

## GONE.

IN MEMORIAM E. L. D., AGED 18.

God's smile is streaming o'er the earth  
Upon this golden day;  
Life revels in delicious mirth—  
It is the month of May.

Dear England's blossoms now are bright,  
Sweet song-birds carol free,  
And every sound and every sight  
Breathes blissful ecstasy.

The air is filled with happy things  
That haunt the busy calm,  
And stir with rainbow-tinted wings  
An atmosphere of balm.

Alas! to her whose spirit mourns  
A flower-like daughter's doom,  
(Plucked though she be from earth's keen thorns  
In Paradise to bloom),

Each scene, with joy and beauty rife,  
Glances forth, a senseless show,  
This prodigality of life  
Seems but to mock at woe.

I marvel not—May's sunlight shone  
Upon the natal day  
Of guileless Emma, who hath gone  
Where beams a purer ray;

And now it seemeth passing sad,  
When earth with flowers is spread,  
To keep, while Nature's face is glad,  
The birthday of the dead.

We cannot choose but weep that she,  
Who sleeps beneath the mould,  
Bird, blossom, butterfly, and bee,  
Shall never more behold;

That while a myriad lives are born  
Each hour from every clod,  
One life, which left fond hearts forlorn,  
Lies mingled with the sod.

I, too, three thousand miles away,  
Beneath Canadian skies,  
Mused sadly in this laughing May,  
And tears are in my eyes;

For she, whose memory we mourn,  
To our imagining  
Seemed, like the month when she was born,  
The very Queen of Spring.

Fresh, joyous, innocent and fair,  
She danced before the sight,  
With sweet, unconscious, winning air  
That shed abroad delight.

Kind deeds, the pledge of loving will,  
Were native to her choice,  
And gentle words seemed gentler still  
When uttered by her voice.

With mournful joy I call to mind  
How oft my simple lays  
Acceptance in her eyes would find,  
And win endearing praise.

That voice is hushed; but till the breath  
That warms our clay shall cease,  
Lone tauntings on her life and death  
Shall bring us dreams of peace.

Like some faint breeze in summer's heat  
She faded to repose,  
Or like the echo, dim and sweet,  
Of music's dying close;

So calmly, that ye scarce could know  
Life's tide had ceased to creep,  
The Angel, Death, resembled so  
His Angel-brother, Sleep.

The silver cord was softly riven  
That bound her down to Earth;  
Immortals hailed with joy in Heaven  
A mortal's second birth.

No longer, then, fond mother, weep.  
Remember in thy pain,  
"God giveth His beloved sleep,"  
Thy loss hath been her gain.

Think only of that hour of bliss,  
When, Life's poor drama play'd,  
Thine arms shall clasp, thy lips shall kiss  
A radiant Angel-maid!

May, 1880 Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

LOYALTY IN THE LIGHT OF INTEREST  
AND SENTIMENT.

Mr. Lowe thinks the union with the colonies is one-sided. In the case of war he says, "We are bound to defend Canada and Australia just as much as we are bound to defend Great Britain and Ireland. But there is no reciprocal obligation. The colonies do all that we require and more than we expect, if they defend themselves." Then supposing Mr. Lowe to be correct the advantage of British connection is on our side and Canadians will not complain of that. It, therefore, becomes a pertinent enquiry to ask who has the most to lose by separation—Canada or Great Britain? Certainly not Great Britain. It may be argued that the British Crown might become involved in a war in which we as Canadians have no interest, and that such a war would prove expensive and onerous. The same possibility might arise in the event of annexation with the United States, and were we even an independent nation the same thing may happen with far worse results. If Canada united with the Republic she would do so for better or worse, and it is doubtful whether she would not eventually be swamped by native American immigration and in time cease to exist as a Canadian population. Argument on such a basis is inadmissible because it applies all round.

Exception has been taken in the first place to the disadvantages Canada has experienced in the treaties made by England in which she has been interested, and notably the Washington Treaty. There doubtless has been cause for complaint, but was that a sufficient cause for

promoting annexationist views by persons who used it as capital to that end? (I refer to Mr. Goldwin Smith.) Has any member of the Canadian House of Commons felt himself brave enough to urge it as a reason for severance from the Motherland? If Canada admits England's right to make treaties she must not forget that the British Government, as a rule, selects diplomatists of experience and ability to conduct their negotiations, and who as Sir Francis Hincks has well put it, "are better informed as to what it is expedient to press than those who criticise their acts." She must not forget, too, that powers when discussing treaties find it absolutely necessary to make concessions and these are always vigorously opposed by the Opposition of the day in all Parliaments.

It is rather singular to note that the strongest objections to British connection have not emanated from Canadians but from Englishmen. Goldwin Smith urges it because British connection means England first and Canada nowhere. Hon. Robert Lowe, formerly Chancellor of the Exchequer, urges it because England has everything to lose by the present relationship, while the colonies have all the advantage and give nothing in return. Both cannot be right, surely.

In some respects Canadians are freer than Englishmen. Where is the country beside England which would exempt a portion of her subjects from war? as is the case with the Mennonites in the North-West.

The unequal laws of land tenure have no unjust bearing upon us. The unjust law of primogeniture does not exist here, for in Canada a man may distribute his property as he pleases. The French Canadian finds that his religious privileges are not subject to the interference of the State as in France. He votes as he pleases and is as strong a party man as his English-speaking fellow-citizen.

And what is far better the man who is not satisfied with the existing state of things in Canada is free to leave it, if he so desires, without the slightest fear that he will be prevented from taking his departure as he would be in Russia or Germany.

There are many other questions arising out of this subject which I cannot enter upon. Possibly there may be some who will take exception to those I have advanced, but I trust I have, at least, shown to the satisfaction of the most of you that in the light of interest Canada should remain loyal to British connection.

## LOYALTY IN THE LIGHT OF SENTIMENT.

The most devoted Canadian can never forget that in his freedom he reflects the glory of the nation which made him a free people. The vastness of his country, the richness of its soil, the wealth of its minerals, the vigour of its climate all converge to one central thought that he owes his inheritance to the perfect security of constitutional freedom—a freedom which is liberty governed by order, without which it would degenerate into license.

The Irishman burning under his sense of Imperial injustice, finds here a new home, and a rich compensation for honest labour, arduous though it may be. If he gives the matter a thought he will recognize the wisdom of those British statesmen to whom he is indebted for the security he enjoys, and he loses sight of past wrongs and adapts himself as a loyal citizen to the laws of the land of his adoption.

The Scot in Canada is oftentimes more Scottish than the Scot in Edinburgh. And it is by no means necessary that he should have been born in Scotland to become so. Here he at once takes a place in the affairs of his adopted country and wins honourable distinction among his fellow-citizens.

The Englishman although he may occasionally drop his "h's" has his aspirations and casts in his lot with the rest, feeling persuaded that the Union Jack of old England will always

"Fill her foes with dismay."

and never wearies of talking about it. Pluckily but quietly he finds his level according to the quality of the stuff that is in him.

Those who are not of British descent but seek Canada to escape the intolerance of some European monarchy, do so with the full knowledge that under the flag which protects them contentment may be had, and the sentiment of loyalty becomes inspired in their hearts by gratitude.

In brief, the freedom enjoyed by every British subject has been purchased and paid for over and over again by the Motherland. The first instalment became due in 1215 when Magna Charter first saw the light. The History of British Liberty is the text-book of all free governments and the same element of gratitude which beats in the heart of the illiterate Russ of the North-West is identical with the loyalty which does not shrink when the emergency arises of defending to the death the cause of British honour and the British Empire. The character of the Sovereign is a safe index of the condition of the people. In no case is this more true than in the person of the August Lady whom we delight to revere as our Queen. And it is to the great honour of the British Empire that under no circumstances has the personal conduct of our Empress Queen been assailed in the most indirect manner. Can the same be said of the Chief Magistrates of the neighbouring Republic, who have assumed office since her accession? No. Take almost any United States paper during a Presidential contest and you will find the most flippant and at times the most indecent references to their

habits, their fitness—nay, even their honour. Surely this is not a healthy sign among a people who call themselves the greatest on earth! In these money-making days we often hear a great deal about the selfishness of Great Britain. But has she never made sacrifices? England's domestic history from 1215 until the passage of the Habeas Corpus Act in 1678, was for over 450 years an intermittent period of sacrifice in the effort to secure the most perfect constitution the wisdom of man has ever yet devised. And she has never yet grudged that liberty to others she has won for herself. From 1829 until now she has been steadily endeavouring to make amends to Ireland. If it were possible to shatter the British Constitution to-day, it would be tantamount to universal revolution. She is truly the mother of all free peoples. No Canadian, be he of French or English speaking origin, cannot but feel that the dear old land with her magnificent records of daring deeds, full of moral as well as physical valour, has contributed to "this Canada of ours," the safest and best elements of a true Canadian nationality, a good and wise form of government. And knowing this he would indeed be an ungrateful sluggard if he failed.

## LEGEND OF ST. OLAF'S KIRK.

The story of this poem is taken from an old Danish tradition, "Axel and Valborg," which has found its way into English through Alexander Prior's translations of Vedel's and Grundtvig's ballads. So changed is it, however, from the original plot; so interwoven with fancies of his own, that but for traditional names it might almost be called a new creation. The scene is laid in Norway, about the time of the twelfth century, and the story, according to the poem, runs as follows: Axel Yorsend, "boon companion of the Prince," loves and is beloved by Valborg, daughter of a lady of the court. But so jealously does she guard her preference that even the queen, who desires her for her own son, Prince Hakon, and who, therefore, warily conjures her to "Choose then the likeliest, who can offer thee most honour," is in the dark upon which of the two she has placed her affections. The prince himself, however, discovers the secret, while listening one night to a song which she sings to her lover. From that time he secretly hates his rival. At last Axel wins the day over the prince in a tournament, and demands Valborg as the prize. The king consents and the wedding is set. Meantime Prince Hakon, with the help of Blackfriar Knud, has unearthed an old church law which forbids those of kin from marrying. Axel and Valborg are cousins in the fourth degree; and as the bridal party stand in St. Olaf's Kirk to celebrate the marriage rites they hear from the friar, the words: "In the name of God these bans I do forbid."

The ceremonies following are interesting as a relic of those times. A table-spread, or, as the ballad has it "a kerchief," is given to them, and, each holding a corner, it is cut in twain by a sword, thus symbolizing their eternal separation. Then they take from Valborg her ring and golden ornaments and give them to Axel, who in wrath and despair hurls them upon the altar stone.

At this point Axel is fired with a sudden purpose to journey to Rome and influence the Pope to unmake the cruel law. Tearing himself away from the disconsolate Valborg, he sets out on his seven year's pilgrimage. The recital of Valborg's utter loneliness after his departure is perhaps the most touching part of the story.

Prince Hakon, who has skulked in the background until Axel is safe out of the way, now sets himself to work to win the favour of the lonely Valborg. But the seven years it seems are all too short to accomplish his purpose; for when Axel re-appears at the end of that time she is still repelling him. In chagrin he retires before the victorious lover, and so universal and hearty is the rejoicing, that even the bells of St. Olaf seem to shout, "Axel's come! He's come—come! Oh, he's come—come!" It would seem that now all would go well, but on the eve of happiness an invasion of pirates calls all the kingdom to arms. In the struggle both Axel and Hakon are mortally wounded "by one another's spear heads." With his last breath, the prince confesses:

"Before Heaven's judgment seat, whose cherubim  
Will soon salute me, it was I who dealt  
My comrade's death-blow. Blinded by the dust,  
Neither knew what he did; and he is blameless.  
But not so I, for in my heart of hearts  
Have I in years gone by oft mused on this,  
Envious of him, and murdered him in thought."

Valborg, who arrives to close her lover's eyes, and, at his request, be united to him by the bishop, cannot survive the shock. For

"When the friars  
From Axel's body help to lighten her's,  
She, too, had taken flight—the virgin wife,  
The queen unscarlet—flown with her song  
And him, Saint Valborg, of the violet plumes."

The poem thus ends more dramatically than the ballad, which leaves Valborg to drag out an existence in a convent.

The introduction of the Spaagnin, the court prophetess, is original and dramatic; and among the many appreciatively written portions of the poem may be mentioned Axel's return to Vidaros after his seven years' absence. When the old familiar landmarks meet his eye, his impetuosity turns to tremulous fear,

"And but for pride he would have turned and fled,  
As from a foe too terrible to face."

And the agonized conviction that Valborg is gone is

"Like an ax-blow,  
That descends and stops all power of thinking."

Mr. Houghton seems to have made a close study of Tennyson, whose tricks of style he has perhaps followed more closely than he is aware. His sensitiveness and tenderness are, however, all his own, though the latter is sometimes chilled by a too realistic touch in description. Thus, when Valborg

"Felt a great sob behind her lips,"

the reader feels it, too; but when he reads that

"Tears flood the sluices of her eyes,"

his attention is turned from his emotion to physiology. Minute detail often belittles an emotion, as a lavish use of words hides the greatness of a thought; and especially is a scientific term a dangerous element to introduce into the description of sentiment. Despite these small faults and a few common phrases, like "dumb with awe," and "Welcome, to pallid death!" which the poet tolerates, its artistic merit, tasteful style, and the interest of the story, make it complete in its way from beginning to end. Nearly forty years ago this legend was dramatized, and made a great sensation in the Scandinavian world. Possibly the interest excited by the present work may induce some one to translate that powerful tragedy.

## EPIGRAMS.

A good epigram is this one by Lord Holland on Southey:

Our Laureate Bob defends the king,  
He takes his cash and will not sing.  
Yet on he goes, I know not why,  
Singing for us who will not buy.

Here is another by Lord Erskine on Sir Walter Scott's long-forgotten poem, "The Field of Waterloo":

On Waterloo's ensanguined plain,  
Lie tens of thousands of the slain:  
But none by sabre or the shot  
Fell half so flat as Walter Scott.

Here is a well-known one by Porson on some Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, but which is so good that it never grows old, the test of true wit:

Here lies a Doctor of Divinity,  
Who was a Fellow, too, of Trinity;  
He knows as much about Divinity,  
As other Fellows do of Trinity.

Here is an excellent one by an unknown author. If it had not been written in such a see-saw, common-place rhythm, it would have been in its way nearly perfect:

When Orpheus went down to the regions below,  
Which men are forbidden to see,  
He turned up his lyre, as old histories show,  
To set his Eurydice free.

All Hell was astonished a person so wise  
Should rashly endanger his life,  
And venture so far; but how vast their surprise  
When they heard that he came for his wife!

To find out a punishment due for his fault  
Old Plato long puzzled his brain;  
But Hell had not torments sufficient, he thought—  
So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding soon vanquished his heart,  
And pleased with his plaything so well,  
He took her again in reward of his art—  
Such merit had music in Hell.

On a man who, to hide his loss of hair, had wrapped his head in a woollen muffler, under pretence of having the ear-ache:

You wrap your bald head, and pretend  
You've got the ear-ache. But, my friend,  
Your hair it is, if truth were known,  
That aches to think how scant 'tis grown.

On a poet who, when reciting, wrapped his throat up in a woollen muffler:

Why, are your verses you recite,  
Thus muffled up your throat so tight?  
'T would better suit this crowd that hears:  
Give us that wool to stuff our ears.

THE BLOOM OF AGE.—A good woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed on her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it will never fade. In her neighbourhood she is the friend and benefactor. Who does not respect and love the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy—who has been the friend of man and God—whose whole life has been a scene of kindness and love and a devotion to truth? We repeat, such a woman cannot grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirit, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If the young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her not yield to the sway of fashion and folly; let her love truth and virtue; and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life appear a garden of sweets—ever fresh and ever new.

## The Greatest Blessing.

A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it? See other column.