

last, as became a son of Hamilear and a brother of Hannibal."

Scipio, charged by a political faction with peculations during his military command, meets the charge with scorn, refusing to do himself the disgrace of waiting for justification from the tribune, indignantly tears up the scroll of accounts containing his own vindications in the face of his accusers.

In that greatest of sanguinary dramas of French Revolutions, what imperishable examples do we find of true manly and also of womanly heroism! Philippe D'Orleans when about to prostrate himself to the horrid guillotine, was ordered by the executioner to draw off his boots, replied: "Tush they will come better off *after*; let us have done." Madam Roland, queenly in her uncomplaining grief, arrives at the scaffold, and pointing to the statue of Liberty, exclaims: "O Liberty! what things are done in thy name." The scaffold mounted, she informs the dejected Lamarch by her side, who is also presently to share her unhappy fate, "that she will die first; show him how easy it is to die." Sir Thomas More, while ascending the scaffold, said to one: "Friend, help me up; when I come down again let me shift for myself." Laying his head on the block he bade the executioner hold till he put aside his beard; "for," said he, "it never committed treason." The Koran teaches that Paradise is under the shadow of swords, and true to a brave impulse we find the Arab (otherwise a fierce creature unworthy of eulogy) eagerly engaging in hostile combat, where even the odds are decidedly against him, death in battle being regarded a certain passport into Paradise. The noble daring thus exemplified in the highest types of men is in some measure known to all men, and is never wanting in admiration when generously declared.

Perseverance is also a characteristic of heroism, it is its real hope. Perseverance is a desirable quality in all men, but to the hero it is indispensable. It is the great highway to success, and the man who, from native indolence of disposition, expects to achieve any great undertaking without persistence shall meet with disappointment. There is no gilded pathway leading to distinction or renown, as there is said to be no royal road to learning. Once enlisted in the mission of a noble impulse, the hero is not discouraged by disappointment or defeat; he acquires strength and courage through adversity. Bruce utilized his successive reverses on the field as stepping stones to Scotland's freedom. The repeated protestations of the Spanish sailors against Columbus continuing his voyage of discovery, and their repeated threats to throw him overboard into the unknown waste of waters around them, served but to further convince the far-seeing mariner that his plan was correct, and that favourable winds would yet declare him the herald of a new world. When Cyrus Field declared his purpose of laying a submarine cable in the Atlantic ocean, many greeted the intelligence with derision and regarded such an undertaking as impracticable and madness, and when in the process of laying, the cable snapped in mid-ocean, many exulted in the fulfilment of their prophecy that such an occurrence would inevitably result. But, with renewed confidence in science, and an assertion of self-trust, he controlled obstacles, and finally succeeded in traversing the ocean depths with a veritable gossamer thread of subtle properties, bringing the people of two widely separate continents into a state of prompt and marvellous communication. We find Thomas Carlyle, with the vigour of heroic endowment (such as has thus far generally been mistaken for the irascibility of dyspepsia), fearlessly discussing the social and political evils of this century, there existing no dignitary or situation to deter him from his chosen work. For the great majority of offenders he had no pleasant remedy to prescribe, and, by this class, could not hope to be commended. To those who had already declared their allegiance to the established standards of literary style these strange mandates had a wild and unsubduable tone. "Man, know thy work and do it," is the first article of his creed respecting human duty and action, and the second is like unto it, "work according to thy faculty or starve according to necessity." This is high counsel; and pre-eminently orthodox at all times, among all people and under all circumstances.

Imagine the manuscript of "Sartor Resartus," with its rich Nestorian mines, lying in a drawer for upwards of seven years before any publisher could be induced to give it book shape, and eventually when it appeared piece-meal in *Fraser's Magazine* we hear of an indignant nobleman enquiring of the editor when "that stupid series of articles by the crazy tailor were to end."

Mistaking its genuine declaration of exposure and reform for the wail of revolution and anarchy in everything that pertains to human weal, this latest and richest of human gospels was for a time regarded rather as a tissue of revolutionary sentiments than a work of verified doctrine suited to the exigencies of humanity; its "everlasting no" and "everlasting yea" literally scaling the dizzy heights of thought, sounding the eternities and the soul. Possessed of ill-health, precarious means of livelihood, scant demand for his early productions, and surrounded with discouragements of many kinds, he nevertheless perseveres in his chosen field. Favour, honour, or preferment he is not in search of, neither desires; alone intent upon doing whatsoever seems to be his duty and in the manner that appears best to himself. True to the test of heroic constitution Carlyle's teachings and method appeared in "contradiction for a time to the voice of the great and the good," but as time and mutation dispel the mortal

mists that often obscure manly worth, we are able to behold in him the operation of the acutest mind of modern times—an intelligence that we mistake not for insanity—a force that is not frenzy—a vigour that is not vanity.

Through persistent application a great deal, otherwise refractory and stubborn can be reduced to a state of possibility. "Never mention to me," said Mirabeau, "that blockhead of a word, Impossible." "If you have no gunpowder," Napoleon once replied, "make it; if you have no bridges, build them." This certainly sounds like the language of self-trust and perseverance. "Impossible!" in current usage with the mass of mankind is a cant phrase, a delusion. An important object that may in one direction defy your best efforts, may at last yield if assailed in another. The Gordian knot that refuses to untie, can be cut by any Alexander who has the temerity to do so. Opportunities for personal distinction have at all times been open to the world, but it has ever been the urgent moment, the extreme need that called forth a Watt, a Stephenson, a Davy, or an Edison. Nevertheless, how rich yet is nature in undeveloped resources, and what additional wants is human experience, in the infinite variety of its exercise daily proclaiming!

We have already observed that sincerity is also a characteristic of the hero. Every claim for a new method or discovery has, as a rule, in proportion as it deviated from established custom or teaching necessitated an earnest pleading at the bar of public opinion. Such is the record of the world's incredulity that it seldom accepts sincerity on the part of an innovator as a guarantee of good faith for the performance of his new work. The opposition that Galileo's brilliant discovery in the heavens provoked, and subsequently the resistance offered to Jenner's boon of vaccination, are evidences of the correctness of this assertion.

Nevertheless the world's benefactors will be found to have all been earnest men. Sincerity, when associated with intelligence, has seldom resulted harmfully to mankind. In social reform, in politics, in theology and in science this fact is fully exemplified. Without earnestness all the eloquence of Wilberforce or Wendell Phillips would never have triumphed over the curse of slavery. Religion suffers little at the hands of earnest doubters, provided they be intelligent. The day will shortly be at hand when the memories of such great minds as Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall shall resent the imputation of unfriendliness to religion. "Sceptics," you say; well, save in the matter of a few universally recognized concessions, is not mankind, as a whole, more or less sceptical? These men whom you style *sceptic* have but had the courage to frankly declare themselves upon these matters as they really appear to them, opinions that have been, and are still, secretly entertained by thousands of others. The ethical creed admitted, man, by constitution, is in other respects the victim of secret doubt, of scepticism. Repeated attempts to systematize certain arbitrary standards and constructions of moral and spiritual ideas, have been productive of this adverse criticism styled scepticism. Is a man to be charged with some spiritual obliquity who renounces Calvin's doctrine of infant damnation? The world as a unit has long ago grown sceptical on this point. Church presbyteries and synods, judging from their animated and protracted discussions in certain directions, are also manifesting signs of scepticism.

The hero smiles at elegance, and hesitatingly shakes his head at luxury; they are to him mere tinsel to allure the indolent; his ideals are simple and primitive, and constitute his environment. With him gold is seldom at par, save as it contributes to the supply of his meagre wants.

Plato tells us that two Thessalian princes once tried to induce Socrates by the offer of large sums of money to settle at their courts; but the Athenian sage, with heroic independence, replied that it ill became him to accept benefits that he had little hope of being able to return, and that his personal requirements were few, for he could purchase four measures of meal for an obolus (two cents) at Athens, and besides there was excellent spring water to be got there—for nothing.

What is wealth to James Watt until his scheme of the steam-engine is worked out, or to Columbus while in mid-ocean and the New World yet undiscovered? We are wont to commiserate the poverty and misfortune of the world's great men, but under more affluent circumstances can it be assured that they would have attained their admitted greatness? In many cases some stern master secretly rules. Samuel Johnson writes "Rasselas" to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral; Sir Walter Scott turns out volume after volume of the romantic "Waverley" in order that the well-nigh insatiable claim of the Ballantine disaster may be liquidated; Robert Burns, in the closing years of his fretted life, supplies Thompson with sweet songs to maintain his family. Herein we may find the key-note of the following couplet from Johnson's imitation of Juvenal:—

Yet think what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the garret and the jail.

Lastly, unselfishness is a trait of a great man, and, as already observed, the truly great man is essentially a hero. Generosity and selfishness represent the positive and negative poles of human feeling, the two extremes of sympathy, and the great and good are attracted by one and repelled by the other. Generosity with cup in hand ever repairs to and renders warm and cheerful the scenes of affliction and oppression, while niggardly selfishness aggravates the distress it seeks to assuage. The munificence of George Peabody, Peter Cooper and Stephen Girard, and

many other philanthropists in founding educational institutions, hospitals and other charities, is to-day the heritage of millions. The noble womanhood of the age, in one direction or another, daily emulates the immortal examples of Florence Nightingale and Grace Darling.

Human nature attains its highest degree of excellence in the exercise of these heavenly qualities, and from the standpoint of history, if from no other, every eye involuntarily turns to Jesus of Nazareth as the highest example of their purity. The derision of the atheist moderates into silent respect when admonished with the unselfishness of Christ's life; the hopeless want of the infidel becomes subdued when confronted with His merciful acts. Down through nineteen centuries, burdened with the sorrows and joys of mortal experience, come stories of Christ's beneficence and martyrdom, around which cluster tender associations, whose memories in every land evoke a strange and sacred interest. In hallowed remembrance of the far distant scenes of his matchless kindness and unselfishness, and of the integrity and purity of His brief life, millions of tiny hands are daily clasped, and millions of innocent bosoms swell in childish petition for the gift of His meekness and love; millions in the vigour of life daily bend a knee desirous of His truth and humility; and as the drama of life draws to a close, ere that strange and awful emotion stupefies mortal consciousness, what spiritual support is afforded by His cheering words, "Come ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world; For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me." This is, indeed, supreme beneficence.

D. R. MOORE.

Stanley, N. B.

LINES

On reading in THE WEEK the sonnet entitled "Pessimism," by T. G. Marquis.

FRIEND, should not he who sings sing first the truth?
And is it true; life is but sin and pain?
Labour is hard, we know—and guilt's red stain
Sometimes stamped deeply; but, even so, would youth
Forego its chances? or dim age, in sooth,
One feeble heart-beat spare?—Nor all in vain
Good wars with ill, that splits the world in twain,
While want wins aid, and wrong breeds tender ruth.
Friend, your dark doctrine is not very new.
Long since one said that "all is vanity,"
Yet hope and joy perennial comfort give.
And still shall toil be crowned with rightful due,
On sin and sorrow wait sweet ministry,
And, while souls live to need it, love shall live.

Kingston.

ANNIE ROTHWELL

"HEATHER AND HAREBELL."

IT is always a satisfaction to welcome a good book. On the other hand there is ground for melancholy in the contemplation of the multitude of really good things when we consider that even the best of them have to struggle for existence against the overwhelming flood of trash. More especially is this true of poetry. The fair and pleasant books, thereof would be none too many if they filled their proper places in the world; and men could as well hear them, even though their say were but fleeting, just as easily as they receive the innutritious pabulum of the current press. But the fact is that the sensational novel, the ephemeral newspaper, the superficial magazine so crowd the space in the souls of mankind that the legitimate standing-room of Poetry is squeezed into absolutely nothing, and that poor vagrant prophet of the heart's finer things can but stop outside and freeze. Various ways there are of retrieving somewhat this legitimate share of space, of forcing a way into men's attention, and of compelling their hearts to enjoy themselves, as nature meant them to do, with visions and music. One of them, successful in some measure, is by appealing to dialect, to class, to race, and to associations too deeply rooted to be altogether overlooked. Such is the appeal of Scottish dialect poetry to the Caledonian. And an example is the little book, "Heather and Harebell" (Toronto: Williamson and Company; Montreal: W. Drysdale and Company) now before me. There is a sweetness in these lays which marks the true "poet of melody"; and sweetness, it seems to me, is the quality to be prized above all others in poetry, a powerful pictorial imagination alone excepted. It is rarer than the dramatic instinct, much more directly pleasing, and appeals to by far the greatest number. The author, John McFarlane, of Montreal, was recognized in Scotland by John Stuart Blackie and other good judges, and his work deserves to be also recognized by his compatriots here. It appears to be the best dialect Scottish verse, except possibly Alexander McLachlan's, which this country has seen produced in its midst. The following are a few samples:—

IN THE HOWE AYONT THE LINN.

Youth is sweet when summer's fa'in
Oot o' fleckit skies abune,
Mirth wi' daffin' pays the lawin'
Neath the gowden harvest mune.
List! the secret, laird and lady,
Mak' the hours like meenits rin—