

of ague by swimming the Hellespont to see his mistress, but the noble heroes of whom "the world is not worthy" trace their first impulses to the teachings at a mother's knee.

"O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

All these are nature's handiwork, matchless and unique. Man's genius produces the beautiful in art; the painting which stands out boldly from the canvas, seemingly instinct with life; the sculptured statue, whose nostrils you expect to see dilate with the breath of life, and whose muscles stand out as if filled with vitality; music which thrills every nerve with ecstasy in its multifarious symphonies: at one time falling upon the ear soft as the wailings of an Æolian harp or a lover's serenading notes, and at another echoing the glorious strains of a "*Te Deum laudamus*" or the anthems and oratorios of a Beethoven or a Handel; at one time heard above the wrack of the tempest of battle, and at another making hills and valleys vocal with melody and song.

"Through every pulse the music stole,
And held sublime communion with the soul;
Wrung from the coyest breast the imprisoned sigh,
And kindled rapture in the coldest eye."

The highest kind of beauty is *moral courage*. It is that which made Leonidas and his 300 Spartans suffer and die *all day* in the narrow pass "for their country's sake." It was that which made Grace Darling trust to the foaming and seething billows, and to defy the dangerous reefs at Longstone lighthouse, and at the dead of night to save drowning men and women in their extremity. It was that which made Lucknow and Cawnapore memorial and consecrated ground. It was that which made British soldiers stand in rank and file upon the deck of a transport, while women and children were being transferred to the boats until they went down in the Indian Ocean, with not a man missing from the ranks. It was that which prompted a Florence Nightingale to face death voluntarily in the hospitals and tents of Scutari, and "beard the lion in his den." It was that which urged Maggie of Long Point in Lake Erie to launch the crazy

boat on the waves at the gray dawn of a November morning, and alone to rescue from quivering yards and cracking masts the perishing crew. It was that which enabled men and women to face death for their opinions, and for consciences sake to plunge into a world unknown. In nature is *positive* beauty. In art is *comparative* beauty. But in the adornments of the inner life, the subjective of man is *superlative* beauty. We have five senses, but beauty only addresses itself to two of them, the ear and the eye. Music and poetry appeal to the former; sculpture, architecture and painting appeal to the latter. Yet *all* these modify our æsthetic tastes, and *all* make the beau-ideal of creation. The beautiful and the good are twin sisters, and those who cultivate them will enjoy not only time but immortality. In these we have

"A weapon firmer set,
And stronger than the bayonet,
A weapon that comes down, as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod,
But executes a freemans will
As lightning does the will of God."

(For the Canadian Literary Journal.)

WASHING THE BLACK-A-MOOR WHITE.

A PAGE FROM LIFE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

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This useless unprofitable speculation has become proverbial. I wonder if any one had ever the folly to undertake it! It is one of those hard uncompromising facts that leaves no opening for pugnacious disputants to fight about. Even the celebrated individual, "that swore I was not I, and made a ghost of personal identity" would have to give it up. Still it strikes me, that the experiment must have been tried, or the satire contained in the old proverb would lose half its stinging pungency. I am more inclined to believe this, from a rude illustration of the subject, that gave its name to a portion of a street in the old city of Norwich, England, which was called *Labor in vain Hill*, and divided the Court House from the County Jail opposite.