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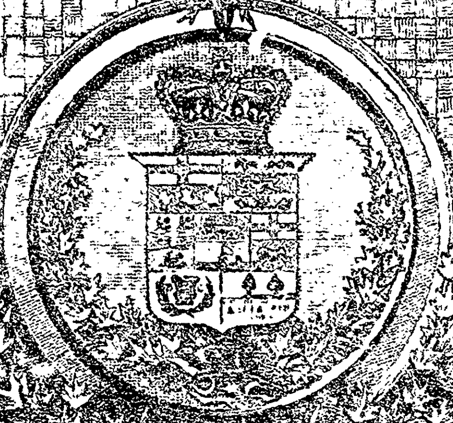

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	City Hall .... Dep	7.50	12.45	4.50
	Union Station	7.58	12.52	4.58
	Brock Street	8.05	1.00	5.05
	G. W. Junction	....	1.05	.....
2.7	Parkdale	8.18	1.10	5.13
5.1	Davenport	8.18	.....	5.20
8	Weston	8.27	.....	5.26
14.5	Thornhill	8.50	1.55	5.50
18.5	Richmond Hill	9.02	2.08	6.00
22.9	King	9.15	.....	6.15
30.2	Aurora	9.40	2.52	6.38
34.5	Newmarket	9.52	3.06	6.50
38.1	Holland Landing	10.00	.....	7.00
41.7	Bradford	10.11	3.30	7.11
44.5	Scanlons	10.15	.....	7.20
49.2	Gilford	10.25	.....	7.27
52.1	Lefroy	10.35	4.03	7.38
57.7	Craigvale	10.50	.....	7.50
63.2	Allandale .. Arr	11.05	4.40	8.05
	Allandale .. Dep.	11.25	5.05	8.25
....	Barrie	11.10	4.50	8.10
....	Orillia	12.35 P.M.	6 35	.....
....	Gravenhurst	2.10	8.30	
....	Penetang	2.00	....	10.35
68.7	Colwell	11.40	5.25	8.40
71.2	Utopia	11.45	.....	8.47
73 6	Angus	11.55	5.42	8 55
76.6	Brentwood	12.00	.....	9.00
78.7	New Lowell	12.08	6.00	9.08
8.59	Stayner	12.27	6.22	9.27
9.13	Batteaux	12.38	.....	9.40
9.45	Collingwood .. Arr.	12.50	6.50	9.50
	Collingwood .. Dep.	1.00	7.10	P.M.
100.2	Craigleith	1.18	7.30	.....
107	Thornbury	1.45	8.00	.....
115	Meaford .... Arr	2.15	8.30	.....

South

Miles from Meaf'd.	STATIONS.	Exp.	Mixed	Mail.
				P.M.
	Meaford .... Dep.	.....	6.30	3.15
8	Thornbury		7.05	3.45
14.8	Craigleith	......	7.27	4.05
20.5	Collingwood .. Arr.	A.M.	7.50	4.30
	Collingwood .. Dep.	5.20	8.15	4.45
23.7	Batteaux	5.25	.....	4.53
29.1	Stayner	5.45	8.40	2.08
36.3	New Lowell	6.03	9.05	5.38
38.4	Brentwood	6.07	.....	5.25
41.4	Angus	6.16	9.20	5.42
43.8	Utopia	6.20	.....	5.45
46.3	Colwell	6.30	.....	5.55
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5.50	10.00	6.40	Dep .... Port Dover * .... Arr	9.40	4.00	7.00
6.15	10.30	7.05	.... Jarvis	9.15	3.20	6.35
6.50	10.47	7.35	.... Hagersville *	9.00	2.30	5.55
7.20	11.15 P.M	8.30	.... Caledonia *	8.30	1.45	5.25
8.15	12.10 P.M	9.35	Arr .... Hamilton * .... Dep	7.30	12.30	4.30

Exp. (North)	Mixed. (North)	Mail. (North)	Stations.	Exp. (South)	Mixed. (South)	Mail. (South)
PM	AM	AM		A.M.	A.M.	P.M
3.10	7.00	6.30	Dep .... Hamilton * .... Arr	11.25	5.10	8.40
4.12	9.20	7.35	.... Milton	10.27	3.10	7.30
5.05	10.50 P.M	8.20	.... Georgetown	9.45	1.15	6.45
6.50	1.30 P.M	9.55	.... Beeton	8.10	10.55	5.05
9.00	....	12.10 A.M	Arr .... Collingwood .... Dep	6.00	....	3.00
8.20	....	11.20 A.M	Arr .... Allandale .... Dep	6.50	....	3.35
8.35	....	11.35 A.M	Arr .... Barrie .... Dep	6.35		3.15
....	....	12.35	Arr .... Orillia .... Dep	....	....	8.25
....	....	2.10 P.M.	Arr .... Gravenhurst .... Dep	....	....	6.30
9.50	....	12.50	Arr .... Collingwood .... Dep	5.20	....	8.15
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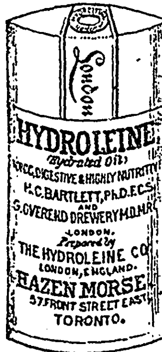

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APRIL, 1882.

THE ISLAND OF CAPE BRETON:*

THE "LONG WHARF" OF THE DOMINION.

BY JOHN GEORGE BOURINOT, F.S.S., THE CLERK OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

IN choosing as the subject of my Paper an important island on the Atlantic coast of Canada, I feel that I am assisting to carry out the praiseworthy object the Geographical Society has in view. The second article of the Constitution expressly informs me, a new member, that the society desires above all things: 'To study and make known our country in relation to its productive forces; especially to bring into notice its agricultural, forest, maritime, industrial and commercial resources, with a view to augment its riches and the well-being of its population.' A great society like that in London may appropriately, as the parent and prototype of all similar associations elsewhere, follow the explorer into Arctic seas or tropical jungles, and search the wide globe for fresh accessions to the treasures of knowledge which have been amassed under its auspices. Ours necessarily must be a more humble task in the early days of this association; but while it may be less ambitious, it cannot be said to be less useful, from a Canadian point of view. A country like ours, embracing the greater part of a Continent, containing resources still in the infancy of their development, affords a fruitful field of research for the earnest student desirous of furnishing his quota of geographical lore. Amid the bleak regions of Hudson's Bay, or the fastnesses of the mountains that bar the road to the Pacific coast, there is yet much to attract the adventurous traveller and explorer. Even in the older sections of this wide Dominion, there are 'fresh woods and pastures new' to

* A Paper read before the Geographical Society of Quebec.

be brought within the ken of those anxious to inform themselves of the topographical features and natural resources of this country, now an energetic competitor for emigration from the Old World. Only fourteen years have passed away since the different provinces of British America formed themselves into a Confederation, and it cannot be said that all sections are even yet as well informed as they should be of the respective characteristics of each other. The name of the island of which I propose to give you a brief sketch to-night is quite familiar to your ears, and all of you remember how important a part it has played in the early history of this Continent; but it is, nevertheless, quite safe to assert that its natural features are still comparatively unknown to the majority of persons residing in old Canada. Yet in the days of the French *régime*, the possession of Cape Breton was considered indispensable in the accomplishment of that grand scheme of French aggrandisement which embraced the acquisition of this whole Continent. Louisbourg was for years a menace to England, and promised to be a place of as great importance in a commercial and national point of view as the ancient capital itself. But with the disappearance of French dominion, the grass soon won possession of the dismantled walls of Louisbourg, and the fisherman's shallop became the only tenant of the noble harbour where the *fleur-de-lys* once floated from many a stately frigate in those memorable days of last century, when an ambitious town looked out on the broad Atlantic. From the day when Wolfe and Boscawen won the fortress, Cape Breton fell into obscurity, whilst Quebec still continued to fill no unimportant place in the fulfilment of the destinies of Canada. There the tourist in search of the picturesque, or the historical student desirous of discovering memorials of the past, has always found attraction. Here statesmen have met in council and laid the foundations of the liberal system of representative government that we now enjoy. Here commerce has flourished, and the shipping of all nations has floated on the waters of the noble river which carries to the great ocean beyond the tribute of the West. But for Louisbourg there has only been, during a century and more, neglect and desolation. The history of Cape Breton has been one of placid rest, only disturbed by insignificant political contests which have not seriously ruffled the great body politic, or disturbed the social foundations of British North America.

As the Island of Vancouver in the west guards the approaches to the Pacific coast of the Dominion, so the Island of Cape Breton on the eastern shores stands like a sentinel at the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Both these islands must necessarily, from the vantage ground they occupy, exercise an important influence on the commercial and national future of these dependencies of the Empire; but of the two, Cape Breton is vastly the more important in point of area, population, and capabilities. By reference to a map you will see that Cape Breton is an island of very irregular form, lying between the parallels of 45° 27′ and 47° 3′ north, and the meridians 59° 47′ and 61° 32′ west, and is bounded on the north-east and south-east by the Atlantic Ocean, on the south-west by St. George's Bay and the Gut of Canso, and on the north-west by the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Its total length from north to south is about one hundred and ten miles, and its total width, from east to west, eighty-seven miles. The Gut of Canso, or Fronsac, as it was first known, when Acadie was a French colony, separates the island from the peninsula of Nova Scotia, and is navigable for the largest class of vessels—its length being some fifteen miles, and its average width about a mile.

The island is naturally separated into two great divisions by the Bras

D'Or Lake, to which I shall make fuller reference further on. These two divisions are also remarkable for certain natural features which give to each a distinctive character. The western division extends from Cape St. Lawrence to St. Peter's on the south, and is noteworthy for its ranges of hills and bold scenery. All the high lands in this division consist of syenite, gneiss, mica slate, and other metamorphic rocks of old date, with the exception of the southern end of the range lying between the Gut of Canso and the valley of the River of the Inhabitants. The valleys and low country generally between the hills, are made up of sandstone, shale, limestone and gypsum, of the lower carboniferous system. Beds of the carboniferous system occur between Margarie and Port Hood, and between the Gut of Canso and St. Peter's, but in the latter district they appear to be of small value. There are few harbours of importance on the coasts of this division—from Cape St. Lawrence in the north to the extreme end of this division on the south, Port Hood, Port Hawkesbury, and Arichat are navigable on the western side; on the north-east are St. Ann's and the great entrances of the Bras D'Or. The scenery around St. Ann's and Inganish is particularly grand, lofty precipices, rocky gorges and ravines meeting the eye in every direction. On parts of the coast, as far as Cape North, rocky precipices rise abruptly from the sea, to heights varying from six to twelve hundred feet.

The eastern division, which is bounded by the Bras D'Or and the Atlantic Ocean, is remarkable for its valuable mines of coal and the fine harbours of Sydney and Louisbourg. It contains only two ranges of hills of considerable elevation, consisting of syenite, granite, and metamorphic rocks. The land on the coast nowhere reaches a greater elevation than three hundred feet, except at the head of Gabarus Bay. The low hills on the coast consist chiefly of metamorphosed Devonian and Upper Silurian rocks; the low country in the interior, as we have said, are of sandstone, shale and limestone of the carboniferous system. Off the Atlantic coast, on the south-east, lies the Island of Scatari, whose shores are strewn with the wrecks of vessels of every class. Its coast consists alternately of rocky headlands and sand or gravel beaches, guarded by reefs and inclosing ponds. Small fishing hamlets nestle in the coves, thronged during summer by fishermen from all the surrounding country; but not more than eight or ten families spend the winter in this lonely spot, against which the waves of the Atlantic fret and foam without ceasing. Some of the bays, Gabarus especially, on the eastern division of Cape Breton, are conspicuous for splendid beaches of the finest sand, where the surf, as it rushes up tumultuously, presents occasionally a spectacle of great sublimity. The total area of Cape Breton is put down by the best authorities at 2,650,000 acres, exclusive of the Bras D'Or Lakes. It is estimated that about one-half of this area is fit for cultivation, the richest soil being found on the alluvial lands watered by the largest rivers. The varieties of trees common to such latitudes grow upon the island, but the spruce prevails, and the vegetation near the coast is for the most part stunted, and very little building timber of value can now be cut. Apples, plums, pears, and other hardy fruits flourish well in favoured spots, and ordinary field crops are grown without difficulty. But it is from its coal deposits that the island must always derive the chief part of its prosperity. The rocks of the carboniferous system cover about one half of the whole area of the island; the other half, so far as known, consisting of igneous, metamorphic and Silurian rock. The Sydney coal field is the most extensive and valuable portion of the carboniferous area of the island. It extends

from Mira Bay on the east to Cape Dauphin on the west, a distance of thirty-one miles. It is bounded on the north by the sea-coast, and on the south by the Millstone Grit formation. This tract of country occupies an area of about two hundred square miles, and is intersected or indented by several bays and harbours, where we see exposed sections of the coal measures in the cliffs, which, with the exception of a few sand beaches, extend along the whole coast from Mira Bay to Cape Dauphin. The total thickness of the Sydney coal measures is not yet ascertained to a certainty, but so careful an observer as Mr. Brown, for many years connected with the Mining Association, a gentleman of high scientific attainments and practical knowledge, concludes in a work on the subject that from Burnt Head, near Glace Bay, where the highest known bed occurs, down to the Millstone Grit, it is not much under 1,000 feet.

No section of the Dominion of Canada presents more varied scenes of natural beauty, attaining true grandeur in many localities, than this island, with its imposing hills and precipices, its smiling valleys and rocky coasts, its noble harbours, where all the navies of the world may safely anchor, its calm rivers and oft storm-swept bays, whence the great ocean, in all its sublimity, stretches without a break to the shores of other continents. The vast plateau, or table land, which extends from Margarie and St. Ann's to Cape St. Lawrence, the most northern extremity of the island, is elevated in some places between 1,000 and 1,500 feet above the level of the sea, and is bounded by lofty cliffs and precipices, affording a magnificent panorama of land and water. There are numerous rivers running through the island: the Margarie, the Bedeque, the Wagamatacook, the Inhabitants, Mabou, and the Denys, water the western division; while the Sydney or Spanish River, the Mira, and the Grand River flow into the ocean through the eastern section. Of all these rivers, however, Spanish River is by far the most important, as it runs through a fertile district of the most important country, and discharges itself at last into Sydney harbour, which in expansiveness and safety has no superior, if indeed an equal, among the many magnificent harbours of this Continent.

Fresh water lakes are very numerous in the island, the largest being Ainslie Lake, which covers an area of twenty five square miles, and forms the source of the southern branch of the Margarie River. But the most remarkable natural feature of the island is what is commonly called the Bras D'Or Lake, which is in reality a Mediterranean Sea in miniature. This lake, which is actually divided into two stretches of water, called the Great Bras D'Or and the Little Bras D'Or, is connected with the Atlantic Ocean by two straits, one of which admits the passage of the largest ships. These lakes occupy an area of some 450 square miles in the heart of the island, and are fed by several rivers, besides abounding in picturesque islands. One of these, of considerable size, called after the Marquis de la Boularderie, is situated at the entrance, and it is on either side of this island that vessels now find their way from the east into the splendid sheet of water which gives such unrivalled facilities for trade to the people of Cape Breton.

The Bras D'Or Lakes occupy deep basins, excavated in soft carboniferous strata, encompassed by hills of syenite and other pre Silurian rocks, flanked here and there by newer sediments. They are connected with each other by Barra Strait, generally known to the people as the Grand Narrows, and find an outlet to the sea at St. Peter's, on the southern coast, by a fine ship canal, which has been at last completed to the satisfaction of the people of the island, who commenced agitating for the work many years previous to Confederation. The maximum depth of the smaller lake is fifty-four,

that of the larger forty-six fathoms; the extreme length of the Great Bras D'Or Lake is forty-four miles; its width from Portage Creek to Soldier Cove, twenty-one miles.

For variety of beautiful scenery this inland sea cannot be surpassed in British America. The stranger who wishes to follow the most attractive route through the island should pass through the Little Bras D'Or, which is very narrow in many places, and resembles a beautiful river. It is full of the most delightful surprises, for you think yourself perfectly land-locked, when suddenly you come to a little opening and find yourself, in less than a minute, shooting into a large bay. The banks are wooded to the very water's edge, whilst shady roads wind down, in most perplexing fashion, to some rude wharf, where you will always find moored a fisherman's boat or coasting schooner. Fine farms are to be seen on every side, and now and then you catch a glimpse of a tall white spire. We pass within reach of wooded islets and anon shoot out into the Great Bras D'Or itself, where the land at last becomes quite indistinct. Far to the northward we catch glimpses of the highlands which terminate in the promontories of Capes North and St. Lawrence. It is not the height and grandeur of the hills, nor the wide expanse of water, that gives to these lakes and their surroundings their peculiar charm, but the countless combinations of land and water, which afford new scenes of beauty at every turn. Variety is everywhere found in the irregular shore; in the bold, rocky head-lands which roll back the lazy waves; and in the long, graceful outlines of the sand and shingle beaches up which they sparkle, until they break into white quivering lines of surf upon the shore. There the restless motion of the Atlantic, and the thunder of the waves that encircle the island, are unknown; and in the sheltered bays, on a calm day, the whole surface is alive with bright-coloured medusæ and jelly fishes of every size, expanding and contracting their umbrella-shaped discs as they move in search of food on the warm, tranquil water. Cod and mackerel, herring, skate and halibut are caught on the banks and shoals; oysters of excellent quality are found in the bay sand ponds; and in the brooks which flow into them on every side, salmon, trout, smelt and gaspereaux abound.

For some years a steamer called at Whycocomagh or at West Bay, at the head of the lakes, and the tourist found his way over land to the Strait of Canso or the Gulf Shore, whence he was conveyed to Pictou. Now the opening of the St. Peter's Canal, and the completion of a railway to the Strait, opposite Port Hawkesbury, will largely add to the facilities for travel through the island. But the visitor who desires to see something of the most picturesque section of Cape Breton, should go to Whycocomagh, and drive to the sea-coast at Port Hood. He will, in all probability, have to be satisfied with a very primitive vehicle, but he will soon forget the absence of easy springs and soft cushions in view of the exquisite scenery that meets the eye wherever it wanders. Those who have travelled over Scotland cannot fail to notice the striking resemblance that the scenery of this part of Cape Breton bears to that of the Highlands. Indeed, the country is chiefly inhabited by the Scotch who, as a rule in this district, are a well-to-do class. Some of the best farms in the Province are here to be seen, proving conclusively the fine agricultural capabilities of this section of the island. As we pass along the mountain side we overlook a beautiful valley, where one of the branches of the Mabou River pursues its devious way, looking like a silver thread thrown upon a carpet of the deepest green. Every now and then we pass groups of beautiful elms, rising amid the wide expanse of meadows. No portion of the landscape is tame or monotonous, but all is remark-

ably diversified. The eye can linger in exquisite sylvan nooks, or lose itself amid the hills that rise away beyond until they disappear in the purple distance—

> You should have seen that long hill range,
> With gaps of brightness riven,
> How, through each pass and hollow, streamed
> The purpling light of heaven.

There are only two towns of importance on the island. Arichat is built on the small island of Madame, on the southern coast of Cape Breton, and contains several important fishing establishments owned by Acadian or Jersey merchants. It is the chief town of the County of Richmond, and the majority of the population are French Catholics, who have established a convent, where a good education can be obtained. Sydney is the important town of the island, and is situated on the harbour to which reference has previously been made. The only disadvantage that attaches to this remarkably fine port is the fact that it is frequently ice-bound during the winter months. The mines of the Mining Association of London are at the entrance of the harbour, and are connected by rail with the place of shipment which is, in local parlance, known as 'the Bar'—quite an enterprising place, with some fine shops and churches. Six miles further up the river is the capital of the island, the old town of Sydney, which is built on a peninsula. For many years Sydney led a very sluggish existence. In former times Cape Breton was a separate colony, and Sydney had a resident Governor and all the paraphernalia of a seat of government. Society was in a constant state of excitement on account of the squabbles between the officials, who on more than one occasion called out and shot each other in the most approved style of the older communities of Europe. A company of regular troops was stationed there for many years, but the old barracks are now the only evidence that remains of those gay days when Her Majesty's forces enlivened the monotony of the ancient town. With the disappearance of the troops, and the decay of trade, Sydney for years became one of the dullest places in British America. Some ten or eleven years ago, however, additional life was given to the town by the expenditure of considerable capital in building railways, piers and other works necessary for the accommodation of the coal trade, which suddenly assumed considerable importance. Sydney is situated in the centre of the finest carboniferous district of British America. English, American and Canadian companies have mines in operation at Cow Bay, Glace Bay, Lingan and North Sydney, and had we reciprocity in coal with the United States, and new avenues of trade opened up, a great commercial impulse would necessarily be given to the old town, which appears to be again comparatively at a stand still.

Louisbourg, which is some twenty-four miles from Sydney, by the old carriage road that crosses the beautiful Mira River about halfway, will be always one of the first places visited by the tourist. When I last stood on the site of the old town, some time ago, the scene was one of perfect desolation. The old town was built on a tongue of land near the entrance of the harbour, and from the formidable character of its fortifications was justly considered the Dunkirk of America. The natural advantages of the port of Louisbourg, immediately on the Atlantic coast, very soon attracted the attention of the French in those days when they entertained ambitious designs with reference to this Continent. As an entrepot for vessels sailing between France and Canada, and for the large fleet annually engaged in the Newfoundland fisheries, the town was always considered of great importance by French statesmen. Louisburg was first taken by Warren and Pepperell, the latter a merchant of New Eng-

land, who was the first American colonist to receive the honour of a baronetcy in recognition of his eminent services.* The success of the colonial troops naturally attracted a great deal of attention throughout England and was achieved very opportunely for the Mother Country. At the time the Colonists were gathering laurels at Louisbourg the British troops were being beaten on the Continent of Europe. 'We are making a bonfire for Cape Breton and thundering for Genoa,' wrote that old gossip, Horace Walpole, 'while our army is running away in Flanders.' By the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, Cape Breton fell once more into the hands of the French, who immediately renewed the fortifications of Louisbourg. At the time the negotiations for this treaty were going on, the French Court instructed its envoy to take every care that Cape Breton was restored to France, so important was its position in connection with the trade of Canada and Louisiana. Peace between France and England was not of long duration in those times, and among the great events of the war that ensued was the capture of Louisbourg. Great were the rejoicings when the news reached England. The captured standards were borne in triumph through the streets of London and deposited in St. Paul's amidst the roar of cannon and the beating of kettle drums. From that day to this, Cape Breton has been almost entirely forgotten by the statesmen and people of England. Fifty years after the fall of Louisbourg, Lord Bathurst actually ordered all American prisoners to be removed from Halifax to Louisbourg, as a place of safety. He was entirely ignorant of the fact that soon after the capture of the town, its fortifications were razed to the ground, and a good deal of the stone, as well as all the implements of iron, were carried to Halifax. As the visitor now walks over the site, he can form a very accurate idea, if he has a map with him, of the character of the fortifications, and the large space occupied by the town. The form of the batteries is easily traced, although covered with sod, and a number of relics, in the shape of shells and cannon balls, can be dug up by any enterprising explorer. The Governor-General, during his visit of the past summer, among other things, came across an old sword which he has recently presented to the Geological Museum just opened at Ottawa.

The country surrounding the harbour is extremely barren and uninteresting, from the absence of fine trees and the lofty hills which predominate in the north-western section of the island. As one wanders over the grassy mounds that alone illustrate the historic past, one is overcome by the intense loneliness that pervades the surroundings. Instead of spacious stone mansions, we see only a few fishermen's huts. A collier or fishing boat, or wind-bound coaster, floats in the spacious harbour, where the fleets of the two great maritime nations of Europe once rode at anchor. The old grave-yard of the French is a feeding place for the sheep of the settlers. The ruined casemates, the piles of stones, the bullets that lie at our feet, are the sole memorials of the days when France and England contended for the possession of a town which was an ever-present menace to New England. As we stand on this famous historic spot—

> —— We hear the jar
> Of beaten drums, and thunders that break forth
> From cannon, where the billow sends
> Up to the sight long files of armed men,
> That hurry to the charge through flame and smoke.

The harbour, which is two miles in length and half a mile in width, with a depth of from three to six fathoms, communicates with the open ocean by a

*The colonel commanding the Connecticut regiment, at that time Speaker of the Provincial House, was Andrew Burr, whose direct descendant is Mr. J. B. Plumb, Member for Niagara.

channel only half a mile in length and one-third of a milé in width, with a depth of from six to ten fathoms. A vessel arriving on the coast with a favourable wind can reach safe anchorage in a few minutes after passing the lighthouse. This easiness of access in summer and winter without any intervening bay or roadstead, was probably one of the principal reasons why Louisbourg was chosen in preference to other harbours, like St. Ann's or Sydney. Vessels can ride at anchor with safety in all parts of the harbour when the rocky coast outside and the islands at the entrance, not more than half a mile distant, are exposed to the unbroken fury of the waves, and enveloped in immense sheets of surging foam. It is certainly strange that Louisbourg, notwithstanding its great advantages as a port, should have remained so many years in obscurity when commerce is always searching out the most available *entrepots* for traffic between the Old and New World. Since the revival in the coal trade of Cape Breton, a railway has been constructed between Sydney and Louisbourg, with the object of making the latter the winter port of the island. The consequence is that a few new buildings have been erected around the harbour, and preparations made for considerable traffic in the future. Steamers engaged in the European trade must sooner or later make the old port a stopping place for coal and passengers. The distance of the ocean voyage from Louisbourg to Liverpool is 2,255 miles, or some 700 miles shorter than from New York to Liverpool—a great advantage in the winter season. The difference of time would be at least thirty hours in favour of Louisbourg, if a steamer could connect with a continuous rail route to New York. It would also take between seven and eight days to reach Quebec from London *via* Louisbourg.* At present there is a rail connection from Quebec to the Strait of Canso, and the only line that has to be constructed is one from the Strait to Louisbourg—a distance of some eighty miles over a country which offers every facility for railway construction. The Strait of Canso must of course be crossed by means of a steam ferry, constructed with a special view to carry cars and combat the heavy ice which bars the passage at certain times of the year. Looking then at the advantageous position of Louisbourg on the Atlantic, and its accessibility to the great coal mines of the island, it is easy to predict that the time is not far distant when it must become the eastern terminus of the Dominion system of railways, and one of the most flourishing cities on this Continent.

Wherever you go in Cape Breton you come upon traces of the French occupation. Many of the old names, are, however, becoming rapidly corrupted as time passes, and their origin is forgotten. One would hardly recognise in 'Big Loran' the title of the haughty house of Lorraine. The river Margarie, remarkable for its scenery and the finest salmon fishing in the Maritime Provinces, is properly the Marguérite. Miré has lost its accent and become Mira. Inganish was originally Niganiche. The beautiful Bras D'Or still retains its euphoneous and appropriate name, and so does Boularderie Island, at the entrance of the lake. Port Toulouse is now known as St. Peter's—the terminus of the canal. The present name of the island is itself an evidence of French occupation. Some of those adventurous Basque mariners and fishermen, who have been visiting the waters of the Gulf for centuries, first gave the name of Cape Breton to the eastern point of the island, after 'Cape Breton,' near Bayonne.

Many interesting relics are now and then turned up by the plough in the old settlements. I remember seeing some years ago, a fine bell which was discovered at Inganish, and which

* Report of Committee on Shortest Route to Europe, House of Commons Journals, 1873, Appendix 5.

bore, in accordance with the custom in France, the following inscription: '*Pour la Paroisse de Niganiche jay été nommée Junne Francois par Johannis Decarette et par Francoisse Vrail parain et maraine—la fosse Hvet de St. Malo ma fait An*, 1729.'

No one can travel for any length of time through the island without seeing the evidence of its being behind other parts of British America in prosperity, despite the many elements of wealth that exist in its soil and surrounding waters. As a rule the people are by no means enterprising. The great majority are Scotch by descent, and many of them exhibit the thrift and industry of their race. Many of the younger men go off yearly to the United States and those of them who return generally come back imbued with more progressive ideas. The descendants of the old French population are an industrious class, chiefly engaged in maritime pursuits. A portion of the inhabitants consists of the descendants of American loyalists and the original English settlers who came into the country after the capture of Louisbourg and the foundation of Sydney. Agriculture is largely followed by the people, and with some measure of success in the fertile lands watered by Spanish, Miré, Bedeque, Mabou and other rivers. On the sea coast the fisheries predominate, though all the people even there, more or less, till small farms. The collieries absorb a considerable number of men in the county of Cape Breton, which is the most prosperous and populous section of the island. A good many persons are engaged in the coasting trade, especially at Sydney and Arichat, though ship-building has never been pursued to any extent—Sydney in this respect offering no comparison with the great ship-owning towns of Yarmouth and Hantsport in Nova Scotia proper. The island is divided into four political divisions—Cape Breton, Richmond, Inverness and Victoria, which return five members to the House of Commons, besides giving three senators to the Upper House of Parliament.

The total population of the island may be estimated at ninety thousand souls, and as an illustration of its trade. I may add that last year the number of vessels that entered inwards at the ports of Arichat and Sydney alone was nearly 1000—the great majority entering at the latter port for supplies of coal and comprising many steamers and craft of large tonnage.

There are about five hundred Indians on the island, all belonging to the Micmac tribe, which has continued to dwell in Nova Scotia since the days when De Monts and De Poutrencourt landed on the western shore of Acadie and founded Port Royal. The majority now live at Escasoni in a very picturesque section of Cape Breton in the vicinity of the Bras D'Or Lake, where they have some fine farms and worship in a large chapel.

No part of British America is richer in natural resources, and in all those elements necessary to create wealth and prosperity, than this noble island; but unfortunately its progress so far has been retarded by the want of capital and the absence of speedy communication with the rest of the Continent. The collieries are numerous, but the output of coal is still relatively insignificant—over 500,000 tons a year—when we consider the wealth they could send forth were there a larger market open to this great source of national prosperity.

The island stands on the very threshold of the finest fishing grounds of the world. Quarries of marble, gypsum, limestone and other valuable stone abound, and oil is also known to exist in the Lake Ainslie district. The natural position of the island is remarkably advantageous for trade of every kind. It stands at the gateway of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a splendid entrepot of commerce in times of peace, and an invaluable bul-

wark of defence in the days of war. Whether we consider its geographical relations to the rest of Canada, or its prolific natural resources, we cannot but come to the conclusion that the tide of prosperity which is now flowing so steadily in the direction of all parts of this Continent cannot continue much longer to pass by its too long-neglected shores, but will sooner or later lift the island out of the isolation and obscurity which now overshadow its progress, and enable it at last to take its proper position among the industrial communities of the Dominion.

'WE'RE TO MEET AGAIN.'

WE'RE to meet again, this week or next,
  And I'm sorely troubled, my dear!
To know *how* we'll meet—for we parted—
  Well—somewhat like lovers last year.

Since you have written no letter
  I could not, it was not my place;
I scarce know if by this I'm supplanted
  By a prettier figure and face.

I, being a girl and more constant,
  Thought often of dropping a line
To inquire of your health and enjoyments,
  And ask—where you usually dine:

If, just as of old, on your Sundays
  You go to the Tompkins' to tea,
And dine with 'Old Hector and Madame,'
  And talk of the dreadful 'N. P.':

Get up late in the mornings, etc.,—
  Well, I thought I would write of these things;
But such resolutions, 'dear Frederick,'
  Are borne on the flimsiest wings!

Miss Jones, your old love—what about her?
  Did you mind her engagement with Brown?
I heard that the way she still flirted,
  Was the talk of your virtuous town.

I wonder how I shall meet you,
  If *you* will be formal and stiff,
You *are* very often, I've noticed,
  And then if you are—dear me!—if—

If you are, why I shall be likewise,
And mask all my gladness—and that,
And watch you sit prim in the parlour,
And twirl your moustache and your hat.

If you're stiff I'll be stiff, and tell you
In ladylike fashion, the news,
Be sure not to strike on old chords,
Which might all our manners confuse.

I'll talk of the latest Receptions,
And touch on the news of the day,
The 'troubles in Ireland,' then 'Patience,'
A word for the Opera and Play.

Talk like this, with the family present,
Will sound very proper and nice,
If you're stiff and cold, my 'dear Frederick,'
I, too, can be—*veriest ice.*

If you're formal, Ah, me, I'll be sorry,
I vow I shall cry for a week,
Look æsthetic and pale and despondent,
Not a word to a soul will I speak.

I'll read 'Owen Meredith's' verses,
I'll languish, pout, probably sigh,
Till I'd wake in a stone even—pity,
And afterwards, most likely (?) die.

I'm filled with despair at the picture
I've drawn of the close of my life,
How different, 'dear Frederick,' it might be,
If you came to our house for a 'wife.'

You'd find me all smiles and all blushes,
Your proposal would give me a—shock ?
Yet 'twould make very happy a maiden
Who abides in the most dismal 'Block.'

I should not appear over eager—
Oh no, I should not be like that,
I—but why am I writing this rubbish,
You'll see it no more than the cat!

If you did, it might alter my prospects,—
However, next week will decide
Whether 'Frederick' ask or don't ask me
To be 'Mr. Smith's' 'blushing Bride.'

A. L. M.

ELLERSLIE GRANGE.

BY 'ESPERANCE,' YORKVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

ELSIE GRAEME lay on the low couch before the blazing hearth fire, one arm thrown above her head as it rested on the back of the couch. The red fire-light fell brightly on the wavy dark-brown hair, and the brown eyes were full of quiet thoughtfulness. She was singing softly to herself the old love-song of 'Claribel,' gazing thoughtfully at the flames meanwhile. 'I am content to be living in the shadow if only the sunlight fall brightly o'er thee,' she sang, and the words fell softly from her lips. Unperceived by her a young man had entered the room and now stood watching her, perhaps admiring the pretty picture she made —a young man with dark eyes very much like Elsie's own, and clustering curls, which shone in the firelight and were in reality of a golden brown. 'I believe you would!' he soliloquises, as he listened to Elsie's song. 'I believe you would, wee Elsie, small and fragile as you look! Not at all formed for winter winds and storms, but I think you would brave them if it benefit the man you learn to love, and I do not think you would mind them so much if only he was not buetted by them—but time may show!'

This was sober thinking for Reginald Ellerslie, who was one of the happiest and best-hearted fellows in the world—with a smile ever ready on his lips, a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, and a step that told of utter freedom from all that savoured of care or trouble.

'Good evening, cousin mine!' he said gaily, as he advanced to the fire.

'Reg! *you* returned! When did you come!'

'When do you suppose, ma'am? Was I at the tea-table? It isn't so long after tea-time *now!*'

'I mean, have you *just* come—you must be cold, it is freezing outside. Whew! it makes me shiver to think of it!'

'I am content though the north wind be cruel!' sang Reginald, suggestively.

'Oh Reg! were you listening? What a spy! But one doesn't always mean what one sings!' Nevertheless, the pale pink deepened in her cheek. 'Have you seen aunt and uncle?' she continued hastily.

'No! I saw the glow of your fire on the outside, and catching a glimpse of what looked like a young lady on the sofa I thought I would come in and let you give me my first welcome home—but a spy deserved death, so I suppose——'

'Sit down and warm yourself while I go and call them!' interrupted the girl, and she left the room.

Reginald's eyes followed her to the door, and, as he did so, he mentally ejaculated: 'My stars! she's prettier than ever—a very little witch!'

Ere long a lady and gentleman entered the room, both middle-aged, the first much like her son, with the same coloured hair and eyes—the latter tall and portly, and somewhat dignified. Both parents gave their son a hearty welcome home, and then came anxious inquiries as to whether he was not cold, tired, and *of course* he was *hungry!'* And so the bell was rung, and tea ordered for 'Master Reginald.'

'And also a fire in my bedroom, Martha, please,' added Reginald, of his own accord.

First he relieved himself of his great coat and muffler, and deposited both on the hall rack; then he came back and took his seat again at the fire, resting his feet on the fender to warm them, declaring that they were 'half-frozen?' Of course sympathy and consolation were showered upon him! What less could doting parents do for an only son? But Elsie sat demurely by the fire and smiled to herself. Then tea came in, and Reginald turned to discuss it with hungry zest, whilst Elsie moved to the table to pour out his tea.

'Home for the holidays!' exclaimed Reginald presently—'*Won't* we have have some fun now, Elsie?'

'I don't know,' responded that imperturbable maiden.

'Don't know? You called me spy —beg pardon, madam, but I must return the compliment by calling you traitoress! Why, *I* am here!'

'What difference will that make?'

'What difference? A great difference, *ma cousine.* I am Reginald Ellerslie—and Reginald Ellerslie is *somebody*—at least in his own opinion.'

'Ah!' This from Elsie.

'Yes!' continued Reginald, in nowise abashed, 'and moreover somebody who is especially partial to fun and generally finds it; so to-morrow, Miss Doubtful, we'll begin by having a skate—shall we?'

'Yes, only—' and she looked comically at the little feet resting on the rug—'unfortunately my ambitious feet have grown entirely beyond all possibility of fitting into my sole pair of skates, and—'

'That can be easily arranged!' interrupted Reginald. 'We can get a pair on our way to the rink. Is that your only objection?'

'Yes; thank you. I have been intending to get a pair for some weeks past, but I have not, for I have had no one to skate with.'

'No one to skate with! Where's Clair?'

'Clair Thorold? Don't you know? He went to California—went two weeks ago!'

'*Went to California!* What *ever for?*' And Reginald's tone was full of astonishment.

'How should *I* know!' retorted the girl, so peevishly, that both her aunt and uncle looked up. Reginald looked keenly at her as she poured out his third cup of tea.

'When did he go?' he asked.

'I told you—two weeks ago. Won't you have anything else, Reginald?'

'No, thank you,' answered the young man, but he was wondering what was the matter between these two—his pretty cousin and his dearest friend, his friend from boyhood and his chosen companion when at home now. 'I wondered he didn't write!' he said half to himself after a long pause, during which the tea-tray had been removed.

'What? on that subject still? exclaimed Elsie. 'Do try to think of something else! Tell me of your college-doings. Any escapades?—any reprimands?—and what prizes have you won?'

'No—to the first two questions—and three prizes have fallen to the share of your obedient servant,' laughingly responded Reginald, rousing himself out of his abstraction and abandoning the former subject of conversation in deference to his cousin's evident dislike to pursue it; but once alone in his room, he thought of it again, and wondered to himself' what could have happened—Clair to be gone and Elsie speaking so lightly of it! Did they understand each other? *No*—or Elsie would not have been so fretful. There was something the matter—that was certain—but what was it? Well, thinking would not mend the matter to-night, so for the present to bed!' and Reginald was not long in falling asleep despite his perplexity and curiosity

One week after, a man, not over twenty-three or four, with fair clustering curls and clear gray eyes, with a broad manly figure and a face that would win one's trust at first sight, stands in the open doorway of one of the numerous poor impromptu habitations on the gold-fields of California. In his hand is a letter which he is reading. 'What was the cause of my sudden flight?' 'Why did I go?' he repeats aloud. 'Ah, why did I?' he exclaims, dropping the letter, and looking up at the rosy sunset clouds which flood the sky opposite him with crimson light—'Ah, why did I, Elsie? Because I could not bear to live near and never speak to you! What did I do, dear love, that you should send me from you?'

The rosy light fades and dies away, and the evening shadows steal into the skies, but Clair still stands there, framed in the low broad doorway, with a weary look in the honest gray eyes and lines of pain about the well-formed mouth—lines which are doomed to deepen and grow plainer ere the hand of returning joy shall brush them away for ever.

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTMAS morning broke, bright and sunny. The snow lay thickly on the winter world, but the sky sbove was darkly blue and in the naked branches of the maples and amid the evergreen foliage of the firs, the last stray robin sang a gladsome welcome to the birthday of the Saviour of mankind. Peace and happiness were abroad. The very little beggar-children joined in with blither voices to wish each other 'A Merry Christmas!' The evening before had been cloudy and snowy, but during the night, in excited preparation for the morn, the wind had brushed the shadows from the sky and left it glad and smiling for the coming day. Later on, the streets were thronged with people going to church and chapel—old and young, men and women and little children—all were out to-day, with the unity born of one common purpose, one common joy. Amid the throng were Mr. and Mrs. Ellerslie, their son and niece. Wrapped up in her dark furs and scarlet cloud, Elsie looked a veritable robin—a spot of crimson amidst the surrounding whiteness. There was a dull pain in the girl's head and heart that greatly damped her pleasure—but the mere thought of the reason for which she had sent Clair Thorold away on that day when he came to ask her the question she had anticipated with such different feeling before, roused her wounded pride again, and made her laugh and talk to hide the sore pain of insulted love which was burning at her heart. Reginald walked beside her, and as he wondered at her strange gaiety and indifference, he felt a curious, vague feeling of half-pleasure in the thought that, after all, he had been mistaken in thinking she cared for Clair. He looked down at the little hand upon his arm, and was conscious of a new feeling of pride and pleasure in having his little cousin by his side. Merrily, merrily, the bells rang out, and just as the last echo died away upon the winter air, they reached the porch and went in. Then for two whole hours the streets were still and silent, and the snowbirds and the robins with the little vagrants who would not venture inside the gaily decorated churches, all dirty and ragged as they were, had them all to themselves. But at last the crowd came out again, and the crisp snow crunched and crackled beneath the tread of many feet; the feet of those who were returning to warm comfortable homes and well-spread tables, and the little Arabs watched these more happily-favoured fellow-mortals and gazed in longing awe at the rich warm fur and woollen winter dresses, and wondered where each one lived

and what he or she was returning to. Elsie had been comforted by the service, and she felt a degree of quiet hopeful happiness to which she had been a stranger for two weeks and more.

'Reginald,' she said, as they walked home together, 'have you made any plan for the afternoon?

'No. Why do you ask?'

'Because I wish you would go with me to see some poor people I always visit on Christmas day. I know you never have cared for such visiting; but if you do not mind very much, I would like you to go with me—will you?'

'Why, of course I will, little Cousin!' replied Reginald, laughing; 'only don't take me into any back alleys and by-lanes where one is almost suffocated for want of air and sunshine—promise?'

'No—because I *must* go into one back alley, and that's just where I want you particularly to go with me!'

'Ah me!' and Reginald resigned himself to his fate with a *mock* groan. He remembered how last Christmas Clair Thorold had dropped in for the afternoon, and on Reginald's protest against accompanying his cousin on her charitable visiting, had eagerly offered *his* services which were thankfully accepted. Elsie, too, remembered this, and in her inmost heart she felt a strange pleasure in going again on that day to the same places *he* had gone to with her. Luncheon over, for dinner was always late on Christmas Day, Elsie went up stairs and returned equipped in furs and muffler, with a basket over her arm, and a bundle in her hand, of both of which Reginald took possession, and then the two started off. First they went to see an old Scotchwoman who was lame and decrepit, and who earned her living by knitting and any other little task she could obtain from the families round about. To her Elsie read and talked, and on her departure left behind gifts which drew down blessings on her 'bonnie head' from the pleased old woman. Many other cottages were visited, when at last Elsie turned to Reginald and said:

'Now I am going to that back alley—will you come?'

'Lead on, I follow!' replied the young man in a martyr tone; and Elsie *led* on—down a narrow, *rather* dirty street, into a still narrower and *very* dirty alley, with three or four storied houses on either side to obstruct the sunshine, a dirty pavement under foot, and all around the snow lying black and stained with refuse and ashes. Reginald picked his way in a gingerly manner over the pavement, whilst his whole face expressed something very like disgust. Elsie looked up at him and felt rather sorry she had asked him to come with her.

'I could not come here alone, you know,' she said apologetically; 'I am sorry it is so bad, but I could not pass poor Annie by; she needs help and comfort more than any one of the others!'

'O, I don't mind!' And Reginald assumed a more pleasing expression, and manfully walked straight on for the rest of the way without picking and choosing his steps. At last they reached a house, if possible, more dirty and dingy than its neighbours. Elsie knocked, and the door was opened by a broad-shouldered, slovenly, but rather good-natured looking woman, who, in answer to Elsie's inquiry as to whether she might see Annie Burns, replied: 'Yes, to be sure ye may! walk right up! She's been very bad the night, but she's easier now. I don't guess as she can last long though, anyhow!'

In obedience to this permission Elsie ascended the dirty uncarpeted stairs, Reginald following. Reaching the upper landing she turned into a doorway and then ascended a second flight which led up to a large, roomy attic, lighted by a dirty, fly-stained window, in the sloping roof, and save a bed, two chairs, and a ricketty table, void

of all furniture. Here lay the object of their visit—a girl with a thin, emaciated face, and large, dark eyes which shone with an unnatural brilliancy. Her long, unkempt hair strayed in disorder over the coverless pillow, and the one hand which was flung out upon the coverlet was little more than skin and bone. She tried to raise herself in her eagerness to see Elsie, but fell back again from sheer inability. Elsie hastened forward.

'Annie, Annie, you should not try that!' she said, kindly. 'How are to-day? Your hand is hot—do you feel too warm?'

'It is one of my bad days, Miss Elsie, and the pain and weakness makes me feverish,' answered the sick girl. 'But,' she said, breaking off, 'who is that?' and she feebly raised her finger towards Reginald as he stood at the small, dark, window at the head of the stairs.

'That is my cousin—Mr. Ellerslie,' answered Elsie.' 'He came with me because I asked him.'

The girl looked up at her curiously.

'I suppose he would go pretty near any where you asked him, wouldn't he?' she said quietly.

'He? O no! he is very fond of his own way, Annie; you don't know him!' replied Elsie, laughing and blushing.

'No?' said Annie, looking over at Reginald, and Elsie thought she read in the look and tone a wish on the sick girl's part to speak to her other visitor, so she said, 'shall I tell him to come here?'

'If he will,' was the answer.

'Reg!' said Elsie, raising her voice, 'won't you come and take this other chair? It will tire you to stand there.'

Reginald turned and came towards the bed.

'This is Annie Burns,' said Elsie, 'whom I told you I was coming to see.'

Wonder, and a strange compassionate tenderness, were in Reginald's heart as he took the hand the sick girl held out to him—wonder that there could be such wretchedness and suffering in a world which had ever been to him so bright and sunny, and a deep tenderness and compassion for this poor desolate invalid girl, whose home was a cold, cheerless garret, almost void of furniture, and under the roof of one by whom she was valued only for the sake of the rent paid for her room by a kind-hearted friend. Where were all the comforts which his home afforded? Where the care and loving attention which had always surrounded him? In that moment, Reginald felt more truly thankful for all his blessings than he had ever felt in his life before.

'I am *sorry* you are so ill!' he said earnestly, and he meant it!'

'You are kind—and good-hearted,' added the girl after a moment's pause —'I am glad you are, because I want to like all her friends—she is so good, good to me, sir, so *very* good!'

Reginald looked at his cousin.

'Then she had been a little home-missionary all this time, and he had not known it!'

A tinge of remorse came over him as he thought how he had refused, or *almost* refused to accompany her on visits just a year ago to-day.

'I am afraid I am not worthy of your praise,' he said, 'nor yet worthy to be your kind friend's cousin. I am not in the least good to any one, I assure you.'

A rare smile lighted up the sick girl's face as she said:

'You must not say that! You were good to me, just now. A kind word is worth a good deal, I can tell you, sir, to one who has so few friends;' and the smile died away as her tone became more earnest. Then she turned to her other visitor. 'Ah, Miss Elsie,' she said, 'it is indeed a loss to such as I am to lose so good a friend as Mr. Clair—I don't know what I shall do without him—he always came *once* a week to see me, and it seemed as if the whole world was changed whilst he was here. It was one of my great-

est pleasures to look forward to his next visit. He and you are my dearest friends on earth, and now I only have you!'

Elsie was silent.

'I remember,' said the sick girl, presently after a pause, during which she had been looking at Elsie curiously, 'I remember the last time he came, just before he went away. The time before that he had brought me these two beautiful blankets, and O, I was so cold before that! Now I am always warm. As he came up the last time, he said, "Well Annie, how are you?" "I'm feeling so well to-day sir," I answered, "and O, you don't know how warm these blankets make me!" "I'm glad of that," he said quietly, and then he sat without speaking for a long time, until at last I ventured to say: "Mr. Clair, what is the matter?"

"I am going away, Annie," he said gravely.

"Going away?" I exclaimed, and I almost rose up in bed in my excitement. "Annie, Annie, that was wrong!" he said, as he rose and bent over me to arrange the blankets again—he was as tender and thoughtful as a woman in anything of that kind. Then he sat down in the chair again and bent his head upon his hands. "O Annie!" he said, so hoarsely I hardly heard his voice—"pray for me, for I need it sorely! Do you know," he exclaimed, and he raised his head and looked at me, "sometimes I am tempted to think that there is no God! or if there is why does He let His creatures suffer so?"

'I stared at him in astonishment. He who had taught me all that I know of God and Heaven to speak in this way! "O, sir!" I said, "please don't speak so! You make me feel as if something dreadful was going to happen?" He was calm and quiet again directly. "Forgive me Annie," he said, "I was wrong to speak so under any circumstances, but especially before you—may God forgive me for my wickedness and distrust! But

it is gone now, Annie, only it is very hard to bear!" "What is? Won't you tell me, Mr. Clair!"

"I cannot, Annie," he said, "only I must go away, and it is what has made me determine to go that is so hard. But now let us speak of something else, because this is the last time I shall see you ere I go." He stayed for an hour after that, until it began to grow dusk, and then he rose to go.

"Good-bye, Annie," he said, "I may never see you again on earth, so it is a long good-bye! Only one thing can bring me back again and there seems no hope of that ever happening! If it does I shall come back. Pray that it may come to pass, Annie. Good-bye!" and he was gone. O, Miss Elsie, all that was worth living for seemed to go with him! all the light, and life, and kindness in the world! What can it be?'—and tears were rolling fast down the thin cheeks by this time—'What can it be that has taken him away, Miss Elsie—do you know?'

What a question for Elsie to be asked! The colour rushed to her cheeks which had grown deathly pale during the preceding recital, but she remained silent. The sick girl misconstrued her silence.

'Ah, I am wrong to ask,' she said, 'when he would not tell me himself! 'Forgive me, Miss.' And Elsie was glad to let the matter rest so. It was growing quite dusky in the poorly-lighted attic now and she rose to go.

'Good-bye,' she said, trying to steady her voice, 'I shall come again soon, Annie.'

'Good-bye;' replied Annie. 'It has done me good to see you. I did not know whether you would come, and it seemed lonesome on Christmas day to see no friendly face. Good-bye, sir, thank-you for coming—it was very kind!' She hesitated for a moment, and then said: 'No doubt you know Mr. Clair, sir, as you are Miss Elsie's cousin; perhaps you write to him. It would please me much to hear about him sometimes. Is it too much I'm

asking, sir, that when you hear from him you'll tell Miss Elsie how he is? and then you'll tell me when you come, won't you, Miss Elsie?'

Elsie gave a confused promise and then, after bidding a second good-bye, she followed her cousin down both flights of stairs and out into the narrow dirty street. Not a word was spoken until they gained the road leading towards home. A wild conflict was raging in Elsie's heart. A great yearning to recall him—this man who seemed so broken-hearted by her rejection of him—came over her. 'Yet if he felt it so—if he loved her why had he— !' But here she stopped. Not even to herself could Elsie bear to mention that which had awakened her from the brightest day-dream she had ever known. Once more she cast all softer feelings from her mind and thought only of the 'terrible deception' he had carried on, of 'the cruel way' she said to herself 'in which her trusting love had been abused. Knowing what she did, having seen what she had, she could not believe, for any length of time, that it was sorrow at her rejection of him which had made him speak so sorrowfully to Annie Burns—or at least his sorrow was not caused by love for her! How could he love her and — ? O what could have been his purpose in feigning for her an affection which he could not have felt? What had been the plans the failure of which had so vexed and distressed him?' Elsie's anger rose at the thought that she had been made a dupe of—that she had ever by word or deed shown this man, who may have despised her for the very fact that she loved him—ay, with all her heart and soul!' '"Pray that it may be so?" Yes, of course,' thought the girl, 'pray—O what blasphemy!—that all might come right again for his scheme (whatever it was). It was because he had been foiled that he had gone away. And yet'—Ah, woman's excuses! born of a woman's love!—'and yet every one thought him so good and kind, so noble and worthy of respect! Instance Annie Burns and his kindness to her.' But reason as she would, Elsie could not find an honourable solution of the affair which had so changed her opinion of Clair Thorold. At last she gave up the struggle to do so. It must stay as it was, she thought, a mystery she could not fathom. She must leave it for time to unravel, and meanwhile, (ah, meanwhile !) she must tear his image from her heart, she must forget him as he had forgotten, or at least deserted her! A brave and wise resolution, no doubt, this was! Nevertheless, the little heart was strangely sore and sad as Elsie, without speaking, trudged along by Reginald's side, until they turned the corner leading to the Grange, then Reginald broke the silence with :

'Elsie, if any one knows why Clair Thorold went away, you do! Why did he, won't you tell me?'

Elsie stopped, and placing both her hands on her Cousin's arm, said coldly:

'Reginald, I know you will never give me any peace until I have told you, so I may as well do so at once. This is why Clair Thorold went away, or at least I presume so: he asked me three weeks ago to be his wife and I refused him, Now may I ask that you will drop that subject for ever, and his name with it!' And Reginald did so. From that day, until Elsie herself broke the compact, Clair Thorold's name was never mentioned between them. To himself, Reginald wondered why Elsie felt so keenly on the subject. 'She might feel sorrow and pity for the man whose life, for a time at least, she had made dark, but why speak so sternly about the matter? and why wish his name to be dropped in this manner?' And for Elsie, she thought: 'I will never tell one man how shamefully another has treated me. He will do as I ask him, be silent, and perhaps—perhaps I shall get over it in time!' But a quick-drawn breath, which might have been

a sob had it been allowed development, showed that the wound was far from being healed yet. Two weeks after, Reginald, sitting in his college-room, received an answer to his letter to Clair Thorold. Descriptions of California life and scenery occupied the first part of the letter, but at the last, as if reluctant to speak upon the subject, Clair wrote: 'You ask me why I left U—? I will tell you, Reginald, if ever man loved woman I loved your cousin Elsie. I never dreamt that my love was not returned! Open and guileless as a child, Elsie (forgive me that I still call her so) never attempted to conceal her affection for me. I have rejoiced to see the glad light spring into her eyes at my approach! It has sent my pulse throbbing to feel her little hand laid confidingly in mine! And yet, when one evening I went to the Grange and asked her to be my wife, she said, No! But that is not all. If she had said it kindly I should have been astonished, for I always thought that she liked me, but I should have concluded that I had been mistaken, and that she did not care for me after all—not in that way, I mean; but she refused me scornfully, angrily—and when I sought a reason for her conduct, she said that "I needed no explanation, or at least I ought not! Did I think she was willing to be made a toy, a plaything of by any man?" I was more than ever puzzled; I almost for the moment thought that some great excitement had turned her brain, but finally I became convinced that she really had some reason for her angry rejection of my suit. I pleaded with her for an explanation. "How have I made you a toy or a plaything, Elsie,?" I asked, "What have I done to merit this accusation and your anger?" But she looked at me in utter scorn as she said: "You are a clever actor, Mr Thorold, an adept in the profession. But I have learnt too much to be again deceived! You may as well spare yourself the trouble of pleading your cause further! Once"—and I am positive her voice trembled as she said, "Once I deemed you the soul of honour; I have been mercifully undeceived before it was too late!" All further entreaties on my part were useless. At last she stamped her little foot and said: "Go! every moment you stay is an insult!" I went, Reginald, and one week after I left the town. That I am entirely innocent of all she believes me guilty is my only comfort, for some day or other my innocence must be proved! Of one thing I am positive: she did like me before she heard, as she must have, that which made her so angry with me. Reginald, her conduct on that day did not anger me. I never dreamt of blaming the woman I loved better than all else on earth! She had a reason—that reason if I knew it, would, I know, justify her conduct in my eyes. But as I left the house, bitter anger was in my heart at the hard fate which had been portioned to me, at the cruel mistake, whatever it was, which was to blight my whole future life—for I knew not how to set it right. But time brought a calmer frame of mind. I learnt to bow to that which in mine anger I had called fate, but which was really the will of God. But, nevertheless, I did not swerve from my determination to leave the town, for I could not bear to remain and never see her, Reginald: life is very dark to me without seeing or speaking to her! I shall never love another woman—I never can. Take care of her, old boy, for you are always near her and can; and pray for me, Reg., that my trouble may be righted at last. Yours in love, CLAIR THOROLD.'

Reginald threw down the letter when he reached the end. 'Stars! but it's all a mystery?' he exclaimed, 'Clair's innocent, that I'll wager! But Elsie doesn't think so. I'd show her this letter only for that promise and the fact that it wouldn't alter her opinion of him in the least, for she

heard enough from that sick girl, and she was not at all softened, judging by her words afterwards. If I thought she would tell me I would ask her the reason of her cruelty to that poor fellow, but that she wouldn't is certain, or she would have told me then. Time only can right the wrong, I suppose. Poor Clair! I will take care of her—for you,—old boy.'

Why did Reginald hesitate at the 'for you?' Why did a feeling of disappointment at the conviction which forced itself upon his mind: that after all he had been right in thinking Elsie liked Clair, come over him? Ah, why? Reginald did not care to answer these questions—the answer seemed so traitorous to Clair's trust. But this is anticipating! Reginald had returned to College when he got Clair Thorold's letter, and when we left him before that he was on his way home from Annie Burns's with Elsie. New Year's Day came and went. On New Year's Eve, Elsie and Reginald stood together on the veranda of the Grange, Elsie muffled in a shawl which defied the biting frost that set her cheeks tingling and glowing with its breath. Not the whisper of a breeze was abroad in the winter night. The stars hung their silver lamps low in space, whilst above them, the sky was deeply, darkly blue. The world was one high-vaulted chamber, carpeted in white, with the moonlit heavens for a roof. Suddenly from a dozen steeples the mingled chimes rang out—O such a gladsome peal to usher the New Year in! but O! by far too glad a peal considering that the poor Old Year was dying—would soon be dead! The old year with all its sorrows, with all its joys, its tender memories and hopes—and who could say what the New Year would give to all? Who could say that its gifts would be as welcome, its deeds as kind, as those of the Old Year had been? But still, fickle as the hearts which guided the hands that rung them, the bells rang on, and finally the midnight chimes joined in and the New Year had forever taken the place of the Old. The bells gradually died away into silence and then Reginald turned and caught both his Cousin's hands in his, and said: 'A Happy New Year to you, Cousin mine, and many, many of them, too!'

'Thank you!' answered the girl laughing; but somehow the laugh seemed strangely forced and constrained! As the bells were ringing, her thoughts had flown to another place where it was also New Year's Eve, and where because of her, one heart was dark and lonely when all the world beside was making glad. Elsie had softened moments sometimes—moments when the old, wild love came uppermost and swept away all other feelings, or if rebellious pride and anger did assert their claims, their voices were drowned for the time being in the tempestuous rush of tender recollection. Such a moment was that in which Reginald found her, coiled upon the sofa, singing softly to herself before the fire. Such a moment as this to-night nad brought the tears to her eyes and made her heart yearn strangely after the absent wanderer. 'What if she had been mistaken! If after all she had blighted his life and her own for nothing!' And then she felt her hands imprisoned and heard Reginald wishing her a 'Happy New Year!' and so she turned to answer him.

'Thank you!' she said, 'the same to you!'

'I am wondering if the New Year will bring me what I want," said the young man, looking down at the little figure before him.

'And what is that?' asked Elsie, feeling compelled to say something.

'Oh, I cannot tell you now, but I will some day—if it is right to do so, that is!' he added cautiously.

Elsie did not press the matter further, she had hardly listened to his words, and now she let them pass and forgot them. But by the time the girl laid her head upon her pillow at

night all the softer actions of the evening had given place to a feeling of angry pain that he could have acted so—he whom she had deemed a king among men, too noble to be mean, too good to do evil—and in her loneliness and grief, Elsie sobbed herself to sleep.

CHAPTER III.

THE months fled by after Reginald went back to College. Easter came and he with it, and then a second leaving home, and again the months fled by, until at last, one fair evening in the latter part of June, Reginald, springing from the cab which had brought him from the station, caught his Cousin's hands in his as she stood on the veranda to welcome him and exclaimed: 'Three delicious months of freedom, Cousin mine! Give me joy of my emancipation, little Dot! Aren't you glad to see me?'

Elsie smiled as she said: 'Glad? of course I am. I have watched for you since noon—I thought you might come by the midday train.'

'And I disappointed you. That was too bad! Well, I am glad you looked for me; it is nice to be welcomed so.' And Reginald kept the little hands in his and watched the rosy sunset hues tinting the wavy dark-brown hair, and painting a pink flush on either dusky cheek. Elsie wondered that he did not stoop to kiss her as had been his wont at every coming-home and going-away. 'He had not done it at Easter!' she remembered; perhaps he thought she was growing too old for such demonstrations of affection! Yet she was only his cousin, so that could not be! Perhaps he expected her to kiss him first! so, without a second thought, Elsie lifted up her face towards Reginald's in the old-time style, and was fully confirmed in her opinion that he had waited for her when he let go one of her hands to draw her to him and press an earnest kiss upon her upturned face.

Elsie laughed heartily when he released her, and said: 'Now it's Auntie's turn! She and Uncle are in the garden. Shall we go and find them?'

Together they went round the house to the quaint, old-fashioned garden. Dr. Ellerslie saw them approaching.

'Maggie,' he said, 'here is Reginald! Look, wife, aren't they a hand same couple? I do wish they would make a match and settle down before we have to leave them!'

'Don't set your heart upon it, Dick,' answered his wife; 'to all present appearances such a thought has never entered either of their heads.'

And then Reginald and Elsie came up to them. Very swiftly the golden summer days passed by to Reginald—very swiftly and happily until the holidays were almost over, and each day was precious because there were so few to come. But before Reginald went back to College again he had made his parents' hearts happier by the announcement that he had asked Elsie to be his wife and she had said him 'Yes.' So she had—but why?

When Reginald had asked her the question she had put out her hands before her with a quick cry of pain: 'O, no! O, no!' she had exclaimed.

'Elsie, Elsie! what do you mean?' was Reginald's cry of disappointment.

'O, I don't know! Not what I said! Give me time to think!'

'Do you need time?' It was sorrowfully said, and Elsie's answer was pleadingly apologetic.

'Only a week—just a week! It is a serious question, Cousin Reginald.'

And Reginald was obliged to be content. So Elsie had shut herself up in her bed-room and fought a battle between love and sympathy. 'Could she cut off thus all possibility—if there was any—of future happiness? But was there any? Seven long months, and not a word or sign from Clair! He had given her up easily, and then,

besides, of course he could, he ought to be nothing to her after that. And, again, why should poor Reginald's life be made miserable because hers was? Two lives instead of one?' And so Elsie did not wait her week, but went straight down into the hall, as she heard Reginald coming in, and, going up to him, she gave him both her hands, saying: 'I do not need a week; I will do as you ask me, dear.' And Reginald, not noticing the quiet sadness of her tone, caught her in his arms and kissed her, and rejoiced in his great good-fortune. In that moment he forgot his mental acceptation of Clair Thorold's trust, but even had he remembered it, he would not have deemed that he was acting in treachery to that trust. Long ago he had decided that either Elsie had never cared for Clair or that, whatever the reason for which she had sent him away, it had been sufficient to destroy any love she might once have entertained for him. For Elsie was not one to 'wear her heart upon her sleeve;' on the contrary, she strove to appear gayer and more light-hearted than before, that none might guess the secret pain and wounded pride. 'How could I bear,' she thought, 'that people should deem me suffering from disappointed affection? No, if they have noticed anything at all about the matter, they shall believe now, if I can teach them, that he is the sufferer, not I! But never, never shall they suspect how the matter really stands!' And so she laughed and talked gaily until Reginald, as well as every one else, came to believe that she had never cared for Clair Thorold, and to pity him for his ill-fortune. 'Why,' thought Reginald, when his friend's words came back to him that night, 'why, if she likes me, should I cloud her life and my own because I am the friend of a man whom she rejected? Clair cannot expect that much of me! If she had liked him I would have given her up to him without a word, considering only her happiness. If she liked him still, I would do the same; but since she chooses me, her happiness is involved in mine. If he loves her he must wish any one to do whatever would contribute to it. 'So Clair, old boy,' he said, crossing to the mantelpiece, over which hung a portrait of his friend, 'do not blame me for acting as I have! I would not have asked her had there been the slightest hope for you, but there is not, poor boy, and you would not blast her life because she has blasted yours! I know you, and how perfectly you can love, too well, poor Clair!'

The next morning another stood before that small hanging photograph. After Reginald had gone down town on business of his own, Elsie stole up stairs and into her cousin's bedroom. She went up to the fireplace and, clasping her hands upon the mantelpiece, looked with hungry, yearning eyes at the pictured face. But as she looked it seemed to her excited fancy that the frank, honest eyes gazed down at her with sad reproach. That instead of the old half-smile which used to be about the mouth, there had settled a hard, pained expression which it wrung her very heart to see. 'O, Clair, Clair,' she cried, and she raised her clasped hands beseechingly, 'it is all your own fault! I would not have sent you away if you had been as true to me as I was to you. O, why did you do it, love; why did you?' And the apologetic appeal ended in a wailing moan that trembled into silence like the sobbing of the wind among the trees.

'I do not love him,' she sobbed, with her face buried in her hands upon the mantel, 'and I never can! O, Clair, Clair;' and she looked up again at the photograph, 'why did you teach me to love you so, and then treat me so deceitfully, so cruelly? And now I have pledged my word to another, and all the heart I ever had to give is yours!'

Very long the girl stood there. So long that her aunt missed her, and

called her from the bottom of the stairs. Hastily Elsie brushed away the tears from her eyes and answered,

'Yes, Aunt, I am coming; in two minutes I shall be down.'

She went to her own room and bathed her eyes in cold water, but even then they were still red when she entered the dining-room, where her Aunt was standing, bending over a stand of flowers which filled the recess of a bay-window, so occupied that she did not look up when her niece entered the room.

'Elsie,' she said, without pausing in her work of clipping and pruning, 'do you know where the small watering can is? I have searched, and cannot find it.'

'It is in the greenhouse, Aunt,' answered the girl, 'I will go and get it.'

She hurried from the room, glad to escape observation. She did not return to the dining-room for some minutes, for she went to a side door and let the air blow upon her eyelids until they felt cool again, then she went back to her Aunt, with the can. But in the hall she encountered Reginald.

'What, home again?' she said, 'you have not been long.'

'Why, Elsie, mine,' he answered, gaily, taking both her hands in his, and looking down at her from his superior height of a foot or more, 'I have been three whole hours! Don't you call that long? I thought you would be looking for me. What have you been doing with yourself? Your cheeks are as pale as such gipsy-cheeks could be, and your eyes look heavy, my darling. You must take more exercise; I, your doctor, say so.'

But at his words such a quick tide of colour flushed into Elsie's cheeks that Reginald laughed and said—

'Why, you have missed me, too. Your cheeks are tell-tales, Miss Elsie, despite your distraught manner.' And, taking the can from her, he went with her into the dining-room, and delivered his light burden to his mother. One week after this Reginald bid good-bye to his home once more, and went back to College, and then, as time passed, the flowers in the Grange began to fade, and the grass to wither and grow sere; and later still the grim old sentinel elms that kept watch and ward at the gate, swayed their naked branches with a wailing moan over the leafy crowns that had fallen from them, and which now lay in withered fragments at their feet.

(*To be continued.*)

BUDS AND BABIES.

A MILLION buds are born that never blow,
That sweet with promise lift a pretty head,
To blush and wither on a barren bed,
And leave no fruit to show.

Sweet, unfulfilled. Yet have I understood
One joy, by their fragility made plain:
Nothing was ever beautiful in vain,
Or all in vain was good.

PHYSICS AND METAPHYSICS.*

BY W. D. LE SUEUR.

IN a work the full title of which is given below, Mr. Stallo, of Cincinnati, a lawyer by profession, but, nevertheless, an accomplished physicist, as we are given to understand, has undertaken the serious task of proving that modern science is still largely in bondage to metaphysics, and that the materialism which 'claims to be a presentation of conclusions from the facts and principles established in the several departments of physical science' is wholly a product of misconception as to 'the true logical and psychological premisses of science.' The words we have quoted are taken from the preface of the book, and set forth pretty clearly its main object and purpose. The interest and importance of Mr. Stallo's undertaking are manifest at a glance. Whatever vitiates scientific enquiry will, more or less, pervert the whole course of thought; and it behoves us, therefore, to pay an earnest heed to any one of presumable competency who comes forward to assert that errors of a serious character are inherent in some of our fundamental scientific conceptions.

Mr. Stallo finds what he calls a 'materialistic theory of the universe' in tolerably firm, if not really secure, possession of the larger part of the scientific world. He quotes no authorities as pronouncing against such a theory, and he quotes many as pronouncing for it, amongst them such names as Kirchoff, Helmholtz, Clerk Maxwell, Wundt, Haeckel, Du Bois-Reymond, and Huxley.* The following passage from a recent lecture of Prof. Du Bois-Reymond is quoted as a particularly lucid and complete exposition of the aims of modern science and, indirectly, of the theory now in question :—'Natural science—more accurately expressed, scientific cognition of nature—is a reduction of the changes in the material world to motions of atoms caused by central forces independent of time, or a resolution of the phenomena of nature into atomic mechanics. It is a fact of psychological experience that whenever such a reduction is successfully effected, our craving for causality is, for the time being, wholly satisfied. The propositions of mechanics are reducible to mathematical form, and carry with them the same apodictic certainty which belongs to the propositions of mathematics. When the changes in the material world have been reduced to a constant sum of potential and kinetic energy, inherent in a constant mass of matter, there is nothing left in these changes for explanation.' In the words of our author, 'The mechanical theory of the universe undertakes to account for all physical phenomena by describing them as variances in the structure or configuration of material systems. It strives to apprehend all phenomenal

* *The Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics*, by J. B. Stallo. International Scientific Series. Vol. xxxviii. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

* Some of these names have been used by the author rather at random. One would judge that he regarded them all as in bondage to an unphilosophical materialism, whereas most of them only countenance materialism in so far as it furnishes a convenient mode of representing the sequence of phenomena,—not at all as affording a final explanation of the universe.

diversities in the material world as varieties in the grouping of primordial units of mass, to recognise all phenomenal changes as movements of unchangeable elements, and thus to exhibit all apparent qualitative heterogeneity as quantitative difference.' This theory, Mr. Stallo holds, should not be accepted without a careful examination of its proofs; and he therefore proceeds to enquire how far 'it is consistent with itself, and with the facts for the explanation of which it is propounded.' The chapters in which this enquiry is conducted form a very interesting—to the majority of readers, probably, the most interesting—portion of the book; but the fact should be noted that they are not vital to the author's purpose, as announced in the preface. What that purpose is we have already seen. It is to show that there are flaws in the logical and psychological premisses of the most widely-accepted constructions of modern physics. What we have in the chapters referred to is a demonstration, or an attempted demonstration, that some of the working theories of modern physics do *not* work, that they have no true interpretative power, and that in many cases their alleged explanations are more in need of explanation than the original facts. All this might be admitted, and yet 'the shallow and sciolistic materialism' which the author has it at heart to confute might continue to assert itself. Something further is, therefore, necessary to make good the thesis of the work; and this is supplied in chapter ix, dealing with 'The Relations of Thoughts to Things,' and chapters x., xi. and xii., which undertake to show how 'the mechanical theory of the universe' exemplifies certain radical metaphysical errors. The true centre of gravity of the work lies here; but before examining our author's argument at this vital point, it may be well to glance rapidly at the results claimed to have been established by the earlier chapters.

The mechanical theory of the universe may be said to repose in these days upon an assumed atomic theory, which undertakes to lay down what may be called the necessary modes of existence of the ultimate particles of matter. It advances the proposition that these ultimate particles, or as they are here called 'elementary units of mass,' are equal. It further postulates that they are absolutely hard and inelastic; and, again, that they are absolutely inert. Mr. Stallo contends that not one of these propositions affords us any real intellectual help; that if at one moment they seem to clear up a difficulty, at the next they will be seen to create one no less formidable, and that, in the end, they leave us more perplexed than if we had never called them to our aid. The first proposition, for example, that the elementary units of mass are equal, is convenient enough when we are simply studying the action of gravity, but when we pass to chemistry, it directly conflicts with the whole theory of atomic weights—a theory no less essential to chemistry than gravitation is to mechanics. The chemist cannot interpret, or in any way represent to himself, the phenomena of chemical combination, unless he is allowed to assume that atoms are of different weights. Thus the very science which, more than any other, involves the consideration of atoms rises up in protest against the assumption necessary to the integrity of the mechanical theory of the universe that all atoms must be equal and equivalent. To abandon the position so long occupied by chemistry on this point would, 'in the opinion of the most distinguished chemists of the day, throw the mass of chemical facts laboriously ascertained by experiment and observation into a state of hopeless, pre-scientific confusion.'

The proposition that the elementary units must be absolutely hard and inelastic comes similarly into conflict with the most pressing theoretical re-

quirements both of chemistry and physics. In the name of physical science, Sir William Thomson postulates not only elastic units but perfectly elastic units; and a great deal of ingenuity has been expended in attempts to deduce the elasticity which observed phenomena require from the inelasticity which the mechanical theory demands. Chapter iv. gives an account of some of these attempts, none of which, in the opinion of the author, meet the difficulty. 'There is no method known to physical science,' says Mr. Stallo, 'which enables it to renounce the assumption of the perfect elasticity of the particles whereof ponderable bodies are said to be composed, however clearly this assumption conflicts with one of the essential requirements of the mechanical theory.'

Chapter v., which deals with the physical doctrine of the inertia of matter, shows how hopelessly that doctrine is in conflict with the fact of gravitation, and how vain have been all efforts to explain gravitation in such a way as to save the credit of the theory that all force must be force of impact or *vis a tergo*. 'Once more, then,' observes Mr. Stallo, 'science is in irreconcilable conflict with one of the fundamental postulates of the mechanical theory. Action at a distance, the impossibility of which the theory is constrained to assert, proves to be an ultimate fact . . . the foundation of the most magnificent theoretical structure which science has ever erected—a foundation deepening with every new reach of our telescopic vision, and broadening with every further stretch of mathematical analysis.' (Page 65.)

We must pass over our author's discussion of the doctrine of the 'conservation of energy,' and his special criticism of the atomic theory as a whole, and of the 'kinetic theory of gases.' The line of argument is everywhere the same—that these theories simply land us in contradictions, as, whenever they seem to explain one set of phenomena, they do it at the expense of rendering another set absolutely unintelligible. These objections, if adequately sustained, would certainly go far towards proving that all the hypotheses in question were in their nature illegitimate. In the succeeding chapters direct proof of their illegitimacy is proffered, and to this portion of the argument we now address ourselves.

'It is generally agreed,' says Mr. Stallo, 'that thought in its most comprehensive sense is the establishment or recognition of relations between phenomena.' All perception is of difference; and two objects, therefore, are the smallest number requisite to constitute consciousness. On the other hand, objects are *conceived* as identical by an attention to their points of agreement; though *conception* may also be regarded as *perception* applied to a group of objects, so as to bring before the mind its class characteristics; the word well expressing the gathering into one of the several qualities or properties by which the group is distinguished from other groups. Conception is, therefore, the source of *ideas*, and the word *concept* expresses the union effected in the mind of those attributes or properties under which a given object is at any moment recognised. In other words, it is 'the complement of properties characteristic of a particular class.' If the class be a very special one the concept will apply to but few individuals; but the complement of properties which it will connote, will be a very comprehensive one. If, on the other hand, the class be a very wide or general one, the concept will apply to a much larger number of individuals, but it will comprehend fewer attributes or properties. As application widens, meaning narrows; until from an *infima species*, or in English a group of the most special kind, we rise to a *summum genus*, or a class in which only such properties remain as are absolutely essential to thought. The process by which

this is done is the process of abstraction, which consists in dismissing from consideration all properties not essential to the particular class which we may wish to form. Objects are known, it is further to be remarked, 'only through their relations to other objects,' and each individual object only 'as a complex of such relations.' No operation of thought, however, 'involves the entire complement of the known or knowable properties (or relations) of a given object. In mechanics a body is considered simply as a mass of determinate weight or volume, without reference to its other physical or chemical properties;' and, in like manner, every other department of knowledge only takes account of that aspect of the object which it is necessary for the purpose in hand to study. The mind cannot completely represent to itself at any one time all the properties or relations of an object; nor is it necessary that it should do so, as they cannot possibly all be relevant to the same intellectual operation. Our thoughts of things are thus *symbolical*, because what is present to the mind at a given moment is not the object in the totality of its relations, but a symbol framed for the occasion, and embracing just those relations under which the object is to be considered. A concept in which all the relations of an object should be embraced is an obvious impossibility. We cannot stand all round a thing all at once; we must choose our side or, in other words, fix upon our point of view.

The above line of thought will be familiar to all students of philosophy, and particularly to those acquainted with the writings of Mr. Herbert Spencer. For some reason or other, however, Mr. Stallo abstains, not only here but generally throughout his book, from any mention of the relation of his philosophical views to those of other writers. He does not give us his bearings, so to speak, but leaves us to discover them for ourselves. We cannot think this policy a good one. To the general reader it is not helpful, as it may lead him to form an exaggerated idea of the originality of the views contained in the volume—a result, we are sure, at which the author would not consciously aim. Some special illustrations of what we are now remarking upon may present themselves before we close.

'All metaphysical or ontological speculation is based upon a disregard of some or all of the truths above set forth. Metaphysical thinking is an attempt to deduce the true nature of things from our concepts of them.' The last sentence presents us with a definition of admirable terseness and force stating as it does the whole case against metaphysics in a dozen words. For purposes of thought we analyze and abstract; but not content with deriving from these operations the logical aid they are calculated to afford, we fly off to the conclusion that what we have done in the realm of thought holds good outside of thought or absolutely. To apply this to the matter in hand: where the 'mechanical theory of the universe' asserts mass and motion to be the 'absolutely real and indestructible elements of all physical existence,' it overlooks the fact that mass and motion by themselves are really elements of nothing but thought, and are simply a kind of mental residuum after all the more special properties of objects have, by successively wider generalizations (as before explained) been mentally abstracted. As our author puts it, 'They are ultimate products of generalization, the intellectual vanishing points of the lines of abstraction which proceed from the *infimæ species* of sensible experience. Matter is the *summum genus* of the classification of bodies on the basis of their physical and chemical properties. Of this concept *matter*, mass and motion are the inseparable constituents. The mechanical theory therefore takes not only the ideal concept matter, but its two inseparable constituent attributes, and assumes each of them

to be a distinct and real entity.' Mr. Stallo sees in this a survival of mediæval realism; but it is really nothing else than the opinion of the multitude, now and in all ages, elevated to the rank of a philosophical doctrine. Men in general are materialists who temper their materialism to themselves by a supplementary belief in spiritual existences.

Not only is the mind prone to believe that its concepts are truly representative of external realities, but it readily assumes also that the order of succession in the world of thought must be the order of development in the external world. The effect of the latter illusion is completely to invert the order of reality. 'The *summa genera* of abstraction—the highest concepts—are deemed the most, and the data of sensible experience the least real of all forms of existence.' Because we arrive at the concept matter by leaving out of consideration all the properties that differentiate one form of matter from another, and because matter thus divested of its special properties forms a kind of rock-bed of thought, we conclude that similarly undifferentiated matter must form the rock-bed, or, to vary the figure, the original raw material, of the objective universe. But manifestly, in the scale of reality, the highest place must be given to things as they are, to individual objects with their full complement of properties, and successively lower places to such objects robbed by abstraction of one after another of their essential attributes. When we come to *matter*, we have just enough left to think about and no more. The logical faculty, however, goes further, and performs the tremendous feat of sundering the elements, *mass* and *force*, the conjunction of which alone renders matter a possible object of thought; whence arise endless discussions as to whether motion is a function of matter or matter a function of motion. The first opinion is known as the *mechanical* or *corpuscular* theory of matter, and the latter as the *dynamical*. The true answer to these intellectual puzzles is that we have no business dealing with the mere elements of thought as if they were elements of things, and that so long as we do so we shall only succeed in landing ourselves in what Mr. Spencer calls 'alternative impossibilities of thought.'

The notion of the inertia of matter is similarly a product of abstraction, and by no means a representation of fact. Our author's explanation (page 163) is as follows:—'When a body is considered by itself—conceptually detached from the relations which give rise to its attributes—it is indeed inert, and all its action comes from without. But this isolated instance of a body is a pure fiction of the intellect. Bodies exist solely in virtue of their relations; their reality lies in their mutual action. Inert matter, in the sense of the mechanical theory, is as unknown to experience as it is inconceivable in thought. Every particle of matter of which we have any knowledge attracts every other particle in conformity with the laws of gravitation; and every material element exerts chemical, electrical and other force upon other elements which, in respect of such force, are its correlates. A body cannot indeed move itself; but this is true for the same reason that it cannot exist in and by itself. The very presence of a body in space and time, as well as its motion, implies interaction with other bodies, and therefore *actio in distans*; consequently all attempts to reduce gravitation or chemical action to mere impact are aimless and absurd.'

This whole passage is so completely on the lines of the Positive Philosophy, that to us it seems singular that the author could have penned it without making some reference to the precisely similar views of Auguste Comte, views which the scientific world in general has largely disregarded or ignored. 'Did the material molecules,' says Comte (Philosophie Positive, Vol. i. p. 550),

'present to our observation no other property than weight, that would suffice to prevent any physicist from regarding them as essentially passive. It would be of no avail to argue that, even in the possession of weight, they were entirely passive, inasmuch as they simply yielded to the attraction of the globe. Were this correct, the difficulty would only be shifted; the earth as a whole would then be credited with an activity denied to separated portions of it. It is, however, evident that in its fall towards the centre of the earth, the falling body is just as active as the earth itself, since it is proved that each molecule of the body in question attracts an equivalent portion of the earth quite as much as it is itself attracted, though owing to the enormous preponderance of the earth's attraction, its action alone is perceptible. Finally, in regard to a host of other phenomena of equal universality, thermal, electric, and chemical, matter plainly presents a very varied spontaneous activity of which it is impossible for us henceforth to regard it as destitute. . . . It is beyond all question that the purely passive state in which bodies are conceived to be when studied from the point of view of abstract mechanics becomes under the physical point of view a complete absurdity.' Nearly sixty years have elapsed since this was written; and yet, as Mr. Stallo's book proves, there is a necessity for repeating and re-enforcing it to-day. The same may be said of the doctrine that all our knowledge of objective reality depends upon the establishment and recognition of relations; or, in other words, that the properties of things by which we know them are their relations to other things. This doctrine lies at the very foundation, not only of the Positive Philosophy, but of all true philosophy, and yet, according to the statement of our author, it has been 'almost wholly ignored by men of science, as well as by metaphysicians, who constantly put forward the view that whatever is real must exist absolutely;' or, in other words, that nothing which does not exist absolutely can be real. Hence have arisen the endless discussions as to absolute motion and rest. That motion could be real, and yet only relative, has seemed, even to such eminent thinkers as Newton, Leibnitz, and Descartes, wholly impossible; yet far from there being any impossibility in the matter, the truth is that it is only relative motion that can have to our apprehension the character of reality. Absolute motion could in no way be distinguished from absolute rest.

Mr. Stallo has expended much ingenuity in combating the views of those who, to use his expression, *reify* space, and who devote all the powers of mathematical analysis to determining the several modes in which space can exist. The whole structure of so-called transcendental geometry he regards as purely illusory. Instead of crediting space with a fourth dimension, he does not allow it so much as one. Dimensions are properties of bodies, and if we seem able, mentally, to apply measurements to space, it is because the mind has acquired, by long practice, the power of thinking of the dimensions of bodies without taking into account their solidity. Our author explains the matter well: 'Space is a concept, a product of abstraction. All objects of our sensible experience present the feature of extension in conjunction with a number of different and variable qualities attested by sensation; and, when we have successively abstracted these various sensations, we finally arrive at the abstract or concept of a form of spatial extension.' A similar explanation is given in the Philosophie Positive (Vol. i., p. 353), where the conception of space is spoken of as resulting from one of the earliest efforts at abstraction made by the human mind; its formation having, in all probability, been greatly facilitated by the fact that the *impress* of any material object affords the same means of reason-

ing about its size and figure as the object itself.

In Chapter xv. Mr. Stallo touches upon the discussion as to the finitude or infinitude of the material universe, and shows its unreal character. 'We cannot,' he says, 'deal with the Infinite as with a physically real thing, because definite physical reality is coextensive with action and reaction; and physical laws cannot be applied to it, because they are determinations of the modes of interaction between distinct finite bodies. The universe, so called, is not a distinct body, and there are no bodies without it with which it could interact.' The following is also well put, and would have been warmly applauded by the author of the Positive Philosophy :—'The only question to which a series or group of phenomena gives legitimate rise relates to their filiation and interdependence; and the attempt to transcend the limits of this filiation and interdependence—to determine the conditions of the emergence of physical phenomena beyond the bounds of space and the limits of time—are as futile (to use the happy simile of Sir William Hamilton) as the attempt of the eagle to outsoar the atmosphere in which he floats.' We have in the same chapter an interesting discussion and criticism of the Nebular Hypothesis considered as a cosmological theory. As applied to the solar system, Mr. Stallo is not disposed to question the scientific legitimacy of the hypothesis, though he calls attention forcibly to the difficulties by which it is embarrassed. As applied to the universe at large, it becomes unmeaning.

In his concluding chapter, Mr. Stallo tells us that while the atomo-mechanical theory cannot be, if his reasonings are correct, the true basis of modern physics, he is far from denying the, at least partial, usefulness of the theory considered as an aid to investigation. 'The steps to scientific, as well as to other knowledge,' he observes, 'consist in a series of logical fictions which are as legitimate as they are indispensable in the operations of thought, but whose relations to the phenomena whereof they are the partial, and not unfrequently merely symbolical, representations, must never be lost sight of.' In this way the circumference of a circle may be considered as made up of an infinite number of straight lines; and this hypothesis will serve for the determination of the area of the circle; while at the same time we know that the circumference and the diameter are radically incommensurable. In like manner the astronomer, no matter what bodies he may be dealing with, always considers the action of gravity as taking place between two mathematical points. The chemist in like manner, when dealing with chemical equivalents, is under no necessity of supposing that the formulas which experience has taught him to use, point to the absolute existence of atoms of varying weights. Enough for him that he has formulas which truly express the facts that take place under his eyes. To quote our author again: 'That no valid inference respecting the real constitution of bodies and the true nature of physical action can be drawn from the forms in which it is found necessary or convenient to represent or to conceive them, is illustrated by the fact that we habitually resort, not only in ordinary thought and speech, but also for purposes of scientific discussion, to modes of representing natural phenomena which are founded upon hypotheses long since discarded as untenable.'

If now we were asked to state in a few words the drift and purpose of the interesting and really able work which we have been passing in rapid review, we should say that Mr. Stallo has made, towards the close of the nineteenth century, a remarkable attempt to do what Auguste Comte so strenuously endeavoured to do towards the beginning of the century, viz., to per-

suade the scientific world that true science lies only in the region of the relative, that the search for causes is futile, that our knowledge can only be of laws, and that laws when grasped must be regarded as working hypotheses and not as affording any insight into the essential nature of things. Mr. Stallo aims at banishing metaphysics from science; such was also the passionate desire of Comte, a desire so frequently expressed as to give rise to Prof. Huxley's sarcasm that with Comte the word 'metaphysical' was simply a general term of abuse. No man, however, ever knew better what he meant by a word than Comte knew the sense he attached to the term in question; nor did any man ever use one term more consistently in the same sense. One or two out of the numberless passages in which Comte records his opposition to, and distrust of, metaphysics may perhaps be quoted. 'The fundamental character of metaphysical conceptions is to regard phenomena independently of the bodies which manifest them, to attribute to the properties of each substance an existence distinct from that of the substance itself. Once do this, and what does it matter whether you make of these personified abstractions controlling spirits or simply fluids? The origin is the same in either case, and is found in that habit of enquiring into the intimate (absolute) nature of things which characterizes the infancy of the human mind' (Phil. Pos. ii., p. 446). Again: 'Science being wholly unable to ascertain the first causes, or the mode of production of phenomena should concern itself solely with the effective laws of the observed phenomena; *and every hypothesis which aims at anything else is, by that very fact, stamped as radically contrary to the true scientific spirit*' (Phil. Pos. ii., p. 452). We do not think Mr. Stallo, though coming more than half a century later, has said anything better than this. And remember these are not *obiter dicta;* the whole stress and strain of the Positive Philosophy is in the same direction. Comte desired that science should abide in its lot—the relative—in order that it might become truly positive, that is affirmative and constructive, and that human thought might be spared the wanderings, and human society the confusion, which he saw to be inseparable from a science vitiated by metaphysics; in other words, by pretentious enquiries beyond its proper range—enquiries to which a character of reality could by no possibility be given. By his attitude towards such enquiries, which greatly strike the popular imagination, and bring much more glory to those engaged in them than merely accurate determinations of law, he incurred the hatred of the majority of scientific men of his day, a hatred which has not infrequent echoes even in our own time. Yet that the path which he indicated is the true path is to the best thinkers becoming daily more evident. We look to Mr. Stallo's work to help forward the demonstration. The question at issue is not one of merely technical interest; it is one of the widest and profoundest interest. 'The reaction,' (of fundamentally erroneous scientific views) says Mr. Stallo in his preface, 'upon the character and tendencies of modern thought becomes more apparent from day to day. . . . The utter anarchy which notoriously prevails in the discussion of ultimate scientific questions, so called, indicates that a determination of the proper attitude of scientific enquiry toward its objects is the most pressing intellectual need of our time, as it is an indispensable prerequisite of real intellectual progress at all times.' The wars and fightings in the intellectual realm come from the lust of forbidden, or rather impossible, knowledge, not from the difficulties of legitimate research. The evil is a moral, even more than an intellectual, one. Positive science is

humble; it works as the servant of human life. Metaphysical or transcendental science, on the other hand, is proud; its aim is not to serve, but to dazzle and govern; it scorns the relative and aims at solving the ultimate riddles of existence. Manifestly, therefore, only those who are willing to serve, and to take a limited view of their function as scientific workers, will embrace science in the positive sense. All who seek their own glory will repudiate limitations and grapple with the absolute. The battle between the two methods or conceptions is now in progress. Let all who realize the nature of the strife, and who see that the cause of the relative is the cause of humanity, range themselves distinctly on that side. We count the author of the book referred to in this article as an able and gallant ally; and some others, who in appearance are foes, are in reality not far from the kingdom.*

* Prof. Huxley for example, who has criticized Comte very severely, not to say bitterly, and who, judged by that criticism alone, might be considered as decidedly opposed to all that is essential in the Positive Philosophy, thus expresses himself at the close of his essay on 'The Physical Basis of Life:' 'There can be little doubt that the further science advances, the more extensively and consistently will all the phenomena of nature be represented by materialistic forms and symbols. But the man of science who, forgetting the limits of philosophical enquiry, slides from those formulæ and symbols into what is commonly understood by materialism, seems to me to place himself on a level with the mathematician who should mistake the *x's* and *y's* with which he works his problems for real entities, and with this further disadvantage as compared with the mathematician, that the blunders of the latter are of no practical consequence, while the errors of systematic materialism may paralyze the energies and destroy the beauty of a life.'

O DONNA DI VIRTU!

BY 'ALCHEMIST,' MONTREAL.

' O mystic Lady! Thou in whom alone
Our human race excelleth all that stand
In Paradise the nearest round the Throne,
That to obey were slow though ready done.'
—DANTE.

HOW oft I read. How agonized the turning,
(In those my earlier days of loss and pain)
Of eyes to space and night, as though by yearning
Some wall might yield and I behold again
A certain angel, fled beyond discerning.
In vain I chafed and sought—alas, in vain
From spurring through my world and heart, returned
To Dante's page, those wearied thoughts of mine;
Again I read, again my longing burned.—
A voice melodious spake in every line,
But from sad pleasure sorrow fresh I learned;
Strange was the music of the Florentine!

THE STUDY OF CANADIAN POLITICS.

BY THE REV. HUGH PEDLEY, B.A., COBOURG.

POLITICAL indifferentism is not the least of the dangers that menace the welfare of popular governments. It is rather an ominous fact that, both in this country, and in the United States, there are a great many respectable and intelligent people who refuse to have aught to do with politics. Speak to them about religious matters, and they are interested. Talk to them on commercial topics, and they become animated. Converse with them on the literature of the day, or discuss with them the last great hit of the stage, and they are charmed. But, the moment you introduce the subject of politics, they dismiss it with an impatient wave of the hand, and with 'Oh I never trouble my head about such matters.' They say this, too, not with any sort of shame, but with an air that plainly tells you, that, while in their eyes ignorance in other things is a sin, here it is one of the most fragrant virtues in the calendar.

This, we repeat, is a bad omen. It is the beginning of untold peril to a country when political ignorance comes to be regarded as a virtue, when people of the better class esteem it as one of the sacred privileges of that class to 'touch not, taste not, handle not' the, in their estimation, unclean thing politics. It is this that encourages the demagogue, and disheartens the pure-minded patriot. It is this that makes a nation prolific of Guiteaus, and barren of Garfields. It is this that magnifies the forces of evil, and minimizes the influence of good, until the country finds itself standing aghast upon the brink of a dark and fathomless abyss. For in the midst of our glorification of popular forms of government we must not forget that just as despotism has its abuses, so has freedom, and that, as the abuses of the one have involved nations in anarchy and bloodshed, so may the abuse of the other have a like terrible issue.

Therefore it will be a happy day when indifferentism in this direction is rated at its full value, when political ignorance is regarded as high treason, and the political ignoramus as an unspeakable ingrate. For surely he is that. Surely it is the height of ingratitude for a man to live under the ægis of Freedom, to possess all the advantages of a great social organism, to enjoy—nay to invoke—the protection of wise and just laws, and then turn with cold contempt from the source of all these blessings. Surely it is wrong that he should accept these privileges as an inheritance from the past, and have no care as to the means by which they are to be secured to his children after him. In this country, at least, it may well be said that, if a man will have nothing to do with the laws, then the laws should have nothing to do with him, that he who looks with contempt upon law-makers should be left to the mercy of law breakers.

But, even where it exists, the study of politics is often exceedingly careless and superficial. We catch up a paper, in all probability that of our own party stripe, and after a hasty glance at its contents throw it aside, and feel ourselves qualified to discuss the great questions of the day. Such a method of study is unsatisfactory, both to the student himself, and to those with

whom he converses. It is one-sided, shallow, and mischievous. It tends to the production of the noisy ranting politician—such an one, for example, as the 'Parlour Orator,' which Dickens has made the subject of one of his 'Sketches by Boz.' He is a red-faced man with a loud voice, and talks nonsense with such an air of inspired wisdom, that all the company in the little parlour mistake it for genius, except a little greengrocer who has penetration enough to see through the windy fraud. Irritated by a little contradiction, the oracle waxes wonderfully eloquent. Here is the description of the closing scene. "'What is a man?' continued the red-faced specimen of the species, jerking his hat indignantly from its peg on the wall. 'What is an Englishman? Is he to be trampled upon by every oppressor? Is he to be knocked down at everybody's bidding? What's freedom? Not a standing army. What's a standing army? Not freedom. What's general happiness? Not universal misery. Liberty ain't the window-tax is it? The Lords ain't the Commons, are they?' And the red-faced man, gradually bursting into a radiating sentence, in which such adjectives as 'dastardly,' 'oppressive,' 'violent,' and 'sanguinary' formed the most conspicuous words, knocked his hat indignantly over his eyes, left the room, and slammed the door after him.

'Wonderful man!' said he of the sharp nose.

'Splendid speaker!' added the broker.

'Great power!' said everybody but the greengrocer."

'Long live the greengrocer,' say we. Thank Heaven! there are such as he still, to be a protest against the bombastic ignorance of such an orator, and the servile ignorance of such an audience. But if we are to perpetuate the race of intelligent greengrocers, and eradicate from our national soil the 'Parlour Orator' type of politician, we must have a fairer method of study, and a broader way of looking at public questions than is customary at the present time.

It is the purpose of this paper to indicate in a general way, some of the conditions of an intelligent study of Canadian politics. It does not, by any means, aspire to be a guide to those who have leisure and opportunity to enter with scientific accuracy into the various branches of Political Economy. It is addressed in the main to those who have their regular occupation in the store, on the farm, or in the workshop, but who also have spare fragments of time which they are willing to devote to so honourable a pursuit as the study of the public affairs of the country in which they live.

The first qualification for the intelligent student of Canadian politics is to have a thorough knowledge of the geography of Canada. To no small extent the destiny of a people is determined by its geographical environments, by the size, shape, climate, geology, etc., of the country in which its lot is cast. The writer remembers standing on one occasion with a number of fellow students beside Dr. Dawson in front of the map of Europe. He pointed to Greece and Italy, the seats of the great empires of the past, and made the remark that, if some geologist of those ancient times had known of the existence and value of the great stores of coal and iron lying almost side by side in the British Isles, he might easily have prophesied that the day would come when the seat of power would be shifted from the South to these islands of the North. We speak of the Star of empire, but, after all, this brilliant luminary is in its movements only the humble servant of such homely masters as the ebony lumps that fill our coal-scuttles, and the rich mould of our farmers' fields. The glory and power of empires rest largely upon geological and geographical foundations. What Canada is to be nationally depends very much upon what Canada is physically, and he who

wishes to know the possibilities of her future must first know the latitude and longitude, the length and breadth of the country itself.

Draper, in his work 'Civil Policy of America,' shows his appreciation of this geographical factor in national life, by devoting nearly a third of the book to its consideration. He says in one place, 'it is necessary to examine the topographical construction of the country, to examine its physical condition, its climate, its products, for such are the influences that model the character and determine the thoughts of men.' The same writer emphasizes relation between climate and character in these words: 'It is within a narrow range of latitude that great men have been born. In the earth's southern hemisphere not one as yet has appeared.' In this respect we certainly have a good deal to be thankful for, seeing that we are within the magic influence of this narrow range of latitude. Stretching between 'the murmuring pines and the hemlocks' of the ancient Acadie, and their forest sisters that sigh and sway upon our Pacific slopes, is a vast garden eminently fitted for the nurture of the noblest types of humanity. We are foolish to yearn for the orange-groves and perpetual summer of the south. We may not live between the isothermal lines of a uniformly mild temperature, but we do live in that belt of the world which has supplied modern history with its mightiest names. We are in the latitude that has given to us such men as Milton and Shakespeare, Pitt and Gladstone, Goethe and Luther, Webster and Longfellow, and we might well smile over an occasional frost-nip to be in such splendid company.

The size and resources of Canada are sure to have an enormous influence in determining the nature of its politics. Our great questions are not going to be as to how much life and wealth we can destroy in brilliant foreign campaigns, but as to how much we can sustain by the development of our internal resources. Our legislation will be of a practical and homespun character. The formation of new provinces, their connection by railways, the utilization of their natural wealth, their relations to one another, and to the central government,—these are to be the sober but absorbing questions of the future. But how can they be intelligently discussed by one who is ignorant of geography? How can a man discuss a Pacific Railway policy who scarce knows the difference between Lake Nipissing and Lake Superior, and cannot tell within 500 miles the distance between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains? How can he understand the merits of the debate on the Ontario Boundary Award, to whom the position of the Lake of the Woods is as much a matter of guess as the complexion of the man in the moon? How can he treat of the relative claims of the various provinces, who knows nothing of their size, little of their position, and less of their resources?

It is absolutely necessary, therefore, that the intelligent student of Canadian politics should have a familiar acquaintance with Canadian geography. His newspaper studies should be accompanied and illustrated by the presence of the most reliable maps. It would be well for him, occasionally, to fancy himself buttonholed by some keen and questioning Frenchman or German, on the search for information concerning Canada. It would be a good thing for him to become a sharp catechizer of himself in some such fashion as the following:—What do I know about the Dominion? Have I in thought grasped the greatness of a territory whose shores are washed by three oceans? Have I any knowledge of the distances from point to point? Have I any clear idea of the nature of the various parts, of what the land is like in Nova Scotia, in Quebec, in Keewatin, in the great prairie expanses, and on the slopes of British

Columbia? What do I know of such great streams as the Saskatchewan, Nelson, and Peace, which may some day become the veins and arteries of a vast internal commerce? What account could I give of the resources of coal, iron, timber, fish, etc., which have already been discovered? What estimate have I made of the population which may some day find a home in this broad and wonderful land? These are the questions he needs to ponder over. These are the points on which he needs to be fully informed, before he is at all capable of taking anything like a statesmanlike view of the political affairs of his country.

Another qualification for the intelligent student is to have a familiar knowledge of Canadian history. We never feel that we really understand a man, unless we know something of his past. We are anxious to learn what sort of a father and mother he had, where he was born, what education he received, what were the forces that moulded his life, what record of achievement he has, before we consider ourselves in a position to form a right estimate of his character. As with the individual, so with the nation. In order to understand its present we must travel far back into its past. The history must be read before we can account for the parts into which the country is divided, or understand the relation of parties, or measure the various forces that are at work in the government.

Canadian history has, at least, one great advantage for the student—viz., its brevity. Ours are not Chinese nor Egyptian annals reaching back over thousands of years until lost in a realm of myth and mystery. The whole record is comprehended within a period of 350 years, and through all its length has had the incalculable benefit of the art of printing. There is nothing, therefore, in the way of immensity and and interminableness to daunt the student at the outset. The subject is a compact one, and may be mastered with tolerable ease.

The present condition of this country is the result of the confluence of two streams—the one finding its source amid the vine clad hills of France, and the other in that cluster of storm-blown isles which we call Great Britain. For a long time the first of these streams flowed on in solitude. We must not forget that Canada was for a far longer time under the French flag than she has been under the flag of England. From the year 1534, when Jacques Cartier sailed up the St. Lawrence, until 1759, a period of 225 years, Canada was in the possession of the Crown of France. For only 123 years has she been a part of the British Empire. For convenience' sake, it would be well for the student to break the history up into sections, taking the French period by itself, and then dividing the British period into two parts, the first extending from 1759 to 1841, and containing the story of the struggle for Responsible Government, and the second reaching up to the present time, and telling how the country fared after the victory had been achieved.

The period of French domination, though not, perhaps, the most important part of our history, from a political standpoint, nevertheless contains passages of marvellous interest. Through it all we seem to hear the astonished Eureka of men confronted for the first time by the vast wonders of mountain, river and lake which the New World disclosed to their view. We see armies of dusky warriors flitting through the depths of the primeval forest, and fleets of little canoes dancing upon the flashing waters of lake and stream. We see the pomp and power of the savage grow abashed before the greater pomp and power of the white man, so that they who had been for unreckoned centuries the lords of the forest, in a few short years, became the minions and tools of the stranger.

The story of Champlain's life is one of the romances of history. The labours and sufferings of the Jesuit missionaries are almost without a parallel. And where in the annals of discovery could you find a more thrilling record than that of the French priest La Salle? Lachine is a suburb of Montreal, and Lachine is only the French for China. How comes it that we have a China there on the banks of our Canadian St. Lawrence? Why, because La Salle and others thought that by following up the great river they might find their way to the real China. He failed in that, but he accomplished a very wonderful feat. He sailed up the St. Lawrence to Kingston, then Fort Frontenac, coasted along the shore of Lake Ontario, touching at Toronto, then an Indian village, ascended the Niagara river, and gazed entranced upon the mighty cataract, after many delays and discouragements found his way along the great lakes to the foot of Lake Michigan, launched his canoes upon the Illinois river, entered the Mississippi, sailed for days and weeks down its mighty flood, through vast solitudes, until, at last, he looked with enraptured eyes upon the blue expanse of the Gulf of Mexico. Yes! in the year 1686, a man who had sailed from Quebec, pierced through the very heart of this continent, and, amid the chanting of *Te Deums* and the rattle of musketry, planted the standard of France at the mouth of the Mississippi. It is in this French period that Parkman has quarried the material for those fascinating histories which are his enduring monument, and there yet remains enough to make the literary fortune of some future Canadian Fenimore Cooper. The whole record is one of fascinating interest, while the dash and enterprise of these early Frenchmen may teach us what possibilities of action may lie hidden in the breasts of their ultra-conservative descendant, the French Canadian *habitant* of the present day.

But the most important chapter of our constitutional history was opened on the day when Wolfe's dying senses were saluted by the joyous cry, 'They run, they run,' the day when the proud old fortress of Quebec first saw above its grey ramparts the flapping folds of the British flag. Canada then became a colony of Great Britain. Her history from that period up to the year 1841 must for all time to come be regarded as one of deep and abiding interest. Whatever may be said of the ancient empires, it seems to be the destiny of all modern nations, at some time in their history, to pass from an aristocratic or despotic to a popular form of government. That transition was effected in Canada during the period just mentioned. On the one hand, there was an aristocratic party bearing the significant name of the 'Family Compact,' while, on the other hand, was a people gradually growing in self-respect, and in the desire to enter upon the duties of self-government. Those were days in which political meetings were prohibited, newspapers put under censure for criticizing the government, one-seventh of the land appropriated to the support of a single denomination, public moneys expended by Executive act irrespective of Legislative consent. It was then that such men as Baldwin, Hincks, Lafontaine, Papineau, and W. L. Mackenzie, sometimes unwise, perhaps, but always brave and earnest, fought for the introduction of Responsible Government. They gained their object, but not without the country receiving a baptism of blood to mark the great transition. It is the custom of some to speak with extreme harshness of the Rebellion of 1837, and of the chief actors in that movement. With reference to the men, it would, perhaps, be the part of true charity to forget the momentary folly into which they were betrayed by terrible provocation, and to remember the long years of brave and self-sacrificing toil which constituted their offering at the shrine

of Canadian freedom. As to the event itself, the great wonder is that the troubles were not greater. It is, indeed, a marvel and a blessing that a change so great should have been effected at a cost so slight; that change which, in England, deprived one king of his head and another of his crown, which, in America, was brought about with a loss to Britain of half a continent; which, in France, was accompanied by the unutterable horrors of the Revolution; which, in Russia, is attended by the assassination of kings, and the convulsion of society, should, in Canada, have been accomplished with so slight a ripple on the surface of our history as the Rebellion of 1837. At any rate, the change took place, and in 1841, under the direction of Lord Sydenham, our colonial government, to quote an expression of Lord Simcoe's which Mr. Alpheus Todd uses in this connection, became 'an image and transcript of the British Constitution.' It is needless to remark that the movements and transactions of which this 'image and transcript' was the final result form a fundamental part of our political history, and demand the keenest and most thorough examination.

The history of the last forty years to which Mr. John C. Dent has devoted his attention, is emphatically 'A History of Our Own Times.' We begin to tread upon familiar ground, and to hear the names of men whose faces we have looked upon. Sir John Macdonald, Sir George Cartier, George Brown, and others, some of whom are still in active service, stand before us as the chief actors on the stage of Canadian politics. The record of these men, the record of the parties which they led, the events which led up to Confederation, and its effects upon the political situation, the questions which have agitated the country since its consummation, must all be carefully studied before we can form any just estimate of the parties which are now confronting each other in our national capital.

Having laid a basis of geographical and historical knowledge, the next question that arises is as to the method of studying current political events. Here there is no small difficulty. In Canada we have the system of Party Government. Whether or not that is the best system under the circumstances this is not the place to discuss. That it exists is very certain. As the First Meridian cuts through all the circles on our globe, from the Equator down to its smallest sister at the Pole, so the party line cuts through and divides into hemispheres all our political institutions, from the Central Government, at Ottawa, down to the very least of the town councils of the land. All questions are discussed from the party stand-point. Our ears are for ever tingling with the affirmative and negative of national debate. The country is divided into two great camps, whose attitude towards each other is one of ceaseless defiance. Each session of Parliament is a campaign, and the intervening periods are filled with the hottest skirmishing. How, in the midst of all this turmoil and strife, are we to gain anything like a calm intelligent view of our national affairs?

The Press is our chief informant. It is by means of printer's ink in Blue Books, Hansard, or in the newspaper, that we keep ourselves acquainted with current political transactions. The medium on which we commonly rely is that of the newspaper, which is in reality a national history, issued to subscribers in daily parts. But it is far, very far, from being an impartial history. The events it records are seen not in the clear, colourless light of Truth, but through the disturbing and distorting vapours of party strife and prejudice. For our papers are as a rule special pleaders, doing their utmost to bring into prominence the strong points of their own side, and their utmost to hold up to

the general gaze the faults and weaknesses of the opposing side. If any one is troubled with the amiable weakness of believing all that the newspapers say, he has only to read both sides for a week, in order to effect a complete cure. Here are the *Globe* and *Mail*, of February 13th. Under the heading 'Enthusiastic Conservative Meetings at Brantford and Woodstock,' the *Mail* tells us that 'a large number of the electors of the County of Brant and the City of Brantford, assembled in the City Hall,' &c., &c., while under the caption, 'Mr. Meredith before the South Brant Tories,' the *Globe* volunteers the information that the meeting was a 'decided failure,' and that 'there were probably fifty Conservatives present, and, during Mr. Meredith's speech, enough Reformers to make up a hundred,' &c., &c. The *Globe* of February 15th, describing a reception given at Ottawa to Mr. Blake, says, 'The hall was well filled and the enthusiasm unbounded,' while the *Mail* informs us that the gathering 'was neither large nor representative. On the contrary, it was a somewhat tame and melancholy meeting.' Such extracts need no commentary. They tell their own story, and being only samples of what is habitual, ought to speedily open the eyes of any one disposed to place unquestioning reliance upon newspaper history. If a student intends to have an intelligent view of Canadian politics, he must lay it down at once as an axion, that wherever newspapers touch upon politics, a large discount on their statements must be made for party bias. He must also make up his mind, that to read only one newspaper, is no fairer than for a juryman to listen carefully to the arguments for the prosecution, and then put his fingers in his ears as soon as the counsel for the defence rises to his feet. Fairness imperatively demands that he read at least two newspapers, and, even then, he would almost need the acumen of a German critic to sift out the kernels of fact from the chaff of prejudice.

Having settled down to a fair examination of current politics, it is well to remember the necessity of giving to all matters their right relative emphasis. Political questions resolve themselves into two classes, the greater and the less. At the heels of the main army, there is generally a promiscuous multitude of camp-followers, and about the skirts of great questions, there are always hanging a lot of petty little squabbles, as, for example, to whether it was not public robbery of a certain official to receive an addition of $50 to his salary, or as to whether this honourable Minister was not guilty of a gross act of nepotism, in giving an appointment to his wife's forty-second cousin. It is not well to spend too much time on such matters, though they are not to be ignored. The burden of our study should be those great questions which have to do with the very structure of our Government, and with the welfare of society at large,—such questions as the building of the Pacific Railway, the enactment of a Protective Tariff, and the relation to each other of the Dominion Government and the Provincial Legislatures. To study these is an education for a man, and as he grasps or fails to grasp them, so shall his rank be in the world of political thinkers.

Perhaps the most important point of all for the student to remember is that the Inductive Method is the only road by which a man may become a well-equipped politician. His first enquiry should always be, 'What are the facts of the case?' Without these, he must either subside into the position of a stubborn dogmatist, or else be 'like a wave in the sea, driven with the wind and tossed.' To have the facts is to have the key to the position, and to be able to measure at their true value the assertions and arguments of either party. Joseph Cook tells the story that Rufus Choate and Daniel Webster were once

opposed to each other as lawyers, in a suit which turned on the size of certain wheels. Mr. Choate filled the air with rockets of rhetoric and dazzled the jury; but Mr. Webster caused the wheels to be brought into court and put behind a screen. When he rose to speak, the screen was removed, and his only reply to Mr. Choate's eloquence was: 'Gentlemen, there are the wheels.' A similar startling and conclusive effect is produced in the heat of a political discussion, by the man who can stand with calm certainty, and say, 'There are the facts.' It is wonderful how great blustering Blunderbore giants of general assertions shrink and cower before Jack the Giant Killer, in the shape of a fact; wonderful how splendid soaring balloons of oratory collapse into shapeless bags, when pierced by the sharp point of a fact. Having the facts, you are strong. You are in a position to stamp with their right value every editorial you read, and every speech you hear. You can smile at the rantings of the demagogue, and watch with infinite amusement the dust throwing of the sophist. The cardinal principle for the political student is, 'The facts, the whole of the facts, nothing but the facts, and keep a sharp look-out as to the use men make of the facts.' It is this, in effect, which Mr. Blake has in his mind when he rises in his place in the House, and says: 'I move for a return of all correspondence, documents, &c., relating to a certain matter.' He knows full well that he must master the facts before he dare cast the gauntlet of defiance into the arena of debate.

There is a department of study which may be just mentioned. We have been speaking of the past and of the present. There is a class of questions which have to do with the future of this country. They can scarcely be called burning questions, for as yet they lie rather in the region of speculation than in that of practical life. Still, as the speculative is always apt to become the practical, and that too with surprising suddenness, the true Canadian politician cannot afford to ignore these questions. The enquiry, 'What is to be the future of Canada?' opens up a vast realm of wonder and possibility. It is capable of at least four answers, viz.: that Canada remain as she is; that she become a member of a great Imperial Federation; that she be independent; and that she be merged into the neighbouring Republic. Whatever may be the verdict and choice of the future, it can do no harm for the student to take into account these questions of national destiny. Nay, it may do great good, for should they ever come out of the realm of speculation, and take form as living issues, they would find a people well-instructed, and prepared to give them a wise and honourable settlement. Therefore such books as Mr. Goldwin Smith's 'Political Destiny of Canada,' are well worthy of perusal, and the sentiments therein expressed deserve kindlier consideration than is bodied forth in the fierce invectives of the *Globe*, and the blackballing of a St. George's Society. We have nothing to lose, and much to gain by a free, fair, and full discussion of all matters pertaining to the unfolding of our national future.

Of one thing we may be moderately certain, viz.: that something great lies before us. The laws of nature, the laws that look upon us from every mountain side, and roll in every stream, and shine in every star, these are the steeds which even now are drawing us along the road to national greatness. There can be no question that with our vast extent of territory, our free institutions, our lakes and rivers, our forests and fisheries, our wealth of mine and soil, we are destined to occupy no mean place among the empires of the future. But peril keeps step with possibility, and national glory may be tarnished by national sin. Even now political parties are more or less animated by the baleful spirit of the cry, 'To the victors belong the spoils,' while

coming events in the shape of giant monopolies are beginning to cast their shadows before them. Democracies and despotisms alike find their material in human nature, and their choice between them is a choice of evils as well as a choice of blessings. In the soil of freedom, the thorns and the good seed are side by side, and it remains to be seen which shall prove the master. Our brightest hope is that home, and church, and school, shall give to us a race of virtuous, intelligent men, and that they may always be alive to their public duties. Morality and intelligence diffused, political indifferentism among the moral and intelligent classes abandoned—these combined are the guarantee that the crescent moon of Canada's glory shall wax until the shadow on the disc has passed away.

One quotation from Dickens has been given already. With another, this paper concludes. It is from 'Martin Chuzzlewit.' Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley, after their strange experience in America, are on the deck of the ship that is bearing them back to England, when the following colloquy ensues;

'Why look? What are you thinking of so steadily?' said Martin.

'Why I was thinking, sir,' returned Mark, 'that if I was a painter, and was called upon to paint the American Eagle, how should I do it?'

'Paint it as like an eagle as you could, I suppose.'

'No,' said Mark; 'that wouldn't do for me, sir. I should want to draw it like a bat, for its short-sightedness; like a bantam for its bragging; like a magpie for its honesty; like a peacock for its beauty; like a ostrich for its putting its head in the mud, and thinking nobody sees it—'

'And like a Phœnix, for its power of springing from the ashes of its faults, and vices, and soaring up anew into the sky!' said Martin. 'Well, Mark; let us hope so.' As Martin hoped for the land he was leaving, so may we hope for the land that we live in,—our own dear Canada.

SONNET.

LIKE sudden gleams from a beclouded sky,
That for a fleeting moment light the place,
Before the driving storm-clouds them efface,
Are the few transient friends that pass us by;
Or like fair flowers that hold their blossoms high,
And waft their fragrance for a little space,
Then slowly, sadly droop in languid grace,
As if they knew their time was come to die:
But oh! the constant friends that with us stray
Are as the glory of the noon-day light,
Casting a peerless radiance round our way,
Gemming our path with blossoms wondrous bright,
The amaranthine flowers, the perfect day
That shineth on, and never knoweth night.

—*Chas. Lee Barnes.*

CANADIAN IDYLLS.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

BY WILLIAM KIRBY, NIAGARA.

THE LORD'S SUPPER IN THE WILDERNESS.

Bone pastor! panis vere!
Jesu! nostri miserere;
Tu nos pasce, nos tuere,
Tu nos bona fac videre,
In terra viventium.

Tu qui cuncta scis et vales,
Qui nos pascis hic mortales,
Tuos ibi commensales,
Cohæredes et sodales,
Fac sanctorum civium.
—THOMAS AQUINAS.

THE Sabbath morning broke with noiseless calm
Of light suffusing all the empyrean,
Where unobstructed move the wheels of God
Amid the smoothness of all harmonies—
Foreshadow of the heaven of perfect rest,
Where sun and moon shine not—nor need of them
But God's own glory is the light thereof.

A silvery mist lay over Balsam Lake
Thin and diaphanous, of soft outline,
Like that which gathers in the vale of sleep,
When after day of playful happiness,
The children's drowsy heads the pillow press.
Above the mist, the tree tops in the clear
And rocky heads of promontories, bare,
Or cedar-crowned, stand brightening in the sun,
Like islands lifted from the vapoury sea.
A breeze, fresh as Aurora's breathing, came
Up with the moon, revealing azure spots
Of water—like a coy maid's eyes of blue,
That flash with sudden lifting of her veil,
And strike you with their beauty, through and through.

The grass was over webbed with tiny tents
Of spidery armies, resting for the night—
The bushes stood adrip with glistening dew—
And flowers that blossom last and are not spurned
Because they labour at the eleventh hour—
And deck God's footstool asking no reward—
Immortelles for the dead—the Gentian blue,
Bright golden rod, and late forget-me-nots,
The tiniest and last—give service sweet
When all the rest are gone—and close the year.
Christ loves the very laggards of his flowers,
And bids them sing in choir the requiem
Of summer's glory in our Forest land.

To-day was sabbath—and no stroke of axe
Resounded from the hollow woods. The smoke
Rose noiselessly from smouldering fires—unfed
Amidst the clearings. There was no crash
Of falling trees like thunder on the earth,
Awaking all the echoes far and near.
The ploughman's cheery voice drove not his team
Of patient oxen, midst the stubborn roots
Of new burnt land, rich with virgin soil
Of centuries. Nor walked the sower down
The steaming furrows, with next harvest's seed.

Deep, forest still—the silence lay on all—
Nor heard was aught except the insects' hum,
Or note of birds amid the yellow leaves.
The mill wheel by the Falls, up in the glen,
Stood idly in the creek's swift underflow.
Nor heard was screech of saws—nor mill-stones hoarse
Grinding the settlers' corn, for bread, well earned
By sweat of brow, that turns the primal curse
Of labour into blessing ; for as prayer
For daily bread goes daily up to heaven,
The Lord, who hears it, gives with gracious hand,
And only bids beware of evil leaven.

John Ashby's house, broad-windowed, on the lawn,
Stood like a tabernacle for the feast
Of Christ's Communion. Willing hands had decked
Its timbered walls with evergreen of fir,
Balsam, and cedar. All without—within—
Was purity and cleanliness—akin
And next to godliness—shown by the sign
And miracle of water turned to wine.

Upon an eminence, a lofty staff,
Tall as the highest tree, redoubled, stood
Bearing a flag, red cross on field of white—
Our nation's symbol—emblem of her great
Wide Christian empire—first in war and peace—
Not as in battle, streaming in the smoke
And roar of victory over sinking ships,
Or in the van of charging armies borne
Flew it to-day ; but like a dove of peace
With silver wings crossed with the blood of Christ ;
Most like the symbol was in heaven seen
By Constantine, that famous day, in which
He conquered—*In Hoc Signo*—meaning, that
By righteousness alone, do nations stand.
No other sword but that of justice ever
At last prevails on earth—it is the law
God gives the nations—*breaking it they* fall !
Not to the proud and godless, and unjust,
But to the meek, is earth's inheritance.'
So England's banner flew to-day, in sign
Of Christian empire, over Balsam Lake.

Eve's hands, and Hilda's, all things had prepared
Were needed for the Supper of the Lord—
Wines, bread, and linen, finest of their store,
White as new fallen snow,—as conscience clear
Which God has cleansed. The table of the Lord

Was in an upper room, like that which he
Who bore the water pitcher, showed the men
Were sent to make all ready for the feast.
That upper room in good John Ashby's house
Was set apart for worship, and to teach
The children of the settlement—by Eve,
Who daily taught them—mingled with a few
Red children of the forest—drawn by love
Of her sweet charity—all things required
For use and ornament of simple lives.
She taught and trained them to be just and true
In word and thought and act—to let the law
Of God's Commandments be their rule of life,
Whose golden rule of love to God and man
Is core of all religion worth the name.
Man's education, lacking these,—is naught—
However rich in science, and in lore,
His knowledge boast itself. His swollen vein
Is heart destroying while it gluts the brain.

The people gathered in by families
From their sparse settlements from far and near—
Filled with a glad expectance—such as men
Who hear of hidden treasure—eagerly
Search after it, and with rejoicing find.
By land and water came they—some on foot
Through forests trackless, but for blazened trees
Marked by the woodman's axe to show the way ;
Some in their boats came coasting up the lake,
With flash of oars, or sails that noiseless crept
Upon the glassy water. Some had crossed
The gloomy cedar swamps by narrow roads
Walled in with densest thickets, bridged with logs
Across the pools, and thickly overlaid
With matted boughs. Amid these unkempt woods,
The first rude tracing of a King's highway—
Fit for a royal progress by and by—
The "*trinoda necessitas*" of yore.
Roads, bridges, and the land's defence, restore
In these wild woods, the primal duties laid
By common law upon the Anglian race,
When over sea from Scania's belts and fiords,
They came to settle in their English shires—
As now now their far descended progeny
Spread out in this Dominion of the West.

The people gathered in before the sun's
Grand dial in the heaven pointed noon.
Hilda and Eve with hospitable care,
Provided rest, refreshment for them all,
Who met the aged servant of the Lord,
With greetings fervent, as when children see
A long-missed father, at the door, returned
From years of absence in a distant land !

He stood amidst them—greeted on all sides
And greeting them in turn—with grasp of hands,
And endless questions—asked and answered, full
Of Old World memories, and things all new
To him and them, imparted mutually.
His age and silvery locks reminded all

How deep the love of their pastor was,
Which drew him over sea to minister
To their dear souls again—that none be lost
Of all whom he, as children, had baptized.
Their joy was great, but not tumultuous,
For they were men of native mood austere,
Who wore not on their sleeves their hearts for show
Or weakness—such the temper of their race—
Men and their wives had trudged for many a mile
Unweariedly. Some of them in their arms
Their little children carried—to behold
The first time in their lives, oft spoken of,
But never seen, God's minister attired
In seemly gown and stole, reading the prayers
From that old rythmic book that's half divine—
God's word its texture—in our mother tongue,
As Tyndal wrote it; Cranmer, Latimer,
And Ridley, died for it—and in the flames
Of martyrdom, that glorious candle lit
Which, by God's grace, shall never be put out
In England to the very end of time.*

The upper room with worshippers was filled,
Range after range by families they sat
In their best raiment, neat and kept with care
For church and holiday. A ribbon, ring,
The chief adornment of the comely wives,
Whose native bloom craved no factitious help,
For they were pure in race, of that old stock
Of Angles, fair as angels—which the world
Wins by its beauty—as its men by power—
Their pretty children, rosy, flaxen-haired,
Clustered about them, of all ornaments
Most beauteous were and best; the husbands grave
In their demeanour, sat like men intent
Upon the serious business of their lives.
All spoke in whispers only, as their eyes
Turned reverently towards the table spread
With snowy linen—where the cup and dish,
Of silver, heirlooms of John Ashby's house,
Stood with the elements of bread and wine,
The sacred symbols of the mystery
Of Christ's Communion of His flesh and blood,
As they rose glorified and made divine—
His all-redeeming love that fills the heart,
His truth in faith to those who holily,
In His remembrance, eat and drink the same.

A sunbeam through the open window shed
A glorious radiance round the cup and dish
Of burnished silver, till they shone like stars—
Or revelations of the Holy Grail—
The very dullest apprehended that
To-day was heaven come quite near to them.
The table made a chancel where it stood,
In that plain upper room, so unadorned
With carved or cunning work—and east or north—

* 'Be of good courage, Master Ridley, and play the man! We shall to-day light such a candle in England as, by God's Grace, shall never be put out!' These words of brave old Latimer to his fellow-martyr, at the stake, were the mightiest, in all their results, of any ever spoken in England.

No matter how it stood—for everywhere
The Lord is eastward to His worshippers
However they may face—hears and forgives;
Wide is the earth—but heaven is wider still
And God the Omnipresent is round all.

The aged minister stood up, and all
Rose with him—as he read the primal law
Of our salvation and God's mercy. 'When
The wicked man turns from his wickedness
That he hath done, and doeth what is right
And lawful, he shall save his soul alive.'

The spiritual look—the loving voice, the tall
And saintly presence, grey, and full of years
And holiness—the very dress grown strange,
Once so familiar—and the gracious words
Of unforgotten harmony—awoke
A thousand memories intensified
Of home and kindred in their native land.
The lips of strong men quivered—women wept
For very gladness, at the gracious words
Of their old pastor in these distant wilds,
Where they had come to rear their virtuous homes
Of peace and industry. The services
Went on in rhythmic words and prayers that meet
The primal needs of every human soul.
God's word was read, with liturgy and psalms,
Devoutly said or sung with harmony
Of men's and women's voices. Over all
Eve Ashby's, like an angel's, quivering rose
Above the organ's notes, and died away
In heaven's portals, where her heart to-day
Went with her song; such joy her bosom filled
That even Hilda's failed to comprehend.

Ended the prayers appointed. Each one sat
Still as a stone, expectant of the text
And sermon, which, in homiletic wise,
Not long but weighty—heated to a glow
Of ardent love, with gems of wisdom set,
That score the heart and memory, they knew
Would follow. For it was their pastor's way,
And always had been on Communion day.

'My children!' cried he—with appealing hands
Outstretched in fervour, after many things
Of godly exposition of his text—
'"Do this in my remembrance!" children whom
My arms have held before the font, and signed
With the baptismal cross—to make you His
By covenant of water's cleansing sign—
Do this in His remembrance—all of you—
The rich and poor—the simple and the wise—
We all are equally in sight of God
Heirs of his promises—and poor alike,
Save as He gives as gifts of His own grace—
And pardon for our sins, if we repent—
And make this golden rule of life our law!
He whom no temple built with earthly hands,
Whom not the heaven of heavens can contain,

Is in the fulness of His Godhead power,
And whole redemption, in this holy Act,
Through which we know Him, as upon the day
When He arose victorious over death—
The two of Emmaus, and He the third,
Together journeyed, and the two knew not
The Lord of Life—until He entered in
Their lowly home—constrained to sup with them,
And, in the breaking of the bread, Himself
Made known, and vanished from their raptured sight.

And so, my children! when in low estate
Your eyes are holden, and your hearts grow cold—
False lights delude and faith begins to wane,
Remember then, those brighter moments, that
By certainty of faith in hope and love,
In breaking of the bread, you saw the Lord!
Although He vanish for a little while—
Yet in a little while again you see
More near and clear—and your weak hearts will grow
Strong in their sole dependence on the Lord.'

His words sank in their hearts, as April snow
Melts softly in the earth's warm bosom, when
The flambent sun ascends the vernal sky;
Austerely then repeated he, aloud,
The Ten Commandments, one by one, which God
Once spake on Sinai, and with finger wrote
On tables twain—as now on consciences—
And all the people answered with a prayer
For mercy—and the writing of these laws
Upon their hearts—to keep them evermore.

The solemn rite went on in ancient wise—
The bread was sanctified to holy use,
And broken in remembrance of the Lord—
The cup was blessed in thankfulness, that He,
Who shed His blood of this New Testament,
Has shed it for redemption of us all.
Then reverently their pastor gave the food
That feeds the soul, and in the act they knew
How Christ dwelt in their hearts, and sanctified
Their lives henceforth to live for Him alone.

A silence, only broken by the voice
Of their old pastor, held their souls in awe,
As if in presences unseen, of powers
Communing with them in the sacred rite;
But while all felt the influence, none beheld,
Save Eve, the vision of angelic forms
In shining raiment—beauteous, yet diverse—
Revealed commingling with the worshippers—
God's ministers sent out to minister
To heirs of His salvation. Only one,
Eve Ashby, kneeling motionless, her face
Uplifted, with clasped hands beneath her chin,
Beheld with opened eyes, and vision cleared,
The inner world of life, substantial, real—
The substance of the shadow here below,
That lasts, when this fades out, the spirit land
Of man's true origin and last abode—

Around us—in us—and God's Kingdom is,
Where are the mansions of eternal rest
For those who love the Lord and do His will.

Pale with expectance, Eve's amazed eyes
Beheld the flood of light pour in a stream
From topmost heaven—and amidst it, lo !
A golden stair, broad-slanting, easy, straight
Went up in triple flight—and rose, and rose
Higher in long perspective to the sky—
Till in the effulgence of glory lost,
It vanished mid the heights inaccessible
Of vision and of thought. Its highest flights
Seemed rarely trod. The inmost Paradise
Of souls snow-pure and white, that never sinned,
With knowledge—but are perfection in God's love—
As babes who live and die in grace—receives
But few in these last days of sinful time.

But other heavens open—glorious—vast
And comprehensive as the universe
Of stars that fill immensity. In these
New heavens dwell the souls purged clean of sin,
The Lord's redeemed from every nation, tongue
And people under heaven. Every one
According to his works done in the flesh,
For sake of God and of His righteousness,
Receiving his reward forever more.

The lower flight of that immortal stair
Of golden steps that lead to heaven's abodes,
Where each one finds the path leads to his own,
Was thronged to-day with angels, bright in robes
Of all celestial hues, with flowing hair
Oft diademed, and sandalled feet, that seemed
To glow with the good tidings that they bore—
Red, blue or golden, was their rich attire,
While some were dressed in white with crimson fringe,
Saints there from bloody tribulations come,
And martyrdoms—who died for sake of Christ.

A waft of air came with them, cool and pure
As winds on mountain tops, that filled the room
And every heart with breath of holiness,
Till all perceived and felt, they knew not how,
In touch with heaven, brought near to them to-day.
Eve still knelt motionless, and Hilda looked
With wonder what might mean the sudden change—
Her face of marble purity had caught
A glow as of the morning's dawning red
When Eden's Cherubim with flaming swords
That guard the tree of life from touch profane,
Cleave through the east a pathway for the sun—
She still knelt motionless, with fingers clasped
Across her heart, listening in silent joy.

The bells of Kirby Wiske ring out again
A louder peal of silver chime and clang—
None heard them else—for her alone they rang—
She listened eagerly, but made no sign
Save by the spirit. Then her vision cleared

Still more and more, as she an angel saw
In sapphire robe and golden sandals, dressed,
With flowing hair that heavenly odours shed—
A shining one, in youth's eternal bloom,
Who swiftly came and knelt down by her side
In the Communion. In his perfect hand,
Snow-white with all good works, he held a wreath
Of blooming roses fresh, and wet with dew
Of Paradise upon them, which he placed
With loving reverence on her head—nor knew
She yet the radiant youth's immortal guise.
Her eyes were dazzled, and she had forgot
That spiritual life grows never old,
But younger ever in th' eternal home;
Where time is not—nor age—where only love
And wisdom fill the soul, and beautify
With infinite diversity of charm;
Where those grow loveliest who most do love.

He knelt beside her, glorious in form
And beauty, bright with new-born happiness—
For he was one, had found celestial joys
Unsatisfying, lacking his betrothed—
And counted time, by hours unused in heaven,
Till she should come. Eve, lost in ecstasy,
Knelt breathless at the vision, wondering
What it might mean, and still she knew him not,
Until the aged pastor bade her take
And eat Christ's body in the Sacrament.
The angel's hand touched her's upon the dish,
And by the broken bread was instant known!

The veil of mist that held her eyes was rent
As by a lightning flash, and Eve beheld
The loving face of her own Lionel!
Out of the depths of heaven he came, to fetch
His bride long waiting, and she had heard his voice,
In words—no longer fancy—calling her:
'Rise up, my love! My fair one. Come away!
The flowers appear—the singing time of birds
Is come—the turtle's voice is in the land—
Heaven's gates of pearl to-day will open wide
For thee to enter in—my love! my bride!'

At that dear voice she stood in spirit up,
And gave her hand with perfect faith and trust
To go with him wherever he would lead.
Again the bells of Kirby Wiske rang clear
Their aerial chime—and clearer than before—
A joyous peal as on a marriage morn.

Transfigured, purified, set free from bonds
Of earthly life, Eve, robed in blue and white,
Stood saintliest among the shining throng,
With one light foot upon the golden stair
Prepared to go with him who held her hand;
Yet looking back, with pity for the grief
Of her dear father, who her lifeless form
Held in his arms—of Hilda's anguish, seen
In tears, and cries and kisses of despair,
As she clung to the prostrate knees, once Eve's,

But her's no longer—in the evermore.
Confusion reigned in all that upper room—
With women's cries—until the pastor's voice,
In loving sympathy and power divine,
Invoked a blessing on the blessed one,
Thrice blessed in dying with the Sacrament
Of Christ upon her lips. A dove flew in
The open window—and a moment sat
Upon the table—as Eve waved adieu—
And hand in hand with Lionel ascend
The golden stair, and vanished into light!

Above them shone a star, that led the way—
Like that, the wise men led to Bethlehem,
While troops of shining ones in waving robes—
Before—behind—with harps and clarions
Attended them, and sounded jubilees
Of silver trumpets till the heavens rang—
Chanting the angels' song—when Christ was born ·
'*Gloria in Excelsis Deo!*' ever—
And songs of inspirations always new,
In heavenly tongue, which all the angels know;
Not learned by painful iterance, as men
On earth acquire their mother tongue, but known
Through breathings of the Spirit—as with fire
Of Pentecost—all knew—and spake as one,
The tongue which all in heaven understood,
As Paul once heard in vision, when caught up
In words unlawful for a man to utter.

L'ENVOY.

May closed the book. A mist was in her eyes,
As when one, breathing on a mirror, dims
Its brightness for a moment; while her voice,
Respondent to her mood, was full of ruth,
That verged on wishing for a gracious death
Like Eve's, who fell at her Redeemer's feet
Crowned with the roses bloomed in Paradise.

'I knew,' she said, 'how that sweet story closed,
And never thought it sad!—To be beloved,
Betrothed and waited for—to leave the earth
Clasping the hand of one we love supreme,
Were life not death! O! to have waited long
For one in heaven, to find him when we die!
As I have learned from this old book of truth—
Quite sure of this, one would not care to live!'

'Why May! you are too wise by half to-day!'
Explained old Clifford, smiling. 'So much love,
In one who never had a lover! Nay!—
Blush not—nor be offended with me—May!—
"It is not so! and many love you!" Well!
I only jested. Sooth! It is that book
Of our dead poet makes you wish that he
Were waiting for you—for no other swain
Like him, will ever touch your heart and brain!'

May pouted for a moment—blushing red
As salvias, to her temples—when she heard

Her secret fancies so turned inside out
By her rough uncle, whom she pardoned still
For truth of what he said, yet woman like
To show the contrary, and give him choice
To judge him either way. She answered not,
But pressed the book more closely to her breast,
And then began to sing in wilful mood
A ballad gay, that drew the Chorus up
To join in the refrain—the music too
Refreshed by rest and mugs of ale, struck in,
And every thought of sadness brushed away
Like dust,—and so sped on the holiday.

THE NORTHERN AND WESTERN BOUNDARIES AWARDED TO ONTARIO.*

BY PARLIAMENTUM.

BY the Treaty of the 10th February, 1763, French Canada became a British possession ; and on the 7th October, 1763, the Crown of England by a proclamation under the Great Seal established within narrow limits, the first Province of Quebec, extending from near the River St. John, in Labrador, to Lake Nipissing, thence south-east to the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain, at line 55°, and along the highlands to the Bay of Chaleurs. These narrow limits left out of the control of civil government the French forts and settlements in the west and south-west of Canada.

In 1773 two petitions were sent from Canada to England : one from the English-speaking subjects of the Crown praying for the calling of a Legislative Assembly (*a*); the other from the French Canadians praying for (1) the restoration of their 'ancient laws, customs, and privileges;' (2) 'the re-annexation of the coast of Labrador which formerly belonged to Canada ;' (3) the appointment of a Council, as the colony was 'not yet in a condition to defray the expenses of its own civil government, and consequently not in a condition to admit of a General Assembly;' and (4) the extension of the Province to 'the same boundaries it had in the time of the French Government,'—setting forth: 'that, as under the French Government our colony was permitted to extend over all the upper countries known under the names of Michilimakinac, Detroit, and other adjacent places, as far as the River Mississippi (*et autres adjacents, jusques au fleuve du Mississippi*), so it may now be enlarged to the same extent. And this re-annexation of these inland posts to this Province is the more necessary on account of the fur trade which the people of this Province carry on to

* Continued from page 313.

(*a*) Maseres' Proceedings of the British in Quebec to obtain a House of Assembly, 1775, pp. 11, 16. These and other petitions were laid before Parliament; see 46 Commons Journal, p. 227.

them; because in the present state of things, as there are no courts of justice whose jurisdiction extends to those distant places, those of the factors we send to them with our goods, to trade with the Indians for their furs, who happen to prove dishonest, continue in them out of the reach of their creditors, and live upon the profits of the goods entrusted to their care' (*a*)

Mr. Francis Maseres, formerly Attorney-General of Quebec, was then acting as agent in London of the committee of British residents who had petitioned for a Legislative Assembly; and in his published report of the above proceedings, and of the passing of the Quebec Act of 1774, he stated:

'It is easy to see that the foregoing petition of the aforesaid French inhabitants of Canada has been made the foundation of the Act of Parliament above recited'(*b*). A comparison of the Quebec Act with the French Canadian petition will confirm this statement.

Lord North, the Prime Minister, also practically confirmed Mr. Maseres' report—that the petition of the French Canadians was the foundation of the Quebec Act—by stating, during the debate, 'the annexation of the country westward of the Ohio and the Mississippi and a few scattered posts to the west, is the result of the desire of the Canadians, and of those who trade to those settlements, who think they cannot trade with safety as long as they remain separate' (*c*).

The preamble of that Act recites:—'Whereas by the arrangements made by the said Royal Proclamation [of 1763], a very large extent of country, within which there were several colonies and settlements of the subjects of France, who claimed to remain therein under the faith of the said Treaty, was left without any provision being made for the administration of civil government therein;' it was therefore enacted that 'all the territories, islands and countries in North America,' bounded by a line from the Bay of Chaleurs running along described lines through Lake Champlain, River St. Lawrence, Lake Ontario, River Niagara, Lake Erie, to the northern boundary of Pennsylvania, 'and thence along the western boundary of the said Province until it strike the River Ohio, and along the banks of the said river westward to the banks of the Mississippi, and *northward* to the southern boundary of the territory granted to the Merchant Adventurers trading to Hudson's Bay . . . be and the same are hereby, during His Majesty's pleasure, annexed to and made part and parcel of the Province of Quebec'(*a*).

Six months after the passing of the Act, the Crown, on the 27th December, 1774, issued a Commission appointing Sir Guy Carleton, Governor-General of Quebec, and describing the limits of his government (as in the Quebec Act) to the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi, 'and along the bank of the said river [Ohio] westward to the banks of the Mississippi, and *northward along the eastern bank of the said river* to the southern boundary of the territory granted to the Merchant Adventurers trading to Hudson's Bay.' (*b*) The Commission appointing Sir Frederick Haldimand, Governor-General, in 1777, described the same boundaries. (*c*) So that if the Quebec Act left the western limits indefinite, the Crown, in the undoubted exercise of its prerogative, made the Mississippi river the western boundary.

Notwithstanding these acts of the Crown, the Dominion contends that the term 'northward' in the Quebec Act meant 'due north.' The law

(*a*) Maseres, pp. 111, 131.

(*b*) *Ibid.*, p. 181.

(*c*) Cavendish Debates, p. 9, 10; Boundary Documents, p. 299.

(*a*) 14 George III. c. 83.

(*b*) Boundary Documents, p. 46.

(*c*) *Ibid.*, p. 47.

officers, in 1774 (*a*), advised the Crown on the boundaries; and the Crown, as it had the prerogative right so to do, interpreted the term as northward along the Mississippi river—the boundary line insisted upon by the British Government and obtained from the French by the treaty of 1763. This 'due north' line, if thought of or acted upon in 1774, would have left out of civil government a long and narrow strip of territory containing the principal French posts and settlements, and, perhaps, cutting a fort or a settlement into two parts, or leaving it just outside the 'due north' line. On the ground, and within this 'disputed territory,'—between the 'due north' line and the Mississippi river,—there were, in 1774, the following French trading posts and settlements:— Kaskasias, Crevecœur, St. Nicholas, Bonsecour, Prairie du Chien, St. Croix, La Pointe, Kaministiquia, St. Pierre, St. Charles, and others—the population of which amounted to about 2,000 persons. (*b*)

The decisions of the Courts of Upper and Lower Canada on the term 'northward' in the Quebec Act conflict, and leave the point practically undecided.

In May, 1818, one Charles de Reinhard was tried at Quebec for the murder of Owen Keveny, at Rat Portage, on the Winnipeg river; and Sewell, C. J., and Bowen, J., ruled at *Nisi Prius*, that the term 'northward' meant 'due north from the junction of the rivers Ohio and Mississippi;' that Fort William, formerly the French Fort Kaministiquia, was three quarters of a degree (about thirty-four miles) to the *westward of the western limit of Upper Canada*, and therefore within the Indian territories (*a*).

In October of the same year, one Paul Brown and another were tried at the York Assizes by virtue of commissions issued by the Governor and Council of Lower Canada (Sewell, C.J., being a member of the Council), before Powell, C. J., Campbell, and Boulton, JJ., for the murder of one Robert Semple, at the junction of the Winnipeg and Assiniboine rivers. At the trial, the Attorney-General (Robinson), without giving his own opinion, contended that the Court should instruct the jury whether the place in question was without Upper Canada and part of the Indian territories. Powell, C. J., declined to rule, but reserved the question 'whether the locality was within the Province of Upper Canada or beyond the boundaries' (*b*).

The *Nisi Prius* ruling in the De Reinhard case seems to have been disregarded by the Courts of Upper Canada. At the York Spring Assizes, in 1819, two civil actions were tried, and verdicts rendered against Lord Selkirk for false imprisonment of the plaintiffs at Fort William; and Chief Justice Powell, in reporting the proceedings to the Lieutenant-Governor, stated that the imprisonment had occurred 'at Fort William in the Western District.' (*c*).

Thus according to Sewell, C. J., Fort William was thirty-four miles outside the western limits of Upper Canada; but according to Powell, C. J., it was part of the Western District, and therefore within the limits of Upper Canada.

(*a*) Earl Bathurst, Lord Chancellor; Mr. Thurlow (afterwards Lord Chancellor), Attorney-General, and Mr. Wedderburn (afterwards Lord Chancellor), Solicitor-General.

(*b*) 'As to the new boundary, it was said that there were French settlements beyond the Proclamation limits [of 1763] who ought to have provision made for them, and that there was one entire colony in the Illinois,' i. e., the country adjoining the Mississippi.—*Annual Register*, 1774, p. 76.

(*a*) Trial of De Reinhard *et al.*. p. 449; Report Boundary Committee H. of C., 1880, pp. v., 206. This ruling was not followed by Monk, J., in *Connolly* v. *Woolrich*, 11 L. C. Jurist, 197 (1867), who held that 'Athabasca,' a territory 900 miles west of Fort William, was part of French Canada ceded to Great Britain in 1763.

(*b*) Trial of Brown *et al.*, p. 217.

(*c*) Commons Papers, Red River Settlement (Imp.), 1819, v. 18, pp. 286, 287.

In 1819, Mr. afterwards Chief Justice Sir John Beverley Robinson, then Attorney-General, in reporting on certain illegal proceedings of Lord Selkirk, advised the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, that the same had occurred 'at Fort William, in the Western District of this province' (*a*). And at the Spring Assizes at York (Toronto), and at the Autumn Assizes, at Sandwich, the Attorney-General indicted Lord Selkirk, Miles McDonell, and others, for misdeameanors committed by them at Fort William, in resisting writs issued by the Court of King's Bench for Upper Canada, in 1816, and then being executed there by the deputy-sheriff of the district (*b*).

These opinions of the Chief-Justice and the Attorney-General of Upper Canada, given in 1819, are in direct conflict with the *Nisi Prius* ruling of Sewell, C. J., and destroy its effect as a judicial decision that 'northward' in the Quebec Act meant 'due north.'

Against this 'due north' contention, the law may be thus stated: 'In case of doubt, every country terminating on a river is presumed to have no other limits than the river itself, because nothing is more natural than to take a river for a boundary; and wherever there is a doubt, that is always to be presumed which is most natural and most probable.' (*c*) 'In great questions which concern the boundaries of states, where great natural boundaries are established in general terms with a view to public convenience and the avoidance of controversy, we think the great object, when it can be distinctly perceived, ought not to be defeated by those technical perplexities which may sometimes influence contracts between individuals.' (*a*)

(*a*) Commons Papers, Red River Settlement (Imp.), 1819, v. 18, p. 281; Act U. C. 38 George III. c. 5, s. 40.

(*b*) Trial of Brown *et al.*, p. 200: Commons Papers (Imp.), 1819, v. 18, p. 265.

(*c*) Vattel's Law of Nations, p. 121.

The Crown, in 1786, after the cession of the south-western portion of the Province of Quebec to the United States, had to give another interpretation to the boundary limits in the Quebec Act, and issued a commission appointing Sir Guy Carleton, Governor-General, in which the limits of his government in the west were described as extending through the great lakes and 'to the Lake of the Woods, thence through the said lake to the most north-western point thereof, and from thence on a due west course to the River Mississippi, and northward to the southern boundary of the territory granted to the Merchant Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay' (*b*). This description to and beyond the Lake of the Woods, overlaps the 'due north' line of modern days.

These Commissions from the Crown were political acts of state within the prerogative powers of the Crown, and vested in the governors of Quebec the civil government of the French Canadian territory to the Mississippi river and the Lake of the Woods. The Supreme Court of the United States has held that the determination of a controversy respecting indefinite national or state boundaries belongs to the political department of the Government as a political act of state, or as we would say, as a prerogative act. Chief Justice Marshall has thus stated the law: 'In a controversy between two nations concerning national boundaries, it is scarcely possible that the Courts of either should refuse to abide by the measures adopted by its own government. After acts of sovereign power over the territory in dispute, asserting a construction of the treaty by which the government claims it, to maintain the opposite construction in its own Courts would certainly be an anomaly in the history and practice of nations.

(*a*) *Hadley* v. *Anthony*, 5 Wheaton, U. S. 696.

(*b*) Boundary Documents, p. 47.

If the political departments of the nation have unequivocally asserted its right of dominion over a country of which it is in possession and which it claims under a treaty; if the legislature has acted on the construction thus asserted, it is not in its own Courts that this construction is to be denied. A question like this, affecting the boundaries of nations is, as has been truly said, more a political than a legal question, and in its discussion the Courts of every country must respect the pronounced will of the government'(*a*). And in a case which involved the question of the disputed boundaries between Rhode Island and Massachusetts, the State court said: 'The defence assumes to bring in question the eastern boundary of this State. Where that line is *de jure*, is a political question with which the Court of the State will not intermeddle. Sufficient for them is it, that the State has always claimed jurisdiction up to the limit named, and exercised it in fact. The Courts are bound to take cognizance of the boundaries in fact claimed by the State'(*b*).

The Province of Quebec continued until 1791; and during that year the King informed Parliament of his intention to divide the Province of Quebec into Upper and Lower Canada, making the Ottawa river and a line due north from Lake Temiscaming to Hudson's Bay, the dividing line between the two provinces; and, with a number of petitions and other documents, laid before Parliament a paper containing a 'description of the intended boundary between the Provinces of Upper Canada and Lower Canada,' (*c*) describing the boundaries of Upper Canada as follows: 'To commence at a stone boundary on the north bank of the lake St. Francis, at the cove west of Pointe au Bodet in the limit between the Township of Lancaster and the Seigneurie of New Longueuil running along the said limit in the direction of north 34° west to the westernmost angle of the said Seigneurie of New Longueuil, thence along the north-western boundary of the Seigneurie of Vaudreuil running north 25° east until it strikes the Ottawas river, to ascend the said river into the Lake Tomiscanning, and from the head of the said lake by a line drawn due north until it strikes the boundary line of Hudson's Bay, including all the territory to the westward and southward of the said line to the utmost extent of the country commonly called or known by the name of Canada' (*a*).

By the use of the French name 'Canada,' and by declaring that the limits of Upper Canada on the north should extend to Hudson's Bay, the Crown adopted the contention of the French king as to that boundary. An Imperial Order in Council was passed on the 24th August, 1791, authorizing the division of the Province of Quebec 'according to the line of division described in the paper' presented to Parliament, adopting the above described boundaries as the territorial limits of Upper Canada, and empowering the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec to issue the necesssary proclamation for the commencement of the Act within the two provinces. On the 18th of November of the same year, General Alured Clarke, then Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, issued the proclamation fixing the 26th of December, 1791, as the day on which the two provinces should be constituted (*b*).

The Commissions to the Governors of Upper Canada, from 1791 to 1835, adopt the same description of boundaries. From 1838 to 1846, the term, 'strikes the boundary line of Hudson's Bay' is changed to 'strikes the shore of Hudson's Bay,' or 'reaches the shore of Hudson's Bay' (*c*).

(*a*) *Foster* v. *Neilson*, 2 Peters, U. S., 306, 308.

(*b*) *State* v. *Dunwell*, 3 Rhode Island, 127.

(*c*) 46 Commons Journal, 227, 228.

(*a*) Boundary Documents, p. 411.

(*b*) *Ibid.*, pp. 27, 388.

(*c*) *Ibid.* pp. 48-52.

These acts of the Crown were 'acts of sovereign power over the territory in question;' and whether as prerogative acts, simply dividing the Province of Quebec, or enlarging the provincial boundaries of the new province, or exercising, under what may be termed the dual sovereignty, the prerogatives of the displaced French power, they are binding upon the governments subsequently created, and upon the judicial tribunals of those governments (*a*).

The term 'Canada' used in the paper presented to Parliament, and in the Proclamation of 1791, comprehended at the time an indefinite territory to the west. The Treaty of 1763 ceded to England as 'Canada,' the territory up to the River Mississippi; and had the territories to the south of the lakes remained a possession of the Crown, they must have formed part of Upper Canada. In dealing with titles there, the United States Supreme Court has held 'that the United States succeeded to all the rights *in that part of old Canada which now forms the State of Michigan*, that existed in the King of France prior to its conquest from the French by the British in 1760' (*b*).

The capitulation of Canada, signed at Montreal in 1760, referred to the Canadians and French 'settled or trading in the whole extent of the Colony of Canada,' and to the 'posts and countries above;' and the map produced by the Marquis de Vaudreuil at the time of the capitulation, on which he had traced the boundaries of Canada, showed that its then western boundary extended to Red Lake—a lake immediately south of the Lake of the Woods(*c*) At that time there were on Lake Superior, Pigeon River, Lake of the Woods, the lakes in the Red River territory, and even westward, posts and settlements belonging to the French, which were subject to the French governors of Canada(*a*). Had any dispute arisen between England and France as to the extent of the western territory included under the term 'Canada' in the Treaty, the French could not have disputed the English right to Red Lake (Lake of the Woods), the limit marked by De Vaudreuil on the map; nor that the French posts at Nepigon, Kaministiquia(*b*) (now Fort William), St. Pierre, on the Pigeon River, St. Charles, on the Lake of the Woods, formed part of 'Canada.'

Shortly after the new Government of Upper Canada was organized, a Proclamation, dated 16th July 1792, was issued under the Great Seal, dividing the Province into counties, and describing one thus: 'That the nineteenth of the said counties be hereafter called by the name of the County of Kent, which county is to comprehend all the country, not being territories of the Indians, not already included in the several counties hereinbefore described, extending northward to the boundary line of Hudson's Bay, including all the territory of the westward and southward to the same line, to the utmost extent of the country, commonly called or known by the name of Canada,' 'and that the said County of Kent as hereinbefore described shall and may be represented in the said House of Assembly by two members' (*c*).

The Surveyor-General of Upper Canada in his 'Topographical Description of Upper Canada,' drawn up for the first the Lieutenant Governor, reported that Upper Canada on the west

(*a*). 'Where the Government of the United States had plenary jurisdiction over the subject matter of boundaries, the State Government, as its successor, is bound by its Acts.' —*Missouri* v. *Iowa*, 7 Howard, U.S. 660.

(*b*). *United States* v. *Repetigny*, 5 Wallace, U.S. 211.

(*c*). A copy of this map was appended to the Dominion case used at the Arbitration.

(*a*) Sir Alexander Mackenzie's 'General History of the Fur Trade from Canada to the North-West.' 1789-1793, pp. lxv, lxxiii.

(*b*). 'Where the French had a principal establishment, and was the line of their communications with the interior country.' Boundary Documents, p. 108.

(*c*) Statutes of Upper Canada, 1781-1831, p. 26.

extended to the Lake of the Woods and the Mississippi river (*a*.)

Thus by the action of the Imperial and Provincial Governments, when the new Province of Upper Canada was constituted, the northern limit of Upper Canada was placed at Hudson's Bay, and the western limit at the Lake of the Woods—the boundaries fixed by the Award (*b*). But the Dominion ignores these prerogative acts of the Imperial Government —which, at the time the acts were performed, 'had plenary jurisdiction over the subject matter of these boundaries.'

The Dominion despatch of the 27th January, 1882, accepts and approves of the findings of the report of a Committee of the House of Commons, made in 1880, as follows :—

'In reference to the award made by the arbitrators on the 3rd August, 1878, a copy of which is appended, your Committee are of opinion that it does not describe the true boundaries of Ontario. It seems to your Committee to be inconsistent with any boundary line ever suggested or proposed subsequent to the Treaty of Utrecht (1713). It makes the Provincial boundaries run into territories granted by Royal charter in 1670, to the Merchant Adventurers of England trading into Hudson Bay; and it cuts through Indian territories which, according to the Act 43 George III., cap. 138, and 1 and 2 George IV., cap. 66, formed no part of the Province of Lower Canada or Upper Canada, or either of them ; and it carries the boundaries of Ontario within the limits of the former colony of Assiniboia, which was not a part of Upper Canada.'

(*a*) Surveyor-General Smith's Upper Canada, 1799, p. 3.

(*b*) The extent of Ontario may be thus stated :—Area of Ontario within the limits claimed by the Dominion viz. : a line drawn due north from the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers on the west, and the height of land on the north :—100,000 square miles, or 64,000,000 acres. Area of Ontario under the Award of the Arbitrators, 3rd August, 1878 :—197,000 square miles, or 126,000,000 acres—an addition of 62,000,000 acres. After the award was published in 1878, *Britannicus*, a correspondent of the *Montreal Gazette*, estimated the land value of the disputed territory at $65,000,000. At the Detroit Trade Convention, in 1866, the Hon. James Skead, estimated that there were 60,800 square miles of pine timber in the territory drained into Lakes Huron and Superior ; and during a late debate (1882), in the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, Mr. J. C. Miller, M.P. P., estimated the value of the timber within the disputed territory at $125,000,000.

The answers to these allegations are :

1. That the French claimed that the boundaries of Canada or *Nouvelle France* extended to Hudson's Bay ; and it was shown to the arbitrators that the French had built and occupied forts near to the Bay, after the Treaty of Utrecht.

And the award finds in favour of the French 'suggested or proposed' boundary line.

2. That as a matter of prerogative law, the Crown had the right to extend the civil government of Upper Canada over any territories granted to its subjects, or granted to the Hudson's Bay Company; or had the right to assert the French sovereignty, which it had displaced, as against the Company's claims. The subjects of the Crown in those territories were entitled to the benefits of the Crown's government And a further answer to this report may be found in the opinion given by the Law Officers of the Crown in 1857 : 'With respect to any rights of government, taxation, exclusive administration of justice, or exclusive trade otherwise than as a consequence of a right of ownership of the land, such rights could not be legally insisted on by the Hudson's Bay Company, as having been legally granted to them by the Crown' (*a*).

The award also finds in favour of the Crown's prerogative right to extend the civil government of Upper Canada to the shores of Hudson's Bay.

3. The Act of 43 George III., ch. 138 (1803), was passed in consequence of crimes committed in the Indian territories ; and those territories can only be ascertained by reference to the localities where the crimes referred to in the Act had been committed prior to its passing. Lord Selkirk, shortly after the occurrences, gave a detailed account of the crimes, and referring to the Act stated : 'This vague term, "Indian territories" has been used without any definition to point out the particular territories to which

(*a*) Boundary Documents, p. 201.

the Act is meant to apply. There are, however, extensive tracts of country to which the provisious of the Act unquestionably do apply, viz. those which lie to the *north and west* of the Hudson's Bay territories, and which are known in Canada by the general name of Athabasca. It was here that the violences which gave occasion to the Act were committed, and these are the only districts in which a total defect of jurisdiction described in the preamble of the Act was to be found' (*a*). But the Committee ignores Lord Selkirk's testimony.

4. The reference to the 'colony of Assiniboia,' illustrates the questionable value of the findings of the Committee. This pseudo 'colony' was a trading district of the Hudson's Bay Company, originally established by Lord Selkirk (*b*), under a grant of territory from a squatter company called the North-West Company, which, without any grant or charter from the Crown, had intruded into the western territory previously occupied by French traders prior to the conquest. Lord Selkirk sold his title to the Hudson's Bay Company, and they re-granted to him in 1811. In 1814, Mr. Miles McDonell issued a 'proclamation' setting forth that the Hudson's Bay Company had ceded the territory called Assiniboia to Lord Selkirk,—the limits of which he set out—and that he (Miles McDonell) had been 'duly appointed Governor' (*c*). In 1839, the Hudson's Bay Company declared the territory to be the 'district of Assiniboia.' Such was the origin of the so-called 'colony,' the 'limits' of which the Committee report have been intruded upon by the award.

This so-called 'proclamation' describing the boundaries of the 'colony of Assiniboia,' was produced in Toronto, in 1818 (*a*), at the trial of Brown and others for the murder of 'Governor' Semple, a predecessor of 'Governor' Miles McDonell ; and Powell, C. J., facetiously observed as to his title : 'You may call him, or they may call him, just what you or they will : Landlord, Master, Governor, or Bashaw' (*b*). Mr. Sherwood in his argument for the prisoners said : 'This issuer of proclamations might as legally have issued a proclamation forbidding the people of Yonge Street to come to York Market' (*c*).

The Committee struggled to get evidence that the Crown had recognized this 'colony' (*d*). One witness stated

(*a*) *Sketch of the British Fur Trade in North America*, pp. 85-6. This statement is confirmed by the evidence of Mr. Mills (p. 27) ; Mr. D. A. Smith (p. 52) ; and others before the Committee.

(*b*) In the proceedings before the Boundary Committee, the following was stated by an ex-officer of the Hudson's Bay Company : Q. 326. 'Did Lord Selkirk get any charter from any power? A. Lord Selkirk was an usurper.'

(*c*) Report of Boundary Committee, House of Commons, pp. xix, and 48 ; Boundary Documents, p. 28.

(*a*) Trial of Brown *et al.* p. 98.

(*b*) *Ibid.*, p. 80. (*c*) *Ibid.* p, 92.

(*d*) This is illustrated by some questions and answers given in the report. One witness was asked :

277. I understand you to say Assiniboia was a Crown colony? Not precisely, except as being under the Crown as delegated to the Hudson's Bay Company.

278. It was fully recognized as a Crown colony? It was recognized as a colony.

Another witness was thus examined :

417. Do you know of the existence of the colony of Assiniboia? Yes; Lord Selkirk's colony.

418. This colony was a regular Crown colony? No ; it was not.

419. You do not admit it was? No; it was a local establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company; the Crown had nothing to do with it.

420. It was first Lord Selkirk's colony. In 1838 it was adopted by the Hudson's Bay Company, and then it was treated in some measure as a Crown colony? I must say there was no Crown colony established by the Crown in Assiniboia.

421. Are you aware it was recognized as a Crown colony, and that Recorders were appointed, having civil and criminal jurisdiction under commissions issued by the Crown in England? Recorders were appointed under commissions issued by the Hudson's Bay Company.

422. Yes; under their charter from the Crown of England, as they claim? The Crown appointed no officers with civil or criminal jurisdiction in Assiniboia.

that it was so recognized because the Duke of Wellington had sent troops there in 1846, 'so that in view of any trouble in respect of the Oregon question, they might be made available on the other side of the mountains;' and again, 'most certainly the Duke of Newcastle recognized as a possible event that the Crown of England *might make* a crown colony of it. *I believe it was a mere accident that it was not done.*' On such evidence the Committee report that, 'the colony of Assiniboia was to some extent recognized by the Imperial Goverment,' and that 'it was never treated as part of the Province of Upper Canada' (*a*).

To students of Crown law it will appear novel that the Crown's Proclamation of 1791 could be revoked or limited, or affected, by a grant or sale of a squatter's claim, or by a 'proclamation' issued in 1814, by the bailiff of Lord Selkirk, or subordinate of a trading corporation, calling himself 'governor of Assiniboia.' An act of co-ordinate power was performed within the same territory by M. Louis Riel in 1869, when he assumed the equally executive title of 'President;' and under an equally effective assumption of prerogative, issued a proclamation establishing the 'Provisional Government of Assiniboia.' Riel's government displaced the 'governor' who held his position by virtue of his succession to the title inaugurated by Mr. Miles McDonell in 1814. And the Hudson's Bay Company, which had constituted the territory as a 'colony,' and created the office of 'governor,' abandoned its powers of government, and recognized Riel and his confederates as a legal government 'within the territorial limits of the colony of Assiniboia' (*b*). The Committee are silent on the analogy between these two historic acts of coordinate prerogative assumption. But the logic of their finding as to the invasion of the Ontario boundaries on the limits of Assiniboia is that a proclamation by a bailiff of Lord Selkirk or of the Hudson's Bay Company, did limit or interpret the territorial operation of the Crown's Proclamation, of 1791. The converse proposition: whether Lord Selkirk or the Hudson's Bay Company by the so-called 'proclamation' had not intruded upon the Crown's limits of Upper Canada, was not considered by the Committee.

The agreement between the two political sovereignties of Canada and Ontario, referring this question of the disputed boundaries of Ontario to arbitration became binding on each government when approved as Orders in Council, by the Representatives of the Crown in the Dominion and Province respectively, and pledged the good faith and honor of the Crown that the agreement would be carried out; and therefore for the purposes of this arbitration, must be treated as subject to all the incidents of a Treaty between two independent states.

In a similar case of an agreement between subordinate governments in India, the English Court of Chancery thus held: 'It is a case of mutual treaty by persons acting in that instance as states independent of each other; and the circumstances that the East India Company are mere subjects, with relation to this country, has nothing to do with that. That Treaty was entered into with them, not as subjects but as a neighbouring independent state, and is the same as if it was a Treaty between two sovereigns' (*a*).

It is a rule of International Law that 'where a nation has tacitly or expressly conferred upon its executive department, without reserve, the right of treating with other states, it is considered as having invested it with all

(*a*) Report of Boundary Committee, House of Com., 1880, pp. xxi. and 96.

(*b*) Report on the Difficulties in the North West Territories; Journal of the House of Commons, 1874, Appendix, p. 26. Statement of claims consequent upon the insurrection in the North-West Territories.—Canada Sessional Paper, No. 44. 1871, pp. 29-30.

(*a*) *Nabob of Carnatic* v. *East India Company*, 2 Ves., Jun. 60.

the powers necessary to make a valid contract. That department is the organ of the nation ; and the alienations by it are valid, because they are done by the reputed will of the nation' (*a*).

Treaties when made by the competent power, and Awards made in pursuance of such Treaties, are, according to the ethics of nations, obligatory and binding on states as private contracts are binding upon individuals. If the Treaty requires an Act of the Legislature to carry it into effect, 'the Treaty is morally obligatory upon the legislature to pass the law ; and to refuse it would be a breach of public faith' (*b*). 'No nation can violate public law and public faith without being subjected to the penal consequences of reproach and disgrace' (*c*).

In the future of Canada and of the several Provinces, territorial and financial disputes may occur, which may appropriately be referred to tribunals of arbitration. For the safety of their future, and for the faithful observance of the pledged faith and honour of the Crown in their Governments, Ontario cannot afford to waiver in holding firmly and fairly by the Award. In this controversy with the Dominion she stands forth as the representative of all the Provinces, and any abandonment by her of this Award would establish what to other Provinces might form an inconvenient precedent for a future 'breach of public faith,' or—repudiation.

The able state paper of the 18th February, 1882, which sets forth Ontario's reply to the Dominion despatch, earnestly and temperately discusses the long and unexplained delay of the Dominion rulers in announcing their repudiation of the Award. It shows the uselessness and delay of a new arbitration and declines it; and then pleads for the sake of 'the development and settlement of the territory, the maintenance of order, and the due administration of justice therein,' the 'just course' of obtaining, without further delay, the Parliamentary recognition of the Award as a final adjustment of the boundaries of the Province, adding :—'the evils already endured are beyond recall ; but the continuance or aggravation of them from this time forward is in the hands of your [Dominion] Government' (*a*) —words which will find many an echo throughout Ontario.

(*a*) Kent's Commentaries, vol. i., p. 167.

(*b*) Kent's Commentaries, vol. i., p. 166. Treaties have been confirmed by the following Imperial Acts, 22 Geo. III. c. 46 ; 2 & 3 Vic. c 96 ; 7 Vic. c. 12 ; 15 Vic. c. 12 ; 25 & 26 Vic. c. 63 ; 31 & 32 Vic. c. 45 ; 33 & 34 Vic. c. 52 ; 35 & 36 Vic. c. 45 ; 38 & 39 Vic. c. 22 ; 39 & 40 Vic. c. 80.

(*c*) Kent's Commentaries, vol. i., p. 182.

(*a*) Ontario Sess. Papers, No. 23, 1882, p. 24.

THE 'ANTIGONE' OF SOPHOCLES.

BY WILLIAM H. C. KERR, M.A., BRANTFORD.

THE representation of a Greek play on the stage of a Canadian University theatre marks an era in classical culture amongst us deserving of something more than a passing notice. It may, moreover, excite some interest in the approaching performance of the *Antigone* of Sophocles, the tragedy selected for representation, if we present in popular form a brief outline of the play, with some account of its author and his influence on Greek tragic art.

Sophocles was born at Colonus, a village situate about a mile from Athens, about 500 B.C. To be strictly accurate, our poet first saw the light five years after the dawn of the fifth century before the Christian era, and left 'the upper air' five years before its close. His long life was, therefore, passed in the most momentous and eventful epoch of Grecian history. His early childhood witnessed the heroic struggle of his countrymen against the repeated attacks of the Persian monarchy—a struggle in which public liberty and individual progress were matched against Oriental despotism and slavish subjection, and which, fortunately for the destinies of Europe and the history of mankind, terminated signally in favour of the former. He was scarcely five years old when he saw the return of the victorious Athenians from the glorious field of Marathon. It reads like the exploits of a fairy tale, that on that memorable plain a little band of ten thousand Greeks, with 'footsteps insupportably advanced,' met and defeated an invading host numbered by hundreds of thousands, the flower of Median chivalry. Yet the researches of Dr. Schliemann's spade on Mount Athos have somewhat weakened the sweeping charge of mendacity brought by the the Roman satirist against the Greek historians. But whatever may have been the numbers engaged, it sufficiently illustrates the spirit-stirring patriotism of the age that here the warriors of a single Greek city, aided by a contingent of 800 hoplites from Platæa, fought and won, against overwhelming odds, the most decisive battle of historic times.

The poet Æschylus, the illustrious predecessor of Sophocles on the tragic stage, distinguished himself at Marathon, and, ten years later, from the Grecian lines, saw the destruction of the proud armament of the barbarians off 'the sea-beat isle of Ajax.' It was in this same year (480 B. C.) that Euripides was born; and so we have the names of the Greek tragic triad associated with the most notable events in their country's history. When the exultant Athenians, after the disastrous overthrow of the invaders at Salamis, were marching in procession to the shrine of Minerva and making the temple-crowned Acropolis ring with shouts of 'Io Kallinike!' it was the comely son of Sophillus, then only in his sixteenth year, who stept to the front as leader of the garland-bearing train of youths who chanted the song of triumph in celebration of the victory. What an auspicious introduction to Athenian society! Hitherto, he had only given satisfactory evidence of his having profited by the excellent education his father had provided for him by

carrying off the bays from his youthful compeers in musical contests and in the exercises of the palæstra, but now, on a great public occasion, Sophocles is brought prominently before the notice of a quick-witted people, who were ready to detect genius, if they were often capricious in their recognition of it. It is said that great occasions produce great men. If, then, a great age is favourable to the production of great men, Sophocles lived in a great age. It was great not only in the field of military glory, but in the domain of art. It was great at Thermopylæ and Salamis, at Marathon and Platæa. But it produced not only Leonidas and Miltiades, Cimon and Themistocles. It was the age of Pindar and Simonides in lyric poetry, of Æschylus and Euripides in tragedy, of Eupolis and Aristophanes in comedy, of Anaxagoras and Protagoras in philosophy; of Thucydides and Xenophon in history; of Socrates and Plato in dialectics; of Lysias and Isocrates in oratory; of Zeuxis and Parrhasius in painting; of Phidias and Polycletus in sculpture. The architecture of Athens at this period has been at once the admiration and the despair of the builders of all succeeding ages; while in works of plastic art the masterpieces of Phidias tower above the best efforts of modern sculpture, like his own Minerva among the treasures of the Parthenon. In a word, it was the age of Pericles, when Athens not only took the lead of Greece, but the intellectual hegemony of the world.

Now of all the great names which illustrate the page of Grecian story in this brilliant era, no artist attained greater lustre than did Sophocles in his especial sphere—that of tragedy. 'Sophocles,' says Hare, 'is the summit of Greek art; but one must have scaled many a steep before one can estimate his height: it is because of his classical perfection that he has generally been the least admired of the great ancient poets; for little of his beauty is perceptible to a mind that is not thoroughly principled and imbued with the spirit of antiquity.' His contemporaries, however, fully appreciated him. Twenty times he carried off the first prize at the great Dionysian festivals when new tragedies were exhibited, and ten times he took the second prize. He wrote one hundred and thirteen tragedies in all. Choerilus presented one hundred and fifty pieces of dramatic composition; Æschylus and Euripides about a hundred each. With such astonishing facility were works of surpassing power flung from the burning grasp of inspired intellect in the early ages of the world! Of Sophocles' plays seven only survive to us. Of these, the *Antigone* is first in point of time, if not in order of merit. This play was exhibited in 440 B. C., and it is said that some judicious allusions in it to Pericles procured him a government appointment, in pretty much the same fashion as a discreet manipulation of the columns of a newspaper in modern times paves the way to political preferment. For before the invention of the printing-press, the stage frequently fulfilled the offices of the fourth estate in affording opportunities for indulging in favourable or adverse criticisms of the statesmen and the measures of the time.

Of the remaining six tragedies of Sophocles, two others besides the *Antigone*, the *Œdipus Tyrannus* and the *Œdipus at Colonus*, relate the misfortunes of the House of Labdacus. These plays, however, were not represented together, for Sophocles departed largely from the custom which prevailed before his time of presenting trilogies.

It will materially assist the understanding of the *Antigone*, if we have a clear conception of the old national legend connected with the family of Œdipus. The story is one of the oldest in Grecian mythology—old even in Sophocles' time—the happening of these supposed events dating back as

far before the birth of Sophocles, as he preceded the Christian era. This tragic tale comes down to us, therefore, with various embellishments from the ruddy dawn of Hellenic antiquity, but its main features, according to the most authentic traditions are, concisely, as follows: Laius, the son of Labdacus, reigned in Thebes, about the commencement of the millennial epoch preceding the birth of Christ. His wife, Jocasta, was the daughter of Menœceus, and sister of Creon. This city was so unfortunate as to possess one of the most eminent soothsayers of antiquity, Teiresias by name, whose ill-omened prognostications were continually working or unfolding mischief. He informed King Laius that he should die by the hands of his expectant heir; so, as soon as the child was born, they bound its feet together and left it to die on Mount Cithæron. A shepherd in the employ of the Corinthian king, Polybus, found the exposed infant there and brought it to the palace. The kind-hearted monarch received the child and brought him up as his own son, naming him Œdipus ('the swoln-footed'), from his feet being swollen by the cruel bands. On attaining manhood a report reached his ears, that he was not the son of his putative father, so he set out for Pytho's rock to consult the oracle, whose unwelcome response was that 'he should slay his father and marry his mother.' To avoid so fearful a catastrophe he determined not to go back to Corinth, but took the road for Thebes, and on the way met his real father, Laius. In an enconnter which took place between them as to the right of way, Œdipus in a rage slew both Laius and his charioteer. Unconscious of the parricidal character of the deed just perpetrated, Œdipus wanders uncomforted among the glens and rocky defiles of Bœotia, a self-exiled outlaw, brooding over his untoward destiny and taking measures (*si qua fata aspera rumpat*) to avoid it. At length this fugitive knight-errant of fate appears before Thebes and finds the people in great distress by reason of the ravages of the Sphinx, a she-monster who propounded a riddle to the citizens and destroyed all who were unable to guess it. The Thebans had issued a proclamation offering the kingdom of Laius and the hand of Jocasta in marriage to any one who should solve the enigma. Œdipus made the lucky guess, which resulted in the overthrow of the Sphinx, and thereupon ascended the throne of his father and married his mother, Jocasta. The fruit of this unfortunate alliance were two sons and two daughters: Eteocles and Polynices, Antigone and Ismene. All went well for a time. But the deity, awakening to the necessity of punishing this incestuous marriage, began, after the approved fashion of antiquity, to destroy the people for the misdeeds of their rulers. In this respect the Hellenic Zeus was neither better nor worse than the tribal God of the ancient Hebrews, who about this time, according to the received chronology, was decimating the land of Israel 'year after year' with famine, on account of the excessive but mistaken zeal of Saul. *Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*

It is just at this point in this tragic fate-fable that the Œdipus Tyrannus opens. The suppliant people headed by a priest present themselves before the palace and beseech the king to exhaust every means to prevent the ravages of the plague. Œdipus despatches his brother-in-law Creon to the shrine of Apollo, and the oracle makes answer that the presence of the murderer of Laius is the cause of the calamity. Œdipus thereupon denounces fearful imprecations upon the murderers, and sends for Teiresias to assist in his discovery. The old soothsayer discloses that Œdipus himself is the murderer, and the secret of his birth is unfolded. The *denouement* is tragical in the extreme. Jocasta hangs herself, and Œdipus in his frenzy,

with her gold embossed brooch-pins, puts out his eyes.

Antigone now appears on the stage in the *Œdipus at Colonus*, as the guide and comfort of her aged and stricken parent. Expelled from Thebes by Eteocles and Polynices, his wretched sons, who fell to quarrelling amongst themselves about the government, unhappy Œdipus wanders towards Athens, and, reduced to beggary and utter destitution, seeks refuge in the consecrated grove of the Furies. Here the sweet character of our heroine appears in the most amiable light. We are at a loss whether most to admire her exalted piety and filial affection or her sisterly regard and forgiving disposition towards her brother. She has been compared to Shakespeare's Cordelia, but the character of Antigone, as set forth in this play, and the tragedy under review which bears her name, more nearly approaches the ideal perfection of the Christian religion. In remarking upon this comparison, the talented author of 'Characteristics of Women' has well observed, that 'as poetical conceptions the characters of Cordelia and Antigone rest on the same basis—they are both pure abstractions of truth, piety and natural affection; and in both, love as a passion is kept entirely out of sight—for though the womanly character is sustained by making them the objects of devoted attachment, yet to have portrayed them as influenced by passion would have destroyed that unity of purpose and feeling which is one source of power, and, besides, would have disturbed that serene purity and grandeur of soul which equally distinguishes both heroines. The spirit, however, in which the two characters are conceived is as different as possible, and we must not fail to remark that Antigone, who plays a principal part in two fine tragedies, and is distinctly and completely made out, is considered as a masterpiece, the very triumph of the ancient classical drama; whereas there are many among Shakespeare's characters which are equal to Cordelia as dramatic conceptions and superior to her in finish of outline, as well as in the richness of poetical colouring.' The prolonged lament of Antigone and her sister Ismene for the loss of their father at the conclusion of the *Œdipus at Colonus* has been unjustly condemned. The Greek audiences did not wait, like our modern theatre-goers, for a concluding tableau which would sum up the catastrophe and then rush for the doors. Had the play ended with the disappearance of Œdipus in the mysterious grove without the dutiful threnody of the sisters, the morality of the piece from the lofty Greek stand-point would have suffered. As it is, there is something exceedingly touching in the grief of Antigone. It is the sacred outpouring of a spirit that finds no relief in the reflection that life with her outcast father, reduced from the loftiest estate to abject penury, begging for herself and the blind old man a precarious livelihood from door to door, might well be regarded insupportable. She wishes to see her father's grave and die there.

> 'O, I was fond of misery with him,
> E'en what was most unlovely grew beloved,
> When he was with me. O my dearest father,
> Beneath the earth now, in deep darkness hid,
> Worn as thou wert with age, to me thou still
> Wert dear, and shalt be ever!'

Unable to procure permission to visit the spot where her father fell, she prays to be sent back to Thebes that she may try to prevent the slaughter of her brothers.

We have been digressing a little, but I trust that we have not lost the thread of our story. We have seen that the two sons of Œdipus quarrelled, and the result was that the younger, Polynices, was expelled from Thebes. Polynices fled to the court of Adrastus, King of Argos, where he was received with favour and married a daughter of Adrastus. The Argive King, in

order to restore his son-in-law to the Theban throne, undertook the famous expedition known in Grecian story as the 'Seven against Thebes,' which is the subject of one of the Æschylean dramas. Eteocles defended himself with great bravery, and when matters fared badly with the heroes who accompanied him, the Thebans proposed that the contest should be decided by single combat between the brothers. Polynices accepted the challenge, and in the fierce duel which followed both the combatants fell, and the war was ended.

Creon, the brother of Jocasta, thereupon assumed the reins of government; and now we come to the events which are related in the *Antigone* of Sophocles, and which form the closing chapter in the sad Œdipodean tragedy.

Eteocles fell fighting for his country, and is accorded the honours of a public funeral, but the rites of sepulture are denied to Polynices because he had banded with his country's foes against Thebes. A very limited acquaintance with ancient mythology will suffice to account for the overpowering emotion and concern with which Antigone learned of this cruel edict of the new king in regard to the remains of her unhappy brother. For the repose of his soul it was necessary that the last sad offices should be performed for the unburied corpse of Polynices, and it was regarded as an imperative religious duty, binding on the conscience of every passer-by, to accord burial rites in such cases, which would be sufficiently discharged by 'the scanty present of a little dust' thrice cast on the deceased. This pious custom still survives in the Christian formula: 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.' When, therefore, Antigone hears that Creon has forbidden the rites of burial to her fallen brother, her indignation knows no bounds, and she resolves at once to disobey the king's commands, although death were the penalty of her disobedience.

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The scene of the *Antigone* is laid at Thebes, in front of the royal palace. The preface to the Oxford annotated edition presents us with a concise analysis which will be helpful to any of our readers who may intend to witness the approaching representation at Toronto University. 'On the left hand is seen a street leading into the city; on the right, in the distance, a plain skirted by hills, which has lately been the scene of battle. Time, daybreak on the morning after the battle, and retreat of the Argive host, which had been beleaguering the city.'

In the first scene, Antigone enters, followed by Ismene. Antigone declares her intention to disobey Creon's decree for bidding funeral rites to Polynices, and invites her aid. Ismene tries to dissuade her, but is answered with indignant scorn. Antigone leaves to execute her purpose. The Chorus of Theban elders sing a pean in honour of the victory over the Argives, but are interrupted by the entrance of Creon, who repeats and justifies his edict respecting Polynices. Meantime, Antigone has succeeded in scattering a few handfuls of dust over her brother's body, sufficient to satisfy the requirements of religion. While the Chorus is tamely submitting to the behests of Creon and making excuses for the act of Antigone, the second scene closes with the arrest of Antigone discovered in the pious act of again casting earth upon her brother's corpse.

In the third scene, Antigone justifies her conduct and triumphs in it. Her sister, Ismene, seeks to share in Antigone's punishment, but her sister refuses her any participation in the the suffering, as she had selfishly refrained from assisting in the deed. The Chorus declaims against impiety.

The fourth scene opens with the entrance of Creon's son, Hæmon, who is in love with Antigone. Hæmon advises his father to beware of acting cruelly towards our heroine, who is a great favourite with the people on account of her piety and nobleness of

heart. Not being able to move the king by these considerations, Hæmon resolves on self-destruction if Antigone is put to death. Creon, disregarding his son's threats, orders Antigone to be immured in a rocky cavern and left to perish. In the fifth scene, Antigone is led forth to punishment, and, amid half-hearted consolations from the Chorus, apostrophises her tomb. The tragedy closes with the introduction on the stage of the old soothsayer Teiresias, and fearful calamities are pronounced upon Creon for his impiety, which find their fulfilment in the death of Antigone and the suicide of her lover, his son and heir to his throne, and also of his wife Eurydice. Creon gives himself up to paroxysms of despair, and the Chorus concludes by exhorting to acts of reverence and piety.

In the concluding scene, a startling stage effect is produced by a contrivance called the 'Εκκύκλημα, which opens and discloses to the view of the spectators the dead body of the self-murdered Eurydice.

An accomplished writer in the *Century Magazine* for November last, in an article upon 'The Costumes of the Greek Play at Harvard,' is in error in saying that in the Greek theatre there was no scenery, 'no creaking stage machinery, nor noisy imitation of Nature's music.' On the contrary, the most ingenious appliances were successfully employed in the representation of Greek plays—not only in scene painting, but in machinery for the introduction of deities, by arrangements for the uplifting of an actor to the cloud-encircled θεολογεῖον, and for representing water on the stage. By a tackling of ropes and pulleys, Bellerophon was made to rival the wonders of the flying trapeze. Revolving prisms disclosed the appropriate scenery for the play. Bladders filled with pebbles rolled over sheets of copper represented thunder as successfully as the 'noisy imitation of Nature's music' produced by rattling sheets of zinc in the modern theatre, while lightning was made to flash across the stage by polished mirrors reflecting the rays of the sun; for these representations were held in the day time and in the open air, in a theatre hewn out of the hill-side rock, capable of accommodating 30,000 spectators, or considerably more than the entire adult population of the City of Toronto! Altogether, the Greek theatre is the most wonderful outcome of intellectual culture which the world has ever known. It is difficult to set bounds to our admiration for a people who could worthily appreciate such exalted sentiment—who could sit day after day, from sunrise to sunset, at their religious festivals witnessing such representations, listening to

> 'What the lofty, grave tragedians taught
> In chorus, or iambic, teachers best
> Of moral prudence,——
> High actions and high passions best describing,'

and spend their evenings in criticising the plays exhibited, in canvassing the merits of the actors and the decisions of the judges.

The prevailing sentiment underlying the *Antigone*, as in others of Sophocles' plays, is reverence for the gods. The heroine maintains that the immutable decrees of Heaven are not to be capriciously contravened or abrogated by merely human ordinances, in language exceedingly sublime. When the irate monarch asks her why she disobeyed the royal mandate, she replies that 'no such mandate ever came from Jove, nor from Justice, nor could I ever think a mortal's law of power or strength sufficient to override the unwritten law divine, immutable, eternal, not like these of yesterday, but made ere time began!' To her unwavering constancy in obeying the dictates of religion and in acknowledging the superior obligation of the laws of a Higher Power in matters pertaining to conscience, the chaste and severe Antigone falls a martyr, and faces her doom with unflinching

heroism. In one of the choruses in this play, the futility of fighting against the omnipotence of the Everlasting God, who dwells in light unapproachable, is described with a majesty and power of diction scarcely ever equalled and never excelled in the whole range of sacred and profane literature.

'O Jove, what daring irreverence of mortals can control thy power, which neither the sleep which leads the universe to old age ever seizes, nor the unwearied mouths of the Gods? Through unwasting time, enthroned in might, thou inhabitest the glittering blaze of heaven!'

Whatever may have been the character of our poet's life—and as to this there is the widest divergence of opinion—he everywhere inculcates reverence for the omnipresent beauty and sanctity of existence, and the supreme authority of the eternal laws of duty and of right. Thus in the *Œdipus Tyrannus* the chorus offers a prayer, which has been very much admired in all ages, and which is imperfectly translated thus: 'O for the spotless purity of action and of speech, according to those sublime laws of right, which have the heavens for their birthplace and God alone for their author—which the decays of mortal nature cannot vary, nor time cover with oblivion; for the divinity is mighty within them, and waxes not old.'

From these brief extracts it will be seen that Sophocles sometimes successfully essayed the lofty flights of the Titan of the Greek stage, but though he could not equal Æschylus in adventurous daring—no poet ever did—he surpassed him in the sustained excellence, and in the harmonious beauty and consummate polish, of his compositions.

Sophocles lived, as we have seen, to a good old age; and down to the very close of his life, retained possession of his finely-balanced faculties. A story is told of him that, in consequence of his partiality for a grandson who bore his name, his son Jophon charged him before the proper court with dotage and incapacity to manage his property. The poet, in place of any other defence, read to his judges from his new play, the *Œdipus at Colonus*, which he had just finished, the beautiful chorus which extols the beauty of his native Attic deme, and demanded of his judges 'if that was the work of an idiot?' The judges, we are informed, broke up the court in admiration, and escorted the poet in triumph to his house.

This story, if, like most good stories, of doubtful authenticity, ought to be true, to the extent, at least, that it indicates a hearty appreciation by his fellow-countrymen of the beauty of the chorus recited. As it affords a very fine specimen of the descriptive powers of Sophocles, I make no apology for presenting the lay reader with Bulwer's spirited version of this famous passage.

The Chorus informs the blind old wanderer Œdipus that he has come to the silvery Colonus,—

'Where ever and aye thro' the greenest vale
Gush the wailing notes of the nightingale,
From her home where the dark-hued ivy weaves
With the grove of the god a night of leaves,
And the vines blossom out from the lonely glade,
And the suns of the summer are dim in the shade,
And the storms of the winter have never a breeze
That can shiver the leaf from the charmèd trees,
For there, Oh! ever there,
With that fair mountain-throng
Who his sweet nurses were
Wild Bacchus holds his court the conscious woods among!
Daintily ever there,
Crown of the mighty goddesses of old,
Clustering Narcissus with his glorious hues
Springs from his bath of Heaven's delicious dews,
And the gay crocus sheds his rays of gold.
And wandering there forever
The fountains are at play;
And Cephissus feeds his river
From their sweet urns day by day;
The river knows no dearth:
Adown the vale the lapsing waters glide,
And the pure rain of that pellucid tide
Calls the rife beauty from the heart of earth,
While by the banks the Muse's choral train
Are duly heard—and there Love checks her golden rein!'

There is one section of the community, at least, which, on reading or witnessing the *Antigone*, will gladly join with the Theban Simmias in casting immortelles on the grave of Sophocles. I refer to—the ladies. At a time when but little honour was accorded to women, when noble sentiments and heroic daring were ordinarily usurped by the sterner sex as their exclusive property, Sophocles exhibited the female character in its most glorious perfection. Euripides, the misogynist, at this very period, was traducing womankind, and denouncing matrimony as a lottery in which there were no prizes, but the choice lay between bad and worse, as the nature of women was wholly vile. However, the *Medea* of Euripides has its effectual antidote in the *Antigone* of Sophocles. While the fair ones are wreathing fresh chaplets for their champion, here is old Simmias' affectionate tribute :

> 'Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
> Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid ;
> Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs and intertwine
> With blushing roses and the clustering vine ;
> Thus will thy lasting leaves with beauties
> hung,
> Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung,
> Whose soul exalted by the god of wit
> Among the Muses and the Graces writ.'

THE STORY OF ANTIGONE, AS TOLD BY SOPHOCLES.

BY FIDELIS.

THE presentation of the tragedy of *Antigone*, at the University of Toronto, will be a public benefit, if it awaken some thoughtful interest in the noblest productions of the dramatic genius of Ancient Greece. A degenerate public that cares only to be amused, and can enjoy night after night the coarse flippancy of *Operas Bouffes* or the inane trivialities of modern popular burlesques, might well feel ashamed of itself when brought face to face with the dramas that enchained the Athenian populace in the Amphitheatre in Athens' most brilliant days, and stirred their intensest enthusiasm to crown the victor in the dramatic contest. The tragedies of Sophocles are no facetious trifles or superficial melodramas, but earnest wrestlings with the deepest moral problems of human life—with the abiding mystery of wrong and its inevitable shadow, retribution,—

> 'questionings
> Of sense and outward things,
> Black misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realised ;'

and, notwithstanding some polytheistic alloy, breathing an atmosphere far higher and purer than much of the materialistic popular literature of the day. In that golden age of the ancient drama, the tragedian was, indeed, the preacher of righteousness, and a preacher who swayed his audience with a power scarcely to be over-estimated.

The choice of the Antigone is a happy one, since, while the story is one of the purest and most beautiful legends of heroic Greece, it appears to have been one of the masterpieces, if

not the *chef-d'œuvre*, of its author, winning for him the highest honours in the power of the State to bestow. And Sophocles, by the consent of competent judges, is counted *primus inter pares* of the three great tragedians of Greece. Less titanic and impetuous than Æschylus, he is also less mythological and more human. A greater idealist than Euripides, he is less rhetorical, and has greater strength and dignity. Professor Plumptre places Sophocles at the head of all Greek poetry, because his greatness is of a higher type than that of Homer himself, 'belonging to a more advanced and cultivated age, and showing greater sympathy with the thoughts and questionings of such an age, with its hopes and fears, its problems and strivings.' And if, as the writer believes, that is the noblest poet who most strongly moves men to the noblest ends, then we may readily accord to Sophocles the honour of being the greatest poet of ancient Greece, as he is also one of the few great poets of the world.

The tragedy of *Antigone*, then, presents not only Greek drama, but Greek poetry, at its best; and, taken along with the companion tragedies to which it is the sequel, *Œdipus Tyrannus*, and *Œdipus at Colonus*, it is well worthy of a careful study. For the drama of *Antigone* is really only the closing act in the story of Antigone, which runs through the whole of these three tragedies, though divided as to their production by long intervals, the *Œdipus at Colonus* being written in the poet's old age. The tragic history of the house of Œdipus formed one of the great centres of Grecian legend and poetry, affording to the three great tragedians the theme of several of their finest dramas. To Æschylus it gave the subject of four, of which *The Seven Chiefs against Thebes* is the only one which survives. With it Sophocles was undoubtedly familiar, and traces of its influence on his mind appear in the first chorus of the *Antigone*. Euripides, contemporary with Sophocles, took from the same source two of his dramas, the *Phenissae* and the *Suppliants*, differing, however, in some important points from Sophocles, whose presentation of the story, as a whole, is by far the nobler and more complete. The self-devotion of Antigone, both as daughter and sister, gives us, under the treatment of Sophocles, the highest conception of womanly heroism to be found in Greek literature, showing the more brightly for the dark background. As a pure white flower may grow and blossom amid the carnage of a battle field, so the noble nature and the self-forgetting devotion of the Theban maiden gleam out with a more brilliant lustre amid the horrors of the catastrophe that overwhelmed the House of Œdipus. As a heroine, indeed, Antigone may take her place beside almost any in the whole range of poetry. As true as Cordelia, and perhaps more outwardly tender, as brave as Jeanne d'Arc, as devoted as Iphigenia, we may well regard her as the noblest conception of womanhood which the human mind could have formed four hundred and forty years before Christ. And even in our own day, with all that Christianity has done to elevate woman, and making due allowance for the somewhat different ethical standard of a darker age, Antigone may still keep her place as one of the ideals of feminine heroism which we cannot yet afford to lose.

We meet her first, in Sophocles, at the close of the dark tragedy of the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, or Œdipus the King, Tyrannus being the word by which kings were significantly styled in republican Athens in the days of Sophocles. This tragedy gives us the catastrophe which closes the reign of Œdipus, with the terrible revelation that he, the honoured king and deliverer of the Thebes of Cadmus from the Sphinx, had unwittingly been guilty of parricide and incest. Driven to utter despair by the awful discovery and

the suicide of Jockasta, Œdipus, self-blinded and outcast, prepares to depart forever from the city over which he had so lately ruled in the pride of absolute power. He thus appeals to Kreon, his brother-in-law, in a passage which we give as translated by Professor Plumptre:

> 'But suffer me on yon lone hills to dwell
> Where stands Kithœron, chosen as my tomb
> While still I lived, by mother and by sire.
> * * * *
> And for my boys, O Kreon, lay no charge
> Of them upon me. They are grown, nor need,
> Where'er they be, feel lack of means to live.
> But for my two poor girls, all desolate,
> To whom their table never brought a meal
> Without my presence, but whate'er I touched
> They still partook of with me; these I care for.
> Yea, let me touch them with my hands and weep
> To them my sorrows.
> —What say I? What is this?
> Do I not hear, ye Gods, their dear, loved tones,
> Broken with sobs, and Kreon, pitying me,
> Hath sent the dearest of my children to me?'

Then follows his pathetic lament over their sad and unprotected lot, and his appeal to Kreon—sadly suggestive in the light of late events—to act towards them the part of a father, and

> 'Look on them with pity, seeing them
> At their age, but for thee, deprived of all.'

But, notwithstanding his parting counsels, Œdipus seems, at the last, moved by a strong impulse, to take his daughters with him as the companions of his dark and lonely way. Kreon, somewhat impatient, exclaims, as a modern uncle might do,

> 'Go thou, but leave the girls.'

Œdipus replies with the entreaty,

> 'Ah, take them not from me;'

and is answered somewhat roughly, with the intimation that he must not think to have his way 'in all things all his life.' The drama then closes with the lesson from the Chorus:

> 'To reckon no man happy till ye see
> The closing day; until he pass the bourne
> Which severs life from death, unscathed by woe.'

The few graphic touches by which the poet brings out the father's tenderness for his daughters, set before us also the simple patriarchal domestic life of Grecian royalty, as we have it also painted for us by Homer. All who remember the charming episode of Nausikaa in the 'Odyssey,' can easily fill in from imagination the early life of Antigone, as a Theban princess, brought up to use the distaff, as well as to play at ball with her young companions, probably going, like Nausikaa, with a joyous train, to wash her garments in the 'fair fount of Dirke,' forming one in the processions that periodically went to perform the stated rites in honour of the gods—and withal, as we can gather from what follows, her father's dearest child and most sympathetic companion, as well as a sister whose love could be counted on when all others should fail, and should, indeed, prove to be 'stronger than death.'

How she overcomes Kreon's opposition to her going forth to share her father's lonely wanderings, we are not told. Perhaps her stronger will prevailed, when the weaker Ismene yielded to pressure and remained behind—another case of Ruth and Orpah. Or, perhaps, detained by force, she followed her father by secret flight. At all events, we can picture the blind old man and the graceful maiden threading their way through the wild mountain passes of Kithœron—the boundary between Bœotia and Attica—dependent for nightly shelter on the hospitality of the scattered shepherds' huts, and at last, approaching the white rocks and olive-groves of Colonus, whence they could behold afar, amidst the peaked hills surrounding it, the gleaming Acropolis of Athens, not yet

crowned with its tiara of temples, and beyond, the blue waters of the Sarome Gulf. Here the second drama opens, at Colonus, the birth-place of Sophocles, and the site of the sacred Grove of the Eumenides, who at Athens, instead of the implacable Erinyes, seem to become the 'gentle powers' of atonement and purification.

Œdipus, approaching the sacred grove, asks Antigone what country they are approaching, and

'Whose the city near?
Who will receive the wanderer Œdipus
And give him, day by day, his scanty meals,
He asks but little; then that little, less
Most times receiving, finding that enough,
For I have learned contentment; life's strange charm
Has taught me this, and time's unresting course,
And the stout heart within me.'

Antigone replies by describing what she sees: 'afar a city's towers;' nearer, a spot thick with clustering laurels and vines and olives, from whose depths the nightingales 'trill forth their songs,' evidently a sacred place. A passing stranger appears, who tells them that the spot is consecrated to

'The gentle Powers, all-seeing so they call them
The people here. It may be, other names
Befit them elsewhere.'

He tells them, too, the other sacred associations of the vicinity, ending with the words so characteristic of the piety of Sophocles:

'Such, stranger, is our worship; not in words
Shown chiefly, but much more in constant use.'

Theseus is the ruler of this land—Theseus, the hero of so many legends, the amorous knight-errant of the earlier tales, and the chivalrous ruler and statesman of the later writers,—a sort of combination of Lancelot and Arthur. In Sophocles' hands, he is Arthur, as might have been expected from a poet who said himself that he painted men as they ought to be, rather than as they were. Œdipus desires to see Theseus, that the latter, 'a little helping, much may gain.' While the stranger goes on to the city, Œdipus retires within the sacred grove, when a Chorus of old men approaches and challenges him for sacrilegious intrusion into a sacred spot. For the Chorus, so remarkable a feature in the Greek drama, always represents the 'spirit of the laws' religious, civic and social, and must ever sacredly guard the *right*. A parley ensues, in the course of which Œdipus reveals his ill-fated name, and the horror-stricken Chorus, desiring to avert from their land a possible curse, bids him begone. Antigone intercedes, and implores their compassion for one so unhappy, ending thus:

'By all that is most dear, I supplicate,
Thy child, thy wife, thy duty, and thy God;
Search where thou wilt, thou ne'er wilt find a man
With strength to flee when God shall lead him on.'

While Œdipus touchingly represents that he is a sufferer rather than a wilful wrong-doer, and appeals to the reputation of Athens as 'the one deliverer of the stranger-guest,' adding that he has come 'God-fearing, cleansed, bringing much profit to your people.' The Chorus, impressed, agree to await the coming and decision of Theseus.

In the meantime an unexpected apparition in the distance calls forth an exclamation from Antigone. In answer to her father's inquiry she gives us a pretty picture from ancient Grecian life:

'I see
Advancing near us, mounted on a horse
Of Etna's breed, a woman's form. Her head
Is shaded by a broad Thessalian hat.
* * * *
With clear bright glance
Advancing, she salutes me, and declares
It is mine own Ismene,—no one else!'

Ismene has at last made good her escape, attended by one faithful servant, and followed the wanderers, whom she passionately greets:

'O dearest ones. My father and my sister!
Of all names sweetest. Hard it was to find,
And now for weeping it is hard to see.'

She brings sad news of her brothers, quarrelling for the sovereignty of Thebes. The younger, Eteokles, has driven away Polynikes the elder, who has sought shelter in Argos, married the daughter of the Argive king, Adrastus, and now threatens his country with the invasion of a foreign host to redress his wrongs and place him on the throne of Cadmus. An oracle has declared that the return of Œdipus is important to the well-being of Thebes, and accordingly Kreon will soon come to endeavour to bring him back, living or dead. Œdipus indignantly denounces the selfish and unnatural conduct of his sons, predicting the destruction of both, and contrasting their heartless treatment with the tender faithfulness of his daughters, especially of Antigone:

'And these,
Girls as they are, with such strength as they have,
Give me my daily food;—from them I gain
Freedom from fear and every kindly help.
She since first
Her childhood's nurture ceased and she grew strong,
Still wandering with me, sadly evermore
Leads her old father through the wild wood's paths,
Hungry and footsore, threading on her way:
And many a storm and many a scorching noon
Bravely she bears, and little recks of home
So that her father find his daily bread.'

And Ismene, too, had come to him before, it would seem, to tell him of oracles concerning him.

The Chorus express their sympathy for the old man and his daughters, and counsel him to 'make atonement' by the customary symbolical libations, to the powers on whose bounds he has unwittingly trespassed:—

'The Gentle Powers, we call on them to meet
Their suppliant gently, and deliverance give.'

He is to pour libations from the pure and ever-flowing stream, out of urns owned 'a young lamb's snow-white locks.' Honey is to be mingled with water, expressing the sweetness as well as the purification of forgiveness, but *no wine*, the symbol of mirth and revelling. There is to be earnest prayer, 'in a low voice speaking, not in lengthened cry,' no 'vain repetitions.' The language and the symbolism are striking enough, but the words with which Œdipus accompanies his request to Ismene to perform for him these acts which he in his blindness is unable to do, might well be classed among the 'unconscious prophecies' of antiquity:—

'For one soul acting on the strength of love
Is better than a thousand to atone.'

irresistibly calling the thought from one of Keble's most exquisite hymns:

'As little children lisp and tell of Heaven,
So thoughts beyond their thoughts to those high bards were given.'

Ismene goes to fulfil the appointed task, while Antigone remains with her father. Œdipus is conversing with the Chorus, further unfolding to them the tale of his woes, when Theseus appears, and in a noble speech, assures the stranger of his readiness to befriend him. Œdipus thanks him and promises that good is to come to him and to Athens through the lonely exile coming there to die, but warns him of coming strife between Athens and Thebes (fulfilled in the second Siege of Thebes), forcibly pointing out the changefulness of human things:

'O Son of Egeus, unto God alone
Nor age can come, nor destined hour of death
All else the great destroyer, Time sweeps on.
Earth's strength shall wither, wither strength of limb
And trust decays, and mistrust grows apace
And the same spirit lasts, not among them
That once were friends, nor joineth state with state.'

Further mutual assurances follow, in the course of which Œdipus says,—

'I will not bind thee by an oath, as men
Bind one of lower nature;'

and Theseus replies,

'Thou should'st gain
No more by that than trusting to my word.'

Theseus then leaves Œdipus, assuring him that in his absence his name alone will guard him from all harm; and then the Chorus break forth into an exquisite lyric in praise of the beauty of Colonus, the poet's birthplace. They sing of its white rocks 'glistening bright' from 'thickets freshly green;' its 'clear-voiced nightingales,' 'by purpling ivy hid,' or amid the olive groves, of the 'fair narcissus,' and 'bright crocus with its leaf of gold' growing beside the wandering Kephisus; and then glide on into the praises of the 'mother city,' Athens itself, famed in 'goodly steeds' and 'bounding colts' and 'sparkling sea.' Antigone's voice recalls them to the practical needs of the present, as Kreon, with an armed escort, is seen approaching. All the worst points of Kreon's character come out in the following scenes. Fair spoken and plausible at first, he soon throws off disguise, taunts Œdipus with unjust and cruel harshness, and finally attempts to carry off his daughters by force. His seeming friendliness does not deceive Œdipus, who reminds him of his former harsh treatment, and predicts the calamities to fall on Thebes and his sons, uttering words that have a curious significance, taken in connection with the *motif* of the closing drama:—

'And these my sons shall gain of that thy land
Enough to die in,—that and nothing more.'

Some wordy warfare follows, in which we have some sharp repartees. Kreon says:—

''Tis one thing to say much, and quite another
To say the word in season.'

And Œdipus replies:—

'Thou of course
Speaking but little, speakest seasonably.'

Kreon soon assumes a threatening tone, and informs Œdipus that he has already sent Ismene back to Thebes, and commands his escort to seize Antigone and drag her off in spite of her cries, and the indignant protest of the Chorus, who vainly attempt to rescue her. Kreon taunts the old man and defies the Chorus, when Theseus appears, and learning what had just taken place, instantly commands the rally of his people, horse and foot, for the rescue of the maidens; while he indignantly reproaches Kreon for the attempt to gain his ends by violence, in defiance of the rights of another state, and all law—human and divine, suggesting, however, in his excuse, that old age had 'robbed him of his mind.' He peremptorily demands the restitution of the maidens on penalty of imprisonment. Kreon tries to justify himself by again taunting Œdipus with his unconscious crimes, which as Œdipus remarks, in a powerful speech, must recoil on the head of him who tells the tale of the terrible calamities—

'Which I, poor wretch, against my will endured.'
'Not knowing what I did, or unto whom,
How canst thou rightly blame the unconscious sin.'

Theseus reiterates his demand to restore the captives, and he sullenly and unwillingly complies, seeing that, as Theseus says:—

'Chance has caught thee, hunter as thou art;
For gains, ill-gotten by a godless [illegible]ud,
Can never prosper.'

But he does not yield without a parting threat:—

'When we reach home, we shall know what to do!'

And so he departs with Theseus, on whom Œdipus invokes a grateful blessing. The Chorus then sing an ode, following the rescuing party in thought, and praying for Divine aid. At its close, they announce the return of the expedition with the rescued maidens. Antigone rushes to her father with a cry of joy and gratitude to Theseus. Œdipus tenderly says:—

'My child, draw near thy father and supply
Support, unhoped for, to this feeble frame;'

and Antigone replies:—

'Thou shalt have what thou ask'st for,
Unto love—all toil is pleasant.'

He asks how the rescue was accomplished, and Antigone refers him to

'The best of men who brings us back to thee;'

when Œdipus breaks out into a grateful address, to which Theseus replies, generously saying that he shall not marvel or feel pain if Œdipus prefers his daughter's words to his, adding—

'For it was all my care to make my life,
Not by my words illustrious, but by deeds;'

and, without dwelling on the details of the rescue, passes on quickly to tell him that one near of kin to him, come from Argos, sat as a suppliant beside the altar of Poseiden. This Œdipus soon divines to be his unhappy son Polynikes. He shrinks from him, even from hearing the voice, 'hateful to a father's ear.' But Antigone pleads for the wronged and suffering brother:

'He is thy child:
And therefore, O my father, 'tis not right,
Though he should prove the basest of the base,
To render ill for ill. But let him be.
Others, ere now, have thankless offspring reared,
And bitter wrath have felt. But they, by words
Of friendly counsel, soothed their souls to peace.
Yield thou to us. It is not good to meet
With stiff denials those who ask for right,
Nor having met with good at others' hands,
To fail in rendering good for good received.'

After a sorrowful lyric from the Chorus, Polynikes appears, his coming announced by Antigone as—

'The stranger all alone, and as he walks,
The flood of tears pours down incessantly.'

He comes humbly, confessing his sins towards his father, asking forgiveness and appealing to his sisters to intercede for him. Antigone asks him to declare his errand, and he relates the wrongs he has suffered in the usurpation of the Theban throne by his younger brother, Eteokles, his taking refuge as a suppliant in Argos, and the muster of the confederate chiefs whose army has followed him to recover the kingdom. He has come to entreat his father to espouse his cause;—

'They say the side thou cleavest to, will win;
Wherefore, by all the fountains of thy house
And all thy household gods, we pray thee yield;
Poor and in exile we, in exile thou,
And thou and I, the same ill-fortune sharing,
Live hangers-on on others.'

But Œdipus, possibly suspecting his sincerity, is hard and unrelenting towards this Prodigal Son, who deserted him in the hour of distress, and drove him forth homeless to beggary and exile, uncared for, save by his two daughters:—

'No women they, but men in will to toil;
But ye are not my sons, I own you not.'

And then he adds the dark prediction concerning Thebes and the contending brothers:—

'It may not be,
That any man shall lay that city waste,
But he himself shall fall with blood defiled,
And so shall fall his brother.'

Polynikes sorrowfully submits to his father's bitter words, but as he departs he leaves his sisters a parting request, which has a sad significance, taken in connexion with the end of the story:—

'Give me honours meet,
A seemly burial, decent funeral rites;
And this your praise, which now you'll get from him
For whom you labour other praise shall bear,
No whit inferior for your love to me.'

Antigone replies by beseeching Polynikes to give up his designs against his country, in a brief but touching dialogue:—

A.—I pray thee Polynikes, yield to me.
P.—In what, thou dear Antigone? Speak on.
A.—Lead back thy host to Argos, slackening not,
Nor ruin both thy country nor thyself!
P.—It may not be. H[illegible]nown as coward once,
Could I again lead f[illegible]th an army?

A.—And why, dear boy, needs't thou the wroth again,
What profit hast thou in thy country's fall?
P.—Retreat is base, and base that I, the elder,
Should thus be mocked and flouted by my brother.
A.—And seest thou, how these his oracles
Go straight to their fulfilment, that you both
Should meet your death, each from the other's hand?
P.—His wish begets the thought. We may not yield.

Antigone's entreaties and remonstrances are of no avail. Polynikes says at last:

'Bemoan not thou for me.'

And she replies:

'And who could keep from wailing, brother dear,
For thee, thus rushing on a doom foreseen?'

His closing words are

'These things depend on God, this way or that;
To be or not to be; but I for you
Will pray the Gods, that nothing evil fall
On you, who nothing evil have deserved.'

As he departs, the sky grows dark and distant thunder is heard. The Chorus look on in sympathetic compassion, but devoutedly observe:—

'I cannot speak of what the Gods decree
As done in vain. Time evermore looks on,
And sees these things, now raising these, now those.'

As a thunderbolt crashes above, Œdipus declares that the hour has come, which must lead his steps to Hades, and implores that Theseus be instantly summoned, so that he might fulfil his promise of bringing good to him and to his state, by imparting to him the 'mystic words' that he would utter to none else. Theseus arrives, and Œdipus departs in company with him and Antigone, to find the 'hallowed grave' in which it was decreed that his weary frame should rest at last. The description of his death recalls the *Morte d'Arthur*, of Tennyson. May it not have in part inspired it? No one but Theseus saw his end:

'That form of death
He died, knows no man, saving Theseus only.
For neither was it thunderbolt from Zeus,
With flashing fire that slew him, nor the blast
Of whirlwind sweeping o'er the sea's dark waves,
But either some one whom the Gods had sent
To guide his steps, or gentleness of mood
Had moved the Powers beneath to ope the way,
To earth's deep regions painlessly. He died.
No death to mourn for—did not leave the world
Worn out with pain and sickness; but his end
If any was, was wonderful.'

And so the storm-tost soul is at rest, though Ismene seems troubled by the thought that the oracle has been fulfilled, since he *died unburied*—none being beside to do this needful duty. The Chorus seek to console the desolate daughters, who desire to see their father's sepulchre, but Theseus tells them that he has been forbidden ever to reveal it to any mortal ear. The drama closes with Antigone's prayer, that Theseus will send them to Thebes, if perchance they may be able to end the strife raging between their brothers, which Theseus promises to do, the Chorus adding the reflection that all is 'fixed and cannot be undone.'

Between this drama and the next—the closing one of the series—intervenes the first Siege of Thebes by the Argive host—one of the most prominent events in the history of legendary Greece, on which Æschylus and Euripides have lavished much of their descriptive power. Sophocles refers to it only in the fine first Chorus in the Antigone. As a link between the *Œdipus at Colonus*, and the *Antigone*, Æschylus' drama,—the *Seven Chiefs against Thebes*, might be read with much interest, especially as Sophocles was doubtless familiar with it before he wrote the *Antigone*, which indeed seems like its continuation; since the drama of Æschylus, closes with the harsh man-

date of Kreon, that the corpse of Polynikes, together with those of the other invading chiefs, should be left unburied, and with the declaration of Antigone, that she herself would, despite the edict, pay the last sad duties to her brother. As there was no greater impiety known to the Greeks than the neglect of the rights of sepulture, especially to kindred—the Chorus, dreading both neglect of religious duty and rebellion to the constituted authority, is left divided in opinion, and so the drama closes.

And now in the *Antigone*, we approach the most painful act in the tragedy, as well as the noblest drama of Sophocles, considered so by himself. It is said that he died in the efforts of reciting it, in his old age. At all events it gave him the crowning triumph of his life—his appointment to a generalship in the Samian expedition. It opens with a dialogue between Antigone and Ismene, which places the situation before us. In this, as in the following Chorus, the writer quotes from an original translation, written before seeing that of Professor Plumptre. Antigone asks her sister if she had heard :

> The new decree through all the city spread,
> They tell me is just issued by the king,
> Or is it hid from thee—the dreadful doom
> To which our enemies condemn our friends?

Ismene replies, that she has heard no tidings, good or evil, since the fatal day, when her brothers fell by each other's hands. Antigone then tells her that Kreon, while honouring the shade of Eteocles with seemly rites of sepulture, had decreed that the corse of Polynikes should lie—

> Unsepulchred, unwept,—a welcomed feast,
> To evil birds that long to seize their prey,
> Yes!—the good Kreon hath commanded thus,
> To *thee* and *me*; I say it—ev'n to *me!*
> Nor doth he count it as a trifling thing,
> But whoso dareth the forbidden deed,
> May look for death by stoning as his doom,
> Thus matters stand; now must thou quick decide,
> Whether thy soul deserves its high descent,
> Or shames by cowardice its noble birth.

Ismene, divining her sisters meaning, shrinks in terror from the daring purpose which Antigone soon discloses :—

> I will inter my brother—thine if such,
> Thou yet will I call him—THINE as well as mine,
> For I will not betray him in his need.

Ismene earnestly expostulates, reminding her sister of the calamities that had successively fallen on their house, ending with the fratricidal end of their brothers. They alone were left, and they, too, should

> Miserably perish
> If we should dare transgress the king's decree.
> And, being women, too, we may not hope,
> Unfitly matched, thus to contend with man,
>
> * * * *
>
> And thus, imploring pardon of the dead,
> I will obey in this, since needs I must.

Antigone replies :

> I bid thee not; not even if thou shouldst wish
> With all thy heart to share the deed with me.
> Do what thou deemest best; but I will go
> To bury him; for thus t'were sweet to die,
> I shall be laid by him I love so well,
> Beloved by him for this that I have done.
> And longer shall I need the love of those
> Who dwell below, than that of men on earth,
> Since there must be my everlasting rest.
> But do as pleases thee; keep thy resolve
> Not reverencing what the gods approve.

Ismene tries to excuse herself, and finding it in vain to dissuade her sister, she entreats her at least to keep her deed secret, promising herself to observe strict secresy; but Antigone indignantly repels the offer, telling her rather to declare the deed, and thus cuts short her sister's entreaties:

> Such words as these will never prove thy love;
> But rather should I, with my dying breath,
> Call thee an enemy for speaking thus.
> Suffer me to fulfil my mournful task,
> Evil if so thou call'st it, and to bear
> What lies before me. Nothing shall I suffer
> So ill as not to die a noble death.

Ismene replies, sadly :

Go! since thy mind is such; yet, madly daring,
Dear to thy friends thou still shalt ever be.

The Chorus follows this dialogue with the fine ode, already referred to, describing the siege just ended. It is here rendered into an irregular *rhymed* measure, the writer believing that the aid of rhyme is required to give to a modern ear the lyrical effect produced by other means in the original Greek:

STROPHE I.

Bright orb of day! Thy golden ray
Touched Thebes' seven gates—more bright
Than any sun that drove away
In former times, the night.
Thou lustrous eye of day!
Rising, with thy cheering beams,
Over Dirke's silver streams,
Urging the Argive knight away
White shielded, in full panoply,
Spurring his panting, foaming steed
To a swifter flight at its utmost speed,
Who with his armèd band
Of crested warriors came,
When Polynikes spread the flame
Of war within the land;
As eagle darts on snowy wing
Down from the azure sky,
Making the distant echoes ring
With sharp triumphant cry!

ANTISTROPHE I.

The lances gleamed our home around,
Before our seven portals frowned
Their long and close array,
But ere their thirsty jaws could grasp
The longed-for Theban prey;
And ere the flame with deadly clasp
Had seized the towers that proudly stand
The guardians of our Theban land,
The furious din of war that rose
Behind the troops below.
Dispersed, with all his flying bands,
The deadly dragon-foe.
For Zeus regards, with angry eye,
The tongue that boasteth haughtily,
And, looking from his throne on high
He saw the stream of warriors near,
He heard their golden armour clash,
Their words of scornful cheer,
And swiftly with a lightning flash
He laid their leader low,
Even while his eager steps were bent
To scale the topmost battlement;
And shout forth to his men below
The cry of Victory!

STROPHE II.

'Down falling, with a quick rebound,
*The fierce fire-bearer struck the ground
And, raging, breathed his soul away.
Such things to these befell
Great Arès to the rest a differing fate
Decreed, and drove them with resistless spell,
Compelling victory. At every gate
Leader met leader matched in equal fight,
Leaving their armour trophies for the shrine
Of Zeus, the God of Might,
Owning his power divine;
But the accursed two
Who from one sire and mother drew their breath,
Their doubly-conquering javelins threw,
And shared the measure due
To each,—in common death.

ANTISTROPHE II.

But now since glorious Victory
Hath come to smile upon this joyful day
That greets our well-armed city, ye forget
The strife ye scarcely cease to hear as yet,
And in the temples meet
To pass the livelong night,
In choral dances with the measure fleet.
Bacchus ordains, who shook the city's might
With tread of joyous feet!
But hold, for Kreon comes, whom to the throne
The Gods have called but late,
Through change ordained by fate;
And he by herald hath his will made known
To call the old man to the council-gate.

Kreon comes to declare his edict respecting the disposal of the dead bodies of the brothers, as previously denounced by Antigone, death being the penalty of disobedience. While he is conversing with the Chorus, one of the guards appointed to watch the unburied corpse of Polynikes arrives, to tell, with much alarm for himself, that they had discovered the body sprinkled with earth, which was believed to be a sufficient performance of burial rites, when actual sepulture was impossible. Kreon angrily threatens death to the watch unless they

* It is interesting to compare this Chorus with Æschylus' description of the 'Seven Chiefs' in the drama alluded to. Sophocles was, of course, familiar with it, and the allusion to the 'fierce fire-bearer' is evidently suggested by the lines describing Capaneus:

'On his proud shield pourtrayed, a naked man
Waves in his hand a blazing torch; beneath,
In golden letters, I WILL FIRE THE CITY,' &c.
—*Potter's Æschylus.*

discover the culprit who has dared to disobey him, and the guard in his self-gratulation at getting off for the present with a whole skin gives us the only gleam of humour—a rare thing with Sophocles—which relieves the gloom of the tragedy. After another short ode by the Chorus, the guard reappears, bringing in Antigone, caught in the act of sprinkling, from a bronze ewer, the 'three libations' over the dead, the scene being vividly portrayed by the guard. Antigone, as might have been expected, meets Kreon with haughty defiance, scorning any appeal to his clemency. The memories of her father's and brothers' wrongs were far too fresh and bitter to make it possible for her to show even apparent submission to Kreon, and she scarcely seems to remember that the death she fears so little concerns also her betrothed husband, Hæmon, the son of Kreon. But Ismene enters, Ismene, whose love for Antigone has at last conquered her fear, and she now claims a share in the deed and its penalty, which Antigone strongly denies, with some of the unconscious harshness of an overstrained heart. Ismene touchingly appeals to Kreon to spare his son's betrothed bride. But he, as when we saw him last, is hard and unrelenting, determined that while he lives, 'a woman shall not rule.' The Chorus pathetically lament the woes of the house of Œdipus and the haughtiness of man. Hæman then enters, at first seeking by gentle words to propitiate his father and reconcile his duty as a son with his love for his betrothed. But Kreon will listen to none of his pleadings, or even to the mild remonstrance of the Chorus. The haughty old man disdains to learn his duty from his son, and by his harsh words and harsher resolve, at last provokes his son to an angry altercation which closes by Hæman's declaration that, since he condemns Antigone to death, he shall see him no more alive.

We must hasten through the painful closing scenes of the tragedy, as our space is almost exhausted. Kreon commands that Antigone should be immured in a rocky cave, with just enough of food to appease the dreaded anger of the Gods and save the city from the stain of blood, grimly adding, that by invoking Hades, the God of her special worship, she may perchance escape, words darkly realised in the end. Antigone, led by on her 'last journey,' looking her last on the slanting rays of the setting sun, appeals to the Chorus in a touching lament on her sad fate, cut off from the hopes of life, for her, instead of nuptial rites or hymeneal song, only the vaults of the dead; yet unregretting that for her dead brother she had done that which even for a husband she had not dared, since a second husband had been possible, but, father and mother dead, no other brother could ever be hers;—a thought so characteristic of ancient as opposed to modern modes of feeling, that it is difficult for modern readers to appreciate its force.

Antigone has gone to her living tomb, but Kreon's turn is come. His stubborn will must bow at last. The augur Teiresias comes to warn him of fearful judgment from the Gods impending over a land defiled by unburied dead, impending imminent over his, Kreon's, own home and hearth. Kreon reluctantly yields to a pressure he cannot resist, and hastens with a band of men to inter the mangled remains of Polynikes and release Antigone from her rocky sepulchre. But for this he is too late. Death has already released the despairing maiden —hastened by her own hands, with 'twisted cords.' Hæmon in despair slays himself beside her corpse, and the old man returns—subdued at last, bearing in his arms the dead body of his only surviving son—the elder, Menakeus—having sacrificed himself during the siege for the deliverance of the city. But another blow yet is to fall on the head of the broken-hearted old man, sensible too late of his error. His wife,

Eurydike, overwhelmed by the death of her son is dead also, by her own hand. The drama closes with Kreon's mournful lament, that his punishment is greater than he can bear, and the significant reflection of the Chorus :

Man's highest blessedness is—to be wise
And, in all things that touch the Gods, to show
Becoming reverence ; since to man below,
Great words of pride bring heavy penalties
When life is past.
The grey haired man learns wisdom at the last.

These words suggest other words, written ages before in Judea, about 'doing justly and loving mercy, and walking humbly with God.' To the Greek poet was not vouchsafed the fuller revelation, but his spiritual insight and his true heart gave him a glimpse of a truth that was greater than she knew.

WINE OF CHIOS.

BY E. T. F., QUEBEC.

CHIAN wine ! The wine of Homer !
For the bard, while yet a boy,
Wandered through the groves of Chios,
Knew the wine-cup's thrilling joy.
Here the Mighty Mother taught him
How to strike the sounding lyre,
How to sing the songs of heroes,
Songs that set the soul on fire.
Crown the goblet, crown with roses ;
Fill with Chian to the brim ;
Let us drink to grand old Homer
In the wine that gladdened him.

Oh, the wonder and the rapture,
When the storm-wind swept the sky,
From the strand to watch the surges
Foaming, racing, thundering by.
Joy of joys ! to front the darkness
Kindled by the levin's glow,
While the firm earth, as in terror,
Shook and trembled to and fro.

Or, in calm, how sweet to linger,
By the sea-flat, glassy still,
While the day-god, Hyperion,
Tinged with flame the western hill.
Silent all things, as if Nature
Listened, waiting evermore
For some Delphic inspiration
From some spirit-haunted shore.

Wearied, once, he lay at noonday
  Sleeping in a forest glade,
And the ilex-trees above him
  Stooped to kiss him with their shade.
Swift, to greet the youthful singer,
  Came the land's divinities,
Came the naiads, came the wood-nymphs,
  Came the hamadryades.

The mighty gods of old Olympus,
  Zeus, and all the twelve, were there,
Standing in a semi-circle
  Round our Homer, young and fair.
Sleeping was he, yet right kingly
  Shone his forehead, clear and broad,
And his hair, in golden wavelets,
  Swept the flower-enamelled sod.

Then said Zeus, 'Behold, I make him
  Monarch, through all time to reign,
Through the ages shining star-like,
  Never more to sink or wane.
King o'er human hearts and passions,
  Summoner of smiles and tears,
The young shall bless him, and the aged,
  Hearing, shall forget their years.'

Then, in turn, each bright Olympian,
  Forward-pacing, calm and slow,
Bestowed a gift. Apollo gave him
  Words with living fire aglow;
Arès, skill to sing of battles;
  Aphroditè, thoughts of love;
Old Poseidon, dreams of ocean
  Mirroring the stars above.

So the rest: each fitly giving
  Worthiest offerings: last of all,
Lord of the winged sandals, Hermès,
  Crowned with light celestial,
Holding forth the famed caduceus,
  Wreathed with flowers incarnadine,
Touched the slumberer's lips, half-parted,
  With an eloquence divine.

So they vanished. Grove and mountain
  Felt their parting; and a thrill
Ran through all the glorious landscape,
  Darkening with a sudden chill.
Through the vistas of the green-wood,
  Flowery glade, and mossy stream,
Went a murmuring, went a sighing,
  Like the wailing of a dream.

The hours sped onward. From the horizon
Waves of splendour upward rolled:
The western sky, to greet the day-god,
Opened wide its gates of gold.
The boy, awakening, passed in silence
Homeward, through the forest hoar,
Lit by the star of eve, that hailed him
Priest and prophet evermore!
Crown the goblet, crown with roses;
Fill with Chian to the brim;
Let us drink to grand old Homer
In the wine that gladdened him.

A PEEP AT CONVENT LIFE AND EDUCATION.

BY ROSE E. CLARKE, ELORA.

EVERYBODY writes, or ought to write, with a purpose. The purpose I have in view is soon told. In the public mind there exists but a vague idea of the character of the interior economy of Canadian Convents in which so many of our girls, Protestant and Catholic alike, receive their education.

A short time ago I was a boarder in one of those institutions, after some preparatory training in another, and my object is to tell, plainly and unreservedly, what a few months' sojourn therein afforded me opportunity to note, in the hope that more light will thereby be shed upon a matter of which many have very erroneous ideas, and others know nothing at all.

On a clear, frosty morning, a few days after Christmas, I climbed the ten steps and rang the bell at the broad front door of the Convent in G—— Street, in one of our Canadian cities. This demand for admission was responded to by a bright, modest-looking, little French girl, who conducted me, through a hall, into a medium-sized but cheerful parlour. I inquired for the Lady Superior, and the little portress went in search of her. While I waited, I had time to observe my surroundings. The floor of the parlour was painted a quiet grey, and covered with strips of carpet. A davenport, a book-case, a stove, a sofa, and some chairs, were the only furniture in the room, which looked as clean, neat, and bright as woman's heart could wish. In a few moments, the Lady Superior entered. She was a woman well advanced in life, and had a pre-occupied air which seemed to say, 'I have left important work on your account, and I hope you will repay me for my sacrifice.' In truth, as I afterwards discovered, she was a thorough business woman, one of those who could rule and manage a kingdom, and many a gentleman, arranging with her for his daughter's tuition, has been heard to regret that her great executive ability was lost to the world. But it was not lost. She had assumed a duty within those convent walls, and well did she perform

it as her judgment directed. She cared for her pupils, and did her utmost for them, but the object of her affections was her convent, and the chief aim of her life was to further its interests and to increase and extend its power. She received me kindly, and in a few words I stated my business. She was quite willing to admit me into the Convent, provided I could furnish a letter of introduction from a clergyman, promise to observe the rules, and would pay the necessary fees in advance. All this I was able to do, and agreed to keep the rules without more specific knowledge of their character. I had a fair idea of what was meant, and felt sure that a detailed statement of laws and by-laws would be but a waste of time, and that I could, as *Ma tante*, Ste. Stanislaus, assured me, learn them as I went along. '*Ma tante*,' I ought to explain, was the title by which the pupils addressed the nuns. The bargain thus concluded, I returned to the city and had my baggage conveyed to my new home. The Lady Superior met me again, and introduced me to the Lady Assistant, otherwise *Ma tante* Ste. Eulalie, as a good child who had come to live with them, and who, she did not doubt, would remain with them. I laughingly warned her against answering for my goodness, and turned to speak to the second nun. I discovered in the few moments' conversation I then had with her, that while she possessed less worldly shrewdness, she had probably acquired more literary culture than the Lady Superior. When I had warmed myself, *Ma tante* Ste. Eulalie, conducted me up stairs, and through the widest, cleanest, and best-lighted corridors I had ever seen. Pausing before a large door, she said, 'This is the work room, and I think the few young ladies who are now with us will be found here.' We entered a large, airy, bright room with walls of spotless white, two of which were lined with cabinets and drawers, used for holding the sewing and fancy work, and the name of the pupil, to whose use each different compartment was devoted, was neatly written on the outside. Wooden settees were ranged around the walls and the sides and ends of a long table which stood in the centre of the room. A sewing machine completed the furniture. There were, perhaps, ten girls, of different ages, in the room, to the older of whom *Ma tante* introduced me. They were very kind and cordial and soon made me feel quite at home. One girl, with a Teuton face and name, I won forever, by speaking to her a few words in her own language. A little French girl was equally pleased when talked to in such French as I could command. The others were English. It was near the close of the Christmas vacation, and those present were either recent arrivals, or had homes so remote as to be compelled to spend the short holidays at the Convent. They were permitted to amuse themselves almost as they pleased. Some were doing fancy work, some were reading, others chatting together, and two or three were playing cards. 'Playing cards!' I hear the reader exclaim. Yes; playing cards. Is there anything horrible in that? These children played cards as others play 'tag' and jump with a skipping rope, as a pleasant pastime. They had no thought of evil or of the abuse of an amusement, harmless in itself, and they derived as much mental enjoyment from their games as others got physical benefit from active exercise. After awhile, other young ladies dropped in from different parts of the house. Some of these were French, and chatted away in that language with a volubility which quite astonished me, though I soon laughed at my own wonder, and thought myself as simple as the English traveller who, on visiting France, remarked how amazing it was that the very children spoke French.

My German friend offered to shew me through the home, but thanking

her for her proffered courtesy, I said that I preferred finding it out bit by bit. Soon a bell rang, and they told me it was for prayers. At the close of every forenoon's work, the pupils were expected to repair to the chapel to say a few prayers, and the devotional part of the school routine was kept up during the holidays. We went quietly down stairs and passed through a large room, with beautifully painted walls and ceiling, at one end of which was a raised platform. By the number of musical instruments ranged round the room, I judged this to be the music hall; and, on asking one of the girls if I was right in my conjecture, she whispered in the affirmative. We crossed this room, and, passing down another stairway, entered the chapel. The dazzling white light, which I had noticed in the other rooms, was softened here by rich curtains on the windows, and by floral and other decorations. Everything in the room suggested the idea of purity. The walls and ceiling were delicately and beautifully tinted; the wood-work was white, and the pews and *priedieux* were of a plain brown colour. A lovely calla lily bloomed on a side altar, while the other—that of the Blessed Virgin—was radiant with light and enriched with tasty decoration. At the Virgin's feet, on a wisp of straw, lay the infant Jesus, and the pretty sight carried the thoughts of the onlooker far back to the night when the angels announced the glad tidings to the shepherds on the plain. The chancel was covered with a carpet of a quiet pattern, and the centre altar and some pedestals, on which baskets of flowers rested, were of pure white marble. A few pictures of sacred subjects were on the walls; and sitting in this place, listening to the simple hymn of the girls, it was not wonderful that the thoughts were almost unconsciously directed to that city of clear gold, the foundations of whose walls are brilliant with precious stones. Prayers over, we walked out reverently, two by two, through the back door of the chapel, down stairs and across a large room, a hasty glance at the contents of which discovered a number of wooden seats, Indian clubs, parallel bars, other calisthenic appliances, a piano, and a stove. This was the play-room. Here, as I afterwards found, the pupils walked, talked, ran, played, danced and amused themselves to their hearts' content. Girls might be seen in groups, during the time allotted for recreation, amusing themselves as their varying tastes suggested. Some walked quietly up and down, dissipating the hour of *dolce far niente* in pleasant conversation, or, it might be—for Mrs. Grundy was here as elsewhere — discussing the promotion, wrong doing, or punishment of some companion. Some were pursuing each other in girlish romp or were balancing poles in their hands, keeping time to the music of the piano. Others were dancing round among the groups; and some were scrambling through a quadrille. What are known as round dances were rigorously prohibited, and woe to the fool-hardy pair who attempted to 'trip the light-fantastic' in a waltz. At one end of the room, a chair on an elevated dais, reached by ascending steps, was observed, and here one of the nuns sat to watch over and control the sports. We passed from this room into another which had rather a gloomy appearance. This was the refectory. Its furniture consisted of a few cupboards and several long tables. Only one of these was spread, and grace being said by one of the pupils, we seated ourselves around it. Dinner consisted of good soup, beefsteak, potatoes and vegetables, with pie for dessert. Everything was plentiful and fairly cooked, and the ceaseless chatter helped to make it a merry meal. Ordinarily, a nun sat at the head of each table, and did the carving, and sometimes the pupils had to eat their meals in silence, but on this occasion there was no restraint. After dinner, we went back

to the work-room, and thence to the dormitory, where some of the girls dressed and went out for a walk. Others, however, sat down to overtake their arrears in mending which had been put off until the last days of the vacation. Requiring a few articles for my own use, I went into the city with my German friend, and purchased a few cakes of soap, some towels, and black and white net veils. The pupils were required to provide themselves with all toilet appliances, and the veils were worn over our heads in lieu of hats when we entered the chapel. The black veil was for everyday wear, while the white one figured on Sundays and special occasions; and it was a pretty sight to see the long line of girls with flowing veils which covered their heads and shoulders and fell almost to the floor. Returning to the Convent, we went in at a side door, and up several flights of narrow stairs. My companion led the way, through a maze of halls, until we came to the principal stairway, up which we ascended to the dormitory. Let me describe this place. On entering, you saw three rows of white curtains looped up in pairs, and divided by narrow partitions reaching to within about five feet of the ceiling. The little apartments thus formed were called alcoves, and were the sleeping rooms of the girls. Over the centre of each was a number, by which the pupils knew their respective rooms, which were small, being about eight feet long and six feet wide. At the head of each bed stood a wardrobe, with shelves and pegs, and here the pupils kept their clothing. Opposite to this was a little triangular shelf, on which rested the basin, ewer, and other toilet accessories. These little rooms were very snug, and we slept with great comfort from half-past eight until six, a long time some may think, and yet many a girl yawned and grumbled as she rose from her bed in the morning, in response to the second bell. But there was no help for it. Up she must get, and her unwillingness availed not. Once in a-while, some one, more daring than the rest, or overcome by laziness, or perhaps by a real or fancied *mal de tête*, remained in stolid indifference to the morning call. The nun in charge, as she walked up and down, taking occasional glances behind the curtains, would see that this particular young lady had not risen, and enter to demand the reason, often saying: '*Mam'selle, pourquoi est ce que vous ne vous avez pas levé?*' Mam'selle, would wail forth: '*Ma tante, j'ai mal de tête*,' or whatever the particular ailment might be. '*Ma tante*' would shrug her shoulders and depart, muttering '*Vous perdrez votre marque*.' The prospect of a mark less for punctuality rarely acted as a stimulus to 'Mam'selle,' who had made up her mind for a half-hour's extra sleep, and was determined, mark or no mark, to enjoy it. If 'Mam'selle' appeared at breakfast, she probably got a piece of toast, and was bored all day by the kind inquiries of her companions, and the advice and solicitude of the nuns, until, long before night, wearied by so much unwonted attention, she heartily repented of her morning's *ruse*. Or, if 'Mam'selle' were really ill, and could not go to breakfast, *Ma tante le medicin* would have her transferred to the infirmary. Here, unless her illness were very severe, she quickly recovered, for her companions were forbidden to enter, and it was rather cheerless work to be there depending for amusement on a few religious books, and yet within earshot of the buzz of work in the surrounding rooms. The infirmary contained two beds, a screen, a couple of easy chairs, and a medicine chest, besides the usual furniture of a bed-room, and was comfortably carpeted and curtained. Upon the whole, it was not a bad place for a lazy girl to lounge in for half a day or so, and many a one yielded to the temptation. It was often amusing to watch the efforts

which the girls made to visit the patient. This, as I have said before, was, in school phrase, 'strictly forbidden,' but the door was only a few steps from a hall through which we often passed, and more than once did some daring young lady defy 'the ruling powers' and venture in. With bowed head, and with many blushes, I must confess to stolen chats with some poor prisoner in the sick room. It was managed thus: In passing through the hall we could almost touch the door, and, if the coast were clear of nuns, could listen a moment to find out if any one was with the sick girl. If no sound was audible, a hurried whisper gave the signal for an interview, and as the patient was generally on the alert, and almost sure to hear, she would, in response, hold open the door while her visitor glided swiftly in. Then ensued a hurried conversation, carried on in muffled tones, both being on the *qui vive* lest the infirmarian should enter, and find there the forbidden intruder. On one occasion—even now I shiver as I think of it—I was nearly caught *in flagrante delicto*. We heard the coming infirmarian, and I bolted behind a screen. How my heart beat, and how confused was my poor friend, the patient! I felt sure that every moment would bring discovery, exposure, and disgrace. But *Ma tante* passed from the room as innocent of my presence as when she entered, and I breathed freely. Escaping as soon as possible from my ridiculous and yet disagreeable position, it was many a day before I ventured back. I hear some one ask, 'What would have been the consequences had you been found in so compromising a situation?' Neither death nor expulsion would have been the penalty. Exposure and reprimand—nothing more—awaited the culprit. None but those having experience of the force of public opinion in a convent can have conception of the terror in which all stood of these apparently slight punishments. *Ma tante*, the detective, would simply say, '*Mam'selle vous aurez une mauvaise marque*,' and would draw out a detestable little diary, in which she would record offender, offence, and the '*mauvaise marque*.' I have made a lengthy digression, and must resume my description. Let me pass quickly over the doings of the next two or three days. Any one can easily imagine how precious was each swiftly passing moment of the last days of vacation. More pupils were constantly coming in, a few of them being new, but the majority were returning full of brilliant accounts of how they had spent those glorious Christmas days with father, mother, and friends, and how *some one* (this was told in a whisper to a cherished *confidante*), had been there very often, and was as true and handsome as ever, and how *they* had wished it might last for ever, and school and study come no more. On the appointed day, however, all had to rise when the half-gong sounded its summons. T[illegible]n did those who for the past two weeks had been enjoying delightful morning naps, fully realize that dissipation was at an end, and work begun. Dressing was supposed to be accomplished in half an hour, though many an improvident *demoiselle* who had neglected to leave everything in readiness the night before, might be seen frantically searching for collar or veil, almost maddened by the '*Depechez vous*, of *Ma tante* in charge, and perhaps, in the end, would hastily and ignominiously join the ranks, still without the necessary veil. In some instances its absence was rendered more marked by the use of a hat, and thereon *Ma tante* would cast one scornful glance, which, had it been a modest hat, must have annihilated it. Then we went quickly to the chapel, and quietly took our places. Mass over, the nuns, excepting the one in charge, withdrew, and one of the girls read the morning prayers. Next came fifteen minutes meditation on a previously-read selection from some religious

work, after which we went down to breakfast. At this meal we had porridge, with maple syrup, the meat and potatoes of the previous day warmed over in some very appetizing form, with plenty of bread and butter and coffee. On fast days we were sometimes supplied with eggs for breakfast instead of meat, though not often, for eggs were high-priced in the city in winter. The meals were, generally speaking, wholesome, though there was often a sad lack of variety, and upon each successive day of the week we knew in advance what we were going to have for dinner. Taking dessert, for example: on Sunday, a dish of mixed candy formed the closing tidbit; Monday brought pie; on Tuesday you would have been right in predicting that sticks of prime home-made taffy awaited you; Thursday was invariably marked by apples; on Friday *sucre à la crême*—the *bonne bouche* of the week—made your mouth water in anticipation; and on Saturday you were safe to count on pudding. Thus it was with everything, and those who move amid the world's bustle would scarcely believe how we discussed the dishes before and after meals, and how each told her special grievance. Some one had wanted more coffee, and the supply had given out. 'It was too bad! she would complain to the Lady Superior.' Some one else had noticed that the butter was really rancid, and considered it shameful, as our chief support was bread and butter; and one, more imaginative than her companions, found fault with the quality of the bread, and accounted for it by wildly stating that all the scraps from the bakers' shops were gathered by some second-hand dispenser, and made into loaves in a manner which, according to *Mam'selle*, was more realistic than appetizing. We shuddered at the picture, and vowed to abstain from bread, but next meal brought a fresh supply, light, white and flaky, which speedily caused us to forget the sour batch served to us the day before. Thus, you may perceive, we had our little dissatisfactions, and uttered our complaints to ourselves, but they rarely went further. On the whole, we were forced to acknowledge that we ran no risk of starving, and got quite as much variety, and as many delicacies as we could reasonably expect, when we considered the very moderate sum we paid for board and tuition.

But I must proceed with the days' work. After breakfast, came *ménage*, or housekeeping. This was another of our petty grievances. Every girl had a certain share of sweeping and dusting to do. Some did their work in the class-rooms, a few in the chapel, and others tidied the music-hall, while the rest wielded the broom in the dormatory. Our operations were superintended by a nun, who exacted good work from all. Still there were many complaints that a certain few were lazy, and did scarcely anything, while others, who pleaded weakness or other ailment, and threatened to leave unless relieved from the irksome task, were compromised with by being given but little dusting or tidying to do. It may readily be seen how this caused much discussion amongst those who had 'to grin and bear it,' but it ended, like all other protests, in talk. *Ménage* over, we dressed for our morning walk, and filed off, two and two, through several of the most retired streets. This was another grievance. 'Why don't they take us on Front Street, where we can see something or somebody?' was a frequent interrogation. The speaker might have truthfully added, 'and where somebody could see us.' But the nuns were far too wise to incite the girls to unladylike behaviour by placing such temptation in their way. Idlers there are on the principal streets of every large city, who would and do find amusement in flirting with foolish boarding-school misses, and the latter, because it is wrong and forbidden, often meet their advances, and thus get themselves into trouble and bring discredit upon the institution to

which they are attached. The nuns knew well that some of the girls under their charge had early imbibed wrong ideas of what was commendable—ideas which even their training had not been able to wholly eradicate, and all they could do for them was to deprive them of opportunities for making themselves ridiculous. One girl, mischief-loving, and wanting in self-respect, was wont to make herself so conspicuous by the injudicious use of her pocket-handkerchief, that it became necessary to deprive her of her daily walk, and she was allowed instead an airing on the balcony. I cite these examples to show how carefully the girls are guarded, and how necessary is the supervision. When we got back from our walk, it was almost nine, so we proceeded to the study hall. This room, like all the rest, was large, airy, and well-lighted—always clean, and, in common with the other departments, possessed an inviting look, difficult to describe, but plainly perceptible to all who entered it. Here the senior pupils remained until the school bell rang. The juniors had a separate room. In fact, the latter were never allowed to mingle with the older girls, and took their meals, and spent their recreation hours by themselves, besides occupying a separate dormitory. It was a wise regulation, keeping the little ones child-like, and leaving the young ladies untrammelled. At nine, the day-pupils arrived, and the classes were formed. One class remained in the study-hall, and the others went to the different class-rooms, which were distinguished by the name of the nun presiding in each. Class was over about eleven, and then came what was known as 'Christian Doctrine.' In other words, the pupils had to commit to memory, be able to explain, and give authority for a certain number of answers to questions in advanced catechism. After this, there were the closing forenoon prayers, and then dinner at half past eleven. It may not be out of place to give here an idea of the instruction given in the Convent, and the mode of teaching. French and English were the languages which received most attention. There was a German teacher, but her class was small. On one day, the English pupils would recite in French, while the French girls learned English. The next day, they all devoted themselves to their own language. It was an excellent place to learn French, and the French girls seemed to make rapid progress in English, speaking with wonderful fluency and correctness. Music was well taught by skilful and painstaking teachers; while drawing, painting, and fancy work received careful attention. Indeed, the nuns felt it their sacred duty to do their utmost for each pupil, and though, like all teachers, they met with many discouragements, they never ceased to make every possible exertion for the advancement of their charges. They worked in unison, and it was often a mystery to me how so many women—for even nuns are mortal and have their weaknesses—agreed so well. Of course the spirit of emulation between the classes manifested itself among the teachers, and on particular occasions, they must have had their little jealousies, envies and triumphs, but these feelings never interfered with the harmony of the school. All seemed to recognise the wisdom of forbearance, and to know the value of peace. In truth, the Convent was a little kingdom. The Lady Superior was chief ruler, and the other nuns were an executive council. The pupils were the subjects, and they found the yoke easy to bear, and obedience was made a delight. The rules were few. Silence was required during class and study hours, in passing through the corridors, and in the dormitory and refectory, unless when special permission was given to converse. Lessons had to be prepared, and respect and obedience were the right of every nun, and the duty of every pupil. French had to be spoken by all at recreation on

French nights, and English on English nights. These alternated, and it was a sensible regulation, for the words learned at such times find an abiding place in one's memory, and can always be recalled with the recollection of the circumstances under which they were used, while sentences acquired by study can seldom be connected in our minds with any pleasing incident which makes it impossible to forget them. But it is needless to enlarge on anything so self-evident.

After dinner, recreation was allowed until one o'clock. Then an hour was devoted to music practice, and instruction in sewing and fancy work. Arithmetic was taught until half-past three. Afternoon, thanks-giving and luncheon, *collation* as it was called, filled in the time until four, after which came a half-hour of recreation, followed by an hour's rehearsal of the morrow's work, and then evening prayers until six, when we had tea. When our evening meal was over, we had recreation again until half-past seven, and we studied until half-past eight, when the gong sounded for bed. We went up-stairs immediately, and by nine o'clock the gas was turned out, and the house was still. Thus was the ordinary day spent. It was an even-way, a monotonous life, but it had its enjoyment. We knew that our play hours were few and short, and we made the most of them. We had no more time for study than we really needed, and it was important that not a moment should be wasted. Religious exercises were frequent, and it was well to make a virtue of necessity and assist at them with devotion. The daily walk had its incidents, and the appearance of a new or long absent dish at the table was an event. Then we had half-holiday on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, though many were the complaints that these were holidays only in name, for those who aspired to handle the pencil got an hour's work on these days; and then there was always somebody wanted for a music lesson or to practice, and if you did not attend to your sewing or fancy work, *Ma tante*, who presided in the work-room (where all assembled to spend the afternoon), declared that you were *parasseuse.* Wednesday was one of the days on which your friends might visit you, and upon which, if you had shopping to do, and were a very well behaved young lady, you might be allowed to go into the city, accompanied by one of the older pupils, who had an equal reputation for propriety; but, if you were considered at all untrustworthy, a nun was deputed to see that you behaved with due decorum — which was right and wise, though several of the pupils did not think so. If you had no friends in the city, what then? It was impossible to have shopping more than once in a month, and many a girl, with her needless repining, spoiled for herself and her companions what might have been a very pleasant and profitable afternoon. Saturday afternoon was dreaded by all, for then came the general *ménage.* On that day very careful sweeping had to be done, and all the furniture had to be moved and carefully dusted with damp cloths, after which it was critically inspected by *Ma tante* in charge, who awarded marks, and gave praise or blame, according to the quality of the work. Of course these labours made every one dusty, and was followed by a general bathing and donning of clean garments. On this afternoon, too, the clean clothes came up the elevator from the laundry and were distributed. Unmarked or torn articles always brought a sharp reproof for their owner; and, after this inspection, each piece of clothing was passed around from one to the other, until it reached the person to whom it belonged. Dressing over, we went down stairs, and those who wished to 'confess,' visited the chapel, while others looked over their lessons for Monday in the study-hall. After tea, there was a general mending, and nearly every pupil might be seen repairing a torn garment or

stitching on a button. We went upstairs on Saturday night half an hour earlier than usual, that we might have ample time before the light went out to get everything in readiness for Sunday. On Sunday morning we had mass at the usual hour, followed by breakfast, which was generally a little better than the week day matutinal meal. After breakfast we talked for a short time, and then went to another mass, to which friends of the Convent were invited. Many people from the city attended, and it was quite a treat to us to catch these glimpses of the outside world. During the next recreation, the pupils might often be heard discussing the new dress worn by Madame L——, or eagerly endeavouring to discover the name of the handsome dark gentleman who occupied the front seat. This latter inquiry was made *sub rosa*, you may be sure, for no one coveted a lecture on the impropriety of looking around in the chapel, instead of attending to prayers. But human nature *is* human nature, even in a Convent.

This part of the day's devotion over, we had an hour for recreation, which, if the weather permitted, we generally spent in promenading on the galleries. After this, we studied until dinner time, and that meal being over, we were at liberty to divert ourselves until half-past two. Sometimes, if the day were fine, we were taken for a long walk, often staying out two or even three hours. We always got home in time for collation at four, served on Sundays in the study-hall, and consisting of two cakes, which, the girls used to declare, only made them long, like Oliver Twist, for more. At half-past four, we had benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, followed by a sermon. We had a good choir, and the singing was very fine, many people coming from the city to assist at the service. We studied until tea-time, and after that amused ourselves until half-past seven, when we all assembled in the study-hall to pass through the dreadful ordeal, familiarly known as 'lecture marks.' Every girl kept a book, in which she recorded the marks of merit and demerit obtained by her daily. On Saturday these books were handed in to the nuns, who compared them with their own, and corrected any mistakes. At half-past seven on Sunday evening, the Lady Superior, attended by the nuns, came to the study-hall. One of the nuns read the result of each girl's labours for the week, and the young lady whose name was called stood up. If any nun had to find fault with her conduct she made her complaint then. The Lady Superior demanded an explanation from, and administered a rebuke to, the condemned, who stood there, under the gaze of all, blushing and ready to burst into tears, or else bearing a look of assumed defiance. No wonder the pupils dreaded this hour, for it was a severe trial and a keen punishment for those who had been negligent or in any way unobservant of the rules. It is quite impossible for any one who has not had experience of convents, to know the awe in which the young ladies stand of the nuns, and the deep respect and reverence they feel for them. I have heard the girls say of a nun, 'I could almost hate her, but I respect the dress she wears and the work she does;' and those girls would consider it a positive crime to have rebellious feelings towards one of their teachers, and would prayerfully strive to be dutiful and submissive in all things. Some may wonder at this, and think it impossible with Protestant girls who do not believe in the religion of the nuns, but even they become impressed with the idea that these ladies are consecrated to the work of education, and must not be resisted in their efforts to do good. Besides, almost any one can understand that, in the eyes of impressionable girlhood, cut off from the world, the ruling authorities, let them be what they may, seem all powerful; and this is still more likely to be the case when they

are generally kind, and—in almost every instance—lovable. The English convent in which I was first domiciled was under the management of a different Order; and, while it resembled the institution I have described in many ways, the nuns seemed to have even a better method of maintaining discipline. They entered more into the every-day life of the pupils, discovered the workings of their minds, encourraged and aided them in their efforts to improve, and made themselves appear necessary to their existence. The affection of these children for their teachers was really touching, and a striking example of the influence of good women over those with whom they come in contact. It may be supposed that this influence might be wrongly directed, or used to secure more members for the Order, but, in the English Convent of which I speak, the nuns were particularly careful not to encourage the pupils to join them, while the French sisters never went further than exhorting them to think seriously of their life's work, and to decide whether it was to be wrought out in a Convent or in the world outside its walls. Once I remember the Lady Superior saying to me, that as I felt sure I would never be a nun, she hoped I would find a good husband, and become useful as a wife, for she had little faith in an old maid's life. Comparing the large number of pupils who annually pass through these institutions with the few who remain in them, we must acquit the nuns of endeavouring to proselytize weak-minded young ladies, or else agree that they are remarkably unsuccessful in their efforts.

In these few pages I have drawn a picture of the daily life of the Convent, and though the colouring is not brilliant, and rather poorly put on, the reader, I trust, will agree with me in concluding that the monotony I have portrayed is endurable, and is conducive to good health and serenity of mind, which after all are synonyms for happiness. But sometimes there were ripples on the generally placid surface; a break would occur in the routine, and we were always glad of the relief which it afforded. It might be caused by a holiday, a visit from some distinguished individual, or a private or public entertainment. Such events were not without their advantages. They were generally known to us in advance and were carefully prepared for, and the training which the pupils thus received went far to fit them for the easy and graceful performance of social duties in after life. In fact, the careful supervision of convent pupils in these particulars exerts an important after influence, for it is rare to find one who has been subject to such discipline awkward or ill-at-ease in society; and it is safe to add that the pupil will be neither bold nor presuming if she faithfully follow the teaching thus imparted. A few words may be allowed me to sum up the benefits of a convent education. I can truly say that where there is material to work upon, and no great weight of opposing influence, the nuns generally succeed in moulding their pupils into well-mannered, unaffected young ladies, possessed of sufficient information to enable them to converse intelligently, and with accomplishments which make them desirable companions. A solid education they can scarcely be said to possess. They will probably be good readers, good writers, fair grammarians, well up in history and geography, but possessing an imperfect knowledge of mathematics and the sciences. They get a smattering of all these, however, for advanced pupils study Euclid, algebra, botany, entomology, and zoology. They also devote some time to astronomy, and often talk quite learnedly of the different constellations. If they have any musical ability, and devote a sufficient time to it, they generally become good musicians. Drawing and painting are given much attention to; and French and German, in my opin-

ion, are taught in a much more thorough and practical manner than in Provincial High Schools. In fine, no matter who she may be, a young lady will always be largely benefited by a year or two of convent education. If she should chance to learn nothing more, she will be taught patience, charity, and amiability, and these go far towards making a lovable character. Let me add that the religious opinions of Protestants are treated with the greatest respect, and that no attempt is made to change their views. I know many who have been educated in convents, but recall only one who joined the Catholic Church. Those who have been educated in convents usually lose much of their prejudice against the Church of Rome, but this does not interfere with the faith they cherish. In closing, I may say that if I have enlightened any one hitherto ignorant on this subject, or have succeeded in dissipating the prejudices of others, I shall be amply rewarded. Let those who are interested in public institutions visit our convents, and see for themselves the interior workings of these important aids to the education of our people. They will be welcomed by the nuns, who are always glad to receive visitors desiring information, and I am satisfied that after an inspection they will have a more elevated idea than they before possessed of these women, who willingly relinquish all of the ordinary pleasures of the world, and devote their lives to the cause of education, hoping only for food and clothing, and, when their labours are over, a place in Heaven.

AVE ATQUE VALE.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW,

B. 1807. D. 1882.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY, TORONTO.

'AVE ET VALE!' Full of years and honours,
Thou diest, oh singer, whose songs shall not die!
Thou livest, oh Poet in thy work's survival,
All conscious life laid by!

Even now around thy tomb thy peers, the peerless,
Holmes, Whittier, Emerson, fit mourners, stand—
Their torch and thine what hand shall claim when passing
Into the Silent Land?

'Farewell! we greet thee!' in the kindly silence,
To the frail personal life of earth farewell,
We greet thee, Teacher, whom the years eternize
In all Men's love, live well!

Live in the pride of that Supreme Republic,
To whom the trophies of thy fame belong,
Through the far years though filled with mightier music
Thine her first voice of song!

A lyric undertone heard in the twilight,
Mid Home's sweet memories, in the Children's Hour
A sound of sea-waves breaking in the moonlight
Beneath the dark Church tower!

The Slave set free, the Young Man's heart turned Psalmis
How trite, yet true, our boyhood's favourite page!
Yet still for Truth, Peace, Freedom, well preluding
The keynote of the age!

And to the rough New World's uncultured ferment
Teaching the nobler lore of years gone by!
By Beauty's spell our young Atlantis drawing
To Europe's heart more nigh!

Nor bloomed thy verse a hothouse-born exotic;
Thine that sweet idyl of our Northern shore,
Where still the pines 'repeat Evangeline's story,'
Mid the Atlantic's roar.

Thee, by thy grave this day, we may not flatter,
Nor claim thy portion with the bards sublime,
Who sit supreme with Homer, Milton, Shelley,
Above the 'sands of Time.'

And yet, dear singer of our Homeland music,
No humble place, no fading wreath be thine,
Accept, forgive, that mid thy laureate honours
Our Maple chaplet twine.

THE POWER OF DISALLOWANCE AND ITS NATIONAL IMPORTANCE.

BY THE HON. EX-SPEAKER COCKBURN, Q C., OTTAWA.

II.

IT was not my purpose to have made any further remarks on this subject, but certain criticisms which have appeared in contraversion of the position taken by me in the March number, have induced me to resume its discussion, with the view of placing before the readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY a brief *resumé* of the reasons which establish, beyond question,

the true meaning of those disputed clauses of the Union Act, according to the intention and spirit—as well as the letter—the latter of which is seemingly admitted.

The veto power, as every student knows, is an essential element of our system of Monarchical Government: no legislation under British rule can have existence independently of it. The Acts of all the Colonial Legislatures are, and must continue to be, subject to the veto in the hands of the Sovereign. This power, as it existed in respect of the old Provinces of British North America, now included in the Confederation, was in the most formal manner made over to the Central Government of the Dominion, so far as it applied to future legislation by the Provinces; and although copies of all the Acts prepared by the Dominion Parliament are required—as was the case under the old Provinces—to be transmitted to the Secretary of State for the Colonies (so that Her Majesty's right of veto may be exercised or not exercised) there is no similar provision as to the acts of the Local Legislatures, nor is Her Majesty's Government kept advised thereof, the right of veto in respect of the same having been transferred to the Dominion.

A question as to a New Brunswick School Act was submitted by the Imperial authorities to the highest court of resort—the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council—and the following reply, under date of 13th September, 1872, was officially communicated to the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

'It appears to His Lordship (the Lord President of the Privy Council) that, as the power of confirming or disallowing Provincial Acts is vested by the Statute (the B. N. A. Act of 1867) in the Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, acting under the advice of his constitutional advisers, there is nothing in the case which gives to Her Majesty in Council any jurisdiction over this question.'

This dictum is in perfect harmony with the Confederation scheme, as agreed upon at Quebec, namely, that the Federal authority should be substituted for that of the Crown in respect of the Provincial Governments and Legislatures.

It is proper to note the advance in self-government which this constitutional change has effected. Under the system before Confederation the legislative acts of the Provinces could have been vetoed (under similar powers of disallowance) by the Crown, acting under the advice of Imperial Ministers who were in no way responsible to the people of those Provinces, and, although it may be said that the veto was seldom used, yet it was certainly exercised time and again, for during the Union of Upper and Lower Canada, from 1841 to 1867, we find that no fewer than nine Acts of the Legislature were disallowed or refused the Royal assent, some of which were purely local and provincial in their character.

On the other hand, the veto of Provincial Acts under our present system of government can only be effected by the Governor-General with the advice of his Canadian Ministers who are responsible directly for such advice to the Dominion Parliament, which is the proper Court of Impeachment, should they err in such advice. Thus responsible government, in respect of the disallowance of Provincial Acts, is more effectually secured to the people of the respective Provinces under Confederation than it ever was before; and we do not find that the occasions for the exercise of the power have numerically increased. Keeping in view the large increase of legislation that has taken place, the number of Ontario Acts, for instance, that have been disallowed since Confederation is four; while the whole number of disallowed Acts throughout the Dominion is in the neighbourhood of thirty, as against a a total number of acts that were passed in all the provinces of over 5,000

In this connection it is also worthy of notice, that no fewer than eight of the Acts of the Dominion Parliament have, since Confederation, been disallowed, or refused the Royal assent, by Her Majesty acting upon the advice of her Imperial Ministers, some of which were so disallowed, or refused, not for reasons of Imperial policy, but for reasons of State bearing on the interests of Canada—as so stated—notably the Act to reduce the Governor-General's salary, which was passed in 1868; and yet, if we turn to sec. 91, and indeed to the whole context of the B. N. A. Act, we find that the legislative powers of the Dominion Parliament are far more absolute, as well as more extensive, than any that were conferred on the Provinces in sec. 92.

Is there, then, it may be asked, any good reason for the contention that the Provinces were intended to occupy the anomalous position of entire freedom from the veto power in cases within their jurisdiction, while the provision as to disallowance of Dominion Acts, couched in the very same language, preserve (and must ever preserve) to Her Majesty in Council a complete control over all the legislation of the Dominion?

In order to arrive at a clear, and we may hope conclusive, answer to this important question, we must turn to the Official Acts, the public speeches, and the debates just before and at the time of the passing of the Union Act.

The Quebec Conference closed its labours on the 31st October, 1864, the result being the adoption of a series of resolutions which formed the basis of the Act of Union subsequently passed by the Imperial Parliament, and known as the British North America Act of 1867.

After the close of the Conference, the delegates visited the chief cities of the different Provinces, and made known publicly the purport of the resolutions that had been so adopted.

At Toronto, in the month of November of that year, before a very large and enthusiastic audience, the Hon. George Brown, as President of the Executive Council of the Province of Canada, gave the official explanation in a speech of great power and clearness of detail. The Hon. gentleman is reported *inter alia* to have spoken as follows:—

'The various details of the Confederation scheme were brought up for consideration by the Conference in the form of resolutions. Those resolutions were separately discussed, amended, and adopted; and, as finally adopted by the unanimous consent of the whole Conference, they now stand on record.'. . . .

'There was one point to which he was desirous of calling particular attention, namely, to the fact that in framing their constitution they had carefully avoided what had proved a great evil in the United States, and that is the acknowledgment of an inherent sovereign power in the separate States, causing a collision of authority between the general and States Governments which, in times of trial, had been found to interfere gravely with the efficient administration of public affairs. In the Government to be formed under this new constitution, while we have committed to the local government all that necessarily and properly belongs to the localities, we have reserved for the general government all those powers which will enable the legislative and administrative proceedings of the central authority to be carried out with a firm hand.

'With this view we have provided that the whole of the judges throughout the Confederation, those of the County Courts as well as of the Superior Courts, are to be appointed and paid by the General Government. We have also provided that the General Parliament shall be specially charged with the performance of all obligations of the Provinces, as part of the British Empire, to foreign countries. The Lieutenant-Governors of the different sections are to be appointed by

the General Government, and the power of disallowing all bills passed by the local legislatures is to be vested in the Governor-General in Council. In this way we will have a complete chain of authority, extending from Her Majesty, the Queen, to the basis of our political fabric.'

The Governor General, having transmitted to Her Majesty's Government a copy of the Resolutions adopted at the Quebec Conference, the same was acknowledged in a despatch by the Colonial Minister of the 3rd December, 1864, in which occur the following passages :—

'Her Majesty's Government have given to your despatches, and to the resolutions of the Conference, their most deliberate consideration. They have regarded them as a whole, and as having been designed, by those who have framed them, to establish as complete and perfect a union of the whole into one Government, as the circumstances of the case, and a due consideration of existing interests, would admit.

'They accept them, therefore, as being, in the deliberate judgment of those best qualified to decide upon the subject, the best framework of a measure to be passed by the Imperial Parliament for attaining that most desirable result. . . . . But upon the whole, it appears to Her Majesty's Government that precautions have been taken which are obviously intended to secure to the Central Government the means of effective action throughout the several Provinces, and to guard against those evils which must inevitably arise if any doubt were permitted to exist as to the respective limits of central and local authority. They are glad to observe that although large powers of legislation are intended to be vested in local bodies, yet the principle of central control has been steadily kept in view. The importance of this principle cannot be overrated. Its maintenance is essential to the practical efficiency of the system, and to its harmonious operation both in the general administration and in the Governments of the several Provinces.'

It will be apparent from this despatch, and from the subsequent debates in the British Parliament, that any plan of confederation which did not provide for a supreme central control over the Provincial Governments and Legislatures would not have been sanctioned by Her Majesty's Government, nor would any such measure have been submitted by them to the Imperial Parliament.

The Legislature of the Province of Canada met in February, 1865, when the Quebec resolutions were submitted and carried in both Houses by large majorities. It would be tedious to refer at any great length to the Debates, which exhausted the whole subject, under a sharp and determined criticism directed against the whole and every part, feature, form, and condition of the scheme, and led by able and talented exponents of every conceivable theory of Government, the *statu quo* of the present colonial condition, the legislative against the strictly federal system, and the union of a legislative and federal system as against both. The following extracts from some of the speeches delivered in the Assembly which bear specially on the subject of the supreme authority in regard to the proposed autonomy of the provinces will show how thoroughly this subject was sifted, analysed, and understood.

See the Confederation debates :—

Sir John Macdonald said: 'Here we have adopted a different system (from that of the United States), we have strengthened the General Government, we have given them all the great subjects of legislation, we have conferred on them all the powers which are incident to sovereignty . . . We have avoided all conflict of jurisdiction and authority . . . and we will have in fact, as I said before, all the advantages of a Legislative Union

under one administration, with, at the same time, the guarantees for local institutions and for local laws which are insisted on by so many in the Provinces now I hope to be united . . . . With respect to the local governments, it is provided that each shall be governed by a chief executive officer who shall be nominated by the General Government. As this is to be one united Province, with the local governments and legislatures subordinate to the General Government and Legislature, it is obvious that the chief executive officer in each of the Provinces must be subordinate as well. The General Government assumes towards the local governments precisely the same position as the Imperial Government holds with respect to each of the colonies now.'

Mr. George Brown: 'We have retained in the hands of the General Government all the powers necessary to secure a strong and efficient administration of public affairs. By vesting the appointment of the Lieutenant-Governors in the General Government and giving a veto for all local measures, we have secured that no injustice shall be done without appeal in local legislation.'

Sir A. Dorion (speaking *contra*): 'When I look into the provisions of this scheme, I find another most objectionable one; it is that which gives the General Government control over all the Acts of the local legislatures. What difficulties may not arise under this system? Now, knowing that the General Government will be party in its character, may it not, for party purposes, reject laws proposed by the local legislatures, and demanded by a majority of the people of that locality. . . . We shall be (I speak as a Lower Canadian), we shall be at its mercy, because it may exercise its right of veto over the local parliaments.'

Sir John Rose: 'There can be no difficulty under the scheme between the various sections, no clashing of authority between the local and central governments in this case, as there has been in the case of the Americans. The powers of the local governments are distinctly and strictly defined, and you have no assertion of sovereignty on the part of the local governments as in the United States, and of powers inconsistent with the rights and security of the whole community. Then the other point which commends itself so strongly to my mind is this, that there is a veto power on the part of the General Government over all the legislation of the local Parliaments. That was a fundamental element which the wisest statesmen engaged in the framing of the American Constitution said, that, if it was not engrafted, it must necessarily end in the destruction of the Constitution. . . . . Now, sir, I believe this power of negative, this power of veto, this controlling power on the part of the Central Government, is the best protection and safeguard of the system; and if it had not been provided, I would have felt it very difficult to reconcile it to my sense of duty to vote for the resolutions.'

Mr. Alexander Mackenzie: 'Personally, I have always been in favour of a Legislative Union where it can be advantageously worked; if it could be adapted to our circumstances in these colonies, I would at this moment be in favour of a Legislative Union as the best system of government. . . . It is quite clear that if the Legislative Union could not be worked well with Upper and Lower Canada, it would work still worse with the other Provinces brought in. There remained, therefore, no other alternative than to adopt the Federal principle. . . .

'The veto power is necessary in order that the General Government may have a control over the proceedings of the local legislatures to a certain extent. The want of this power was the great source of weakness in the United States. . . .

Mr. Dunkin (speaking *contra*):

'There is in the United States system a clear and distinct line drawn between the functions of the General and State Governments. Some may not like the idea of State sovereignty, and many may wish that more power had been given to the General Government. But this much is plain, that it is not proposed to allow anything approaching State government here. . . .

'And there is the strange and anomalous provision that not only can the General Government disallow the Acts of the Provincial Legislatures, and control and hamper and fetter provincial action in more ways than one, but that whenever any Federal Legislation contravenes, or in any way clashes with provincial legislation, as to any matter at all common between them, such Federal Legislation shall override it and take its place. It is not too much to say that a continuance of such a system for any length of time without serious clashing is absolutely impossible.'

Mr. Morris: 'I now proceed to state my belief that we shall find great advantage in the future in the possession of a strong Central Government and local or municipal Parliaments such as are proposed for adoption. I believe the scheme will be found in fact and in practice—by its combination of the better features of the American system with those of the British Constitution —to have very great practical advantages.'

Mr. Hope Mackenzie.—'I look upon it as a scheme more national than federal in its character, as looking more to a national union of the people than a union of sections, and it is chiefly because of this feature, that it commends itself to my judgment. The hon. member for Lotbinière (Mr. Joly) dissented from this view, and argued that unless the supreme power was placed in the seperate Provinces, it could not be acceptable to Lower Canada, as otherwise their institutions would be endangered, and yet he elaborated an argument to prove the fleeting and unstable character of federation established on the only principle he seems disposed to accept . . . Now, sir, while the hon. gentleman will have nothing to do with it, because of the supreme central power that is provided in the scheme, I take it just because of that controlling central power.'

Sir Richard Cartwright.—'In every state which deserved the name of an Empire, the supreme authority of the central power in all that concerns the general welfare has been acknowledged, ... even where there may be some conflict of jurisdiction on minor matters, every reasonable precaution seems to have been taken against leaving behind any reversionary legacies of sovereign state rights to stir up strife and discord.'

Mr. Scoble.—'A careful analysis of the scheme convinces me that the powers conferred on the general or central government, secures to it all the attributes of sovereignty, and the veto power which its executive will possess, and to which all local legislation will be subject, will prevent a conflict of laws and jurisdiction in all matters of importance.'

The result of this prolonged debate is well known, the address was carried in the Upper House by a majority of 30; the yeas being 45, and the nays 15; and in the Lower House the majority was 58; the yeas being 91, and the nays 33. Of the minority in the Lower House only 8 were Upper Canadian members, and of those not one raised his voice against the power of disallowance being placed in the hands of the Central Government, their opposition proceeded on other grounds which attacked the whole scheme, so that, so far as the Province of Ontario is concerned, her representatives were unanimous on this question, admitting that the objections of the eight dissenting members, as to the union generally, had been overcome.

It is not necessary that we should follow the varied fortunes of Confederation in the Maritime Provinces, as

we have to deal for the moment with the question as it is being interpreted in Ontario, it is enough to say that the pro-confederates in those provinces ultimately carried the day, and thus the measure became ripe for the action of the Imperial Government and Parliament.

On the 19th of February, 1867, the Earl of Carnarvon, then Colonial Minister, moved the second reading of the British North-America Bill in the House of Lords—the Bill having been first introduced into that House, passed all its stages there before being sent for concurrence to the House of Commons. The following extracts, bearing upon the question under consideration, are taken from his lordship's very able speech on the occasion. He said:

'My lords, I now pass to that which is, perhaps, the most delicate and the most important part of this measure—the distribution of powers between the Central Parliament and the local authorities. In this is, I think, comprised the main theory and constitution of Federal Government; on this depends the practical working of the new system. And here we navigate a sea of difficulties. There are rocks on the right hand and on the left. If on the one hand the Central Government be too strong, then there is risk that it may absorb the local action, and that wholesome self-government by the provincial bodies, which it is a matter both of good faith and political expediency to maintain; if, on the other hand, the Central Government is not strong enough, then arises a conflict of State rights and pretensions, cohesion is destroyed, and the effective vigour of the central authority is encroached upon. The real object which we have in view is to give to the Central Government those high functions and almost sovereign powers by which general principles and uniformity of legislation may be secured on those questions that are of common import to all the Provinces, and, at the same time, to retain for each Province so ample a measure of municipal liberty and self-government as will allow, and indeed compel, them to exercise those local powers which they can exercise with great advantage to the community. . . . .

'In closing my observations on the distribution of powers, I ought to point out that just as the authority of the Central Parliament will prevail, whenever it may come in contact with the local legislatures, so the residue of legislation, if any, unprovided for in the specific classification which I have explained, will belong to the central body. It will be seen, under the 91st clause, that the classification is not intended to "restrict the generality" of the powers previously given to the Central Parliament, and that those powers extend to all laws made for the "peace, order and good government" of the Confederation—terms which, according to precedent, will, I understand, carry with them an ample measure of legislative authority. I will add, that while all general Acts will follow the usual conditions of colonial legislation, and will be confirmed, disallowed, or reserved for Her Majesty's pleasure by the Governor-General, the Acts passed by the Local Legislature will be transmitted only to the Governor-General, and be subject to disallowance by him within the space of one twelvemonth.'

The Marquis of Normandy seconded the motion, in a speech directed towards other portions of the Bill.

Earl Russell, after some general remarks, said: 'He had to express his regret that this was not a legislative instead of a Confederate union. He feared that seperate local legislatures would be attended with great inconvenience, and that the work of the Confederation could only be done by a single legislature.

Lord Monck said: 'A noble earl had alluded to the present scheme as a confederation, and had stated that he would rather have had a legislative

union. The weakness of a confederate union was generally supposed to reside, in the absence of sufficient authority, in the central power. But not one of the sources of weakness of federal union was to be found in this confederation. The union was not created by the act of the States themselves—the supreme authority and the executive authority were both to be possessed by the central power—and for all purposes of union the Central Government acted directly through its own officers upon the people of the United Provinces. The central power also reserved to itself the complete control over the legislative, the executive, and the judicial authorities.'

Lord Lynden having made some remarks of approval, the motion was agreed to.

On the 26th February, after a speech in opposition and an amendment moved by Lord Campbell on grounds not affecting this question, the Bill was read a third time, then passed and sent to the Commons.

In the House of Commons on the 28th February—

Mr. Adderly moved the second reading of the Bill, the following extracts from his speech have reference to the subject of our present enquiry—he said : 'The power of the Provincial Legislatures in reference to legislation will be confined to a certain number of essential subjects. The Governor-General will have a veto on all legislation ; and the Central Legislature will be invested with a general power of providing for the good government and peace of the country ; but without derogating from the general power certain specified powers are enumerated for the Central Legislature. It will be seen that by these provisions, arrangements are made as far as possible for insuring the unity and strength of the Central Government.'

Mr. Cardwell—'I admit there is a provision not in the Bill which I should have been glad to have seen there, namely, the overruling and controlling power on the part of the Central Legislation which was given in the New Zealand Act,* but I think the noble Earl at the head of the Colonial Office, and my right hon. friend, are perfectly right in not pressing the question more at the present moment. . . . As the matter now stands, the Bill gives to the Governor-General an actual veto over every measure passed by the Local Legislatures, and it allows the Local Legislatures only to deal with those questions which are supposed to be matters of local concern.'

Mr. Bright, Mr. Watkin, Sir John Pakington, Mr. Baillie Cochrane, Mr. Chichester Fortescue, Mr. Hadfield, and Mr. Marsh, also addressed the House, but their observations were directed to other features of the measure.

The motion was agreed to and the Bill read and committed. On the 4th March, the House was moved into Committee, and after some slight amendments to the previous clauses. On clause 91 bing moved—

Mr. E. W. T. Hamilton said—'He wished to know how a conflict of jurisdiction between the Parliament of Canada and the Provincial Legislature was to be settled.

Mr. Adderly said—'He did not think that any serious conflict of the kind anticipated by the hon. member could take place so long as a supreme power was vested in the Governor-General to veto Acts.'

Mr. Roebuck said—'The framers of the American constitution foresaw this difficulty and provided a Supreme Court, whose province it was to decide whether even the laws passed by Congress were illegal. This Bill contained no provision to prevent the passing of unconstitutional laws. In other words,

* By the New Zealand Act, 15 & 16 Vic. ch. 72. sec. 53, power was given to the General Assembly to make laws overriding the laws of the Provincial bodies, *in addition* to the veto held by the Governor.

the Canadian Parliament would be supreme.'

Mr. Cardwell said such questions could be raised in the Colonial Law Courts, and would be ultimately settled by the Privy Council in England.

The clause was agreed to, and the Bill was reported with amendments.

On March 8th, the amendments were concurred in, and the Bill was read a third time and passed, and on the 28th March it received the royal assent.

Since the new constitution under this Statute went into full operation, a period of over fourteen years has elapsed, during which an official interpretation has been put upon the clause conferring the power of disallowance; by the Dominion Ministers of Justice, Dominion Orders in Council, and certain official correspondence and statements by Ministers, which it is now proposed to consider in connection with this enquiry.

A return was made to the House of Commons on 1st March, 1877,* of all correspondence between the Federal and Colonial Governments concerning the disallowance of, or other action taken upon, Provincial Acts passed and Provincial Bills reserved. This return gives the papers in connection with each Act or Bill, the report of the Minister of Justice thereon, and the Order in Council approving of such report, Mr. Todd says† that up to the end of 1878, there had been in all twenty-seven Bills disallowed; of which three were from Ontario, two from Quebec, four from Nova Scotia, twelve from British Columbia, six from Manitoba, while there were none from Prince Edward Island, and none from New Brunswick. This enumeration would seem only to include the disallowed Acts, not the reserved Bills, upon which action was taken by the Dominion Government. I have extracted from the above return, all those cases in which the disallowance and the withholding of the Governor-General's assent was founded on reasons other than incompetency of jurisdiction. Some cases have occurred since the above return, besides the Stream's Bill, but they will make no material difference in the conclusions to be arrived at.

No. 1. From Prince Edward Island.

'The Land Purchase Act of 1874,' was reserved for the assent of the Governor-General. The assent was refused for the reason that the Act was objectionable, in that it did not provide for an impartial arbitration in which the proprietors would have representation for arriving at a decision on the nature of their rights and the value of the property involved, and also for securing a speedy settlement of the matters in dispute. The report of Mr. Fournier, Minister of Justice, was concurred in and approved by Council, 12th December, 1874.

No. 2. From Prince Edward Island.

'The Act to Amend the Land Purchase Act of 1875' was reserved for the assent of the Governor-General. This assent was withheld for the reason that it (the Bill) was retrospective in its effect; that it dealt with the rights of parties then in litigation or which might yet fairly form the subject of litigation, and that there was an absence of any provision saving the rights and proceedings of persons whose properties had been dealt with under the Act of 1875. Mr. R. W. Scott, Acting Minister of Justice, concurred in by Council, 21st July, 1876.

No. 3. From Manitoba.

'An Act respecting Land Surveyors' was reserved and assent withheld for the reason that the bill was premature and unnecessary as reported by the Minister of the Interior, approved of by the Minister of Justice, Mr. Blake; concurred in 7th February, 1876.

No. 4. From Manitoba.

'An Act to amend the Act intituled the Half-breed Land Protection Act,'

*Sess. Papers, 1877. vol. 10, No. 89.

†See Todd's Par. Gov't in the Colonies, p. 371.

passed in 1875, 38th Victoria. Disallowed on the report of the Minister of the Interior, that no notice of it had been published in the Manitoba *Gazette* as provided in one of its clauses and recommending its disallowance especially as, in his opinion, the original Act, 37 Vict. c. 44, afforded all necessary protection to the purchase of half-breed land rights. Concurred in by the Minister of Justice, Mr. Blake, and approved of by Council, 7th October, 1877.

In addition to the foregoing, the case of the Quebec Act, 39 Vic., chap. 7, intituled 'An Act to compel Assurers to take out a License,' may be properly referred to. The Minister of Justice, Mr. Blake, made a lengthy report upon the constitutionality of the Act, and he also supervised its policy as to an objectionable feature in these words: 'The undersigned feels bound to point out that in one particular this Act is specially objectionable. . . . This Act requires payment by the Companies of a tax of one per cent. upon the premiums for renewals of life policies, although made before the passing of the Act. . . . This seems objectionable on principle, and calculated to produce a feeling of insecurity abroad with reference to Provincial legislation, and the undersigned recommends that the attention of the Lieutenant-Governor be called to the provision with a view to its amendment next Session.'

From the five cases just enumerated it is very plain that the Dominion Government of that day had not, nor have the Government of the present day, put the construction upon the 90th section which is being contended for. They have not considered that the power of disallowance merely imposed on the Governor General and his fifteen ministers the non-political duty of checking the legal mistakes which are sometimes found in the Acts of the Local Legislatures.

A distinction has been drawn between the case of a reserved Bill, from which the Governor-General's assent has been withheld, and the case of an Act passed which has been disallowed, if all other things are equal between the two Prince Edward Island Bills, and the 'Ontario Streams Act'—and on the face of the reports of the Ministers of Justice, they are on all fours with each other—there can be no real difference so far as the exercise of the power of disallowance is concerned—the Governor-General is given no more right to decide upon the question of policy in one case than in the other, the argument is that he must not enquire into the policy at all, because the Provincial Legislatures hold *exclusive* powers — then what gave him jurisdiction in the Prince Edward Island cases? the reservation by that Government, and the implied assent to his so acting which such reservation gives? But consent can never give jurisdiction, that can only be drawn from the statute; the truth is that these three cases must stand or fall together.

Mr. Blake, on the 31st of March, 1875, in moving certain resolutions in the House of Commons, with reference to the erroneous position maintained by the Colonial Minister, in regard to the use of the power of disallowance (alluded to in the former paper), made use of this language:

'It is hardly necessary to observe that no more delicate function could be discharged by the Executive authority, than the function entrusted to it by this 90th clause. I can conceive of no function which has to be exercised with greater caution, under greater restraint, or with a more careful prevision of its consequences to the future of the Confederacy, than the power of disallowing Acts of the Local Legislatures.'

The sentiments so enunciated by Mr. Blake, were concurred in by the then prime minister, Mr. Mackenzie, by Sir John Macdonald, and the late Mr. Holton, the only three gentlemen who spoke on the question. But let us enquire had all

this caution, and all this delicacy, reference to the merely legal supervision of the bills, or had it not special and unmistakable reference to the political aspect of the question?

Sir John Macdonald said quite recently in the House of Commons, when the disallowance of the Streams' Bill had been alluded to, that 'he trusted that this power would be always used so as to cause as little friction as possible.' The truth seems to be, that there is little or no difference of opinion among the statesmen of the Dominion so far as the theory of the veto power is in question, it is only 'in another place' that such unsound doctrine as we have read and heard, has been taught and promulgated.

But it is not alone on the Dominion side, that the principle of supervision over the policy of the local Acts and Bills has been asserted, but on the side of the Provinces also the assent to the exercise of this power has been given in many cases where amendments have been promised in the following session to meet objections that had been pointed out to the local authorities by the Minister of Justice. In some cases, supervision, in others actual disallowence has been invited by the Local Governments, as for example in the Goodhue Will case, and in the case of the Orange Bills from Ontario,* and among the other provinces Quebec, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba and British Columbia, have assented so far that they have submitted without protest, to the exercise of the power; New Brunswick alone so far as I have seen, has taken ground against Dominion interference with her local legislation and she had strong ground for protest, for if ever danger threatened the Legislative rights of the Provinces, it was when, in 1873, a resolution was adopted in the House of Commons requiring Ministers to advise His Excellency the Governor General to disallow two Acts that had been passed by the Legislature of New Brunswick, respecting schools and school rates. The debate on this motion (Mr. Costigan's) brought upon the floor of the Parliament of the Dominion a question of burning local interest which was beyond the competency of the Dominion Parliament to legislate upon, and which was within the competency of the Legislature of the Province. Fortunately the resolution was not acted upon, the advice was not given, and the Acts were left to their legal operation, and thus the danger of what might have proved a serious constitutional conflict passed away.

We should not fall into the too common error of supposing that our written constitution is a mere creation of our own, as if we could remake it according to caprice or pleasure. When the Confederacy was consummated, we surrendered our Provincial systems and existences. We had nothing left; nothing in reserve. All the old chartered constitutions were repealed and swept away as if they had never been; and to the British North-America Act, the great charter of our national life, we can alone look for a true understanding of our political rights and duties as citizens and subjects. What was done previously by conferences and legislatures may properly have been considered in the light of compact, and, therefore, revocable, but now all this is changed and all debateable questions are closed. We cannot go behind our constitutional charter; if that is clear in its language, we are in duty bound to accept it as our fixed rule of conduct. In this paper we have unconsciously sinned in looking back, but it was for the pur-

*In the Goodhue Will case, 1871, the Act had been assented to by the Lieut.-Governor —Sir Wm. Howland -who, however, called the attention of the Dominion Government to it in these words: 'I regard the principle involved in the Bill and sanctioned by the Assembly as very objectionable and forming a dangerous precedent.' The two Orange Society Bills, 1873, were expressly reserved by the Local Government for the Governor-General's assent. All three Bills were within the competency of the Ontario Legislature.

pose of showing that in respect of the Disallowance clause, the compact and the intention of its framers was in strict accord with the Statute.

In view of the two principles which are involved, and which need not necessarily clash with each other—both being needful and, therefore, reconcilable—the conservation of federal authority on the one hand, and constitutional freedom of local action on the other, it is obvious that the veto is an essential condition of our government; and whilst it is agreed on all sides that this power must be used with discretion and caution, it would be difficult, nay impossible, to lay down defined rules for its exercise, for the exigencies of this year may not be exigencies of next; reasons of public policy may arise from complications internal or external, which are now unseen, and which may render it necessary in the public interest to check legislation in some given direction, and, therefore, the hands of that Executive, which is specially charged with peace, order and good government, should be free to use this reserve power when the occasion demands for the security and well-being of the Dominion.

In Memoriam.

HENRY J. GRASETT, D. D.

Dean of Toronto,

Born 18th June, 1808. Died 20th March, 1882.

'THE memory of the just is blessed,'
Words of sweet comfort to us all,
Who would not if we could recall,
Our saint from his eternal rest.

Eternal rest! where nought is heard
Of party strife or envy's spleen;
Nor is the atmosphere serene
By any breath of slander stirred.

Of few shall men more truly say:
'He kept the faith, he fought the fight
And never swerved to left or right
Of what he felt to be the way.'

By many loved, by some reviled,
By not a few misunderstood,
He strove, while mind and body could,
To serve and preach the Undefiled.

Nigh seven and forty years have fled—
Perchance scarce one the day recalls—
Since first within St. James' walls
He fed us with the living Bread.

How many a blood-washed soul since then,
Who learned through him his Lord to love,
Hath blessed him in the choirs above
And welcomes now his voice again.

Nor health nor strength he counted dear
To feed the flock his Master gave;
Knowing that they forever save
Their lives, who dare to lose them here.

The field he sowed must others reap;
But he and they shall joy together
Somewhere in brighter, calmer weather,
And smile to think they once could weep.

He sleeps—Ah yes, he doeth well!
His course was run, his work complete.
He rests at last at Jesus' feet,
How then should hearts that ache rebel?

G. R. G.

YOUNG PEOPLE.

SIR WM. NAPIER AND LITTLE JOAN.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Sir William Napier, one bright day,
  Was walking down the glen,—
A noble English soldier,
  And the handsomest of men.

Through fields and fragrant hedge-rows
  He slowly wandered down
To quiet Freshford village,
  By pleasant Bradford town.

With look and mien magnificent,
  And step so grand, moved he;
And from his stately front outshone
  Beauty and majesty.

About his strong white forehead
  The rich locks thronged and curled,
Above the splendour of his eyes,
  That might command the world.

A sound of bitter weeping
  Came up to his quick ear:
He paused that instant, bending
  His kingly head to hear.

Among the grass and daisies
  Sat wretched little Joan,
And near her lay her bowl of delf,
  Broken upon a stone.

Her cheeks were red with crying,
  And her blue eyes dull and dim;
And she turned her pretty, woeful face,
  All tear-stained up to him.

Scarce six years old, and sobbing
  In misery so drear!
'Why, what's the matter, Posy?'
  He said, 'come, tell me, dear.'

'It's father's bowl I've broken:
  'Twas for his dinner kept:
I took it safe, but coming back
  It fell,'—again she wept.

'But you can mend it, can't you?'
  Cried the despairing child
With sudden hope, as down on her,
  Like some kind god, he smiled.

'Don't cry, poor little Posy!
  I cannot make it whole,
But I can give you sixpence
  To buy another bowl.'

He sought in vain for silver
  In purse and pockets, too,
And found but golden guineas,
  He pondered what to do.

'This time to-morrow, Posy,'
  He said, 'again come here,
And I will bring your sixpence,
  I promise! Never fear!'

Away went Joan rejoicing,—
  A rescued child was she;
And home went good Sir William,
  And to him presently

A footman brings a letter,
  And low before him bends:
'Will not Sir William come and dine
  To-morrow with his friends?'

The letter read: 'And we've secured
  The man among all men
You wish to meet. He will be here,
  You will not fail us then?'

To-morrow! Could he get to Bath
  And dine with dukes and earls,
And back in time? That hour was pledged,—
  It was the little girl's!

He could not disappoint her,
  He must his friends refuse.
So 'a previous engagement'
  He pleaded as excuse.

Next day when she, all eager,
  Came o'er the fields so fair,
As sure as of the sunrise
  That she should find him there.

He met her, and the sixpence
  Laid in her little hand.
Her woe was ended, and her heart
  The lightest in the land.

How would the stately company,
  Who had so much desired
His presence at their splendid feast
  Have wondered and admired!

As soldier, scholar, gentleman,
  His praises oft are heard:
'Twas not the least of his great deeds
  So to have kept his word!

A HEROIC DEED.

BY DANIEL WISE, D. D.

'A ship ashore! a ship ashore!' was the cry which rang through the streets of St. Andrews, Scotland, one fearful winter day, more than threescore years ago. This thrilling cry roused every inhabitant. Citizens, students from the university, and sailors rushed with pale

faces and rapid steps along the street toward the bay, to the eastward of the town. Standing on the shore, the crowd was terror-stricken and paralyzed through beholding a vessel stranded on a sand-bank but a few rods from the beach. She was shrouded in surfy mist. The waves dashed furiously against her, and broke over her decks with irresistible fury. Yet, through the thick air and the driving sleet, the people on the shore could now and then catch glimpses of the doomed crew clinging with the clutch of despair to the rigging of the wreck. There were many bold, brave men in that sympathizing crowd of spectators, but none who dared to venture through the mighty surges to save those ill-fated sailors. It seemed, indeed, to the stoutest heart, too mighty a task for mortal man to attempt. All could sympathize with the wrecked ones : none but God, they thought, could save them.

But there was one heroic soul in that eager, wistful crowd, who thought that man, with God's help, might snatch those perishing men from the door of doom. He was a young man, a university student, strong in body, but still stronger in spirit. 'Bring me a rope!' he cried. 'I will try to save them.'

A strong rope was brought, and fastened about his waist. Followed by the prayers of many and the good wishes of all, this chivalric youth struggled, with desperate courage, through the terrific surf into the deep water beyond. Then, with the strength of a young giant, guided by the skill of the experienced swimmer, he slowly worked his way toward the vessel's side. He had nearly reached it, when his friends, alarmed by the length of time and slowness of his progress, began pulling him back. Then his courage rose to the sublimest height of self-sacrifice. He forgot himself. He would save the man clinging in desperation to yon vessel's shrouds, or perish in the attempt. Grasping the knife that he carried between his teeth, he cut the rope by which his kind-hearted friends were drawing him to shore and safety. He buffeted the rough waves successfully. He reached the breaker-swept deck of the stranded sloop. After a word of cheer to the crew, he took a fresh rope, plunged anew into the surging waters, and swam back to the beach.

But four days of starvation, unrest, and exposure had robbed those poor creatures on board the wreck of both courage and strength. Not one of them dared to escape by means of the rope. What then? Must they perish? Nay; not yet. The brave student will risk his life again in their behalf. Many speak harshly of their lack of pluck. He pities their weakness. He rushes into the surf once more, struggles through the crested waves, boards the sloop, and brings off a man to the shore. Six times, he makes the perilous trip, and saves a human life each time. The seventh time, his charge is a boy, so weak and helpless that he loses his hold upon him twice, and twice he dives for him into the seething depths and brings him up. Finally, he reaches the beach with the limp, corpse-like lad, the last of the rescued crew. The crowd which had hitherto watched the gallant young hero's movements with breathless stillness, now broke forth into a loud, triumphal cheer, which neither the roar of the wind nor the thunder of the waves can drown. They recognise the presence of a genuine hero.

The name of this noble young scion of true chivalry was John Honey, one the college friends of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers. His effort on that memorable day cost him his life,—not directly, however, for he lived a few years ; but the seeds of a mortal malady were sown by his humane exertions on that grandest day of his life. He died at Bendochy, in 1814, and Chalmers preached such a grand and thrilling sermon beside his open grave as led one who heard it, to say, 'I have seen many scenes, I have heard many eloquent men, but this I have never seen equalled or even imitated.'

The man was worthy of such a sermon. No deed of war, no act of knightly chivalry, ever rose to a loftier height of moral nobleness than young Honey's rescue of those Scottish sailors.

It was bold, brave, cool, perilous, persistent, and, above all, humane. It was indeed and in truth heroism of the highest type.

THE MUSICAL SCHOLARSHIP.

BY AMY KEY.

He lingered on the steps of the college, reading over and over and over again the announcement on the notice board by the great entrance door. A concert

was just over, and the audience came trooping down the stairs and out into the pleasant afternoon sunshine.

He approached the stream of spectators once or twice, and then drew back, too shy to speak. But at last, when they had nearly all gone, he made a violent effort, and touched the arm of a man who walked alone, humming the last air that had been played by the orchestra,—a brown-faced, kind-eyed man. He looked at the boy.

"What is it, youngster?"

"The notice," the boy returned eagerly. "Is it sure to be quite true?"

"Let us see," said he, putting the boy aside and approaching the board. He was short-sighted, and he slowly drew out a pair of spectacles and put them on. The notice set forth that on the 10th of September a musical scholarship was to be awarded. The competitors would be required to play a movement of Beethoven's on the violin, and the successful candidate would be received into the college for three years, free of all cost.

"Oh, yes, it is quite true! Are you thinking of trying for it?"

The boy's face flushed. He looked in an agony of shyness.

"I—I shall ask Herr Linders about it," he continued.

"Ah, he plays in the open-air concerts. Is he your master?"

"He is very good to me. He teaches me in the evening."

The brown eyes behind the spectacles looked kindly at the boy.

"I have seen you before. You work in the gardens, don't you?"

Emboldened by the kind voice, he told his little story. His mother was a soldier's widow, and lived in the lodge of the public gardens. He (Karl) had charge of the chairs at the concerts and weeded the garden and made himself generally useful. His great desire was to be a musician.

His new friend listened, and asked questions, and advised him about the scholarship so kindly, so very kindly, that Karl did not know how to thank him. He ran home, feeling wonderfully happy, to tell his mother and sister about it all. Then he rushed across the street to Herr Linders's; and they chose the piece he was to play, and he set to work at once upon it.

On the 10th, the examination was to take place. It was about a week before that Karl came home one evening and found his mother's brother sitting in the parlour. Karl had only seen him once or twice. He lived in Berlin, and was very well-to-do in the world. When Karl's father died, he had come to arrange his sister's affairs for her, and had obtained for her their present home and settled on her a small annual income. So he was the benefactor of the family, and the children were brought up to fear and reverence him. He was a thorough man of business, yet hard and somewhat unfeeling. Karl's delicate, nervous temperament, his love of music, his excitability, were among the things that it was not possible for him to understand.

He sat with his handkerchief over his head and his pipe in his hand, talking down his sister's remonstrances, when Karl came in.

"Your uncle has been good enough to come to see us, Karl," said his mother.

Karl greeted his uncle respectfully, and sat down before him to be questioned; but his uncle had no enquiries to make, only a statement for Karl to listen to.

"I came down on your account, Karl," he said slowly, putting his pipe on the table and looking at his nephew.

"My very good friend, Herr Klette, needs an apprentice; and he has consented to take you, you will be bound tomorrow. I will take you to him and make all arrangements. Then you will be put on the way to maintain yourself, and your mother and sister."

Karl could not speak: he clasped his hands and looked appealingly at his mother.

"Herr Klette is an iron master," went on his uncle, as the boy did not speak. "In his workshops, you will learn to be a skilful worker in iron, a good trade at all times."

"The scholarship," cried Karl to his mother, not to his uncle.

"I have heard all about that," said his uncle. "Put that childish nonsense out of your mind altogether: you are to be apprenticed to Herr Klette."

"I cannot, I will not," cried poor Karl: he was trembling with the agony of the moment. "Mother, mother, dear, speak for me."

His mother said something in a low voice, but her brother waved her aside.

"This is nothing to you, Lisa: this matter lies between the boy and me." He turned to Karl, who had got up from

his chair and stood with hands outstretched toward his mother. "You are a boy, a child: you must have your life arranged for you. You are not to idle away your time in foolish playing: you have to work."

"Oh, I will work. I shall do better as a musician: I shall indeed, uncle!"

"You know nothing about it."

"Only let me wait, only let me try for this scholarship, and then I will go to Herr Klette. I will do anything."

"Do you think men of business can wait about on boys like you? I have come down for the purpose: you must go to-morrow."

"It is only a few days," said his mother, timidly.

Her brother turned sharply upon her.

"Do you want him to be a burden upon you all your days,—on me, I mean? I tell you, if you encourage him in this nonsense, I will throw you all over, and you may try to do without me. It's for the boy's good. He will thank me one of these days." Karl tried to speak, but he could not make a sound: he was choking with emotion.

"You hear what I say, Karl,—either you come with me to Herr Klette to-morrow, or I shall give up helping your mother altogether."

"O Karl, Karl, your uncle means it all for your good," his mother cried. Karl could say nothing. He looked at his uncle and his mother, and with a sort of inarticulate cry, he rushed from the room. He shut himself in his own room and locked the door. His mother came up after tea and called to him, but he would not let her come in. The night fell and the stars came out, and the moon rose full and beautiful in the blue heavens. Karl opened his window, and looked at the moon and stars, half-wondering how they could be so calm and lovely when his misery was so great. Then he got his violin, and tried to play, but the music was more than he could bear. He huddled the violin away, and burst into sobs. It was very hard for him. His mother was watching outside, and when she heard him begin to play she got close to the door, and when he ceased she tapped softly, and Karl let her in.

"I will go with uncle to-morrow," he said, trying to speak cheerily; and then he hid his face on his mother's shoulder, and finished his sobs there.

Herr Klette lived on the other side of the city. They had a long walk, and his uncle took Karl into a shop and bought him some dinner. But Karl could not eat, though he felt it was kindly meant. He was too miserable to eat.

They had to wait a long while, but at last they were shown into a small room where Herr Klette was writing. He spoke to Karl's uncle apart, and then called Karl to him. He put his hand on his shoulder and drew him to the light.

"Hallo! why, its my musical young friend," he exclaimed. Karl recognised him instantly. It was the brown-faced gentleman he had spoken to on the college steps after the concert. "Why have you given up the scholarship?"

"That was out of the question," broke in his uncle. "A musician is no use at all, Herr Klette."

"Oh, this mustn't be," exclaimed Herr Klette. "Why, your nephew will be famous one of these days. I have heard about his playing from his master. He is safe to win the scholarship. Why, he is born to be a musician."

He drew Karl's uncle aside, and talked to him for some time. Presently, he came back to Karl. "You are going to try for the scholarship, my boy; and if you fail, well then we will see about apprenticeship. Your uncle did not know what a valuable chance you were nearly missing."

And Karl went home unapprenticed. Next week, the competition was held, and he was given the first place.

He is now one of the most promising musicians in Germany.

THE SPEED OF THE WING.

A writer in *Fraser's Magazine* says: "The speed at which some wings are driven is enormous It is occasionally so great as to emit a drumming sound. To this source the buzz of the fly, the drone of the bee, and the boom of the beetle are to be referred. When a grouse, partridge, or pheasant suddenly springs into the air, the sound produced by the whirring of its wings greatly resemble that produced by the contact of steel with the rapidly revolving stone of the knife-grinder. It has been estimated that the common fly moves its wings three hundred and eighty times per second, *i.e.*, nineteen thousand eight hundred times per minute,—and that the butterfly moves its

wings nine times per second, or five hundred and forty times per minute. These movements represent an incredibly high speed even at the roots of the wings, but the speed is enormously increased at the tips of the wings, from the fact that the tips rotate upon the roots as centres. In reality, and as it has been already indicated, the speed at the tips of the wings increases in proportion as the tips are removed from the axis of rotation and in proportion as the wings are long. This is explained on the principle well understood in mechanics. If a rod or wing hinged at one point be made to vibrate, the free end of the rod or wing always passes through a very much greater space in a given time than the part nearer to the root of the wing. The progressive increase in the spread of the wings in proportion as the wings become larger, explains why the wings of bats and birds are not driven at the extravagant speed of insect wings, and how the large and long wings of large bats and birds are driven more leisurely than the small and short wings of small bats and birds. That the wing is driven more slowly in proportion to its length is proved by experiment, and by observing the flight of large and small birds of the same genus. Thus, large gulls flap their wings much more slowly than small gulls; the configuration and relative size of the wings to the body being the same in both. This is a hopeful feature in the construction of flying machines, as there can be no doubt that comparatively very slow movements will suffice for driving the long powerful wings required to elevate and propel flying machines. The speed of the wing is partly regulated by its amplitude. Thus, if the wing be broad as well as long, the beats are necessarily reduced in frequency. This is especially true of the heron, which is one of the most picturesque and at the same time one of the slowest-flying birds we have. I have timed the heron on several occasions, and find that in ordinary flights its wings make exactly sixty up strokes and sixty down strokes,—that is, one hundred and twenty beats per minute. In the pterodactyl, the great extinct saurian, the wing was enormously elongated, and in this particular instance probably from fifty to sixty beats of the wing per minute sufficed for flight. Fifty or sixty pulsations of the wing per minute do not involve much wear and tear of the working parts; and I am strongly of opinion that artificial flight, if once achieved, will become a comparatively safe means of locomotion, as far as the machinery required is concerned."

BOOK REVIEWS.

Scott's Marmion; with Introduction and Notes. By T. C. L. ARMSTRONG, M.A., LL.B., Toronto. Canada Publishing Company, 1882.

MORE than any other of our English Classical Poets, Scott requires the aid of copious notes, so as to make clear the constantly recurring allusions to history and local folk-lore, traditions and scenery; and in none of Scott's poems is this more apparent than in the case of the beautiful *chef d'œuvre* so happily selected as the subject for the forthcoming Intermediate Examination of our Ontario Educational Department. A poem like the 'Paradise Lost,' or one of Shakespeare's dramas, an idyl like the 'Deserted Village,' explains itself, and is best without other comment than that supplied as occasion requires by an intelligent teacher. But in a poem like 'Marmion,' it is impossible to follow the spirit of the verse without at every step understanding the historical and local allusions. These are matters which the student ought to search out for himself, his history and geography in hand, with the aid of elucidatory annotation. His teacher will supply, what no notes

can give adequately, the apprecia[illegible]n of the poetical form and matter. Mr. Armstrong seems to our judgment to have been singularly successful in meeting this requirement. His notes are full, pertinent, and just sufficiently copious to guide the student who is willing to take the trouble of thoroughly working out the subject, without rendering superfluous the healthy exercise of individual effort.

Not the least useful part of Mr. Armstrong's work is contained in the Preface, which those who propose to themselves the calling of teacher, would do well to read again and again. Mr. Armstrong says that in studying an English Classic in schools three points are to be considered; First, as we understand him, a thorough knowledge of the work itself, that is of the story, the *dramatis personæ,* the local and historical surroundings, the various allusions and side scenes ; and these are well and we may fairly say, exhaustively, treated in Mr. Armstrong's notes. The Second category will include 'a knowledge of the principles of rhetoric and literary criticism,' and the proper estimation of literary merit ; while the Third will rise to a general view of the conditions of correct art.

The first of these, as we have said, Mr. Armstrong has sufficiently provided for in his notes to 'Marmion'; The two latter must of course be left in large measure to the student's own power of appreciating and assimilating poetry, aided by the guiding judgment of his teacher. But Mr. Armstrong has given an important aid in his essay on Scott and his period, justly considering that to form a proper estimate of a great writer, we must take into account his literary environment. A sufficient account of Scott's contemporaries is put before the student, although we may not always agree with Mr. Armstrong's *ex cathedra* statements, as for instance, when at page 7 he tells us that 'Thomas Moore is scarcely a natural poet,' whatever that may mean, and that he 'resembles the previous age (*sic*) in his flash and glitter.' Lord Byron in his inimitable letters values one of the Irish Melodies as 'worth an epic.' Does any language contain a lyric more perfect than 'the last Rose of Summer'?

In his brief abstract of the Life of Scott, Mr. Armstrong has mainly relied on quotations from the biography by Hutton in 'English Men of Letters.' Now, we submit, that Canadian writers, even in editing a School Manual, ought to aim at something more ambitious than a mere compilation of what others have written ; though when, as in Mr. Armstrong's case, this is done honourably, with full acknowledgment of the debt, it is a very different thing from the clumsy piracies we have had occasion elsewhere to notice on the part of a certain book-making ring in connection with our Provincial Educational System. Mr. Armstrong's edition of 'Marmion' is a very useful one for its purpose, and is evidently the work of a thoroughly practical teacher, even though the literary form might be improved, and national Canadian ambition might suggest a bolder effort at original criticism.

Mes Vers, par J. A. BELANGER, Outaouais ; A. Bureau, imprimeur, 1882.

We are glad to see that the success of M. Louis Frechette and other writers of Lower Canada has encouraged a French poet in our own province to publish a volume of such merit as the one before us. M. Belanger is a writer of some humour and much command of the graceful and melodious rhythms to which the forms of French lyric poetry so easily lend themselves. The first part of 'Mes Vers' consists of poems '*plus frivoles que sérieux,*' embracing society verses, epigrams, and anecdotes, often told with great point and spirit. As a good example of this we quote the '*Vengeance de Rachel,*' which is a characteristic story of the great tragedienne who never forgot the struggles of her early days.

VENGEANCE DE RACHEL.

Rachel, dès ses débuts faits au Conservatoire,
Alla solliciter les leçons de Provost,
Artiste de talent—dont l'art déclamatoire
Sur celui de prédire assurément prévaut.—
L'artiste, la voyant malingre, étiolée,
En souriant lui dit quelques mots persiffleurs,
Et, d'un air paternel, poursuit à la volée :
'—Croyez-moi, mon enfant, allez vendre des fleurs..'

La Rachel se vengea d'une facon mignonne
Du dédain de l'artiste. Elle avait mis un soir
Tout le talent possible à jouer Hermione :
Rappelée, applaudie, alors on put la voir
Ramasser promptement des bouquets sur la scène,
En remplir sa tunique et s'enfuir sans parler,
Au grand étonnement d'une salle fort pleine..

Puis elle entre à l'orchestre : on la voit étaler
Sous les yeux de Provost son soyeux éventaire,
En disant avec grâce et tombant à genoux :
--J'ai suivi, vous voyez, votre avis salutaire ;
Je vends des fleurs, monsieur, m'en achèterez-
vous?

It is hardly fair to a French poet to attempt a presentation of his verse in an English dress, yet for the sake of those readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, if any there be, who do not read the French language with ease, we attempt a version of one of Mr. Belanger's playful *jeux d'esprit.*

A SWEET PENANCE.

About to wed, a certain wight
Went to confession, as was right,
Relating from a contrite breast
How many times he had transgressed
To his good parish priest, who knew
The world and human nature too.
Confession done, the penitent
Arose, but paused before he went,
Observing to his ghostly father
By some mistake, as he could gather,
No *penance* had been mentioned yet:
Replied the priest, 'But you forget,
You are about to marry, so
In peace, my son, depart and go!'

The second part of the book is classified into poems '*plus sérieux que frivoles,*' under which are some charming verses descriptive and amatory. Of the former a good specimen is '*Le Chemin des Amoureux,*' describing 'The Lovers' Walk,' that beautiful path on the brow of Parliament Hill, Ottawa, of which we have a pretty pictorial illustration in the frontispiece to 'Picturesque Canada.' Being a poet, as a matter of course Mr. Belanger must write love verses, and Mesdemoiselles Emma, Alzida, Adele et compagnie have no reason to complain, but we prefer the verses addressed to his wife and children. Among the religious poems at the end of the volume is a pleasing hymn to the Virgin, composed for their use, and breathing a spirit of true devotion as well as of domestic affection. We quote part of the poem 'To My Wife,' as literally rendered as possible, and in the exact metre of the original. We hope that all the wives of French-Canadian poets are as religious as M. Belanger recommends them to be.

Fairest girl,
Pure as pearl!
With delight
Do we plight
Love and Faith
True till death.

Morn and eve
Home to leave,
Churchward go,
Kneeling low,
Ask of God
What bestowed

May MARIE
Grant it be!
Beauty bright!
Yet delight

Is most blest
Boon and best;
Duty, still
To fulfil.

Very nice advice. How *very* good our sisters, the married Canadiennes, ought to be with such charming counsels of perfection thus set before their eyes!

C. P. M.

Address by Principal Grant, before the Private Bills' Committee of the House of Commons, on March 16th, 1882, with reference to the 'Temporalities Fund Bill.' Ottawa, 1882.

Principal Grant has been doing battle during the last month as the champion of the Presbyterian Church of Canada before the Private Bills Committee. The 'teterrima causa belli' was the claim of a minute minority of Presbyterian congregations who, dissenting from the movement for corporate union of the churches, seem to have taken position as a separate church, while preserving a discreet silence as to the actual strength of their congregations and ministers. They have now set up a claim to church property, which Principal Grant has shown to be altogether unsupported by their numbers and influence. The English Privy Council Court, as is not unusual in the ecclesiastical proceedings of that body, has shown a tendency to sacrifice the equity of popular rights to the vested interests of a few. Had Canada her own law-making power, uncontrolled by foreign tribunals, and had the state rights of Ontario been better defined, no further appeal to the Ottawa Parliament would have been needed, in a case where it was clear as day that the Canada Presbyterian Church represents, on every ground of equity and common sense, the Presbyterians of Canada. Principal Grant has fought 'the wild beasts at Ephesus,' especially Mr. McMaster, that young lion of the Law Courts, with a readiness of debate which proves that he has found a foeman not unworthy of his steel. Yet minorities have their rights, and though we think such a small and recalcitrant minority is opposed to all principles of national and ecclesiastical progress, we should wish to see what rights they have not altogether ignored.

LITERARY NOTES.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN, of London, have brought out in pamphlet form Mr. Goldwin Smith's address at Bright on 'The Conduct of England to Ireland,' in which he advocates a modified form of Home Rule, while preserving the legislative unity of Ireland with England. Mr. Smith says a good word for the Gladstone Government and the Land Act, and expresses hopefulness in the return of order and prosperity to the Green Isle.

The Annual Report for 1881 of the Commissioner of Agriculture and Arts for the Province of Ontario, is a blue-book that merits attention. Encouraged, no doubt, by the interest taken by the farming community of Ontario in the Report of the Agricultural Commission of 1880, the present blue-book takes up the consideration of topics of the most vital character in connection with the agricultural interests of the Province. Besides the analysis of Reports of Agricultural and Horticultural Societies for the past year, and that of the Judges on the Prize Farm in Ontario, there are a number of important Essays on Forestry, the best means of preserving the timber wealth of Canada, the varieties of trees best suited for planting, and the means of restoring fertility to partially worn-out land, &c.—matters of the greatest value to our farmers and of the highest concern to the well-being of the country. Then follow the Report of the Ontario Veterinary College, Reports of meetings of the Fruit Growers' Association of Ontario, papers on the most profitable varieties of fruits, nut-bearing trees, vegetables, &c., together with important papers read before the Entomological Society of the Province, on insects injurious to vegetation, fungi-eaters, apple tree borers, parasites, and other noxious insects. The Report concludes with statistics and other information respecting the Guelph Agricultural College, with some valuable matter respecting farm stock, feed, dairy products, manures, &c., and an appendix discussing the value, history, scope and system of Agricultural Statistics with a view to enlighten the public on the duties and aims of the Bureau of Statistics just organized by the Ontario Government. The blue-book, as a whole, is exceedingly useful, and justifies its bulky proportions and the expense incurred in its publication. It has been prepared under the direction of the Commissioner, the Hon. S. C. Wood, M.P.P.

From the Provincial Treasurer's Department we have also the Report for 1881 of Mr. J. Howard Hunter, M.A., as Inspector of Insurance for Ontario, which contains details of the Fire and Life Insurance Companies, organized as mutual or joint stock concerns, doing business in the Province, together with an analytical digest of Insurance Law. The volume, we note, contains the recent judgment of the English Privy Council on test cases which affect the Ontario Policy Act and Provincial jurisdiction in matters of Insurance. To this Mr. Hunter has prefixed a critique, explanatory of the matter in dispute, and illustrating the legal points in the judgments which sustain the legislative authority of the Province over the law of insurance, and the practical effects of the Privy Council decisions. This critique will be of much value not only to the legal profession and to insurance companies, but to the great public of policy-holders.

Prof. Henry Morley has written a compend of 'English Literature in the Reign of Victoria,' for the 2,000th volume of the Tauchnitz collection of British authors.

The first instalment of Mr. Froude's biography of Thomas Carlyle, forming a history of the first forty years of his life, has just been published by Messrs. Longman. The same firm have nearly ready the third and fourth volumes, from 1760 to 1774, of Mr. Lecky's 'History of England in the Eighteenth Century,' and two volumes of the 'Selected Speeches of Lord Beaconsfield,' edited with introductions and notes, by T. E. Kebbel, M. A.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

TO MIGNON.

BY F. N. DEVEREUX, KEMPTVILLE, ONT.

If you really do not care, Mignon,
If your words are light as air, Mignon,
Why cast at me such artful glances,
Full of love and full of longing?
Why permit my Love's advances,
Why torture with your cruel wronging,
If you're but a simple friend, Mignon,
If our friendship soon must end, Mignon?

If you really do not care, Mignon,
If your words are light as air, Mignon,
Why entice me to your side
With a soul-destroying smile?
Why bridge the gulf so very wide—
Fate's deep and dismal, dark defile,
If you're but a simple friend, Mignon,
If our friendship soon must end, Mignon?

If you really do not care, Mignon,
If your words are light as air, Mignon,
Why come so often in my way,
Why make your life a gilded lie?
Why thus inspire Hope's brightest ray,
To mock my wretched heart's low cry,
If you're but a simple friend, Mignon,
If our friendship soon must end, Mignon?

Ladies who marry for love should remember that the union of angels with women has been forbidden since the flood.

'Papa, they don't have any stone in Ireland, do they?' 'Yes, my boy; but why do you ask such a question?' 'Because I thought it was all shamrock over there.'

Life is divided into three terms:—That which was, which is, and which will be, Let us learn from the past to profit by the present, and from the present to live better for the future.

Time is like a ship that never anchors; while I am on board, I had better do those things that may profit me in my landing than practise such things as will cause my commitment when I come ashore.

An English engineer was trying to explain the electric telegraph to a Persian governor. Finally he said, 'Imagine a dog with his tail in Teheran and his muzzle in London. Tread on his tail here, and he will bark there.'

SPES DEJECTA.

BY J. E. G. ROBERTS, FREDERICTON, N.B.

They thought that Spring, sweet Spring, was near,
And, with too eager dreaming eyes,
Saw close before them Summer skies,
And flowers, the sweet lights of the year,
And choirs of birds to carol clear;
They thought that Spring, sweet Spring, was near.

Then sudden winds came from the Sea,
Then all the air with snow was white;
They spoke no more of Spring's delight,
Of birds to sing in every tree,
Of rosy blooms on wood and lea;
When sudden winds came from the Sea.

Utah is in the United States, but 'it is a place where a native American is a foreigner, and a Jew is a Gentile.'

ART PATRON:—'What? Seven dollars for this? Why, you only charged me $2.50 for that fine, large oil piece on the wall there.' *Great Artist*: 'Exactly so. That little bit in your hand is done in water-colour. They come high just now on account of the recent drought.'

THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS.

BY ANNA L. BARBAULD.

Sweet is the scene when virtue dies!
When sinks a righteous soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
Fanned by some angel's purple wing:
Where is, O grave! thy victory now?
And where, insidious death! thy sting

Farewell, conflicting joys and fears,
Where light and shade alternate dwell!
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Its duty done,—as sinks the day,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
'Sweet is the scene when virtue dies!'

—AN— *ARTIFICIAL*

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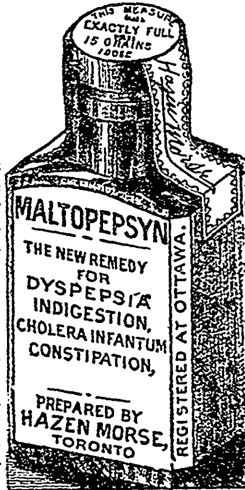

ALL sufferers from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, or any disease of the Stomach or Digestive Organs, should send me one three cent postage stamp, for a pamphlet relative to the positive cure, by the use of Maltopepsyn, or send two three cent stamps for pamphlet and sample package of Maltopepsyn, containing two drachms, equal to eight doses of fifteen grains each. It is pleasant to the taste and may be taken in wine, water, or dry upon bread as preferred, just before each meal.

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HAZEN MORSE, Brussels, Ont., June 28th, 1880.

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HAZEN MORSE, Wallace, N. S., October, 4th, 1880.

Dear Sir,—The Maltopepsyn was given in a marked and distressing case of Indigestion with the most rapid, pleasing and beneficial results. Yours, etc.,

Z. W. KEMPTON, M.D.

HAZEN MORSE, Walkerton. Ont., October 27th, 1880.

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SIR,—Having used your Indelible Ink for several years, I have pleasure in testifying to its superior merits. After testing the leading English Marking Inks and several others, I have no hesitation in giving yours the preference.

Yours, etc.,
D. S. ADAMS.

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