

own country, now so prolific a theme for novel-writers, and how well he succeeded is witnessed by the immense circulation of "Bitter-sweet," "The Mistress of the Manse," "Arthur Bonnicastle," and "Nicholas Minturn." No books were more sure of a welcome in the average American home—taking in America very much the place occupied by those of Dickens in England. If the American author has to yield the palm of genius to the British one in both humor and pathos,—at least he can claim the supremacy in this, that the tone of his moral influence was more uniformly healthful. Indeed this was the most marked characteristic of his writings, whether in his books or in the more fugitive periodical literature of the day. *Scribner's Magazine*, instituted by him ten years ago, has been, during its short existence, an important influence in educating the American people, whether socially, æsthetically or morally. Its literary merits combined with the artistic excellence of its illustrations, which indeed made "a new departure" in the art of wood engraving—carried it into thousands of homes, refining and beautifying the homely conditions of everyday life, and teaching men to judge great, social or political questions, not by the changing measure of expediency but by the unvarying standard of truth and right. In "Topics of the Time" and all kindred writings, Dr. Holland gave no uncertain sound. His voice always rang true to higher claims than those of party or faction—to true patriotism and the eternal rights. In his critiques he was equally distinct and true—never led away by mere novelty or the charm of a great name, to tolerate what was false in theory or doubtful in tendency, faithfully withstanding the error so common in his age and country, of forgetting the higher beauty of the spiritual in the worship of the material, and of the science which deals alone with the realm of the senses. Between this science and poetry, he maintained, there must be a certain antagonism, because the sphere of poetry lay in the unseen world of spiritual reality, to which it must be free to soar. His own place in literature has been aptly styled that of "the apostle of the commonplace," because his *forte* lay in illustrating the beauty that may idealize the humblest lives and the homeliest paths, a task which his overflowing sympathy made especially congenial to him. It was this element in his writings, more than any other, that won for them their wide popularity among his countrymen—a popularity sufficient to satisfy his utmost ambition—save for one thing,—that he probably never attained to his own standard of excellence as a writer.

As a man, Dr. Holland was singularly loveable and quite unspoiled by prosperity. He retained to the last despite seriously impaired health, his youthful freshness of feeling and capacity for enjoying all that was enjoyable in life. Especially did he enjoy his charming summer residence at Alexandria Bay, among the Thousand Islands, where he spent four months of the year enjoying comparative rest amid the ever varying charms of the beautiful island scenery. His country house, built after his own taste on a rocky bluff, fringed and tufted with pines, and commanding a lovely view, is called "Bonnicastle," and is an ideal summer-abode, with its wide hospitable hall, planned after the old English fashion, and its tastefully decorated rooms, each window commanding a picturesque vista of the island studded river. His swift steam yacht lay moored in its trim boathouse below, and no pleasure was more enjoyed by him than the excursions, longer or shorter, which he and his family were accustomed to make on the "Camilla." But of all the charms of the beautiful home, the central one was the master

himself, whose commanding figure in summer costume of snowy white, with his constant attendant *Bianca*—a fine white spaniel, whose faithful affection he commemorates in one his most touching little poems—as so prominent a feature in the recollection of visitors to Bonnicastle. There, on summer evenings, he was wont to sit on the wide verandah, looking across the bay to the myriad lights of the great hotels of the village, and discussing the questions of the day, or indulging in reminiscences of a busy and eventful life. One such occasion occurs to the memory of the writer, when, among other subjects of conversation, he referred to the esteemed Principal of Queen's, who had been at his invitation a contributor to *Scribner*—in terms of high esteem and admiration of his varied gifts and his marked fitness for the position in which he has already achieved so great success. The tragedy which robbed the United States of a President, whom Dr. Holland admired and loved with all his heart, and from whose administration he had expected so much for his country's good—clouded with a keenly felt sorrow the last weeks of his life. But hardly were the days of mourning ended than he himself was suddenly called to follow the martyred President into the "undiscovered country." Death—and sudden death—had long been a familiar probability to his mind, as he knew well that his span of life could not be long extended, and that at any moment it might be cut short. But his Christian faith was as strong and bright as his sympathies were broad and catholic. He died surrounded by his loving wife and children, yet without the pang of conscious parting. But as a daughter wrote "We needed no last words from such a father"—and the memory of what he was and the realizing faith in the higher and nobler life into which he had entered, sustained even those on whom the blow fell with heaviest force. A letter written by him to a friend last spring expresses the hope and faith with which he looked from the fleeting and transitory world of sense to the unseen and eternal:—"The world is passing very rapidly under our feet and soon the tide of life will sweep over our painless lives and still hearts. *Apropos* of this, look in the May number of *Scribner* for a little poem of mine entitled 'Threnody.' It is a little blue in tone, but the last stanza gives the right turn, and on the whole I think the piece is healthy." The 'last stanza' is perhaps familiar to some readers already, but may well be repeated here:—

"But if life awake and will never cease
On the future's distant shore,
And the rose of love and the lily of peace:
Shall bloom there forevermore,—
Let the world go round and round
And the sun sink into the sea,
For whether I'm on or under the ground,
(O what will it matter to me!"

THE MODEL STUDENT.

TWO pictures of student life of quarter a century ago are vividly imprinted on the page of memory. There is the lad with pale face, compressed lips, and stooping shoulders. His looks tell the tale of midnight oil, of pouring over musty folios, and of absorbing study. Here is another youth, who has come up to college for a very different purpose. It is not certainly to study. Books are the last thought. Reading is a bore. The average young man of this sort glories in the traditional life of the student which is that of a fast, rollicking and perhaps not over scrupulous fellow. Of course, were the question put to us, which of these presents the better type of student life, we confess to a liking for him of the pallid