

from their former life, contributed to form Egerton's character. He was educated in secular studies by a Mr. Mitchel, who had married his youngest sister, and had charge of the district grammar school. But his mother's influence for good had a special influence over his mind. "That to which I am principally indebted for any studious habits, mental energy, or even capacity or decision of character, is religious instruction, poured into my mind in my childhood by a mother's counsels, and infused into my heart by a mother's prayers and tears. When very small, under six years of age, having done something naughty, my mother took me into her bedroom, told me how bad and wicked what I had done was, and what pain it had caused her, kneeled down, clasped me to her bosom, and prayed for me. Her tears, falling upon my head, seemed to penetrate to my very heart. Though thoughtless and full of playful mischief, I never afterwards knowingly grieved my mother, or gave her other than respectful and kind words."

As early as the age of twelve Egerton Ryerson came under the religious impulse which was to dominate his future life, and set the seal of its earnestness on all his political and educational work. It did not come from the ecclesiastical system to which in common with most of the aristocratic class of U. E. Loyalists, his father and uncle were attached. As Jesuitism with its renewal in the new world of the age of miracles and martyrdom had Christianized French Canada, so the religious life of English-speaking Canada came from the Loyala of Protestantism, John Wesley. The English Church of that day in Canada, like its mother Church in England, very closely resembled the French Church before the Revolution, as described by Carlyle: "A stalled ox, mindful chiefly of provender." It lay in the inaction which was between two revivals: the evangelical revival of Wesley, and the neo-Catholic revival of John Henry Newman. But genuine missionary work was done by the unpaid evangelists of Methodism, and such books as "Case and His Contemporaries." Through every part of the first pioneer settlements of English Canada, through the first years of struggle, when clothing and moccasins were taken, as in the *Coutume de Paradis*, from the skins of beasts, when the good wife was glad to make her morning meal on bass-wood buds, the Methodist itinerants, despised by the High Church State parsons as schismatics, distrusted by Family Compact Ministers, as sympathisers with American Republicanism, marched their way, like St. Paul, through "perils by land and perils by water." Their much-enduring horses forded rivers flushed with the freshets of spring; they picked their dangerous way through swamps that might have recalled the "Slough of Despond" in the "Pilgrim's Progress"; at night the wolves howled in their track, by day lynx and wild cat, seeing but unseen, watched hungrily the preacher's solitary meal. When one of these itinerant ministers reached a village, or a settlement, all work was suspended; the farmer left the plough in the furrow, the lumberman threw down his axe beside the forest tree, the school-work was suspended, and the children sent in all directions to summon the people of the surrounding district to the preaching to be held that evening. No wonder that the fervour of these men's preaching made a strong impression on Egerton Ryerson. He fasted for long periods, prayed, gave up all his thoughts to religious topics; and, as a natural consequence, became a subject of one of those remarkable illusions not uncommon under such circumstances, and of which the Vision of Colonel Gardiner is the most remarkable instance. It is thus recorded by Dr. Ryerson:

"As I looked up in my bed the light appeared to my mind, and, as I thought, to my bodily eye also, in the form of One, white-robed, who approached the bedside with a smile, and with more the expression of *Titian's Christ* than of any person I have ever seen." ("Story of my Life," p. 25.) No account is suggested of how a boy of twelve, reared in a pioneer backwoods' settlement, could have been familiar with the features of Titian's Christ.

When Egerton was eighteen, he was induced by the ministers in charge of the circuit, to become an avowed member of the Methodist Church, and was, in consequence, subjected to much persecution by his father, who even went the length of turning him from the house. Supported by his own conscience and his mother's sympathy, Egerton earned his living as usher in the London District Grammar School. During all this time, as his father complained that the Methodists had robbed him of his son, Egerton hired, from his own scanty resources, a farm-labourer to take his place on his father's farm. Happily the difference was soon adjusted, and the sufferer for conscience sake was restored to his home, and his father's affection.

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MRS. OLIPHANT has gone the way of all authors. She has gone to Venice, and threatens a book on Venetian life.

MA BELLE CANADIENNE.

Ma belle Julie, how joyfully
The robin, from the high elm tree,
A challenge sends to you to sing
With him the merry songs of Spring;
And one so old, so full of glee:

"O sweet the air and blue the sky!
O light and love can never die!
Why think of such a foolish thing
Ma belle Julie?"

"Of May-flowers, sweet as sweet can be,
A wreath that none may wear but thee,—
So fresh, so pink, to-day I bring.
O youth will not be loitering,
Ma belle Canadienne Julie!
Ma belle Julie."

Ma belle Julie, the sun was low
Across the lake, and in the glow
The roses blushed, so fair to see!
And through the wild woods drowsily
The bees went droning to and fro.

I heard afar the rapids flow,
And murmur to a song I know:
"Ma belle Canadienne Julie,
Ma belle Julie!"

Why do thy blushes come and go?
With grave, brown eyes why question so,
When all the Summer day for me
Is full, and breathing thoughts of thee?
No fear, no sigh for long ago,
Ma belle Julie.

Ma belle Julie is fairest when
The swallows turn them south again.
A breath of sadness seems to be
On all the world, and reverently
To chant a sweet and soft amen

For all the weary work of men.
So wistful, kind and gentle then
Ma belle Canadienne Julie,
Ma belle Julie!

No sound from hill to lakeside fen.
Half sad the red and golden glen.
Her eyes in silence speak to me:
O call me once again to thee,
Julie, ma belle Canadienne!
Ma belle Julie!

"Ma belle Julie" through all the year
The poet sang, his heart to cheer.
He saw the swallows come and go;
The mornings dawn, the evenings glow;
The hawthorn bloom, the beech grow sere.

All to his very heart were dear,
They shared his joy and calmed his fear.—
But one alone his love could know—
La belle Julie.

* * * * *
A broken chord, unfinished here,
His last farewell to mortal ear,
Before the tired head was low
Beneath the kindly falling snow:
"Till the eternal spring appear—
Ma belle Julie—"

W. BLISS CARMAN.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case," "An Ambitious Woman," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc.

II.—Continued.

"You see," he went on, "I haven't learned the vocabulary of radicalism, so to speak. I think I know the fellows you propose to have; they wear long hair, quite often, and big cloaks instead of top-coats, and collars low enough in the neck to show a good deal of wind-pipe. As for the women, they—"

"It is perfectly immaterial to me how any of them shall dress!" she interrupted, with majestic disapproval. "I ought to be very sorry for