

[FOR CANADA.]

TRILOGY.

I.

OUT from the infinite Vast;
Wonder-eyed, questioning why:
Waked from Night's dream-sleep and
passed
Life's portals through - yet a cry, -
Dawn-kissed, yet naught but a sigh
Breathed on the Threshold, aghast.

II.

Into the roar and the strife:
Parched 'mid the hot sand's dank red:
Spent with the toll of the knife:
Battling the lions for bread:
Flung to the kites with the dead:
Hushed the Arena of life.

III.

Back to the vasty Unknown
Doming the pendulous stars:
Winging its topaz-gemmed zone,
Haloed in heroic scars.
Loosed the Soul's shackles and bars:
Fetterless Life shall atone!

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THE PROSCRIBED LANGUAGES.

BY "PASTOR FELIX."

SITTING late on a recent evening, musing over the political vexations of our dual-languged Canada, I fell asleep over the embers, and had a dream which I will try to recall for the amusement, if not the benefit of my readers. My narrow study seemed to expand into an immense covered thoroughfare, - much like a general railroad depot, - through which was moving a concourse of people. Everything had a shadowy appearance, and the figures I saw were noiseless and unsubstantial, but determinate; and I marked with distinctness their varying forms and features. They seemed to come up by a sort of slip or ferry-way into the building, and I saw some of them pause to read a placard: "Pluto, Charon & Co., Styx Ferry Service. The electric boat, Achéron, will run, etc." The roof of the building was arched; and, revolving there, I noticed a number of electric lights flashing out like stars, which cast their lustre up and down the tessellated floor. At the further end of the room, toward which the people were moving, was an immense gate of gold, formed of horizontal and vertical bars, interwoven with spirals; and, just beyond it, the beaming leaves of the great folding doors, through which

the new-comers pushed their way into the mysterious country beyond them. This gate was guarded by an armed keeper, who opened it to such as could certify their qualification, but denied passage to all others.

At the right of this gate was a dais, slightly elevated, whereon sat a man in a chair of ivory, dressed in a garment that seemed lustrous; but, though it was white and glittering, I could not determine its fabric. The form was portly and commanding, but without grossness. The face was one of high purpose and intelligence, and, though genially inclined, was capable of repulsion and severity. He was evidently an officer of detention, stationed here to examine the qualifications of new-comers who proposed passage through the gate. Beside him sat a secretary at his desk, busy with record of the depositions given by each, in his turn, whom his superior questioned. I saw the people were of all nationalities, and that when addressed they answered in their native language; at which the president shook his head to signify that, though they were understood, it was not the prescribed medium of parley.

The first whom I saw approaching the dais was a Greek, who bowed and requested a pass; but was informed that, of each comer, who proposed joining the "Universal Commonwealth," two things were required as essential: that money, the invariable source and instrument of corruption, should be abandoned, together with the language to which they were born, as tending to deficiency of sympathy and narrowness of action in a wide, yet homogeneous community, wherein all were brothers. At this, I noticed the Greek's countenance fell, and he complained of the rigorous demand. "I will willingly," he said, "forego money, which has brought me more trouble than advantage; but the tongue of my fathers is another thing, and I count it dearer than all my personal possessions beside. There is not a memory of my past life which does not flow in its renowned channel, and all my fancies clothe themselves with its liquid robes. It is the speech of Gods; in it Homer sang, and Plato dreamed, and Aristotle reasoned." "Stand aside, sir, for a moment," said the President, interrupting him: "I will return to your case again." A German next approached, who, learning of the requirement, exclaimed, "Ach! Himmel! Every thaler! Show me how to do without money, and into the Styx with it! But how can I renounce the sacred speech of Vaterland? It is a German's life, that language of the Rhine, which his mother taught him, in which he wooed his love

by moonlight among the vineyards, and sang soft sweet ballads. His heart would grow stony cold in his bosom, but that he hopes to hear those accents again, and to respond in the words he remembers from his cradle."

"I have understood," said the President coolly, as if ignoring all sentiment, "that in the American Republic your people gather in communities, maintaining their national traditions and speech, to the detriment of the Commonwealth." "Ah! indeed, it may well be so, that they cling to the spiritual and intellectual inheritance their fathers gave them. Are these things to be put off, like an old coat? And who so cruel as to demand it? But that it is to the detriment of the Commonwealth has not been fairly shown. We are a home-loving domestic people, and in our own language we teach our children loyalty to the government under which they live; that language can be as bitter as any other if it curses a traitor; fonder words are not spoken than Luther spake, nor wiser than are built into the verse of Goethe. Let me be emptied of the past, let me be stripped of every recollection, if the tongue to which I was born must be forever silent."

The next that came was an Englishman, who seemed surprised and half indignant that his lordly polyglottic speech was there to be discussed. He seemed somewhat choleric: "What! he exclaimed, "renounce the language of the conquering Nation of the modern world, - a language spoken in every land, whereon the sun rises and sets? Renounce the speech of Shakspeare - the most comprehensive of minds, and of Milton, the sublimest? Can there indeed be any part of the universe where this is a dead language?" "All your mortal parts perish," replied the President curtly; "and your mundane tongue has gone with the rest. But why this bluster? I am not aware of any one of late on the earth more strenuous in suppressing the French and German tongues in America. You now have an opportunity of feeling what it is to renounce the speech of your birthland, who have required the same as a political necessity of the French Canadian."

"Listen to me," he proceeded, raising his voice, (for now he saw a Frenchman at hand) so as to address the entire company, "On earth, it was not, in any land, or under any government, essentially necessary, but here it is essentially necessary, that a man should renounce and surrender the language of his birthland, for here conditions, quite common there, are wholly changed - and the former