

the central figure in *Les Amours d'Olivier*, a liaison which brought irregular hours and quarrels with his father in its train, followed by expulsion from home and the desertion of his mistress with his intimate friend, and his subsequent illness in the hospital, cut him adrift from all ties, and left him to fight his way onward alone.

He had now only his comrades left, for his mother was dead, and the only home he knew was left behind by one of the most home loving men who ever entered that enticing but treacherous path which, as he himself says, is "the prelude to the Academy, the Hospital or the Morgue." He knew the life and its dangers, was fully aware of the delusions which mislead so fatally; in his introduction to *La Vie de Bohème*, he warns the inexperienced "who have taken as serious the studied utterances of unfortunate artists and poets; the names of Gilbert, Malfilatre, Chatterton and Moreau are too often too imprudently and certainly too uselessly quoted." In fact the whole of this introduction will well repay careful reading and is a strong protest against the danger of the sentimental and dangerous glamour with which young men are inclined to surround any course that is different from the necessary, perhaps irksome, routine of more conventional life. The dedication, which is given in his volume of poems, is in the same strain.

As a child by Fortune led
Follows with a careless heart,
To my friend, my way I tread
In the great high road of Art.

Like the true Bohemian old,
For a staff and as a stay,
I have Hope and Courage bold
Sole supporters on my way.

For that Primrose Path whose prize
Tempted eager feet of youth,
Now is seen with clearer eyes
As it exists, in very truth.

Straight it stretches, drear and cold;
Even now my pulses beat
At the cry of comrades old
Who onward toil with wounded feet.

I hear the hymn of pain to-day,
Death cry of the wearied soul,
Of comrades fallen by the way;
Still I strive to win the goal.

Standing by the shore at last
The rising tide hath kissed my feet;
After storm and whirlwind past
I trace the history complete.

The Bohemia, in which he and his friends lived, was a world of hard, unceasing toil; a cruelly material world with long freezing winters, when there was but scanty store of food and fuel for the workers therein. As Mr. Saintsbury, in an article on Murger in the *Fortnightly* for August, 1876, says: "There is something hideous in the indelible impression which cold in particular seems to have made on him. Throughout his work, often quite unconsciously, and in no special connection with the context we come on little touches, which show his shuddering remembrance of long, fireless days in crazy lodgings, with the winter winds blowing in on the lonely student; of nights when the wretched clothing of the day is added to the bedding and both together are not enough."

These were the miseries he voluntarily faced with the others of that little band; Karol, Murger's *Professeur de Moku*, who gave his address as "Avenue de St. Cloud, fifth branch, third tree to the left after passing the Bois de Boulogne," a large hearted enthusiast, looking after his weaker and more improvident friends in a truly motherly fashion, and sharing his weekly provision regularly and as a matter of course, with his less fortunate charges, and who finally drifted to Constantinople, where he died when his only means of subsistence, writing and French lessons, failed him; Noël, the dramatist of the future and President of *Les Buveurs d'Eau*; the two brothers Desbrosses, Gothique and Jacques, the latter the hero of *Le manchon de Francine*, whose early death in the hospital was like his life, "quiet, without affectation, and with the agony of suffering humanity," and Alexander Schaune, whose *Memoires de Schaunard* have just been published, containing an infinite variety of details concerning Murger and his companions, and adding to *La Vie de Bohème* all that vivid interest which springs from a personal acquaintance with one of the actors in the scene.

To these friends and others like them Murger joined himself, bringing his forty francs a month and all his untiring enthusiasm for work.

The terrible winter of 1842 now came on and Murger, although not quite twenty, was losing the roundness and freshness of youth; insufficient food and clothing, and excessively hard work, combined with the pernicious habit of doing it at night under the stimulus of strong coffee, brought on that dreadful disease *purpura*, which again caused his entry into the hospital, where the peculiarity of his malady made him an object of curiosity to the scientific world of Paris. However the *purpura* was conquered for the time being, and he returned to his work, and his sufferings with the warnings of his kindly physicians ringing in his ears.

Up to this time he believed he could write nothing but verse and resolutely refused to lend his pen to prose; but one night when he should have been preparing some plans for his patron, Count Tolstoi, he astonished his companions for nearly two hours with an exhibition of intellectual fire-works. When he ceased, Noël burst out with "For Heaven's sake, Murger, don't write any more verses!" The advice was not taken then, but month after month assisted and encouraged by the ever ready sympathy of his friends, he worked bravely, mastering the purities of his mother tongue and conquering the defects in his taste and style. WM. McLENNAN, M.A.

(To be concluded.)

CAPE TRINITY ON THE SAGUENAY.

Thou weather-beaten watchman—grim and gray—
Towering majestic, with imperial brow,
O'er all the thronging hills that seem to bow
In humble homage—near and far away:
Even thy great consort seems to own thy sway,—
In her calm grandeur, yet less grand than thou,
Rising—star-crowned—from the rough earth below,
So lonely in thy might and majesty!
Thy rugged, storm-scarred forehead to the blast
Thou barest—all unscreened thy rugged form,
Radiant in sunset—dark in winter storm—
As thou hast stood, through countless ages past;
What comes or goes—it matters not to thee,
Serene, self-poised—in triple unity!

FIDELIS.

"MIS EN RESERVE."

In the paper contributed by Edward Eggleston to the series "Books That Have Helped Me," the central point is the quotation, with his own commentaries upon it, from Sainte-Beuve. "But I remember," writes Mr. Eggleston, "three words of Sainte-Beuve—to whose writings I owe a hundred debts—three words that stung me like a goad when this change was approaching. It is in one of the 'Nouveaux Lundis' that he describes the mental state of Lamennais, I think, by saying that there were certain doctrines which that ex-priest had *mis en reserve*. These words occurred to me over and over as a rebuke to my lack of intellectual courage. I also had put many things in reserve; if I discussed them at all it was always under shelter of certain sentiments. Were sentiments proper media for the discovery of truth?"

From the time that I resolved that nothing should be any more "put in reserve" by me, but that all my opinions, even the most sacred and venerable, should go into the crucible, I date what I deem a truer and freer intellectual life than I had known before."

These three words, *mis en reserve*, which the author of "The Graysons" says "stung him like a goad," came back to my mind again and again; they almost mingled with my dreams the first night after I read them, and I wondered whether they were indeed the "Open, Sesame!" to an intellectual freedom, or only a bait of subtle falseness, to lure one with the promise of liberty into hopeless mental entanglements. Finally, it seemed to me, they were more of the latter than the former. "Let everything be brought out" is the spirit of what Mr. Eggleston says, "keep nothing in reserve, but bring out all you hold most sacred, to stand or fall in the full daylight of intellectual power."

But is it a full daylight after all? Is not human wisdom, at best, a sort of dark lantern, flashing on this subject and then on that, and is not the sunlight of faith the only thing that makes any day for us at all? The unbeliever (with no reference to Mr. Eggleston of course) stands up and cries: "I believe nothing that I cannot understand—I will have none of any process that cannot be brought to the bar of reason!" Then, cease to draw your breath, miserable vaunter, for that process is beyond your finite comprehension! Free-thinkers, agnostics, atheists, and all the pitiful list of the faithless, tossing on the high seas, with the black flag of infidelity at every mast-head, look with jealous eyes at the fleet of the faithful moored in the haven of Christianity, to that "hope which we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast," and would fain sever the strands of the cable of faith, and so set the hopeless vessels adrift, to be, even as they are, "driven with the wind and tossed."

To me it seems good that there should be something "put in reserve." Not from fear of any test the intellect could apply to it, but simply that the intellect is incapable, (necessarily incapable, because finite, limited) of tasting it at all. And, moreover, because it has already stood the higher test of spiritual experience.

There are parts of our being that we all feel to be, in a sense, exalted above mere reason, while still closely connected with it, and inter-dependent in relation to it. For instance: we go out into the world and meet throngs of people. One after another we pass by, with a word, a look, or neither. Suddenly our progress is arrested by one of the throng—we pause, we clasp his hand in ours, and feel the answering pressure; we look into his eyes, and our own thought looks back at us, and we say: "This is my friend!" There is something there beyond mere intellectual choice. Reason may have had something to do with it, in that it may have been a wise and suitable selection from the crowd—but there was more than reason; we knew that, as we gladly felt the chords of that friendship binding us closer and still closer. So, on a higher plane, those of us who have known the Christian life, know that it is a thing apart from and above any intellectual development. How else would it appeal to the most ignorant and most uncultured? It is the "Spirit witnesseth with our spirits that we are the children of God."

So we would fain keep our *sanctum sanctorum* where even angels might fear to tread, free from the rushing in of foolish human wisdom, echoing only to the beneficent footfalls of the great High Priest.

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.