

look forward with renewed encouragement and enthusiasm to another winter's work.

In closing, may we thank and congratulate, most heartily, the band of students who have applied themselves so assiduously and interestedly to as strenuous a piece of work as is likely to be met with in the course of our Literary Society. And may we also take the opportunity, in behalf of the Society, to congratulate the winners of the prizes, whose victory has been all the more creditable since won at such close quarters.

### The Last Study.

Rabbi Ben Ezra.

STUDY V.

[Kindly refer to our issue of May 6th when reading the following answers submitted by our students. Many answers, quite as good as the following, were given by others, but we have not space for all].

1. "The translation of The Rubiayat of Omar Khayyam is epitomized in the last line of Stanza 26. I have no copy of the Rubiayat, but this seems to me a direct quotation. The two poems treat the same subjects from entirely different points of view. The Persian philosopher throws a beautiful gossamer over vice; the Jewish Rabbi is inclined to strip the white cloak off her what we call Respectability."

[Several other poems were mentioned.—In Memoriam, Maud, The Forsaken Garden, Don Juan, The City of Dreadful Night, etc.—but the Rubiayat, as translated by Edward Fitzgerald, was the poem to which reference was made. It is interesting to note, just here, that Browning never forgave Fitzgerald for making a slighting reference in regard to the work of his wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The philosophy of The Rubiayat (really a beautiful poem when judged from a merely poetical standpoint) was, indeed, very foreign to that of Browning, but, doubtless, the little grudge harbored gave an edge to the latter's words whenever Fitzgerald's work was in question. Browning was a man of noble character, but in this he exhibited a little touch of very human weakness.

We may say here, that when settling all such questions as this (No. 1), the marks were invariably placed almost infinitesimally low—this to avoid unfairness to students who may have had but few privileges for broad reading.]

2. (a) "In lines 4, 5, St. XVII., Browning means the soul God gave to man; not spelled with a capital, but in capitals. 'THAT' is sacred, a part of God, and, therefore, eternal."

(b) "This dance of plastic circumstance" is the daily routine of formative custom and accident, external things that mould our lives. The word 'dance' indicates our light esteem of these circumstances, unconscious, as we are, of their influence; it expresses, too, the swiftness of their passing."

"Plastic" is here a transferred epithet, the meaning being that 'we' are plastic."

3. "Explanation of metaphor, Stanza XXIX—XXX.—

"God is the Potter who moulds us, the clay on 'time's wheel.' The cup is character or the soul. Our circumstance or different condition in life is the machinery bringing strengthening influences to bear while our soul develops."

"In fancy I see the cup the poet depicts. Grecian or Roman art is suggested. In the grooves encircling the base of the cup are laughing nymphs or cupids decked with garlands. This is Youth, impressionable youth! Impressions good or bad received then sink deep, for the clay is yet moist from the Potter's hand. Yes, the grooves are deeply marked, but there is gladness, innocence, love; life is not taken seriously as yet, its problems do not weigh heavily."

"Look upward toward the brim—this is Age—the lines of the design are more severe. The colors blend, but are modified. There may be grooves here too, grooves of habit or stern stress of circumstance. And the designs standing out regularly and clearly are of 'skull things'—suggestive of grim thoughts, of death possibly, or grave responsibilities, stern realities in life faced."

"Then in Verse XXX, the poet shows us the climax, the feast, with the 'Master' presiding and the 'cup' filled with

the 'new' wine. The poet holds aside the curtain, as it were, for a brief glimpse into Eternity, and we catch the beautiful idea of our souls, in communion forever with Christ."

"Life is here compared to the beautiful wine cups used at Greek feasts. Laughing Cupids around the base denote youth, the time of laughter and love. The border of skulls at the rim point to old age and the grim approach of Death. But we are bid to look beyond the making of the cup to the feast it shall grace when finished; to the wine of joy which shall flow from it to the Master's lips."

4. (a) "The potter in looking at the cup thinks not of the material from which it was formed, but has in his mind's eye the uses to which it is to be put."

"The festal board, lamps flash, and trumpets peal,  
The new wine's foaming flow,  
The Master's lips aglow!"

"In old age, he whose life is perfected for the Kingdom has no need of the hopes, trials and ambitions of youth."

(b) "To slake thy thirst." As the chief use of a cup is to slake thirst, so man's chief end is to glorify God."

(b) "The clay has been moulded into a cup for God to slake his thirst at. The man has been so purified by his trial and sorrows, that he, by his deeds and thoughts, glorifies his Maker, 'The Divine Potter.'"

"To slake thy thirst." St. XXXI., means that God has a purpose for each one of us, and He cannot be satisfied unless we fulfil that purpose. He thirsts for the acts of love and kindness, which it is ours to perform."

"God who registers the cup  
Of mere cold water, for his sake  
To a disciple rendered up,  
Disdains not His own thirst to slake  
At the poorest love ever offered."

(To be continued.)

## The Golden Dog

(Le Chien D'Or.)

A Canadian Historical Romance.

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### CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

"Certainly, everything should be done for us, brother; but I have no defence to make for my sex, none! I dare say we women deserve all that men think of us, but then it is impolite to tell us so to our faces. Now, as I advised you, Renaud, I would counsel you to study gardening, and you may one day arrive at as great distinction as the Marquis de Vandriere—you may cultivate chou chou if you cannot raise a bride like Amelie de Repentigny."

Angelique knew her brother's genius was not penetrating, or she would scarcely have ventured this broad allusion to the brother of La Pompadour, who, by virtue of his relationship to the Court favorite, had recently been created Director of the Royal Gardens. What fancy was working in the brain of Angelique when she alluded to him may be only surmised.

The Chevalier was indignant, however, at an implied comparison between himself and the plebeian Marquis de Vandriere. He replied, with some heat:

"The Marquis de Vandriere! How dare you mention him and me together! There's not an officer's mess in the army that receives the son of the fishmonger! Why do you mention him, Angelique? You are a perfect riddle!"

"I only thought something might happen, brother, if I should ever go to Paris! I was acting a charade in my fancy, and that was the solution of it!"

"What was? You would drive the whole Sorbonne mad with your charades and fancies! But I must leave you."

"Good-bye, brother—if you will go. Think of it!—if you want to rise in the world, you may yet become a royal gardener like the Marquis de Vandriere!" Her silvery laugh rang out good-humoredly as he descended the stairs and passed out of the house.

She sat down in her fauteuil. "Pity Renaud is such a fool!" said she; "yet I am not sure but he is wiser in his folly than I with all my tact and cleverness, which I suspect are going to make a greater fool of me than ever he is!"

She leaned back in her chair in a deep thinking mood. "It is growing dark," murmured she. "Le Gardeur will assuredly be here soon, in spite of all the attractions of Belmont. How to deal with him when he comes is more than I know; he will renew his suit, I am sure."

For a moment the heart of Angelique softened in her bosom. "Accept him I must not!" said she; "affront him I will not! cease to love him is out of my power as much as is my ability to love the Intendant, whom I cordially detest, and shall marry all the same!" She pressed her hands over her eyes, and sat silent for a few minutes. "But I am not sure of it! That woman remains still at Beaumanoir! Will my scheming to remove her be all in vain or no?" Angelique recollected with a shudder a thought that had leaped in her bosom, like a young Satan, engendered of evil desires. "I dare hardly look in the honest eyes of Le Gardeur after nursing such a monstrous fancy as that," said she; "but my fate is fixed, all the same. Le Gardeur will vainly try to undo this knot in my life, but he must leave me to my own devices." To

day in honor of the fete of Pierre Philibert, upon his return home from the campaign in Acadia. Troops of ladies in costumes and toilettes of the latest Parisian fashion gladdened the eye with pictures of grace and beauty which Paris itself could not have surpassed. Gentlemen in full dress, in an age when dress was an essential part of a gentleman's distinction, accompanied the ladies with the gallantry, vivacity and politeness belonging to France, and to France alone.

Communication with the mother country was precarious and uncertain by reason of the war and the blockade of the Gulf by the English cruisers. Hence, the good fortune and daring of the gallant Captain Martiniere in running his frigate, the Fleur-de-Lis, through the fleet of the enemy, enabling him, among other things, to replenish the wardrobes of the ladies of Quebec with latest Parisian fashions, made him immensely popular on this gala day. The kindness and affability of the ladies extended, without diminution of graciousness, to the little midshipmen even, whom the Captain conditioned to take with him wherever he and his officers were invited. Captain Martiniere was happy to see the lads enjoy a few cakes on shore after the hard biscuit they had so long nibbled on shipboard. As for himself, there was no end to the gracious smiles and thanks he received from the fair ladies at Belmont.

At the great door of the Manor House, welcoming his guests as they arrived, stood the Bourgeois Philibert, dressed as a gentleman of the period, in attire rich but not ostentatious. His suit of dark velvet

harmonized well with his noble manner and bearing. But no one for a moment could overlook the man in contemplating his dress. The keen, discriminating eye of woman, overlooking neither dress nor man, found both worthy of warmest commendation, and many remarks passed between the ladies on that day that a handsomer man

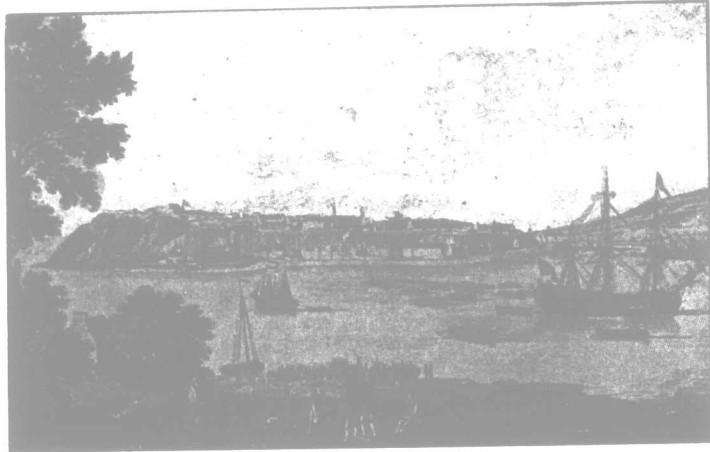
and more ripe and perfect gentleman than the Bourgeois Philibert had never been seen in New France.

His grizzled hair grew thickly all over his head, the sign of a tenacious constitution. It was powdered, and tied behind with a broad ribbon, for he hated perukes. His strong, shapely figure was handsomely conspicuous as he stood, chapeau in hand, greeting his guests as they approached. His eyes beamed with pleasure and hospitality, and his usually grave, thoughtful lips were wreathed in smiles, the sweeter because not habitually seen upon them.

The Bourgeois had this in common with all complete and earnest characters, that the people believed in him because they saw that he believed in himself. His friends loved and trusted him to the uttermost; his enemies hated and feared him in equal measure; but no one, great or small, could ignore him and not feel his presence as a solid piece of manhood.

It is not intellect, nor activity, nor wealth, that obtains most power over men; but force of character, self-control, a quiet, compressed will and patient resolve; these qualities make one man the natural ruler over others by a title they never dispute.

The party of the Honnetes Gens, the "honest folks," as they were derisively called by their opponents, regarded the Bourgeois Philibert as their natural leader. His force of character made men willingly stand



View of Quebec in 1759.

what devices she left him was a thought that sprang not up in her purely selfish nature.

In her perplexity, Angelique tied knot upon knot hard as pebbles in her handkerchief. Those knots of her destiny, as she regarded them, she left untied, and they remain untied to this day—a memento of her character and of those knots in her life which posterity has puzzled itself over to no purpose to explain.

### CHAPTER XX.

Belmont.

A short drive from the gate of St. John stood the old mansion of Belmont, the country-seat of the Bourgeois Philibert—a stately park, the remains of the primeval forest of oak, maple and pine; trees of gigantic growth and ample shade surrounded the high-roofed, many-gabled house that stood on the heights of St. Foye, overlooking the broad valley of the St. Charles. The bright river wound like a silver serpent through the flat meadows in the bottom of the valley, while the opposite slopes of alternate field and forest stretched away to the distant range of the Laurentian hills, whose pale-blue summits mingled with the blue sky at midday, or, wrapped in mist at morn and eve, were hardly distinguishable from the clouds behind them.

The gardens and lawns of Belmont were stirring with the company. To