

adapt himself to circumstances, until by so doing he was enabled to attain a power by which he could control circumstances and adapt them in time to his will. Instead of alienating the government by expressing his opinions, he conciliated it by concealing them. Having thus won the confidence of the ruling powers, he mounted upon it to office. He never attempted the impossible. He wasted no strength where it would be ineffectual. While Mazzini, banished for his imprudence, sought to undermine the foundations of the fortress, and Garibaldi battered at its walls, Cavour remained inside and, mixed with its defenders, learnt their secrets, studied their methods, won their confidence, became their leader, and, having thus obtained control of the fortress, handed it over to freedom. What his real opinions were no man knows, for he loved them too well to express them. He was probably as great a patriot as Mazzini, but he knew the times and seasons too well to sow seeds on frozen ground. His profound plots, his deep intrigues, his consummate diplomacy, created those complications which forced Austria to withdraw from Italy. By masking his patriotism he preserved it for future use. He had his agents in every state in Italy and every court in Europe. He scorned no means of attaining his ends, played on the animosities of individuals and the rivalries of nations, and used all manner of instruments, from Garibaldi to the ladies of the court. He critically estimated to what degree of weakness his opponents must be reduced before a blow would be effectual. While the hot-headed patriots made fruitless attacks on the army of Austria and tried by force of arms to drive it from the country, Cavour looked deeper than they. He knew that the army was only an instrument obedient to orders. Who gave the orders? Certain men in Vienna. Who were these men, what were their motives, what their character, to what influences were they susceptible, what was the weakness of each? This was his business to find, and having found, to use for Italy. He knew that the forces of the Italians were not sufficiently powerful in themselves to drive the Austrians from Italy, but he also knew that, however weak his countrymen might be alone, they became formidable as auxiliaries of other powers. He must form an alliance with France or some other nation. Seeing that the energies of the revolutionists were divided, he determined to unite them. What were the influences antagonistic to union? Each king and each state was subject to some controlling influences. In one it was ambition, in another avarice, in another a woman, in another a priest. He must have spies in each court, agents in every palace; statesmen, sweethearts and valets all must serve his ends and receive their instructions from him, and so he wove his webs. At the same time he weakened the temporal power of the Pope. He outwitted the rulers of a Church which was represented at every court and in many royal households of Europe. He mastered with their own weapons, and in the very centre of their power, the keenest masters of intrigue in Europe. He undermined the papal power, conquered the Jesuits with their own subtle weapons, foiled Antonelli, and with the most perfect courtesy ruined Romanism in Italy, where it is now only a name.

But while to Cavour is conceded the immediate credit for the union and liberation of Italy, to Mazzini there must also be conceded the honour of having awakened in the hearts

of his countrymen that passionate patriotism and fearless courage in the expression of their convictions, which, if it did not in itself cause the destruction of Austrian power in Italy, was at least instrumental in proving to the Austrians that they could only retain the country at a vast expenditure of blood and money. Had the repeated revolts which Mazzini instigated and organized not convinced Austria of the difficulty of ruling the country, it is possible that, despite the efforts of Cavour, she might have attempted the task for half a century longer. Towards the union of Italy Mazzini also contributed in no small degree. He united the people in a common cause, before Cavour united them in a common country. He found that sentiment of loyalty to Italy, without which its union could never have been consummated, and which, far more than any constitutions or statutes found an enduring basis of union. He made them Italians in heart before they became Italians in fact. He organized branches of his society in every state, he taught the same holy lesson to all and in the heart of each he planted a blossom from the everlasting flower of his faith.

He was a poet-politician and around him there has been long the halo of romance. He early dreamt a beautiful dream and waking to a tortured day kept ever before his love-lit eyes the perfect picture of his pure ideal. He often failed but never faltered. In darkest night or dreariest day, when the fires of hope burnt low and the picture of his idolized country stretched bleeding on her cross, rose darkly before his weary eyes, he still stretched out his hands to save her, revived her with his tears, fed her with his blood. His life was the life of a martyr. Not only did he suffer sorrow, poverty, pain and loss in person, but every blow that fell on Italy pierced him to his heart. He was one with his country and whenever she suffered he sighed, feeling her pains repeated in himself. His fidelity was perfect, no power could weaken his faith, though all were tried. The glitter of gold, the promise of peace, the power of princes, the danger of death, the wiles of priests, the edicts of Governments, failure, poverty, exile, all failed to shake his allegiance to republicanism his deathless love of Italy.

He was worthy of the Romans of old, worthy, of Regulus, worthy of Cato, worthy of Gracchus, worthy of Brutus. When in the capital of the new Italy another pantheon arises and the statues of noble Romans are replaced upon the pedestals from which the impious hand of the conqueror had cast them down, they will not stand alone. By the side of Regulus, and in the companionship of Gracchus, fit associate alike of Cato and of Cicero, there will stand the pictured bust of the patriot Mazzini, and if any ask the reason of his presence there it will be told to them that he was the man whose ever flowing tears and bleeding heart so fertilized the soil of Italy that it brought forth men like the men that it bore of old, who, standing by his side, freed their country and prepared for Italy a future worthy of her skies.

He has redeemed this century from the charge of mediocrity of sentiment. His beautiful, blameless life consecrated to the service of a dream, will prove to the posterity at the present generation was not wholly destitute of heroism. He has robbed antiquity of its monopoly of the heroic. A beautiful dreamer,

he proved to the world, that the things which are dreamt can be, that into the darkness of dust the glory of spirit can flow. Over the bowed figure of a toil-worn generation, over the wrecks of shattered faiths, the palsied forms of senile sentiments, the smouldering fires of smitten hopes, his spirit passed like a fresh breath of life, and they awoke. Like the opening anthem of a great drama, like the music of an unfolding world, like the perfect voice of an angel incarnate proclaiming a new heaven and a new earth, we hear again his passionate words to the republicans of Europe:

"From our cross of sorrow and persecution, we men of exile, representatives in heart and faith of the enslaved millions of men, proclaim the religion of a new epoch. Let not the hateful cry of reaction be heard upon your lips, but hearken to the sweet and solemn words of the days that are to be. Have faith, O ye who suffer for a noble cause, apostles of a truth the world comprehends not, warriors in a sacred fight whom ignorance calls rebels. To-morrow, perhaps, the world, now incredulous, will bow before you in holy enthusiasm—the sublime cry of Galileo, 'Eppur si muove' will float above the ages. Child of Humanity, raise thy brow to the sun of God and read upon the heavens, Faith and action. The future is ours."

ETHELBERT F. H. CROSS

AUTUMN SUNSET.

Across the wheatfields o'er the western hill,
The blood-red sun is sinking; crimson bright
Along the valley floods the sunset light,
And then reflected from below, until
The whole wide sky the sunset colors fill,—
And on old woodlands far along the right
Steals down the deeper glades the approach-
ing night
And down the vale where glides the glimmer-
ing rill.

Along the west the fields of ripening grain
Stretch over dale and upland, hill and plain,
And, tossing plumed heads of golden green,
Drink the rich pure nectar drops that run
From out the upturned goblet of the sun,
And mix their golden with its crimson sheen.

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

Strathroy.

A WONDER IN THE COLOUR WORLD.

From the "Universum."

If we examine the palette of an artist of the present day, with its many gradations and shades of colour, some the product of nature, some the result of chemical discoveries, and then reflect on the assertion of many old writers that the Greek artists in the height of their fame used only four simple colours, we shall be driven to one or other of the following conclusions.

We shall be convinced either that the assertion is false, or that the painting of the Greeks was not deserving of the fame it acquired.

Pliny declares, in the thirty-fifth book of his Natural History, which is commonly received as the oldest book of dialogues in existence, that Apelles, the Raphael of Greece, who boasted that he surpassed all other artists in that beauty which the Greeks called grace, as well as the famous painters Echiion, Melancthius and Nicomachus, painted their immortal works with only four colours. He even mentions the colours—white, yellow, red and a brownish black. Many learned men, however,