

day, of literature, of public persons, and incidents, of everything which was generally interesting. He seemed always to be better informed on common topics of conversation than any one else who was present. He was never condescending with us, never didactic or authoritative; but what he said carried conviction along with it. When we were wrong he knew why we were wrong, and excused our mistakes to ourselves while he set us right. Perhaps his supreme merit as a talker was that he never tried to be witty or to say striking things. Ironical he could be, but not ill-natured. Not a malicious anecdote was ever heard from him. Prosy he could not be. He was lightness itself—the lightness of elastic strength—and he was interesting because he never talked for talking's sake, but because he had something real to say.

Thus it was that we, who had never seen such another man, and to whom he appeared, perhaps, at special advantage in contrast with the normal college don, came to regard Newman with the affection of pupils (though pupils, strictly speaking, he had none) for an idolized master. The simplest word which dropped from him was treasured as if it had been an intellectual diamond.

Personal admiration, of course, inclined us to look to him as a guide in matters of religion. No one who heard his sermons in those days can ever forget them. They were seldom directly theological. We had theology enough and to spare from the select preachers before the university. Newman, taking some Scripture character for a text, spoke to us about ourselves, our temptations, our experiences. His illustrations were inexhaustible. He seemed to be addressing the most secret consciousness of each of us—as the eyes of a portrait appear to look at every person in a room. He never exaggerated; he was never unreal. A sermon from him was a poem, formed on a distinct idea, fascinating by its subtlety, welcome—how welcome!—from its sincerity, interesting from its originality, even to those who were careless of religion; and to others who wished to be religious, but had found religion dry and wearisome, it was like the springing of a fountain out of the rock.

The hearts of men vibrate in answer to one another like the strings to musical instruments. These sermons were, I suppose, the records of Newman's own mental experience. They appear to me to be the outcome of continued meditation upon his fellow-creatures and their positions in this world; their awful responsibilities; the mystery of their nature strangely mixed, of good and evil, of strength and weakness. A tone, not of fear, but of infinite pity, runs through them all, and along with it a resolution to look facts in the face; not to fly to evasive generalities about infinite mercy and benevolence, but to examine what revelation really has added to our knowledge, either of what we are or of what lies before us. We were met on all sides with difficulties, for experience did not confirm, it rather contradicted, what revelation appeared distinctly to assert. I recollect a sermon from him—I think in the year 1839; I have never read it since; I may not now remember the exact words, but the impression left is ineffaceable. It was on the trials of faith, of which he gave different illustrations. He supposed, first, two children to be educated together, of similar temperament and under similar conditions, one of whom was baptized and the other unbaptized. He represented them as growing up equally amiable, equally upright, equally reverent and God-fearing, with no outward evidence that one was in a different spiritual condition from the other; yet we were required to believe not only that their condition was totally different, but that one was a child of God and his companion was not.

Again, he drew a sketch of the average men and women who made up society, whom we ourselves encountered in daily life, or were connected with, or read about in newspapers. They were neither special saints, nor special sinners. None seemed good enough for heaven, none so bad as to deserve to be consigned to the company of evil spirits, and to remain in pain and misery forever.

Yet all these people were, in fact, divided one from the other by an invisible line of separation. If they were to die on the spot as they actually were, some would be saved, the rest would be lost—the saved to have eternity of happiness, the lost to be with the devils in hell.

Again, I am not sure whether it was on the same occasion, but it was in following the same line of thought, Newman described closely some of the incidents of our Lord's passion; he then paused. For a few moments there was a breathless silence. Then, in a low, clear voice, of which the faintest vibration was audible in the farthest corner of St. Mary's, he said: "Now I bid you recollect that He to whom these things were done was Almighty God." It was as if an electric stroke had gone through the church, as if every person present understood for the first time the meaning of what he had all his life been saying. I suppose it was an epoch in the mental history of more than one of my Oxford contemporaries.

J. ANTHONY FROUDE.

#### Short Studies in English History.



Mrs. J. F. Thomson, soprano, and Miss Robinson, the daughter of ex-Lieut. Governor Robinson, of Toronto, are both singers. These ladies would have fine success in oratorio or concert.

There are two Hamilton ladies whose voices are known in musical circles to be exceptionally artistic. They are Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, a splendid contralto, and Mrs. George Hamilton, a dramatic soprano.

John Morley, a native of Hamilton, is in New York, training for grand opera. He has a voice like Carl Formes at his best, a wonderful basso. Mr. Morley's compass extends from C to F, all the tones being equally good.

Mr. W. H. Clark, who is the principal basso of the Boston Ideals, is the son of Mr. Thomas Clark, collector of Customs at Winnipeg. He was born in Hamilton, and during his boyhood resided for a few years in Guelph. His grandfather, Mr. Hutchinson Clark, who was mayor of Hamilton in 1868, was a prominent basso in his time, and his father was a fine singer. An uncle also attained some prominence as a basso. While in Guelph young Clark sang alto in a Methodist choir until he was about sixteen years of age.

Signor Agramente, the well-known pianist and teacher of New York, who was in Toronto a short time ago, appears to have taken quite a fancy to Canadians as singers for the stage. Agramente says that he has a theory of his own about the voice in cold countries. Canada will produce a wonder in the way of a soprano yet. He has found a wider range of good voices in Canada than anywhere else. The women, too, have an attraction all their own. He is not detracting from his own countrywomen, but they will have to keep on practising to keep up with the Canadians.

#### INCIDENTS IN CUPID'S LIFE.

In days of old, when father Jove  
Was pierced by Cupid's dart of flame,  
He sternly frown'd, and smiling Love  
A flitting butterfly became.

Changed to light wings of tender blue  
His tiny arms grew quickly less;  
His darts were down of sunny hue,  
And gleamed in golden loveliness.

The urchin, now disarmed, no more  
With love's sweet pains young hearts can fill,  
But flits, while Pleasure strays before,  
From flower to flower in rapture still.

And yet the insect beau was sad  
In fragrant vale and fairy bower;  
Remembrance of the past forbade  
Enjoyment of the present hour.

Then, touched with pity for the boy,  
Jove softly said, "Dear babe, be free;  
Thy wanton sports again enjoy,  
But—never try those tricks on me!"

Love changed, and to his quiver clings  
Each shaft as once in olden time;  
But still he keeps his radiant wings  
In memory of his former time.

And, roving like a butterfly,  
He trifles since that fatal day,  
One moment, breathes an earnest sigh,  
The next, flies gaily far away.

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.



A contemporary says lawyers are noted for losing their patience. How about doctors?

Soulful youth (languidly)—Do you sing "Forever and Forever?" She (practically)—No, I stop for meals.

"Still lying in his grave" is an Eastern paper's reply to the request: "Please inform an archæologist where the body of Ananias now is."

It is hard enough, any way, for a bachelor to hold a baby, but it is simply torture when it is the baby of the girl who jilted him heartlessly only three years before.

This occurred in New York; "Is Mr. Bromley tall?" "Personally he is." "Personally?" "Yes. Officially he is short—\$30,000 short. That's why he went to Montreal."

"I washed Willie's pants t'udder day, and dey shrank so dat de po' chile kin ha'dly walk in 'um. Won'er how I gwan fix 'um?" "Fry washin' de chile. Maybe he shrink too."

Restaurant waiter (to departing customer, who has failed to give him the accustomed tip)—You'll not forget me, will you?

Miserly Party—No, indeed. I'll write you a letter when I get home.

About every other Sunday some preacher down at Hutchinson takes as his text: "Ye are the salt of the earth." And when he announces it the people all stand up and say: She's all right, you bet! And then they sing the Doxology and go on with the service.

"I came to you, ma'am," said the tramp, "because they told me you was a friend of the human race."

"So I am," replied the lady of the house with a pleasant smile, "but you'll excuse me. I do not see how that fact can be of the slightest interest to you."

Editor; "You say you wish this poem to appear in my paper anonymously?" Would-be Contributor; "Yes; I don't want any name to it." "Then, I can't publish it." "Why not?" "Because I am conscientious about this matter. I don't want an unjust suspicion to fall upon some innocent person."

"I notice in the paper," said Mrs. Barracks, pouring out Mr. Barracks' coffee, "that a Brooklyn clergyman says that women should be permitted to whistle." "Yes," retorted Mr. Barracks, agreeably. "He is right. We should surely not deny a woman a privilege we accord to tug boats and locomotives."

First Poetical Aspirant (to second ditto): "So you say you've sent off more than a hundred poems and never had one returned?" Second P. A.: "That's what I said." First P. A.: "It's a phenomenal success! I wish I knew the secret." Second P. A.: "Well, I've sometimes thought it was because I never enclosed any postage stamps."

Passenger (to street car driver)—I suppose, my friend, that your hours are long and hard and your life full of trials?

Driver—Beggara, it is thot, sir. But I wuddent moind it but for wan thing.

Passenger—And what is that?

Driver—Fat ould wimen.

A young rascal, about 4 years old, found that the new baby rather interfered with his previous importance, and he became disgruntled. "Where's that baby come from, anyhow?" he enquired. "Out of the cabbage garden," he was informed. The next morning he was found, with a big kitchen knife, ripping open every cabbage he could reach, saying he didn't believe in mamma's new baby, and he was going to cabbage one for himself.

Broad Street Dame (waking from sleep as the clock strikes 11 p.m.)—Mercy me! Have you been down stairs reading all this time?

Husband—I've been sitting in the back parlor waiting for that young man to leave.

Remember, my dear, that you were young once yourself. I remember. That's why I watch him.

"Sin, my dear pupils," said Deacon Barnes to his Sunday school class, "is the legacy of Adam."

And the bright boy in the class remarked that that was probably the first case on record where a will was not broken.

"Yes," said the deacon, "but it should be remembered that there was enough to go round. I don't remember hearing of anybody who didn't receive his share of the inheritance."

A doctor met a little girl on a street in Kingston the other day. He had brought her through several severe cases of illness, and now she is strong and healthy. As she shook hands with him she smiled brightly and said:

"Doctor, I like you."

"Indeed," said the doctor; "then you hold no grudge because of the bad tasting medicine I gave you?"

"Oh, no," she replied, laughingly. "Do you remember when I was so sick and wanted candies?"

"Well, yes," said the doctor.

"And you said I could have gum drops. Ever since that time I have liked you," said the little girl, as she bounded up the street.