most ardent desire was gratified by the opening of a school in Rome, which was approved by letters patent in 1706; while in 1705 the first school was opened at Rouen in connexion with an ancient charity called "The Office of the Poor," and it was owing to this that the Novitiate was moved from Paris to St. Yon in Rouen. The Dijon schools were founded in the same year.

To be continued.

MR. LAMPMAN'S POETRY.

Very few people use their eyes. Most of us when we see a house see only bricks and wood; when we look above us, see only the chance cloud poised against the sky. We have all felt delighted when the beauties of architecture were pointed out to us, and have all felt a little ashamed when Mr. Ruskin called our attention to the sublime fairness of the blue sky itself. Sometimes we wander about striving to frame an ideal, but usually end where we began with something indefinite and intangible. We pursue a butterfly, from which when it is caught, the beauty comes off upon our fingers, and in the pursuit trample upon a score of flowers, whose elegance is exquisite and whose perfumes are delightful and satisfying. And not only do we crush them but we probably know nothing of their presence. It is a relief to turn from the papers of the great heart searchers, with their ideals, their Time-spirits and what-nots and to wander about with one who marks the beauties as he goes.

It would seem that only poets can look wild nature full in the face and converse with her in solitude. As our poet says:

> Why do ye call the poet lonely
> Because he dreams in lonely places?
> He is not desolate, but only
> Sees, where ye cannot, hidden faces.

We know how once Coleridge, being in Wales, heard a storm coming on, and rushed out hatless among the rocks to watch its play. And we know, too, what inspiration Shelley and Wordsworth drew from the changing glories of the lakes. "Sole seated on the shores of old romance," with the music of waters in their ears and he perfection of colouring spread out before them they not only became themselves enraptured, but were led to please and to instruct others. Poor Charles Lamb, with all his love for workaday humanity, could not see things with such eyes. He was never at rest unless among the streets of the city. He may be supposed to have shared the sensibility of the modern Londoner, who sought rest in the country but lost it because of the mooing of some cow calling to her demor lover in an adjoining field, or the clatter of some hen whose triumphal song announced the arrival of another enricher of cakes.

Perhaps when the young Cockney poets went out beyond the hurry and bustle of life in the great city there was a temptation to overdo the appreciation of nature, but the tendency was of the right sort, and although DeQuincey pronounced Keats' Endymion to be the very essence of mid-summer madness, there are those who, not so particular as to the accuracy of Keats' Greek references, yet love to roam with him the wilds and thickets of Latmos and to drink in the gladness of the summer day. There are plenty of us who have heard the "little noiseless noise among the leaves, born of the very sigh that silence heaves," and many a time we have lain supine upon the green grass and used the chink of some old straw hat to split up the bright sunlight into changing coloured rays, conjuring therefrom strange fantasies.

Mr. Archibald Lampman is one whose eyes have served him with many a pretty thought. Open fields are his pleasure grounds. Burke in his young days was given to taking long walks in the country, observing and reasoning, and that Mr. Lampman has been at something of a similar practice appears clearly in many of his poems, and may be inferred from the dedication addressed to his wife:

> Though fancy and the might of rhyme
> That turneth like the tide,
> Have borne me many a musing time
> Beloved, from thy side,
>
> Ah yet, I pray thee, deem not sweet
> Those hours were given in vain,
> Within these covers to thy feet
> I bring them back again.

It may be that the fame to be obtained by these means is not likely to be an enduring one. In the end we expect from every poet some efforts in heart searching. Pastoral poetry, while it has been engrafted upon English literature, is always a foreign thing. In the age of cities and inventions, of railroads and electricity we have not the simplicity and contentment that attach to a purely pastoral people. Yet the earth and the fruits of the earth, the perfect creations of the divine hand, are the same in all times, and to the poet there is a metaphor in every limb and blossom and blade. As a model for contemplation wild nature is faultless, and that such a study is of great avail in quickening the intellect and in purifying the mind is obvious from the lives of those who have made that study their own.

Curran was once defending a political prisoner and was about to assert the clearness of his innocence when a bright ray of sunlight poured through the window and rested upon the table before him. Without an instant's pause the great advocate poured forth a metaphor as beautiful in its conception as the ray itself. Several essays are made to deal with human existence in the pages of Mr. Lampman's publication, and all of them are illuminated with charming references to appropriate nature. From the poem, "The Little Handmaiden," we cull one or two examples:

> She clad her body in spotless white
> With a girdle as red as blood.
> The glad white raiment her beauty bound
> As the sepels bind the bud.
>
> And down the stairway and out of the door
> She glided, as soft and light
> As an airy tuft of thistle seed
> Might glide through the grasses bright.

In the pages of the leading American magazines, Mr. Lampman's name, appended to a sonnet or to a few lines of other verse, is a familiar sight. In none of these contributions is there any tendency to lower the plane of poetry. There are a great many writers who seek to catch the public taste by pandering to its failings. Sentiments are clothed in the most incongruous dress, and lose any real value there might be, from the ephemeral character of the writing. A Spanish love song, for instance, will be recast into a negro dialect song, and most frequently the whole effect is marred by some play upon negro character altogether out of keeping with the spirit of the song and its delicate refinement. In such a condition it is very doubtful if there is a genuine desire to elevate thought, which is the highest end that poetry can serve. Of course dialect stories have their proper uses, and when they portray faithfully the character of the interesting people who use them are an acceptable means of ins uction. In such cases they are deserving of more than passing perusal, and should be cherished for their intrinsic worth. The tales of Will Carleton and a few other Irish writers deserve a permanent place in literature for this reason, as do the works of such interpreters of negro life as Mr. Geo. W. Childs; but dialect lampoons, and most of the philosophy done into homespun of which we see so much, have not the tendency to cultivate that is needed by young and progressing peoples. To Mr. Lampman's credit be it said, that although the temptation must have been strong, owing to the publication of so much of this kind of literature in the magazines wherein his verses also appear, he has never receded from the use of the most elegant, graceful and correct language for the expression of his sensations, aspirations and judgments. Mr. Andrew Lang recently remarked that it becomes a positive pleasure for a critic to be able to say a good thing about a work he is reviewing, and if a similar privilege might be allowed in a notice of this length it would be exercised to express gratification at our leading poet's insistence upon maintaining the beauty and purity of the language.

Those who are curious enough to peep within the covers of his book of poems will find that although the poet dearly loves converse with "all out-doors" yet there is a deep and kindly interest in humanity aad in what Mr. Lighthall calls our "more tremendous affairs."

> I heard the city time bells call
> Far off in hollow towers,
> And one by one with measured fall
> Count out the old dead hours.
>
> I felt the march, the silent press,
> Of Time, and held my breath,
> I saw the haggard dreadfulness
> Of dim old age and death.

We have seen the good tree blossom, and the season of blossoms pass. We shall not await and watch the ripening of the fruit.

CYRIL.

LOUIS VEUILLOT.—A WELL-SPENT LIFE.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D.D., IN "AVE MARIA."

III.

When, after the Crimean War, the Count Walewski, representative of France at the Congress of Paris, allowed the Count di Cavour, agent for Piedmont, to menace the portifical goverment, Veuillot protested against this open attack on the rights of the Church. When the Italian war of 1859 opened, he asked whether Napoleon III., allying himself with the revolutionists, was not about to undo his work of '49. When the preliminaries of Villefranca were signed he rejoiced at the end of a war "which caused a fear lest the Revolution rather than liberty, would be the gainer." But he found in these preliminaries "no recognition of the right of revolt; Lombardy did not give herself, but was rather ceded by Francis Joseph and given by Napolean"; he was sufficiently optimistic to trust that Piedmont would prove "one Catholic nation the more." Alas! Napoleon III. allowed Victor Emmanuel to contend for the whole of Italy, not even excepting the Papal States. Then Veuillot entered upon the combat which he had vainly tried to avoid. When the *brochure*, "The Pope and the Congress,"