



Men at the Helm.

Earl Grey, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

The Site of Waterloo.

Before the present European wars began, much indignation was felt in England over the rumor that the Battle-field of Waterloo, which may once more be the scene of a world-famous conflict, was to be cut up and sold for building-lots.

Forbear! This plain is still too deaf with cries,
This soil too sanguine for thy stucco lies.
Shall Earth where reeled The Guard thy villa pen,
Where nations groaned be heard the cackling hen?
A mansion mark where in the gathering murk
Those terrible gray horsemen so did work?
Here wilt thou dare to live, where such men died,
And on that memorable dust reside!
Here only ever let the solemn moon
Uninterrupted weave a spirit-noon;
Here only falter down a pensive dew
From skies too wistful to be purely blue,
But shouldst thou build on consecrated ground,
Then be those houses filled with spectral sound
Of clashing battle and the ghostly war,
Of charging hosts against the battered door!
Let solemn bellow of hollow cannon boom,
A dreadful cavalry invade the gloom!
Until in awe of those who fell or fled
The living flee from the more living dead
That silence now too conscious is for sound,
It broods upon itself and is self-bound,
Then let no builder of this field have lease,
'Tis let to Time, the property of Peace!
—Stephen Phillips, in Poetry Review.

Browsings Among the Books.

THE STORY OF THE VINE.

(From "Ugo Bassi's Sermon in the Hospital.")

[Note.—Ugo Bassi was a priest of Rome (born in the beginning of the 19th century), whose sermons had an immense effect "beyond all possibility of believ-

ing" on the people. When the cholera broke out in Palermo, he went to the hospital and remained there, assisting, till the scourge was over. He joined Garibaldi, remaining among his followers till his death, was made a prisoner by the Austrians after the disbanding of Garibaldi's army, and, on August 8th, 1849, was shot. He preached to the legion repeatedly, in church and in the open air, and, on one occasion, with such effect that the officers and people bore him in triumph on their shoulders.]

Now I heard

Fra Ugo Bassi preach. For though in Rome

He held no public ministry this year,
On Sundays in the hospital he took
His turn at preaching, at the service held

Where five long chambers, lined with suffering folk,
Converged, and in the midst an altar stood,
By which on feast-days stood the priest, and spoke.

And I remember how, one day in March,
When all the air was thrilling with the spring,
And even the sick people in their beds
Felt, though they could not see it, he stood there;

Looking down all the lines of weary life,
Still for a little under the sweet voice,
And spoke this sermon to them, tenderly,
As it was written down by one who heard:

"I am the True Vine," said our Lord,
"and ye,
My brethren, are the branches," and that Vine

Then first uplifted in its place, and hung
With its first purple grapes, since then
has grown,

Let us consider now this life of the Vine,

Whereof we are partakers; we shall see
Its way is not of pleasure nor of ease.

It groweth not like the wild trailing weeds

Whither it willeth, flowering here and there;

Or lifting up proud blossoms to the sun,
Kissed by the butterflies, and glad for life,

And glorious in their beautiful array;
Or running into lovely labyrinths
Of many forms and many fantasies,
Rejoicing in its own luxuriant life.

The flower of the Vine is but a little thing,

The least part of its life,—you scarce could tell

It ever had a flower; the fruit begins
Almost before the flower has had its day.

And as it grows, it is not free to heaven,

But tied to a stake; and if its arms stretch out,

It is but crosswise, also forced and bound;

And so it draws out of the hard hill-side,

Fixed in its own place, its own food of life;

And quickens with it, breaking forth in bud,

Joyous and green, and exquisite of form,
Wreathed lightly into tendril, leaf, and bloom.

Yea, the grace of the green vine makes all the land

Lovely in spring-time; and it still grows on

Faster, in lavishness of its own life;
Till the fair shoots begin to wind and wave

In the blue air, and feel how sweet it is.



Beauty Spots in Canada.

Bridge and mill, Kilworth, Ont.

Until its green leaves gladden half the world,
And from its countless clusters rivers flow

For healing of the nations, and its boughs

Innumerable stretch through all the earth,

Ever increasing, ever each entwined
With each, all living from the Central Heart,

And you and I, my brethren, live and grow,

Branches of that immortal human Stem.

But so they leave it not; the husband-man

Comes early, with the pruning-hooks and shears,

And strips it bare of all its innocent pride,

And wandering garlands, and cuts deep and sure,

Unsparring for its tenderness and joy.

And in its loss and pain it wasteth not;
But yields itself with unabated life,

More perfect under the despoiling hand.
The bleeding limbs are hardened into wood;

The thinned-out bunches ripen into fruit
More full and precious, to the purple prime.

And still, the more it grows, the straitlier bound

Are all its branches; and as rounds the fruit,

And the heart's crimson comes to show in it,

And it advances to the hour,—its leaves
Begin to droop and wither in the sun;

But still the life-blood flows, and does not fail,
All into fruitfulness, all into form.

Then comes the vintage, for the days are ripe.

And surely now in its perfected bloom,
It may rejoice a little in its crown,

Though it bend low beneath the weight of it,
Wrought out of the long striving of its heart.

But ah! the hands are ready to tread down

The treasures of the grapes; the feet are there

To tread them in the wine-press, gathered in;

Until the blood-red rivers of the wine
Run over, and the land is full of joy.

But the Vine standeth stripped and desolate,

Having given all; and now its own dark time

Is come, and no man payeth back to it
The comfort and the glory of its gift;

But rather, now most merciless, all pain
And loss are piled together, as its days

Decline, and the spring sap has ceased to flow,

Now is it cut back to the very stem;
Despoiled, disfigured, left a leafless stock,

Alone through all the dark days that shall come.

And all the winter-time the wine gives joy

To those who else were dismal in the cold;

But the vine standeth out amid the frost;

And after all, hath only this grace left:
That it endures in long, lone steadfastness

The winter through—and next year bloom again;

Not bitter for the torment undergone,
Not barren for the fullness yielded up;

As fair and fruitful towards the sacrifice,

As if no touch had ever come to it,
But the soft airs of heaven and dews of earth;

And so fulfils itself in love once more.

And now, what more shall I say? I have
I need here

To draw the lesson of this life; or say
More than these few words, following up the text:—

The Vine from every living limb bleed-wine;

Is it the poorer for that spirit shed?
The drunkard and the wanton drink thereof;

Are they the richer for that gift's excess?
Measure thy life by loss instead of gain.

Not by the wine drunk, but the wine-poured forth;

For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice;

And whoso suffers most hath most to give.