

WE SHALL SEE THEM NO MORE.

We shall see them no more, the yesterdays of the past week are as dead as the yesterdays that preceded the flood. They have gone into the old time from which there is no recall. The friends over whose cold ashes we bent with many tears a few days ago are as dead as Julius Cæsar or Charlemagne. We shall see them no more; the sun will shine for them, the daisies will blossom for them, and the birds will sing for them no more forever. Out of our lives goes something that is bright and beautiful every day. Just like the mayflowers, the daisies and the yellowing grain, something that is cheerful and pleasant is always going away from us and from all that live. We recall with anxious ear the brook that told us so many strange stories when we were young. The meadows that grew greener than any of the meadows of these later days, the birds whose language we could readily interpret, the woods that were haunted by fairy folk, and the clouds and the morning and sunset skies, where we saw Adam and Eve in their Paradise, the children of Israel marching through the Red Sea and Columbus sailing away in search of a new world. We recall them in imagination and at the same time we recall!

The dear, dead faces
That bear no traces
Of sin, of sorrow, of time or pain;
And the dear still voices!
How the heart rejoices
To see you, to hear you in dreams again.

It is a wonder,
From the daisies under,
The sunshine, the snow, and the pitiless rain.
Ye come to greet us—
Ye come to meet us,
In this world of trial and tempest again.

—St. John Evening Gazette.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

WHEN you have in truth found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cape May crystal to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman till you first find a man. To be a gentleman it is sufficient to have had a grandfather. To be a gentleman does not depend upon the tailor or the toilet. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits. The Prince Leo Boo concluded that the hog was the only gentleman in England, as being the only thing that did not labour. A gentleman is just a gentleman, no more, no less—a diamond polished that was at first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one who never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one who never thinks it. A gentleman subjects his appetites. A gentleman refines his taste. A gentleman subjects his feelings. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems every other better than himself. Sir Philip Sidney was never so much a gentleman—mirror though he was of English knighthood—as when upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay weltering in his own blood, he waived the draught of cold spring water that was to quench his mortal thirst in favour of a dying soldier. St. Paul describes the gentleman when he exhorted the Philippian Christians: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think of these things." And Dr. Isaac Barrow, in his admirable sermon on the calling of a gentleman, pointedly says: "He should labour and study to be a leader unto virtue, and a noble promoter thereof; directing and exciting men thereto by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his countenance and authority; rewarding the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favour. He should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness by his words and works before a profane world.—Bishop Doane.

CHARACTER AND SERVICE.

NEVER did men feel the abundance of unused and misused force as it is felt to-day. Nowhere is the student of the future met by the awful problem of a dead world, an unborn clod, or a burnt-out cinder to be kindled into life. The life is here. Only so often it plays instead of working, and loiters instead of running, and is eager not about the greatest, but about the least. Where is the noisy energy and great zeal to-day? It is where men are seeking money, not where men are seeking truth. It is where men are pursuing selfish ambitions, not where they are labouring for the common good. It is where the things of the flesh, not the things of the spirit, are the prize. So it appears at least upon the surface. So runs the lamentation of anxious hearts. Turn from the wide world, which it is so easy to abuse, so hard to understand, and think of your own life which you do know. There are high desires, noble discontents and ambitions in you. You know that they are there. But is not the dissatisfaction of your whole life this, that it is not they that get your most devoted thought and eager action? It is "the meat which perisheth" for which you really labour. It is the prize of the moment that sets you all astir with desire, with indignation, with hope, with fear. All the time off there in the distance on its shrine it shines pure and white and real, the ultimate desire of your nature, adored and treasured, but too far away and cold to draw to it the tides of passion, love and hate, which spend

their forces upon the trifles of the day. Sometimes it seems almost as if so strange a state of things produced its strange result in the discrediting of eager passion and desire, as if they were too coarse and common for the higher interests of life. The instrument which you confine to lower uses and rob of its best duties is itself dishonoured, and becomes even suspicious of itself. Eagerness and enthusiasm seem to many of us poetically to have their true place in the stock exchange or on the ball field, but to bring something of defilement and distortion with them when you set them free into the lofty regions of the search for truth and the development of character and service of fellow man.—Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D.

A POET'S MENU.

(Minus Soup and Fish.)

FIRST a few oysters, each upon its shell,
Rich, plump, and firm, and sweet as virgins' kisses,
With *Haute Sauterne*: no other wine so well
Accords with oysters—when 'tis good as this is!
Next, some nice *ris de veau*, with fresh green peas
Or *sauce tomate*, or, if you like them, larded—
Well cooked, well browned: and everyone agrees
No daintier dish could be by skill rewarded;
Especially with Burgundy's ripe wine—
A wine whose very name is wreathed in praises,
Whose perfume far excels the sweet woodbine,
And to gay mirth the drooping spirit raises.
Then a rich *filet*, served with *pommes de terre*—
One of the daintiest and best of dishes—
With dry champagne—Mumm's Verzenay is fair—
Which banishes all vain regrets and wishes.
Now a fat partridge waits the guests' commands:
Then, all that's needful—yet without excesses—
Comes the green salad, dressed with graceful hands,
And coffee crowns the lunch with sweet caresses.

PREFACE TO "A CENTURY OF DISHONOUR."

THE Indian is the only human being within our territory who has no individual right in the soil. He is not amenable to or protected by law. The executive, the legislative and judicial departments of the Government recognize that he has a possessory right in the soil; but his title is merged in the tribe—the man has no standing before the law. A Chinese or a Hottentot would have, but the native American is left pitifully helpless. This system grew out of our relations at the first settlement of the country. The isolated settlements along the Atlantic coast could not ask the Indians, who outnumbered them ten to one, to accept the position of wards. No wise policy was adopted, with altered circumstances, to train the Indians for citizenship. Treaties were made of the same binding force as the Constitution; but these treaties were unfulfilled. It may be doubted if one single treaty has ever been fulfilled as it would have been if it had been made with a foreign power. The treaty has been made as between two independent sovereigns. Sometimes each party has been ignorant of the wishes of the other; for the heads of both parties to the treaty have been on the interpreter's shoulders, and he was the owned creature of corrupt men, who desired to use the Indians as a key to unlock the nation's treasury. Pledges, solemnly made, have been shamelessly violated. The Indian has had no redress but war. In these wars ten white men were killed to one Indian, and the Indians who were killed have cost the Government \$100,000 each. Then came a new treaty, more violated faith, another war, until we have not a hundred miles between the Atlantic and Pacific which has not been the scene of an Indian massacre. All this while Canada has had no Indian wars. Our Government has expended for the Indians a hundred dollars to their one. They recognize, as we do, that the Indian has a possessory right to the soil. They purchase this right, as we do, by treaty; but their treaties are made with the *Indian subjects* of Her Majesty. They set apart a permanent reservation for them; they seldom remove Indians; they select agents of high character who receive their appointments for life; they make fewer promises, but they fulfil them; they give the Indians Christian missions, which have the hearty support of Christian people, and all their efforts are toward self-help and civilization.—Bishop Whipple.

TWELVE GOOD RULES FOR REVIEWERS.

If I were to attempt to draw up Twelve Good Rules for Reviewers, I should begin with:—

1. Form an honest opinion.
2. Express it honestly.
3. Don't review a book which you cannot take seriously.
4. Don't review a book with which you are out of sympathy. That is to say, put yourself in the author's place, and try to see his work from his point of view, which is sure to be a coin of vantage.
5. Stick to the text. Review the book before you, and not the book some other author might have written; *obiter dicta* are as valueless from the critic as from the judge. Don't go off on a tangent. And also don't go round in a circle. Say what you have to say, and stop. Don't go on writing about and about the subject, and merely weaving garlands of flowers of rhetoric.
6. Beware of the Sham Sample, as Charles Reade called it. Make sure that the specimen bricks you select for quotation do not give a false impression of the *façade*,

and not only of the elevation merely, but of the perspective and ground plan.

7. In reviewing a biography or a history, criticize the book before you, and don't write a parallel essay, for which the volume you have in hand serves only as a peg.

8. In reviewing a work of fiction, don't give away the plot. In the eyes of a novelist this is the unpardonable sin. And, as it discounts the pleasure of the reader also, it is almost equally unkind to him.

9. Don't try to prove every successful author a plagiarist. It may be that many a successful author has been a plagiarist, but no author ever succeeded because of his plagiarism.

10. Don't break a butterfly on a wheel. If a book is not worth much, it is not worth reviewing.

11. Don't review a book as an east wind would review an apple-tree—as it was once said Douglas Jerrold would do. Of what profit to any one is mere bitterness and vexation of spirit?

12. Remember that the critic's duty is to the reader mainly, and that it is to guide him not only to what is good, but to what is best. Three parts of what is contemporary must be temporary only.—Brander Matthews, in the *Christian Union*.

TENNYSON AND BROWNING.

By a coincidence singular in literary history, the two most eminent British poets of the later years of the nineteenth century have been contemporaries, whose lives, happily prolonged beyond the common limits of human existence, present many marked features of resemblance. Alfred Tennyson was born in 1809, Robert Browning in 1812; both of them continued for nearly sixty years to cultivate their art with an amount of power and success on which the touch of time produced no material decline. Few men have had the good fortune to retain life longer or to enjoy it more. The century to them has been an age of increasing fame and popularity, and, save one or two of those bereavements from which none are exempt, we are not aware that any cloud has darkened their luminous career. Unlike the ordinary lot of poets, "who learn by suffering what they teach in song," it has been their happier fate to live exempt from the passions and excesses which have harassed the agitated lives of so many sons of genius. Their reputation has been unblemished, their morals pure, their existence simple and regular, whilst their works placed them in a high social position, and, it may be added, brought to them the most ample return of fortune ever vouchsafed to poets. Their marriages were happy, and no men ever filled more entirely the charmed circle of domestic life; the one united to a woman of remarkable genius, for whom his passionate attachment broke forth to the last hour of his life, since it was beyond the power of death to quench it; the other to a lady of exquisite taste and refinement, the worthy partner of his honours and his fame. In both cases the extreme delicacy and physical debility of these ladies seemed only to call forth a more tender devotion from their energetic and powerful husbands. Nor must it be omitted that both these men enjoyed during their long lives almost unbroken health; there was nothing morbid about them in body or mind. On the contrary, they retained for this long stretch of years the uninterrupted exercise of their faculties, even the gift of inspiration—if the poetic faculty be an inspiration—was not enfeebled, and sometimes broke out in their latest years with as much strength as in the days of youthful enthusiasm, tinged with something more of maturity of thought. But the noblest type of their resemblance is this—that being both of them keenly sensitive to the spirit of the age in which they lived—a transformed and transforming age, sceptical, scientific, mechanical, money-getting, and material—they stooped to none of these things. They held fast and taught the great spiritual truths of existence; and if they plunged a penetrating gaze into the mystery of the mind and the world, they looked upwards ever to the immortal destinies of humanity and the human soul. It has not been given to either of these poets to win the ear of Europe, or to rekindle the enthusiasm with which the works of Scott, Byron, Moore, and Shelley were received on the continent. A rare and intimate acquaintance with the English language is required to appreciate the exquisite precision of Tennyson and to unravel the luxuriant irregularity of Browning; and, like their great predecessor, Wordsworth, whatever passion and sensibility they possess lies embedded in severer language and in deeper veins of thought than in the poetry of Byron and Scott. But meanwhile, and in the course of their own lives, another world sprang into being. The English-speaking race doubled in numbers and advanced rapidly in culture and in taste. The literature of these islands became the literature of the American and Australian continents. Thus, amongst a new people, these seers of the latest time found an enthusiastic audience, and it is no mean addition to the glory of their lives that they became the favourite poets of the countless descendants of an ancient race, because they were hailed as the poets of the future even more than of the past.—*The Edinburgh Review*.

SLEEP is no servant of the will; it has caprices of its own; when courted most it lingers still; when most pursued 'tis swiftly gone.—*Browning*.

Is memory as strong as expectancy? Fruition as hunger? Gratitude as desire?—*Thackeray*.