

Henri Murger brought out his novel, *Bohemian Life*, in 1848. The book was the first of that series of sketches of the peculiar people called Bohemians, so well followed up by Thackeray, and by others who have worked this vein with more zeal than discretion. But Murger's work was that of a master. It is full of pathos and untranslatable gaiety. He was a successful dramatist, and wrote several other tales, which shewed a humour more like that of Heine than of Voltaire—more human, less cynical. But Bohemian associates led the poet into dissipation which ruined his health. He had professed Voltairianism, but in his last illness, at an hospital, he was glad to call for a clergyman and receive the consolations of religion. A beautiful edition of his poems was got up after his death, in, I think, 1860, by Arsene Houssaye, Theophile Gautier, and other friends. I give a specimen, "The Sower of Sin:"

"On the path which led to the village a traveller walked alone; his hair was fiery red; his eyes shone with a sinister light; his pale face was contorted like that of one who had been strangled. As he passed, the flowers closed up their petals, the trees shook

as in a mighty wind, the birds ceased singing and hid their little ones under their wings. As he entered the village, the sick shivered, and the little children cried. He walked by the church, and the holy saints painted on the window became pale with terror. The priest standing before the altar forgot his prayer; the sacristan robbed the poor box; the server stole the wine from the chalice; the faithful dog who was turning the spit in the priest's kitchen stole the roast meat.

The stranger laughed. He said:
My master will be pleased.
He was an emissary of Satan,
And his mission was to sow sin.

I wrote this version of what is in the form, not of verse but of rythmical prose, from memory; it being many years since I lost my copy. Some of his ballads, "Musette," "Hier en voyant hirondelle," "Ma Cousine Angèle," and "Ma mie Annette" are among the most touching, graceful and natural French lyrics. I know of. And unlike too many others, Murger's verse is always clean. The book is called "Les Nuits d'Hiver," and may be got from Michel Levy, Paris.

—*Charles Pelham Mulwary.*

TO MAIDIE B. B.

(*Passed the Senior Matriculation at Toronto University, September, 1880.*)

SEEN in the brilliant sunshine of success,
The summer days and winter nights of toil;
The ghostly hours illumed by midnight oil,
The wearing study, dull suspense, the stress
Of thought that soon outwearies hopefulness,
Have vanished utterly; and nought remains
But the proud record of the year's sure gains.
Take the glad greeting I cannot repress!
Dear one, for thee, in all the woods about,
October flings her scarlet banners out.

Fenwick.

A. E. W.