Truth's Contributors.

THE POSTRY OF CHURCHYARDS.

BY I. A. CURRIS.

"The path of glory leads but to the grave,"
— Grey's Elegy.

In the quiet little country churchyard of Stokis Pogis, Grey sought and found inspiration for his immerial Elegy. The pansive melody of the verse betrays this. He who possesses the true postio soul cannot fall to be impressed with such surroundings. But for those who if , only for the living it can have no charms.

"All mon think all men mortal but themselves," so wrete Dr. Young a hundred and fifty years ago, and the good eld man had abundant evidence in the men around him. The sad court of George IL had fow sadder sights than that of the good eld meralist striving vainly to turn the minds of the courtiers of St. James to the fact that, " our life is in the and dried up by old age and extinguished by death for want of matter, as a lamp for defect of ell to maintain it." We see him bending above that mooking congregation, that yawning, chattering assembly of men to whom rightesumous and judgment are less than nothing, and we wender not at the tears in his dim eyes. He compares the minds of his audience to the sky and the sea which retain no impressions :--

" As from the wing so sear the sky retains, The parted wave no furrow from the keels."

And as we read him we gradge him to that thoughtless generation. But to-day he has found listeners. His favorite topio, mortality, is not yawned aside as worthless. This is a thinking age. Life, love and all things, including death, receive consideration, The "let there be light," of the initial morning is now the universal watchwerd. If the spirit of the age be hypercritical it is at least earnest and devoted. But whether the popular habit of questioning all things brings happiness to the questioner is another matter. We fear in many cases of eur modern scientists and philosophers there must be a spice of care in most of the good things of life, Just as David sighed over the motapher of the withered gram, and as Selomen grew sadder by merely pursuing his "all is vanity," so must the thinking men of to-day make trouble for themselves by accepting nething, believing nothing, Neither the sunzhine that fructifies the earth nor the worm that orawle in darkness, escapes the telescope of far reaching thought or the microscope of patient examination. To these the lichens and moss en the tembetones pessess more charm than the hallowed thoughts of the dead, the celor and formation of the stone mere interest than the zudely engraved history of a life that's passed away. But to the lover of nature all things are beautiful. The untutored architecture of the little country church, the moss-covered stones, the name less mounds all possess a subtle inspiration. Our Canadian churchyards may not prese the antiquarian charms of these in the land of our fathers. They may not pessess there quaint fiat tombetones, centuries old, deoply imbedded in rank grass, their recerds eb literated by moss and the offects of Time. Still they possess the seclusion and the rayeronoo. We knew of a little country churchyard chained to our heart with the golden threads of memory. What a beautiful little place it is. How we loved to sit alone in the solitude and day-dream the heurs away. How the fond looks of face now hidden beneath the sod seemed to pass before us. How

the scenes of childhood dame back vividly to our memory. How we lived our beyheod over again, those happy beyhood days, until there came a great blank when that 'dear 'face kined as farewall, and with a blooming on our youthful head rassed into a better world. And a great pain seems to grasp at our heart and a stray tear perchance glides down our check as we think of "Mother." The periame of the red olever steals gently from the neighbering mendow. And what a grand chorns of woedland sengiters comes from the words close by where rebins, greybirds, canaries and perchance an odd whip-poer-will have their happy home. This menetony of tone is the very perfection of weodland peacefulness made audable, and its " never-endingness" has a special charm which all other bird music lacks. This little churchward is like many another, though to us it has the peculiar conscoration of ancestral dust. Just such a place was it the wearled statesman was imagining when en his deathbed they speks to him of Westminster Abbey. "I would rather," said Edmund Burks, "alsep in the senthern corner of a little country churchyard than in the temb of the Capulate," Just such a place was the post Merris recalling when he wrete :-

"A little country oburchyard
On the verge of a cliff by the sea;
Ah I the thought of the long years past and gone,
That vision urings back to me.

For two ways led from the village— One by the rippled sands, With their plak shalls trest from the rippling wave For childle little hands!

And one mid the heath and she threatning Loud bees with the yellow thighs, And, twinking out of the golden furse, The marvellous buriecidies.

remember the churchyard studded With personse who scaled and read the sad-little legends, half effect, On the most grown somes of the dead.

And the gay graves of little children, Fashiomed like tiny one; Fashiomed like tiny cots;
With shelr resemeny and souths
And blue-syed forget-me-note.

Matthew Arnold has described for us the graves of Charlotte Brente and of Heinethe one in a churchward high 'mid the moore of Yorkshire and the ether in "Trim Hent martre," with the faint "murmur of Parisoutside, and on the graves the yellow and black "orisp everleating flowers." And as we receive all we know of these two we are glad for the one and serrowful for the other; glad that Charlette Broats sleeps beside the sisters and among the scenes she loved with a passionate devetion, equal to her devetien to art, and sorry that the dead Hoine was not berried away from Paris—the Paris of which he had grown so unuttorably: weary-ar ? laid to rest in that German village in the Hartz-sheltered valley where as a boy he knaw ne weariness, no scernfulness, no unfriendliness.

There is on the southern there of one of the great lakes, far from any habitation of the living, a little burying place psculiarly weird and impressive. It ferds on an abutment of clay ollifs, the outer edge scenning in danger of falling away so perpendicular is the escarpment to the sea.

We visited it for the first time on a Novunber evening, when the light was fading, su svods betaell cusosen sail s'geom edt ber in the leaden sky. Below the waves were breaking slowly, because to heavily, and that interchange of somal with allence as each mighty burve struck itself to fearoffice fixtures, and then swept blokwards, was indescribably colomis. The vaduring strength of nature and ship mutability of himan'life were never miste strongly contransel; yet " there shall be to more sea."

"Yet heart when see and bit"d are place, and drop together, And as a blact which is not wind

The forests wither, a thy darkening deathly ourse, To glory breakers."

This is the gospel of mankind, a gospel which makes the relationships of life reasonable, and the partings of death endurable This it is that sumbles us to read the true postry of the churchyard.

BRILLING BHARS BHT

BY TRAVELLER.

Considering that this is one of the hardest tewns to get zews-actual, bettom-fact nawpaper news, net mare goesip-out of that I bave ever struck, I taku a modlonm ef pride in saying I have quite a little bagful of it for this letter. First of all, then, there is that revelt in Selstan. By referring to your map you will find that Seistan is a large district, part of which lies in Central Eastern Persia, part in Southwestern Alghanistan, and part in Northwestern Beleschistan -a berder prevince in the meet mixed-up condition of affairs. Well, in this stretch of land, the partisans or Ayoub Khan have raised the colors of their chief and quits a deal of fighting has already taken place, To give your readers a better understanding of the matter, I will supplement this meagre piece of imformation with some further detalls. The present rater of Afghanistan (at far as the word ruler can be applied to any native potentate there) is Ameer Abdurrahman Khan. The unwritten law of success eion in Afghanistan baing a peculiar-one, viz, the Ameer choosing his successor from among his sons, it has always given rise to trouble and intrigues, and the present case is no exception. There are no less than five pretenders, all living here in Teheran as State prisoners of the Shah, (their imprisonment being, however, but nominal, for in reality they enjoy themsolves pretty well and live in fice houses or palaces,) but only one of them. Ayoub Khan, amounts to any thing.

THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT payshim 3,000 tomans (\$1,500) a month, and the Shah has given him a fine palace to reside in. Ayoub Khan and his adherents have made several ine feetual attempts heretofere to despose the amual ruler of Afghanistan, but fer some years back he has remained quiet. Ayoub Khan being friendly to England and hostile to the Russians, the latter have steadily exerted their influence against him. Strange to say, it was the Russian Legation here which first learned of this uprising in Ayenh Khan's favor in Selstan. It appears that for several months past his partizans have been dribbling into that prevince a score at a time. coming frem all parts of Afghanistan and genere : making the detour by way of Perals till several thousands of them, all well equipped and thirsting for fray, were assembled, when they began to declare their intentions of ousting the usurper, Abdurrahman Khan, and planting Ayonb Khanin maighia of the highest Ottomag his place in the broad chair of the Amoere, conferency conferred line. The Afghan ruler was quiet, not deeming the thing worth fighting for, but the Shah is a harmless old felib has sent troops, and some skirmishes have taken pisce. The whole matter as yet would of itself be of alight importance were is not for the fact that any now trouble con. nected with Afghanistan swells at ouce into an event. It is h leved here by many that the whole revelt is the result of Russian intrigues; that it is due to the

MACHINATIONS OF BUSSIAN ENISSABLES diffw enedglA betoelleelb adgrana trie tree money and a gill tongue. Is my knewledge pressure was brought to bear upon Ayonb Khan himself to floo frem Teheran and put himself at the head of the revelt, outdone the mint, and

but he declined, on the urgent advice of the English Legation here and through those of the Indian Government. The Russians, it will be perceived, if they have stirred up this row-and there seems to be slight doubt of it-attain two objects by it. First, they make it appear that Afghanistan is not a whit better than it used to be and just as traublesome and unruly a neighbor to the Russian border provinces of Mory and Turcomania generally, and next, that it is the man whose cause England champions and who is under her tutalage, so to speak, who gives the troubled thus serving as a double pretext to meddle with Afghan affairs once more. If nothing worse.

Russian influence here rules just as supreme as ever. A few weeks ago the Prime Minister of Persia, Sadr Assm, died, but his place has not been filled, and will not be because of Russian influence. The deceased was a rather able man and a fee to the northera celeans, though a secret ene, as he could not afford to be an open one. Instead of appainting a successor the Shah has intrusted the principal duties of the late Premier to the present Minister of Foreign Affar, Moushir-ed-Dewish, a oresture of Russia, bought to do ber bidding at so many tomans per month. Even the menthly purchase price is mentioned here. It is rather steep, At present there is Gen. Sherpeloff in this city. He is the chief of staff of Caucasus, and undoubtedly one of the very ablest and most energetic among the younger Russian Generals, a man who is extremely popular in the army and at Court alike, and who is looked upon by many as the pr able susoccarr to the late Gen. Skobsleff He had gone on a special call from Tillis to St. Posaraburg and had had several long audienous with the Czar, when he left the capital Enriedly and sped here without stopping. The efficial purpose of his mission is to get the Shah's active co-operation in proventing the annually recurring raids of the Turcomans residing on Persian sell into the border districts of the Southeastern Caucasus and around Sarakha and Merv. But it is believed that his real mission goes futher and that, the preliminary steps are being taken by him to force by moral sussion the

Russian rear in case of AN ADVANCE ON HERAT. Soveral indications which have come to my knowledge speak for this supposition. Gen. Sherpeleff himself, although moving about and acting in a perfectly unarruning manner, was received here with almost royal haners, and a week age he passed in review that whole portion of the Persian army which is actually in a tolerably good fighting condition, and on that commion he actel as if time men were already in his

Shah into an actual treaty to cover the

Imperial master's pay. Another extraordioary ambaneader tin come on, however, an entirely A mission. This is Núsreth Pasha. 113 their only to onewned life, so 12. 100 and better 2001, 407 rietler of aller An ilea: Was weeks the S Paste care one hore mpper. CO De - 'y m' k De Bow is a bar to ide position, for hy allver, the rost &