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ARMINIE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID CHAPTER XLII.

D'Antignac had not long to wait before M. de Marigny came to hear Arminie's decision. He, as he had said of himself, he was not an ardent lover, he was at least sufficiently impatient to desire to know his fate without delay, and in the mingling of fear and hope which occupied his mind in the interval, to the exclusion of other subjects, he learned more than he had known before of the deep hold which this feeling had laid upon him. Never, as he had said to D'Antignac, had he been so stirred, attracted, charmed, by any nature as by this which had so unconsciously revealed itself to him.

But would she ever put her hand in his to aid him in the battle with which his life was pledged, and to be his companion toward eternity? He had little hope of it—so little that his heart grew heavy as he went to hear the result of his suit. The man who had held him in life would even in death defeat his desire—that he felt almost sure. Yet when he remembered how Arminie had yielded to his influence and acknowledged the force of his arguments when it was a question of friendly intercourse, his spirit mounted again with an impulse of hope.

Asking this question, he mounted the steps to D'Antignac's door. But when he entered the room nothing in his appearance indicated anxiety. He greeted his friend with his usual composure and talked for several minutes of the affairs of the day before there was any allusion to Arminie. Then it was D'Antignac who opened the subject.

"I have fulfilled your wishes, Gaston," he said after a pause, "and I am sorry—for your sake—to tell you that Arminie declines your offer."

"The vicomte grew a little paler. This was no surprise to him, but even more pain than he had anticipated. He did not speak for a moment. Then he said in a low tone: "You say that you are sorry for my sake. Do you mean that you do not think it would be for her happiness to accept my offer?"

"No," D'Antignac answered. "I believe that, as far as human happiness goes, it would be for her happiness in the highest degree. And"—his voice changed a little—"I think that she believes so, too."

"And yet—" said the vicomte. Unconsciously he closed one hand with nervous force, as he said to himself that if that were true the dead Socialist should not from his grave hold them apart.

"And yet she refuses even to consider your offer?" said D'Antignac. "Yes, for two reasons. In the first place, because she believes that she would do you an injury by accepting it. Nay, hear me out! And, in the second place, because she has chosen something better than the happiness of life."

In the tumult of his own feeling it was natural that M. de Marigny should not have understood the meaning of the last words. He looked at his friend with a flash of resolution in his eyes. "Let me see her," he said. "These are no reasons at all."

"I think you will find them strong ones," said D'Antignac. "The first, thought you may not recognize its force, is very strong to her. The second must be strong even to you."

"The second—what does it mean?" said the vicomte. "That she will sacrifice the happiness of life to her father's command?"

"She has not heard of her father's command," answered D'Antignac calmly. "I found that there was no need to pain her uselessly by telling her of it. Her resolution is taken without regard to that; and you need not feel that the obstacle which stands between you is hate. On the contrary, it is love."

"Love!" repeated M. de Marigny. "Yes, love," said D'Antignac. The word came from his lips with a force of penetrating sweetness, and as he looked at the other there was infinite affection in his tranquil glance. "Love which is strong enough to renounce the happiness and the ease of life in order to serve Christ in His poor, to bind up the wounds of humanity and strive to lessen its ills. That is the love which stands between you. And this being so, I know you well enough to be sure that you will say, 'Fiat voluntas Dei.'"

"Yes, I mean that," D'Antignac replied. "And much as I desire, much as I would do, to secure your happiness, I do not think that either you or I would dare to bid her pause on the path where God calls."

"Not if it is indeed God who calls," said the vicomte after another pause. "But people mistake sometimes, and it seems to me that her position just now is one which would make such a mistake possible. She has hardly emerged from the shadow of a deep grief, and she has a belief that some insuperable obstacle—her own scruples or her father's commands—stands before her life and mine."

D'Antignac smiled slightly. "After all," he said, "you do not know Arminie. It is no recoil from the world on account of grief or disappointment—which recoil can never constitute a true vocation—that is leading her, but a strong, inflamed desire to give her life and her effort to lessen in some degree the misery of the world, to help the sick and the suffering, to stone by prayers and good works for those blasphemers and evil deeds of which she knows so much, to work by the aid of the true light for that purpose toward which her father struggled in darkness, and to win at last the infinite reward of hearing, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me.' As far as I am able to judge, God's purpose with regard to her is clear. By a way which she could never have imagined He has prepared her soul and led it to Himself."

For this was no new resolution on her part. The desire has been with her long, growing ever clearer, and naturally of late taking more definite form. I will speak frankly and say that I think she would have loved you had God not claimed her heart. But what He claims we must yield, even if it rends our own hearts to do so."

"Sometimes one has no alternative," said the vicomte, whose eyes were full of pain as they looked out of his pale face. D'Antignac regarded him with an expression of exquisite sympathy, yet with the calm assurance of one who knows what the end will be.

"You have an alternative," he said quietly. "The sacrifice need not be passed on your part. You spoke a few minutes ago of seeing Arminie. If you insist upon seeing her, it is possible that you might induce her to change her resolution—for human nature is weak, and happiness allures us all—or at least you would make the struggle hard to her. For she said that she might be tempted to forget her own scruples and her father's commands, and to accept what you offer, but for the voice of God bidding her taste above the common joys of life to taste the divine joy of sacrifice. You may draw her back from the higher to the lower path, or you may beat a willing part in the sacrifice. That is for you to decide."

The vicomte rose to his feet. "You will think poorly of me," he said, "that I hesitate, and yet I do—so weak is human nature! Give me a little time. Let me ask what is God's will. I will return to-morrow."

"I have no fear," said D'Antignac as he held out his hand. "Go, and God be with you."

And, indeed, his face, as he lay back on his pillows after M. de Marigny had left the room, was not that of one who had fear; it was rather radiant, as if he anticipated certain triumph.

"So this is what it meant," he said to himself as he lifted his glance to the crucifix. "We, in our blindness and short-sightedness, dreamed of human happiness for them, while God was preparing an opportunity of sacrifice. Benedicti vos a Domino!"

Meanwhile M. de Marigny, having left the house, was walking away from the river along the Rue du Bac. He had no definite purpose in view, but had turned his face in this direction merely as a matter of instinct, his apartment being in the Rue de Grenelle. He had no intention, however, in expecting his impulse was simply to be alone and struggle with the temptation that assailed him—the temptation to bear down all opposition by the strength of his will and seize the happiness for which nature longed. And this temptation was stronger because the happiness so desired seemed to be united with the highest aspirations of his nature. What he felt for Arminie bore not even the faintest resemblance to vulgar passion. It was allied to his most exalted hopes and touched his most tender sympathies, so that to resign it seemed like resigning the better part of himself, or at least an influence capable of aiding that better part in all that it might desire or undertake. And when he was called upon to resign not the lower but the higher, not the thing which we acknowledge to be bad but the thing which we know to be best, then indeed the struggle is hard, the resistance strong.

The man walking so quietly along the Rue du Bac was in the midst of this struggle when a familiar voice said: "Bon jour, M. le Visconte." And looking up he found Egerton at your feet.

"I have just left my card at your apartment," said the latter. "I regretted not finding you at home."

"I regret still more not having been at home," said the vicomte. "If you have no engagement, perhaps I may induce you to retrace your steps."

"I have no engagement at all," said Egerton; "but you are no idler like myself. It is possible that you may have."

"An engagement—no," said the vicomte. And then he paused. He had all the habits of a man of the world, all the power of putting aside whatever he might be feeling in order

to fulfil any social claim or duty that presented itself. But just now he felt as if the effort required would be difficult. His pause said this, and Egerton understood it at once.

"But you intend to do something else—which is equivalent to an engagement," he said. "I cannot think of interfering. I shall give myself the pleasure of calling another day. Au revoir."

"Stop an instant," said the vicomte, laying a detaining hand on his arm. "You are right. Though I have no engagement, there is a reason why I will not insist on your accompanying me to my apartment. But I will ask you to accompany me somewhere else. Will you come?"

"Willingly," answered Egerton. "Without asking where I shall take you?"

"Oh! I have perfect confidence, and am prepared to follow wherever you lead."

The vicomte smiled a little. "I wish you were indeed prepared to follow where I am about to lead," he said. "Perhaps in time. Adieu!"

They walked on along the Rue du Bac and presently M. de Marigny paused before a large building, mounted a high flight of steps and opened a door. Egerton followed, and found himself, somewhat to his surprise, in a church which bore a strong resemblance to a convent chapel. There was a screen dividing it, but within the space set apart by that screen were no feminine forms. Those that were to be seen were masculine—young men in the dress of seminarians. There were only two or three, and they were kneeling quietly, absorbed in prayer. On the outside of the screen M. de Marigny also knelt, and Egerton, after meditating some minutes on the scene—which was not without its strangeness in contrast to the tumultuous life of the street a few feet away—began to look around him, and then perceived at one side some newly-erected tombs or tablets below which wreaths of immortelles were placed. He moved toward them and read the inscriptions, which were brief and simple, only telling that at a recent date those to whom these memorials were erected had suffered martyrdom in China.

As the young man stood looking at the words which said so little yet told so much, it flashed upon him where he was—within the walls of the Mission Etrangere, the nursery of Confession and martyrs! He had heard of it, but vaguely—as one hears of something afar off—yet here it was in the very heart of the hurrying, pulsating life of Paris! One had but to turn aside from the busy, brilliant streets, to open a door, in order to stand on holy ground—by the graves of martyrs and in the presence of those who would to-morrow go forth to follow in their footsteps, to take up their labors and perhaps meet their reward.

Egerton looked from the marble tablets, with their brief story, to the men in the flower of youth kneeling before him—men who had forsaken all the sweetness of life to prepare for an existence of infinite hardship and toil, with the probable crown of a cruel death—and asked himself if it could be that they were of the same race and nature as himself. He thought of his own idle, luxurious life, of the lack of faith, lack of purpose, lack of good which characterized it; and, as it rose before him, shame filled him like a passion. Yet not shame alone. The desire to reach those lofty heights of feeling and action where other men tread, the longing for spiritual light, overpowered him. Faith—faith to believe all things, to hope all things, to dare all things—was what he asked. And while he stood outside the great household of God, wishing, longing for this faith, here was the record of what men of his own generation had endured for it. Was their sacrifice extreme folly or sublime wisdom? He answered the question when he knelt and said almost unconsciously: "Holy martyrs of Christ, pray for me!"

How long Egerton knelt he did not know, but he never forgot what he felt during those moments. With almost the vividness of a vision he saw the cruel torments amid which these men had laid down their lives, following in the footsteps of their Lord, preaching His Gospel and bearing His cross even to the very height of Calvary. And then in contrast, he felt all the infinite peace of this spot where they had gained the strength for that supreme sacrifice. Here the offering had been made, here life and all its sweetness was renounced, here every tie that binds man to earth had been severed. Surely it was a spot in which to form great and generous resolutions! Surely those who could not, even from afar off, follow such heroes might at least catch some faint spark of their spirit here, and grow ashamed of their own selfish lives and careless hearts.

The young man was still kneeling when M. de Marigny, after a considerable lapse of time, finally approached him. He rose then, but before turning away, stooped to take one immortal from the wreaths near him. After they left the church a minute or two elapsed before either spoke. Then Egerton said slowly: "That is a wonderful place to make one think. I shall not soon forget it. After all, sacrifice is the supreme test of religion. If any man will come after me, let him take up his cross and follow me. How entirely all modern religious systems ignore that! And yet without sacrifice there can be no religion in any vital sense."

"The religion which does not demand sacrifice is no religion at all," said M. de Marigny; "and when it is demanded—well, then one learns how much or how little one's faith is worth."

It is, as you have said, the supreme test." He paused a moment, then added: "Do you know anything of the writings of Lacordaire?"

"Not much, but something," Egerton answered. "M. d'Antignac gave me a volume of his *Confessions* not long ago. I have found them magnificent."

"There are sentences in his writings which recur to me strongly now and then," said M. de Marigny. "In the church you desire I thought of this: 'When you desire to know what a person is worth, sound his heart, and if it does not give forth the sound of sacrifice, though it be clothed with the kingly purple, genius, birth, or fortune, turn your head aside and pass on; it is no longer a soul with whom you ought to have any intercourse.'"

"I fear," said Egerton, "that if the test were applied few of us would prove worthy of intercourse."

"One should apply such tests to one's self before one applies them to others," said the vicomte simply. "It was to myself that I applied it. 'When you desire to know what a person is worth, sound his heart, and if it does not give forth the sound of sacrifice—' It is a hard test, but one that never fails. And if one is humbled by the result—well, that too is a good thing. One learns the measure of one's own weakness. And younder is a good place in which to gain strength."

"It seems to me a good place in which to gain all that is essential for life or death; and certainly the power of sacrifice is essential for both," said Egerton. "But one smiles to hear you speak of the measure of your weakness, M. le Vicomte. What would you think if you could know the measure of the weakness of others?"

"It is enough to know the measure of one's own," said the vicomte. "I have learned it to-day. Yet there is this comfort, that a sacrifice which cost little would be worth little; whereas to resign the desire of one's heart—that is a great privilege. The struggle was sharp," he went on, speaking as if to himself; "but it is over. *Fiat voluntas Dei.*"

Egerton made no comment—plainly the words were not intended for him—and they walked on silently for some time. Then at the Rue de Grenelle he paused.

"It is astonishing," he said, "how many things that look like mere accidents—the result of veriest trifles—have seemed since I have been in Paris to form part of a harmonious whole, and to lead me by devious ways in one direction. For instance, my meeting you this afternoon has resulted in an impression that I do not think will pass away. And so I have to thank you before bidding you adieu."

"Do not go," said the vicomte. "Come with me to my apartment. Nay, do not hesitate! The mental struggle is over which made me disinclined for your society an hour ago. In the place where we have been one could not, for very shame, refuse any sacrifice that God demanded. But pain remains, even after the struggle is over. So come and let me have the best medicine for pain in the world—that of trying to do another a little good. One who has advanced as far as you have should halt there no longer."

"Then tell me what to do," said Egerton quietly.

TO BE CONTINUED. Spread the Truth.

The excuse is often made, even by respectable and ordinarily intelligent Catholics, that they are not competent to deal with the controversial points of the faith, and they therefore studiously avoid controversy with outsiders. Controversy with disingenuous and bigoted Protestants, we acknowledge, is to be avoided, even by those who are competent to hold an argument; it is simply—except, perhaps, in extreme cases—casting pearls before swine. But there are hundreds of honest Protestants who are more or less anxious to learn about the Church and who are apt to ask questions of intelligent Catholics as to some points of faith or practice of the Church. If they receive a correct and intelligible answer a favorable impression is made which, with the blessing of God, may result in their conversion. Indeed, there are not wanting numerous instances in which well-instructed Catholic servants, male and female, have been the means of the conversion of their employers; by their simple, modest and intelligent answers; and, secondly, by giving them Catholic books or directing them where and how they may get the information they desire. It is really as discreditable as it is embarrassing for an intelligent Catholic to be compelled to acknowledge, when asked an explanation of the reason of some Catholic doctrine, that he can not explain it. That, certainly, should be a powerful inducement for every Catholic to take pains to be thoroughly posted, especially on all the characteristic principles and teachings of the Church—those which are most commonly controverted—so that they may be prepared to give an intelligent and satisfactory reason for the faith that is in them.—Sacred Heart Review.

Great battles are continually going on in the human system. Hood's Sarsaparilla drives out disease and restores health.

Skepticism.—This is unhappily an age of skepticism, but there is one point upon which all persons acquainted with the subject agree, namely, that DR. THOMAS' ELEGANT TRIC OLE is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

You cannot be happy while you have corns. There is no delay in getting a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It removes all kinds of corns without pain. Failure with it is unknown.

"POEMS AND LYRICS."

By Dr. J. K. Foran, LL. B., author of the Spirit of the Age—Irish Canadian Representative—Simon the Abenaki—Canadian Essays—Olden, etc.—and Editor of the Montreal "True Witness." D. and J. Sadlier and Co., Montreal, 1884.

One of the best things about this book, considered as a whole, is that it is extremely strong in the motive that is so sadly wanting in our modern literature and art, faith—a living energizing trust that gazes upward to the fatherhood of God as well as outward or downward on the brotherhood of man. The materialism of the age has blighted the fair blossom of poetry. Poetry to-day is insignificant because our ideals are small and unworthy. In so far as the repeated acknowledgment that all this unintelligible tangle of the natural world is in very truth working for good, may count, the volume possesses in abundance that sympathy with the expression of the crying need of its age which marks the highest point of poetry.

On the other hand, the chief fault of the volume, considered in its entirety, is a perpetual diffusiveness, not springing from a florid and luxurious diction, as was the case with James Thomson, the gentle poet of "The Seasons," but caused rather by pursuing a thought, even when it is of the thinnest, to its ultimate shred. In truth, were the diction a degree or two more florid and luxurious throughout, it would render the small defects less perceptible if it did not conceal them altogether. As it is, the author has allowed himself to be tempted much too frequently into a weakness the most detrimental of all to lyrical poetry, that is, diffusiveness of thought, or, to speak more specifically, want of concentration. All through the volume we happen upon poems which arrest and claim attention by a lively and even vigorous opening, or a vivid internal passage, but which are so full of repetition and amplification of verse with little amplification of sense, that by the time we have read them half through, the first effect has passed, and a desire to get at the end supervenes.

Now, the beauty of the art of poetry, like all other beauty, has its foundation in law. And one of the most inviolate laws of good poetry is that its language be condensed; although we must not be understood as asserting that poetry is condensed thought rhythmically expressed. Thought and rhythm constitute some of the important elements of poetry, but not all. It has been well pointed out, that poetry in its broadest acceptance is something which may exist in that which does not even require words but can speak through audible symbols as in musical sounds, and through visible symbols as in sculpture, painting and architecture. Nature is poetical. Byron calls the stars "the poetry of heaven," and says that mountain, wood and sky speak a mutual language. For a thousand years at least man knew poetry only as an animal song, or a vivacious speech. Even as late as Aristotle, the musical and scenic were regarded as poetic elements. Very many formal definitions have been given, but they all seem merely to fetter the free wings of a muse never destined to be placed behind imprisoning bars; although the definition offered by the author of "Lead, Kindly Light," affords us satisfaction.

"Poetry is the perception," says Cardinal Newman, "and the poetic art is the expression of the beautiful; for vice can be rendered attractive in poetry solely by endowing it with some of the attributes of beauty." Witness Milton's description of Satan. Furthermore, poetic sentiment, or the raw stuff out of which poems are made, is one thing, and adequate poetic expression quite another. The consideration of the nature of poetic expression involves a comprehension of artistic expression in general. "Art is a language," says Millet, the immortal painter of the "Angelus." The one just and precise sense in which the word poetry can be used, consequently, is to signify the Art of Poetry as opposed to the other imitative arts of painting, sculpture and music. The primary concern of the artist must be with his vehicle of expression. "Poetry," says John Ruskin, "consists in a noble use, whether of color or words." In the instance of the poet, as the term is used with reference to a maker of verse, the vehicle of expression is, of course, language emotionized to the white-heat of rhythmic by the impassioned thought or sensation. A piece of literary art should, therefore, be conceived aesthetically as well as ethically, and should have unity as well as simplicity and directness. For the making of all great poetry not only is abundant imagination of which more anon and sentiment required but nice judgment, precise knowledge of composition and proportion, a language rich, full and harmonious, and, in a word, all the resources of art.

The title which Dr. Foran has chosen for his book, "Poems and Lyrics," is sufficiently indicative of its contents, if we but group under the latter heading the poetry which, without being set to music, in itself more strongly supplies and suggests musical cadence; and under the former heading all the poems which, having no such pronounced affinity for musical cadence, require to be judged rather by the ideas and images they contain than the music which they give out. Lyric poetry need not, as its name would seem to signify, be intended for music. It is indeed true, Aristotle himself says, that lyric poetry imitates by means of words accompanied by music; hence we learn that it was originally designed for musical accompaniment, and its earliest specimens were such as "Songs" in the Old Testament sung. With instrumental accompaniment secured and the music the same.

The lyric, then, is the utterance of passion, and the imagination, individual feeling, of the poet's heart, by which we voice our relations with God and country (the ode), the (song). Its objects feelings in the object, the manner, the Haslit, "deals in happy passing figures, with effect, not on the whole selection." The industry of the lyric are the subject and perfect which terms we mean have musical rhythm, versification; second, form must be added, trinsic significance, —an important division poetry a narrative, terse. The kind of lyric poetry is of course, reserve of expression from artistic perception rigidly banishes every word that is not necessary to the development of the truly injurious to the lyric lyric, therefore, first of all, have ready its thought should place or trivial, though it must be comparative; it is surcharged with enthusiasm, both of are transitory in the Lyric poetry is of course, great poets have composed, motives a certain thought, feeling, and are two methods, the abstract, or subjective as yet no instance shield with both the side. Among modern ing is, perhaps, the and William Morris is ly objective.

The lyric is a subjective ballad an objective looks within; the ballad, like the lyric, unlike the lyric, the development of the ballad contains a story in song. It a good ballad than of and the line is a separates the graph the true ballad from jingle of the false. to make the people been well remarked, subtle; he must come and stand with Sir the crowded street, a those songs that sound a ballad deals with the doings of suffering women or children, beings moved by and about such doing if these are fit for common people are judge. In fact, the form of poetry in its popular taste is unerringly lyric, and one of the ballad; because forms of poetry most in his "Poems and Lyrics" conversant with the versification will require exposition as to the whose knowledge of tracted may think been sufficiently expressed opinion as it may, tion in the reflection class will, in all p outnumber the forms return to the book issue.

Dr. Foran's muse, otic, memorial, religious humorous. The first lays our attention a tracks of "Canada's Lyrics" as follows: "In the land where sun And their golden light On a soil that richly Where the poet's robes of the days so woman or child, Each money lower in The land so bright How Florentines mix Everyone gave, according Towards the making, "The rich man and the Proportionate to the In the crucible to fire In the holy now And a joyous anthems As its voice is loud And its voice is clear As the faithful roar I invite you all to my As each has contri Bowing to one Lord The imperfect rhyme line of this stanza was looked for the sake of which animates this applies his reference

earliest specimens were such as "Songs" in the Old Testament sung. With instrumental accompaniment secured and the music the same. The lyric, then, is the utterance of passion, and the imagination, individual feeling, of the poet's heart, by which we voice our relations with God and country (the ode), the (song). Its objects feelings in the object, the manner, the Haslit, "deals in happy passing figures, with effect, not on the whole selection." The industry of the lyric are the subject and perfect which terms we mean have musical rhythm, versification; second, form must be added, trinsic significance, —an important division poetry a narrative, terse. The kind of lyric poetry is of course, reserve of expression from artistic perception rigidly banishes every word that is not necessary to the development of the truly injurious to the lyric lyric, therefore, first of all, have ready its thought should place or trivial, though it must be comparative; it is surcharged with enthusiasm, both of are transitory in the Lyric poetry is of course, great poets have composed, motives a certain thought, feeling, and are two methods, the abstract, or subjective as yet no instance shield with both the side. Among modern ing is, perhaps, the and William Morris is ly objective. The lyric is a subjective ballad an objective looks within; the ballad, like the lyric, unlike the lyric, the development of the ballad contains a story in song. It a good ballad than of and the line is a separates the graph the true ballad from jingle of the false. to make the people been well remarked, subtle; he must come and stand with Sir the crowded street, a those songs that sound a ballad deals with the doings of suffering women or children, beings moved by and about such doing if these are fit for common people are judge. In fact, the form of poetry in its popular taste is unerringly lyric, and one of the ballad; because forms of poetry most in his "Poems and Lyrics" conversant with the versification will require exposition as to the whose knowledge of tracted may think been sufficiently expressed opinion as it may, tion in the reflection class will, in all p outnumber the forms return to the book issue. Dr. Foran's muse, otic, memorial, religious humorous. The first lays our attention a tracks of "Canada's Lyrics" as follows: "In the land where sun And their golden light On a soil that richly Where the poet's robes of the days so woman or child, Each money lower in The land so bright How Florentines mix Everyone gave, according Towards the making, "The rich man and the Proportionate to the In the crucible to fire In the holy now And a joyous anthems As its voice is loud And its voice is clear As the faithful roar I invite you all to my As each has contri Bowing to one Lord The imperfect rhyme line of this stanza was looked for the sake of which animates this applies his reference