

Handel and Mendelssohn has endowed us. No where else in England can they be so heard, and hence the attraction and interest of these annual gatherings.

The *Athenæum* has set agoing a rumour likely to cause anxiety about the Queen's health. According to that usually well-informed paper, Her Majesty will not undertake a trip to Germany this year, on account of inability to bear the journey. On this point I should be more inclined to accept as a reason for her not going, the very unsettled state of affairs in that country, and the general tosy-turviness which has ensued upon its being so effectively Bismarcked. Supposing she went, the Queen would find herself very much in the position of a visitor who drops in for a day or two upon a lady friend just engaged in her spring "cleaning;" and would be pretty well as much in the way. But the *Athenæum* positively asserts that Her Majesty is declining in health, and points to her just announced refusal to take part in the inaugural ceremonies of the Albert Memorials at Manchester and Liverpool, the reason for which is expressly stated to be "inability to bear the consequent fatigue." If this be so, I am sorry for the Queen; and, in any case, I am sorry for the disappointed committees, who, evidently, made full sure of the royal presence. They knew Her Majesty's devotion to the memory of her consort, and seeing that their towns lay all in her way from Balmoral, they were justified in the expectation. There are some people here, however, who are rather glad than sorry. They say that we have had enough of this Albertolatry, and that it is ridiculous to go on multiplying memorials of a man who, when living, obtained but a slight hold upon the popular affection. They may be right in this, just as they may in the further charge they make against the memorial raisers, when they taunt them with toadyism.

We begin to be seriously alarmed about our harvest.

"The rain, it raineth every day,
And the wind is never weary"

of blowing up more from the Atlantic. So wet an autumn has rarely been known in the memory of "the oldest inhabitant." Already the low-lying lands over vast tracts of the country are under water, while in many cases very alarming floods have been the result. And yet the downpour continues. All this time much of the harvest, more particularly in the north, remains uncut, or uncarried, at the mercy of the elements. Wheat of good quality for the next winter we have ceased to expect; whether we shall get any at all of English growth is now the question. Of course, under these circumstances the loaf is getting dearer; but we hug ourselves with the notion that, let the harvest be bad as it may, there will still be enough; and thinking so, we bless the memory of Richard Cobden.

What a glorious achievement was the picking up of the old Atlantic cable? It was, of course, expected that such rewards as our government and traditions allow to the benefactors of their species would be conferred upon the enterprising men who accomplished it. So it has turned out, for Messrs. Canning and Glass are to be knighted. That is to say, the same reward will be bestowed upon them as is usually granted to a provincial mayor, or a London sheriff, for successfully managing a royal reception. When will our "powers that be" emancipate themselves from the trammels of rotten customs; and learn to reward people according to the good they do. We have had lately a lot of nobodies in particular raised to the peerage; heavy country squires, with no soul beyond the broad acres which made up their only qualification; while at the same time the discoverer of the source of the Nile goes down to death unhonoured; and the men who unite two hemispheres get a trumpety knighthood, which self-respect should prompt them to decline. They manage these things better in France, and elsewhere.

We had a remarkable murder in London lately, This was the manner of its doing:—A loose, shiftless fellow, named Jeffreys, had a son about eight years old, who was placed by his father to

live with a female relative, the mother being dead. One night a little while ago, Jeffreys took the lad away, telling the people who had charge of him that they would, probably, never see him again. From their house he seems to have made his way to a dark cellar in St. Giles, where he tied his son's hands behind his back, then took out a rope, and deliberately hung him, getting safely away. Of course the murder was soon discovered, and a hue and cry raised for the murderer, whose hunting down was stimulated by an offered reward of £100. Weeks passed, and yet our boasted detectives could do nothing, although the man was living somewhere in the north without the pretence of concealment. Probably he would not have been discovered now, had he not gone to the police and surrendered himself. He denies the crime, and most likely gave himself up through inability to bear the constant dread of arrest in which he must have passed his days. There is no doubt of his guilt, for the handkerchief with which the poor lad's hands were tied has been identified as belonging to his inhuman parent.

Two more collisions in our narrow seas. This time it was a northern steamer and a Cornish schooner that came to loggerheads, the latter, of course, getting the worst of it, and going down with the captain and two hands. About the same time two other vessels also played the now fashionable game of "ramming" with a somewhat similar result. Positively we shall soon begin to consider a coasting trip as a matter of greater danger than a run across to Montreal. The frequency of these collisions is very remarkable, and leads us almost to believe that they obey some natural law of flux and reflux, like the ocean upon which they occur.

Father Ignatius is cropping up again. But I forget that the fame of Father Ignatius may not have reached you yet. This notorious young man, then, is a deacon of the Church of England, who, some few years ago, took it into his head to revive among us the order of St. Benedict. For this purpose he began where charity should—at home. He took off his shoes and stockings, his plain black broad cloth, and his respectable hat, and straightway astonished our streets by the apparition of a sandalled, bare-headed, and serge-dressed monk. Wonderful was the sensation caused by this middle-age revival in our midst, and proportionate was the ridicule heaped upon it. But Father Ignatius cared for none of these things. He brought to his work an enthusiasm which nothing could daunt; so, in season and out of season, he went about preaching monasticism, till, having gained a few disciples, he was enabled to open a monastery at Norwich. Then began the time of trouble for poor Father Ignatius. Ernest and sincere himself, leading a blameless life, and given up entirely to asceticism, he could not tolerate the least departure from the strict rules he laid down. Very unlike him were some of his converts. They rebelled against his authority, and set him at defiance, while some returned to the world, and told strange tales about the Norwich monastery. Yet the Father struggled on till his weak frame gave way, and illness supervened; then he returned to the parental roof, but before doing so, had to resume the ordinary dress of an English clergyman, a condition upon which his father insisted. Restored to health, he has once more returned to his work, and a few days ago there came out a startling story, to the effect that the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of London, had recognised the order of St. Benedict, that Ignatius was to be admitted to priest's orders, and to be forthwith licensed within the metropolitan diocese. Great was the surprise and indignation of staunch Protestants at the news, to calm which the *Morning Herald* appeared yesterday with an authoritative article denying that the Benedictine order was to be recognised, but admitting that negotiations had been entered into with the Father, with the view of securing his talents and energy in the more legitimate service of the church. As, however, the article went on to say: Father Ignatius, contrary to agreement, had again insisted on the monkish dress, and the foundation of monkish houses, the Archbishop deemed it useless any longer to at-

tempt to guide his movements. So the matter stands, and the Superior of the English Benedictines is thrown once more upon his own resources. This is only an illustration of the general state of our church. It is divided against itself, and its standing will be a wonder. Low Church, High Church, Broad Church, and no Church at all, are within its pale, snarling and quarrelling one with another, and so they are likely to go on till the fabric tumbles about their ears.

A REVERIE OF AGE.

DON'T you remember, Tom,
The "long time ago,"
When we two were boys, Tom,
Hair was not like snow,
Cheeks were plump and ruddy, then,
Hearts were wondrous light,
Step was more elastic
Than it is to-night.

How a lifetime flies, Tom,
How our friends depart!
How one's little idols
Are pluck'd out from the heart!
The hopes we cherished once, Tom,
The loves we once did vow,
Scarcely any form part
Of our history now.

There was Maggie Noretten,
She was to be yours;
Don't you mind a courtin
Her across the moors?
Peggy May was mine, Tom,
I was Peggy May's;
Oh! how bright, how happy
Were those boyish days!

The master is dead, Tom,
The school-house tumbled down,
Peggy's once white cottage
Is now a musty brown.
She and Mag lie yonder,
'Neath the willow's sigh,
And the breezes echo
The loss of you and I.

Here are you and I, Tom,
All, of all the boys!
Talking of past sorrows,
Telling school-boy joys.
We were more than brothers, Tom,
Each one lost his love,
Let us still keep friends and meet
With Peg and Mag above.

Montreal.

W. G. B.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

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CHAPTER XVIII.—KATAFANGO THE MAGICIAN.

Mr. Brackenridge's wound, without being a dangerous one, was sufficiently severe to confine him to the house for several days. It was given out in Normanford that he had fallen and sprained his left shoulder, and as he had sufficient knowledge of surgery to enable him to dispense with the services of a doctor in the case, the secret of his night's adventure was confined to himself and his sister. Hannah tended him faithfully, and asked no questions; being, indeed, well aware, from previous experience, that her brother always "cut up rough," as he himself termed it, when cross-examined against his will. Mr. Brackenridge's temper, which was not angelic at the best of times, was by no means improved by confinement to his own room; but his fits of captious irritability were interspersed with long hours of silent, gloomy brooding, during which—so Hannah's feminine instinct told her—he was busy hatching some black scheme of revenge against his neighbour next door, a scheme which that taciturn and quietly-watchful young person determined to do her utmost to frustrate. She loved the hand-