

ning any danger; for, as he said, the coming day would be an eventful one. He accompanied them through the yard to the gateway, where he bade them farewell, pointing, as he left, to one of the hussars who was mounting guard on horseback before the gate.

By Heavens, it was their prisoner, the boy Charles, now fully pardoned by his excellency the commander-in-chief. How proud he looked, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes! He dared not address them, for he was on duty; but he looked at them, as much as to say: "Wait, and you shall see tomorrow."

Nor was he faithless to the vow. On the evening of the following day, the memorable 26th of August, when the bloody victory at the Katzbach was gained, and the field-marshal rode through the thinned ranks of his men, who greeted him with enthusiastic cheers, he was addressed by the commanding-officer of the 21st Hussars, who reported how greatly the private Charles Fisher had distinguished himself above all the rest, having taken a standard from the enemy, and made prisoner, with his own hands, the commander of the French regiment.

The field-marshal stopped his horse, and taking the iron cross from his own uniform, and affixing it, with his own hands, to the breast of the young man, said, with a cheerful voice, and with that same strange expression in his large bright eyes: "Well done, my son! I knew I was right: in Burnheim there are no runaways!"

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

THE POEMS OF FRED. WM. FABER, D.D.

BY JOHN READE.

There is a romance of the cloister as there is a romance of the camp, of the mart, and of the hearth. The annals of a lonely heart that seeks out its destiny and its heaven in the shades of quiet contemplation, are deeply interesting to those of kindred aspirations. The possessor of such a heart must not, indeed, expect to find many sympathizers—it is of his nature not to look for sympathy in the crowd of men, as far as the touch of personality with personality is concerned. But the few who fully enter into his joys and sorrows, his hopes, and fears, and longings, amply atone for the loss of the multitude. It is this sympathy that has cheered the solitary thinker and worker in all ages; that made an invincible host of a few poor Galilean peasants; that led St. Paul through all perils and toils, and sufferings by land and sea; that cheered Dante, and Galileo, and Columbus, when the rude world was all against them; that has, in all ages, been the consolation of those who see what most of those around them do not see. No real man can live without sympathy. He who can do so, as F. W. Robertson says in his beautiful sermon on "The Sympathy of Christ," must be either less or greater than man.

It may so happen that the sympathy is not near, it may be that it is of a purely spiritual kind, it may exist only in the eative fancy, in the variety of unseen possibilities, in the judgment of posterity, in the approval of God. But sympathy the heart craves and must have, or—die. Take away all hope of this solace, and it sinks dying in its loneliness. But of all those to whom sympathy is a necessity, he whose actual work is the loneliest of all, needs it most of all—the poet.

He lives and labours in a world of his own, but it is for the real world of human hearts that he collects and treasures the choicest of its fruits, and flowers, and gems.

"He gives the people of his best,  
The worst he keeps, the best he gives."

Not for himself alone did Homer sing of the grand old heroes of the shadowy past; not for themselves alone did Virgil and Dante enter the gloomy shades of death; not for himself alone did Milton, in his blindness, see the gathering hosts of heaven; not for himself alone did Shakespeare wander through every nook and cranny of the human heart.

And he, whose musings we are about to introduce to the reader of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, was intensely sympathetic and intensely yearned for sympathy. Sympathy he found among a few chosen friends, who stood near him in his painful struggle, while many stood afar off. But of the sympathy which he sought and deserved from that vast brotherhood which we call the reading public, although his poems have already run through two editions, we think that he is far from having had his due share. By readers of the faith which he conscientiously abandoned he is comparatively unknown. On the reasons for this neglect we need not dwell.

Into Dr. Faber's history it is not our intention to enter. Suffice it to say that the tenor of his life, both before and after his conversion from the Church of England to that of Rome, which took place when he was about thirty, was pure and simple and retired. He loved the communion of cherished friends, was at home with children and poor people, was keenly alive to the ever varying beauty of nature, and caught from flower and star, from lake and mountain, from the tiny dew-drop and the boundless ocean, a spiritual infiniteness of meaning, that carried his adoring heart to the Great Creator of them all. His prose work, "The Creature and the Creator," by which, among those of his own faith, he is better known than by his poems, is a perpetual well-spring of delight to the devout of any creed. It is, indeed, a key to his whole inner life. He saw God in everything.

It was his "Cherwell Water Lily," if we mistake not, which first won for him a poet's praise in the venerable halls of Oxford. This poem, which is very short, is sweetly and simply meditative. The description of the nightingale's song which

"Lulled the lily to her rest  
Upon the Cherwell's heaving breast."

is very beautiful, and the following lines will, we are sure, find an echo in many a heart:

"How often doth a wild flower bring  
Fancies and thoughts that seem to spring  
From inmost depths of feeling!  
Nay, often they have power to bless  
With their uncultured loveliness,

And far into the aching breast  
There goes a heavenly thought of rest  
With their soft influence stealing.  
How often, too, can ye unlock,  
Dear wildflowers, with a gentle shock  
The wells of holy tears,  
While somewhat of a Christian light  
Breaks sweetly on the mourner's sight  
To calm unquiet fears!"

In the concluding division of the poem he makes, with gentle ingenuity, the water-lily to be the type of filial duty, "of all a daughter ought to be."

"To careless men thou seem'st to roam  
Abroad upon the river,  
In all thy movements chained to home  
Fast rooted there for ever:  
Linked by a holy, hidden tie,  
Too subtle for a mortal eye,  
Nor riveted by mortal art  
Deep down within thy father's heart."

Probably Mr. Faber's best known poem is "The Styrian Lake," which, though short, abounds in passages of subtle thought and tender gracefulness. It is thoroughly Catholic, and might have been written by St. Bernard had he deigned to turn away his longing eyes from the splendours of "Jerusalem the Golden," to the sweetness of the flowers which lay at his feet on this common earth. It was the result of a single day's visit to a lonely lake,

"A most beautiful green lake,  
Buried in a pinewood brake,"

near Mariazell, amid the Styrian Mountains. To this solitude—so runs the legend—came in the twelfth century "a gentle missionary," who made him of black limetree an image of the Mother and her Child, which he "shrined within a sylvan cell." A Cistercian Monk he has come hither from the "cultured bowers" of St. Lambert's "to hallow the green wild." The hermitage becomes the head-quarters of missionary enterprise, and soon the rude surrounding woodmen become the mild professors of the religion of love beneath the teaching of the "kind-mannered monk." The missionary, after a hundred years of labour, passed away to his rest and the little shrine was forgotten. But once Margrave Henry of Moravia, being sick, dreamed that he was healed of his disease by the Mother-maid, "in a cell amid green trees" The scenery of his dream was that of Styria.

"So he came with trusting soul  
And St. Mary made him whole."

Then arose around the consecrated spot church and convent, and the little shrine becomes a goal for pilgrims—emperors and peers and ladies and peasants from far lands.

The poem consists of five parts—"The Lake," "The Legend," "Church Matins," "Margaret's Pilgrimage," and "Earth's Vespers." Throughout the whole the subjective and objective are so intimately blended that it is almost impossible to tell where one leaves off and the other begins.

"Margaret's Pilgrimage" is a little tale, mournful, and yet "not without hope," of three sisters who started together from Vienna on a pilgrimage to the lake. On their way, little Gretchen, the youngest, sickened and died from drinking at a spring while she was heated.

What can be more touching than these lines?

"Oh what can the sister say  
To the couple far away?  
What will the old burgher do,  
Since those eyes of merry blue,  
The truest sunlight of his home,  
Never, never more can come?  
See! they sing not, but they gaze  
Deep into the jewelled haze,  
And the thought within them swells—  
Mary hath worked miracles!  
And they weep and gaze always,  
As though they were fain to say,  
'Mother Mary, couldst thou make  
Gretchen from her sleep awake.'"

The "Styrian Lake" is a mine of wonderful wealth and varied beauty. There are gold and gems on every page. Who has not sorrowfully felt this:

"Often fares it upon earth  
With a long-expected mirth,  
That when hope is strained too much,  
Lo! it shivers at the touch."

But if Mr. Faber touches us with sadness, he has some comfort every ready:

"Deem not thou no grace is there  
Though the rite seem cold and bare,  
Though it be a weary thing,  
A dull and formal offering,  
It may lodge a light within,  
Wrestling with the shades of sin,  
And like frankincense may be  
To think of in our memory."

Mr. Faber never makes us acquainted with any sorrow that is past healing; he does not seem to know the name of despair.

Even the loss of the little sainted pilgrim Margaret is to become in after days a source of pleasure to her now mourning sisters.

"It shall be a joy to think  
How the merry Margaret sleeps  
'Mid the Styrian pinewood steep,  
Safe with childhood's sinless charms  
In her Mother Mary's arms."

The name of the Blessed Virgin Mary occurs very frequently in this poem in a way to which most Christians, not of the Roman Catholic faith, will probably object. It may be a pleasant surprise to some of these to read Mr. Faber's interpretation of that *cultus* which all devout Catholics pay to the Mother of our Lord. In speaking of the simple peasantry converted by the loving, patient zeal of the hermit of the Lake, he says:

"Love of Mary was to them  
As the very outer hem  
Of the Saviour's priestly vest,  
Which they timorously pressed,  
And whereby a simple soul  
Might, for faith's sake, be made whole."

On these lines we make no comment, further than we think them exquisitely beautiful.

With the theology of the following little thank-offering no one can find any fault:

"Blessed be the God who made  
Sun and moon, and light and shade,  
Balmy wind and pearly shower,  
Forest tree and meadow flower,  
And the heart to feel and love  
All the joys that round us move."

Mr. Faber's cheerfulness is charming—not of the robust or rude kind, which laughs down the little sorrows of the weak—but tender and sympathetic, and irresistibly communicative. He sometimes blames himself for being so happy, but he cannot help it. Yet, that he suffered there can be no doubt. He says:—

"'Tis when we suffer, gentlest thoughts  
Within the bosom spring."

In another place he says:

"Yes, Lord, 'tis well my suffering should be deep."

It was not from want of suffering, then, that he was able to sing a perpetual "Benedicite," but because his soul was purified and exalted through it.

We cannot refrain from giving a few more quotations from "The Styrian Lake."

His idea of the poet's calling is a very high one. In "Earth's Vespers," the concluding portion of it, he says:

"... the spirit of sweet song  
Not entirely doth belong  
Unto him who hath been bidden,  
To let it flow through him unchidden,  
And to keep its fountain hidden.  
How should he know all the causes  
Of its gushes and its pauses,  
How it visits the well-head  
Whence it is replenished,  
What it hears, and what it sees,  
How it hath its increases?  
Where and whensoever it goes,  
This one thing the poet knows,  
That the spirit, wake or sleeping,  
Is not now beneath his keeping."

Whence, except from out of heaven  
Are the moulds of greatness given,  
And the beautiful creations,  
And the song-like visitations  
Of high thoughts, wherewith we borrow  
Grandeur out of love and sorrow?"

Again he speaks of "Sabbaths of the mind" of the poet,

"When the song of vernal bird  
Like a common sound is heard."

And he tells us that,

"In such times of inward sinking  
Fancy may, perchance, be drinking  
Waters in some holier spirit,  
Out of earth, in Heaven, or near it."

What a fine interpretation this is of Milton's "Thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers." Then he puts his idea in another form:

"Who knows  
If in dullness and in calm  
Fancy does not gather balm  
In far fields that bud and swell  
With spiritual asphodel?"

These lines which we have quoted, though especially true of poets, will be appreciated by many who have never dared to write a verse.

Almost all men have the poetic faculty in some degree, and we are all of us conscious at times of a happy mental or spiritual activity that seems to come from some lofty source, and at others of a weary languor, when the soul seems to have flown away to refresh itself at the great Source of its being.

We must now take a loving and regretful leave of "The Styrian Lake," and we hope our readers have not been weary of their pilgrimage.

Mr. Faber was a most prolific writer. The volume before us contains nearly 600 closely printed pages, and we are told in the preface that it consists merely of selections. Mr. Faber, it will thus be seen, has written considerably more than Keats, or Shelley, or Coleridge, and stands, in voluminousness, on a par with, if not above, Mr. Tennyson. We cannot carry the comparison any farther, nor can we think of any poet to whom we could conscientiously compare him.

To be continued.

The first mitrailleuses were used, as it appears from old manuscripts, as early as 1344 or 1350, but at that time they figured under the name of organs; this denomination was given them probably on account of the several barrels joined together in a rather primitive fashion, as could not be expected otherwise in those days, when even flint was not yet known for military uses, but pyrites were still employed as inflammatives. We hear of these organs again in 1535, where they were used in the defence of Munster.

A singular exploit was performed on the battlefield of Sedan by the band of the 59th Prussian Regiment, not with the trumpets and trombone, but with muskets and swords. The bandsmen were left to guard the knapsacks of the regiment during the fight. While thus occupied they observed some hostile infantry and cavalry to approach under cover of the neighbouring wood. The chief bandsman, Muller, did not consider long, but ordered the men to take up muskets—of which there was no lack on the battlefield—and, drawing his sword, he led them to the charge. The French bullets missed their aim, nor did they stop the impetuous attack. The band was victorious; it drove back the hostile detachment, and made thirteen prisoners. The surprise of the regiment on their return may be imagined. It is satisfactory to hear that Herr Muller has been rewarded with the Iron Cross, which he has deserved the more since he and his men have done excellent service in all battles as voluntary bearers of wounded.