

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

[From the German of Heinrich Heine.]

I.

THE mother stood by the window,
The son he lay hard by :
"Wilt thou not rise, dear Wilhelm,
And see the folk go by ?"

"I am so sick, Oh mother,
I can neither hear nor see,
I think of my dead Gretchen,
And my heart is like to dree."

"Arise, we will go to Kevlaar,
With Book and rosarie,
The mother of God will heal thee there,
And well thy heart shall be."

The church's hymns ascended,
The church's banners bent ;
It was at Kôlu upon the Rhine,
The long procession went.

The mother went with the pilgrims,
The son with her went he,
And both sang in the choir
"Gelobst seist du, Marie !"

II.

The mother of God in Kevlaar
Was in her best array ;
She had so much to finish,
So many to heal that day.

The sick folk then did gather
And brought their offerings meet,
And waxen arms they brought her,
And waxen hands and feet.

And whoever a wax hand offered
His hand was healed that day,
And whoever a wax foot brought her,
Arose and walked away.

To Kevlaar they went on crutches,
Who now dance on the floor,
And many now play on the viol
Who scarce had a finger before.

The mother took a wax light,
A heart thereof she made ;
"The mother of God will heal thee now,
Take that to the Holy Maid."

And sighing he took the wax heart,
He went to the church with sighs,
The tears from his eyes were falling,
The words from his heart did rise :

"Thou who art Highly Blessed,
Thou Holy Maid," said he,
"Thou Virgin Queen of Heaven,
I bring my woe to Thee !"

"I lived with my dear mother,
At Kôlu upon the Rhine,
At Kôlu are many hundred
Chapels and churches fine.

"And near to us lived Gretchen,
But Gretchen now is dead.
Marie, I bring thee a wax heart,
Heal thou my grief," he said.

"Heal thou my sick heart, Marie,
And early and late to thee,
From my inmost heart I will pray and sing :
'Gelobst seist du, Marie !'"

III.

The sick son and the mother
Slept in the little inn,
The mother of God came down from Heaven
And softly glided in.

She bended over the sick boy,
And then her hand she lay
Gently upon his weary heart,
Then smiled and passed away.

The mother saw it in a dream,
And she yet more had marked,
But she wakened from her slumber,
So loudly the watch-dogs barked.

She saw before her lying
Her son, and he was dead,
And over his white cheek playing
The morning's rosy red.

She folded his hands so softly,
All in a dream was she,
And to herself she murmured :
"Gelobst seist du, Marie !"

Toronto.

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THE ETHICAL TEACHING OF ARTHUR
HUGH CLOUGH.

IN the poetry of Arthur Hugh Clough there is so much that is the expression of the individual character of the poet, that it may perhaps be questioned whether his muse will appeal to a larger circle of readers than a group of men and women who have passed through corresponding stages of mental experience. But that group is continually growing. The type of mind that Clough represents is a common one among us to-day. There are those who are seeking after truth and a higher life, but who are unable to accept certain orthodox religious beliefs in the way required by acquiescent comfortable folk. Again, in large commercial cities, in which the hum of busy life is throbbing, there are always those who have not forgotten "the art of living," and have caught something of the sound of the music of the quieter life. To such Clough's poetry will always appeal. Among Clough's early poems there is one in which he asks the question :—

Are these not, then, to musics unto men ?
One loud and bold and coarse,
And overpowering still perforce
All tone and tune beside ;
Yet in despite its pride
Only of fumes of foolish fancy bred,
And sounding solely in the sounding head ;
The other, soft and low,
Stealing whence we not know,
Painfully heard, and easily forgot,
With pauses oft and many a silence strange
(And silent oft it seems, when silent it is not),
Revivals too of unexpected change :
Haply thou think'st 'twill never be begun,
Or that 't has come, and been, and passed away :
Yet turn to others none—
Turn not, oh turn not thou !
But listen, listen, listen—if haply be heard it may :
Listen, listen, listen—is it not sounding now ?

The growth of Clough's character and the environment in which he was placed are simple, and is easily understood when we remember that he was a Rugby boy under Arnold, and at Oxford when the university was agitated by Tractarian Movement.

The one moving principle of his schoolboy life was to spread among the whole boy-community the moral aspirations and ideas which Arnold had impregnated into the minds of so many of his pupils. In the pages of the *Rugby Magazine*, which Clough for some time edited, appeared his earliest work, chiefly poetry—but it is not until he entered upon his university life at Oxford that the poetry which bears the mark of his character and environment and was the result of his spiritual questionings was given to the world in a volume known as "Ambarvalia"; although the influence of Oxford culture, and more particularly of the Oxford Movement is seen in almost all Clough's work.

The movement familiar to all as the Oxford Movement is chiefly valuable as an historic event for its contribution to the world of men of remarkable character. Beneath the storm of theological warfare is hidden the prose of Newman and the poetry of Clough, out of much discord the student of literature finds left for him that which the student of theology does not necessarily retain. This is often so. The greatness of Hooker's magnificent prose is a permanent greatness, whereas the polity of ecclesiastical institutions is a thing of constant change. Thrown into the midst of theological controversy, Clough was for some time filled with the prevailing enthusiasm of the leaders of the movement. He was naturally attracted by the earnestness, self-abandon and refinement of such men as Newman and Ward. He describes himself as being "like a straw drawn up the draught of a chimney," and one of Clough's most ardent disciples has added, "he soon came out at the top, and once more breathed the free, calm atmosphere of a reasonable and liberal way of thinking." His early poems bear the marks of that tincture of scepticism which is present in so much of his work, and which in reality is after all the turning away of the healthy buoyant nature from all that was mystical and ascetic. The "Religious Poems" in the collected edition of his poems are distinguished by a deep tone of reverent and thoughtful earnestness. It is the questioning spirit desiring to get at the truth of the great realities of life. In the beautiful poem, "Through a Glass Darkly," we have a characteristic specimen of the bent of Clough's mind :—

What we, when face to face we see
The Father of our souls, shall be,
John tells us, doth not yet appear ;
Ah! did he tell what we are here !

A mind for thoughts to pass into,
A heart for loves to travel through,
Five senses to detect things near,
Is this the whole that we are here ?

Rules baffle instincts—instincts rules,
Wise men are bad—and good are fools.
Facts evil—wishes vain appear,
We cannot go, why are we here ?

O may we for assurance sake,
Some arbitrary judgment take,
And wilfully pronounce it clear,
For this or that, 'tis we are here ?

Or is it right, and will it do,
To pace the sad conclusion through,
And say : It doth not yet appear
What we shall be, what we are here ?

Ah yet, when all is thought and said,
The heart still overrules the head ;
Still what we hope we must believe,
And what is given us receive ;

Must still believe, for still we hope
That in a world of larger scope,

What here is faithfully begun
Will be completed, not undone.

My child we still must think, when we
That ampler life together see,
Some true result will yet appear
Of what we are, together, here.

It has been truly said of Clough that to none do Tennyson's familiar lines—

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds,

so aptly apply. It is impossible to conceive of a more strenuous seeker after truth, and one who, as a thinker, was so thoroughly imbued with the religious spirit. No one can read the poems "Qui Laborat, Orat," "O Thou of Little Faith," etc., and such lines as the following without being impressed by the intrinsically reverent character of Clough's religious temperament :—

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, truth is so :
That, howso'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

In 1848 Clough resigned his fellowship at Oriel from perhaps over conscientious motives ; but one cannot help admiring his unique honesty, for, from a monetary point of view, he was sacrificing at this time what he could ill afford to lose. After his resignation, it was expected that he would give to the world a theological treatise, an account of his opinions on matters theological, but a work of a very different character saw the light in "The Bothie of Tobu-na-voulich," a long vacation pastoral. It is an account of a reading party in Scotland, and is generally considered Clough's finest poem. Full of joyous and free life, healthy manhood and the breeze of the hills, it contains many wise and noble thoughts, and is replete with the gems of the author's ethical ideas. The reading party comprises the tutor, Adam,

the grave man, nick-named Adam,

and six Oxford undergraduates, Hope, Lindsay, Philip Hewson, Hobbes, Arthur Audley and Airlie. Each character is graphically described, and as we get into the swing of the poem, we seem to know the healthy manhood which they represent. The great English universities of Oxford and Cambridge turn out from time to time two distinct types of men. There is the wealthy undergraduate, idle and dissolute, whose joy is in wine parties, horse racing, betting and similar diversions, and upon whom the advantages of a university education are sadly thrown away ; and that which many would give a great deal to be sharers in is, to such a class, certainly a casting away of pearls. On the other hand, there is another type of university undergraduate, noble examples of high-minded, pure and generous men, full of the healthy joy of living, and the spirit of chivalry ; and it is such that Clough brings before us in "The Bothie." Balliol College, Oxford, has had the honour of sending forth to the world men of this mould. Rugby and Arnold laid the foundation in some instances, and Clough himself is a case in point. Another Balliol man, the late Arnold Toynbee, and his earnest band of disciples, many of whom are now living, are also striking illustrations of the high-water mark of a university character. These are the men who have taken from their Alma Mater of the best she could give them, and have liberally repaid her by a noble devotion and a lasting gratitude. Perhaps one of the chief thoughts we carry away from a reading of "The Bothie of Tobu-na-voulich" is the importance of a natural life as contrasted with an unnatural and artificial existence ; the open life of the fields, the freedom from false manners and the ways of affectation. Thus we find Philip Hewson, the hero of the poem—

a poet
Hewson, a radical hot, hating lords and scorning ladies,

giving vent to his feelings in this manner :—

As for myself and apart from economy wholly, believe me
Never I properly felt the relation between men and women
Though to the dancing-master I went perforce for a quarter,
Where, in dismal quadrille, were good-looking girls in abundance,
Though, too, school-girl cousins were mine, a bevy of beauties—
Never (of course you will laugh, but of course all the same I shall say it),
Never, believe me, I knew of the feelings between men and women,
Till in some village fields, in holidays now getting stupid,
One day sauntering "long and listless" as Tennyson has it,
Long and listless strolling, ungainly in hobadiboyhood,
Chanced it my eye fell aside on a capless, bonnetless maiden,
Bending with three-pronged fork in a garden uprooting potatoes.
Was it the air? who can say? or herself, or the charm of the labour?
But a new thing was in me ; and longing delicious possessed me,
Longing to take her, and lift her, and put her away from her slaving.
Was it embracing or aiding was most in my mind? hard question!
But a new thing was in me, I, too, was a youth among maidens:
Was it the air? who can say! but in part 'twas the charm of the
labour

Still though a new thing was in me, the poets revealed themselves to me.

And in my dreams, by Miranda, her Ferdinand often I wandered,
Though all the fuss about girls, the giggling, and toying, and coying,
Were not so strange as before, so incomprehensible purely ;
Still as before (and as now), balls, dances, and evening parties,
Shooting with bows, going shopping together, and hearing them sing-
ing,
Dangling beside them, and turning the leaves on the dreary piano,
Offering unneeded arms, performing dull farces of escort,
Seemed like a sort of unnatural up-in-the-air balloon work
(Or what to me is as hateful, a riding about in a carriage),
Utter removal from work, mother earth, and the objects of living.
Hungry and fainting for food, you ask me to join you in snapping—
What but a pink-paper comfit, with motto romantic inside it?
Wishing to stock me a garden, I'm sent to a table of nosegays ;
Better a crust of black bread, than a mountain of paper confections,
Better a daisy in earth, than a dahlia cut and gathered,
Better a cowslip with root, than a prize carnation without it.

Such lines as these may be rather startling to an admirer of Shelley or Swinburne : it is indeed the poetry of common sense, and one can readily understand Mr. Robert Buchanan describing Clough as "the sanest singer of