

Icilius watches with grave interest the landlord empty into a tall silver pitcher the contents of a dusty flask; and then he approaches Icilius and exclaims with pride, "There's a perfume for you!" Icilius extends his hand. "But that wine is for our betters; we'll have something together by and by." Icilius grasps the flagon. "Stop, you madman! what are you doing?" for Icilius drinks the wine with every gesture of approval, "You will ruin me!"

"Peace, rascal! and learn that a veteran of the Republic has no betters." The landlord recoiled with a "Lord! how fiery he is," and then addressed Icilius in a courteous manner, "Pardon! Monsieur has then served?"

"As you say."

"Ah! we, too, in Dijon saw the Republicans. They danced the Carmagnole in the churches and threw down the altars. And, what do you think? The mayor drove out the Cistercian brothers, glad enough were they to escape with their lives, and gave their church for a fish-market. Somehow it doesn't seem right."

"Pooh! what if the lazy monks were made to shift for themselves?"

"I am a plain man and don't meddle in politics; the pleasure of my guest is concern enough for me. Yet I can't help thinking that no good will come of troubling the holy fathers."

"What ill effects have you noticed?" inquired Icilius with something approaching a sneer.

"I don't know if I can explain myself. Men now wear sad faces and seem always thoughtful. It is lonely at times now in the Chapeau Rouge. They who used to revel of old were hunted out. There is now no danger, but men are still sad."

"Bondsmen turned on their oppressors; slaves on their masters."

"But Monsieur himself follows M. Charles?"

"That is different."

"Ah!" the landlord's ejaculation expressed himself as fully satisfied.

"Listen," for Icilius wished to convince him, "I was corporal under his father; we served together, and when he fell he spoke to me of his youthful son. I was not worse than a dog. Since then I have never left him."

"Monsieur is a man of heart! He is right; it is different. My Lizette has taken some refreshment to the gentlemen, and if Monsieur will do me the honour of dining with me—very well; this way. But no more lessons, if you please." (*Exeunt.*)

W. H. H.

PEACE AND LIBERTY.

Rest after work; refreshing sleep and rest! Sing, poet, sing! but not of feats of arms "by flood and field." Sing not of the spoils of war; nor of renowned victories of peace. Sing not of nature in her season of unfolding. That is a time of hard, unfeeling labour; a time of sorrow too; for only the strong survive the gray bleakness of the tardy spring, the weak fall, disabled, to die. Sing me not a song of work—not even a song to cheer the daily round of toil. For, lo, the winter is past, and toil is over. Let me, then, resting, hear a simply happy song from thy "place of nestling green for poets made." And, to enjoy thee as I ought, let me away from the begrimed town. Find me a spot where I may lie and dream, or sleep but to awake at thy behest. A spot like that of which a poet wrote:

"The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet birds which with a modest pride
Pull drooping, in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty leaved and finely tapering stems,
Had not yet lost those starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn."

To picture out the quaint and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley, never ending,
Or by the bowery clefts and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.
I gazed awhile, and felt as light and free
As though the fanning wings of Mercury
Had played upon my heels; I was light-hearted,
And many pleasures to my vision started."

Sing, poet, sing! My brothers hear the song! And be its burden *peace and liberty*.

"The time of the singing of birds is come." Happy is the man who has music in himself to attune his ear to these gentle notes; thrice happy he who can lift up his voice in true accord with nature's sweet singing. Who would not glory in his voice who could sing:

"The busy lark, the messenger of day,
Saluteth with his song the morning gray;
And fiery Phoebus riseth up so bright
That all the Orient laugheth at the sight."

Alas! that here we have no lark; and alas! that if we had, there are but few to rise to greet the herald of the morn.

Who does not envy the voice that sang:

"But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night;
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke.
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy evening song."

Such gift of song is to a few rare spirits. Be thankful if thou hast the gift of enjoyment. That thou mayest possess of thine own will. And now that thy liberty is restored to thee, take the pleasures of it in full meed. Enjoy thyself. Now that the winter of thy discontent has sped away like the mist of the morning, let the glorious summer make thy life-blood bound impatient, and bring love to thine heart. Lay thy head upon great Nature's breast, and let its pulsings teach thee what love is.

Cast away thy books, and court the Cherub Contemplation. Long have thy "due feet walked the studious cloister's pale;" let them now seek the scented lanes and verdant fields. When the gentle gloam has bathed the heated brow of the summer's day, then mayest thou follow the example of the patriarch of old, who walked in the fields at even to commune with his own spirit. Yet beware lest thou follow him still further, and lift thine eyes upon Rebecca; and, above all, beware lest Rebecca lift her eyes upon thee.

J. O. M.

LAURA SECORD AND OTHER POEMS.

We have received the advance sheets of a forthcoming Canadian book of poems by Mrs. Sarah Anne Curzon. The volume bears the title: "Laura Secord, the Heroine of 1812; and Other Poems." The drama from which the book takes its name is in blank verse, with twenty-four characters in the cast, and hosts of supernumeraries. The extract given is too short, and the incident chosen is not of an exciting or emotional character, to allow us to judge fairly of the merits of the drama. There is a very broad farce called "The Sweet Girl Graduate," dignified by the title of comedy, which appeared in *Grip's Almanac* in 1882, and which is entirely out of place in a collection of this kind. Besides these dramas there are some two dozen poems, including some translations from the French. The specimens given are too meagre to justify a criticism of Mrs. Curzon's ability as a poet. The book is to be published by subscription.

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