

Place du Panthéon, and did not get out of it, nor yet away from the precincts haunted by the shades of Voltaire and Rousseau, till four o'clock the next morning. At the end of that time Claude Bernard avowed himself convinced. For the sake of that eminent scientist's reputation we hope that his stomach had nothing to do with his defeat. M. de Rosny is strongly against materialism; but he denounces it with syllogism rather than with anathema. He further limits his *a priori* method so as to avoid, at any rate nominally, the danger of running with Hegel into mysticism. Without posing as champion in reply to the question,

Who shall draw the mystic line
Rightly severing his from mine
Which is human, which divine?

he attempts to bound, after the manner though not with the dogmatism of Comte, the sphere in which, for the present, human intelligence may affirm its knowledge.

The salient point which we might suggest to the professor as needing some treatment in his approaching winter lectures is that which, in our opinion, Buddhism, judged by its authenticated manuals, does not really touch. It is true Christianity also shirks the question, and not even Père Lacordaire, in his Notre-Dame "conférences" on "God" and "Life," went deeper than verbal explanation. It is the old problem of good and evil, of knowledge and ignorance, which Buddhist philosophy, to claim a universal adherence, ought to be able to deal with; but which its statement of the four truths—the existence of pain, the production of pain, the annihilation of pain, and the way to the annihilation of pain—attacks in vain. Granting that nature and life be one whole with two phases, spirit and matter, why is it that the one phase presents always the ignorant, the imperfect, the conflicting units, if the other, while producing and penetrating this imperfection, be omniscient, perfect and in harmony with itself? We could enlarge on this "crux" of philosophy so as to state it in other forms. We prefer, however, to leave it for M. de Rosny's consideration stated in this simple manner.

It appears that the question of another and larger room for the next series of lectures which the Professor has introduced to the authorities is still unsettled; but we imagine that these gentlemen will see their way to comply with the former's request. The rumours current in some newspapers as to a petition on the part of certain ecclesiastic dignitaries with the purpose to debar M. de Rosny from continuing his subject, and even to imprison him, are surely without solid foundation. First of all, such a petition—none know it better than the Catholic priesthood—would be utterly useless; and, next, where M. Renan has been allowed to teach, without let or hindrance, his own particular tenets at the Collège de France, the authorities cannot in reason refuse the same liberty to M. de Rosny at the Sorbonne.

M. de Rosny has obligingly sent us his chief lecture or treatise, entitled "*La Morale du Bouddhisme*," a pamphlet of twenty-four octavo pages, published by Georges Carré, 58 Rue Saint-André des Arts, Paris, which may be taken to set forth his true opinions. Starting with the principle that the value of a religion may be estimated by that of the practical morality it teaches, he proceeds to show that almost all religions are saddled with philosophies, and that the philosophy of Buddhism is as bad as any of them. But he maintains that, on the side of morality, the teaching of Sakya-Mouni is essentially that of love, and that the so-called selfish acquisition of merit by deeds of charity and self-abnegation is no more selfishness than the conduct of the Christian who enters on the life of Christ for the sake of future weal. He does not oppose Buddhist morality to that of the Sacred Scriptures, but confesses that "the true morality has nowhere been summed up in a word more simple and more easily understood than that of the Gospel, 'Love one another.'" Nevertheless M. de Rosny will not allow to Christianity the exclusive claim to this precept, "the children of God have all received as a heritage from their Heavenly Father, the same confraternal instinct." Therefore the Christian is bound to recognize the good that is in the Buddhist, "not allowing argument to make him forget the holy saying: '*In terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.*'" This is a reading which Dean Alford considers "untenable in Greek as well as in theology." However, leaving the Dean and returning to M. de Rosny, we find him disposing of the current notion, which certainly belongs to Buddhist philosophy, that *nirvana* is the annihilation of sentient existence by its absorption into a non-sentient whole. He holds this to be absurd, inasmuch as love, the cardinal virtue of Buddhism, that in the way of which men are to strive towards perfection, would necessarily come to an end, involving the whole system in defeat. Therefore *nirvana* is the attainment by every creature of his true place in the universal divine plan, in harmony with all the rest of being, freed forever from the evils of this present state, all of which arise from the limitations and negations of love. It does seem as if the Professor of the Sorbonne takes more out of the Tripitaka than Gautama Buddha and his immediate disciples put into them, but the morality of his refined and elevated pantheism is a decided advance toward the doctrine of that beloved disciple who declared that "God is Love." An eclectic in religion M. de Rosny may be, but he is in no sense a Buddhist either of the present or of any other period.

BLINDED as they are to their own character by self-love, every man is his own first and chiefest flatterer.—*Plutarch*.

ENGLISH ELMS ON BOSTON COMMON.

'Mid desolation all around,
Behold yon green and ancient trees,
Greeting the autumn stormwind's sound
With laughter as of summer breeze.

Erect and strong, with arms outspread,
Nor drooping low with yielding grace,
Each sturdy patriarch lifts his head
And high aloft proclaims his race.

What yonder name on each grey bole
For title in the forest realm?
Afar I read it in my soul—
"Ulmus campestris, English elm."

Here from the olden English day,
Ere senseless wrong had discord spread,
Ye bid the kindly memories stay,
That erst 'fore righteous anger fled.

Here o'er Columbia's cradle ye
Murmured your song and watched her grow,
And in her darkest hour did see
The steady flame of freedom glow.

And still ye flourish greenly on
To fairest days yet given to men;
Until the evil times are gone,
The olden love come back again.

Deep in thy daughter's mighty breast,
Mother august of nations free,
Forever may thy memory rest,
Green as thine emblematic tree.

Boston, October 24, 1891.

THOMAS CROSS.

WHEN THE CENTURY WAS YOUNG.

THE pages in "As You Like It" sang:—

In spring time the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing hey ding a dong, ding
Sweet lovers, love the spring.

The forest of Arden with its dukes playing foresters, and its ladies of high degree shepherdesses, differed widely from the miles and miles of billowy woodland that was Canada when the year of grace, eighteen hundred and twelve, was in its spring time.

The men and women who called the land of the beaver "home" then, or sighed in it as a land of exile, played at nothing, all was cruel reality. The melancholy Jacqueses of that time "lay not along under an oak," they had to cut down the oak instead; and we shall never know what philosophic musings were uttered over the interminable original woods, as the trees first swaying to and fro trying to bear themselves proudly still, then tossing aloft their leafy branches in anguish, then slowly leaning downwards, then hurrying with terrific crash, fell prone on the earth with many tiny saplings beneath. But sweet lovers were there, and they loved the spring in the tangled thickets of the new world as in the shady glades of the old.

It was in the March of that year when so many nations wrote their histories in blood, that a young man and a young girl stood under a wide-spreading silvery-boled beech, in a maple-sugar woods, in the Niagara peninsula. The wintry stillness was as yet unbroken by the blue-bird's glad song or the crow's hoarse "caw." The snow still covered the leaves of a long-dead autumn, but it was that porous crumbling snow that tells that it is hastening to make way for the flowers and the grass, at times one seemed to hear a sob as if it remembered how a few months before it had come so merrily yet so softly to claim the whole earth for its own. But these two were not thinking of birds or snow, but, as lovers have a habit of doing, were thinking only of themselves; the rude March wind rather suited their mood, which was tempestuous, but as lovers in any mood like to be alone they shall stand together under the beech tree while they are introduced.

Frederick Staunton and Charlotte Grafton were both the grand-children of U. E. loyalists who thirty years before had chosen that the Union Jack should wave over their hearthstones and not the Stars and Stripes. The Staunton's left land and houses in Massachusetts as did the Grafton's in New York and had begun anew, on the grant of a few hundred acres from the Canadian Government, to rear homes far from any of the comforts of life. Relatives of the latter family were now living in Buffalo; and Charlotte had been spending some weeks with an uncle there during the winter. The farms of the Staunton's and Grafton's joined, but the house in each case stood near the rude "corduroy" road that the farm fronted. But though the houses were nearly a mile apart, the log huts which constituted the sugar camps were separated only by the "line" fence.

Frederick's mink cap, home-spun suit and fur-topped boots were, save the latter, made by the deft fingers of his New England mother, who had great skill in fashioning garments, so that his tall well-knit frame was not disfigured by ill-fitting clothes. Charlotte had looked at him critically when they met, for she had seen several young men, not long from France, at her uncle's and felt herself a qualified judge. Believe me, "love has eyes."

Had Charlotte seen these latter days she would have

been described as "smart" in her dress, for a fur-lined pelisse, a pretty short-waisted gown, a broad-brimmed beaver bonnet with a long waving plume, were all after the very newest mode then known in America. They were calculated to enhance her charms, which were many; the wind playing with the curls on her forehead thought so, as did Frederick, though both wondered why she had come into the woods in such fine clothes. The wind had to be content with expressing its wonder by tugging at plume and cloak. These two were in that phase of loving when each feels a certain resentment against the other; the recognition of the fact that a presence not one's own is so essential to happiness, that self, and every other self is crowded out, had roused a feeling of resistance and antagonism. The soft warm blood that bears one along in lotos-eaters' happy oblivion had not yet engulfed them. They were no Romeo and Juliet lovers who could each say with Caesar, "Veni, vidi, vici," but strong northern natures, slow to yield. The resentment in Frederick's case was heightened by jealousy of the aforesaid young gallants of whom he had heard through his sister Julia, his greeting had in consequence been offered with studied coldness; Charlotte who had grown accustomed to be greeted with effusion felt actively resentful that he should be so indifferent. But withal they were both very glad of the encounter, and though Frederick kept saying to himself—

What care I how fair she be,
If she be not fair to me,

he knew he cared a great deal, and Charlotte felt such a warm glow at her heart and in her face that no March sun gave, that she turned half away, and leaning against the beech said, as she beat the unoffending snow with her foot, "Julia sent word by Jack that she would be here, and wanted me to wear my best clothes so that she could see the new fashion; why did she not come? I am too fine to help Jack, and if I do not see her my morning will be wasted."

Frederick, stupid fellow, might have said something pretty then, but he did not, he said only: "I wondered why you came in all your bravery to make sugar." Now Frederick's father who had been educated in Oxford had taught him much, but a great knowledge of books will never help one always to say the right thing to the woman one loves. Charlotte felt that he should not have such thought. When he added: "Mother was not well to-day and Julia could not leave her alone in the house," she was regretful in a dignified way. Frederick then asked: "And what news do you bring from across the river?"

"Oh," Charlotte said, "there is but one thing talked of in Buffalo, and that is these orders in council, that they say were especially passed by England to ruin the United States." "Do the United States think they are the world, and that France had no commerce with any other nation? The frog has grown into the ox very quickly," Frederick answered testily. "I simply tell you what they were saying; I do not know anything about their commerce, or any other commerce. What did interest me was that they said they were coming over to Canada before breakfast some day, as a slight revenge." She added in a moment, "Would that be very terrible?"

"And have they made you a traitor?" he angrily asked. There was a flash of colour in Charlotte's cheek, and an almost fierce light in her eyes, as she said: "I had better say good morning," then, turning quickly away, she went from him into the log sugar camp where her brother was. Frederick stood for some minutes, then, striking his hand fiercely against the tree, he said: "Is she as much a traitor as I am a boor and a fool?" by which you will see that he was a young man who spared neither his friends nor himself.

That night as he lay in the door of the cabin, stretched on a bear skin, watching the sweet vapour rising from the bubbling syrup, Frederick realized that life is not shaped as he formed a cake of sugar by pouring it into a dish, and as he put back his hand to rest his head on it, the soreness that his own blow had made caused him to wince, while the knowledge that the soreness of his heart was largely the result of his own act was not comforting. He felt terribly alone. The practical part of his attention was devoted to keeping up the fire under sundry sugar-kettles, swung on poles supported by strong forked sticks. Over each kettle was hung a piece of fat pork, when the seething semi-fluid, amber mass heaped up almost to overflowing, it touched the bit of pork, and then suddenly sank down. The flickering flames and their dancing shadows on the tree trunks, the rising and falling of the boiling sugar, the smoke rolling up among the bare branches, sometimes tumbling in fast following yellowish billows, then changing to a soft filmy grey with the sparks chasing each other in merry glee through it, lulled him at times into a half stupor, then darkness and solitude seemed to grasp him with such strong hands that he felt strangely moved. The fire would burn low, soon the crackling of a branch, the sniffing of some venturesome wolves, or the howl of a frightened wild-cat as it saw the light, would rouse him to action. So the night wore away. Sore hands and sore hearts some way feel better in the crude harsh light of day than in the romantic, deceiving darkness, and life that seemed a torture at midnight, looks rather desirable when floods of sun-light waken nature and new hopes.

Soon his brother brought Frederick his breakfast; now a healthy young man likes his breakfast after a hard night's work, though he does fear that a Yankee has stolen the love of his sweetheart and made her false to her country; so that the corn-bread, bacon and maplesyrup were