

a possession of all the great world-leaders: Buddha, Mahomet, and—pre-eminently—Jesus Christ, who was altogether divine. We, having passed through the formative period of simple consciousness, and self-consciousness, attain in later life a consciousness which is informed with a supreme knowledge of the cosmos, akin to that of God, free from any element of doubt or indecision. "Old things have passed away." "By the invasion I lay passive to, in rushed new things, the old were rapt away."

St. XXI.—This absolute soul-knowledge it is which severs great minds from small. Between mere intellectual power, based on the phenomenal, and thus fallible, and this rich maturity of spirit which assimilates the hidden principles of things, and satisfies all that is highest in us, there is a "great gulf fixed." The poet presents most dramatically the difficulty of judging as to who is living the true life.

"Was I, the world arraigned,
Were they, my soul disdained, right?"

St. XXII.—As diverse as individuals are the estimates of the real worth of our loves and hates, our tastes and our pursuits. The nature-lover is moved to fervor by the grandeur of Niagara Falls, but another visitor complains that there is nothing there to see, "Nothing but the water; no merry-go-round—nothing!" Over and over again is this being repeated; one removes his shoes in awe and reverence; others "stand round and pick blackberries." In brain and brawn they appear equal; the soul is what makes the difference. Hence, we must not judge by the outward. Our souls must believe that those matters which lift us above the material and keep us in remembrance that "man has Forever," are right.

St. XXIII.—The world does its work and receives its price, appraises all according to its own calibre, lays its hand upon things which are on its own level and [XXIV.] approves them. But the great sum of our lives is made up of what is too fine for its judgment: instincts, purposes, [XXV.] thoughts, fancies, possibilities, unknown or unappreciated virtues: these, all in the germ, seen by none but God, Who implanted these seeds of "the Right, the Good, the Infinite," in our souls, and Who waits for the harvest.

As Burns said to the "Unco Guid":

"What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

To use Browning's own metaphor: God knows the possibilities of the clay, and shapes from a priceless pitcher.
—Jer. and Isaiah.

Essay 2.—Rabbi Ben Ezra is like a marvellously-woven tapestry of rare and intricate pattern. Shimmering threads of thought forming here a bud, are woven over by others, to reappear there as a full-blossomed rose. Back across its figured texture we find, "Should not the heart beat once, 'How good to live and learn?'" And six fair line-petals form our flower. "For more is not reserved for a tool's true play." This is what it is to live and learn. Each day to the worker brings its lesson. The great and wise man will learn it and put it into practice, thus building gradually a fair and sure foundation of learning to be finally crowned by age's wisdom. In the last three lines of Stanza XVIII. is embodied a thought on which books have been written. Ruskin has said, in effect, that from only those who are living practically useful lives can a lesson of the mystery of life be learned, and learned only by joining their useful labor. "Here (in youth's strong years), work enough to watch the Master work." To "those that dig and weave, and plant and build," workers in all materials, if they keep their eyes and ears open, their minds awake, is given to see in nature, in their separate fields of labor, something of the Master's methods of work, by which they may improve their own. To none but earnest workers is the mystery of life unfolded.

Here the thread of thought in St. XXIII. reappears (St. XIX.), in the commendation of youth's natural enthusiasm for making discoveries, the crude but honest efforts of the young to be pathfinders, ambitious, to lead the way into new fields of labor with new methods of work, and equal commendation of the

quiet wisdom, the mild outlook on life, the calm waiting for death, of the aged, unfitted as they are, by physical weakness, for exciting, strenuous life.

"Enough now"—in middle life, with full strength, unhampered by youth's indecision or weakness of age—"if the Right and Good and Infinite" attributes of God, and, therefore, to be believed in with implicit faith, are recognized here as being as real and sure as our possession of our own hands. Here, in the middle life, it is enough; no need to listen to the many who, with multifarious advice and cramming of knowledge, try to hasten youth's development, and in so doing leave no time for thought or originality, as if a chrysalis could, by restless rolling about and fretting in its cocoon, turn itself into a butterfly!

But in age, the rabbi, who is speaking, prays that there may be determined for each his life's worth; may time have proved the greatness or meanness of contemporary lives, that he may know whether he was right when, called to answer in the world's court the world's charges, he contemptuously defied his adversaries.

Here in the present, though, who is to act as umpire for the disputants? The rabbi stands alone against ten, who, with equally sound faculties and physical powers, totally disagree with him; whose likes and dislikes are in direct opposition to his. Instead of weakly following them, knowing that all human judgment is at best mere conjecture, he asks in perplexity, "Whom shall my soul believe?"

Not by the work adjudged good by the money-making world because it brings gain, can a man's worth be reckoned. This world, from its low level, is skilled in valuing articles of commerce, but these products of toil are not the measure of a man. They show nothing of the aspirations that failed, longings unfulfilled, inspiration flashes that faded, and thoughts that fled before they could find expression in word or deed. Of all these things the world of mammon knows and cares not; and of them the busy life to which they come may only be only semi-conscious. But every emotion is taken account of by God in His weighing of the human life; for, as the potter knows with perfect understanding the nature and possibilities of his clay, though the world sees only the finished surface of his vessels, so God knows, as the world cannot know, the work of His hands.

The Golden Dog

(Le Chien D'Or.)

A Canadian Historical Romance.

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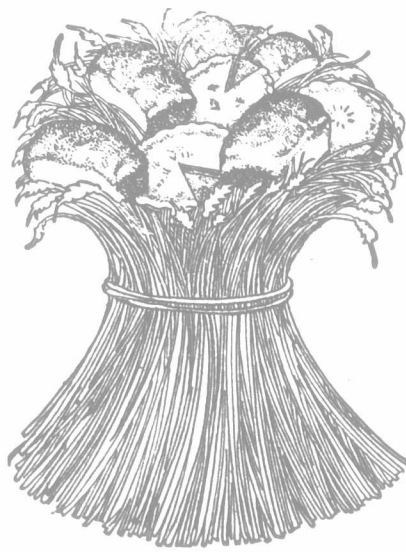
CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"I am a simple quail," thought he, "to be caught by her piping. Par Dieu! I am going to make a fool of myself if I do not take care! Such a woman as this I have not found between Paris and Naples. The man who gets her, and knows how to use her, might be Prime Minister of France. And to fancy it—I came here to pick this sweet chestnut out of the fire for Le Gardeur de Repentigny! Francois Bigot! as a man of gallantry and fashion, I am ashamed of you!"

These were his thoughts, but in words he replied, "The Lady of Beaumanoir is not my wife, perhaps never will be." Angelique's eager question fell on very unproductive ground.

Angelique repeated the word superciliously. "Perhaps! Perhaps!" in the mouth of a woman is consent half won; in the mouth of a man I know it has a laxer meaning. Love has nothing to say to 'perhaps'; it is will or shall, and takes no 'perhaps,' though a thousand times repeated!

"And you intend to marry this treasure-trove of the forest—perhaps?" continued Angelique, tapping the ground with a daintier foot than the Intendant had ever seen before.



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