

THE
STUDENTS' MONTHLY.

ELMYR, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

A finely-gravelled carriage road winds through the trees, and slopes away past the broad gallery, down to the very edge of the miniature lake, whose dancing lights tickle the artistic eye of the beholder, as the sun pours his darting rays through the foliage of the tall maple and silver-birch trees upon its laughing surface. Choice flowers border the road, well-watered, and the grass-plots in which they rise, like green Oases in the purple gravel, are closely shorn, and the broad lawn, also, which descends gradually from you, like a soft green carpet, is a picture over which I linger with a fondness which I, only, can appreciate.

Elmyr Hall is well kept,—the inmates are happy as the day is long, the servants are well treated and well behaved; the stable is well filled with choice animals, the public highway is at a comfortable distance, and taking all things into consideration, it appears to my limited ideas of the world, as a model of comfort, where anyone but a boor might be content to pass the remainder of his years in domestic happiness. Ten years ago this was different. Elmyr Hall was then in the hands of Squire Walter.

He was a bachelor of five and forty, and the village people say he so crippled the estate, that his successor spent the greater part of his life in paying off old mortgages, contracted during the short but profligate career of this man. The balcony on the south side of the Hall, above the wide gallery, had fallen; the tower was in ruins, and the stables were silent and tumbling down; whilst the conservatory was utterly neglected, and the large flower-garden, among the trees, was choked up with weeds.

The prospect was not pleasing then, and the villagers say to this day, in whispers, as they gather about their firesides in the long winter's evenings, that a ghost, white and deathlike, used to flit about the lone walk by the river's bank, in the pale moonlight.

I well remember Squire Walter. My aunt Langsley used to tell me strange stories about him and his family, and whenever I saw him, I would wonder if all she told me were true. I had a great reverence for old families, and, perhaps, from this arose the fact, that through the greater part of my early girlhood, I somehow fancied I should be looked upon some day by him as though I was an equal.

I might dream over the old, noble deeds of the Elmyrs, from King Richard the Third's day until the present, in the most reverential light possible, still the dreamy vision was ever before me, which I could not then understand, as I was only a little girl of humble birth, with no wealth or even so much as a pretty face to introduce me into the society I so much coveted, of those whom I knew were far above me. Often I have sat on my low window-seat pouring over some antiquated book whose dog-eared covers bespoke frequent usage, reading over and over the old story of one of the Lords Elmyr, who, in the reign of King Richard II., shut up his lady love in a Convent for six years and went off to the wars; and my belief that *this* Elmyr family was descended from that old stock, was seconded by Aunt Langsley in such a resolute manner, that I thought I was doing the heroine when I snubbed my brother Robert, or Bob, as we used to call him, for suddenly declaring in my good Aunt's presence, that he was just as good as any Elmyr that ever walked. It is unnecessary to say that my parents, my two brothers and four sisters did not share in my reverence for our superiors, and Aunt Langsley and I had frequently to keep the defence in the unequal combat, with rather shaking weapons. Once only did the wonder come into my brain, if there were no certainty that the Jones' were not at some far back time of noble extraction, and I made so bold as to ask my father the question. "Yes," said he, as he pushed his book away, "as far back as the annals of our family extend, some hundred years or so, they were all cobblers, and what more noble occupation would you desire than that?"

There was no sarcasm in my father's voice.

Our home was not so quiet as most people would like, but as we made no pretensions to being anything better than we really were, we managed to run along in the groove in which our lot was cast, knowing more of actual happiness, I believe, than most of our more fortunate neighbours, whose parlours did not join their shops, and whose pleasures were not often checked by the Babel of voices which at all hours of the day, and sometimes far into the night, came through the narrow door, and often the loud laugh came floating into our midst, heavily perfumed with tobacco smoke, and sometimes accompanied by a stronger and more disagreeable odor, which then I could not name. I well remember the frequent rambles my brothers, my sisters and I used to take in the pleasant woods together, with my pet lamb Jimmy beside us, who seemed to enjoy our sports as much as the liveliest of us. As I have before stated, ours was a large family, and as our parents' time was mostly occupied with providing for our daily wants, they had no leisure in which to speak of their ancient grandeur, nor even to sigh over some fancied Chancery suit by which the British lion had embezzled their noble ancestors out of fabulous sums. Assuredly, no noble lineage was traceable in our tribe, as all our forefathers had been respectively cobblers, I suppose, from time immemorial, and my mother, even had she been of a name-seeking disposition, had more sense than to boast of this. Despairing of finding anything worthy of note in our family, and being frequently rebuked by all members of it for my

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foolishness in seeking shadows whose reality never existed, I threw all my energy, for the time being, upon Jimmy, which soon enjoyed an equal share of my love, with the other members of our household. But just when I thought my task completed, and saw Jimmy a very respectable-appearing lamb, Death snatched him away, and I think this was truly the saddest time of my life. My brother Robert read the Burial service over him.

There was but one thing in which our parents disagreed. Both were Church people, and as a matter of course, we, being brought up with the greatest care, regarding our religious belief, were in woeful ignorance regarding any other Creed than that taught by the Church.

I remember hearing my father say that our Church Services were not conducted in accordance with the Rubrical commands, but what was meant by that I knew no more than the man in the moon, and I determined to ask Mr. Heathcote when next I saw him, although my mother laid down a certain axiom for us to follow, which, then, we never dreamed of opposing:—

“What the minister says and does you are to take as truth and law, for he knows better than you.” I noticed that my mother always spoke of Mr. Heathcote as the minister, whilst my father styled him as the Parish Priest, and would allow his children to call him nothing else. Young as I was, I could not but wonder at my mother's gentle but firm opposition to this command, for from my earliest remembrance, she had acquiesced perfectly in everything my father said. I often visited Mr. Heathcote, and it was chiefly through his attention, and from the nice books he used to lend me, that I began to sigh for some higher station in life, though why I could not have told.

I was a very dull, stupid child when at the village school, and it has ever since been a source of wonder to me what Mr. Heathcote could have seen in me, to justify him in sending me to the Young Ladies' Seminary, at Giles Brook, where I spent many happy years.

I remember how pleased he seemed when I returned at last, as the village girls said, a “finished article.”

I had long before this solved our little family difficulty, and as both parents held an equal share of my love, I grew up midway between their religious schools. I did not approve of Mr. Heathcote's manner in conducting all the Church Services, particularly his leaving out the prayer for the Church militant in the Communion Service or High Mass, as my father called it, fancying the term implied a direct prayer for the dead, which he said was forbidden by the Church. Still I was very fond of Mr. Heathcote, and I must confess the years in which I knew him, to have been the happiest—far the happiest I have ever known.

Two years passed away, and with them many events transpired which have changed the course of my whole after life. There are times when I love to muse over those years of anxiety and sorrow,—times when a sympathetic chord is struck deep within my heart, which in perfect harmony with my feelings then, brings the bitterest tears to my eyes. Our dear mother had long been ailing, and

the village physician said there was no help for her, if she did not receive change of air; and although my father could ill-afford the expense, it was determined she should go to the sea-side, and my brother Robert was to accompany her. I should have mentioned that Robert was now grown into a large boy, who had formed rather crazy notions regarding his future career, and I was very fearful, gave an undue prominence to self, which was also a fruitful source of annoyance to our mother. My other brother, John, was still at school, and from his very quiet and retiring disposition, he won the friendship of all his schoolmates, and I had cause to think that our parents loved him more than the rest of us, as my father was never tired extolling his many good qualities, and my mother ever styled him "her John." My mother's health did not improve by change of air, but grew poorer, and when she returned to us in the early Autumn, she was wasted away almost to a skeleton. It was clear now, from the dazzling whiteness of her face, and the deceitful flush on her cheek, that Consumption was doing his work, and although I strove to bear up against the belief, I knew she could not be long with us. With what tender emotions do I recall her advice to us all, which, coming as it did from one so dear to us and one whose thread of life was nearly spent, seemed like heavenly counsel. She lingered with us for a month or so, and went with the falling leaves. My father placed a pure white marble cross over her grave, which was soon beautiful with the choicest flowers she loved, and as I passed by the consecrated Church-yard to-day, they were as beautiful and as well-tended as when first planted there eight years before. My father returned from the Burial Service in a stranger mood than I had ever seen him in before, which resulted in his reason flying from him. He was sent to the Asylum where he died in a week, and my actual trials then commenced.

It was long before our affairs were settled,—my brother Robert, through the kindness of Mr. Heathcote, was apprenticed to a merchant in Montreal; John was still at school: my two elder sisters were glad to accept situations as teachers; our home was sold to defray the expense of educating my two younger sisters; whilst I awaited a situation as governess, which Mr. Heathcote had kindly promised to procure for me. I did not wait long: one morning as I was tying on my hat, preparatory to taking a long ramble in the fields, equipped with sketch-book and color-box, I received a summons to the library from Mr. Heathcote himself.

"No. I insist on you coming just as you are," he said, as he led me through the hall. I shall never forget my surprise, when I was introduced to Squire Elmyr. All the wonderful ideas I had formed in childhood regarding the magnitude of this man, more particularly, his family, returned to me now with redoubled strength, still I was as calm as usual, in fact calmer than I could have been had I been aware of this visit beforehand. Squire Walter was the very personification of one's ideas of a middle-aged Canadian Squire:—a short, portly, red-faced gentleman, one of the old school. There was that noticeable, however, in his eye, which could sparkle with mirth or blacken into the deepest anger:

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his finely-cut mouth also, I fancied, was capable of speaking the liveliest nonsense or the keenest satire. "You may come up to Elnyr Hall on to-morrow week," he said, in a tone which struck me as being more official and dignified than the present case demanded. He noticed a sort of smile flit across Mr. Heathcote's face, and he added in a kinder voice: "that is if you please." When he was gone Mr. Heathcote told me that he was sure I would like my new position, as I would be treated always as a lady, whilst my only care would be the charge of Miss Laura, who was a dear little girl, and she was to be given entirely into my care. I called upon Aunt Langsley that evening, and the dear old lady wept herself to sleep after I had gone.

Laura Elmyr was, indeed, a dear child. I had been at the Hall but a short time when she became much attached to me, and as she was a general favorite, the young Squire, who was now spending his long vacation from college, was much with us. At first, I must acknowledge, I rather admired him, but as we became better acquainted, I found him such an unbearable quiz that I began to dread the long winter evenings, and commenced to look upon his white intellectual forehead, wondering if there were really anything better than foolishness inside it. Then at times, he would relax his nonsense, and talk with me in such a frank manner, that I almost doubted I was not his equal. Sometimes he would stop short in some fine sentence, and looking me full in the face, ask my opinion on some abstruse thing in Metaphysics, and once, when I remonstrated against such usage, he laughed goodnaturedly and said, "Then you don't know anything about such grinds? that's monstrous strange. You're deucedly clever in most things, music especially, and I somehow fancied you were well up in———confound it, you must excuse me for boring you with such stuff. I think if a fellow stays at college much longer, he will just forget how to address anyone respectfully, much less to associate with a *lady*." He placed a peculiar stress upon the last word, and I was beginning to be more at ease with him than I had been before, when, as usual, he applied his eye-glass to one side of his nose, and leaning back on his chair, began staring at me. I grew accustomed to this in time, and as month followed month, his intrusions, even upon our study hours, were almost excusable. "Why don't you talk with me more freely," he said one evening, as he lounged upon a camp stool, upon the South gallery, during the next summer. "I rather like your style, but somehow you never chat with a fellow, nor flatter him, nor pull his whiskers, like most of the other young ladies do. I understand your silence. You think you are not quite up to the scratch in respect to family, *et cetera*, but let me tell you, personal worth is more valued in Canada than it is at home, and I have seen qualities in your character which are sufficient to place you in a higher position than that you now occupy."

Grand parties were occasionally given at the Hall during the lifetime of Squire Walter.

"Who is that young lady at the piano, who sings so sweetly, with such black hair and eyes?" asked Miss Clayton, who was leaning upon Squire Walter's arm, on one of these occasions.

"She's only Laura's governess."

"But who is she?"

"You can best tell yourself, when you know what she is. Her mother was nothing, and her father died in a mad house!"

It was several weeks before I recovered from this severe shock. As usual, I went to see Aunt Langsley soon after, and as a matter of course, opened my grief to her. I think the good woman never experienced so much pain before. I heard her groaning through the whole of the night, and I fancied she looked older and more care-worn in the morning. It was a lesson to me, however, and from that day I never told her any more of my troubles. My eyes were then opened for the first time, to the astonishing fact, that no one in the world is able to bear one's grievances so well as herself. I have since, however, known from sweet experience that there is one other, on earth, who if he cannot bear my troubles for me, lightens the burden of more than half its bitterness, and I always feel myself relieved when I have told him of any of my petty vexations, at seeing him bear his share of it, be it never so ponderous or trivial. Aunt Langsley was taken ill soon after this, and I obtained leave of absence to spend a few weeks with her. One night she told me she was disturbed by a strange dream, which had recurred to her every night for a week. She fancied her little cottage was thatched with sovereigns, which gave forth so brilliant a light, that no lamps were burned in any house for miles around. "It is my sober conclusion," she repeated, I think for the hundredth time, "that some distant relative of mine has died and left me a fortune, and if I do not live, you will still remain to enjoy it, for I shall leave it for you in my will."

If there were such a benefactor as this imagined relative, I knew he must be distant, in fact so very distant, that no one ever heard of him, still my sick aunty was pleased to talk continually of it, and I was forced to feign belief. I have ever since been very thankful that I humoured her every whim, for she only lived the week out, and we buried her beside my mother, beneath the shade of the old church tower.

Two months after Aunt Langsley's death, I was sitting alone in my room at Elmyr Hall, at midnight.

Of what I was thinking I never knew: but a peculiar feeling which I had never experienced before, had so completely taken possession of my mental faculties, that I could only look down from my window upon the dark water below, spell-bound, and as though there was nothing of earth clinging about me, but that so soon as the chain that bound me was broken, I should glide away, oh, so smoothly, over its glassy surface. Every sound was hushed, and that indescribable sensation one always feels when a new era in his life is approaching, mingled itself with the strange mood into which I had fallen, and which I could never explain.

I looked in my mirror: a death-like face was before me with wild eyes, and long black hair, which streamed back over the shoulders, giving the figure the tragic wildness of the maniac, as I have since seen it at the Academy. My ima-

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gination at that time, surpassed everything I have fancied either before or since; spirits, some with sorrowful eyes, others with sad smiles upon their lips, beckoned to me, then shook their heads mournfully. Then I recognized my guardian angel, who raised her wings above my head as if to assure me of her protection. "Be not sad," she whispered as she bent over me, "for thy dead mother is even now interceding for thee."

Throwing myself upon my knees, I prayed for peace, then prayed that I might die—prayed that my guardian angel might receive the order to bear my soul away from the world whose trials it dared not face. As I was about rising from my knees, a cry, so piercing and wild that I clapped my hands to my ears in terror, came floating through the open window. Springing to my feet, I hastily threw a shawl over my shoulders, and flew rather than walked through the open door, down the long hall, until I stood knocking loudly at John Elmyr's door.

"What on earth is the matter, Fanny?" he said, as he opened his door, in dressing gown and slippers.

"Quick! no word! put on your hat and follow me; ask no question now, but for God's sake, make haste! Squire Walter is thrown from his horse and is dying!"

I have since been told that I glided away from the Hall, down through the long lane, and over the uneven road toward Giles' Brook, so swiftly and spectral-like, that John Elmyr half believed himself the dupe of a fevered brain, or that he was decoyed away from his repose by some spirit of evil. For miles did I glide on, as though impelled by some unseen power that was no part of me.

"There he is, there!" I said, pointing to a dark object a few rods below a broken-down bridge, "quick or you will be too late!"

"A thrill suddenly shot through me, and I fell fainting to the earth. *
* * * * *

I did not recover from my first experience at divining until Squire Walter had laid several weeks in the Elmyr vault. I then learned the kind message he had left for me, how he had blessed his nephew with his last breath, and moreover how kind Squire John had attended to me during the time that I was not in possession of my right mind.

It would be unnecessary to add that my name is not Jones now; if the reader could see the two bright-eyed boys, who lean over my shoulder as I write, and call me "mamma;" for it has been changed, long since, for the more musical name, Elmyr, and I cannot but think, as I contrast the ruinous old Hall of by-gone days with what it is at present, that **Elmyr Hall** has never been better cared for than at present.

BETA.

THE REAPING.

Lo, wide the fields extend,
 And ripe for harvest stand!
 When shall the mighty master send
 Reapers through all the land?
 When shall the guerdon fall
 Beneath their sturdy stroke?
 When shall the world released from thrall
 Throw off its iron yoke?
 When shall mankind rejoice,
 And gaze with kindling eye,
 And sing glad psalms with tuneful voice,
 To see old wrong go by?
 No drones the Master needs,
 No idlers in the strife;
 But noble men whose lofty deeds
 Adorn a saintly life.

He needs no faltering feet,
 He calls no timid hearts,
 To rest where pleasant waters meet,
 And never peace departs.
 His is the battle plain
 Where storm and tempest rise,
 Where Patience bides with tearless Pain
 And Hope with lighted eyes.
 His is the saintly throng
 Whose hearts undaunted beat,
 Who strive with foemen fierce and strong
 And death unfearing meet.
 He calls such, one and all,
 He calls such, high and low;
 Across their path his glories fall,
 Around his wonders glow.

Why shall we longer wait,
 Why still our course delay,
 Wasting sweet time in vain debate,
 Fair hopes and decay?

DAVID DORAN.

TE DEUM.

In these days, when prejudices which once existed against more than one feature in the worship of the Church of England are dying away, and even those persons who saw popery in organs, surplices, and the like—nay, even held the very idea of a form of prayer in abhorrence—are coming to a better (as we think) frame of mind, every one will be prepared to admit the importance of a reverential and impressive rendering of the musical portion of our service, as well the Venite, Te Deum, and other Psalms and Canticles, as the metrical Psalms and Hymns.

In these same days, however, advanced as they are in musical skill and science, (ecclesiastical and secular alike,) as well as in other acts and accomplishments, one is still often drawn into a critical mood, whenever one gives attention to the performance of the musical parts of our beautiful services in our Churches, and tries to enter into them with heart and soul. The music may be attractive and beautiful, and yet we feel that we are only pleased, and not drawn on into heartiness and fervency in our worship. We sing perhaps with others, but we scarcely feel that we are joining in the praise of God. There is a consciousness of a want of something, but that something is not defined. Is not that undefined something, a due attention to the sense and meaning and importance of what is being musically rendered? The music may be chaste in style, correct in execution, in every way pleasing and attractive, but we rest, we feel that the per-

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formers rest, too much on the mere music. In the few Churches in which singing is truly and thoroughly *congregational*, there is necessarily a heartiness, which, even if the music be inferior to that found in some other places, leaves a different impression on our minds. It may even happen that the performance of some unfortunate neighbour has grated on our ear. We felt that he or she was trying to praise God. We forgot the want of harmony; and we eventually left the house of God satisfied and contented in our minds, and with our hearts warmed. Our taste was for the moment offended, but we had been engaged in worship, and we felt this.

It is a misfortune, which the progress of the age has not remedied, that those who have the responsibility of the conduct of God's service are not generally capable of taking the oversight and direction of this portion of it. The Clergy, over and above their theological learning, are taught a great many useful things, but they are not taught music: although without music all Divine Service is cold and heartless. Even in Heaven music is needed, that due homage may be rendered to Him who sitteth upon the throne of Heaven. In more than one passage has the "beloved Apostle" opened, as it were, Heaven to our sight, and shown us, not only its million throng singing before the Throne the song of the Lamb, but the "voice of harpers harping with their harps." It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when this glaring omission will be rectified. The day has already gone when an organist would dare to say "he would not spoil his piano-touch" for all the Churches in the kingdom, or would slip a crumb or a splinter between the keys, to keep a note sounding, that he might report the organ out of order to the vicar, and escape duty! for a couple of Sundays, without danger of losing his salary. Such things were done (to the personal knowledge of the writer) thirty years ago. Few organists, now-a-days, would even think for a moment of such mischievous irreverence. Still we believe, and we affirm, that no Church music will ever be what it ought to be, until the clergyman is also a musician, except in those few cases where an organist is not only a deep-souled musician but a deep-souled and devout worshipper. Let us notice in passing, in pain and grief and shame, the fewness of communicant organists, and the vast number of Churches in which while "Venite" and "Te Deum" are rendered with good musical skill and taste, "Gloria in excelsis" and "Sanctus" are merely said. If the fervour of musical adoration is in place anywhere, surely it ought not to be absent from the celebration of the holy Eucharist, that service which is especially and above all others, our thanksgiving and offering of praise.

Meanwhile it is hoped that the following remarks may in some degree tend to supply some thoughts for reflection, not only to organists or choirs, but to congregations, and to individuals who delight to "praise God in the great congregation."

In how many of our Churches in Canada, in how many Churches in England, may you still hear the "Venite" sung to a double chant. We are so used to

this, that many persons do not even notice the absurdity—to use no stronger word—of connecting together by a double chant, verses which require a pause between them.

When your fathers tempted me, proved me, and saw my works;
Forty years long was I grieved, &c.

If we must have double chants, let the repetitions of the last part of the chant be made, at least, in suitable places. Repeat the last clause of the chant at the fifth verse in the Venite instead of at the last, and you will have sense and meaning. But we protest, in the name of common sense, (we might take higher ground of protest,) against allowing mere musical indifference to connect together verses which ought to be disjoined—such as the fifth and sixth in the Venite, or the ninth and tenth, which we have just transcribed, or some of the verses, to which we shall point attention presently in the Te Deum.

So much for “double chants”! And for some musicians’ ideal of perfection, a “quadruple” chant! Oh, horror! Divide the Te Deum into portions of four verses, and see what a miserable violation of all decency results.

Musical “Services” are not common in this country. How few of even these draw the worshipper to proper thoughts of what he ought to be engaged in. How many only glorify the composer or the organist, or at best the choir! Congregations can seldom join in these services. And why so? Too many composers of Church music are only musicians. The composer looks out, of course, for ideas to express. I have it, (he says,) “The sharpness of death,” and he wanders away into the moanings which express (it is to be feared) his own alarm at the mere mention of the “king of terrors”; forgetting that those who “believe that (after death) Christ shall come to be our judge,” are rejoicing triumphantly, and praising God because when the “Everlasting Son of the Father” had “overcome” this “sharpness of death,” “he did open the kingdom of heaven to all believers”!

The Te Deum is said to have been composed by St. Ambrose, for the baptism of St. Augustine, A. D. 386. It has even been asserted that it was spoken extemporaneously and antiphonally by St. Ambrose and St. Augustine! as by a sort of inspiration. We doubt even the former fact on no less authority than that of the Te Deum itself. It bears, we think, internal testimony of being two hymns. St. Ambrose may have adopted the one, and composed the other. Possibly he may have adopted parts of two hymns, and put them together into one; for the seventh, eighth, and ninth verses are found almost word for word in a treatise of St. Cyprian, A. D. 252, and the twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth and the last, in an ancient morning hymn of the Greek Church.

At any rate, the Te Deum speaks for itself that it is not one simple hymn.

This opinion is grounded on the construction, and the style of the hymn itself. The style is, it seems to us, more careful and studied in its arrangement, and more concise, in the first of the two hymns than in the second. And the

first is ad
Redeemer.

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first is addressed to the Holy Trinity; the second to the God-man, our Redeemer. The hymn to the Holy Trinity (part I, below) taking its key-note

PART I.

- (Verse 1.) { Te Deum Laudamus.
Te Dominum confitemur.
- (2) { Te Æternum Patrem omnis terra veneratur;
- (3) { Tibi omnes Angeli,
Tibi cœli et universæ potestates,
- (4) { Tibi Cherubim et Seraphim,
incessabili voce proclamant;
- (5) { Sanctus,
Sanctus,
Sanctus,
Dominus Deus Sabaoth :
- (6) Pleni sunt cœli et terra majestatis gloriæ tuæ.
- (7) { Te gloriosus Apostolorum chorus,
(8) { Te Prophetarum laudabilis numerus,
(9) { Te Martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus.
- (10) Te per orbis terrarum sancta confitetur ecclesia,
(11) { Patrem immensæ majestatis ;
(12) { Venerandum tuum verum et unicum Filium ;
(13) { Sanctum quoque Parocletum Spiritum.

PART II. i.

- (14) { Tu Rex Gloriæ Christi,
(15) { Tu Patris sempiternus es Filius.
- (16) { Tu ad liberandum, suscepturus hominem, non horruisti, Virginis
uterum ;
(17) { Tu devicto mortis acerbis, aperuisti credentibus regna cœlorum.
- (18) { Tu ad dextram Dei sedes in gloria Patris.
(19) { Judex credimus esse venturus.

ii.

- (20) { Te ergo quesumus famulis tuis subveni, quos pretioso sanguine
redemisti ;
(21) { Eterna fac cum sanctis tuis gloria numerari.
- (22) { Salvum fac populum tuum, Domine, et benedic hereditati tuæ
(23) { Et rege eos, et extolle illos usque in æternum.
- (24) { Par singulos dies benedicimus te ;
(25) { Et laudamus nomen tuum, in sæculum et in sæculum sæculi.
- (26) { Dignare, Domine, die isto sine peccato nos custodire.
(27) { Miserere nostri, Domine, miserere nostri.
- (28) Fiat misericordia tua, Domine, super nos, quemadmodum speravimus in te.
(29) In te, Domine, speravi : non confundar in æternum.

from the mystery of the Blessed Trinity, is all throughout arranged on the principle of three in one, or one in three. The translators of the hymn unfortunately do not seem to have observed this, or they would have made it plain to the eye. In the Latin form, as given below, even the English reader cannot fail to recognize the arrangement we speak of. The translators might, perhaps, if they had understood the composition of the hymn, have sacrificed somewhat of the English idiom to the Latin, and have preserved the perspicuous order of the Latin words.

Or if (1) { Thee, God, we praise,
 { Thee, Lord, we confess,
 (2) { Thee, Eternal Father, all the earth doth worship.

had been too bald, and too cold for devotional use, they might at least have kept in view the arrangement of the Latin in

(3) { To Thee all angels, (*cry aloud*)
 { To Thee the heavens and all the powers therein,
 (4) { To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry.

and if they thought the insertion of the words "cry aloud" an improvement, they need not have omitted "To thee," in the second clause. These two simple words would have made the principle on which this part of the hymn is constructed evident.

The key to the construction of the second part of the *Te Deum* is the two natures of Christ. In the first section of part two, we praise and glorify Him as God, and as the God-man whom "God hath exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour: for to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins." In the second, looking more to ourselves, we fall to prayer to Him, and prostrate ourselves before him, asking not only blessing, but mercy and forgiveness at his hands. This idea of the double nature being the ruling principle of the composition, the verses run all in twos: some visibly and markedly so to the eye, as verses fourteen and fifteen,

{ Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ.
 { Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

and those immediately following, referring to His nature and His exaltation: others less markedly to the eye, but not less pointedly in sense and meaning, as e. g. the twenty-second and twenty-third, and the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth.

{ O Lord, save thy people: and bless thine heritage.
 { Govern them: and lift them up forever.
 { Day by day: we magnify thee;
 { And we worship thy Name: ever world without end.

To return now to the view with which we started; we think the musical rendering which pays no regard to the structure of the hymn must necessarily be a failure. How can any one who either understands the meaning and struc-

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ture of the hymn, or would "sing with the spirit" and "with the understanding" also, be content to have the verses faultily connected, and wrongly run into one another, in defiance of all common sense, by the use of double chants in this manner; (instead of several single ones.)

{ Also the Holy Ghost: the Comforter;
{ Thou art the King of Glory: O Christ.

(The colons it will be remembered are not stops: only marks dividing the verses for chanting.)

And then the quadruple chant! But, reader, take your prayer-book and scan this arrangement for yourself. You will need no help or hint, after what has been said above!

We may very properly, before parting with this subject, notice the similarity in regard to the point we have been attempting to elucidate, which exists in the Litany. The Litany begins, like the Te Deum, with an emphatic invocation of the Blessed Trinity.

O God, the Father, of heaven.
O God, the Son, Redeemer, &c.
O God, the Holy Ghost, &c.
O Holy, Blessed, and Glorious Trinity,

Then it immediately addresses itself to the Son exclusively—our Redeemer. To him the great bulk of the Litany is addressed, from the sentence "Remember not, O Lord, our offences," down to the words twice repeated, first by the priest and then by the people. "O Christ, hear us." At this place, it seems to us, there might well be a line introduced to mark the change; and certainly there ought to be an appreciable pause in the saying. The passage which follows is addressed again to the Blessed Trinity, and receives its character from the Kyrie eleeson.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.

The God of Israel, the "Almighty" God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the God of "our fathers," is, at it were, traditionally brought to our minds. "We have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared the noble works that thou didst in their days," &c. This passage winds up with the doxology, and then suddenly the address passes back to the Saviour only. "From our enemies defend us, O Christ."

Let us here observe that the Churchman's prayers are also in a manner creeds. "The Catholic faith" is this, that we "worship" one God in Trinity, and Trinity in unity." And "the right faith," is, that we believe and "confess" "that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is God and man." Were there any ground for supposing that the so-called Athanasian Creed (from which our readers will not require to be reminded that the foregoing extracts are made) existed prior to the composition of the Te Deum, one might, perhaps, suppose

that it had suggested the double character of the hymn, which we have been pointing out.

One more remark may not be out of place: the reader may follow it out for himself. In the *Te Deum*, as throughout our beautiful service, and nowhere more plainly than in the book of Psalms, there is implied a double character in the worshipper. It is the key to many changes and sudden transitions. His master is both God and man. The two natures so entirely, so necessarily co-exist in Christ, that the Apostle can properly say that the Jews "Crucified the Lord of Glory," and our Lord on earth is able to affirm of himself that "the Son of man is in heaven." The Christian lives always in a double condition, has a two-fold relation to his God. He is always a pardoned sinner, (1) a sinner in himself, always frail, always ready to fall, and therefore needing ever humbly to prostrate himself before the throne of Grace; but also (2) a pardoned sinner, one of God's elect, a saint, therefore always "having boldness and access with confidence by the faith of him." Words of praise, and the cry for pardon, not unnaturally, not improperly, proceeding consecutively or even alternately from the same mouth. "Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers." "Thou sittest at the right hand of God in the glory of the Father." "O Lord, have mercy upon us." "Let me never be confounded." "My strength faileth me, because of mine iniquity, and my bones are consumed." "Be strong and he shall establish your heart, all ye that put your trust in the Lord." (Psalm xxxi, verses 12 and 27.)

ENDING IN SMOKE.

Sitting and watching the curling smoke
Wreathing in circle, and spiral and curve,
Filling the room with a mystical sense
Of dim,—and because of the dimness the sweeter—
Of fading,—and therefore an emblem the meeter,

For pleasures that past,
And for gladness so keen
That memories serve
To recall but a tint,
Or throw out but a hint
Of the colours that love shed around
From garlands that richly were wound
Over and round me—deep breathing of incense—
Sitting close curled—I repeat—in the smoke
Filling the room with a dim-fading sense
Of happy remembrance;

Whose are the eyes

That softly arise,

Yet cause no surprise.

But only a feeling that some one is near,
And with glance of sheen;
Though melting with ruth,
Yet full of the truth;
Look forth from halo
Such as doth hallow

The head of the saint in pictured scene.

Whose is the presence I feel to be here?

Though I know I'm alone.

Weary and lonely,

Languid and lone,

And watching the smoke

Curling and curving and filling the room?

Say! gentle maiden, gently say!

Read me my riddle, and softly allay

By answer of truth, by answer of ruth,

The restless perturbation

Of my sad heart's fermentation.

With the pangful joy of feeling

There is one whom to love

Is to beat all fear below,

Is to be all hope above,

Is to give all life a glow,

Is to feel as if the world

Were beneath me, and each cloud

All agleaming

In the beaming

Of the upward sun,

Though to those below, dark and dun

Like a shroud,

Yet to me were lightly curled

Beneath my feet.

Maiden fair, Maiden dear,

Answer sweet.

A. G. L. T.

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THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON RITUALISM.

The Ritual commission, that is to say the commission appointed by the Queen to enquire into the innovations introduced by a party in the English Church, has been appointed, and throughout a long series of days, has examined men of all parties and shades of opinion. So long did it sit, and patiently examine, and interrogate, and discuss, that Lord Shaftesbury, who expected that it would at once snuff out all that was distasteful to his Puritan feelings, fairly lost his temper, and was betrayed into vehement abuse and unseemly anger; but after all their patient investigation, we can only when we read its report, repeat once more the words so often applicable to Royal Commissions,

Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.

Yet it cannot be said the Commission has done no good, because, although the Report is very strikingly like to the *ridiculus mus*, yet the evidence so patiently and faithfully collected is of the very utmost value. Some idea of the great interest taken in the question may be gathered from the fact, that two editions of the "blue book," which contains a full account of its whole proceedings, were sold in two days: and from that book persons capable of forming a judgment in the matter, can collect the necessary material; it remains to be shown which way the publication of it will influence the state of public feeling in England. Moreover, there is another great advantage accruing from the commission, and one which all humble Christians, whatever be their individual views, will appreciate: it tends to gain time. Lord Shaftesbury and vehement partizans, who are firmly convinced that nothing can be right of which they do not approve, and who value their own view of the truth far beyond the truth itself, do not want to gain time; and the very fact that they do not want to gain time casts suspicion on the views they advocate: but those who value truth above everything, who feel that,

Veritas est fortis, et prevalebit.

and prefer the triumph of truth to the triumph of their own views, think very differently. There are those who desire to attain to truth, even though the truth convict them of error; and such as these are seeking now in the discussion of these great questions to gain time; they do not desire to crush one party, or the other, they seek the truth only, knowing that by the truth the God of truth is best glorified. And that the truth may be attained there is need of time, time that we may see which way the finger of God is pointing, time that we may discuss judiciously, impartially, religiously. Few questions that have arisen in the Church in modern days, need more carefully or gently handling; it is no doubt the easiest and simplest course to take one side of the question, to attach oneself to one of the great parties of the day, and blind to all else to follow its dictates, but such a course as this will not satisfy an impartial mind. Independently of the merits of the question itself, about which much may be said, this difficulty

presents itself at the outset; the party who are styled *ultra ritualists*, those for instance, in order to use as far as possible exact definition, who wear the Eucharistic vestments in celebrating Holy Communion, are a section of the great High Church party, who number among their ranks nearly all the learned, all the zealous, all the influential men in the present Church of England. It is they who are bearing the burden and heat of the day; it is they who by their self-denying labours, by their frequent services, by their weekly Communion, by their house to house visitations, and not least by the valuable work of the sisterhoods which is very rapidly extending on all sides, are keeping alive a spirit of true piety in the Church and nation. And if in any spirit of party legislation, if in deference to the wishes of Lord Shaftesbury and others, measures should be taken to crush out the ritualists, there is very great probability that many if not all of this large section would be driven out of Communion with the Church of their birth. Especially would this be the case if Parliament should take the ill advised step of Legislating for the Church without consulting convocation, which, with all its imperfections, is yet the national Council of the spiritual state of the realm. It is well known that, if such a step were taken, many thousands of the Clergy would thereupon resign their benefices; and it is impossible to estimate the effect which this would have upon the Church and the Clergy generally; the Established Church might even pass mainly into the hands of those whom the laity have long learned to designate as "low and lazy"; the priests that remain would, in that case, be those who think more of the temporal provision the State makes for them, than of the Spiritual commission and divinely-given priesthood they bear. The Church of England separated from the Establishment would then indeed become what many assert she has already become, the Church in England. But we may still hope that by God's mercy such a calamity may be averted. It was said of Rome of old "*Merses profundo pulchrior evenit*;" and we pray in faith that the Catholic English Church may in like manner rise up, after the storms which now are gathering above, around, within her, purified, chastened, glorified. One of the Church of England's most learned and most pious sons, a man who is more loved and revered by all sections of the English Church than any others living, has indorsed the view first advanced by a French Roman Catholic, that the Church of England may yet be in the Providence of God, the blessed means of reuniting the sundered Churches of Christendom. If she passes through the impending storm, now that she has learned to collect all the Bishops of Churches in communion with her into solemn Synod, this is the time when this reunion may begin to come to pass. But, side by side with these bright and happy signs, the dark cloud is seen steadily advancing: where shall we find ourselves when the storm has broken and passed away, and we can once more see the heavens bright?

But to return to Modern Ritualism, and to the Royal Commission it has caused: there is perhaps one great service to the Church which the Commission might have rendered, and which it has not rendered. It might have entered upon a

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strict definition of Ritualism; it might have distinguished between the Ritualism, which, as we have pointed out in a previous number of this Magazine, merely seeks to invest the Ceremonial of the Church with due order and reverence, and the Ritualism which adds other and confessedly unused ceremonies, as being likely to conduce to the glory of God and the Salvation of souls. It is very difficult for us to sympathise with the views put forward by many, who are yet undoubtedly the sincerest servants of God. It would take some time to reconcile us to the use of incense, to the vestments and to many other details of Church Ceremonial; while many of the doctrines advanced, perhaps, partly, in the heat of controversy, are, at the very best, dangerous and productive of error, if not absolutely erroneous. These doctrines which have only been as yet hinted at by some of the very extremest of the extreme High Church party, are being rapidly spread, and brought into very dangerous importance by the efforts of the Protestant faction, who in their blind ignorance distinguish nothing. No one deplores the prevalence of such extreme doctrines more than High Churchmen, in fact, the very men who are popularly accused of holding them. But it is not possible to restrain these extreme doctrines on account of these party feuds, and this blind bitterness of faction. The Protestant faction are the best friends of the Romanists, the best friends of the atheist, and the worst enemies of our Church: that they are the former let the Roman Catholic organs, which have lately become their champions, that they may better aim a blow at the Catholic party, bear unimpeachable evidence; that they are the friends of atheism let the *Pall Mall Gazette*, ever watchful to attack religion, bear its testimony; and if the *Weekly Register* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* both uphold the power of the Puritan party, both attack with common consent, the Catholic, it is fair to presume that the former are really the enemies of our Holy Church. And so matters go on; hard working, earnest Parish Priests, whose sole desire is to promote the glory of God and to provide more abundant ministrations to their flocks, who are willing to devote their strength and energies to make their services more worthy of the Almighty, and to induce their congregations to be more reverent, more hearty worshippers, are attacked upon absurd pretences, and their work for Christ is impaired. While, on the other hand, those who are indolent, who are lacking in knowledge of theology, and are at best useless Ministers, have only to throw over themselves the cloak of Protestantism, and they become in the eyes of many, most excellent pastors. They do not hear the Confession of the penitent, they do not rebuke sinners, they do not bind up the brokenhearted, or minister the Gospel to the poor; but they are not Ritualists, and are therefore on that ground too often acceptable to a prejudiced and lukewarm flock. The English Church has just lost one of her noblest sons, a man who devoted himself to years of labour among the poorest and worst of the London poor. Such men are her boast, her strength and her safeguard; they are those for whose sake the great city is spared. Yet, in the eyes of this generation this man was stamped a Ritualist, and we know not how much this reproach, perhaps the hardest trial that many a London clergy-

man in the East end has to bear, may have done towards shortening a life spent in his Master's cause. We cannot dare to say of any one that he is called hence before his work is done; that is complete in the eyes of God, which seems to us incomplete; but he was taken from us long before he had run out the usual span appointed to human life. Before we follow popular opinion in branding men like these with the terrible charge of unfaithfulness, before we follow thus blindly our bell-wether, we would appeal to every one who loves the truth, to search out the truth for themselves. The blue book of the Ritual Commission will open the eyes of many. Let the evidence of the Dean of Carlisle be set against the evidence of the Dean of York; let the curate of S. Barnabas, be weighed by the side of the Vicar of Islington. The truth lies probably in the mean, that mean which the English Church has ever tried, however feebly, to maintain amid opposing claims. At any rate let us beware how we affix the stigma of a popular and unmeaning reproach, to those who are maintaining among us the eternal verities of the Gospel. If we do, we must not wonder if some of the truest sons of the English Church cast a longing eye to other Communion, where amid many gross corruptions, at least the great doctrines of Sacramental grace, and of the presence of our Lord and Saviour in the Holy Eucharist have never been called in question, as they have by ignorant and blinded members of our own Church.

The Ritual Commission, however unsatisfactory at first sight its report may read; although it suggests the idea that a vast amount of labour has been thrown away, at any rate has done us a great service; it has given time for the patient consideration of these important questions, and has afforded the evidence upon which such considerations may be based. In quietness and confidence shall be our strength: whatever our peculiar views may be, whether we incline to high or low, whether we prefer a grand Ceremonial, or the simple severity of a Puritan Sabbath, let us not condemn or judge hastily. If one man has erred, there is no possible reason why we may not err too; if many have erred, there is a great probability that we shall not be kept straight amid the multiformities of error; in the sin of others we see as in a mirror our own weakness: in the errors of others we see as in a mirror our own liability to error. It is our duty to trust in the guidance, and depend upon the support of one Higher, Wiser than ourselves. If we kick against the truth we shall destroy ourselves, not the truth; Ritualism may be right, or, as some consider, a pernicious error—in the meantime we hold in the words which we have quoted before,

Magna est veritas et prævalebit.

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MYSTERY.

Ah see! Good Lord, I said,
The things that bloomed all Spring lie dead,
The dead leaves rustle overhead.

Where are they, Lord, I cried,
The perfect Summer's wealth and pride,
The tender grace to love allied?

Where are they, Lord, I sought,
The gilded train the Autumn brought,
The gorgeous hues her garments caught?

And through each lifeless bough
The sudden breezes murmured low,
Oh, hither come and thou shall know.

Enraptured fast I fled
Through wood and meadow scar and dead,
The dead leaves rustling over head.

Still onward seemed to flow
The breezes calling soft and low,
Oh, hither come and thou shalt know.

Ah, well, Good Lord, I see,
Some what thou hidest still from me,
Thou holdest still some mystery.

Enough it is for me
A seed-time in the Spring to see,
And blossoms opening silently.

Enough it is to know
For me the genial Summers glow,
The kindly breezes murmur low;

For me the Autumn pours
Throughout the land her lavish stores,
And Plenty opens wide her doors.

So idle longing, pass:
My goal lies in the pleasant grass,
The tender bloom the meadow has.

All bliss lies at my feet,
Where all mysteries blending meet,
Where spring all pleasures pure and sweet.

DAVID DORAN.

PRETTY PINKS.

I had been resting a few days in the quiet sea-port town of Q.

It was one of those half-decayed remnants of former opulence and prosperity, which are not uncommon in maritime countries. Not quite a century before the period of which I write, it had received within its safe and ample harbour, the stately merchant-ships, which now went by to the younger, yet far more important and populous city of Glidden.

Only the occasional arrival of a small trading vessel, or the returning sloops of the fishermen, disturbed the monotony of the quaint old town.

To me its sameness and dullness, the simple and blameless habits of its people, and the peculiar atmosphere of carelessness and repose which surrounded all, were truly delicious.

For years I had passed from scene to scene, with incredible rapidity; one week I had sauntered through gay Paris, and the next sought refuge beside the dreamy Rhine; now London held me with remembrance of old historic things, then giddy New York, frightened with its Babylon of voices and discordant sounds. So I came at length to yearn intensely for rest; and here, indeed, was rest,—rest from the clamours of men, from the ceaseless importunities and prying curiosity of widows and spinsters.

The mist of weariness had floated away from my eyes; the golden gates had rolled back; and here, in the most prosaic of places, was the Utopia for which I longed. And here I lingered on, knowing no care and desiring no change,—now rowing out for miles over the glittering expanse of the sea, now climbing the bold and picturesque cliffs which towered far above the town, and gazing idly

down on the restless waves below,—yet oftener conversing with the grey-haired inhabitants, or listening to the many tales which they delighted to unravel of Q., when their feeble frames were vigorous and elastic, and their minds busy building golden edifices, which, invariably, went by with the merchant ships to Glidden, and left in Q., only the moth of desire.

As I sat one evening with old Rogers, the patriarch of the town, in the vine-covered porch of his cottage, casually I noticed a small tuft of most beautiful pinks growing just by the side of the porch.

"What lovely flowers!" I exclaimed, as old Rogers remarked my admiring gaze.

"Aye, that they are!" said he in reply, "the like of them could not be found in all the country round. They grew first on the crags yonder," he continued, after a long pause, pointing, at the same time, to the portion of the cliffs which rose highest and projected farthest into the sea, "Langthorne bore them here in his dead hand that terrible night; and ever since they have bloomed constantly." "A sad tale it is, Sir," he went on, sighing and looking vacantly across the little grass plot in front of the cottage, as if the remembrance of "far off unhappy things" weighed heavily upon his mind.

"What? a tale, a sad tale connected with this little handful of blossoms?" said I, interrupting his reverie, my curiosity by this time thoroughly aroused by the words and manner of the old man.

Straightway I urged him to relate the romance, which time and chance had interwoven with the frail tendrils and delicate petals of the pinks; and presently he began in his odd, measured way.

"Q. was not always the dull town that you find it now; years ago, when I myself was young and ambitious, we thought to come to some importance," here the old man paused and sighed, "but somehow things have not gone well with us of late. But when we were a more prosperous people there was none more popular than young Langthorne. I remember well the frank-faced boy who came with his widowed mother to Q. Then they built a cottage in the outskirts of the town and appeared to live very comfortably upon some means which the lady had brought along with her. But as the boy ripened into the man, a change came; their circumstances were reduced, and young Langthorne was withdrawn from the school of the town to provide for his mother's and his own subsistence.

"He began active life immediately as a fisher; and succeeded remarkably well. I do believe he was the envy of half the young men in the place. But for all this he was the general favorite of young and old.

"About this time he was engaged to one of the finest girls of the town.

"May Montrey possessed all the excellent qualities of her lover; and, like him, was the recipient of universal admiration and respect. She held a small property in her own right, which together with the gains of Langthorne, would enable him to abandon the perilous occupation which he pursued. The time was near at hand when their marriage was to take place; an elegant cottage had been built

adjacent to which, if he the sea. A than that u blew out fr gold beneath musical lau the air. T excited little on the part Langthorne, wards spoke low the crov

"May we the old man I could see l eyes sparklit as he sprang planted the p fiery bay; th a rocky head

"Happily lowing days v ing marriage. little delicacy ing, awhile b and spoke ea said; 'would with her to the gate and wind.

"However was nearly br by heavy mas evening large whistled round the next morn foot of the cr

"The peopl alarm felt for t the beach were and seething w

"I hastened

adjacent to his mother's, but a single voyage remained to be performed, in which, if he were successful, he would bid adieu, forever, to the fickle fortune of the sea. At length the day for his departure arrived; a more beautiful morning than that upon which he embarked I have never witnessed. A fresh bland breeze blew out from the coast. Away for leagues lay the sea, molten and gleaming like gold beneath the broad sun. The little ripples broke upon the shore with a merry musical laughter, and there seemed to be an unusual sweetness and calmness in the air. The departure of a fishing boat was then of frequent occurrence and excited little interest; but somehow, this time, there was an unwonted emotion on the part of the people, caused, partly, probably, by the popularity of young Langthorne, and partly because this was to be his last venture. But many afterwards spoke of a sense of some impending calamity which compelled them to follow the crowd to the beach.

"May went down even to the water's edge with her lover. It appears now," said the old man in a lower voice, and drawing his rough hand across his face, "as if I could see her as then,—her graceful form bent towards the boat, and her dark eyes sparkling with a happy laughter. 'Watch for me, May,' cried Langthorne as he sprang lightly into the boat, 'watch for me from yonder cleft where we planted the pinks that summer afternoon.' The boat glided smoothly across the fiery bay; the white sails gleamed across the waves and soon disappeared beyond a rocky headland.

"Happily, homewards, went May with the dispersing people, and for the few following days was busy preparing for the return of Langthorne and the approaching marriage. I remember well how she came to our cottage, and brought some little delicacy for my daughter, who was very ill then, and lingered, while returning, awhile by the gate yonder. She was full of happy thoughts of the future, and spoke eagerly of her lover's return. 'He was to come on the morrow,' she said; 'would I sit with her on the beach?' Nothing loth, I consented to wait with her to welcome the bonniest of all bonny fishermen. Then she passed out the gate and down through the long street, her white dress fluttering in the wind.

"However sanguine I had been of a fair day on the morrow, my confidence was nearly broken ere night had fairly come. The sun was concealed ere it set, by heavy masses of clouds piled like mountains one upon another. Early in the evening large drops of rain began to fall, and a strong wind rattled the pane and whistled round the corners. I was not, therefore, surprised to find when I awoke the next morning, a furious gale driving the waves in great heaps against the foot of the crags.

"The people were soon astir, and many an anxious face showed plainly the alarm felt for the safety of the boats which were now hourly expected. All along the beach were little groups of men and women gazing eagerly across the white and seething waves to catch the first glimpse of the boats in the horizon.

"I hastened to join one of these groups which stood almost in reach of the fling-

ing spray; and here I found poor May in the greatest agony. She smiled faintly as she saw me, and I succeeded in a short time in reassuring her of the many chances of safety which remained for the boats. Patiently she watched wave after wave as they came thundering up the beach in rapid succession, and then relapsed in great patches of foam. As the day wore to a close, and still no sign or their returning presented itself, she became restless and alarmed. I turned just then to witness the breaking of an unusually large wave, and when I again looked for May she was gone. I instantly thought of the clifts, and there I saw her slight form struggling up the ascent. To have endeavoured to overtake and restrain her would have been vain; so I followed leisurely after. When I reached the summit, I found her seated upon a detached piece of rock and clinging closely to a small tuft of verdure in full bloom, which seemed strangely out of place on the barren rock.

So intently was she gazing upon the waves below that she did not heed my approach. The scene was indescribable; the raging waters in their tossing and heaving almost touched the black clouds which hung heavily from the heavens; in white spirals and quaint gyrations rose and fell, in ceaseless combat and repulse, the foaming breakers.

Suddenly a cry of despair from May directed my attention to the right; there, hanging upon the utmost verge of a watery precipice, was Langthorne's boat, himself clinging to the helm. The next moment it was lost from view in a hollow of the sea; and when the succeeding wave rose it was shattered into an hundred pieces. Straight onward to the foot of the crags came the pale face of Langthorne, supported by a floating portion of the wreck. A wild cry pierced the air, re-echoed along the rocks, and the next instant the slight figure of May had disappeared over the clifts.

How I reached home I never knew. When I recovered my consciousness I lay pale and exhausted upon my own bed with an anxious group of friends around me. In an adjoining room lay the dead body of Langthorne, his cold hand holding closely a single pink blossom. The body of May was never found. A week after I discovered these here, half rooted and blooming freshly."

Thus ended the old man's story. He could only account for the presence of the pinks here and in Langthorne's hand by some absurd superstitious theory of his own.

Probably the maiden had taken them with her in her frantic leap from the clifts, and the waves had borne them in the way of the dying man. The only singularity which they presented to me, was their perpetual bloom!

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TARTAR PROUD AND VAIN.

(From the Roumanian.)

I.

Hold fast thy foaming steed,
 O Tartar proud and vain!
 Or ne'er shalt thou behold
 Thy Fatherland again.
 Pass not yonder river,
 O tread not yonder shore,
 Or thy listening bride
 Shall greet thee nevermore.

II.

Where lies thy lifeless steed,
 O Tartar pale and cold?
 Where rusts the trusty sword
 Thy hand shall never hold?
 Deep is yonder river,
 And deadly yonder shore;
 And the soul that passes
 Returns not evermore.

C.

THE RISE AND DECLINE OF CHIVALRY.

When events which influence their epochs and seem to spring spontaneously into existence, nevertheless owe their origin to causes existing long previous to themselves, it is difficult after the lapse of time, and often immediately after the advent of events, to trace clearly the causes and correctly connect them with the effects. Wherefore in inquiring into the history of institutions and arriving at their origins, it is necessary, not only to become acquainted with the circumstances which preceded them, but also in many cases, however hazardous it may be, to employ conjecture. For this reason writers come to differ in their accounts respecting both the sources from which institutions spring, and also their dates. There being, too, many land-marks of the past, somewhat plausible in appearance, which lead in wrong directions, they often arrive at false conclusions. The sources most abundant of such errors are the seeming analogies, in principles and in ceremonies, of more primitive customs. Thus with respect to Chivalry there exists, to a greater degree than in any other institution, a like obstacle. Its origin is buried in the obscurity of past ages; its principles and ceremonies are easily confused with the apparently analogous principles and ceremonies of preceding and co-temporary institutions. It is difficult to distinguish between the deeds of knighthood, achieved through the influence of a far different spirit, and the magnificent exploits wrought before the advent of Chivalry. It is impossible, therefore, to assign to its origin any precise date. It is indeed most probable that it had its rise in the ninth century, and subsequent to the death of Charlemagne, while Feudalism was still agitated by the civil commotion which accompanied its accession. The derivation of the word itself is obvious;* and Chivalry, as it existed in its primitive and purest condition, was a military institution, distinguished by romantic adventure, infused with a refined idea of love, and combined with religious and secular ceremonies. It had for its immediate objects, the protection of the helpless from the oppressions of the powerful, and the defence, at any cost, of right against wrong. It consisted, in fine, of that spirit which is ever manifest in those lofty deeds, whose memories remain,

*Chevalerie.

as so many perpetual monuments, in the histories of all countries. But never before had it become so universal, so exclusively the object of entire nations; it had never before possessed organization, laws, and ceremonies to protect it from imposition, and enable it to become, in a brief period, at the same time the purest and the most powerful historic institution that ever existed.

The union which Charlemagne had formed from disordered states, had been broken by the struggles of his successors into petty principalities; the countries he had subjugated had regained their liberties; the laws he had enacted were either annulled or disregarded; finally, where he had substituted order, with all its beneficial effects, in the place of anarchy, confusion already prevailed. The princes of his empire had greedily usurped as a legitimate inheritance portions of its ample territory, and a horde of inferior officers had possessed themselves in the general spoilation, of the provinces entrusted to their charge, at the same time appropriating the services of the soldiers who had heretofore preserved their allegiance to the king. Thus gradually and surely had Feudalism established itself upon the ruins of an empire whose greatness had excited the admiration and dazzled the gaze of the world. Then it was, when the sway of Feudalism impeded the progress of enlightenment and fostered the vices of an already corrupt age, that Chivalry appeared in the midst of conflicting elements;—that gentlemen of arms, actuated by pure and lofty principles, joined in a common warfare against tyranny and oppression.

There was much indeed in the age to support and encourage its progress; abundant material for the rearing of so noble a structure.

Frequent acts of oppression, an unequal distribution of wealth, without that advanced state of civilization which may counterbalance its evil effects, a wide spread desire for personal aggrandizement,—for personal conquest,—afforded opportunity for the exercise of a noble and benevolent institution. The people, too, in their enthusiasm, exalted their heroic defenders. Consequently greater purity of principle and vigour of action sprang up in the institution; and finally every moral virtue became a requisite to knightly distinction.

Fixed regulations did not at once distinguish it from every cotemporary order; nor was it until the beginning of the eleventh century that Chivalric enactments appeared, when they probably arose from the exigences of peculiar cases. The first vow required of the aspirant to knighthood was "To speak the truth, to succour the helpless, and never to turn back from the enemy." Later a decree was made to the effect that none except those of military rank should be eligible to its orders. To these naturally succeeded the ceremony of investing the youthful knight in arms. The church gradually contributed, until fasts, vigils, and religious vows swelled the list of ceremonies to be undergone by the novice at his initiation.

From France Chivalry spread rapidly to almost every surrounding country; and this previous to the Crusades. In Spain the Moors were retreating before the impetuosity of an entirely chivalrous spirit. Amongst the Saxons, also, it had

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early appeared. But the use of the ambiguous Latin term *miles* by the early Chroniclers, renders the exact period of its introduction uncertain. An exploit related by Vertot, which took place about this time, proves conclusively that the Normans had early imbibed its spirit. This exploit of Norman Knights was achieved in Italy; and, as at a later period Chivalry flourished in that country, it was then probably first made known to the Italians. Thus during the first century of its existence it steadily increased in extent and power by constant accessions of members to its ranks and frequent displays of heroic and benevolent deeds. It found, too, in the petty strifes of Feudal Barons, opportunities for vigorous action, thereby preserving itself from the evil that ever accompanies inactivity.

In the latter part of the eleventh century it became assimilated with the Crusades; it became susceptible in a greater degree to religious influence, while, as shown by individual exploits, it lost nothing of its romantic character. Now knights who had undergone the vows and ceremonies of Chivalry took upon themselves voluntary vows. These they signified by distinctive badges and sought to perform in foreign lands. Consequently when the great Chivalric leaders raised their banners in the cause of Christianity, an eager multitude of knights enlisted in their ranks. Thenceforth for the space of two centuries the Eastern World was the scene of illustrious deeds. Individual acts vied in glory with the achievements of entire armies. Often after the issue of eventful contests the advantages of the Crusaders appeared to consist rather of the result of personal prowess than of the bravery of a combined army. There are not wanting, however, in this period of its history, reports of crime of almost every species. This was not in any way the effect of the chivalric spirit; it, indeed, instilled into the hearts of men motives of noble and lofty deeds; but the vices of the age, which could never be wholly eradicated, combined with a new and peculiar fanaticism, wrought often within the institution itself, actions utterly incompatible with its principles.

The fall of Arc in the latter part of the thirteenth century terminated the last distinct Crusade. Chivalry was now free from the corrupting influences of the East. But a taint still clung to it; and there were even then in its vitality some of the causes of its final extinction. Transferred, however, to the scenes of its earlier conquests, it held aloof for a time from the acts which had endangered its fame, and entering its former field of action, returned, seemingly, to its original condition. In Spain the Moorish battles still exhibited the incongruous elements of the Crusades; but the long and romantic wars between England and France gave opportunity for the exercise of every Knightly virtue. Hence we find in their history accounts of a series of brilliant exploits. On every occasion courtesy and benevolence ennobled the character of the combatants; and the victor ever achieved a twofold conquest.

From the close of the fourteenth century it gradually and surely declined. If its advent had been sudden as the nature of circumstances required, its egress from the scenes of its achievements was in no way similar.

The civil wars of England from time to time occasioned the display of Chivalric valour. But in an age when the minds of men became more degenerate in proportion as the facilities for increasing their possessions became more numerous, selfish impulses, ambitious desires, impeded its every movement. Then the Reformation with its numerous and varied interests, its alluring novelty and fierce contention, superseded the old and now wearying charms of Chivalry; and after the reign of Elizabeth it had, in England, no real existence. In Germany, where its advent had been later and more slowly effected, it came to an almost abrupt termination. It may be said to have expired at the death bed of Maximilian, who is still called the lost Knight of that country. During the reign of the succeeding emperor the name and semblance of Chivalry remained; but there existed no longer that spirit, without which, the Institution, like the will-o'-the-wisp of the marshes, was only a glittering illusion.

France was later to discard the instrument which had achieved so much of her glory. As no distant period, however, its destiny had been predetermined in the course of events. It now commanded less esteem; exerted less influence; and, during subsequent periods, underwent frequent changes. The Institution, which had fanned through corrupt ages the flame of virtue, was degraded to a political machine; and the last page of its history was checkered with political crimes. When Joan of Arc revived the drooping spirits of her countrymen, and animated their breasts with martial fire, it again brightened into a semblance of its past glory. But merely transient and greater than its real powers warranted, was this revival of its former vigour and enthusiasm. The appearance of the "*gendarmerie*" effected another and important change in its history. It restrained its orders, degraded to the condition of common soldiers, from chivalric deeds by a strict military code. Then the wars in Italy occasioned a renewal of its languishing spirit; and Francis I witnessed the last effort to regain its past power and grandeur. The death of a King from wounds received at a tournament, and the consequent remonstrance of the clergy, caused the cessation of the last festival of Chivalry in France. Thenceforth its ceremonies were limited to the reception of Knights into the several orders. Its existence was virtually at an end. By some strange revolution in the policy of nations Kings sought sedulously to destroy it; and ministers of States feared it as a remnant of feudal power. The invention of gun-powder afforded a more expeditious mode of warfare. It remained a weather-stained and tottering ruin of its ancient grandeur; a past custom ill at ease and jostled by the novelty of progress. A refiner of peoples, it had become more base than they; a promoter of civilization, it had survived to behold itself surpassed by greater lights. Occasional deeds that savoured of the old Chivalry might awaken Kings from a supposition that it had altogether passed away; a Condé might assert its existence in the hearts of men and afford a glimpse of its ancient splendor; a Turenne might reveal in his own actions a trace of its olden simplicity and purity; or a Bayard, the last of a noble race, and a Knight without reproach, might evince its

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stern justice and rare benevolence;—but it had ceased at length from the esteem and protection of nations; had ceased as an Institution from existence. The reign of Louis XIV was the period of its egress from the scene in which it had achieved much of glory, and had not escaped much of reproach.

CHURCH INTELLIGENCE.

The conference of Bishops at Lambeth, or the Pan-Anglican Synod, was formally opened on Tuesday the 24th of September. A sermon was preached by the Bishop of Illinois. The whole number of prelates is seventy-eight, of whom eighteen come from the English dioceses, nine are Irish, seven Scottish, twenty-three from the British Colonies, and twenty-one from the United States of America. More than half the Bishops in direct communion with the English Church have assembled, some from this side of the Atlantic, some from the very Antipodes of England. The response to the Archbishop's invitation is as satisfactory as it was unlooked for; and though there are very many who delight to sneer at such things, who after having long been in the habit of impressing upon people, that the Church is at best but an unpractical idea, or as the "*Guardian*" expresses it, a theological fiction, cannot now endure to see their views disproved, yet the bulk of sincere English Churchmen rejoice in it with heartfelt satisfaction, and feel that a great and bold step has been taken, the fruit of which shall not pass away with this present generation, but endure and increase until the world's end. At this moment the attention of the world seems fixed upon England; Churchmen throughout Canada, and throughout the length and breadth of the United States, enquire eagerly from week to week about the progress of the great battles that are being fought out in old England. The question of ritualism, though perhaps it excites more discussion at large, is only, after all, one of the points of comparatively minor importance. The truths which the high ritual symbolises, are the inheritance of the English Church; and, if needful, we should be content with a ritual which may not satisfy some among us, so long as the truths of the Church Catholic, the eternal verities of the Gospel, are not endangered. But while there is a contest about these matters, while the strifes between high and low, ritualist and puritan, are growing fierce and hot, and extending downwards and upwards, until well nigh every man is obliged to take one side or the other, poison is being sown broadcast throughout the land, and infidelity gaining ground and displacing faith. Not in Natal only, but throughout England are men, even ministers of the Gospel, denying the Resurrection, the Ascension, and the judgments to come. It will be well for us if through God's abundant mercy, no national apostasy follow this terrible unsettling of faith!

Services which have been styled Pan-Anglican services, have been held during the week preceding the Synod, in the Church of St. Lawrence, Jewry. Bishop

Twells, of the Orange Free State, Bishop Tozer, of Central Africa, the Bishops of Arkansas, Rhode Island, North Carolina, Iowa, Grahamstown, Honolulu, Pittsburg, Vermont, Montreal, New Zealand, and St. Andrews, took part in these services. The earnest vicar of the parish has, in carrying through these services, rendered most important aid to the main purpose of the Synod, viz., the bringing Churchmen of the different Churches to realise their unity and communion with one another. The collections made at the offertory, amounted to a large sum, and the Church on every occasion of service being held, was densely crowded. Many had to retire from the doors, and many hundreds of people were disappointed. It is to be hoped that other opportunities will be given to the people of London, of hearing from these assembled bishops, narratives of their dioceses and their work. To read their titles only makes the heart of the sincere servant of Christ right glad, for they imply that the effort is really being made, though it be in some places weak, that in very truth to some extent, even a combined effort is being made to carry the Gospel to the very ends of the earth.

The Church Congress for this year is appointed to meet at Wolverhampton. This town is situate in the very midst of what is usually called "the black country"—coal and iron, mines and furnaces, are around and beneath it for miles; the air is heavy with smoke, so that frequently on the brightest day, the sun is completely obscured. Vegetation is for the most part destroyed; the mineral products of the earth have driven out the vegetable, and by night the whole country seems on fire, so numerous are the flames proceeding from the coal pits, or from the iron furnaces. This is no exaggerated account of this country, as it appears to the traveller, who journeys by the Great Western Railway, from Birmingham to Wolverhampton; yet it is a very hive for industry, teeming with life, with energy, and with labour. In the midst of all this strife of man with the reluctant earth, the Church Congress has agreed to hold its annual sitting. Very different from the scene of the last, is the scene of the present meeting. Under the shadow of the grand old minster, in the midst of relics of the Church dating from Saxon times, where every garden is full of remains of the Roman city of Eboracum, Congress held its discussions. Yet, in some respects, Wolverhampton is no less a fitting place than York. Where the hum of man is heard, there are found the "passions and the pangs," which all man's boasted art and mastery over the elements of earth have never driven out. There is a field for Church work; these men are pining for the rays of divine sun light, to break through the smoke and cloud of human trials, and lighten the burden off the sin laden heart. It is noticeable that at the coming Congress, the subjects of discussion are of a very practical nature, that several new questions are to be introduced, and that the system of sections has been abolished. Church patronage, Church ceremonial, and open sittings are among the subjects which are for the first time introduced, having from perhaps an excess of caution been omitted from previous congresses, lest discussion should become too eager and too hot. If Churchmen will not allow themselves to forget the nature of the subjects offered to them for

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consideration, and endeavour to say and do everything in the spirit of true Christian charity, abstaining from exaggerated statements, and personal recrimination, the discussion may be productive of the very highest good. There is too great a tendency for the two great sections of the Church, the high and the broad, to fall away from one another, and to widen the interval existing between them, simply from the mutual repulsion all parties in science, politics or religion always exhibit; and such an opportunity of conference as these congresses give, may, by divine blessing, have an opposite effect, and maintain cohesion among the units by virtue of the bond of the Church. Who can doubt that one great object, which in His divine wisdom the Saviour meant to compass by founding a society upon earth, instead of merely starting a religion, was to keep men together by virtue of their being fellow members of His Church, and thereby of Himself. And that which the Church Congress tends to effect in England, the Pan Anglican Synod aims to bring about on the wider battlefield of the whole world, where on every side the Church, though rent and torn, is waging a similar war against the powers of darkness and sin. The time may come when not a Pan-Anglican Synod, but an Œcumenical Council may sit in London, and when, ere the coming of Christ, that which is rent shall be healed up, that which has fallen away shall be again gathered into the one fold, and that which is one shall again be at one in itself.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Boldest in flight and sweetest in song is Jean Ingelow amongst her sex.

No sooner has Mrs. Browning, that wonderful woman, that worshipper of the beautiful, joined the invisible choir, where all is glorious and beautiful, than the earthly minstrel's place is supplied and the unceasing melody flows on, lower, it may be, at times, sweeter and clearer often, and in many places, indeed, altogether of its own kind, but still not the less that song of all times which has floated down to her lips from those of Hemans, Procter and Browning, mistress each of Poesy's golden lyre.

This other volume of hers, this "*Story of Doom*,"* and these other stories will make her more famous, will settle all question of rank and gift. She sings with that true assurance, which genius only can bestow, songs of commanding power and pleasing cadence. She passes with rapidity from theme to theme, everywhere she creates and adorns with master skill.

Whether "*Songs with preludes*" well up, because they will in no way be said Nay, from that heart of all hearts; whether the burden of some far off and lofty theme roll on in stately measure; whether the quaint speech of olden legend find utterance,—there is the same exquisite ease and simplicity of expression, the same elegance and consistency of proportion.

* A *Story of Doom* and other Poems; by Jean Ingelow. For sale by C. Hill, Montreal.

First in the book is "*Dreams that Came True*,"—that came true as they could not otherwise. The old story it may be, the oft-repeated tale of the wrong done and the remorse that followed; but Miss Ingelow, she who wrote "*Divided*," and the "*Songs of Seven*," tells it and it seems no longer the legend of our Grandmothers; but a new thing full of novelty and charm.

The "Justice" (than which no word is more frequently abused) will dream, as all such men must, we suppose, sometime, not of any kindly bounty which has gladdened cheerless homes and comforted aching hearts, but, alas! of ripe and festering injustice. A poor widow, whom he has spurned starving from his lordly mansion, pleads again, outstretching pale feeble hands.

The "Justice" fain would not listen. But remorse, grim and fearful, will torture and madden: and along with this comes confession and repentance.

Meanwhile the widow, too, dreams; but no remorse troubles her: only good angels comfort with sweet words, and bear her so far away and make her so glad with their kindness that she would fain dream away. Dream away? Ah, well she may; for Sleep came not, but the angel Death, his fair twin brother, and closed her vacant eyes. Let the fierce storm revel through her cheerless hovel, she heeds it not. Let the last fagot expire, the warmest blaze could not quicken her blood now.

The morn comes and with it the squire. Too late! Sadder words than these angel nor man ever spake.

The "Justice" exists no longer; only a sorrowful man full of good deeds who prays evermore:

"Lift up, O earth, for he shall come again,
Thy Lord; and He shall reign, and He shall reign,—
Thy kingdom come."

Then she touches another key in "*Songs on the Voices of Birds*," and a world of melody is let loose.

How they chatter and twitter, the artless, merry birds, echoing from throat to throat,

"Gossip, how wags the world with you to-day?"

How they twitter and chatter in reply, louder and sweeter still, an infinite chorus,

"Gossip, the world wags well, the world wags well."

Ah the wild, sweet songs of the birds! We have all heard and love them dearly; but only Miss Ingelow can tell how they sing, how their multitudinous voices haunt wood and glade, valley and plain. But, anon, a higher note is struck, and the Romance of Lawrence and fair Muriel charms with mellow pleasance, and saddens with rare delineation of hope long deferred. How much are we reminded of that idyl of Tennyson, than which no simpler and grander has ever been written; only the ballad of this singer is slighter and lacks that wonderful

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depth, which is more and more revealed as we read and re-read, and still the more admire. Everywhere is there evidence of high artistic skill; everywhere are we delighted and carried out from ourselves by such happy verses as these:

—— “he thinks best to let old fancies sleep;
Why need to rouse them? You are happy, sure?
But if one asks, ‘art happy?’ Why, it sets
The thoughts a-working. No, say I, let love,
Let peace and happy folk alone.”

Then comes the poem,—or shall we not rather say fragment of a poem?—which gives to the volume its name.

What a wealth of imagination, what a power of delineation is displayed! How vivid the scenes that pass in rapid succession, how unflagging the interest of the entire poem!

But we must leave unsaid much that we would fain say of this noble “*Story*” and notice briefly in conclusion one or two other pieces in the book.

“*Winstanley*” is a ballad and entirely unique. Its story is culled from the volume of the past, and teaches a lesson of its own,—the wonders which Will and Perseverance may accomplish. But better than the poem itself, is the introduction, an exquisite snatch of verse, which, however, our space does not permit us to give. But one more would we notice, and that a very gem; *Merum Nectar*, as Scaliger says of that famous Horatian ode to Phyrria. It has a music of its own, which sounds not unlike the chimes of distant bells in the summer twilight.

APPRENTICED.

“Come out and hear the waters shoot, the owlet hoot, the owlet hoot;
Yon crescent moon, a golden boat, hangs dim below the tree, O!
The dropping thorn makes white the grass, O sweetest lass; and sweetest lass,
Come out and smell the ricks of hay adown the croft with me, O!”

“My granny nods before her wheel, and drops her reel, and drops her reel;
My father with his crony talks as gay as gay can be, O!
But all the milk is yet to skim, ere light wax dim, ere light wax dim;
How can I step adown the croft, my ‘prentice lad, with thee, O!”

“And must ye bide, yet waiting’s long, and love is strong, and love is strong;
And, O! had I but served the time it takes so long to flee, O!
And thou, my lass, by morning’s light, wast all in white, wast all in white;
And parson stood within the rails a-marrying me and thee, O!”

We have been favoured by the author with a short poem * of considerable originality and ability. The subject is taken from the experience of the writer, and is handed in a lively and graphic manner.

* Lashed to the Mizen, or a night off the Cape; by Frank Johnson. For sale by Foss & Co., Sherbrooke.

The interest of the narrative is nowhere suffered to flag, and in very many portions of the poem rises above the common level. There is, however, a peculiarity, to modern ears at least, about the metre, which will detract somewhat from its popularity. But the reader who has overcome this slight difficulty will be amply rewarded for his labour.

The "*Free Lance*"* is a highly creditable attempt to establish a comic paper in Canada. We do not believe Canadians, as a general thing, disinclined to countenance genuine humour. And in this respect the "*Free Lance*" is commendable. Such a "*Castigator Morum*" will just now, after the corruption engendered by the Elections, find an ample field for titling.

We wish it all success; and pray that it may ever preserve its present purity from personality.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The first marriage which has ever taken place in St. Mark's Chapel, Bishop's College, was celebrated on the 9th inst. between Mr. H. C. Jackson, of Lennoxville, and Miss Mary Thorne, late matron of the Grammar School. The little Chapel was filled to overflowing with the students and boys of the institution, and many besides from the village. The service was read by the Rev. Principal of the College, and Keble's beautiful Marriage Hymn was sung by the Chapel Choir. The boys received a holiday at the request of the bride; and the day was a right merry one to all.

We learn with pleasure that a Preparatory School, in connection with the Grammar School, is to be placed under the management of Mrs. Morris, who has for some years taken boys of the School into her house as boarders. The first term will commence after Christmas.

We hope that those subscribers who have not yet paid in their subscriptions will do so as soon as convenient.

The Rev. Mr. Prideaux has arrived from England and commenced his duties in the College and School.

* *Free Lance*, published by A. A. Stevenson, Montreal.