not while yet they lived,—
All these the Angel of Remembrance calls
To take their places near his golden throne.

II.

And who are they who hear the summons? Who,
That working now as it were underground,
Unseen by a y. bless the unconscious earth,
Guarded of guard-ones? The Lord of Light
Who guides beginning to accomplishment
By paths that mortal man can never trace,
And maketh brave the hearts that do His will
Even unconsciously—He alone can tell.
But this we know, to every one is given
The power of doing some good in the world,
And every deed and word has destinies
That must be endless.

Who, by taking thought,
Can say how many he has cured or blessed?
And who dares follow out the train of thought
To its conclusion? Conscience stands aghast.
Blessing and cursing are perpetual,
A circle ever widening to a larger
That none can see. But those who bless are blest,
Who curse are cursed. And though long ages pass,
And the small seed from which the upas-tree
Of wrong or error sprang, be sought in vain
By those who see the fruit, the wicked hand
That dropped it bears the awful brand of God.
And he who blesses even in the least
One of his brethren, who in turn may bless
Another, kindly taught, in word or act,
Begins a work whose progress none may trace,
But God doth not forget.

III.

How bright and fair
Were this sad world—which still is beautiful—
If all men loved all others as themselves,
And weighed the present with the days to come,
Causes with consequences! Happy dream!
Yet not a dream to all. Thank God for those
Whose hearts were drawn towards the whole wide world,
Who lived for all mankind, for every age,
To them the Angel of Remembrance calls,
Sitting enthroned upon his golden heights;
To them he gives pre-eminence, as kings
To reign within the hearts of living men;
To them he gives a secret and a key
That opens to the Holiest of God.

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SOCIAL GOSSIPS.—No. III.

Men of wit sometimes like to pamper a favourite joke into
exaggeration—into a certain corpulence of facetiousness.
Their relish of the thing makes them wish it as large as
possible; and the social enjoyment of it is doubled by its
becoming more visible to the eyes of others. It is for this
reason that jests in company are sometimes built up by one
hand after another—"three-piled hyperboles"—till the over-
done Babel topples and tumbles down amidst a merry con-
fusion of tongues.

Jack Falstaff was a great master of this art. He loved a
joke as large as himself; witness his famous account of the
men in buckram, (Henry IV., Act II., scene 4.) Thus he tells
the Lord Chief Justice that he has lost his voice "with sing-
ing of anthems;" and he calls Bardolph's red nose "a per-
petual triumph, an everlasting bon-fire light;" and says it
has saved him "a thousand marks in links and torches,"
walking with it "in the night betwixt tavern and tavern."
See how he goes on heightening his recruits at every step:
"You would think I had a hundred and fifty battered prodi-
gals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draft and
hunks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I
had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies.
No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through
Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march
wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I
had most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a

half in all my company—and the half shirt is two napkins
tucked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's
coat without sleeves."

An old school-fellow of ours—who, by the way, was more
fond of quoting Falstaff than any other of Shakspeare's char-
acters—used to be called on for a story, with a view to a joke
of this sort; it being an understood thing that he had a
privilege of exaggeration, without committing his abstract
love of truth. The reader probably knows the old blunder
attributed to Oliver Goldsmith about a dish of green peas.
Somebody had been applauded in company for advising his
cook to take some ill-drest peas to Hammersmith, "because
that was the way to Turn'em Green;" upon which Goldsmith
is said to have gone and repeated the pun at another table in
this fashion: "John should take those peas, I think, to Ham-
mersmith." "Why so, Doctor?" "Because that is the way
to make 'em green."

Now our old school-fellow would give the blunder with this
sort of additional dressing:

At sight of the dishes of vegetables, Goldsmith, who was at
his own house, took off the covers one after the other with
great anxiety, till he found that the peas were among them;
upon which he rubbed his hands with an air of infinite and
prospective satisfaction. "You are fond of peas, Doctor?"
said one of the company. "Yes, sir," said Goldsmith, "par-
ticularly so. I eat them all the year round—I mean, Sir,
every day in the season. I do not think there is anybody so
fond of peas as I am." "Is there any particular reason,
Doctor," asked a gentleman present, "why you like peas so
much, beyond the usual one of their agreeable taste?" "No,
sir, none whatsoever—none I assure you—(here Goldsmith
showed a great wish to impress this fact on his guests)—"I
never heard any particular encomium or speech about them
from any one else; but they carry their own eloquence with
them; they are things, sir, of infinite taste." (Here a laugh,
which put Goldsmith in additional spirits.) "But, bless me!"
he exclaimed, looking narrowly into the peas, "I fear they
are very ill-done; they are absolutely yellow instead of green,"
(here he put a strong emphasis on green) "and you know
peas should be emphatically green; greenness in a pea is a
quality as essential as whiteness in a lily. The cook has
quite spoiled them, but I'll give the rogue a lecture, gentlemen,
with your permission." Goldsmith then rose and rang the
bell violently for the cook, who came in ready booted and
spurred. "Ha!" exclaimed Goldsmith, those boots and
spurs are your salvation, you knave. Do you know, sir, what
you have done?" "No, sir." "Why, you have made the
peas yellow, sir. Go instantly and take them to Ham-
mersmith." "To Hammersmith, sir?" cried the man, all in
astonishment, the guests being no less so. "Please, sir, why
am I to take 'em to Hammersmith?" "Because, sir,"
and here Goldsmith looked round with triumphant anticipation,
"that is the way to render those peas green."

There is a very humorous piece of exaggeration in
"Butler's Remains"—a collection, by the bye, well worthy
of Hudibras, and indeed of more interest to the general
reader. Butler is defrauded of his fame with readers of taste
who happen to be no politicians, when Hudibras is printed
without this appendage. The piece we allude to is a descrip-
tion of Holland:

A country that draws fifty feet of water,
In which men live as in the hold of Nature;
And when the sea does in upon them break
And drowns a province, does but spring a leak.

That feed, like cannibals, on other fishes,
And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes:
A land that rides at anchor, and is moored,
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

We do not know, and perhaps it would be impossible to
discover, whether Butler wrote his minor pieces before those
of the great patriot Andrew Marvell, who rivalled him in wit,
and excelled him in poetry. Marvell, though born later,
seems to have been known earlier as an author. He was
certainly known publicly before him. But in the political
poems of Marvell there is a ludicrous character of Holland,
which might be pronounced to be either the copy of the
original of Butler's, if in those Anti-Batavian days the Hol-
lander had not been baited by all the wits; and were it not
probable that the unwieldy monotony of his character gave
rise to much the same ludicrous imagery in many of their
fancies. Marvell's wit has the advantage of Butler's, not in
learning a multiplicity of contrasts (for nobody ever beat him
there), but in a greater variety of them, and in being able,
from the more poetical turn of his mind, to bring graver and
more imaginative things to wait upon his levity.

He thus opens the battery upon the amphibious Hol-
lander:—

Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
Is but the off-scouring of the British sand;
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pious, when they heaved the lead;
Or what by the ocean's slow alluvial fell,
Of shipwrecked cockle and the muscle shell.

Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
They, with mad labour, fished the land to shore:
And dived as desperately for each piece
Of earth, as if it had been amber greece:
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay
Less than what building swallows bear away:
Or than those pills which sordid beetles rowl,
Transfusing into them their dunghill soil.

He goes on in a strain of exquisite hyperbole:—

How did they rivet with gigantic piles
Through the centre their new caught miles,
And to the stake a struggling country bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground:
Building their wat'ry Babel far more high
To catch the waves, than those to scale the sky.
Yet still his claim the injured ocean layed,
And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played:
As if on purpose it on land had come
To show them what their *Mare Liberum*:
A daily deluge over them does boil:
The earth and water play at level-coyl:
The fish oft-times the burgher dispossessed,
And eat, not as a meat, but as a guest:
And oft the Tritons and the Sea Nymphs saw
Whole shoals of Dutch served up for cabillan.
Or, as they over the new level ranged,
For pickled herring, pickled *Heresy* changed.
Nature, it seemed, ashamed of her mistake,
Would throw their land away at duck and drake:
Therefore necessity that first made kings,
Something like government amongst them brings:
For as with pignys who best kills the crane,
Among the hungry he that treasures grain,

Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard reigns,
So rules among the drowned he that drains.
Not who first sees the rising sun, commands;
But who could first discern the rising lands;
Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,
Him they their lord and country's father speak;
To make a bank was a great plot of state;
Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate.

We can never read these or some other ludicrous verse of
Marvell, even when by ourselves, without laughter; but we
must curtail our self-indulgence for the present.

Miscellaneous.

Negotiations are on foot for reviving the Galway line of
steamers to America. It is thought that six splendid vessels
will, in the course of the coming summer, be placed on the
shortest and safest route to New York.

The corporation and the gas company of Paris, are experi-
menting on a system of safety cocks, placed at fixed distances,
by means of which, in case of fire, all gas can be turned off
from the neighbourhood of the flames.

A hanging garden of sponge is one of the latest novelties in
gardening. Take a white sponge of large size, and sow it full
of rice, oats, or wheat. Then place it for a week or ten days
in a shallow dish, and as the sponge will absorb the moisture,
the seed will sprout.

At the dinner given recently at Pau at the Club-house, elgh-
teen sons of the green sod deeply drowned the shamrock. One
of the toasts proposed was "Fox-hunting, and prosperity to Old
Ireland." The shout that ensued alarmed the town, and set the
foreigners staying in the house in a state of utter astonishment
and alarm, and inquiring whether some new popular insurrec-
tion had not happened. It was only an outbreak from Irish
throats, and long-continued tallyhos and cheers.

There is one novelty which has been introduced into the Lon-
don streets which can hardly be called an improvement. Some
chemical is now dissolved in the water with which the streets
are watered. The object is to prevent evaporation taking place
so quickly, and thus to render it possible to do with less fre-
quent waterings, but at the same time, this chemical renders
the streets terribly slippery, and it is most melancholy to see
the numbers of horses which lie hopelessly on the ground in all
the principal thoroughfares.

College "personal."—On the 1st of April, when Professor
Gregory, of Genesee (New York) Academy, rose to read the Bible
at morning prayers, he found that a dictionary of similar ap-
pearance had been substituted for the sacred volume. Not at
all disconcerted he took from his pocket a Greek Testament
and read the original text, expounding each verse in Latin, for
colloquial readiness in which language he is somewhat dis-
tinguished. The students listened attentively, but to what
extent they were edified has not transpired.

For the past year, the report of the British Lifeboat Service
shows an excellent record of work for the two hundred and
thirty-three boats now employed on the coast of the United
Kingdom. They have saved the lives of five hundred and sixty-
nine persons, nearly the whole of them under circumstances
of peril that would have precluded any ordinary boat from pro-
ceeding to their aid. It should be mentioned, in addition, that
no fewer than twenty-five ships were saved; and in other cases
the boats were repeatedly signalled off by distressed vessels, and
afterward contributed largely to their preservation by encour-
aging the crews to remain by their ships, and occasionally by
taking them ashore in their alarm, and in putting them on
board again when the storm had lulled. It appears from the
tabulated records of the institution that the number of lives
saved during the forty-nine years from its establishment in
1824 to the end of the year 1872, either by its life-boats or by
special exertions for which it had granted rewards, is 21,485.

The existence of a religious sect called "Derbists," whose
adherents are mostly recruited in the two departments of the
Drôme and the Ardèche, was scarcely known to the great
majority of Frenchmen until a soldier belonging to this body
was tried by court-martial a few days ago for insubordination.
The tenets of this sect are principally embodied in the doctrine
that human life is absolutely sacred, and that the profession of
arms is in itself a crime. In obedience to this teaching a young
man, who had been sent to join his regiment, refused to carry
arms, declaring that he was ready to submit to any punishment,
even that of death, rather than repudiate his principles. The
colonel had no alternative but to send him before a court-mar-
tial for breach of discipline; and in the course of the trial the
schoolmaster, who had been called as a witness, stated that,
though he had done all in his power to eradicate these ideas,
the prisoner had held fast to his original purpose. When they
told him that, in the event of a battle, he would always be able
to fire in the air, the young man declared that he would not do
that because it would be an act of treachery towards the
Government, and that he preferred stating the case to his
superiors when he was called upon to join the army. On similar
grounds he refused to purchase a substitute, and, in reply to the
warning of his schoolmaster that he would render himself liable
to be shot for insubordination, he avowed his readiness "to add
another to the three millions of martyrs who have already died
for their faith." His behaviour at the trial is said to have been
most exemplary, and when questioned by the president of the
court, he confessed that he had disobeyed the military laws, but
had acted in conformity with those of the Gospel.

The Roman correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* says that
preparations are already being made at the Vatican for the
election of a new Pope. There is a building belonging to the
canons of St. Peter's, immediately behind the sacristy of the
cathedral and within the precincts of the Vatican, in which it
has been decided that the conclave shall be held. It consists of
a large hall surrounded by small apartments, which can be
fitted up at little cost for about forty cardinals and their secre-
taries. There are at present forty-five cardinals in all, and of
these thirty-six at most would be able to take part in the con-
clave, as the rest are too old and infirm to make a long journey.
The correspondent adds that it is the general belief in the
Vatican that the Jesuit candidates, Riaro S. orza and Panobi-
anco, have but little chance of success. Public opinion at Rome
would be in favour of a cardinal of moderate and Liberal
opinions, such as Morichini, De Silvestri, or Di Pietro; while
some advocate the election of a very old cardinal, such as De
Angelis, whose short reign would leave time for deciding as to
the future policy of the Papacy after affairs have settled down
a little in Europe, and especially in France. Another corres-
pondent of the same paper reports that Monsignor Chigi, the
Papal Nuncio at Versailles, has asked M. Thiers whether, in case
a revolution should break out in Rome on the Pope's death, the
cardinals would be permitted to select Avignon, or some other
place in France, for holding their conclave. To this M. Thiers
replied in the negative, alleging as the ground of his refusal that
if a schism should be produced in the Church by such a proceed-
ing, this might involve France in unpleasant complications.