

examines; if he has only had experience in grades superior to those, it is worse than useless,—it is an impediment to fair judgment.

Now is the favorable time to secure proper inspection for Separate Schools.

It will not involve the creation of a new office. The office is already there awaiting the Minister's appointment. Of Catholic teachers competent to fill it there is no scarcity. We can point to half-a-dozen at least, and our acquaintance does not embrace the profession in the whole province.

Under the new arrangement, Messrs. McLellan and Marling would attend to their duties proper, for which they are specially qualified—the inspection of High Schools, and the third Inspector, a Catholic, would devote himself solely to the Separate Schools.

This would be a welcome relief to the two actual Inspectors, and a great boon to Separate Schools.

Mr. Crooks will not refuse the appointment, if properly approached. And what an acceptable New Year's gift it would be!

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THE LIFE AND WORKS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BY T. O'HAGAN.

III.

In our last paper we left Goldsmith spending the days of probation for the ministry with his brother Henry, and accordingly we find him presenting himself before the bishop of Elphin for ordination. There are many reasons given why he was rejected by the bishop. Some think the club at Ballymahon did not throw light upon his theological studies; others attribute his rejection to the fact of his having appeared before the bishop, on this solemn occasion, clad in a garb of gay and luminous colors. Perhaps, indeed, it was well for the Church that Goldsmith failed to possess the necessary requirements for entering the sphere of its administration. Had he been a clergyman in the Church, engrossed with its duties and its toils, learning, if you will, *the luxury of doing good*, and *passing rich on forty pounds a year*, the sunshine that greets us from the bright and happy pages of his many prose and poetic works might have never streamed from the chambers of his soul; the finger of his genius perhaps would never have written that sweet and tender poem, "The Deserted Village," which never fails to find a response in every feeling breast. It is this poem that Tuckerman, in his able essay on Goldsmith, beautifully terms "an elaborate and touching epitaph written in the cemetery of the world over what is dear to all humanity." Goldsmith refers to his rejection by the bishop in the following passage in the "Man in Black":—"My friends were now perfectly satisfied I was undone; and

yet they thought it a pity for one that had not the least harm in him, and was so very good natured."

So now that the Church had closed its doors to his vocation in that sphere, our graduate of Trinity was compelled to shape his mind for some new field of action, It is true that at this period his uncle Contarine wavered, not however in kindness, but in the expectations of his future hopes and success. Goldsmith next became a tutor; but this position with the servility incident to it he did not long retain. He had long formed a project of seeing the world, and accordingly, having thrown up his situation as tutor, he sallied forth with a good horse and thirty pounds in his pocket. Weeks passed by and nothing was heard of him. At length Goldsmith returned, like the prodigal son; but he had instead of the goodly steed a wretched little pony that he had nicknamed "Fiddle-back." His mother rebuked him for his wandering freak, but he succeeded in vanquishing her anger by a whimsical story that showed his keen sense of the humorous at this early age. Goldsmith, it appears, had often been invited by a college friend, living in the neighborhood of Cork, to spend a short time with him. On his way from Cork he resolved to call upon this friend, who used to write him saying: "We shall enjoy both the city and the country; and you shall command my stable and my purse." With his characteristic generosity, Goldsmith divided his last five shillings with a poor woman whom he met on the way to his friend's house. When he arrived he found his friend an invalid; but he received such a kindly reception that he felt remorse because he had not given the whole five shillings to his needy sister. He stated his case and opened his heart to his friend. His friend walked to and fro, rubbing his hands; and Goldsmith attributed this to the force of his compassion which required motion, and to the delicacy of his sentiments which commanded silence. The hour was growing late, and Goldsmith's appetite had been long at craving point. "At length an old woman came into the room with two plates, one spoon, and a dirty cloth which she laid upon the table. This appearance," says Goldsmith, "without increasing my spirits did not diminish my appetite. My protectress soon returned with one bowl of sago, a small porringer of sour milk, a loaf of stale brown bread, and the heel of an old cheese. My friend," continues the poet, "apologized that his illness obliged him to live on slops and that better fare was not in the house; observing, at the same time that a milk diet was certainly the most healthful. At eight o'clock he again recommended a regular life, declaring that, for his part, he would lie down with the lamb, and rise with the lark. My hunger was at this time so exceedingly sharp, that I wished for another slice of the loaf, but was obliged to go to bed without even that refreshment."