

of these waste, desolate places there is an intense feeling for the colours and movements of life. These lyrics are not ornamental designs—decorative verse-making. They throb upon the printed page with rich and unmistakable vitality. Not an unintelligible phrase mars the volume. Open it at random and you are confronted with boldness of conception, with a picturesque and vigorous breadth of treatment. It is proof of Mr. Campbell's high poetic power that it renders so effective a class of subjects which, apart from its transfiguring touch, would not immediately win the reader.

The author of "Lake Lyrics" is not a phrase-maker, yet some of his lines have found a place in memory as abiding as any beautiful utterance of the older poets. Who that has once made its acquaintance can forget "The Blackberry"—

Dark gypsy of the glowing year,
Child of the sun and rain—

and the exquisite pictures of "Indian Summer," "Before the Dawn," and "The Phantoms of the Boughs at the Window." Among the sonnets "The Tides of Dawn" and "August Night on Georgian Bay" are especially beautiful, yet scarcely more so than

MEDWAY OSH.

A world of dawn, where sky and water merge
In far, dim vapours, mingling blue in blue,
Where low-rimmed shores shimmer like gold shot through
Some misty fabric. Lost in dreams I urge
With languid oar my skiff through sunny surge
That rings its music round the rocks and sands,
Passing to silence, where far lying lands
Loom blue and purpling from the morning's verge.

I linger in dreams, and through my dreaming comes,
Like sound of suffering heard through battle drums,
An anguished call of sad heart-broken speech;
As if some wild lake spirit, long ago
Soul wronged, through hundred years its wounded woe
Moans out in vain across each wasted beach.

I would like to give in their completeness "Lazarus," "The Legend of Dead Man's Lake," and "Ballade of Two Riders." Fragmentary quotations would afford a very mutilated impression of their fine quality. The poem of "Lazarus" alone would be sufficient to win renown for an unknown writer. With what fervour of imagination the poet has dared to express what so many of us have silently thought, let the reader judge for himself:—

LAZARUS.

O, Father Abram, I can never rest,
Here in thy bosom in the whitest heaven,
Where love blooms on in days without an even;
For up through all the paradises seven
There comes a cry from some fierce anguished breast.

A cry that comes from out of hell's dark night,
A piercing cry of one in agony,
That reaches me in heaven white and high;
A call of anguish that doth never die;
Like dream-waked infant wailing for the light.

O, Father Abram, heaven is love and peace,
And God is good; eternity is rest.
Sweet would it be to lie upon thy breast
And know no thought but living to be blest
Save for that cry that never more will cease.

It comes to me above the angel-lyres,
The chanting praises of the cherubim;
It comes between my upward gaze and Him,
All-blessed Christ. A voice from the vague dim,
"O, Lazarus, come and ease me of these fires."

"O, Lazarus, I have called thee all these years,
It is so long for me to reach to thee,
Across the ages of this mighty sea,
That loometh dark, dense, like eternity;
Which I have bridged by anguished prayers and tears.

"Which I have bridged by knowledge of God's love,
That even penetrates this anguished glare:
A gleaming ray, a tremulous star-built stair,
A road by which love-hungered souls may fare,
Past hate and doubt, to heaven and God above."

So calleth it ever upward unto me,
It creepeth in through heaven's golden doors,
It echoes all along the sapphire floors
Like smoke of sacrifice it soars and soars,
It fills the vastness of eternity.

Until my sense of love is waned and dimmed
The music-rounded spheres do clash and jar
No more those spirit-calls from star to star,
The harmonies that float and melt afar,
The belts of light by which all heaven is rimmed.

No more I hear the beat of heavenly wings,
The seraph chanting in my rest-tuned ear;
I only know a cry, a prayer, a tear,
That rises from the depths up to me here;
A soul that to me suppliant leans and clings.

O, Father Abram, thou must bid me go
Into the spaces of the deep abyss;
Where far from us and our God-given bliss,
Do dwell those souls that have done Christ amiss;
For through my rest I hear that upward woe.

I hear it crying through the heavenly night,
When curved hung in space the million moons
Lean planet-ward, and infinite space attunes
Itself to silence, as from drear gray dunes,
A cry is heard along the shuddering light,

Of wild duck-bird, a sad heart-curd'ling cry,
So comes to me that call from out hell's coasts;
I see an infinite shore with gaping ghosts;
This is no heaven with all its shining hosts;
This is no heaven until that hell doth die.

So spake the soul of Lazarus, and from thence,
Like new fledged bird from its sun-jewelled nest,
Drunk with the music of the young year's quest;
He sank out into heaven's gloried breast,
Spaceward turned, towards darkness dim immense.

Hellward he moved like radiant star shot out
From heaven's blue with rain of gold at even,
When Orion's train and that mysterious seven
Move on in mystic range from heaven to heaven.
Hellward he sank, followed by radiant rout.

The liquid floor of heaven bore him up,
With unseen arms, as in his feathery flight
He floated down toward the infinite night;
But each way downward, on the left and right,
He saw each moon of heaven like a cup

Of liquid misty fire that shone afar
From sentinel towers of heaven's battlements;
But onward, winged by love's desire intense,
And sank space-swallowed, into the immense;
While with him ever widened heaven's bar.

'Tis ages now long-gone since he went out,
Christ-urged love-driven across the jasper walls;
But hellward still he ever floats and falls,
And ever nearer come those anguished calls
While far behind he hears a glorious shout.

Mr. Campbell's name and work are so well known and highly spoken of by American readers that it would seem almost an absurdly superfluous task to call the attention of the Canadian public to them; and yet the warm praise bestowed by Mr. Howells in the January number of *Harper's Magazine* on "Lake Lyrics" must have roused in the hearts of many of the poet's countrymen feelings not so much of acquiescence and pride as of bewilderment and wonder. Possibly our country will never have a literature, but the only enduring poets of literature are its classics, and Canada cannot escape the distinction of having enriched English literature with poems of unfading loveliness, which, because they are not for an age, have rightly earned the title of classic.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

PARIS LETTER.

FRANCE has taken a leaf out of the Monaco book: she strikes a two per cent. on all the official betting booth receipts at race courses. The product of the Bets tax, levied on the receipts of all the French race courses, is estimated to produce annually 5,000,000 frs. It is the Minister of Agriculture who receives and allocates the total, and the principle acted upon in the distribution is the subsidizing of hospitals in home and foreign France.

The cabbies of the Urbaine Company, 1,800 strong, remain still on strike, and "fighting like devils for reconciliation." "Be my brother or I'll slay you" was a philanthropic formula during the cyclonic days of the First Revolution. In the meantime the idle cab horses are as frisky as lambs in their stables; they have been put on short commons, the better to prevent them eating their heads off. The Undertakers' Society, in order to afford the animals a change, an outing, offered to hire them for hearse services. At this the cabmen on strike indignantly protested, and they were right. The cab horse is already a very slow pacing animal; what might be the result if trained to the measured marching of interments? In the interim, cabby has been dissected by the political economists; his military value, as liable to defend his country during twenty-five years, is estimated at 1,000 frs. a year; as a tax contributor, 800 frs. per annum; while as an all-round producer his earnings are fifteen frs. per day. All these rivulets of wealth capitalized, a cabby of twenty-five years' standing embodies an ambulatory wealth of about 215,000 frs.

The political syllabus of the five Cardinals adhering to the Republic, and then indicting it for a series of sins of omission and commission, appears to have given offence to the Pope, who desires to live peaceably with the French nation and its Government, chosen by the electors; he desires to keep, at all cost, the Church clear of those parties who aim to utilize her for their political aims and interests. The majority of the French applaud His Holiness for that common-sense attitude, as do also those Republicans opposed to smashing the concordat. France simply wants tranquility. This explains why she has had enough of the Boulangist Laur's provocations in the Chamber, and his tragico-comic duel literature, *urbi et orbi*.

There is no poetry in any quarter-day for tenants—those of France especially, and if their rent be small, the more difficult it is to pay, and the more ruthless the landlord. At twelve o'clock on the day when the rent becomes payable, if not settled, a simple warrant is taken out, handed to the commissary of police for execution, and in twenty-four hours the tenant is evicted. That is summary. January quarter-day is the most trying for those who have few sticks, but little food, no credit, no work, and perhaps sick. Winter, says the poet, is the slayer of the poor. The present rent-day, many persons—those between seventy and eighty years of age—have committed suicide, having been unable to make the two ends meet. Recently a landlord died who had one hundred dwellings for workmen; he never asked them for rent, he took what they gave, never upbraided and never evicted. That was "the man for Galway." Lately a landlady died and presented all her tenants with a present of twelve months' rent, with the request that she might live green in their souls. A French song lays down that if you wish not to pay your rent it is necessary to have a house of your own.

Not a little curiosity is displayed respecting M. de Goncourt's new comedy, "A bas le Progrès." It is what is called a *fin de siècle* piece, and was dashed off during a night that the writer could not sleep. The comedy consists of one act, interpreted by three personages, a father, a girl of the period, and a robber, all rumoured to typify contemporary characters, hence the interest and the satire. M. de Goncourt announces that he will write no more novels—not exactly a loss for pure literature, but he will bring his journals down to date, including in the last

volume all the personalities expunged in the preceding journals.

In the death of M. Baudrillart, at the age of seventy-one, France has lost a practical writer and a profound and solid thinker. His speciality lay in the handling of subjects connected with the material, the economical resources and the historical industries of his country. His style was marvellously clear, his information instructive, and his conclusions sagacious lessons for civilization and progress.

The movement set on foot by Comte de Laubespin, Senator, and his body, as it becomes developed, presents many important features capable of advancing the social-misery problem to a happy solution by self-help. There is something analogous between the Count's plan and that of "General" Booth's—elevating the submerged tenth by supplying them with remunerative work. M. de Laubespin has presented in building sites, tenements and cash capital equal to a quarter of million of francs. He has secured the furnishing, washing and repairing of the linen—where immense quantities are used—required by the butchers. The slaughtered meat, as conveyed by vans across the city, must be covered by white sheeting; then the linen aprons and coloured linen jackets of the operatives, the towelling, etc., represent an important total. Observe that the butchers hire this linen as they do their carts, or as they subscribe annually to be kept supplied with well-sharpened knives, axes and saws.

The dealing with the butchers' linen being too severe for females, that task has been given to unemployed men, admitted to the relief *atelier*, where each man is certain to earn two frs. a day till employment can be secured for him in his own natural calling. There are no dormitories attached to the establishment; the society controls such accommodation at contract rates in working-men's homes in the vicinity; but food can be had on the premises at a low price; if married, the workman's family can come and obtain penny meals of simple but sound and nourishing food at the ordinary tariff. The refuge is unsectarian, although under the control of a head nun, experienced in domestic economy. There are inspectors who control the history of applicants; others who visit workshops in Paris to ascertain if hands be required; a third class takes charge of the lodging-houses. The great feature of the scheme is, that it is self-supporting. The establishment connects with the Night Refuges, and comes to the aid of all cases of deserving distress, but it ostensibly aims in enabling the temporarily unfortunate to regain their feet.

Boulanger's famous black steed, "Tunis," has duly arrived in Paris from Brussels, and now occupies his crib in the stables of M. Barbier, who inherited the animal by the will of the late General. Never was a favourite for the Derby more carefully guarded than is "Tunis." A livery keeper informs me that the commercial value of "Tunis" is not more than sixty guineas.

Miss Nelson, the fasting singing saloon girl, having an elixir to push, naturally tried total abstinence, save from her bottle, which she patronizes three times daily. She expects to continue fifty days, living thus, "like wild ducks on suction."

It was the late Bishop Gay who supplied Gounod with his religious facts for "Faust." Z.

PROFESSOR HUTTON ON ATHENIAN POLITICS.

I THINK it is Alfred de Musset who says that a man cannot be altogether bad who has still some affection for his mother; speaking from the æsthetic standpoint, one might also say that a man cannot be wholly false to all true notions regarding poetry and art, as long as he retains some lingering reverence for Athens, the mother of both. When a learned professor writes a treatise dealing with the thoughts and aspirations, religious and political, of this essentially modern people; when he puts Greek life before us not merely as illustrations of lifeless formulæ, but as a glowing reality, it is well for those who affect to be "the heirs of all the ages" to read and reflect upon this volume. But when a finished scholar in one short hour draws from the past something of that burning truth which no cycle of centuries can obscure, and shows us a people who struggled even as we struggle, who pondered even as we ponder, who triumphed or lost even as we triumph or are beaten, it would be strange if the veriest Philistine of us all would not reflect upon what he had heard.

Professor Hutton has dwelt upon many phases of Greek character in a manner at once daring and brilliant, but it is not so much towards what he has actually said as towards what he has suggested that our attention should be drawn. He mentions the critic "who tells us that a column of the *Times* is better than all Thucydides," and contemptuously silences him with the remark that "not unfrequently the column of the *Times* is but the English echo of Thucydides." He has shown us how ancient politics affect modern; he has drawn parallels between the past and the present; he has analyzed Greek nature from Pericles to Phocion. This is much, but it might be accomplished by a man of far lesser power. Professor Hutton has done more; he has illustrated to us how oblivion cannot overtake poets like Æschylus and Sophocles, orators like Pericles and Demosthenes. He shows us that the passion of ancient Greece has not been chilled by the ages that have passed over her, and that her voices till rings true and clear, above the croakings of stifling mediocrity.