

LITERATURE.

"GOOD-BYE"

OF all the words that e'er were known,  
The one that causes deepest moan,  
And many a tear and bitter sigh,  
Is that short, sad, cruel word, "good-bye."

The common-place "good afternoon,"  
"Good morning," or "good night," are soon  
Forgotten, but until we die  
We never can forget "good-bye."

Bright *au revoir* is lightly said,  
O'er it a tear is seldom shed ;  
We meet so soon time seems to fly  
But drags so slow with sad "good-bye."

Still must I say "good-bye," my friend,  
Yea "God be with you" to the end ;  
To shield you when temptation's nigh  
Until to earth you've said "good-bye."

KUMALLYE.

CANADA IN AUTUMN.

How fair her meadows stretch from sea to sea  
With fruitful promise ; changing robes of green  
Varying ever till the golden sheen  
Of autumn marks a glad maturity.  
How gay 'mid orchard boughs the russets be ;  
The uplands crowned with crimson maples lean  
Long, cooling arms of shadow, while between,  
In sun or shade, the flocks roam far and free.  
From east to west the harvest is her own ;  
On either hand the ocean ; at her feet  
Her cool lakes' sweetest waters throb and beat  
Like cool, firm pulses of her temperate zone.  
Gracious and just she calls from sea to sea,  
"No room for malice, none for bigotry !"

LADY STUDENT.

EXTRACTS FROM CARLYLE.

THE BEGINNINGS.

It is all work and forgotten work, this peopled, clothed, articulate-speaking, high-towered, wide-acred World. The hands of forgotten brave men have made it a World for us ; they,—honour to them ; they, in spite of the idle and the dastard. This English Land, here and now, is the summary of what was found of wise, and noble, and accordant with God's Truth, in all the generations of English Men. Our English Speech is speakable because there were Hero-Poets of our blood and lineage ; speakable in proportion to the number of these. This Land of England has its conquerors, possessors, which change from epoch to epoch, from day to day ; but its real conquerors, creators, and eternal proprietors are these following, and their representatives if you can find them : All the Heroic Souls that ever were in England, each in their degree ; all the men that ever cut a thistle, drained a puddle out of England, contrived a wise scheme in England, did or said a true and valiant thing in England. I tell thee, they had not a hammer to begin with ; and yet Wren built St. Paul's : not an articulated syllable ; and yet

there have come English Literatures, Elizabethan Literatures, Satanic-School, Cockney-School and other Literatures ;—once more, as in the old time of the *Leitourgia*, a most waste imbroglio, a world-wide jungle and jumble ; waiting terribly to be "well-edited," and "well-burnt !" Arachne started with forefinger and thumb, and had not even a distaff ; yet thou seest Manchester, and Cotton Cloth, which will shelter naked backs at two-pence an ell.

Work ? The quantity of done and forgotten work that lies silent under my feet in this world, and escorts and attends me, and supports and keeps me alive, wheresoever I walk or stand, whatsoever I think or do, gives rise to reflections ! Is it not enough, at any rate, to strike the thing called "Fame," into total silence for a wise man ? For fools and unreflective persons, she is and will be very noisy, this "Fame," and talks of her "immortals," and so forth ; but if you will consider it, what is she ? Abbot Samson was not nothing because nobody said anything of him. Or thinkest thou, the Right Honourable Sir Jabesh Windbag can be made something by Parliamentary Majorities and Leading Articles ? Her "immortals !" Scarcely two hundred years back can Fame recollect articulately at all ; and then she but munders and mumbles. She manages to recollect a Shakespeare or so ; and prates, considerably like a goose, about him ; and in the rear of that, onwards to the birth of Theuth, to Hengst's Invasion, and the bosom of Eternity, it was all blank ; and the respectable Teutonic Languages, Teutonic Practices, Existences all came of their own accord, as the grass springs, as the trees grow ; no Poet, no work from the inspired heart of a Man needed there ; and Fame has not an articulate word to say about it ! Or ask her, What, with all conceivable appliances and mnemonics, including apotheosis and human sacrifices among the number, she carries in her head with regard to a Wodan, even a Moses, or other such ? She begins to be uncertain as to what they were, whether spirits or men of mould,—gods, charlatans ; begins sometimes to have a misgiving that they were symbols, ideas of the mind ; perhaps non-entities, and Letters of the Alphabet ! She is the noisiest, inarticulately babbling, hissing, screaming, foolishest, unmusicallest of fowls that fly ; and needs no "trumpet," I think, but her own enormous goose-throat,—measuring several degrees of celestial latitude, so to speak. Her "wings," in these days, have grown far swifter than ever ; but her goose-throat hitherto seems only larger, louder and foolisher than ever. She is transitory, futile, a goose-goddess :—if she were not transitory, what would become of us ! It is a chief comfort that she forgets us all ; all, even to the very Wodans ; and grows to consider us, at last, as probably nonentities and Letters of the Alphabet.

Yes, a noble Abbot Samson resigns himself to Oblivion too ; feels it no hardship, but a comfort ; counts it as a still resting-place, from much sick fret and fever and stupidity, which in the night-watches often made his heart sigh. Your most sweet voices, making one enormous goose-voice, O Bobus and Company, how can they be a guidance for any Son of Adam ? In *silence* of you and the like of you, the "small still voices" will speak to him better ; in which does lie guidance.

My friend, all speech and rumour is short-lived, fool-