



BARMECIDE FEAST.—Gentlemen might be content to starve at an empty feast, but we are sure no ladies would, or, at least, they would take it out, as Sydney Henry Pierson does, in those pretty lines:

I saw a banquet, many guests were there
Who sat beside the board and made as though
They ate rich cates and drank red wine—And lo!
When I came near and looked, the board was bare.
But still they revelled, lifting high in air
Their empty glasses, seeming not to know
The truth. With flashing eyes and cheeks aglow
They sang of Love, the conqueror of care.
Is not the feast Lord Love himself hath spread
For thee and me as immaterial?
Who knows if it be really wine and bread
We drink and eat at this our festival?
Ah, Love! What matters it, so we are fed?—
If we believe so, faith atones for all.

THE DREAD OF DEATH.—Every man, when the time comes, goes, at least resigned, through the silent portal. They are no braver than others, but they have learned not to be scared at spectres. Very few men, in truth, are afraid to die when the point comes. They do not, as may be supposed, relish it, and they are anxious, as a rule, to live, so long as their chances are good and they do not suffer. When suffering grows acute their desire dwarfs (few of us but prefer death to pain), and when they lose hope, they yield themselves without a murmur.

WOMEN BRAVE IN DEATH.—Junius Henri Brown, in the *Forum*, says: I have seen the last moments of delicate, highly nervous women, who would shriek at the sight of a spider, and who could not bear the mention of death. Any one who had known them would have thought that their closing scenes must have been distressing. They longed to live in the beginning, but as they ebbed away, and were conscious of the fact, peace and renunciation came to them. No hero of a hundred fights could have borne lingering illness and its end more serenely.

AFTER SCHOOL DAYS.—The average girl, who has "left school" at from eighteen to twenty years of age, should long since have had an object in life—some "art, craft or trade"—which would occupy her leisure hours, if not all her time. The old-fashioned girl grows fashionable again and is taught the homely duties of a house-keeper; she shares her mother's cares and learns to cook, and to fashion and repair at least her own wardrobe. Occupation is the secret of true happiness, and the girl who is busy, who believes she is necessary to her home and friends, will make the best use of her time and education.

A GIRL'S DAY.—Every girl should have charge of her own room and keep tidy its every appointment. Her own wardrobe, too—in every detail—will occupy a part of each day's time; mending neatly is not a lost art, but our mothers fail often to teach early in life, so allowing careless habits to be formed that may be hard to cure when they wish it. Morning calls should never fail to have an object; some bit of charity, some joy to be given to a sad or sick person, some church work or business to be transacted, with an hour devoted to solid reading, to art work, to music, or to the real business of life or hobby she may have chosen.

THE CRAZE FOR VARIETY IN DIET.—There is a positive virtue in a certain amount of routine in diet, and a positive sacrifice of happiness in the continual craze for variety. M. de Chevreul takes his two boiled eggs for breakfast every morning of his life, and, for all anybody knows to the contrary, has taken them every morning since he was of age—which was just eighty-one years ago. The people who eat certain dishes with unfailing regularity seem to enjoy them no less than other people do who pick and haggle over a bill of fare every day, looking wearily for something new. Not every person is born with the gift to be an epicure.

NEWMAN AT OXFORD.

When I entered at Oxford, John Henry Newman was beginning to be famous. The responsible authorities were watching him with anxiety; clever men were looking with interest and curiosity on the apparition among them of one of those persons of indisputable genius who was likely to make a mark upon his time. His appearance was striking. He was above the middle height, slight and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Cæsar. The forehead, the shape of the ears and nose were almost the same. I have often thought of the resemblance, and believed that it extended to the temperament. In both there was an original force of character which refused to be moulded by circumstances, which was to make its own way, and become a power in the world; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful, but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Both were formed by nature to command others, both had the faculty of attracting to themselves the passionate devotion of their friends and followers.

When I first saw him he had written his book upon the Arians. An accidental application had set him upon it, at a time when he had half resolved to give himself to science and mathematics, and had so determined him into a theological career. He had published a volume or two of parochial sermons. A few short poems of his had also appeared in the *British Magazine*, under the signature of "Delta," which were reprinted in the "Lyra Apostolica." They were unlike any other religious poetry which was then extant. It is hard to say why they were so fascinating. They had none of the musical grace of the "Christian Year." They were not harmonious; the metre halted, the rhymes were irregular, yet there was something in them which seized the attention, and would not let it go. Keble's verses flowed in soft cadence over the mind, delightful, as sweet sounds are delightful, but are forgotten as the vibrations die away. Newman's had pierced into the heart and mind, and there remained. The literary critics of the day were puzzled. They saw that he was not an ordinary man; what sort of an extraordinary man he was they could not tell. "The eye of Melpomene had been cast upon him," said the omniscient (I think) Athenæum; "but the glance was not fixed or steady." The eye of Melpomene had extremely little to do in the matter. Here were thoughts like no other man's thoughts and emotions like no other man's emotions. Here was a man who really believed his creed, and let it follow him into all his observations upon outward things. He had been traveling in Greece; he had carried with him his recollections of Thucydides, and, while his companions were sketching olive gardens and old castles and picturesque harbours at Corfu, Newman was recalling the scenes which those harbours had witnessed thousands of years ago in the civil wars which the Greek historian has made immortal. There was nothing in this that was unusual. Any one with a well-stored memory is affected by historical scenery. But Newman was oppressed with the sense that the men who had fallen in that desperate strife were still alive, as much as he and his friends were alive.

Their spirits live in awful singleness,
he says,

Each in its self-formed sphere of light or gloom.

We should all, perhaps, have acknowledged this in words. It is happy for us that we do not all realize what the words mean. The minds of most of us would break down under the strain.

Other conventional beliefs, too, were quickened into startling realities. We had been hearing much in those days about the benevolence of the Supreme Being, and our corresponding obligation to charity and philanthropy. If the received creed was true, benevolence was by no means the only characteristic of that Being. What God loved we might love; but there were things which

God did not love; accordingly we found Newman saying to us:

Christian, would'st thou learn to love,
First learn thee how to hate.

Hatred of sin, and zeal and fear
Lead up the Holy Hill;
Track them, till charity appear
A self-denial still.

It was not austerity which made him speak so. No one was more essentially tender-hearted; but he took the usually accepted Christian account of man and his destiny to be literally true, and the terrible character of it weighed upon him.

Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.

He could be gentle enough in other moods. "Lead, kindly Light," is the most popular hymn in the language. Familiar as the lines are they may here be written down once more:

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on.

The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
Far distant scenes—one step, enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path; but now,
Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest us, sure it will
Still lead us on.

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone.

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

It is said that men of letters are either much less or much greater than their writings. Cleverness and the skilful use of other people's thoughts produce works which take us in till we see the authors, and then we are disenchanted. A man of genius, on the other hand, is a spring in which there is always more behind than flows from it. The painting or the poem is but a part of him inadequately realized, and his nature expresses itself, with equal or fuller completeness, in his life, his conversation, and personal presence. This was eminently true of Newman. Greatly as his poetry had struck me, he was himself all that his poetry was, and something far beyond. I had then never seen so impressive a person. I met him now and then in private; I attended his church and heard him preach Sunday after Sunday; he is supposed to have been insidious, to have led his disciples on to conclusions to which he designed to bring them, while his purpose was carefully veiled. He was, on the contrary, the most transparent of men. He told us what he believed to be true. He did not know where it would carry him. No one who has ever risen to any great height in this world refuses to move till he knows where he is going. He is impelled in each step which he takes by a force within himself. He satisfies himself only that the step is a right one, and he leaves the rest to providence. Newman's mind was world-wide. He was interested in everything which was going on in science, in politics, in literature. Nothing was too large for him, nothing too trivial, if it threw light upon the central question, what man really was, and what was his destiny. He was careless about his personal prospects. He had no ambition to make a career, or to rise to rank and power. Still less had pleasure any seductions for him. His natural temperament was bright and light; his senses, even the commonest, were exceptionally delicate. He could admire enthusiastically any greatness of action and character, however remote the sphere of it from his own. Gurwood's "Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington" came out just then. Newman had been reading the book, and a friend asked him what he thought of it. "Think?" he said, "it makes one burn to have been a soldier." But his own subject was the absorbing interest with him.

With us undergraduates, Newman, of course, did not enter on important questions. He, when we met him, spoke to us about subjects of the