

powers, and eagerly desired by the people, are delayed in Ontario, and in other Provinces too, notably Quebec, just because each party thinks itself bound to oppose whatever the other proposes. It would not be wise to agitate for the abolition of the Provincial Legislatures, but the idea of non-political assemblies, having shorter or less frequent sessions than at present, may yet be realized. We

may yet have the battle between parties relegated entirely to the Confederate Parliament, where properly it belongs, only slightly to disturb the business relations of the local Houses. The people of Ontario may perhaps look with some interest to see whether the new Assembly will obstruct or favour a movement in the direction indicated.

M.

ECKERMANN AND GOETHE.

BY FIDELIS, KINGSTON.

PART I.

THERE is no more beautiful spectacle in the intercourse of man with man, than the enthusiastic veneration of the disciple for the master. It is so natural, too, this devoted admiration of the still growing and plastic mind for the maturer and richer nature in which it meets its own ideal almost, if not quite, realised—its own aspirations guided and strengthened—its crude and immature conceptions and half-formed thoughts corrected, and rendered more intelligible to itself by the calm and philosophic judgment in which it finds a satisfying oracle. It is no wonder, therefore, that all the real masters from Buddha downwards, and many who have been but *sham* masters, also, have had their eagerly receptive followers. Sometimes it happens that the follower is—without knowing it—a far greater mind than the master whom he reveres; but this does not make his veneration the less enthusiastic or even the less beautiful. *We* smile now, when we read Shelley's passionate invocation to

William Godwin: 'Guide thou and direct me; in all the weakness of my inconsistencies bear with me; when you reprove me, reason speaks; I acquiesce in her decisions.' But though we know that Godwin is remembered chiefly through his connection with the ill-fated poet, still Godwin's influence was a real power in Shelley's life. And never does real greatness shine in a more pleasing and amiable light than when we have it set before us by the loving hand of a faithful disciple. It may well be doubted whether Samuel Johnson would ever have been for many of us, the real and, notwithstanding his roughness, the loveable human figure that he is, if we had not Boswell's homely but photographic portrait. And nowhere—not even in the fascinating pages of Mr. Lewes—certainly not in his own entertaining and picturesque autobiography—does Goethe appear to us in anything like the amiable light in which we see him in the charming record of his conversations with Eckermann. For one