

The second point of view is literature as written thought clothed in style. Style is that in the written thought which corresponds to the personality of the writer, and is the outcome of that personality. That constant element is, to persons of literary capacity and training, a revelation of the man; as Buffon says, "*Le style, c'est l'homme.*"

Through style, then, we come in contact with that which is greatest in man—character; for the character of a man is the resultant of his whole being, moral and intellectual. To experience the power of literature, to appreciate style in its fullness, to feel not merely the main emotion, but the whole complex of emotions with which a writer regards his subject, is the outcome only of constant and careful study, combined with a large innate susceptibility to literary art. Though the capacity for the highest literary appreciation is not common, in most men a measure of innate capability is dormant. To rouse this dormant capability, to guide it aright when roused, to teach the proper spirit in which to approach the masterpieces of literature, and to keep the mind in contact with them—this should form a main part of every course of literature; and the professor claims that, excluding the other benefits of college work, it would be no inadequate return should the student gain this alone, the appreciation of what is noblest and best in books, and a love for the society of that august company of whom we have spoken.

The professor's third view is the perfection of literature, as exhibited in the subtlest sublimation of thought and the perfection of style. In other words, he regards poetry as the culmination of literary inspiration and workmanship. It rests, according to Aristotle, on fancy and feeling—or, as the professor has it, on imagination and emotion. Nay, it combines the three faculties of the human mind—imagination, sensibility and judgment—and the lecturer is quite right in saying that the poet is essentially the philosopher, as the instance of Shakespeare shows plainly. There is no doubt that Greek and Latin literature and poetry are and must remain the everlasting patterns of the student, and while we by no means agree to the professor's preference for the German as compared with French or Italian literature, we quite agree with him that after all, the wide, varied and splendid literature open to all of us in our mother-tongue is a sufficient instrument of literary culture, and from it, at any rate, we must begin. Literary taste and love of books must first be developed there; for, to close with a very true remark of Professor Huxley: "If an Englishman cannot get literary culture out of his Bible, his Shakespeare, his Milton, neither will the profoundest study of Homer and Sophocles, Virgil and Horace give it to him."

#### LITERARY NOTES.

The third edition of the useful little book, "*Le Paroissien Noté*," has appeared at Quebec.

"Plan of the City of Toronto and Suburbs," compiled and drawn by S. R. G. Penson, is published by S. R. G. Penson, Toronto.

"The History of the Ursulines of Three Rivers," a work extending over two hundred and fifty years, has just been published from the pen of one of the nuns.

Dr. Bourinot, the well known *littérateur*, clerk of the Canadian House of Commons, will be married shortly to Miss Cameron, of Regina, and formerly of Ottawa.

The first number of the new Ottawa weekly, *United Canada*, has appeared. It is an eight-page paper. Father Coffey, late of the *Catholic Record*, London, Ont., is the editor.

#### RED AND BLUE PENCILS.

One of the hopeful signs of literary thrift is the number of well printed and well edited students' papers. I have seen about half a dozen of these, and found them well up to the mark. There must be at least a bakers' dozen of these special journals, among which are, to my knowledge, the *Dalhousie Gazette*, the King's College (N.S.) *Record*, the *Almafilian*, the Ottawa College organ, the McGill College *Gazette*, "The College Times" of U. C. College, while at St. Lin the girls have put forth a neat monthly called "The Convent."

I have yet to see the paper that has not chimed in with the general feeling in favour of having born Canadians for the chairs of our universities and colleges in all cases where other things are equal. For the chair of English Language and Literature, I was among the first to put forward the names of Professors Roberts, of King's and Alexander, of Dalhousie, and it is pleasing to see that the call has been echoed far and wide.

It was feared, last week, that three great old men of Britain would not live through the winter, lying low with what seemed to be their last illness. These were Newman, Tennyson and Bright—the first born with the century, the second touching fourscore, and the third far beyond the allotted three score and ten. As I write, the three have luckily rallied, and there is hope that they may be spared for several years yet.

F. C. Emberson sends me these verses on the birthday of a sister:—

#### IN ROSÆ, SORORIS, NATALITIIS.

Decembribus cœlebs q id agam Kalendis.  
—Horace od III, 7 parce detorta.

Why round my halls do posy garlands twine,  
Fern-mosses, roses, wilding eglantine?

Lithe maidens flit in festal raiment gay,  
And festal meats on snowy napery lay.

Alcoves reëcho to the cithern's sound,  
Jests, laughter, songs and lissom feet fly round.

Sweet Rose! this dawning saw thy nascent years;  
My natal day, alas! I keep with tears.

Blessing and blest, fair fleet thy golden life,  
Once loving daughter, now beloved wife.

The following is sent by the same hand:—

AD EAMDEM.

Hâc Rosamunda die,—Rosa mundique et rosa munda,  
Orta est et bene olet quœ redolere solet.

The Yankee pirate publisher who stole this couplet of the writer, in 1170, to maul it and print it as an epitaph on Fair Rosamond, is warned that "F. C. E." is only waiting for the International Copyright law to get Mr. Greenway's lawyers to communicate with him.

This is the letter which accompanied the foregoing poems:—

S. V. B. E. E. V.

Tibi versiculos istos remitto. Minime projmiro habes te mea scripta legere non posse, quippe qui scribere taughtus essem nunquam. Me Latinum, me Græcum, me Calculum Differentialem mirâ quantum curâ docebant, scribere tamen, vae mihi, nunquam teachaverunt. Neque enim tuum pugnum deciphere potui. Vesperi litteras tuas accepi, et sine spectaculis eadem legere nequeibam. Homunculus pedes quinque (V) solum altus, naso longissimo et aduno, spectacula wearens, nimis essem ridiculus et puerculus ludibrium. Vale; cutem cura, præsertim si satis es dives (satis dives ego non sum), ad balneum turcum.

I am far from liking the critical school of second rate authors, who are trying to rule public opinion in England by their new-fangled standards of literary taste, but sometimes they do hit the mark, and thereby set back the balance. Thus, Edmund Gosse has put Poe in his right place, at the head of American poets. Andrew Lang, however, is all at sea in asking us to read Browning's "Men and Women" and Shelley's "Adonais" as we read "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" or "The Ancient Mariner." You can understand the latter; the former are unintelligible.

Mr. Lang has the assurance to bid us read Browning without puzzling after problems or "grubbing" (a delicate word) for more than we see on the surface. He asks us to read "just for plain sense, for the romance, for the delight of

the heart and fancy." The trouble is that there is little plain sense in Browning, for twelve lines running, and not all the sneers and hard names of such teachers as Andrew Lang can make Sibylline Leaves of his favourite's rhapsodies.

We have to go back to the old fellows after all. They had an eye to the beautiful in nature and in man, and a heart to beat with it so as that all men might understand and enjoy it forever. Take Shakespeare in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act II., sc. 7, who makes Julia say of love to her waiting-woman, Lucetta:—

The current that with gentle murmur glides,

But when his fair course is not hindered,  
He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.

Then go to Tasso and hear Aminta tell his comrade, Tirsi, in what way he loves his sweet-heart, Silvia:—

\* \* \* Punto altro non vollei  
Che 'l soave splendor degli occhi belli,  
E le dolci parole, assai più dolci  
Che 'l mormorar d'un lento fucicello,  
Che rompa 'l corso fra minuti sassi,  
O che 'l garrir dell' aura infra le frondi.

You stop when you have read, and you shut your eyes to think, and the scene of love is as living to you as it was to Shakespeare or to Tasso.

TALON.

#### VERSES.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

I.

#### SORROWS OF HOPE.

Why will the heart be never satisfied,  
But ever chase of hope the butterflies,  
Treading beneath its feet at every stride  
The flowers whose sweetness it might realize?  
Why will it follow, follow till it dies,  
Those pleasures lost in winning, like a bark  
That over glancing billows broadwinged flies  
To meet the sun's path, while that golden mark  
Around it lies, but in the seething wake grows dark?

II.

#### FRIENDS' DUTIES.

Woe, woe unto that over-careful heart  
That tells our faults and our base acts doth chide  
And will not laud in us the nobler part,  
Lest praise should sow the fruitful seeds of pride.  
Praise is man's food. He will not be denied,  
But from his soul's true level will descend  
To mix with those by whom his praise is cried,  
It is the duty of the soul's true friend,  
Merited blame reluctantly with praise to blend.

III.

#### THE MAIDEN'S LOVE.

The maiden's love is not the woman's love,  
Nor has its depth, its patience, nor its power,  
'Tis the soul's egoism, fain to prove  
It can elate a soul or make it cower,  
It is not selfless love, o'erjoyed to dower  
The loved one with its charms, nor yet demand  
Aught in return, and which when tempests lower  
Between the lightning and its love will stand  
Fearless, though death or anguish threaten on every hand.

IV.

#### LOVE.

I.

Love is the bitterest pleasure upon earth,  
The sharpest purgatory of mankind.  
It kindles fires of hope on the heart's hearth  
And quenches them with torments meet to blind  
The eye to happiness, and cloud the mind,  
Crowns jealousy its king, who makes the smile  
Of woman—by God to comfort man designed—  
To the crazed lover seem hell's deepest guile  
With which she lures all men into subjection vile.

II.

And yet when once the words of love are spoken,  
Love vows exchanged, and on red lips and warm  
Is pressed of love the burning seal and token,  
No longer heard is jealousy's alarm,  
And earth vibrates to a new found charm.  
From victor Hope, Despair, dark-pinioned, flies,  
Heart beats on heart, and, trustful, fears no harm,  
A gayer sun is shining in the skies  
And earth seems earth no more, but rather paradise.  
Montreal. ARTHUR WEIR.