

"Not clever at all!" Louise felt a sudden disappointment. She knew she was not clever; she was pretty, and that was enough. She believed that a clever woman must of necessity be an ugly one; but she thought that all men should be clever—how else were they to earn money and get on in the world? She was not repelled by this account of Jean Marie; she knew that Mathurin disliked him, and therefore was not likely to do him justice; she was interested in thinking that this wild, fierce man had been so amiable to her.

"Men soften as they grow older," she said, uttering her thoughts aloud more than speaking to Mathurin. "I have heard that Monsieur Mao disliked his stepmother. I daresay she made him wicked."

"There was no stepmother when I lived at the farm of Braspard." Mathurin spoke doggedly. "A man may smooth his tongue, but the will does not change till he grows older than Jean Marie Mao; he is a fierce hard man, and his will is so strong that it will break the will that sets itself against it."

"I like a man to have a strong will"—Louise was talking to herself again, though she spoke aloud—"a strong man will love better than a weak one. I think Jean Marie will make a good husband."

"All women are fools," Mathurin muttered to himself. "He may make a good husband, but I tell you he would not suit you."

Louise smiled. "I am not going to marry him, so you need not be so in earnest; but why should he not suit me?"

The old man looked at her gravely for several minutes, then shook his head, and turned again to his work.

Louise jumped up, and put her hand on his shoulder. "Come, come, Mathurin, no mystery—what is there about me that makes me specially unfit to be his wife?"

Mathurin groaned. "You are pretty, and you are foolish, you do not like work and you like flatterers; if Jean Marie thought his wife liked to be looked at, he would shoot her as he would shoot a wolf."

His dark, sunken eyes gleamed, and Louise shuddered. But again she remembered Mathurin's quarrel with the farmer, and she told herself he was prejudiced.

"You are cross this morning. I suppose that boy, Jules, has vexed you. I shall leave you to digest your ill-temper."

She sauntered round to the pool. The mill was idle this morning, and the dark green water lay in untroubled depth. The girl stood gazing into it. The old man's works had disturbed her.

"How easy it would be to drown here!" she thought. "I wonder why I asked all that about Jean Marie? I like Christophe best; but then, if he cannot marry—well, I shall talk to him at the fête, and dance with him, too. He does not guess that I can dance so well." This last thought was comforting, and chased away her unusual gloom."

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR SPECTATOR,—Your last number contains an article by "Quis" on the "Prerogatives of the Crown," which is a fair sample of Conservative fairness and reliability in political controversy. I do not propose to criticise the article further than to call the attention of any who may not have Mr. Todd's pamphlet at hand to the fact that in the article Mr. Todd is involved as supporting "Quis" in a position which is directly opposed to the conclusion that Mr. Todd really arrives at. The following passage from Mr. Todd's pamphlet shows the value to be placed on "Quis" as a guide.

Mr. Todd, p. 30, in concluding his remarks on the powers of a Lieutenant-Governor, says:—

"So that, in a modified but *most real sense*, even the Lieutenant-Governors of the Canadian Provinces are *representatives of the Crown*, and inasmuch as the system of responsible government has been extended and applied to the Provincial Constitutions, within their respective spheres of action, as unreservedly as in the Dominion itself, it follows that that system ought to be carried out, in its entirety; and that the Lieutenant-Governor should *stand in the same relation towards his Executive Council, as is occupied by the Governor-General in the Dominion, or by the Queen in the Mother Country.*"

The italics are mine.

Montreal, 5th April, 1878.

BETA.

CHRIST AS A TEMPERANCE REFORMER.—Christ lived in an age when intemperance was as widespread a vice as it is to day. Modern society furnishes no parallel to the Greek symposium, a drinking bout which often lasted for days or even weeks. The heathen religions offered no theoretical remedy to drunkenness; the Jewish religion did not practically prevent it. "It is a shame, said one of the most famous of the Greek moralists "to get drunk except on the feast of Bacchus." "On the feast of Purim," said the Talmudic precept, "the pious Jew should get so mellow that he cannot distinguish between Haman and Mordecai." But it is quite needless to cite such authorities. The first chapter of Romans tells the story of Greek and Roman self-indulgence. The parable of the Prodigal Son would be false to nature if riotous living was not also common in the Holy Land. Into such a state of society the Divine Master came. There was a total abstinence sect, the Essenes; there was a total abstinence society, the Nazarites. His second cousin, John the Baptist, belonged to the latter body. Jesus neither joined nor attacked either body. He did not practise total abstinence Himself; He did not enjoin it upon His followers; but He did not criticise it when practised by others. Various explanations have been offered of His miraculous creation of wine at a wedding. His habitual use of it with His friends, His employment of it as a sacred symbol in the Last Supper. These explanations it is needless for us to discuss. It is certainly true that He did not set the example of total abstinence to His followers, or prescribe it as a specific for drunkenness. He recognised no specific. He proposed no other remedy than that which he employed for all sin. He laboured to develop the spiritual nature of men; to bring them to consecration to God and into communion with God; to put the animal down by bringing the spiritual up. He taught something better than self-control, namely, Divine control. He gave men liberty by making them children of God.—*Christian Word Pulpit.*

If Noah had shut himself up in his ark, and let his family eat nothing but what could be grown upon his decks, he would soon have had an outcry against population, and an Emigration Committee; and Shem, Ham, and Japhet would have been "distressed manufacturers." It can make no difference except in the size of the experiment, whether men are confined to the corn of an ark or an island.—*Thomas P. Thompson.*

CURRENT LITERATURE.

GREEN'S HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE, II. New York: Harper & Brothers; Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

The first chapter of this volume is headed "The Monarchy," and describes the principal events that marked the period from 1461 to 1540. The House of York was in power—and under it the nation returned towards Constitutionalism: Monarchy drawing supplies from the people, and the people exercising a check upon the Monarchy. The chapter headed "The Revival of Learning," is full of interest, giving an account of the conditions under which learning revived; and sketches of More, Colet, Erasmus, and Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, of whom we get this glimpse:

The archbishop's life was a simple one; and an hour's pleasant reading, a quiet chat with some learned new-comer, alone broke the endless round of civil and ecclesiastical business. Few men realised so thoroughly as Warham the new conception of an intellectual and moral equality, before which the old distinctions of the world were to vanish away. His favourite relaxation was to sup among a group of scholarly visitors, enjoying their fun and retorting with fun of his own. Colet, who had now become Dean of St. Paul's, and whose sermons were now stirring all London, might often be seen with Grocyn and Linacre at the Primate's board. There, too, might probably have been seen Thomas More, who, young as he was, was already famous through his lectures at St. Lawrence on "The City of God."

When Erasmus wandered to Paris it was Warham's invitation which recalled him to England. When the rest of his patrons left him to starve on the sour beer of Cambridge, it was Warham who sent him fifty angels. "I wish there were thirty legions of them," the Primate puns, in his good-humoured way.

A good, if not brilliant, analysis of More's Utopia is given, so that those who have not read the dream may understand its interpretation, and the condition of society which it was intended to remedy.

But the latter half of the volume will, probably, have most interest for the general reader, for it contains portraits of the men famous in the time of the Reformation, and those who surrounded Elizabeth. Mr. Froude has given in his account of Mary and the Catholic reaction, a brilliant, if not over accurate piece of historical writing. Mr. Green's description of the same event would suffer but little from comparison with Mr. Froude's. In his portraits of Henry VIII., his chief contemporaries, his famous daughters and their advisers, he is most markedly just. Here is one of many paragraphs which might be quoted. Speaking of Elizabeth he says:—

"She was at once the daughter of Henry and of Anne Boleyn. From her father she inherited her frank and hearty address, her love of popularity and of free intercourse with the people, her dauntless courage and her amazing self-confidence. Her harsh, manlike voice, her impetuous will, her pride, her furious outbursts of anger came to her with her Tudor blood. She rated great nobles as if they were schoolboys; she met the insolence of Lord Essex with a box on the ear; she broke now and then into the gravest deliberations to swear at her Ministers like a fishwife. Strangely in contrast with these violent outlines of her father's temper stood the sensuous, self-indulgent nature she drew from Anne Boleyn. Splendour and pleasure were with Elizabeth the very air she breathed. Her delight was to move in perpetual progresses from castle to castle through a series of gorgeous pageants, fanciful and extravagant as a caliph's dream. She loved gaiety and laughter and wit. A happy retort or a finished compliment never failed to win her favour. She hoarded jewels. Her dresses were innumerable. Her vanity remained, even to old age, the vanity of a coquette in her teens. No adulation was too fulsome for her, no flattery of her beauty too gross."

The sketches of Cromwell are equally good, and what pleases us most in the book is, that while there is evidence of great care and painstaking in the delineation of character and the record of facts, the reading is pleasant. The purpose at first announced is being carried out, and Mr. Green is giving "a history, not of English Kings or English conquests, but of the English people."

SPIRITUAL STRUGGLES OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC. An autobiographical sketch by Louis N. Beaudry. New York: Nelson & Phillips, 1875.

The Rev. Mr. Beaudry is a convert from Romanism who, unlike most "verts," is not given over to the "odium theologium" in discussing the tenets of his former faith in comparison with Protestantism, but presents what he now conceives to be its errors in a manner that is remarkable for its fairness and kind treatment. The story of his difficulties and the way in which he found an escape from them is told in a series of conversations with his family and some friends, which from their easy style avoid the obtrusiveness of personal narration, and awake interest in the application made by the hearers of Mr. Beaudry's experience. Not the least valuable part of his treatment of Romanism and its contradictions is the amount of correct information as to its real teaching and his condemnation of vulgar errors in this respect, errors too frequently persisted in by even the most intelligent Protestants. Nevertheless, while speaking with all kindness and respect, his argument is plain and forcible, its arrangement skilful and the illustrations apt. Additional interest attaches to the book from the fact that its author, though born in Vermont, is of a French Canadian family.

THE VATICAN LIBRARY.—Passing down the right colonnade of St. Peter's the visitor reaches the chief entrance to the Vatican, the Scala Regia, a gigantic and highly-adorned staircase leading to the audience hall. After traversing various broad and interlacing passages, one comes into a corridor 2,000 feet long, in the walls of which are set 3,000 slabs, covered with ancient inscriptions. This is the famous Lapidarian Gallery. The fragments of pagan origin on the right are confronted on the left with early Christian epitaphs. While walking through this gloomy corridor toward the heavy iron doors near its further end, one can but feel that the striking contrast between the pagan and Christian epitaphs, forms a fit approach to the halls which entomb that vast collection of heathen and Christian literatures, the *Libreria Vaticana*. The scene bursting upon the view as the visitor enters this library is one of ideal splendor. Imagine a grand hall over 200 feet long, divided by seven large ornamented pillars; its walls and high arched ceilings decorated with graceful frescoes and illuminated in gold and brilliant colors; its luminous perspective extended to a junction with two long transverse galleries of magnificent paintings, while in the recesses are shown collections of costly and royal presents, vases of malachite, porcelain, and alabaster, mosaic tables, cabinets of enamels, carvings in ivory, and numberless other precious objects of art. There is no visible suggestion that these halls are a library. Nowhere is a book to be seen. Yet these galleries hold more than 125,000 books and manuscripts, comprising many of the rarest literary treasures of the world. But all are locked up in gilded and decorated cabinets, and seem to be made as difficult of access as possible. Only one small obscure room is assigned for literary work; and this is open but three hours in the day, and from these days are excluded all the numerous Church festival days. The Vatican Library is a vast tomb of books; the tomb is a splendid one, but its decorations and external beauty by no means compensate for the entombment of the treasures which it shuts up from public use.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

The annual report of the Astor Library in New York shows that \$32,113 were expended in 1877, of which \$27,815 were devoted to the purchase of books alone. The fund for the maintenance of the library is \$417,500, and the entire fund amounts to \$1,050,405. The total number of volumes now in the library is 177,387, an increase of 24,541 during the past two years.

The craze for first editions continues unabated. At a recent sale in London the first editions of Milton's "Comus," "Lycidas" and "Paradise Lost" produced respectively \$250, \$390, and \$170; an original set of Byron's poems, \$85; Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," \$67; Ruskin's "Modern Painters" and "Stones of Venice," \$146; and the 1640 edition of Shakespeare's poems, \$310.