

chief, I at once drank the liquor "ap strap and loup," and, lifting up my eyelids, passed my handkerchief swiftly across my eye, and the great white covering sloughed off (tea-totally), to my great exultation and joy. The brandy seemed to me to be like a squadron of soldiers when all the others in the field were nearly falling of victory, but, bringing up an additional force, turned the tide and secured a victory."

In submitting this biographical sketch of our old friend I am sorry not to be able to make use of all the material I have at hand, without overstepping the limits of space. I shall have to content myself with only a few further extracts from portions of his writings, giving his views on several subjects. I had asked him for his opinion on the earlier English writers, and upon the ancient classics. His remark is trite enough in saying that Shakespeare's comedies, tragedies, historical dramas and sonnets are the marvel of the world, and that England stands to-day unrivalled in the world for its authors. And as to Byron he says:—"I should include him in the number but for his accursed verse No. 47, canto 4, in the poem of 'Childe Harold,' " which gives an index to Mr. Rice's religious bias. As to Byron's versification he says:—"It does not require any praise, being full of poetic beauty, worldly wisdom, immorality and fun."

Of the classics he says:—"I entertain a high opinion of Homer, as far as I have read him, *Bucolics*, *Georgics* and *Aeneid*. Have also read quotations from *Horace*, *Terence*, the two *Plinys*, *Cicero*, and have had much fun from quotations from *Plautus*. But you must understand that my reading and learning, such as it is, has been for the most part obtained after daily labor. But now of all the classics I ever read, I regard the Bible of the Old and New Testaments in the Hebrew and Greek tongues the greatest, and a million times the best of all classics that were ever written, and only so far as they are obeyed will our world prosper and go ahead."

Whether bachelor by choice or through force of circumstances, Mr. Rice yet holds views upon love that are not cynical. He says:—"Love is a power pervasive of everything glorious. I do not mean that which is understood to be merely physical, but that principle of itself which reigns in all the noble sons and daughters of God, in heaven above and on earth beneath, and in all the inhabited worlds, the absence of which forms the abode of the alienated angels." He was not without his own love affairs. At the age of thirteen a wild passion held him for three months. The maiden was twice his age. With naïveté he says:—"Of course it came to nothing, as I was a little bit of a snipper-snapper, and she was on the way to six feet, but very fascinating. I cannot tell, however, what it was that enchanted me. I suspect nature and imagination." And there were others. But ideally seemed to be the undoing of all these affairs. He calls it "an *ignis fatuus* that dances outside of all creation, and is calculated to involve itself in the enmity of the general run of men and women," and says:—"Hence the general poverty and misery of the persons endowed with that mysterious, confounded thing. It pesters its owner, and brings him into a state of perpetual anxiety for that which is magnificent. I do not mean for mere immense buildings or gorgeous trappings, but for the exquisite taste of things in conception and finish, moral as well as artistical."

Besides the selling of books on commission Mr. Rice in his younger days in the States and in this country added to his livelihood by working as a hired man on farms during harvesting. Of late years, as a citizen of Toronto, his stock-in-trade of books, generally obtained from the well-known establishment of Mr. Albert Britnell, which he carries in a brown paper bundle, supplemented by the bulging pockets of the many coats he wears regardless of the seasons, has made the man an object of more than ordinary interest to those who occasionally may have been his customers. A few years