

lish Church has recently lost, Harvey Goodwin. Like the late Bishop of Worcester, he had a "horror of irresponsible talk," and in Synods or meetings over which he presided, for he was the best conceivable chairman of a meeting, he would make short shrift of incipient bores, and would, in a few words of writing, express the pith of hours of debate, and thus he would at once mould and interpret opinion. His ability might have led him to become the prophet of a nation, but he was as free from ambition as he was from self-consciousness. He was content to dwell amongst his own people, and he possessed his soul in peace. A great personality, a strong and strenuous patriot soul, a true friend, a genial host, a man catholic-minded as a scholar and literary critic, an able divine, a preacher of solid and terse sermons, full of great power of contrast and antithesis, full of reverence and deep appreciation of revealed truth, a promoter of education (for many years he was President of the Protestant Committee of Public Instruction of Quebec and of the Lennoxville Corporation), a man wise in speech and in silence, he has passed away before the eye grew dim or the natural force abated. If he will not be classed with the great pioneers of the Church, with such men as Selwyn and Mackenzie, he is worthy to be enrolled as a peer in the list of those who have preceded him in the See of Quebec. He leaves behind a sense of loss and the conviction that it will be difficult indeed for any one man to succeed him efficiently. We remember for our encouragement that, though the workmen be buried, the Divine work will be carried on, and that "God fulfils Himself in many ways."

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TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOER BELL.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued).

MEANWHILE Coristine and Mr. Errol were taking one another's measure. The lawyer recited to his companion the conversation between Marjorie and himself relative to Timotheus. He found that Errol knew Marjorie, who had often been in his church and Sunday school in Flanders. "She's a comical little piece," he said; "her Sunday school teacher asked her who killed Goliath? and what do you think was her reply!"

"Give it up."

"It was 'Jack,' no less than Jack the Giant-Killer."

"The darlin'!" cried the lawyer, with admiration, and straightway won the minister's heart.

"Marjorie has a cousin stopping at the house of Mr. Carruthers, one of my elders, since last Tuesday night, as blithe and bonnie a young leddy as man could wish to see. While she's here, she's just the light of the whole country side."

Mr. Coristine did not care for this turn in the conversation.

"Tell me some more about little Marjorie," he said.

"Ah," replied the minister, "then you know that her cousin is called Marjorie, too! Little Marjorie went to church once with Miss Du Plessis, whom Perrowne had got to sing in the choir, that was last summer, if I mind right, and, when the two rideclus candles on the altar were lighted, and the priest, as he calls himself, came in with his surplice on, she put her face down in Miss Cecile's lap. 'What's the trouble, Marjorie?' asked Miss Du Plessis, bending over her. 'He's going to kiss us all good-night,' sobbed the wee thing. 'No he is not, Marjorie; he's on his knees, praying,' replied the young leddy, soothingly. 'That's what papa always does, when he's dressed like that, before he kisses me good-night, but he takes off his boots and things first,' and she sobbed again, for fear Perrowne was coming to kiss them all, put out the candles, and go to bed. If Miss Du Plessis had not been a sober-minded lass, she would have laughed out in the middle of the choir. As it was, she had to hand Marjorie over to a neighbour in a back seat, before the bit lassie would be comforted."

"Ah! did you ever now? the little innocent!"

"It's not that improbable that there'll be a marriage in the church before long. Perrowne's just clean daft and infatuated with his occasional soprano. He's sent her the 'Mirror of Devotion' and the 'Soul's Questioner,' and a lot of nicely bound trash, and walks home with her whenever he has the chance, to the scandal and rage of all his farmers' daughters. It's very injudicious o' Perrowne, and has dreeven two of his best families to the Kirk. Not that she's no a braw looking lass, stately and deegunified, but she has na the winsomeness of Miss Marjorie."

"Is that your quarter, Mr. Errol?"

"Hech, sirs, I'm an old bachelor that'll never see five and forty again; but, as we say in Scotch or the vernacular Doric, 'an auld carle micht dae waur.' There's not a more sensible, modest, blithesome, bonnie lassie in all the land. It's a thousand peeties some young, handsome, well-to-do, steady, God-fearing man has na asked at her to be 'the light o' his ain fireside.' Gin I were as young as you, Mr. Coristine, I would na think twice about it."

"Avaunt, tempter!" cried the lawyer, "such a subject as matrimony is strictly tabooed between me and my friend."

"I'll be your friend, I hope, but I cannot afford to taboo marriages. Not to speak of the fees, they're the life of a well-ordered, healthy congregation."

A neat turn-out, similar to that of Mrs. Thomas, came rattling along the road. "That's John Carruthers' team," remarked the minister, and such it turned out to be.

"Maister Errol," said its only occupant, a strong and honest-faced man with a full brown beard, "yon's a fine hanky panky trick to play wi' your ain elder an' session clerk."

"Deed John," returned the minister, relapsing into the vernacular; "I didna ken ye were i' the toon ava, but 'oor bit dander has gien us the opportunity o' becomin' acquaint wi' twa rale dacent lads." Then, turning to the lawyer, "excuse our familiar talk, Mr. Coristine, and let me introduce Squire Carruthers, of Flanders." The two men exchanged salutations, and Perrowne, having turned back with Wilkinson, the same ceremony was gone through with the latter. They were then all courteously invited to get into the waggon. Errol and Perrowne sprang in with an air of old proprietorship, but the two pedestrians respectfully declined, as they were especially anxious to explore the mountain beauties of this part of the country on foot and at their leisure.

"Aweel, gentlemen," cried the squire, "gin ye'll no come the noo, we'll just expect to see ye before the Sawbath. The Church and the Kirk'll be looking for the wayfarers, and my house, thank Providence, is big eneuch to gie ye a kindly welcome."

The parsons ably seconded Mr. Carruthers' peculiar mixture of English and Lowland Scotch, on the latter of which he prided himself, but only when in the company of someone who could appreciate it. Wilkinson looked at Coristine, and the lawyer looked at the dominie, for here they were invited to go straight into the jaws of the lion. Just then, they descried, climbing painfully up the hill, but some distance behind them, the Grinstun man; there was no mistaking him. "Hurry, and drive away," cried Coristine, in an under tone; "that cad there, the same that stole Muggins, is going to your house, Squire. For any sake, don't facilitate his journey."

"I'll no stir a hoof till ye promise to come to us, Mr. Coristine, and you, Mr. Wilkins, tae."

"All right, many thanks, we promise," they cried together, and the waggon rattled away.

"Now, Wilks, over this ditch, sharp, and into the brush, till this thief of the world goes by. We've deprived him of a ride, and that's one good thing done."

Together they jumped the ditch, and squatted among the bushes, waiting for the Grinstun man. They heard him puffing up the rising ground, saw his red, perspiring face in full view, and heard him, as he mopped himself with a bandanna, exclaim: "Blowed if I haint bin and lost the chance of a lift. Teetotally blawst that hold bass of a driver, and them two soft-headed Tomfools of hamateur scientists ridin' beside 'im. I knew it was Muggins, the cur I stole, and guv a present of to that there guy of a Favosites Wilkinsonia. I don't trust 'im, the scaly beggar, for hall 'is fine 'eroic speeches. 'E'll be goin' and splittin' on me to that gal, sure as heggs. And that Curystone, six feet of 'ipocrisy and hinsolence, drat the long-legged, 'airy brute. O crikey, but it's 'ot; 'owever, I must 'urry on, for grinstuns is grinstuns, and a gal, with a rich hold huncle, ridin' a fine 'orse, with a nigger behind 'im carryin' his portmantle, haint to be sneezed hat. Stretch your pegs, Mr. Rawdon, workin' geologist hand minerologist!"

"By Jove!" cried Coristine, when the Grinstun man was out of sight; "that cad has met the colonel, and has been talking to him."

"A fine nephew-in-law he will get in him!" growled Wilkinson; "I have half a mind—excuse me Corry."

"I thought you were very much taken with the old Southerner."

"Yes, that is it," and the dominie relapsed into silence.

"It's about lunch time, Wilks, and, as there's sure to be no water on the top of the hill, I'll fill my rubber bag at the spring down there, and carry it up, so that we can enjoy the view while taking our prandial."

Wilkinson vouchsafed no reply. He was in deep and earnest thought about something. Taking silence for consent, Coristine tripped down the hill a few yards, with a square india rubber article in his hand. It had a brass mouthpiece that partly screwed off, when it was desirable to inflate it with air, as a cushion, pillow, or life-preserver, or to fill it with hot water to take the place of a warming-pan. Now, at the spring by the roadside, he rinsed it well out, and then filled it with clear cold water, which he brought back to the place where the schoolmaster was leaning on his stick and pondering. Replacing the knapsack, out of which the india rubber bag had come, the lawyer prepared to continue the ascent. In order to rouse his reflective friend, he said, "Wilks, my boy, you've dropped your fossils."

"I fear, Corry, that I have lost all interest in fossils."

"Sure, that Grinstun man's enough to give a man a scunner at fossils for the rest of his life."

"It is not exactly that, Corry," replied the truthful dominie; "but I need my staff and my handkerchief, and I think I will leave the specimens on the road, all except these two Asaphoi, the perplexing, bewildering relics of antiquity. This world is full of perplexities still, Corry." So saying, the dominie sighed, emptied his bandanna of all but the two fossils, which he transferred to his pocket,

and, with staff in hand, recommenced the upward journey. In ten minutes they were on the summit, and beheld the far-off figure of the working geologist on the further slope. In both directions the view was magnificent. They sat by the roadside on a leafy bank overshadowed with cool branches, and, producing the reduplication of the Barrie stores procured the night before at Collingwood, proceeded to lunch *al fresco*. The contents of the india rubber bag, qualified with the spirit in their flasks, cheered the hearts of the pedestrians and made them more inclined to look on the bright side of life. Justice having been done to the biscuits and cheese, Coristine lit his pipe, while the dominie took a turn at Wordsworth.

With musical intonation, Wilkinson read aloud:—

Some thought he was a lover, and did woo;
Some thought far worse of him, and judged him wrong;
But verse was what he had been welded to;
And his own mind did like a tempest strong
Come to him thus, and drove the weary wight along.

With him there often walked in friendly guise,
Or lay upon the moss by brook or tree,
A noticeable man with large grey eyes,
And a pale face that seemed undoubtedly
As if a blooming face it ought to be;
Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear,
Depress'd by weight of musing phantasy;
Profound his forehead was, though not severe;
Yet some did think that he had little business here.

He would entice that other man to hear
His music, and to view his imagery;
And, sooth, these two did love each other dear,
As far as love in such a place could be;
There did they dwell—from earthly labour free,
As happy spirits as were ever seen;
If but a bird, to keep them company,
Or butterfly sate down, they were, I ween,
As pleased as if the same had been a maiden queen.

"That's the true stuff, Wilks, and has the right ring in it, for we love each other dear, and are as happy spirits as were ever seen; but not a large grey eye, pale face, or low-hung lip between us. Just hear my music now, and view my imagery with your mind's eye:—

Far down the ridge, I see the Grinstun man,
Full short in stature and rotund is he,
Pale grey his watery orbs, that dare not scan
His interlocutor, and his goattee,
With hair and whiskers like a furnace be;
Concave the mouth from which his nose-tip flies
In vain attempt to shun vulgarity.
O haste, ye gods, to snatch from him the prize,
And send him hence to weep—and to geologize!"

"The rythm is all right, Corry, and the rhyme, but I hope you do not call that poetry?"

"If that isn't superior to a good many of Wordsworth's verses, Wilks, I'll eat my hat, and that would be a pity this hot weather. Confess now, you haythen, you," cried the lawyer, making a lunge at his companion with his stick, which the latter warded off with his book.

"There are some pretty poor ones," the schoolmaster granted grudgingly, "but the work of a great poet should not be judged by fragments."

"Wilks, apply the rule; I have only given you one stanza of the unfinished epic, which unborn generations will peruse with admiration and awe, 'The Grinstun Quarry Restored':—

I have striven hard for my high reward
Through many a changing year:
Now, the goal I reach; it is mine to teach.
Stand still, O man, and hear!

I shall wreath my name, with the brightness of fame,
To shine upon history's pages;
It shall be a gem in the diadem
Of the past to future ages!

Oh, Wilks for immortality!" cried the light-hearted lawyer, rising with a laugh.

Looking back towards the ascent, he perceived two bowed figures struggling up the hill under largish, and, apparently, not very light burdens.

"Wilks, my dear, we're young and vigorous, and down there are two poor old grannies laden like pack mules in this broiling sun. Let us leave our knapsacks here, and give them a hoist."

The schoolmaster willingly assented, and followed his friend, who flew down the hill at breakneck speed, in a rapid but more sober manner. The old couple looked up with some astonishment at a well-dressed city man tearing down the hill towards them like a schoolboy, but their astonishment turned to warmest gratitude, that found vent in many thankful expressions, as the lawyer shouldered the old lady's big bundle, and, as, a minute later, the dominie relieved her partner of his. They naturally fell into pairs, the husband and Wilkinson leading, Coristine and the wife following after. In different ways the elderly pair told their twin burden-bearers the same story of their farm some distance below the western slope of the mountain, of their son at home and their two daughters out at service, and mentioned the fact that they had both been schoolteachers, but, as they said with apologetic humility, only on third-class county certificates. Old Mr. Hill insisted on getting his load back when the top of the mountain was reached, and the pedestrians resumed their knapsacks and staves, but the lawyer utterly refused to surrender his bundle to the old lady's entreaties. The sometime schoolteachers were intelligent, very well read in Cowper, Pollock, and Sir Walter Scott, as well as in the Bible, and withal possessed of a fair sense of humour. The old lady and Coristine were a perpetual feast to one another. "Sure!" said he, "it's bagmen the ignorant creatures have taken us for more than once, and it's a genuine one I am now, Mrs. Hill," at which the good woman laughed, and recited the Scotch ballad of the "Wee Wifukie coming frae the fair," who fell asleep,