

FOR A PORTRAIT.

A girlish face—and yet thereon
 Are many older fancies painted;
 A face from which youth has not gone,
 But stays, with wisdom made acquainted.
 And yet, by blushes, self-possession
 Of modesty makes full confession.

A blue-gray eye, with mingled light
 Of diffidence and high ambition,
 An eye disclosing, if it might,
 Soul-pictures, fair as any vision,
 But then the lids too soon drop down,
 Leaving those secrets half unknown.

But 'tis like gazing on hidden treasure
 To look within those placid lakes
 And see the rippling tide of pleasure,
 That oft their quiet stillness breaks,
 Or, not unmoved, the great soul see,
 That shows a high futurity.

Yet must you think of her as human,
 And, though sweet-natured, bright and pure,
 She's not a goddess, but a woman;
 And, mixed with virtues that endure,
 Some little weaknesses you'll find,
 To link with erring human-kind.

The mouth, it has both strength and sweetness,
 Though sweetness has the larger field,
 Yet is strength there and, in completeness
 Of union, both make others yield,
 Only, I never will do so,
 Or, if I do, ne'er let her know.

As for the voice, it mingles tones,
 But first of all I'd say it's earnest,
 Somewhat of supplication owns,
 Yet can be withering when 'tis sternest;
 But unto me its sound alway
 Is pleasant as a sunny day.

With golden-brown adornment reg
 The head is crowned and glorified.
 Fair unshorn locks! No touch illegal
 Of rude shear e'er has been applied
 To take away their flowing grace,
 And mar the outline of that face.

Imagine, too, a calm, fair forehead,
 With eyebrows smooth and well-defined,
 Emblem of peace that has been borrowed
 From quietness that fills the mind,
 As bright rays from a lamp do pass
 Serenely through a crystal glass.

And when I walk and talk unto her
 There is a sense of restfulness,
 And my delight is oft to woo her
 To ready flow of speech, then guess,
 While the gay fancies quick pass by,
 From what a pleasant land they fly.

Then, when the talk, now serious, turns
 To quiet things, with voice more grave
 She speaks, and shows a soul that yearns
 For heights afar, with those who crave
 A something more than earth-joys give,
 Though they in earth-delights may live.

To sum up all, — a gentle grace
 Wedded to noble fortitude,
 Just like a lovely garden-place,
 Whose walls forbid that aught intrude;
 Although entranced, the passer-by
 May oft some fragrant blossom spy.

So take your pallet, painter-friend,
 And paint this portrait now for me,
 That you may to my fancy lend
 The gift of perpetuity.
 Or I'll allow the portrait done
 If you find me a living one.

H. A. DWYER.

MR. STEVENSON'S FATALISM.

The subtle thing we call character has great attractions for Mr. Stevenson. Indeed, it could not be otherwise in an author so much read and by men whose interest it is something of an honour to excite. For no subject is undergoing more thorough revision; no subject exhibit more diversity, both in treatment and in the aims of its investigators. So much so, that it is matter for complaint with adherents of the classical system that moral science in the hands of physicists must be reduced to an ignoble doctrine of health; that the gymnast and the physician are the moral healers of the future. While, on the other hand, the possibility of finding physical grounds for what seem to be arbitrary rules imposed by man on his own social life, delights those of the newer school with the hope that before long the whole structure of man will find sufficient explanation in known physical causes. Something of this phase of activity is reflected in Mr. Stevenson's work, vivid as it always is with contemporary interest.

More than an artistic sympathy with the creations of his fancy it were idle to impute to any writer, but when Mr. Stevenson returns once and again to a special development, we are sure it is not from any poverty of resource, but because his attention has been deeply engaged. In *Markheim*, as well as in the better known *Dr. Jekyll*, we meet character studies that impel us by their very strangeness to seek the influences which have resulted in what may be called, without impropriety, Mr. Stevenson's fatalism. In plot, the two sketches have nothing in common but their solution, yet both have for burden the penalty of being born. A man, without foresight of danger, indulges his weaknesses, until he awakens in a bitter moment to find himself in the grasp of his evilness. A stage is reached where repulsion is coupled with an immeasurable longing to escape, even if scarred, by the very experience to become wiser, that is, better. All the force that remains to him cannot change his fate. His choice once could order his life, for good or for evil, but now the shuttle has fallen from his hand and some new power swiftly completes the web. The lesson is enforced in a variety of ways. *Markheim* gives himself up to justice that so he may escape from himself; his only liberty, as we feel. *Dr. Jekyll* in the form of his alter ego commits suicide; it is inevitable. There are a few critical years of youth when the balance is struck irrevocably.

If Mr. Stevenson has ever given the matter any consideration he has probably congratulated himself on his fortune in being exposed to two strong adverse influences. In his travels, as he tells us, he once fell in with a community of silent monks. Of course, only men who were furiously pious could be met with in "Our Lady of the Snows," and equally as a matter of course the presence of a heretic called forth an outpouring of zeal rather embarrassing to the guest. A father of another faith seemed no obstacle to these worthy souls, on the contrary they counselled him to attempt that father's conversion. Mr. Stevenson pleasantly hints what would be the likely upshot of so strange a colloquy with the theologian of his household. We fancy we catch a glimpse of the rugged Calvinism of the elder Stevenson. True to this strain our author is attracted by the severer side of the new school of which Mr. Spencer may be taken to be the representative. The doctrine of necessity is transformed and is now expressed in physical units, but is nevertheless a fatalism. Mr. Stevenson seems however to have adopted a gentler faith for himself; at least, if we may accept as a poetic confession of faith his beautiful *Celestial Surgeon*.

W. H. HUNTER.