

ROUGE ET NOIR.

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SPRING ON THE RIVER.

O sun, shine hot on the river ;
For the ice is turning an ashen hue,
And the still bright water is looking through,
And the myriad streams are greeting you
With a ballad of life to the giver.
From forest and field and sunny town
Meeting and running and tripping down
With laughter and song to the river.

Oh ! the din on the boats by the river.
The builders are working while day avails,
With sound of hewing and hammering nails,
Planing and painting and mending sails,
All day in their shrill endeavour.
For the waters brim over their wintry cup,
And the grinding ice is breaking up
And we must away down the river.

Oh ! the hum and the toil of the river,
The ridge of the rapid sprays and skips :
Loud and low by the water's lips,
Tearing the wet pines into strips,
The saw mill is moaning ever.
The little grey sparrow skips and calls
On the rocks in the rain of the water falls,
And the logs are adrift in the river.

Oh ! restlessly whirls the river.
The rivulets run and the cataract drones :
The spiders are flitting over the stones :
Summer winds float and the cedar moans ;
And the eddies gleam and quiver.
O sun, shine hot, shine long and abide
In the glory and power of thy summer tide
On the swift, longing face of the river.

A. LAMPMAN.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Continued.

In 1842, Kingsley, at the age of twenty-three, became curate of Eversley, and when, in the following year, the living became vacant, he was appointed rector of the parish, and there lived, worked and died. How serious

a matter he felt his profession to be we may gather from the following words written on his ordination morning : " It is an awful thing ! for we promise virtually at least, to renounce this day, not only the devil and the flesh, but the world ; to do nothing, know nothing, which shall not tend to the furtherance of God's kingdom or the assimilation of ourselves to the Great Ideal, and to our proper place and rank in the great system whose harmony we are to labor to restore." And again, " Night and morning, for months, my prayer has been, ' O God, if I am not worthy, if my sin in leading souls from Thee is still unpardoned, if I am desiring to be a deacon not wholly for the sake of serving Thee, if it be necessary to show me my weakness and the holiness of Thy office more strongly, O God, reject me.' "

Without doubt it was this realization of the extreme sacredness of his vocation which made him so faithful a parish priest. Up to this period of his life we see many signs of the naturalist and of the literary man, but, I think, none of the ministering agent of the wants spiritual and otherwise of a flock. And yet it is to this we find him suddenly transformed. A new element in his nature suddenly bursts into life, destined to become the fairest of many blossoms. We may, indeed, be delighted with the magnetic charm, the powerful originality of his writings, we may think highly of him as a man of great general culture, or we may admire him in his bold championship of the poor and oppressed, but it is as the country parson, doing what many, perhaps, consider the humble duties that are attached to the clerical life, that we find him most admirable and most loveable.

Let us then glance at his daily life during the few years of his rectorship at Eversley. His parish was a large and neglected one, the population scattered, and consisting almost entirely of agricultural labourers, of whom no single man nor woman could read or write. The Holy Communion celebrated but three times a year, the alms collected in an old wooden saucer. He at once perceived that no reformation could be effected but by means of steady, consistent work. Straightway he started clubs for the poor. A shoe club, a coal club, a maternal society, a loan fund and lending library were soon put in operation. An adult school was held by him three nights a week during the winter months, and a Sunday School, also conducted by him, was formed.