

Episcopate in India to the Oxford movement? Was New Zealand evangelized by "Tracts for the Times"? Were Rehman and Kraff, the pioneers of Livingstone, Burton and Stanley, of Oxford or of Germany? Was Henry Martyn a fictitious name? Or one might ask him who were the apostles of Newfoundland, of Labrador and the North-West Territories? It is true the Oxford movement increased the velocity of movement within the Church, but alas! that movement has been at times so "run up" by "zeal without knowledge" that in a few instances there has been a crash and the outcome "Rome" and "Rationalism." The tendency of the present day is to "forget God's dead" and to think there were none in the olden days so gifted or so great as modern giants. Ontario, according to Mr. May, ought to placard upon her churches: "No Irish need apply." He forgets the history of the "Saxons in England" and the "Celts" in Europe. He forgets "Columba" and "Patricius" and "Alcuin" and "Aidan," etc., inasmuch as there has lived in "princely Oxford" and noble England, not "missionaries," but "missioners," not "monks" and "prelates," but "priests" of an order so old as A.D. 1835. Wonderful age in which we live! We shall have new "Gods" before long if we go ahead at this pace. No longer shall we hear of the *Vox populi*, whether they be English, Irish or Scotch, it must be the voice of a man who more than a Canute dares Heaven itself.

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P. S.—An Irishman wishes to tell Mr. May he will allow the "Catholic Renaissance" the "neck" he so beautifully describes, but as for his body in Ontario, they are satisfied to take the head believing to a certain extent in the old saying: *Caput est sedes omnium sensuum*. Had Newman and Pusey left the ease of England and tried to surpass Xavier or Schwartz or Judson or Patteson, they would have had, no doubt, many more followers than they have, but the Church of to-day delights in *Facta non verba*.

### DOWN BY THE SEA.

Down by the sea  
Where the wavelets are lapping along the sands  
And a soft breeze blows from the sea there stands  
A maiden looking across the bay,  
And happy is she as a child at play;  
For she sees far away on the sea's blue breast  
The white sails of a yacht that is bounding west,  
And she knows it is bringing a lover's kiss,  
And that is the reason why, I wis,  
She stands where the wavelets touch and flee  
Down by the sea.

Down by the sea  
The days grow dark with a sudden chill  
And the sun sinks down 'neath a western hill,  
And up from the east there comes a breath  
Of a wind that is keen and cruel as death,  
And the deep blue sea is white with foam  
As the snow-capped swells come racing home;  
And the maiden is filled with a nameless fear  
As she watches the white sails reel and veer.  
O maiden! the winds are bringing to thee  
Thy lover, but never a kiss will he  
Place on thy lips in the days to be  
Down by the sea.

Down by the sea  
The twilight fadeth, and to the sky  
Creepeth the stars and from heaven high  
Look on the earth and see again  
The old, old dramas of joy and pain.  
The sea is quiet: against the shore  
The waters are breaking as of yore;  
But the white waves are many a fathom deep  
And the lover has passed to dreamless sleep—  
A slumber which morning will break no more.  
Just where the water touches the sand  
He lieth prone and in either hand  
He holdeth closely the brown sea sand.  
Life with its pains and pleasures are past:  
Though his lips be pressed and the tears fall fast  
On his face and brow, yet in peace rests he  
Down by the sea.

Montreal.

JOHN W. DAFOE.

### EURIKLEIA.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHNEEGANS.]

#### III.

DAY had hardly dawned when the hunting-party assembled next morning in front of the house to partake of the fragrant Turkish coffee prepared for them by the skilful hands of the ex-chasseur. The river-fogs as they rolled over the plain became thinner and lighter as they ascended, dispersing towards the neighbouring range and gradually dissolving, whilst the slopes of Babadagh, splendid with the yellow beauties of autumn, were already glowing in the full, clear sunshine. The last to leave his couch had been the engineer; accustomed to the ready service of a bustling city where attendance was to be obtained for the paying, he had looked around in vain for some one to brush his coat and black his boots, and evidently, felt by no means comfortable in his smart, fancy hunting-suit whose splen-

dour was already considerably dimmed and tarnished by the mud and dust of yesterday's march.

"May the devil fly away with these Bulgarian houses, beds and bedding and all belongings," he exclaimed in a cross, ill-humoured tone as he entered the little circle. "Vermin in shoals, and the air poisonous. Every window closed hermetically with paper so that not a single breath of fresh air may reach our Bulgarian friends and their tender spouses, or cleanse the stuffy rooms of the fever-breeding miasmas carefully preserved in them the whole year. And then, to make amends for all this, never once to catch a glimpse of the divine Eurikleia of whom that Bulgarian fellow, Ilia, babbled and raved so yesterday. Where is then the heavenly creature? Have any of you fellows been blessed with a sight of her? And where is Ilia Michalovitch, the happy bridegroom?"

Demir Keran, as soon as the name of the fair Greek reached his ear, turned his eyes quickly upon the speaker; he muttered a few words in an undertone, which the members of the hunting-party did not understand, and which, indeed, were not intended to be heard by them; then turning to the ex-chasseur, with whom, since their conversation of yesterday, he appeared to be upon a friendly footing, he asked:

"Are the waggons ready? It is high time to start if we wish to reach the monastery before the midday heat!"

"The waggons left at daybreak," answered Werner, who on his part, but for very different reasons than the engineer, had likewise never closed an eye, and already booted and spurred had been patiently waiting for his friends to finish breakfast. "Ilia said that the road wound in and out among the marshes, and the foot passengers could easily overtake him, at the foot of the mountain in an hour's time!"

"By Allah!" exclaimed Demir Keran, "the Bulgarian is clean crazy; the swamps are just as easy for waggons as they are for those on foot!"

Headed by the gendarme the little party now moved off. Isakcha was soon lost to view, and they took their way towards the mountain, through the half-dry, low grounds, the path twisting and turning thither and thither amid tall bushes which completely concealed them on either hand. Werner, who, not without design as it seemed, strove to keep abreast with Demir, and who endeavoured in all possible ways to maintain a conversation with the silent Turk, be it ever so interrupted and difficult, from time to time suffered his eyes to sweep anxiously over the ever-nearing horizon as as though he were seeking something behind the tall bulrushes.

Suddenly Demir Keran rose in his stirrups, put spurs to his horse, and dashed up the road where Ilia's waggon, surrounded by several hunters, was standing. Werner hurried after the gendarme. But already the shouts of men, the neighing of horses, and the loud cracking of whips arose in wild confusion. With a rapid bound Werner burst through the tangled brake of bushes. He had taken his gun from his shoulder; the Engineer, excited and not knowing what he was doing, followed his example, and both rushed towards the waggon around which the other hunters thronged with wild shouts and still wilder gesticulations. From a distance they perceived, Demir Keran, who, on his rearing and snorting horse, towering above the surrounding group, sought to snatch a young girl from the foremost waggon. The maiden, however, defended herself bravely; clutching firmly the rack of the waggon with her left hand, while with her right she brandished Ilia's heavy whip, and with burning cheeks and flashing eyes struck fiercely at the Turk with the inverted handle.

"Help, Ilia! help!" she cried to the Bulgarian, who had seized her firmly round the waist, as if he had wished to prevent her being dragged away. At the same time, however, he never ventured to do battle with the Turk on her behalf; but seemed timidly and anxiously rather to implore the aid and interference of the hunters.

"What is the meaning of all this?" shouted Werner, turning furiously upon the Turk, and dealing him a heavy blow upon the hand with the butt-end of his fowling-piece; "set free the girl. What is this you are daring to do? What business have you with the maiden?" and seizing the horse by the bridle dragged him away from the waggon and over to the other side of the way.

"By Allah!" replied the gendarme, wheeling his rearing steed again towards the waggon, "the girl belongs to my master!"

"You have nothing whatever to do with her!" retorted Werner; "she is under my protection. Do you understand that? The waggon is mine, and you have no claim upon my property."

"Thunder and lightning!" shouted the Engineer, who had followed closely upon the footsteps of his friend; "has the Pasha given us a ravisher as a protector against highway robbers? Hands off the girl, my lad, or I will teach you reason with powder and shot."

The ex-chasseur, whom a reminiscence of the old war times in the Crimea had drawn into a soldier's companionship with Demir, now strove to interfere in the affray, and make his friends understand that this honest soldier was only obeying the command of his chief, and that instead of thwarting him they ought the rather to support him.

His expostulations, however, were of no avail. With loud shouts the hunters thronged between the Turk and the threatened maiden.

Demir Keran appeared impressed by their resolute and determined bearing. With his head bent slightly forward, he sat motionless upon his horse, and surveyed thoughtfully, though somewhat irresolutely, the group before him. Upon the foremost waggon of the train, her long, black hair flowing loose over her shoulders, her flashing eyes fearlessly confronting the emissary of the Pasha, the lash of Ilia's whip wrapped around her hand, her fair, round arm raised in self-defence, stood Eurikleia, the living picture of an ancient war goddess. It is true she was of middle height and might even be called little, but with such a remarkably beautiful symmetry of form, such noble, delicately-cut, classic features, and in her poor attire, which had been torn during the struggle, and fluttered in the morn-