

had taken up the Rights of Women from disappointment and ambition. She had been the instructor of the Princess, and was wild with anger when she found that she turned more naturally to her other companion, also a widow, the Lady Psyche, sister of Florian, the Prince's friend, still a lovely girl of about twenty with a sweet rosebud of a child, Aglaia, two years old. The Lady Blanche had a charming daughter, Melissa, now in opening womanhood.

The Prince and his two companions dressed themselves in woman's apparel and sought admission as students in the university, and were admitted. Notice should be taken of the significance of the songs introduced at the end of each canto. They are not only charming in sentiment and exquisite in workmanship, but they sound the keynote of the story. For example, the first one: "As through the land," etc., illustrates the family sentiment and the power of the child. Mr. Dawson has pointed out, with the approval of Lord Tennyson, the important place occupied by Aglaia, the child of the Lady Psyche.

The conditions of admission were that for three years they were not to correspond with home, nor cross the liberties, nor speak with a man. Agreeing they were admitted and joined the class of Lady Psyche, Florian's sister, with whom Cyril soon fell in love. But Florian is recognized by his sister, and their conversation is unintentionally overheard by Melissa, who, in her turn, by her blushes, reveals to her jealous mother the true character of the new students. The Lady Blanche is persuaded to be silent for a day, but the end was near.

The Princess and her students went to take the dip of certain strata, and afterwards rested and lunched in a tent. One of the girls sang the exquisite song, "Tears, idle tears," of which the Princess disapproved. The Prince followed with "Swallow, swallow, flying, flying South," in as feminine a voice as he could command. But there was a tone and a meaning in it which puzzled the company of girls. But worse was coming; Cyril, either warmed by the wine

Or mastered by the sense of sport, began  
To troll a careless, careless tavern catch  
Of Moll and Meg, and strange experiences  
Unmeet for ladies.

The Prince struck him, crying: "Forbear, sir." Murder was out. The ladies mounted their horses and flew back to the college, Cyril and Psyche fled away to the King, and the Princess in her anger and agitation missed the plank and rolled into the river, from which she was with difficulty saved by the Prince.

And now the conflict was fairly begun. From the entrance of her three unknown guests, the stars in their courses fought against the scheme of the Princess. Nature, by many voices, pleaded and protested, although Ida was not easily subdued. One of the most important influences was the babe, Aglaia, who remained after the flight of her mother, and whom the Princess would not for some time give up. The Prince and Florian were brought before the Princess. He pleaded that love, not impertinent curiosity, had brought him there. But she gave no heed to his defence, and, although she heard that his father was approaching with an army, she repelled him with scorn. "You have done well and like a gentleman!" and bid her guards, the "eight mighty daughters of the plough," to push them out at gates, which "with grim laughter" they did.

The old king wanted war and force, which frightened Gama, and was opposed by the Prince. "I want her love," said the Prince. His father did not understand this way of dealing with women. However, it was at last agreed that fifty men led by the Princess' three great brothers, one "the genial giant Arac," should fight an equal number led by the Prince and his two friends. If the latter conquered, Ida was to marry him; if otherwise, he should relinquish his claim. Florian, Cyril, the Prince all go down, in turn, before Arac, and the Princess sings a song of triumph, not unworthy of a place beside the great song of Deborah.

Our enemies have fallen, have fallen.

But now the college is turned into a hospital and most of the girls are sent home. Florian and Cyril are wounded, and the Prince is almost killed and is unconscious. Florian is nursed by his sister, and the affection which had already sprung up between him and Melissa matures, while Cyril tries to persuade Psyche to consent to marry him. She holds out until the Princess, seeing them together, seems to give tacit consent to their betrothal. The interest is now concentrated in the Prince and Princess, who became his nurse. During his illness he discerns a softness in her before unknown, whilst she receives lessons in humility.

There are few things more beautiful, even in Tennyson, than some of the lines in this last canto. The song at the beginning, "Ask me no more," had intimated the end.

Pale was the perfect face;  
The bosom with long sighs laboured; and meek  
Seemed the full lips, and mild the luminous eyes,  
And the voice trembled and the hand. She said,  
Brokenly, that she knew it, she had fail'd  
In sweet humility, had fail'd in all.  
That all her labour was but as a block  
Left in the quarry, but she still were loth,  
She still were loth to yield herself to one  
That wholly scorned to help their equal rights,  
Against the sons of man and barbarous laws.

The Prince assured her that he was not without sympathy with her aims, and would help her to realize them in a wiser manner. He says:—

Henceforth thou hast a helper, one that knows  
The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink  
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free.

They too may do much to clear away "the parasitic forms" that keep the woman down; but this must be done with knowledge of the conditions:—

For woman is not undeveloped man,  
But diverse: could we make her as the man,  
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,  
Not like to like, but like in difference.  
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;  
The man be more of woman, she of man;  
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,  
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;  
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,  
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;  
Till at the last she set herself to man,  
Like perfect music unto noble words;  
And so these twain, upon the skirts of time,  
Sit side by side, full summed in all their powers,  
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,  
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,  
Distinct in individualities,  
But like each other, even as those who love.  
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men,  
Then reign the world's great bridal, chaste and calm:  
Then springs the crowning race of human kind.

Here we have the author's final suggested solution of the problem.

Books recommended: Taine's "English Literature," essay on the "Princess," by S. E. Dawson; edition of "Princess," by P. M. Wallace. Next Subject: "In Memoriam."

### TENNYSON.

#### I.

THE world lies like an empty wood,  
All hollow to my tread,  
Because one bird that filled the gloom  
With beauty of the summer's bloom,  
Is hushed and mute and dead.

All seasons quickened to his song,  
The winter said rejoice:—  
But now all autumn is one drear  
And bleak and desolate wild mere,  
Because of that dead voice.

#### II.

The great souls leave us one by one,  
Like fallen towers they lie  
Of vanished greatness, in the vast  
And mighty graveyards of the past,  
Out toward the morning sky.

We children of the century's age,  
Still night-ward hold our way,  
With smouldering torches in our hands  
Across those lonely evening lands  
That stretch into the grey.

Strange voices call across the meres  
From myriad wandering hosts;  
The camp-fires of the ages bleak  
Fall ghastly on each haunted cheek,  
As midnight fires on ghosts.

Here tottering bands, confused stand,  
Beside the ruined ways,  
All-fearful of the roads ahead  
Some calling backward to the dead,  
Gone ghosts of other days.

There misery in some city grim,  
Goes mad with life's despair,  
And murder fell and passions' rout  
Rave past where centuries' hate flames out  
While death stalks grimly there.

Here toil all weary of long lease,  
Groans 'neath its burdened load,  
And the human ox at bay at last,  
Revives some devil of the past  
From misery's iron goad.

Yet we are great as all things are,  
Because of that weird fate,  
That weaves dread beauties through our lives;—  
In spite of gold, in spite of gyves,  
We are not less than great.

I see in cities vast and grim,  
In haunts of sordid strife,  
In lonely wastes and iron hills,  
Those wondrous gardens nature tills,  
The beauty of earth's life.

All history is one pageant vast,  
One blast of music blown;  
One wonder-song that thrills the soul,  
With greatness of that magic whole,  
That is life's very own.

#### III.

And he who with us yesterday,  
Late eased his mighty breast,  
And closed his eyes and crossed his hands  
And passed unto those boundless lands  
Where all earth's great dead rest:—

His was the morn, the heat of noon,  
And in the evening hour  
The God of nature grants him sleep,  
When shadows lengthen and grow deep,  
As love's most holy dower.

Most English of all England's host  
Of singers drops his lute,  
And the sweetest and the strongest lyre  
In all her glorious modern choir  
Now lies untuned and mute.

Court singer he, true laureate,  
Of sweetness and of grace,  
Yet never stooped, true baron he,  
For courtly favour, courtly fee,  
To cringe to what was base.

He sang the songs of England's might  
When England's heart was young,  
And blew on diapasone reeds,  
Such music of her hero deeds,  
As never men have sung.

And now with Shakespeare, Milton,  
And all the mighty dead,  
He sleeps at last on English ground,  
With all his English loves around,  
And English skies o'er-head.

Those haunts he loved so well to sing,  
And none more great than he,  
To weave their beauties into song,  
Since Chaucer, Spencer passed along,  
In song's first majesty.

In the great shadowy 'minster walls,  
Where England's love doth keep,  
The glory of her glorious days,  
The brows that wore her nobler bays  
In their illustrious sleep:—

Soon, soon 'mid tears of half the world,  
With all the pomp of death,  
They lay the mighty singer down,  
To the well-earned rest, the poet's crown,  
And the sleep that knows no breath.

Where rests that other lofty heart,  
King singer of song's deep seers;—  
And on them, mighty, dreamless twain,  
Unstirred, will fall like voiceless rain,  
The dread and doomful years.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

Ottawa, October 8, 1892.

### THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE AND THE CARE THAT IT DEMANDS.

THE conservation of the people's life and lives, in all the various issues the theorem involves, is the function of politics and administrative effort, and not primarily the promotion of the personal interests of this man or that. We cultivate ability and capacity when we find them, because those qualities in the men who are charged to represent us best serve the object always presented to our efforts—the happiness of the people in subordination to the divine control of the world's affairs, with all the comfort and attractiveness the condition includes (all of which has been well set forth by Mr. Campbell in the new *Lake Magazine*), in preference to any form of merely material progress considered in itself and for its own sake. We should strive to deserve success, but we need not be too sentimental in conducting the argument, for the best and noblest vehicle of sentiment is the Christian Church in its various organizations, though it also finds itself sometimes in committee of action.

The permanent advancement of the community in the means of existence and enjoyment and self-discipline, falling upon the governing powers or classes, will need right desires to begin with, which are sentiment, and also much practical efficiency of procedure, and the constant breaking-up of the blunted shafts of a false logic, with which the men that are at ease so often seek to repel every honest and whole-souled attempt to promote the general welfare.

A city set upon a hill cannot be hid. Upon the magnetism of the rulers in their addresses to the community we need not now enlarge. They have the impending visitation of cholera to think of, now, and we trust will be blessed in the use of well-considered means for its resistance. Though we generalize by way of start and impetus in this work of amelioration, we do not look for any practical results from generalization alone; and this is perhaps the greatest delusion of the anonymous press. Every case will have to be taken up in the concrete, and on its own merits, before success can be realized. And so we come to our present item—our saddest fact and event in the recent news of the time; it is taken from the *Montreal Witness* of Sept. 13. The reference is to the latest crippling and killing upon the streets of the commercial metropolis where they are crossed by the Grand Trunk Railway, and are shunted over every day and nearly every hour in the making-up of trains. The extract is rather