

"To persecute  
Makes a faith hated, and is furthermore  
No perfect witness of a perfect faith  
In him who persecutes . . . Who lights the  
faggot?

Not the full faith, no, but the lurking doubt.  
Old Rome, that first made martyrs in the Church,  
Trembled for her own gods, for these were  
trembling—

But when did our Rome tremble?

PAGEZ.

Did she not  
In Henry's time and Edward's?

POLE.

What, my Lord!

The Church, on Peter's rock? Never! I have  
seen

A pine in Italy that cast its shadow  
Athwart a cataract; firm stood the pine—  
The cataract shook the shadow. To my mind,  
The cataract typed the hadlong plunge and fall  
Of heresy to the pit; the pine was Rome.  
You see, my Lords,  
It was the shadow of the Church that trembled;  
Your Church was but the shadow of a Church,  
Wanting the triple mitre."

We have, in the following song,  
one of those gushes of lyric melody  
so common in Shakespeare and the  
Elizabethan dramatists, which pal-  
pitate with music to their core like  
the song of the heaven-soaring lark  
that cannot help but sing for the  
rapture throbbing at its heart. Queen  
Elizabeth, in her prison, hears a  
milkmaid singing without:

"Shame upon you, Robin,  
Shame upon you now!  
Kiss me would you! with my hands  
Milking the cow?"

Daisies grow again,  
Kinecups blow again,  
And you come and kiss me milking the cow.

Come Robin, Robin,  
Come and kiss me now;  
Help it can I? with my hands  
Milking the cow?  
Ringdoves coo again,  
All things woo again,  
Come behind and kiss me milking the cow.

ELIZABETH.

I would I were a milkmaid,  
To sing, love, marry, churn, brew, bake and die.  
I never lay my head upon the pillow  
But that I think 'Wilt thou be there to-  
morrow?'

How oft the falling axe, that never fell,  
Hath shocked me back into the daylight truth  
That it may fall to-day!"

The foil offered by the sad, imprison-  
ed princess to the free and happy  
milkmaid is the very perfection of  
poetic art. But we must forbear  
quotation. Our limits of space are  
exhausted. To enjoy the poem  
properly, our readers must study it  
carefully for themselves; and it is  
one of the few poems of recent times  
that will stand the test of careful  
study—another proof of its intrinsic  
excellence and an augury of its per-  
manent place in our literature. The  
Canadian copyright edition is well  
printed on toned paper and hand-  
somely bound in cloth, with beveled  
boards, and is sold much below the  
English edition.

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## MINISTERIAL OBITUARY.

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### THE REV. DANIEL McMULLEN.

THE subject of this sketch was  
born at Digby, Nova Scotia, April  
14th, 1799. He was one of the  
younger members of a large family,  
most of whom lived to mature years.  
His father and mother had left the  
United States at the close of the  
Revolutionary war, and, with other  
loyalists, settled in Nova Scotia,  
where nearly all their children were  
born. In 1811 his mother and the  
greater part of the family, some of  
whom were already married, came to  
Canada, the others expecting to follow

the next year. The breaking out of  
the war of 1812 delayed the emigra-  
tion of the rest of the family, and  
those of them who eventually came  
did not reach Canada until 1815.  
Two of the sons remained in Nova  
Scotia, one of whom, James McMul-  
len, Esq., of Yarmouth, is still living  
at the advanced age of eighty-two  
years. Daniel was twelve years of  
age when the family reached York,  
now Toronto, which was then a  
small village. The trip from Nova  
Scotia was through New York, up the