

resolves certain doubts of Dante's and censures many of the preachers of that age who were rather to shine and amuse than to make known the Gospel. (xxix., 112).

"The sheep meanwhile, poor witless ones return

From pasture, fed with wind, and what avails
For their excuse, they do not see their harm?
Christ said not to His first Conventicle

"Go forth and preach impostures to the world,"

But gave them truth to build on, and the sound

Was mighty on their lips, nor needed they,
Beside the Gospel, other spear or shield
To aid them in the warfare for the faith.

The preacher now provides himself with store
Of jests and gibes; and so there be no lack
Of laughter, while he vents them, his big
cowl

Distends, and he has won the meed he
sought."

10. The Empyrean—the Highest Heaven.' (xxx-xxxiii). The dwelling place of God beyond space and time, whence bliss descends to every sphere. This is (xxx., 40)

"The heaven that is unbodied light;
Light intellectual replete with love,
Love of true happiness replete with joy,
Joy that transcends all sweetness of delight."

Before him appear the two courts of heaven,
the court of angels and the court of men. A stream of light swells into a vast ocean in which are reflected the countless multitudes of the redeemed who form the petals of the mystic Rose.

Beatrice leads Dante into the midst of the Rose whence he contemplates the vast company of the redeemed. Beatrice now leaves, and her place is taken by St. Bernard, the type of the contemplative life, who brings him into the presence of the B.V. Mary and other exalted saints until at last he is permitted to gaze upon God himself, upon the Mystery of the Holy Trinity.

WILLIAM CLARK.

PARIS LETTER.

It was on the 15th of October, 1793, that the French Republicans won the battle of Wattignies, and that compelled the raising of the siege of Maubege. The raw recruits of the baby Republic compelled the Austrians, commanded by the Prince of Coburg, to retire across the river Sambre. To let them retreat, was a tarnish on the victory. It was not a very great battle, but it was the opening of a series of historical events. It enabled the Republicans to flesh their maiden swords, and was the beginning of the fame of Lazare Carnot and of Jourdan. Hence the appropriateness of President Carnot inaugurating the monument commemorative of the victory won by his grandfather's counsels, and Jourdan's dashing skill. At the time, no more was thought of Carnot than of any other humble officer of the engineers. But that was the first victory he organized, by witnessing the actual sight of the battlefield beforehand. It was in his office he generally drew up his plans. Odd; it was by adopting the tactics of Frederick the Great that success was achieved. Both Carnot and Jourdan were stimulated to win; they had only to choose between laurels and the guillotine kept in readiness in the rear of the army, to chop off the head—*pour encourager les autres*—of the general who failed. Jourdan had no experience of war; he was but a well-to-do mercer and a corporal in the National Guard.

No one ever exactly knew how he became general, save that it was necessary to appoint some one to fill the vacancy created by the decapitation of the preceding commander. Even Jourdan after his success, was thrown into prison—that antechamber of the scaffold—for recommending a winter campaign. The Prince of Coburg said jokingly that if the Republicans dislodged him, he would at once become a Republican. "Well then, we shall make him a Republican before night," replied the French soldiers. The defeated Prince, however, remained Royalist.

In these days of *ad mirari*, expectation was on tiptoe to witness the four-act drama of M. Jules Lemaitre, *Les Rois*, and founded on his own novel of the same name. It is not easy for an author at any time to dramatize his own work. Zola has failed whenever he tried. Dumas succeeded—to say nothing of his *pere*—as the *Dame aux Camelias* for example. M. Lemaitre is a curious individual: full of keen observation and erudition; a philosopher, very painstaking, and very indolent. But very clever as a theatrical critic—perhaps now the best in France. He generally judges a play, not from the pit, but from the abode of the gods. *Les Rois* too was the new play commended by Sarah Bernhardt to inaugurate her theatre; the piece also had the advantage of a rumour that the Austrian Ambassador had protested against its representation, as recalling the suicide of the late Archduke and the Meyerling affair. There is really hardly any plot in the drama; it is a series of dialogues and scenes, intended to illustrate the thesis—very widely accepted as true, that kings are first like ordinary mortals, but possessing more miseries and imperfections—that after a king, the being next to be most pitied is a crown prince. The scene is laid in the imaginary Kingdom of "Alfania,"—Servia, Roumania and Hungary, to judge from the dresses of the artistes. King Christian has two sons—Otto, a scamp, steeped in debts and profligacy, and Hermann, a dreamer, who bemoans the sufferings of the masses, and wishes to relieve them. Feeling he cannot do so; he renounces his heir-apparent rights, and decides to retire to private life.

But the old king resolves to abdicate for a year and to allow Hermann to try his hand at governing the realm. Hermann institutes universal suffrage and all the machinery of 1893 constitutionalism; but the old politicians, declining to march through Coventry with the experimental majesty, retire. The young queen, Wilhelmine, is a strict believer in the right divine. Hermann is hailed as the father of his people. But, as ill-luck would have it, there is a Nihilist, Latanief, much beloved by the populace, undergoing political imprisonment for his revolutionary doctrines. The multitude indulges in a manifestation before the palace; Hermann orders the gates to be thrown open that he may address his subjects. Once inside the garden the multitude wishes to enter the palace, and commence smashing the doors to get in. The general in command requests orders from the king: "Do your duty." The general "beats" the Riot Act—three rolls of the drum; the people not dispersing, he orders the troops to fire; the palace garden is covered with dead, but the survivors now call Hermann, the well-beloved, the murderer of his subjects.

Otto wants to make hay while the sun shines; he demands a decoration for a shady

banker; Hermann refuses. The brothers become enemies. Queen Wilhelmine reproaches Hermann, and calls upon him to govern on divine right principles. Refusal. But Otto has discovered that Hermann lives in a secluded villa with a mistress, Frida, the Nihilist's sister, and guides the queen to Rosamond's bower. The queen raises her revolver to shoot Frida, but the bullet kills her husband. Otto has got into trouble; he has been discovered by a forest guard trying to elope with his grandchild; he at once shoots Otto dead. The throne goes a-begging; the old king will have none of it; so his grandson is made king, with Queen Wilhelmine regent, and right divine reigns. Moral: Never accept a kingship if offered you, gentle reader. "Sarah" was of course the queen, but in trying to force success, she allowed too many of her stage tricks to be seen. Her voice is ceasing to be "cooling," and is becoming raspy, and her movements stiff; but remember she is on the shady side of fifty and is a grandmother.

Now that the coal war is over till it again breaks out, it would be charity to tell the public what it was all about. The only person who has scored in the matter is M. Clemenceau. He proposed that as the press had proved so successful with giving the Russians a welcome in Paris, and the Committee has an unexpended balance to its credit of 40,000 francs after paying all expenses that it ought to arbitrate between the colliers and the proprietors. Agreed, said the journals, but before the Committee could meet for the despatch of business the strike had disappeared as suddenly as it had commenced. So much the better. Since he lost his seat in Parliament, Clemenceau is becoming a very brilliant journalist, taking the nonsense out of public questions. In this sense one could wish that he would never re-enter the Chamber.

There seems to be a movement of resurrection abroad. Poor old M. de Lesseps has come up to Paris from the country; he is reported not to be quite so bad as he was; his intelligence is less benighted, and he is said to be more than ever attached to his family—his wife above all. He must have been interviewed, as a journal announces he will not occupy himself with any projects.

Soldier rest, thy warfare o'er,
Dream of Isthmuses no more.

And Dr. Herz is coming up to town, within hearing of Bow Bells. His examination will make the French forget Admiral Avellan, and the Italians. The doctor has ever been viewed as having some terrible arrows in his quiver. He will be now free to read all his documents in the police court, and so the truth about Panamaism may "out." The French Government will also have to explain many mysterious points in that dirty business if the doctor is to be handed over to them.

The police surveillance of the tolerated "clubs" that live by gambling will have a certain percentage of detectives in their midst. Under the Second Empire, no dinner party exceeding nineteen guests could take place till the names of the "invites" were submitted to the Prefect of Police, who, if necessary, told off an upper ten detective to attend and take notes. The Duchesse de Broglie refused on one occasion to accept among her company the Prefect's representative. The Prefect arranged the matter wittily and wickedly. In returning the list of her dinner guests to the Duchesse, he added, a functionary to be dele-