

In 1861 the Hon. W. E. Gladstone gave to the world the Latin version of this immortal hymn which he had composed some thirteen years previously. When it came in Dr. Rand's way he was so delighted with it that he determined to try his own hand on the same hymn. With unstinted care the work was done, and a copy sent to the scholar statesman. Promptly came back a cordial letter containing a frank confession that the Mic-mac missionary's version was much superior to his own. To enable the readers of *THE WEEK* to form their own judgment in the matter I will give the first two verses of each version :

Jesu pro me perforatus,
Condor intra tuum latus ;
Tu per lympham profluentem
Tu per sanguinem tepentem,
In peccata mi redunda
Tolla culpam, sordes munda.

Coram te nec justus forem,
Quamvis tota vi laborem ;
Nec si fide nunquam cesso,
Fletu stillam indefesso :
Tibi soli tantum munus,
Salva me, Salvator unus !

Thus runs the version of the ex-Premier. Dr. Rand's is as follows :—

Rupes Sasculorum, te,
Pro me fissa, condam me !
Aquae Fons et sanguinis
Duplex tui lateris,
Scelerum purgatio
Sit, et expiatio.

Nunquam possim exsequi
Tua lex quae mandat mi ;
Quamvis strenuus semper sim,
Atque semper flevit,
Hoc nil expleverit
In te solo salus sit.

Among the hundred translations are many precious favourites, such as "All people that on earth do dwell," "Come Thou fount of every blessing," "Come ye disconsolate," "I heard the voice of Jesus say," "Jesus, lover of my soul," "My faith looks up to Thee," and even such dear old nursery hymns as "Hush, my dear, be still and slumber," "How doth the little busy bee," and "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," rendered with unflinching skill and beauty.

In addition to the translation are several original compositions, which, to quote the author's words, "were thought out as well as written at first in Latin," but as in order to their proper appreciation they would have to be presented in full, the mere mention of them must suffice. They are strong symmetrical compositions, full of faith and fervour, and are accompanied by excellent English versions prepared by the Rev. W. S. McKenzie, D.D., of Boston.

Unpretentious as this little volume is, it is a veritable casket of jewels that should be in the hands of every lover and student of hymnology, and it seems a safe prediction that it will serve to keep the learned Doctor's memory green long after his Mic-mac dictionary has been forgotten.

Ottawa.

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

THREE FRENCH-CANADIAN BOOKS.*

NO native Canadian author is better or more agreeably known than J. M. LeMoine, F.R.S.C. Since 1862 he has been constantly at work unravelling the historical and traditional lore of the beautiful Province of Quebec, and immortalizing in flowing prose the scenery and folklore of the Lower St. Lawrence. That his efforts will be appreciated outside that district is certain to be only a matter of time. "Maple Leaves" is perhaps the best known of his books, four series of these pleasant sketches having already appeared. This latest addition, "Jonathan Oldbuck," recalls the delightful mélange of a Haliburton or a Washington Irving, and will be read with keen delight by all who enjoy a rambling sketch of rippling river, ruined manor-house, a *souppçon* of sport and a bewildering assortment of annals—thrown in quite by hazard it seems sometimes to the innocent reader, but carefully prepared and adjusted in such a manner that one is never permitted to grow tired of them. The Parish of Deschambault, the old Beauport Manor, *La Canardière*, the quaint farmhouse of the Quebec Seminary, the first beginnings of Cacouna and Rivière du Loup, the weird desolation of the Magdalen Islands—all these picturesque places find eloquent and vivid grouping in Mr. LeMoine's stirring pages. Edward, Duke of Kent; the zealous and gifted botanist, Kalm, the friend of Linnaeus; old Giffard, the eccentric seigneur of ancient Beauport; lords and ladies, priests and laymen, the gentle *habitant*, the dashing *voyageur*, are a few of the characters which the author loves to depict and with which our more prosaic Western minds are equally surprised and delighted. The book is dedicated to Mr. George M. Fairchild, of New York, who, although usually regarded as a prosperous commercial light, is also a seigneur of the beautiful old manor and estate of Deschambault, forty five miles from Quebec. Thus, in that most alluring slice of Canada, do romance and reality meet as in few other places on the American continent. We predict for Mr. LeMoine's book a large and enthusiastic sale.

M. Beaupré is very well known indeed as a citizen, and it is pleasant to extend our acquaintance with him further as an author. The present volume is an itinerary of travel through France, Spain and Italy, and across to

* "The Explorations of Jonathan Oldbuck." By J. M. LeMoine. Quebec: Demers et Frère. "Lettres de Voyage." By H. Beaupré. Montreal: Des Presses de *La Patrie*. "General Sketch of the Province of Quebec." By the Hon. Honoré Mercier, Premier of the Province. Quebec.

Tunis and Algiers, and an outgrowth of some letters which appeared originally in *La Patrie*. The author disclaims any idea of offering original criticism upon works of art or upon the famous cities and palaces that he visited, but it may safely be said that no two persons ever see exactly the same features in anything, whether picture, or cathedral, or crowded quay, and so M. Beaupré's descriptions come out sometimes as freshly as even he himself could desire. He shows every evidence of trained critical perceptions, and of a cultured mind, while, it is almost superfluous to state, an intense devotion to everything and everybody *Canadien* prevails throughout its pages. Among other pleasant episodes of a stay in Paris, M. Beaupré relates the details of a banquet given at the Continental Hotel by the club or society known as the *Marmite*, the chief toast at which was "French Canada." M. Goblet, the president, in proposing the toast, said: "I drink to the French-Canadians, as faithful in their hearts to their dear mother-land as they are politically true to the flag which protects them." The speeches which followed reflected the enthusiastic nature of Frenchmen both at home and abroad, and it is over-modesty on M. Beaupré's part which has refrained from making us acquainted with what he was pleased to say himself on the occasion. That Canada and Germany alone were conspicuous by their absence at the Paris Exposition the author does well to lament—*briller par absence*, as he satirically puts it. M. Beaupré has in preparation a tale of New France in 1728.

Premier Mercier's little pamphlet concerns itself mostly with the statistics of the Province with which he is so strongly identified. A statement on page 5, that the galaxy of illustrious patriots led by Bedard, Blanchet, Parent, Papineau and Duvernay is "entitled to the honour of having introduced into America, in all its fulness, the system of responsible government," will scarcely be relished by some readers, particularly those across the line. M. Mercier estimates that in fifty years hence there will be, at the present rate of going, in the United States and Canada from fifteen to eighteen millions of French-Canadians, and he predicts a brilliant future for his countrymen, concluding an eloquent peroration with the motto, "*Gesta Dei per Francos*."

TINTERN ABBEY.

To wear its image—sealed—fixed mentally,
Pinn'd to my heart's eyes—old, smooth-worn, gray stone,
Rough-lichen'd, ivy-curtained, blossom-grown
In stray sweet crevices—this is fealty !
O, I could never look enough, but see
Some new divinity each second, blown
By the potent centuries, guardians. There, alone,
Girdled by hills it rested, and to me
The great east window formed a glorious fane,
Mightier than other I had ever seen,
And when I lifted awed eyes, finite brain
To the blue space, where once a roof had been,
I knew from innumerable, awful winnowings
There was more room for our great God's wide wings.
SERANUS.

ELIZA COOK.

ON September 25th there passed away in England, at the ripe age of seventy-one, one whose name had become a household word, because associated with noble thoughts, generous sympathies, and with those manifestations of the heart's sentiments which link us in love to home. Eliza Cook has woven the joys and sorrows of our actual daily life into noble songs, and by the elements of a lofty faith—a faith in kindness, hopefulness, and mutual trust—with which these songs are full to the brim, they won themselves a place in every expansive heart; and her name has hence become a jewel of the household treasury. For many years have the poems of Eliza Cook been read with keen interest by thousands. From their first appearance to the present time, the circle of their influence has widened unceasingly, and now there is scarcely an English fireside where they are not read and appreciated.

Eliza Cook, one of the most successful writers on country scenes and subjects, was born, among the monotony of bricks and mortar, in London. She was the youngest of a family of eleven children; and, like Mrs. Hemans and many other writers, she owes much of her refinement of feeling and poetic power of appreciating natural beauty, and the refined distinctions of human feeling and sentiment, to her mother. Like Cowley and Chatterton, Miss Cook at an early age gave indications of the poetic soul within her, though all manifestations of literary enthusiasm were met with disapprobation by her father, who sought to chill her budding heart by burning her books, and checking her in the progress of her studies. On one of these occasions we are told that the young poetess met the parental authority with the outburst—

Burn, burn them all, it matters not! there's earth, and sky, and sea;
And those three volumes—Nature's works—are quite enough for me.

As a child, she possessed an indomitable will, but to this was added a spirit of searching enquiry and a love of solitude. In her eighth year she left London and went to reside at Horsham, in Sussex, where her father had taken a farm. Here the germs of her poetic enthusiasm was nourished and developed by the delightful scenery and poetic associations of the place. It was here that she met with most of those scenes which she has so successfully transferred to the canvas of her verse, and which, in a

literary point of view, some of the truest word-paintings extant. Here she drew inspiration from the objects of her daily walks—the "Old Water-Mill" and the "Old Mill-Stream" being themes just suited to her graphic pen:

Here was the miller's house—peaceful abode !
Where the flower-twined porch drew all eyes from the road,
Where roses and jasmine embowered a door
That never was closed to the wayworn or poor.

In the same vicinity were the "Old Barn" and the "Farm Gate"; and it was in the daily contemplation of these scenes that the earnest love for simple things was nurtured in her heart, and that relish for the true and beautiful engendered which gives such life and vigour to her Saxon verse.

The poems of Eliza Cook attained their first share of popularity in the columns of the *Despatch* newspaper. At the time, the literary notices in that journal were written with great taste and judgment; and Miss Cook, attracted by the ability displayed in them, made an effort for public fame by sending a song to the editor, anonymously. The result of this was a flattering notice and a request for further contributions. She sent also a poem each to the *Literary Gazette*, the *Metropolitan*, and the *New Monthly*, and was written to by each of the respective editors, who, from the style of her writings, judged her to be one of their own sex. So much, indeed, were they thought to be from a masculine hand, that William Jerdan, of the *Literary Gazette*, praised them highly in that magazine as the productions of a gentleman who reminded him of the "style and power of Robert Burns."

Afterwards many of her pieces appeared in the *Christmas Holly*, which was first issued in 1836. They were then signed "O," and afterwards "E," till, in the September following, they bore the signature of "E. C." Many of these poems were written prior to her attaining the age of sixteen; and so delighted were both editors and readers with them that the proprietors of the *Despatch* sent her a handsome present, and expressed a desire to see the author. Great, indeed, was their astonishment when a lady presented herself, and they learned that to her they were indebted for the vigorous poetry which had already lent so much beauty to their columns, and increased so largely the circle of their readers. From September, 1837, the date of this occurrence, Miss Cook signed her full name to all contributions.

Her love for her mother is the feature of her poetry which most closely links itself with her own inner life. The breathings of filial love, the devotion, reverence, and gratitude with which she breathes a name so hallowed, and embodies the recollection of one so dear to her own confiding heart, form the most delightful trait of her poetry, and gives it a plaintive beauty and a ripeness of the affections which can only be equalled by the high moral of its teachings. The devout breathings of her affection may be seen in many of her most admired works. "Stanzas to a Bereaved One," "The Old Arm-Chair," and "Mother, Come Back," all tell the tale of a mother's love and the mental anguish of the bereaved child:

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear,
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me that shame would never betide,
With Truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to hush my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

Of her works, the story of "Melaia" is the chief. It is an Eastern tale of the attachment of a dog to his master; and, beside the generous love and kindly feeling of the story, it abounds in fine passages of poetic power and noble sentiment. The tale is told with a simple dignity which accomplishes much more than its homely rhymes seem at first to promise.

Romance, however, is not her forte. She is too full of the beauty of every-day things, and when she sings of "Buttercups and Daisies," "Old Story Books," and "The Room of the Household," and things of the home and the experiences of domestic life, she rises into her full power of thought and freshness of expression. Beyond this, Miss Cook was English to her heart's core; her love of her native land beams forth most sweetly in her poem, "England":

My heart is pledged in wedded faith to England's merry isle,
I love each low and straggling cot, each famed ancestral pile;
I'm happy when my steps are free upon the sunny glade,
I'm glad and proud amid the crowd that throngs its marts of trade;
I gaze upon an open port, where Commerce mounts her throne,
Where every flag that comes, ere now, has lowered to our own;
Look around the globe, and tell me, can ye find more blazon'd names
Among its cities and its streams than London and the Thames.

I'd own a brother in the good and brave of any land,
Nor would I ask his clime or creed before I gave my hand,
Let but his deeds be ever such that all the world may know,
And little reck the "place of birth" or colour of the brow;
Yet, though I'd hail a foreign name among the first and best,
Our own transcendent stars of Fame would rise within my breast;
I'd point to hundreds who have done the best e'er done by man,
And cry, "There's England's glory-scroll, show brighter if ye can."

Her song, "The Englishman," also, is full of patriotic fire, and her praise of English scenery is ever present:

I'd freely rove through Tempe's vale, or scale the giant Alp,
Where roses list the bulbul's tale, or snow-wreath crowns the scalp;
I'd pause to hear soft Venice streams plash back to boatman's oar,
Or harken to the Western flood in wild and falling roar;
I'd tread the vast of mountain range, or spot serene and flower'd;
I ne'er could see too many of the wonders that are shower'd;
Yet, though I stood on fairest earth, beneath the bluest heaven,
Could I forget our summer sky, our Windermere and Devon?