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THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF ONTARIO.

BY THE REV. JAMES PORTER.

A FEW words of explanation are necessary to prevent a misapprehension of the title of this paper. The expression Public Schools as here used does not signify all public schools in the Province, but only those which are especially so denominated by the school law. In England the words Public Schools have long suggested Eton, Winchester, Harrow, and other schools of the same class. In Ontario they designate the schools which are established by law for the elementary education of the people, and are distinguished from those which until recently were entitled Grammar Schools, and were intended to afford instruction in the elements of the classical languages as well as in the mother tongue. It is not unworthy of remark, that the term Grammar Schools, as used in the New England States and elsewhere in America, denotes a school in which an ordinary English education is imparted; while a more advanced school, in which classics and mathematics are taught, is entitled a High School. In Massachusetts and many of the United States these two grades of schools are parts of the same system, and pupils are promoted from the lower to the higher as their improvement may merit and the convenience of their parents or guardians may allow. Such a system is called very properly a Common School System. That of the State of Massachusettes, says the Hon. George S. Boutwell, " dates from 1647." By this system "the power to decree was in the State, the duty to act was in the towns." (The word towns, thus used, is equivalent in meaning to townships in Ontario.) "A public duty was admitted in the education of the whole people at the public expense, without regard to any of the distinctions that are found in social life. An individual right was recognised—the right to intellectual and moral training at the public expense. The power of the State was exercised in the indiscriminate taxation of property for the enlightenment of the masses."

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year 1872, by Adam, Stevenson & Co., in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

The elementary provincial schools of Ontario, until the year 1871, were called Common Schools. This name, however, appears to have excited a prejudice against them, which, it might have been hoped, time would abate and even extinguish. The word common, used in this connection, was somewhat fastidiously regarded by many as synonymous with vulgar or low, and not a few whose pretensions to superiority and refinement partook of the ludicrous, breathed the spirit towards these schools if they did not indulge in the language of the exquisite Roman poet who wrote—" *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.*" Gray has happily reminded us, in the case of a man recovering from sickness, that

> "The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
> The humblest note that swells the gale,
> The common sun, the air, the skies,
> To him are ope'ning paradise—"

and the offering of our "common prayer and supplication" to that common Father, whose word teaches us to "honour all men," should enkindle within us a kindly and equitable feeling towards all the partakers of our common nature. Perhaps in time such sentiments as these would spontaneously have appeared and flourished in Ontario. It has seemed good, however, to our legislators to remove from before the eyes of our more assuming fellow-subjects the temptation to arrogance which existed in the epithet "common" as applied to our elementary schools; and now, while common as ever in the Massachusetts sense of the term, they are styled by law the Public Schools of Ontario. By the same authority, the former Grammar Schools are now the High Schools of the province. They are not, indeed, strictly, as in the United States, a higher step or platform of that educational pyramid, of which the Public Schools are the base and the University is the apex; but a distinct structure to which a few choice materials may be supplied from the Public Schools, while the larger portion is obtained from other quarries.

The Public School System of Ontario had its origin in 1844. It is for the most part an eclectic system, in which the characteristics of the Massachusetts, New York, and Irish systems can be distinctly discerned. Its framer, who has also been from the first its principal administrator, received the title of "Superintendent of Schools," which has expanded into his very comprehensive title of "Chief Superintendent of Education." In 1846, a Board of Education was created which is now styled the "Council of Public Instruction," the members of which are of various religious denominations, and are appointed, it seems, partly on that ground. The powers of this Council and of the Chief Superintendent, although not legislative, are very extensive—administrative and, in some degree, judicial — suggestive indeed of the "giant's strength," and pre-supposing much of equity, discretion, and good-will in those in whom they are vested, lest they should be tempted to "use them like a giant." The subordinate administration of our Public School affairs is committed to local boards of school trustees, who are elected by the rate-payers, and to county, city, or town inspectors, who are appointed by county councils, or city or town public school boards, and whose qualifications are prescribed by law and certified by the Council of Public Instruction. Connected with the Provincial Education Office, which has become in style and title "the Department of Education," is a large establishment for the purchase and sale of school-books, prize-books, maps, educational apparatus, and books for school and public libraries. The propriety of the existence of this establishment has long been a matter of earnest public controversy. On one side it has been represented as a great and unmingled public benefit, on the other as an interference on the part of the Government with the freedom and healthful competition of trade. By some it is described as a blessed reservoir for the irrigation of the Province with a wholesome, useful, entertaining literature; by others the question is asked whether teachers and parents, including farmers, mechanics, business and professional men, are to have their choice of literature limited or suggested by a few individuals, who certainly are in no appreciable respect wiser or better than themselves. So far as this continent is concerned "the idea of a common school library" (says Horace Mann) "originated in the State of New York. In the year 1835 a law was passed by the legislature of that State authorizing its respective school districts to raise by tax the sum of twenty dollars the first year, and ten dollars in any subsequent year, for the purchase of a common school library. In the year 1837 the Legislature of Massachusetts also authorized each school district in that State to raise by tax a sum not exceeding thirty dollars for the first year, and ten dollars for every subsequent year, for the purchase of a library and apparatus for the schools." Such were the American precedents for common school libraries. That such libraries may be a great benefit, especially in rural districts, seems beyond a doubt; but the best method of procuring them is a question about which men may very innocently differ. So also with respect to the mode of obtaining school apparatus of whatever kind. Practical educators may be glad to inspect all sorts of plans and models which have relation to their business, but may still desire, without incurring heinous guilt for entertaining or expressing the wish, to be free to purchase such things as they require in an open market, unaffected either by bounties or restrictions. It is well known that Dr. Fraser, (now Bishop of Manchester), when he visited this Province a few years ago, both privately and publicly argued against the perpetuation in Canada of a provincial book and apparatus depository, which he uniformly represented as unsound in principle and injurious in practice. Dr. Fraser candidly admitted that a precedent for such institutions had been set by the English Committee of Privy Council on Education, which, however, he affirmed had seen and acknowledged its error, and had freed itself from the encumbrance and the opprobrium it involved.

The Normal and Model Schools of Ontario constitute, in general opinion, an important part of our Public School system. It is true that a teacher, like a poet, is, in the highest sense of the word, born, not made. But it is also true, that for any particular employment or profession, special preparation is a very desirable addition to natural aptitude. A knowledge of materials and of methods is not innate, and can only be acquired; and such acquisition may be the result of long continued and toilsome personal effort and experiment, or may be greatly promoted by the instruction of those who have gathered and stored the results of numerous observations and varied experience, and have so arranged those results and so practised their application that others may share, at a greatly diminished cost of time and mental and physical exertion, the advantages which they have attained. From the recognition of such principles, all normal or training schools and model schools have originated. The Normal School of Ontario has undoubtedly sent forth many able and efficient teachers, some of purely native growth, and others who, having been well instructed and trained in Great Britain or Ireland, have found it to their advantage to obtain at our provincial institution a provincial certificate of qualification, which, until the year 1871, could not be procured but as the result of passing through its course. Other teachers from the old country, equally well instructed and trained, and probably even more experienced, have not been willing to lower themselves, as they have considered it, by again passing through a state of apparent pupilage, and although legally authorized by a County Board of Instruction to teach in some one of the several counties of the Province, have felt that they were placed at an unpleasant disadvantage. Instances have occurred in which teachers of highly respectable requirements, thoroughly trained, and of no little experience both at home and here, have been thus restricted if not degraded; whose children, having passed through the Normal School, and having had such practice as teaching in their turn in the Model School can afford, have received a first-class provincial certificate, while their father or mother, still vigorous and active, to whom they are obviously unequal in general ability, literary attainments, special aptitude, and, of course, professional experience, hold a position which is legally inferior to their own.

The school law of 1871 provides a remedy in part for this state of things, but the fact remains that any old country teacher, however certified as to character, attainments and experience, must submit to the same examination as any comparatively inexperienced stripling is required to undergo. Mr. Hope, in his delightful book about dominies, has admirably said:—"I deny that we could get good dominies by examination. Such examinations are generally tests of nothing but cramming. And the skill of a good dominie is just such as cannot be crammed into or questioned out of a man. I can quite understand that any one ought to be examined as to his knowledge of anatomy before he be allowed to tamper with the human body, but I do not believe that any examination, oral or written, can show whether he be fit or unfit to deal with the minds of boys." Again he says: "To know and to teach are different matters, and unfortunately those who have the most knowledge are too often the least able to impart it." And again: "You can by examination make sure of learned, or at least of crammed, teachers, but not of clever or conscientious teachers."

As a medium of communication between the centre and the various concentric circles of the Ontario School System, there is issued from the Provincial Department of Education a monthly publication, entitled the *Journal of Education*. Some means of communication between the higher school authorities and trustees, inspectors, teachers and candidates for the teacher's office is evidently expedient and even necessary. Whether a distinct periodical is required for this purpose, or whether a portion of the Provincial *Gazette* would suffice, is a matter for the executive government to decide.

All the Public Schools of Ontario have now one important and noble characteristic. They are free schools, declared by the School Act of 1871 to be free to all children of school age. They are not, however, pauper or charity schools, for they are supported by rates levied on the property of all and by appropriations from provincial school funds, in which all have an interest. The question of the payment of school fees, so far as regards these schools, is now out of date. The universal right to education is conceded, although the duty of all to avail themselves of that right is not yet universally acknowledged and discharged. Parental indifference and cupidity, and juvenile idleness, truancy and vagrancy, require to be more decidedly dealt with. Compulsory attendance at school—which has long been provided for in Boston and other American cities, and is now being insisted on in London and other cities in England—is equally necessary in the cities and towns of Ontario. Such attendance further supposes the establishment of industrial schools for such children as are habitually erratic, and who, although not irreclaimable, are perpetually exposed to vicious associations and influences, which almost inevitably incline and lead to criminal courses. They must either be isolated now, in order to their restraint, instruction and improvement, or they will have to be isolated before long that they may be punished for their offences, and prevented for a time from their repetition. All who are compelled to contribute towards police, magisterial, judicial and penal expenditure, have a right to complain that such expenditure, often fruitless of good, should be needlessly increased, when, by a preventive system of compulsory juvenile restraint and education, it might be diminished and great benefit secured both to its immediate subjects and to society at large. Such results have followed the establishment of industrial schools in Great Britain and in the United States: why should they not be desired and obtained in Ontario? The Public School Board of the City of Toronto has already taken some steps in this direction, and it is to be earnestly hoped that its efforts will meet with that public and parliamentary countenance and aid which their large probable utility demands.

The education provided in our Public Schools is, of course, only elementary, and is more or less thorough and useful, according to the views and the aspirations of school boards and teachers. The shortness of the time during which children continue at school, in consequence of the urgent demand for juvenile labour, their own precocious desire to earn something for themselves, and the sometimes urgent and sometimes supposed necessities of parents, which render them more willing to allow their children prematurely to leave school for active occupations, are considerations which, in cities and towns especially, tend to show the great importance of not attempting too much in our Public Schools, and of doing earnestly and well all that we undertake. A disposition is too often observed in school authorities, who have not been practically engaged in popular education, and in some more ambitious than thorough teachers, who certainly should know better, to lay out a too extensive and therefore impracticable course; to teach a little of too many subjects; and, as a necessary consequence, so to cram the pupil with a portion of each that he becomes laden with an indigestible commixture, and his faculties, instead of being strengthened and exercised, are enfeebled and almost paralyzed. Absolutely necessary subjects, such as reading, spelling, imitation on the slate, whether of lines or of letters, and counting—all dealt with on the principle of Bishop Huntingford, that "in repetition and explanation consists the whole art of teaching"—are quite sufficient for the earlier years of childhood, especially if the teaching of these subjects be interspersed, as it should be, with manual exercise, vocal music, and interesting object lessons. Further instruction in the subjects already mentioned, with the addition of book-keeping and the elements of natural science, as essential to a correct knowledge of common things, together with geography, the outlines of the history of our own country and people, and a rudimentary acquaintance with the grammar of our mother tongue, promoted and rendered permanent by the practice of simple and unambitious composition, will probably be found to be all that the majority of children will be allowed to receive in our Public Schools, owing to the growing demand for their active services, their parents' real or supposed necessities, and their own impatience and desire for change. The small minority who require mathematics, elementary classics, a knowledge of some modern foreign language and a further acquaintance with their own, together with more extended scientific teaching, should be able to obtain them in the provincial High Schools; while the very few who are both inclined and of adequate capacity can pass upward to the provincial University or to some other kindred institution.

On the importance of instruction in elementary science for pupils in such schools as our provincial High Schools, no testimony can be more valuable than that of the late Dr. Mortimer, Head Master of the City of London School, in his evidence before the Schools' Inquiry Commission, as quoted by

Dr. Richard Quain, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, in the Notes to his Hunterian Oration for 1869:—"Our system is not precisely the system of the (English) public schools. It takes in natural science, it takes in chemistry. Most of the boys who leave us, after having been there two or three years, will have such a knowledge of chemistry as is perfectly applicable to the arts and manufactures. They have a thorough knowledge of arithmetic and book-keeping. And I consider that all those things are equally necessary for those who go to the universities; for I believe that in part our success in mathematical examinations depends on the fact that our boys can perform the experiments. They have a general knowledge of practical science, so that, if the education were more limited, I think it would be a bad thing." Some first steps towards this degree of attainment in natural science may be taken even in our Public Schools, but the danger of attempting too much, for the sake of mere display, should be carefully avoided.

In the course of the oration above referred to, President Quain observes:—"In order to gain the full advantage of natural knowledge as a branch of education, it is essential that the instruction in some branches should begin at a very early age. In my juvenile lectures (says Faraday before the Royal Commissioners, in support of that view) I have never found children too young to understand intelligently what I told them. They came to me afterwards with questions which proved their capability." President Quain, however, very properly insists that "to whatever extent elementary knowledge or learning may go, it must be real, thorough as far as it goes, giving a complete acquaintance with things and their properties, not with words only. Words should come after, and should strictly represent facts." "By such study," says Dr. Whewell, "of one or more departments of inductive knowledge, the mind may escape from the thraldom and illusion which reigns in the world of mere words."

The subject of religious instruction, in Public Schools like those of Ontario, which are without exception day schools, and which comprise pupils whose parents are of any or of no particular religious persuasion need not, one would think, require much discussion. Yet few subjects connected with the general question of popular education have been more variously regarded or more warmly treated. It is provided in the school law of Ontario, that "No person shall require any pupil in any such school to read or study in or from any religious book, or join in any exercise of devotion or religion objected to by his parents or guardians; but, within this limitation, pupils shall be allowed to receive such religious instruction as their parents and guardians desire, according to any general regulations provided for the government of the schools." And the Council of Public Instruction has prescribed regulations which empower the clergy of any persuasion, or their authorized representatives to give religious instruction to pupils of their own church, in each Public School, at least once a week after school hours. Thus, in a country in which the semblance of the establishment of religion by the state is disavowed by the express terms of law, facilities are afforded for the operation of the principle of concurrent denominational teaching, to any supposable extent. Theoretically regarded, this arrangement is obviously inconsistent with one of our fundamental political principles: it is, however, seldom reduced to practice, nor has any instance of the abuse of such practice for the purpose of making proselytes to particular religious opinions been known to occur. Some persons in Ontario, as in Britain, are still alarmed by the cry of "godless" when raised against schools and universities. Others who learned its unmeaning or rather its ill-meaning character some forty years ago when the London University was founded on the principle of "Education without subscription to religious creeds and articles," are naturally surprised that, in a country so free from ecclesiastical monopoly and ascendancy as this, there should be a disposition to palter and compromise, however slightly, where the complete freedom of religion from state or municipal support or patronage is concerned. But the world moves; and now the kith and kin of those who, although eager for knowledge and culture, could not enter the ancient universities of England without violating their consciences and selling their souls, can partake at these venerable seats of learning the rights and privileges which no free-born Englishman should ever have been denied. At the same time, it ought not to be forgotten that the process of disentanglement is slow, and that there are many who still cling to the old views in regard to the connection of Church and State, whose opinions are natural and therefore entitled to respect.

Among the school boards of England the battle for complete religious freedom is going bravely on; and, probably, we shall learn, ere long, that elementary education in that country, so far as sustained directly or indirectly by the state, is entirely and forever emancipated from ecclesiastical control. Then, as supported and propagated by its inherent and divinely communicated power, we may expect its prosperity and extension, according to the earnestness and diligence of those who already possess it, and as furthered by the blessing of Him who is both its author and its end. In framing the Irish system Mr. Stanley (Lord Derby) suggested that it should afford, if possible, "a combined literary and a separate religious education." Subsequently the Commissioners appointed to carry out this view objected to commit themselves to this system, on the ground that it excluded religion altogether from the combined instruction. In deference to their opinion the first draft of Mr. Stanley's letter was altered with the consent of the Government, and the Commissioners described the system as to be established for "combined moral and literary, and separate religious instruction." The concession thus mildly made to the principle of connexion between Church and State has not, in the long run, brought about that harmony and mutual good will which the noble and liberal men who instituted and first directed the Irish system so earnestly desired. Why, it may be asked, should not local rates and public grants, which are exclusively based on the authority of national, provincial, or municipal law, and to which persons of every religious creed, or of no religious creed, are compelled directly or indirectly to contribute, be exclusively applied for the promotion of that secular education which all require, and without a measure of which neither man nor woman can efficiently discharge the duties which the members of the body politic owe to each other and to the government which protects the persons and the property of all? Do those among us who profess the Christian faith think so meanly of its worth and power that they cannot trust its extension to those who hold and exemplify it? Have we no religious parents, no Christian ministers, no Christian churches or associations, no Sunday schools—no means whatever for the propagation of the faith? Let then the state attend to its own affairs and interests, and let churches and religious teachers and organizations of every kind attend to theirs. In actual Public School teaching what we need is not instruction in church principles or theological dogmas, but the illustration on the part of the teacher, in all his teaching and influence, of that truthfulness, righteousness, good will, propriety and courtesy which religion inculcates, and which are as useful among men as we believe they are acceptable to God. Teachers in Public Schools may teach religiously, if they do not undertake to teach religion. Their motives and their spirit may be unostentatiously religious and then their influence cannot but be beneficial. Without parading either their denominational preferences or their piety, they will show, as George Herbert expresses it, that—

> "Who sweeps a room as for thy laws,
> Makes that and th' action fine."

The following announcement was recently met with in an English paper: "'Ethics for Undenominational Schools.' One of the oldest and most eminent of German educationists, a pupil of the great educational philosopher, Herbart, has just published 'Ethics for Undenominational Schools.' The work will no doubt attract the attention of both legislators and educationists in England, as it has already done on the continent. The editor of the *School Board Chronicle* and a German scholar are engaged upon an English adaptation of the book." There can scarcely be any well-grounded objection in principle to the teaching of ethics in public schools, provided the distinction be properly observed between ethics and dogmatics. When the grounds of moral obligation are dealt with, the *odium theologicum* will be very apt to make its appearance. The Germans are expert in solving gordian knots; whether the German philosopher Herbart will succeed in this instance time will show.

The teachers in our Public Schools next deserve our attention. Referring to the report of the Royal Commissioners, President Quain remarks that much complaint was made before the Commissioners of the want of efficient teachers in schools. Here the public are not without fault. The social position conceded to the schoolmaster is not proportioned to the importance of his office. His rank is so low that he feels himself in a measure compelled to take orders as a clergyman. With them he acquires the position in society allowed to a profession the duties of which he does not perform. What is thus said with regard to the teachers of the higher and middle class schools in Britain, will in some degree apply to the teachers of our Public Schools. Not that they often take orders, or study law, or medicine so that, having raised their social position, they may remain teachers; but that, however they may really like teaching, they find that a teacher is too often treated with contempt by the shopkeeper, the clerk, the mechanic, the farmer, and sometimes by the day labourer, while the lawyer, the doctor and the minister are looked on with comparative respect. Mr. Hope says on this subject: "I am not very bitter over this grievance of our social position. I complain because my profession complains, but, personally, I have no great sympathy with those thin-skinned dominies who invoke Mrs. Grundy with alternate upbraidings and entreaties, demanding and beseeching her to make them gentlemen in the most select sense of the word. I have no very good will towards this divinity of the genteel world, and object to recognizing the principle that she can issue letters patent to this effect. The fact is that among dominies, as among men of all other professions, there are some who never could be made gentlemen by any ordinance of Mrs. Grundy, and some who never could be, or could be thought to be, except by fools and vulgar persons, anything else." "While I am on this topic" he further observes, "I wish to say a word upon a notable scheme which certain philosophers have propounded for improving the social position of our profession. To this end all dominies are to band themselves together into a sort of union, and to stamp themselves with a hall mark of their own approbation, which, by a law luckily not yet obtained, it will be penal to counterfeit. If I understand the scheme aright, all present dominies of influence are to be bribed into concert by being stamped *gratis*, while all young dominies of the present and unfledged dominies of the future are to earn this stamp by undergoing an examination into their acquirements. I doubt much if this plan will exalt us more highly in the public esteem; but I doubt more if it will fulfil the other end of its advocates, in shutting for the future the gates of the profession against all but good and fit men." Mr. Hope then points out, what, in his judgment, is "the real cause of the low estimation in which dominies are held." "We are apt," he says, "to value a thing not by the cost of its production so much as by the price we pay for it. If people were to pay their dominies better, I am certain they would think more highly of them." It may also be considered if not as certain, yet as highly probable, that if the people in Ontario were to pay their dominies better, a much larger proportion than at present of the most capable male teachers would remain in the profession to the great benefit of the public and not to their own disadvantage. The highest salary paid to a male teacher in a city in the year 1870, was $1,000 (in Toronto the highest was $750), and in a county $600. The average salary of male teachers was in a city $597; in a county, $260. And yet a young man of good faculties and a fair education, who is willing and even desires to consider teaching as his business or profession for life, is sometimes censured as making it a mere temporary convenience or stepping-stone, because, with the choice of a career yet before him, he does not prefer six or seven hundred dollars a year, with the contempt of his equals and inferiors, to the possibility of emancipation from such a condition and the prospect of equitable remuneration for his labour and skill. There are able and worthy men in the teaching groove who cannot get out of it, whose wisdom and duty it is to make the best of it for others and for themselves, and who deserve for their work's sake no little respect and consideration. But not until the rewards of teaching are more commensurate with its labours and responsibilities can it be expected that many teachers worthy of the name will expend in it their youth, their manhood and their wiser if less vigorous age. To be expected to live in the self-denying spirit of missionaries and martyrs, and yet to be treated as objects of vulgar pity mixed with vulgar scorn, is a little too much for average human nature to contemplate with complacency, and desire with intensity of longing. Hence the few intelligent, well educated, able young men who long continue public school teachers in Ontario. Female teachers, on the whole, seem to occupy a rather better position than their male fellow labourers. Their average salary in cities, in 1870, was $231, while some received (in Toronto) $425, and in counties, $187. But while there are among them some wives and mothers, they are for the most part single persons who are not yet deaf to the flattering tale of hope especially on one interesting subject. A large number of them consequently leave the teaching profession, year after year, to enter on the more congenial sphere of married life. It may be presumed that whatever little pecuniary expenditure their special instruction and training may in any instances have cost, the province is amply repaid by the superior intelligence with which they enter on the discharge of their various domestic duties.

In the year 1854 the legislature provided for a Teachers' Superannuation Fund—contributions to which were optional until after the passing of the School Act of 1871, and still remain so, so far as female teachers are concerned. But the new school law renders it imperative on every male teacher to contribute four dollars annually to this fund, and requires that one-half of that sum be deducted semi-annually from his salary by his city or county inspector. It seems to have been thought that trustees would increase the salaries of teachers to the extent of this subscription and in order to its payment. If they have done so it has hitherto been on the principle of not letting the left hand know what the right hand doeth. A teacher's salary should always be sufficient to allow of his insuring his life for the benefit of his family, if not to enable him to purchase an annuity for himself in his declining years, or to make other equally beneficial investments; but probably there are very few public school teachers in Ontario, who, although they may have early entered on their profession and have conducted themselves prudently and economically for many years, have been able to accomplish these objects. The more minute pros and cons of the Provinvincial Teachers' Superannuation Fund are for teachers themselves to consider and discuss. The compulsory character, however, of their contributions to it appears particularly repugnant to many of them who feel that the demand to "stand and deliver," as they deem it, is scarcely rendered palatable by the assurance that this inevitable depletion is all for their good. They like, they say, to have a voice in the disposition of their little surplus, and to exercise thought, discretion and will on such a subject. They do not appreciate the precedent, to which they are sometimes referred, of eccesiastical organizations which require their clerical members to contribute with a view to their own superannuation or the support of their surviving relatives. Such organizations, they argue, are more or less directly of a representative character; and what they do of this nature is done by them in their representative capacity. The precedents set in the civil service of Britain and of the Dominion are somewhat more in point, and, if wisely and kindly followed, may prove not a little beneficial. Provision has been made for the return of one-half of the amount of his payments to any teacher on his leaving the profession; and, on the decease of a teacher, his wife or other legal representative is entitled to receive back the full amount he has paid in, with interest at the rate of seven per cent. With regard to this whole matter, we may perhaps conclude with Sir Roger de Coverley, "that much may be said on both sides," provided too much red tape and humiliating detail be not brought into exercise in the management and administration of the fund. One other consideration may be suggested regarding the claim to respect of which teachers are conscious, and the deficient acknowledgment of that claim, of which they often complain. Teachers, as well as persons of every profession, rank and condition of society should remember that respectability is, after all, a personal attribute—a truth which, in our day, is receiving abundant illustration among the most elevated official personages, such as sovereigns and presidents, and, through all classes and conditions, down to the humblest constable and the lowliest chimney-sweep. A degree of respect pertains to every office: but its occupant can either magnify that office by his becoming demeanour, or subject it to contempt by the impropriety of his conduct. No office, however exalted or however humble, can change a fool into a wise man, a rogue into an honest man, or an ill-mannered bear, however crammed with knowledge, into a truly respectable teacher.

Something, perhaps, should be said about the discipline of our Public Schools. On the general subject of school discipline, so much has been spoken and written in modern days from Cowper's "Tirocinium" down to Horace Mann's rhetorical lecture on punishments, and Mr. Hope's excellent chapter on "Lion," that every one seems to know all about it, except, perhaps, those who are charged with its administration. As the faultless management of bachelors' wives and the equally judicious treatment of old maids' children is unquestionable, so the school discipline of every age and of every variety of character and home training is considered by many parents, and especially by those who cannot rule their own households, as a matter in which excess and failure are alike inexcusable. Before such parents are too eloquent in their denunciation of the inefficiency of school discipline, they might be advantageously reminded of the Chinese method of promoting discipline at home. An English resident at a Chinese port was often grievously annoyed by the boisterous conduct of the younger members of a native family whose dwelling was adjacent to his own. Repeated remonstrances with the head of the household having proved ineffectual, he, at length, applied for redress to the mandarin of the district. The father of the young hopefuls was sent for by the mandarin, and personally received in his presence a very instructive illustration of the utility of physical punishment in certain difficult cases. He returned to his home; a protracted season of juvenile weeping and wailing immediately followed in that house; the dropped reins of domestic government were gathered up by paterfamilias, and the English resident underwent no more annoyance from his neighbour's offspring. Among the pupils in our schools there are not a few who come from homes which are almost as disorderly as was that of the Englishman's Chinese neighbour, but which, fortunately, or unfortunately, cannot be rectified after the same method. The parents of such children seem to expect that the teacher is to accomplish a task which they have never begun, that of subduing, regulating, educating in morals and manners their untamed and uninstructed progeny. And, as if it is not enough to devolve on teachers the responsible care of their children during school hours, they sometimes wish them to become the dispensers of parental wrath on account of home offences. No teacher who respects himself will submit, by compliance with such a desire, to degrade himself and to render school attendance needlessly odious to his pupils. Slaves have been sent by their owners, on this continent and elsewhere, to some special place in order to their flagellation; but no teacher should become a whipping machine at the caprice of a lazy or unfaithful parent. When children are at school, order and discipline must be maintained. Without proper respect to "heaven's first law," where many children are gathered together, there can be neither teaching nor learning, and utter confusion will speedily prevail. By whom then and how can school order be properly instituted and discipline ensured? Only by a teacher who himself is orderly in character and habits, and whose self-discipline fits him to administer discipline to those who are placed under his charge. No unworthy words will proceed from his lips, no unbecoming acts or habits will deprive him of the respect of his scholars. He will be severe with himself, considerate and impartial in his school administration, kind and obliging as he can be consistently with justice to all. But how shall his discipline be maintained? Remembering that he is not a despot but a limited monarch, a constitutional ruler, he will govern according to law, not forgetting that judgment should be tempered by mercy. Yet, as a righteous ruler bears not the sword in vain, neither should a wise teacher be without the means of awakening salutary fear in the minds of his subjects. Every civilized country concedes the right of administering physical punishment to those who stand to children "in loco parentis."—The degree of corporal punishment which even a parent may inflict is controlled by law. The father who flogged his little child to death a year or two ago in the United States, because he would not say his prayers, was justly dealt with for his monstrous offence. A teacher, too, is liable to a legal penalty, if he administer corporal punishment with undue severity. The general regulation respecting discipline promulgated by the school authorities of Ontario is to the effect that "the teacher shall practise such discipline as would be exercised by a kind and judicious parent," the teacher, of course, being held responsible for the due exercise of his discretionary power. It may be said that, on the whole, corporal punishment, as a means of school discipline, is rather discountenanced than encouraged in Ontario. The limits of this paper will not admit of a discussion on the cane, the taws, and the birch, as apt instruments for the correction of juvenile offences, and even, as they have been used, for the promotion of juvenile learning. The practice of the grave and learned George Buchanan on the person of James the 6th of Scotland and 1st of England; the well-known method of the famous Dr. Busby for stimulating in his Westminster scholars the acquisition, if not the love, of knowledge; the dictum of Dr. Samuel Johnson concerning the boy who, neglecting his task to-day is therefore flogged, and will, perform the task to-morrow; the admirable chapter of the book about Dominies already referred to, in which Mr. Hope expresses his suspicion that the boasted relinquishment of corporal punishment sometimes means the adoption of other pains and penalties more cruel and humiliating; with many other such facts and considerations, at once occur as suggestive of the wisdom of thinking twice before we speak once in utter condemnation of corporal punishment judiciously administered.

We may well surrender to the contempt and detestation of mankind, and of womankind too, much of what was written a few years ago in successive numbers of the "Englishwoman's Magazine" in favour of the "Birch in the Boudoir," so ably and deservedly satirized in the "Saturday Review." But never let us succumb to the stupid doctrine of the sacredness of the person as applied to those who are still in the earlier stages of pupilage; lest we even seem to sanction such atrocious murders as have been committed on faithful teachers in the United States by their vindictive pupils or their pupils' relatives, not on account of alleged severity so much as because of the fact that personal chastisement had been administered. It is not always well to drag into the arena of controversy the well-known language of the Bible, so often quoted on this subject; but it may not be inappropriate to refer to the instance in which the late Prince Consort taught not only by word of mouth, but also by wholesome pain and penalty, the heir of the crown of Great Britain, who when, placed in his childhood under tutors and governors, defied his teacher and was whipped as he deserved to be, by his "truly kind and judicious parent."

Perhaps temporary suspension from school privileges, in cases of marked and repeated insubordination, is among the best means of punishment resorted to in the Public Schools of Ontario, as it is especially adapted to call the attention of parents to the misconduct of their children, and to induce them to co-operate with teachers in reducing them to order and obedience.

In closing this paper, while not forgetting that comparisons are sometimes invidious, it may not be amiss to remark that if any comparison of the Public Schools of Ontario with any other similar system of schools can be considered proper, it will be as between our schools and the Common Schools of the United States. On this subject Dr. Fraser (Bishop of Manchester), who was in 1865 one of the Assistant Commissioners appointed by the Queen to enquire into the Schools of England, Scotland, the United States and Canada, reported as follows:

"The Schools that I saw at work were the City Schools of Toronto, those of Ottawa, and one or two Village Schools. They were characterized by a remarkable similarity of system, and the differences observable between them were differences of degree rather than of kind; and as I had abundant opportunities of ascertaining the opinions of persons thoroughly conversant with the system, both theoretically and practically, and have besides carefully read the extracts from the reports of Local Superintendents, published in the report of the Chief Superintendent, I doubt whether a larger induction of particulars, the fruit of my own observation, would, in any material point, have disturbed the conclusions at which I have arrived.

"The chief specialities of the Canadian methods were long lessons, generally a continuous hour to each subject; in reading, the requirement that the pupils should possess themselves of the *matter* of the lesson; in teaching grammar, the stress laid on the distinction between prefixes, roots, and affixes, and on etymology generally; and, generally, the discouragement given to rapid answering and the time allowed for reflection and thought. Entering a Canadian School, with American impressions fresh upon the mind, the first feeling is one of disappointment. One misses the life, the motion, the vivacity, the precision—in a word, the brilliancy. But as you stay, and pass both teacher and pupils in review, the feeling of disappointment gives way to a feeling of surprise. You find that this plain, unpretending teacher has the power, and has successfully used the power, of communicating real solid knowledge and good sense to those youthful minds, which, if they do not move rapidly, at least grasp, when they do take hold, firmly. If there is an appearance of what the Americans call 'loose ends' in the School, it is only an appearance. The knowledge is stowed away compactly enough in its proper compartments, and is at hand, not perhaps very promptly, but pretty surely, when wanted. To set off against their quickness, I heard many random answers in American Schools; while *per contra* to the slowness of the Canadian scholar, I seldom got a reply very wide of the mark. The whole teaching was homely, but it was sound. I chanced to meet a Schoolmaster at Toronto who had kept School in Canada, and was then keeping school at Haarlem, New York, and he gave Canadian education the preference for thoroughness and solid results.

"Each system, or rather I should say the result of each system, seems to harmonize best with the character of the respective peoples. The Canadian chooses his type of School as the Vicar of Wakefield's wife chose her wedding-gown, and as the Vicar of Wakefield chose his wife, 'not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as will wear well.' I cannot say, judging from the Schools which I have seen—which I take to be types of their best Schools—that they have any reason to be disappointed with the results. I speak of the general character of education to which they evidently lean.—That the actual results should be unequal, often in the widest possible degree, is true of education under all systems, everywhere."

This comparison, as a statement of apparent results, is probably as fair an one as can be made; but any general comparison of the systems may be modified by the consideration that, while the Common Schools of the United States are attended by the children of all classes of the population, there are still in Ontario, especially in the cities and towns, many parents who have not yet surmounted their prejudice against Common Schools, and who prefer to send their children to private adventure schools, chiefly because they are of a more exclusive character, and, as is supposed, of a higher social tone. A preference of this kind cannot be affected by abstract reasoning, and only as our Public Schools advance in efficiency and reputation will our people become less willing to pay both a school tax for the benefit of the children of others, and school fees in addition, for the probably not better education of their own.

It appears from the Report of the Chief Superintendent of Education for 1870, that the number of boys who attended the Public Schools of Ontario in that year was 233,381, and of girls 209,137; the total of both being 442,518. The expenditure for these schools was—from Legislative grant $179,252; from Municipal School assessment, $385,284; from Trustees' School assessment $951,099;

from Trustees' Rate-bills, $44,905 (the schools were not made free by law until 1871); from Clergy Reserve balances and other sources, $369,416; the amount apportioned for the purchase of maps, apparatus, prize and library books, $14,406; the total amount being $1,994,362.

MY LISETTE.

BY M. E. MUCHALL.

CORAL lips and laughing eyes,
Blue as heaven's bluest skies;
Forehead white, and curls of jet,
Has my fairy wife Lisette.

Jewelled fingers, soft and white;
Rounded waist so lithe and slight;
Pearly teeth all closely set,
Has my fairy wife Lisette.

Sloping shoulders, soft and fair,
Kissed by curls of silky hair;
Head so small and proudly set,
Has my fairy wife Lisette.

Ankles small, and tinier feet
Never tripped along the street:
See her once and who'd forget
All the charms of my Lisette!

But the sweetest charm of all
Lies within that form so small:
Large and warm, a heart is set
In the breast of my Lisette.

And though strange it seems to be,
That dear heart throbs but for me—
Blessed day when first I met
With my fairy wife Lisette!

PETERBOROUGH.

DINAH BLAKE'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

CHAPTER XIII.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

DEEPLY interested in her book, Josephine Dormer sat quietly reading undisturbed by the rush and roar of the rising tide. A huge billow rolling up loud and angry against the extremity of the point, sending a shower of spray over it, at length roused her to some sense of her imminent peril. She started to her feet in surprise, and gazed out upon the vast expanse of foaming water.

"The tide is coming in, but it will not rise to where I am," she said, to assure herself. "The woman surely would not have told me to come out here if there was any danger of the promontory being covered." Again she sat down upon the rock, but did not resume the perusal of her book. Keeping her eye fixed anxiously on a tall, crested wave rolling majestically towards her. Nearer and nearer it came, rearing its white crest, and now it thunders upon the rocky point, breaking almost at her feet, and sending her shrieking with terror from the spot. That wild cry reached the boat, and thrilled the heart of Sir Gerard Trevor.

"Bedad! that wave near done for her," exclaimed Dinah. "She sees her danger now, and is flying for her life; but, blessed Mary, save her! The sae is now almost level with the pint and will soon be dashing over it. Row, Sir Gerard, for the bare life," she continued, excitedly straining every nerve to propel the heavy craft faster; "Bad 'cess to ye for a baste of a boat," she added impatiently, "sure you never was meant to be rowed at all. It's almost as hard to move ye as the Rock of Cashel!"

Sir Gerard did not require any urging to increase the superhuman efforts he was making to reach the promontory; his face, white with excitement, was covered with large beads of perspiration, while his compressed lips and dilated eye expressed a fixed determination to rescue Josephine or perish with her. The danger threatening her became every moment more imminent. The volume of water continually increasing as the tide rolled on, was now level with the promontory, ready to dash over it and cut off her rapid retreat. In her first alarm she had fled onwards looking neither to the right nor left, her one thought to outstrip the rushing waves, so that the boat approaching slowly to the rescue was unnoticed. At length an encouraging shout coming across the surging waters thrilled her with sudden joy—human aid was at hand! She would not perish! She recognized the occupants of the boat. Sir Gerard Trevor was coming to the rescue—he would save her, thank God! How fervently that ejaculation was uttered by the terror-stricken girl! The sudden revulsion of feeling gave her new strength and courage, and she needed it now for the water was pouring upon the promontory, and she was wading through it ankle deep. She must in a few moments be swept off by the force of the waves; but fortunately she had now reached a part of the point which rose higher than the rest, and where some small rocks were piled one above another. This afforded her a temporary refuge from the force of the tide. She climbed to the highest part and there sat down, trembling yet hopeful, to await the approach of the boat. Would it never come? How slowly it moved, and the cruel tide rising higher and higher! The sun was shining brightly in the blue heavens and its garish beams glistened on the ocean and gleamed upon the white face of Josephine, as she sat there in her perilously-picturesque situation. What a study for a painter was that scene! The watery expanse around, and those few rocks rising yet unsubmerged with the frail, beautiful girl sitting on their summit, keeping her eyes fixed wildly on that craft struggling for her rescue, with the pitiless waves hungering for their prey. A life time of suffering seemed to be gathered into that short period of awful suspense, the memory of which never ceased to haunt not only Josephine but Sir Gerard Trevor.

"The saints be praised we have got to her at last!" was Dinah Blake's exclamation, with a sigh of intense relief, as the boat reached the rocks, and Josephine sprang into it with a cry of joy, relieving her intensely excited feelings by a burst of tears.

"It is just in time; thank God! you are saved," said Sir Gerard in the choked voice of strong emotion; then in almost incoherent words he tried to soothe Josephine, but nearly broke down himself in the deep agitation of the moment.

"Let her cry, it'll do her good!" said Dinah, eyeing her compassionately. "It's a way women have of so[t]hering themselves; but it never was my way," she added, contemptuously. "Well, we have had a tough row for it," she continued, wiping the perspiration from her brown, rugged face, "it's the hardest job I've done for many a day."

"It will not go unrewarded," remarked Sir Gerard, gratefully. "Without your help I never could have saved her; you have made me indebted to you for life, and be assured I shall not forget it."

"I didn't do for gain," she answered, testily, "and I want none of your pay for it aither."

"How very kind of you to take so much trouble for me," was Josephine's grateful observation, as she took the horny, brown hand of Dinah, and pressed it tenderly.

She drew it hastily away, as if the small, white hands of the girl burned her.

"How could I help stretching out a hand to save you, when it was my fault that you were in such danger?" she asked, gruffly. "It's harm enough I've done you already," she muttered, as she took up her oar again, to assist Sir Gerard in rowing the boat to shore.

"How did you harm me?" asked Josephine, with a look of surprise, her quick ear having caught the murmured words.

"Who said I did?" was the evasive reply, in tones meant to stop further enquiry.

"How fortunate it was that I came down to the beach in pursuit of you," said Sir Gerard, his voice still tremulous from recent excitement. "You must not venture on that promontory again."

"Why not?" interrupted Dinah, in her abrupt way; "Sure there's no danger at all most of the year, unless just when the tide is at the highest. You might go out there every other day withont wetting the sole of your shoe."

"I shall never go out there again, never!" said Josephine, with a shudder, "I do not know enough about the tides to understand when I may venture without risk. Oh, what an escape I have had! What a debt of gratitude I owe you both!" and she looked from Dinah Blake to Sir Gerard, with an expression of the deepest gratitude in her tearful eyes.

"Do not speak to me of gratitude," said the baronet, in the deep, low tones of passionate emotion, bending his eyes upon her with a look that made hers quickly drop beneath that ardent gaze, which flashed on her so thrilling a revelation. "If you had perished, I would have died with you."

The low, fond words of Sir Gerard did not escape the watchful ear of Dinah; her suspicions that the young man loved the girl were confirmed, and an angry expression grew into her dark, stern face.

"A purty fellow you are, indeed, to be making love to her, and you engaged to another woman," broke from her with an indignant flash in her restless, black eye. Sir Gerard stared at her with angry surprise.

"Oh! you need not purtend not to know what I mean," Dinah rejoined sharply, "but you're like all the rest of the men running afther every new face you see. Sorra dependence to be placed on any of ye," she added with a contemptuous curl of her thin lip.

"You speak in riddles, woman!" said the Baronet with subdued anger, "I am not engaged to any lady."

"I thought you was to marry the young lady at the Big House. Bedad that's what is expicted of you any how and sure it would be the making of you by rason of the fortune she has and your own estate gone to the bad entirely, bekase of the life your ould father led." Dinah spoke with cool insolence. The idea that Sir Gerard Trevor would marry Josephine instead of Miss Barrington seemed to cause her much annoyance. Her remarks sent the deep flush of rage to the face of Sir Gerard, but he controlled his temper; the woman had lately rendered him an incalculable benefit, he could not show resentment towards one who had aided him in saving the precious life of Josephine; without Dinah's help he never could have reached the promontory in time to rescue her from the pitiless waters. He contented himself by asserting again that there was no engagement between him and Eva Barrington, speaking in tones of forced calmness, fixing his eyes as he spoke on Josephine, who read in their clear depths the truthfulness of what he affirmed. During the rest of the time which it took them to reach the land, Dinah Blake maintained a sullen silence, doing her part of the rowing, however, with good will. When they landed, after helping to moor the boat, she turned abruptly away, refusing with a gesture of angry scorn the money which Sir Gerard offered her.

"I tould you I did not do it for goold," she said fiercely. "It's ill luck I was in it at all to help ye," she muttered as she strode hastily along the narrow strip of shore as yet unflooded at the base of the tall cliffs. Quickly along this dry path Sir Gerard now hurried Josephine, for he knew that in a few minutes more even that would be flooded by the encroaching tide. At length they reached the cove, near which Max. Butler's residence was situated and turned up the pebbly way leading to it from the shore. At home again and safe! What an agony of dread and terror had Josephine experienced since she left it not two hours before, and what deep thankfulness welled up in her heart towards that merciful Providence which had preserved her from a watery grave! That evening was spent by Sir Gerard Trevor at the cottage, and before he left it he made Josephine an offer of his hand, contrary to his previous intention of waiting till he got a deeper insight into her character. But the events of that day had shown him how inexpressibly dear the girl was to him and the wild anguish he had experienced at the thought of losing her had convinced him that the happiness of his life depended on winning her. This declaration of love filled Josephine with indescribable happiness, for she had already given her first pure affections to the handsome young Baronet; but the course of true love in this case did not run smooth. Lady Trevor objected to the marriage and Mrs. Dormer and Max. declined the honour of Sir Gerard's alliance until her ladyship's consent was obtained. But Sir Gerard did not despair for he hoped in time to remove this only obstacle to his happiness: for youth is ever sanguine, it needs the crushing disappointments of life to dim the star of hope or sink it entirely beneath our clouded horizon.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE FRIARY OF ST. BRIDE.

Eva Barrington was a graceful horsewoman, and extremely fond of riding. Part of every day she spent on horseback accompanied by Sir Gerard, or attended by a groom whenever the baronet's visits to Josephine interfered with his attendance on her. One of her favourite rides was the rugged road following the line of coast. She delighted to feel the salt sea-breeze fanning her face, as she rode quickly along, imparting exhilaration to her spirits and the glow of health to her cheeks. She never looked better than on horseback, her fine figure appeared to such advantage in her closely-fitting riding-habit, sitting gracefully on her spirited chesnut mare, one small gauntleted hand grasping the reins, while with the other she caressed the proudly-arched neck of the beautiful animal, or lightly touched its flanks with her small riding-whip, the gold handle of which gleamed in the sunlight. A stylish looking hat surmounted the silken masses of her black hair, its crimson plume contrasting well with their raven hue.

One bright, pleasant day, in the month of September, as Eva Barrington was slowly ascending the steep road leading to the Friary of St. Bride, her mare was startled by the appearance of an old woman, whose tall weird figure, rising suddenly from behind a hedge, stood right in the way before her. The animal reared, but the woman caught the reins fearlessly, listening with contemptuous indifference to the abuse the groom poured upon her.

"What did you do that for, woman, frightening the mare so? Are you mad?" he broke forth indignantly. "I have a mind to horsewhip you," and he raised his whip threateningly.

The old woman glared upon him. "Lay it on if you dare!" she hissed forth, her voice trembling with passion. "It'll be the worst blow you ever gave. Dinah Blake is not the woman to let an injury go unavinged." Then becoming suddenly calm, she murmured, "Blessed Mary, forgive me, this timper will be the ruin of me sowl afther all!"

"Did you want to speak to me? Can I do anything for you?" asked Eva Barrington kindly. Notwithstanding her haughtiness she was charitable to the poor, and never turned a deaf ear to the appeal of want.

"I do want to spake to you. I have something to tell which is only for yourself to hear." The voice was low and earnest,—the dark eyes gleaming with an excitement she tried in vain to subdue.

"Maurice, ride on, and wait for me at the foot of the hill," said the young heiress, addressing her groom.

"Maurice need'nt stir a step!" broke in Dinah, with decision, "he can wait here while you come with me into the Friary of St. Bride."

Eva's countenance expressed the astonishment she felt at this arrangement—at the tone of command in the woman's voice.

"Why should I go into the Friary?" she demanded, in haughty accents, her curiosity somewhat aroused.

"Bekase there's one spot there I want you to see. It is only there I can spake what's on me mind."

"The woman is mad," said Maurice, impetuously. "Don't heed her, Miss Barrington, she's out of her mind!"

A doubt of her sanity did flash through Eva's mind, and she was about to pass on, when Dinah, who read her thoughts, laid a detaining grasp on the reins:—"I am not mad!" she observed, vehemently, "though I have had throuble enough to dhrive me out of me sinses. You needn't fear me, I'll do you no harm, only come with me for a while and listen to what I have to say," she added with earnest entreaty.

The expression of her face re-assured Eva. She dismounted and accompanied her into the ruins. The weather was unusually fine for the time of the year, the meridian sun was glittering on the quiet ocean, and gleaming on the white sailed craft flitting across its blue expanse. From the elevated situation of St. Bride's Friary the sweep of horizon which it commanded was most magnificent—the grey rugged line of coast, the numerous headlands, some blue and misty in the distance, the straggling town of Carraghmore, and the noble mansion on Barrington Height—all were clearly seen, with the barren gigantic mountains in the background. With the bright sunshine around, and the sun-light of happiness in her own heart, Eva Barrington followed her strange companion over grass-grown graves and sculptured fragments of crosses and columns, little dreaming of the terrible disclosure about to be made, which was to cast a dark cloud over her future life, and withdraw the light of joy from her path. She entered those ivied ruins a gay, proud, light-hearted girl, she left them not long after crushed to the earth with sorrow and bitter humiliation—her life blighted by the sins of others.

Stopping beside a small green mound, headed by a wooden cross, Dinah Blake pointed to the name roughly carved upon it. It was situated in a remote corner of the ruins, the lonely spot where Norah Blake had been long since laid to rest till the resurrection morning. Eva Barrington stooped and read the simple inscription.

"Your daughter lies buried here?" she said, by way of interrogation.

"Yes, she was my daughther, about your own age too when death took her, and as purty as yourself," said Dinah, gloomily, wiping the tears from her eyes, which started unbidden at the sight of that humble grave.

Eva eyed the distressed mother pityingly, wondering, however, what the tidings were she had brought her there to hear. She was not left long in suspense. With her usual abruptness Dinah continued—"The young woman buried here more nor eighteen years ago was your mother."

A feeling of alarm thrilled the young lady at this strange announcement. The woman must be mad, she thought. Not for a moment did she believe her startling assertion.

"You don't believe me, but I tell you the thruth; I swear it on this blessed cross," said Dinah, with emphatic solemnity kissing the sacred symbol.

Still Eva stared at her, incredulous. "How could that be possible?" broke from her with lofty scorn. "If you are not mad, woman, you are telling me a wicked lie to extort money!" she added, with vehement indignation.

"No," said Dinah, with grave earnestness, "I want none of your money. All I want is to do justice to her I wronged before I die."

"Her you wronged?" repeated Eva, a terrible thought creeping towards her—her eyes dilating with horror as she regarded the woman, and her breath coming in gasps from her heaving bosom.

"Yes, the girl I cruelly wronged when I stole her years ago from Barrington House, and left you, me own daughther's child, in her place!".

A wild cry of anguish escaped from Eva's white lips, and she sank upon the ground stunned by the crushing shock. Dinah supported her in her arms till she revived a little—her wan, withered face expressing commiseration for the stricken girl. As soon as consciousness returned, Eva, with a shudder and a gesture of abhorrence, withdrew from her support.

"You my grandmother!" she fiercely exclaimed, with a look of mingled scorn and disgust. "I will not believe it. It cannot, *must* not be! How dare you fabricate such a story!" she continued, hissing the words through her set teeth, her face colourless with passionate emotion.

"There isn't a word of lie in it," maintained Dinah stoutly, her feelings of compassion giving way to the irritation she felt at Eva's scorn.

"There is; it is all a made-up story to extort money!" retorted the maddened girl furiously. "I will have you punished, put in jail for daring to say such a thing!" and gathering up the long train of her riding-habit she was about to rush from the spot, scarcely knowing what she did in her wild excitement.

"You may as well take it aisy," remonstrated Dinah. "You can't put me in prison for spaking the thruth. Sure I'll swear it afore a magistrate."

Steps were now heard rapidly approaching, crunching the dry grass. "And, bedad, here's one coming just in the nick of time," she added, as the tall commanding figure of Mr. Crofton was seen issuing from the ruined cloister. His coming there at this moment was not merely accidental. He had been riding along the road, and seeing Maurice waiting for his mistress, had enquired where she was. The groom related what had occurred, and Mr. Crofton, sharing the fears of the servant with regard to Dinah's insanity, followed Miss Barrington into the ruins. The passionate ring of her voice, and the fury gleaming in her pallid countenance, excited his surprise. "What is the matter? What has this woman said to annoy you, Miss Barrington?" he asked, in tones of respectful kindness.

There was no answer; the words seemed to choke Eva, as she tried to communicate the strange, horrible disclosure of Dinah Blake. Good heavens, what a trial this was for the proud girl; that any one should hear that maddening assertion. "Your mother lies buried here,—here in this humble, dishonoured grave!" How the words seemed to stamp themselves on her brain in characters of fire. Determined to have some explanation of the scene, Mr. Crofton turned to Dinah Blake, and sternly demanded what she had said or done to vex the young lady.

"I only tould her that she isn't the rightful heiress of Barrington Height," was the startling answer, spoken with a sullen, offended air.

"Good Heavens, what an assertion!" burst from Mr. Crofton, in amazement; the woman who made it could not be in her right mind, he thought; and yet it might be true. Strange things do happen in life; he would inquire further into this mysterious affair.

"If Miss Barrington is not the rightful owner of Barrington Height, who is?" he asked, eagerly.

"You see the blue smoke curling up among the threes far beyant there," and Dinah's bony hand pointed in the direction of the Rev. Max. Butler's residence. "There's where you'll find her."

"Do you mean Miss Dormer?" asked Mr. Crofton, with eagerness, a new light dawning upon his mind, as he remembered the singular resemblance between Josephine and Miss Barrington.

"Herself, and no other," was the curt rejoinder.

Eva groaned at this revelation. It was so intensely painful and humiliating to think that the girl she had treated with such haughty condescension was the rightful owner of those broad acres she had looked upon as her own.

"This cannot be true, woman," observed Mr. Crofton, sharply. "You are an impostor, and I'll have you taken up and sent to prison."

"No, you won't," remarked Dinah, coolly, "and where would be the use of that? You couldn't stop me tongue there, and people would be found to believe me, though you don't."

"What proof have you to bring forward, to support your strange assertion?"

"The servant Lynch, who nursed the girl you call Miss Barrington knows she was changed at her birth. Put her on her oath about it. She'll not dare perjure herself, although she held her tongue at the time, bekase she didn't want to lose her good place."

"Did she aid you in making the exchange of infants?" asked Mr. Crofton, who was beginning to fear that Dinah's story was indeed true.

"No, she didn't; she wasn't to blame at all, at all; she knew nothing of me or my consarns."

"And who was the mother of the child you left at Barrington House?" asked Mr. Crofton, very eagerly.

"Me own daughter Norah."

"And her father was Major Barrington, I suppose?"

"You have guessed right, he was that same, I'm sorry to say," Dinah rejoined, moodily.

"Now I understand your motive in the exchange of children," resumed Mr. Crofton, thoughtfully. "If indeed your word can be relied on," he added hastily; "your story seems hardly probable."

"It's thrue, any way, you may depind on that."

"But I will not depend on the truth of what you say," observed Mr. Crofton, sternly. "Is it at all probable that one like you could secretly enter Barrington House, and carry off the infant heiress?"

"It was done, I tell you!" maintained Dinah, vehemently. "Where is the use of talking any more about it? If you won't believe me, others will!"

"No, they will not credit such an improbable story," retorted Mr. Crofton, quickly, "and you have not sufficient proof to bring forward."

"Och! never fear about that; there'll be proof enough when it's wanted; more nor you think, 'cute as you are!"

There was an angry disdain in the tones of Dinah's voice, which irritated the agent exceedingly; he could not brook anything like contempt from an inferior, but he checked his rising temper, it would not be wise to exasperate Dinah. What she had disclosed troubled him as well as Eva, because it deeply affected his interests as well as her's. If it could be proved that she was not the heiress of Barrington Height, and if the estate passed to its rightful owner, then he would be obliged to give an account of his stewardship during the years it had been under his management, a proceeding that would embarrass him considerably. The truth was, Mr. Crofton had used part of Miss Barrington's money in speculating lately, and it would require time to refund this, and make his accounts square, if the property passed to other hands. Something must be done to ward off the threatened evil for the present, and Dinah Blake must be prevented from making public the disclosure she had made. Addressing her in a conciliating tone, he enquired what her motive was in now revealing the evil she had done.

"Repintance has come to me at last, and I want to make aminds for it afore I die," she answered shortly, and turning away as she spoke, she walked slowly through the ruins toward the high road.

Mr. Crofton hastily followed her. "Come to my house to-night," he said, in a low voice, as he joined her.

"What for?" she demanded, curiously.

"I want to speak to you privately about this affair; you must tell me more about it, and we'll think what is best to be done."

"I'll come," she answered quietly, and again moved slowly forward, almost staggering as she walked. Dinah was not well. She had recently risen from a sick bed, and this painful scene beside Norah's grave had affected her deeply.

CHAPTER XV.

THE HEIRESS AND THE AGENT.

"SHE looks as if she had not long to live," was the pleasing thought that suggested itself to Mr. Crofton's mind, as he walked back to the spot where he had left Eva.

She had thrown herself on Norah's grave, in the abandonment of her grief, and was giving way to a tempest of sobs and tears. How overwhelming was the blow that had fallen upon her, crushing out the joy and happiness of her young life. "What was she now?" she asked herself wildly,—"the child of sin and shame! That odious woman her grandmother!" Oh, it was intensely bitter, this degradation. She could not endure the dreadful humiliation—the exposure would kill her. The convulsions of grief that shook her frame, touched with pity even the hard heart of the agent. He had known her from a child, and she had confided the management of her affairs to him with implicit trust, winning thereby his gratitude, for he had consequently been enabled, more than once, to use her money as a capital to enable him to make money. If the estate passed out of her hands he would probably lose the management of it, and the advantages he at present enjoyed. The more he thought upon the subject, the more he was determined to prevent by any means the exposure Miss Barrington dreaded, as much for his own interest as her's. Dinah Blake must not be permitted to make public the shameful disclosure she had that day made.

"Rouse yourself from this grief and take comfort," he said, in kind, encouraging accents, "this unpleasant matter shall give you no more annoyance; trust to me."

Eva raised her pallid face inquiringly: "Do you doubt the woman's story; do you think she is mad?" she asked, with a wistful look.

"No," he replied deliberately. "I do not think *that* now, I did at first; but her story, though it seemed improbable, is I believe true. However I shall take care she communicates it to no one else. You and I can keep the secret, he added with a significant smile, and with an unusual familiarity of manner. The young girl was in his power—he knew that.

There was a pause for a few moments; there was a strife of mingled emotions in Eva Barrington's heart, a conflict between pride and principle. Should she yield to the suggestions of the former and retain possession of Barrington Height, at the expense of conscience: she had no right to it now, it was Josephine Dormer's. Mr. Crofton said he could prevent Dinah Blake from revealing her terrible secret. Should she place herself in his power by giving her consent to the concealment of those shameful facts she had that day heard? Principle stood up boldly confronting pride, but only for a little while; the dominant feeling of the girl's heart conquered, the passionate desire to retain the wealth and station that had hitherto been her's could not be denied—must be gratified at any cost. That maddening exposure of her shameful birth, the sinful disgraceful story of her dead parents must be hidden from the world. Every better feeling and consideration went down before that proud resolve, and Eva Barrington shut the door on conscience.

"What do you propose to do in this dreadful affair?" she asked at length, turning her pale agitated face towards Mr. Crofton. "How can you secure Dinah Blake's silence? If money is necessary you need not spare it."

"Nor shall I," he answered quickly. "Of course money will be needed, but you won't mind the loss of that!"

"No, if it were even to the half of my fortune!" she said passionately. "I would rather lose even all I possess, than have this story made public. Good heavens! can it indeed be true?" she added with another wild burst of weeping.

"Don't give way so Miss Barrington, control this passionate grief. There is really no need to fret so. This threatening evil can be crushed in the bud. How fortunate that I should have been here in time to advise and aid you. Now let me beg of you to return to your home and try to think no more of it. Trust to me I will manage the affair for you. A word of what has occurred here to-day must not escape your lips. Mind, Lady Trevor and Sir Gerard must know nothing of it. They might be more scrupulous than we are, you know," he added with a hard short laugh.

The words and the ring of that laugh thrilled the haughty girl with indignation. Mr. Crofton saw the gleam of anger in her averted eye and it warned him to be more guarded. He must humour her pride, he thought, which he saw would brook no familiarity; the habits of years could not be conquered so soon even in her bitter humiliation. She looked upon herself still as the mistress of Barrington House and demanded all the respectful deference she had hitherto received from him. The time would come when feeling herself entirely in his power she might be a little humbler.

Eva now gathered herself up from the grassy mound where she had been sitting and prepared to leave the ruins. Mr. Crofton walking respectfully at her side. The aspect of nature was still bright and joyous, but in her crushed heart was no answering response. A gloom had fallen upon her spirits. How painfully did she realize the truth of that saying, "we know not what a day will bring forth." She left her home that morning gay and happy without a care she returned to it stricken, humbled beneath the terrible discovey she had made, the recollection of which must darken her days even if this fatal secret could be concealed. She pleaded illness to Lady Trevor to account for her pallid gloomy face, and thoughtful depressed manner; for in spite of all her efforts she could not help showing something of the fearful effects her late passionate excitement had caused her. The groom, Maurice, declared that the half-mad woman Dinah Blake had frightened his young mistress almost to death with her odd ways—an assertion which gave his mother, Nurse Lynch, something to think about, She alone suspected the cause of Miss Barrington's altered looks or guessed the subject of that conversation in the ruins of St. Bride.

Very anxiously did Eva await the promised visit from Mr. Crofton the following day. He came ostensibly on business, but secretly by appointment, to let her know the result of his expected interview with Dinah at Elm Lodge.

"You have nothing to fear from her!" he said, with an encouraging smile, "the woman is very ill and her death will soon relieve you from all anxiety."

A cruel joy flashed across Eva's pale face at the prospect of this woman's death who called herself *her* grandmother; but then came the recollection that the secret would not die with her, and the sudden gleam of happiness vanished.

"Where is she?" she asked eagerly.

"In my house. She came to it last night more dead than alive, so anxious was she to keep her appointment and have the matter settled before she died. She made a deposition before me, as a magistrate, and belives that I will see Miss Dormer restored to her rightful inheritance."

There was a grim smile playing over Mr. Crofton's hard, deeply-lined face, as he spoke. Eva looked up at him with a wistful gleam in her grey eyes; he understood that questioning, anxious gaze, and answered hastily:

"Of course I mean to do nothing of the kind. Your interests are dearer to me than those of a stranger. I think it would be a cruel thing to deprive you of what you have so long possessed, just because you do not happen to have a legitimate right to it. You are the oldest, by a few hours, of Major Barrington's daughters, although that claim would never hold good in a court of law in consequence of your illegitimacy. But no one need know anything of that;

your half-sister will not miss what she never possessed."

"Who has the charge of Dinah Blake? Is there any danger of her talking about this painful affair to any one who might circulate the story?"

"Not the least!" was the prompt answer of Mr. Crofton. "Last night when she was too ill to leave my house I committed her to the care of my sister, a sensible, elderly woman who manages my domestic affairs. She will take care that no person has access to her, but herself."

"But the secret will be known to her also," was Eva's hasty observation, with a troubled look.

"That is unavoidable, but there is no cause for alarm on that account, she can be induced to keep it," said Mr. Crofton, with a significant smile.

"I understand her silence must be bought?" said Eva, with some of her usual *hauteur*.

"Exactly so!" was the cool rejoinder, "my sister is poor and dependent on me, and would not care to lend herself to an act of villainy without a consideration."

"An act of villainy!" How the words, revealing the naked truth, grated in the girl's ears. The deep flush of shame crimsoned her brow, and an angry light flashed from her eyes, but she said not a word. She was completely in the power of this man and his sister, and pride forbade her to free herself from the bondage they were about to impose upon her. Anything was preferable to having the finger of scorn pointed at her—to seeing herself dragged down from the high position she had hitherto occupied and humbled in the dust. Any suffering—any unprincipled act—almost any crime before *that!* Eva Barrington inherited much of her despised grandmother's strength of character. She had also her proud, passionate determined nature.

"Is the woman really near death?" she asked, after a short silence, as Mr. Crofton rose to take his leave.

"I am sure of it. She has had a low nervous fever, and is reduced to a very weak state. You have nothing more to fear from her."

"She has done me all the injury she could in revealing the shameful secret," said Eva, bitterly; "I wish to Heaven she had died first!" she added, with fierce vehemence.

"Remember that it is only known to those who will keep it," remarked Mr. Crofton sympathetically.

"But can I rely on their silence?" was her gloomy rejoinder.

"Undoubtedly! As long as you make it their interest to keep the secret," he answered, emphatically.

"I understand," she said, quietly, but with an angry, disdainful smile.

And thus the interview terminated. By degrees Eva recovered something of her former cheerfulness, as the dreaded evil was for the present swept from her path. She waited daily in expectation of the death of Dinah, but the old woman still lingered. Mr. Crofton said, "If she were only out of the way, Eva would feel less anxiety, for she feared that she could not be bribed to silence, like the mercenary agent and his sister. She had told her grand-daughter in that interview in the ruins, that she wanted none of her money; that she only wished to do justice to the girl she had wronged. Unless Dinah Blake died, therefore, the *exposé* Eva would have done anything to avoid, might still be made, and the threatened storm burst upon her devoted head. It was a fearful trial for the proud girl to bear alone—this secret agony of dread—and to have to maintain an outward composure, so as not to excite remarks. Her life was blighted; never again could she be the gay, light-hearted being she had once been. In her anguish she often wished for death, for when happiness is withdrawn from our life, it does not seem worth possessing. Life, especially to the young, without happiness, is a living death. Poor Eva! she was suffering for the sins of others; one act alone, the restoring to Josephine her lawful inheritance—could have given her back some peace of mind; but that her indomitable pride forbade her to do.

(To be continued.)

CANADA, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY F. A. DIXON.

LAND of the Maple, Cedar and Pine;
  Land of the forest, dark and tall;
Mountain and prairie, all are thine!
  Rushing river and waterfall;
And the pine-girt lake with silent breast:
From the rosy east to the crimson west.

Never was human foot-fall heard;
  Never was human figure seen;
Nothing but sound of beast and bird,
  And the winds that moved the pine tops green
All through thy woods, since the world began—
Nature alone, and nought of man.

Save that, pushing the boughs apart,
  Now and again there came a face,
And a silent figure with bow and dart:
  A red skin coming home from the chase
To his dusky squaw, and his red skinned child,
In a birch-built hut on some island wild;

Or, from some deep-set, silent bay,
  Painted warriors with bated breath,
Mohawk grim, or Ojibbeway,
  Came with thoughts of bloody death;
Strong-armed, urging their birch canoe
Swiftly the quiet waters through.

What were the voices the still lakes heard?
What were the scenes that the forest saw?
What was the life that the green leaves stirred?
Who were the subjects to nature's law?
They were the voices of nature's own—
Birds and beasts, and herself alone.

The rapid chatter of chipmunk small,
Springing ever amongst the leaves;
The blue-winged jay with its constant call;
And creaking of boughs as they felt the breeze;
Woodpeckers tapping with iron beak
Dead pine trunks, for the worm they seek.

The human cry of the mocking loon
Ever rose from the lake's dark wave;
The partridge drummed, and the ringed racoon
Sought his prey like a crafty knave.
Wolf, and fox, and muskrat grey,
Lived their lives and passed away.

The forest deer, with russet hide,
Hart, and hind, and tender fawn,
Beat their tracks to the bright lake-side,
Drinking there in the early dawn,
And the tawny lynx, in the tall, rank grass,
Quiet crouched till the herd should pass.

The green snake slipt through the moss-bound fern,
The black snake reared his fearless head,
As the wild cat crept to the quiet burn,
Or the dark, brown bear with his heavy tread;
Whilst on some steep rock's savage crest
The eagle made her cruel nest.

The speckled trout, and the white-fish leapt,
Where bull-frogs croak, and the wild ducks fly;
The monster sturgeon quiet slept
Beneath the glow of a mirrored sky;
And the ceaseless hum of mosquitos' wings
Rose below all other things.

Now, sound of axes fills the wood,
The blue smoke curls above the leaves,
The grass now grows where the hemlock stood,
And the golden corn lies bound in sheaves;
And where the beavers built their dams
Come the low of cattle, and bleat of lambs.

And stately halls and temples stand
And homes are raised, and cities filled;
The Red-skin fades from off the land,
And nature's myriad voice is stilled:
The Pale-face rears resistless head.
The Present lives, the Past is dead.

TORONTO.

MY FIRST CARIBOO.

BY HUBERT HUMBER.

LOOKING northward from Quebec one sees a range of low mountains extending all along the north shore of the St. Lawrence away to Anticosti, and behind this range of hills for hundreds of miles lies a wild land of mountain, lake and river—the home of the moose and cariboo deer. The cariboo, unlike the moose, is a great runner, seldom staying long in one place; and, being very wary, and of prodigious powers of endurance, even after receiving a mortal wound, its pursuit is justly considered the most exciting of all our Canadian sports. When the cold of early winter has driven the deer from their far northern haunts into the mountains in the immediate vicinity of Quebec, there are always to be found those who are willing to encounter the privations and dangers of that inhospitable region for the chance of a successful stalk after such noble game.

"Cariboo not like moose, no for sure."

These words were spoken to me by my Indian hunter, Michel, as I sat looking very ruefully at the carcass of a huge bull moose which lay before me half buried in the snow; and when Michel added, "no get cariboo easy like dat," I resolved that my last shot had been fired at moose, and that the next season—it was too late that year—I would try my hand at cariboo: so a few days after, when parting with Michel at the village, I made a compact with him that when the time came we should hunt cariboo together.

The summer had come and passed; the fall snipe shooting was over; the long arrow-shaped flocks of wild geese had passed with noisy flight to the southward, and the long Canadian winter was setting in with great severity when I sent word to Michel to come in and see me. We met, and the result was an engagement to start on the 15th of December, and a specific estimate of our wants in the shape of powder, shot, biscuits, pork, &c.

As the weather continued very favourable, that is to say, intensely cold with not too much snow, I went early to bed on the fourteenth fully assured that the next morning would bring Michel. The thickly frosted windows told me, when I awoke, that the thermometer was very low even in my room, and it required some consideration before I could take a leap into my bath, the water in which was almost ice. How comfortable the coal-fire looks when I get down stairs and I am all right, when my old housekeeper, looking severely over her spectacles, says, " your savage has been down stairs speerin' aboot this hour." "All right, send him up, Mrs. Bruce."

A light, almost noiseless, step comes along the passage and Michel glides quietly into the room—a man about forty years of age, of middle height, broad shoulders and deep chest, with rather bow legs, clad in a dark blanket coat, his thick waist girt by a crimson sash from which hangs a heavy hilted hunting knife in a sheath of deer skin, gaily worked with beads and porcupine quills. His feet and hands are small, and his swarthy face has the haggard look which I have noticed in many of these men, the result, I fancy, of the great privations and hardships which they sometimes have to endure. His keen eyes are small and black, and over the collar of his coat, a plentiful supply of jet black hair falls down, coarse as a horse's mane. In manner, the man is quiet, easy and self-possessed.

While we are at breakfast, Michel quietly unfolds his budget of news. The chances for a successful *chasse* are good—his brother-in-law, Antoine, has been out looking after some traps and shooting grouse and hares for the market, and reports many cariboo tracks—the lakes and rivers were all frozen two weeks ago—the snow is not too deep and the cold is on the increase—Antoine would have finished marketing and all his small purchases made by eleven o'clock and then we would start—we should reach Madame Lachance's at about 3 o'clock, sleep there that night and take to the forest on our snow-shoes early the next morning—a long day's march, a night in the snow, and then another tramp for half a day would bring us to the grounds we intended to hunt. A morning pipe is scarcely smoked when Antoine drives up to the door; the dark coat of his famous mare is covered with frost; and as he flings a buffalo robe over her, she puts back her ears and paws the snow impatiently eager to get home.

How unlike the two men are: Antoine, a little dark French Canadian, has all the vivacity and small talk of his race, and when I succeed in getting him to sit by the fire and take a cup of hot coffee and a bit of steak, dear me, how he does talk and how he laughs; what a contrast to the quiet sombre man who is going about my room superintending the final preparations for our departure! The men are very courteous to each other; but I notice that Antoine always defers at once to Michel. At last all is ready and Antoine having stowed away the provisions in his comfortable box sleigh, the guns, snow-shoes and Indian sleighs are also packed, and then we all jump in. We descend the narrow steep hills leading out from the old town, and are soon on the Lorette road then we begin to know how cold it really is—the wind cuts like a knife, and our frozen breath curls up into the air like smoke and covers our coat collars, caps and hair with a white frost.

Now we have crossed the valley of the St. Charles and passed through the village of Lorette. The road becomes much narrower and the fir trees growing thick and close on each side give a welcome shelter from the wind. Passing over a succession of steep hills we dive down into the primeval forest along a very narrow road on which the snow lies soft and deep. The bush on each side is very thick, and I notice the dotted track of the Alpine hare in every direction.

"*Arrive*," shouts Antoine, and the mare trotting very fast for about half a mile stops suddenly at Madame Lachance's, which is our terminus for that day and our point of departure for the next.

The house or rather cabin is nothing more than a backwoods shanty formed of hewn logs—the roof is of bark and the smoke finds exit through the pipe of the stove which is carried out through the gable. Madame comes out to welcome us. She is a tall, bony, gray-haired woman with a sun-tanned face, and the bare arm she holds up to shade her eyes is as dark and muscular as a blacksmith's; but the good soul is very hospitable and keeps repeating her welcome, until we all crowd into the one room which is all her house; a huge double stove is burning fiercely almost in the middle of the room, and a large bed curtained with a very gay patterned print takes up a large portion of what small space remains—a deal table and a few home-made chairs with basswood seats comprise the rest of the furniture, while an open cupboard in one corner exhibits the family crockery of a splendid yellow, bright and clean, of which the old lady is not a little proud. Coming from "*la ville*," of course, I am expected to tell Madame all the news, which she receives with oft uplifted hands and a running comment of never more than one word—thus I tell of the last large fire, "*misère;*" the new railway, "*bonté;*" the price of wood, "*tiens*"—while the frequent pinch of snuff she indulges in is constantly stayed midway to its destination, while she listens intently to a glowing description of the last fashionable marriage. The mare having been made comfortable forthe night, Antoine comes in.

Madame's two sons, stout lads of 19 and 17 come home from chopping in the bush, and after supper we all draw round the stove and spend a couple of hours in talking. Antoine is now in his glory and tells his stories with a mimicry that convulses the two boys and even draws a grim smile from Michel who sits next me smoking silently.

I had, during the evening, made arrangements that Madame's eldest son should come with us in the capacity of cook and wood-cutter, as it is no joke to get home to camp after a hard day's work and find no fire and no dinner. So in the morning having breakfasted we at once commenced to pack our traps on the two toboggins, or Indian sleighs, which we brought with us from Quebec.

I have with me a double Westley-Richards shot gun and a double Purdy rifle.

We slip on our snow-shoes and start—each Indian drawing a toboggin by stout deer-skin thongs passed over the shoulder and under the arm-pits. The party now consists of four—the two Indians, Lachance and myself, and passing down a few yards from the cabin the road ends and we strike into the woods—the primeval forest, which is to be our home for the next two weeks. Michel has decided to make for Lac Rond, a favourite hunting ground of his; and, after a couple of hours' walk, we reach the river leading to the lake, now, of course, frozen, and covered with about six inches of snow. The walking is good and we calculate to reach the lake in a day and a half; the scenery is wild but rather monotonous; the mountains, not of any great height, are very much alike; and the white highway on which we are travelling winds about, offering to view snow scenes—the one you are looking at being the counterpart of the one you have just left behind. But the air is splendid—cold and bracing, and although I had taken an excellent breakfast at Madame Lachance's I am not sorry when Michel calls a halt for dinner. Cold pork, biscuit and a cup of tea—a pipe and an hour's rest and off we go again until four o'clock, when Michel turns off the river into the forest and selects a place to camp for the night. We have done a good twenty miles, and I am hungry again, so we all set to work to form a camp, and this is how we do it. The snow for about 10 feet by 6 is cleared away—all of us at work, using our snow-shoes as shovels—and thrown up on each side forms a trench about 1½ feet deep. One of the men then goes off for fuel, and soon a roaring fire is blazing up in the middle of the trench, over which a forked stick suspends the cooking pot, while a thick layer of spruce boughs, on each side of the fire, makes a very comfortable seat and bed for the night; stout stakes planted in the snow at each end of the trench, and sloping towards the fire, are covered with pine or spruce branches, affording a good shelter. We are soon very snug; the fire leaps and crackles, sending up showers of sparks into the frosty air, and tinging the forest trees near by with a red light; but the Indians have done a hard day's work and we are all ready for sleep as soon as supper is over, so rolling myself up in my blanket, with my feet to the blaze, I am soon sound asleep on one side of the fire and the three men on the other are snoring heavily. The men replenishing the fire during the night wake me up once or twice, but I sleep well, and in the morning rise fresh, and, I am almost ashamed to write it, hungry again; but this wolfish appetite is a leading feature in camp life, and one seems at all times ready to eat.

Breakfast over we are off at half-past seven, and by two o'clock, hurrah! turning a sharp bend in the river we come suddenly on the famous Lac Rond. Following Michel we skirt the lake for about half a mile, then turn into the bush for a few yards, and halt before a small log-hut half buried in snow, which the men commence to clear away, and entering the cabin I find a good sized chamber, rather low in the roof, with a wide chimney, the lower part of which is built of round stones from the lake, while the upper portion is of thick bark. The small quantity of snow which has drifted in is swept out, and the dry spruce boughs which formed the beds of last year are bundled into the chimney—a match is applied, and instantly a ruddy flame leaps up and makes the old hut look quite cheerful. Leaving the men to get the cabin in order I light my pipe and stroll back to look at the lake, which I take to be about two miles in width, and apparently round in shape, from whence it takes its simple name. Frozen to a depth of six or eight inches, and covered with about the same quantity of snow, the even surface lies before me looking cold and dreary in the intense stillness of that calm winter evening. The round mountains, clothed with forest trees of small growth and snow-covered summits, surround it on all sides, and seem in some places to come sheer down to the water's edge; but if you were to make the circuit of the lake, you would find that all round it there lies, between the water-mark and mountains, a thick belt of dark spruce, varying in width from one hundred yards to half a mile, while large patches of cranberry bushes—the favourite resort of the grouse—rear their sturdy stems by the lake side under the shelter of the spruce. Nothing can exceed the sombre appearance or dreary solitude of a cariboo-swamp at about the evening hour—the dark formal trees, almost black in colour, throw a deep gloom around, which the near mountains serve to deepen, while long festoons of grey moss depending from their stems sway to and fro in the moaning wind, and give a weird and ghastly appearance to the scene. But it is this strange looking moss which I have seen hanging yards in length that forms the favourite food of the cariboo deer, and makes Michel consider this lake in particular one of his best hunting grounds. When I return to camp I find the men have put everything in order, the snow round the cabin is all cleared away, a goodly pile of dry wood is collected for the night, and through the open door I see a large cheerful fire burning brightly.

Next morning Pierre goes off at dawn, and, as soon as breakfast is over, Michel who is in high spirits, takes his departure, leaving me alone with Lachance, and explaining before he goes that I am to remain in camp, for that on finding the fresh tracks of cariboo he will come at once for me, and we are then to stalk the deer together. Even at this remote period my ears will tingle when I think of the terrible error, as a sportsman, which I committed on that glorious winter day. Michel had been away about an hour, and, seated on a log near the cabin, I was smoking my pipe, and trying not to feel impatient, when Lachance passed on his way to the lake for water. Very soon afterwards I hear the beat of his snow-shoes, and see him coming back at a trot without his bucket. I see at once that there is something up, so knocking the ashes out of my pipe, I advance to meet him. Turning his head, he points back at the lake, and whispers excitedly: "*Une belle bande de perdrix!*" "By Jove," thinks I, "the very thing: I can knock over a few brace; it will pass the time, and the birds will be a valuable addition to our larder." So I return to the cabin, throw off my blanket coat, and taking my Westley-Richards in hand I place a stout ash stick in Lachance's eager fingers, and we both make for the cranberries. The *perdrix de savane*, or swamp partridge, as the Canadians call this bird, is properly speaking a grouse—a splendid bird, very strong on the wing and delicious eating, but in these wilds extremely stupid—so much so, that I have seen a cock bird stand four shots from a very short-sighted man who was trying his hand with a pea-rifle. On reaching the bushes I see the fresh tracks of a large pack of grouse which have come out of the swamp to have a cranberry breakfast, and telling Lachance to move slowly on my right, I keep twenty yards behind him, knowing that the birds will lay like stones, and when flushed will fly across me to the cover, which is on my left. The boy understands his work well; moving slowly, and keeping his right distance from me he thrashes away at the cranberry bushes with the ash stick, and soon, almost at his feet, a grouse rises with a loud whirr, and flying across me on balanced pinions, makes for the spruce wood at a tremendous pace. I shoot well in front of him, and the bird pitching forward falls dead in the snow. Lachance waits quietly until he sees I have re-loaded, and on we go again. This time a brace of splendid cock birds rising together cross me at about thirty yards; the opportunity for a right and left shot is not to be lost, aud I take advantage of it, both birds are down, and the mountain echo roars back—bang! bang! The boy is delighted, and so on we go, until I bag five brace of splendid birds. Towards the end of this impromptu *battue* the grouse had got somewhat wild, and a few birds rising while I loaded got away without being shot at, and as we return I see one of them sitting on the dead branch of a spruce, and with outstretched neck intently watching us. I point the bird out to Lachance, and placing my gun in his hand tell him to shoot—he takes a good half-minute aim, and then knocks the grouse over—the boy bags his game, and coming towards me looks out at the lake and exclaims: "Here comes Michel."

The Indian hunter nears us rapidly, coming with a long, swinging stride, and handing me my gun, Lachance trots off to meet him; but there is something about Michel's look and gait that makes me think all is not well, and when the lad reaches him he stops a moment and I can hear the volley of abuse which he pours out on the head of that ingenuous youth. Poor Lachance with many shrugs of his shoulders seems to be trying to excuse himself, but apparently it won't do, and, calling him a *tête de veau*, Michel brushes past and goes straight to camp. Lachance then comes to me and in a few words makes me acquainted with the cause of the Indian's wrath. In order that you may fully appreciate the sad sporting blunder which I committed that morning, we will follow Michel in his search for fresh deer tracks. On leaving the camp that morning he turned along the margin of the lake and entering the spruce woods, which I have already described, he hunts it carefully backwards and forwards, beating his ground as close and careful as a well-trained pointer; but though he sees many tracks of deer, none are fresh, and he has nearly made half the circuit of the lake without success when he comes quite suddenly on the deep track of two deer. There is no need to stoop and examine the tracks; his practised eye tells him at once that not more than two hours have elapsed since the deer have passed. They had come over the mountain facing the cabin, and he knows well are now feeding in the spruce swamp by the lake and very likely not more than a mile off. Swift as a hound, he runs along the track until fresh signs warn him that the dull beat of his snowshoes on the soft snow must cease. He stops and listens intently for some time and taking careful note of the wind again advances, but now only at a walk, with head slightly bent and ear turned in the direction to which the deer tracks leads he moves quietly and carefully without the slightest noise, well aware that a false step—the snapping of a dry bough or an unlucky fall may alarm the cariboo, which he knows are now close at hand; he has just paused to listen when a familiar sound reaches his ear—clack! clack! a low indistinct rattle. If you or I heard it we would not pay much attention, but it is music to this keen, sagacious hunter and, faint as the sound is, he knows it to be the noise made by the antlers of a buck as he rubs his head against the branches of a forest tree. Michel now takes off his snowshoes, and laying his gun on them he creeps forward on hands and knees, frequently stopping to listen; then on again, stealthy and silent, as a cat. The bleating call of a buck rises on the frosty air, and gives Michel the exact position of the deer; rising on his knees he takes a rapid survey of the ground, and then gently steals forward to an excellent shelter formed by the trunks of two forest trees which have fallen across each other. For a minute or two the Indian lies buried deep in the snow, and then carefully raising his head he peers keenly over the barricade—and this is what he sees—a small, open space in the middle of which an old and blasted spruce, leaning over many feet from the perpendicular, spreads forth its withered branches, beneath which stands a magnificent buck cariboo, with upturned head, nibbling at the long festoon of moss which hangs from the tree, pausing now and again to rub his antlers against the dry boughs. Almost at the feet of the buck lies a splendid doe. Her ladyship has evidently breakfasted, and is lazily licking her nut-brown, glossy side. Michel gazes with all the admiration of a true-born hunter and, being satisfied that the deer will remain in the swamp for that day, at least, he is about to retrace his steps and return for me, when boom across the lake comes that unlucky shot of mine, and the mountains' echo answers hoarsely back. Suppressing an oath of surprise, Michel is swiftly down behind his ambush and buried in the snow, listens intently. "*Que diable*," he thinks, "what can it mean? Doubtless some accidental discharge of a rifle; 'tis well the cariboo are not off." Thus thinking, he raises his head again and peers over the logs in front of him, but he looks on another picture now. Both deer are on their feet, and slightly thrown back on their haunches with outspread legs and heads erect are gazing fixedly in the direction from which the sound has come. The Indian is just beginning to hope that the deer may possibly calm down, when again bang! bang! my unfortunate gun awakes that dreadful echo. Well, the deer can't stand *that* you know, and wheeling round with a velocity that sends a fountain of snow high into the air they vanish instantly into the forest; their flying forms glance for a moment from tree to tree and they are gone—gone, as the Indian said afterwards to me, "*au diable.*" Michel listens for a moment to the rush of the two deer through the woods; then, jumping to his feet with a fierce oath, walks back to the place where he had left his gun and snow-shoes and with many a bitter imprecation walks savagely back to camp.

"Oh it was horrible, most horrible."

It takes the best part of my choice tobacco to soothe the outraged feelings of the keen old hunter; but he is firm in the belief that it will be of no use trying the Lac Rond ground for deer during the next two days.

Pierre returns to camp soon after dark, to my great joy, speaks well of the ground he has been examining and, after a consultation with Michel, it is decided that we shall try it. The marching orders are short and simple: each man beside his firearms and short-handled axe is to take two ship biscuits, a small piece of pork and a supply of matches; in addition to this simple fare I slip into the pocket of my blanket coat a small flask of brandy.

The early dawn sees us leave the camp, moving ghost-like over the soft snow, all of us clad in white blanket coats and leggings, our gun covers being of the same material. Michel leading, in Indian file, we move quickly across the lake and make for the big mountain opposite. No word is spoken by the men and yesterday's mishap makes me quiet enough. What a breather it was getting up that steep mountain side, but we *are* on the top at last and halt for a few minutes' rest.

As the summit is covered only by stunted hard-wood, I get a good view of the surrounding country and can make out nothing but lakes and round-shouldered mountains which roll away from the dark fir-clad hills close by into the far off distance grey and indistinct; but Indians have not much love for scenery and we soon commence the descent. Down we go leaning well back on our snow-shoes and keeping our toes well up; we half-trot, half-slide and, in a very short time, are once more on level ground; a couple of hours' walk brings us to the edge of another large lake and, here happens to me one of the most exciting day's sport I have ever enjoyed. It was about eleven o'clock and the lovely calm of the early morning yet continued although the sky was overcast with grey clouds and it was evident that the two previous fine days were weather breeders, and that a severe storm was not far off. We had advanced about two hundred yards on the surface of the lake, when bringing up the rear, I suddenly saw Michel fall flat on his face; Pierre followed suit, and not knowing the reason why, I cast myself headlong in the snow at his heels, and there we all lay, not a word being spoken to explain the cause of this very sudden movement. I feel very much inclined to laugh, but knowing that something is up, I manage to keep quiet and presently Michel whispers "Look," and raising my head very slightly, I peer along the smooth white surface of the lake and a sight meets my eye that sets my heart beating high with intense excitement. At first I see only some dark forms about a mile off, but showing plainly on the snow. These dark forms on the lake are a herd of seven cariboo deer coming straight for us. Michel now gently calls me and I wriggle along through the snow and lie down beside him. The deer are coming rapidly toward us and are now plainly discernible—three splendid bucks and four does, quite unsuspicious of danger for they are trotting briskly, they gambol as they come. I am shaking with suppressed excitement, and the two men stolid as wooden images lie by me keenly watching the deer, when, to my great disgust, the whole herd suddenly halt about two hundred yards off, surely they have winded us; but no! see that noble buck leads off and then begins the prettiest game of romps I ever looked at—they charge each other with lowered antlers, but deftly the thrust is avoided, they leap into the frosty air with a grace and elegance that is charming to behold, and then race round and round, turning and leaping as gracefully as kittens. And now their romp is over, and bending his knees under him, a large buck quietly sinks down in the snow, and in a moment the rest of the herd follow his example; so there we are left on our faces in the snow watching the cariboo who are about two hundred yards off. The deer have unconsciously checkmated us for a time, for the Indians armed only with very wretched smooth-bores could not pretend to shoot at that distance, and though I carried an excellent Purdy rifle I felt so much excited that I was glad the men did not ask me to fire, in fact, they would have prevented me had I wished to shoot, as these men do not know the power and accuracy of a first-rate English rifle, and will always stalk their deer within fifty or sixty yards before they attempt a shot. Then Michel whispers his instructions in my ear. A belt of spruce wood ran out into the lake for a short distance and was about one hundred yards behind us and a little to our right, I was to make my way to this cover on my stomach and when he saw I was in position, he and Pierre would try and get within shot of the herd approaching the deer in such a way that if alarmed, some, if not the whole herd, would pass near enough to give me a shot. After listening very carefully to some hurried instructions as to what I should do if forced to camp out alone, I slip my feet out of my snow-shoes and turning, slowly commence to creep through the snow towards the cover. The process is decidedly cooling and the snow gets up my sleeves and down my throat, but I am determined to do my best to-day, and at last I reach the spruce wood and am soon under cover and watching the further advance of the two Indians—slowly, slowly, they seem to glide through the snow like snakes, and I mentally contrast their really scientific approach to my own unwieldy waddle. They have got about half the distance to the herd when the large buck which is nearest to them quickly turns his head in their direction and then I hear that whistling snort which proclaims that the cariboo is sensible of danger, and turning his head he butts the doe lying next to him, when both deer spring to their feet, the other five immediately follow their example and gaze anxiously about. They know there is danger but cannot tell where to look for it for the wind is favourable for the hunters and they cannot scent their foe, and as the two men lie quiet in the snow they cannot see them; but the big buck has taken a slight alarm, and as luck will have it, comes quietly trotting in my direction, the doe accompanying him, the other deer remain standing and gazing about. Now is the time for me to wipe out yesterday's disgrace—the two deer are coming at a slow trot with rather a loose and shambling gait, I can distinctly hear the clatter of their large, broad hoofs, and make pretty sure of the doe who will pass at about 75 yards, the buck will be a more difficult shot for he is further off, and the first shot will send him away like the wind; but now the doe is just opposite me, and dropping on my knee I bring the sight of my double Purdy to bear on her, low behind the shoulder, and at the report of the rifle she springs up into the air and comes down dead with a ball through her heart: to my great surprise the buck immediately trots up and stands sniffing the dead carcass.

This sudden and to me, very strange movement, rather upsets me, and before I can recover he is off, but he offers a fine side shot, and when I fire he stumbles forward and comes down heavily on his knees, but it is only for a second he is up again and away at a tremendous pace. I load as quickly as possible, and as I run back for my snow-shoes I see a dark form on the snow, which shows the Indians have killed another of the deer, and are now in full chase of the others, but going in the opposite direction to that taken by the deer I had just shot at. Confident that I had hit the buck very hard, I go forward and examine the spot where he came down, but to my surprise I find no blood, and I make up my mind for a long chase and the prospect of a camp out alone. So tightening the belt which supports my axe, I start off at a sharp trot on the track of the cariboo, which leads straight through the bush to the foot of a mountain—the steep sides of which rise before me. I thought so! the buck has gone straight up, but there is no help for it; up I go after him, soon I come to where the deer has laid down to rest, and a small patch of blood on the snow shows that my shot has told. Quickening my pace, I am soon on the summit: the cariboo is still going strong, and as I half slide down on the other side I am amazed at the tremendous strides with which he has descended. Again on level ground the track leads me out by a small river, down which the deer has taken, apparently going as strong as ever; down this river I follow for at least an hour, and am beginning to feel very much fagged, for it is now late in the day and I have worked very hard since dawn. I should be much relieved if I could throw off my coat, but I dare not do so yet, as beyond doubt I must sleep in the bush alone that night. But now the track of the wounded deer turns off the river, and I feel rather disheartened when I see another mountain before me, far up that hill the buck will go, and I doubt if I have the strength left to follow. But see! he has lain down again, and this time a large, deep-red patch on the snow shows that the wound is severe. Now is the time to push him and, throwing off my coat, I start off at a rapid pace, and, running hard for about ten minutes, suddenly come on the gallant buck lying with outstretched neck on the snow stone dead. Fairly done up I place my rifle against the antlers of the buck and, seated on the carcase, take note of the situation. Michel and Pierre are probably thirty miles away, for I calculate that I have come fifteen, and they no doubt have gone quite as far in an opposite direction—it is now, by my watch, four o'clock, and, if I felt equal to walking home to camp, there would not be light to follow my tracks back, so as it is quite clear that I must camp out alone, the sooner I commence making preparations the better. The first thing to be done is to go back for my coat. This is soon recovered, and I return to the deer, and selecting a good spot, take off my snow-shoes, and using one as a shovel clear a space large enough to build my fire and make my bed. It takes some time to collect sufficient fuel for the night, and, by the time all is ready, darkness has fallen on the forest, and the red glare from the fire throws flitting shadows on the trees near by, while the solemn stillness is only broken by the crackling of the dry logs and branches with which I keep feeding the flames. It is an awfully cold night, and I soon find out that sleep is impossible, so I take a little brandy, and cutting a steak from the deer, impale portions of the meat on hardwood skewers and roast them before the fire, the meat tastes delicious to me, and the cooking serves to pass the time. Again I try to sleep, but it is too horribly cold, and I jump up and once more build the fire—and thus I spend that long winter night wishing for morning. Squatted on a log before the fire, I think I must have dozed occasionally, for I know that on looking at my watch for about the hundredth time I am surprised to find that the long, long night has passed, and the hands are pointing to seven o'clock.

The cold pale green of the eastern sky is beginning to change to yellow, and it is already light enough to commence preparations for my return to camp, and I am thinking what portion of the buck I shall take beside his head and antlers, when to my great joy I hear a welcome shout, and Michel soon after dashes in, and, giving a ringing whoop at the sight of the dead deer, shakes me vigorously by the hand. The good fellow had wounded one of the cariboo, and followed for many miles; then, thinking he had better look after me, had left Pierre to continue the chase, and returning on my track had camped within five miles of me. We take the skin and antlered head of the cariboo, and after eating some more steak and biscuit we tramp homewards, and arrive at the cabin at about four o'clock—the last two hours of our walk being made through a driving storm of snow, for the threatening weather of yesterday has broken, and a fierce gale of wind is roaring through the forest.

Lachance has been very lonely, he says, and is *bien content* to see us. The good lad is soon preparing supper, the fire is blazing brightly, and we are just sitting down to a good hot meal, when the wind lulls for a moment, and we hear a faint shout coming from the lake, and Michel, throwing open the door to allow the light to be seen, answers back—the long quavering whoop rises high over the storm, and the mocking demon-like shout is a fit accompanyment to the howling wind—but the signal is answered again, and soon Pierre comes in with the heads of two cariboo, making four killed out of the herd of seven. His arrival is all we require to make us perfectly comfortable, and we fall to on our supper, winding up with a glass or rather tin of hot brandy and water all round; after which, rolled up in my blanket and thoroughly tired out, I am soon sound asleep.

I spend another week at the famous lake, and stalk five different deer. three of which I kill, and then we pack up for return home, and on the second day of our departure from the lake we reach Madame Lachance's. The good old soul is delighted to see us, and Pierre, who is bent on getting home that night, promises to send Antoine over for me in the morning. Early the next day, while taking a smoke at the door, I hear the sound of sleigh-bells and a clear voice chanting one of the simple hymns of the Church, rises on the frosty air, and Antoine comes driving quietly up the narrow road—the good fellow is as light hearted as ever, and profuse in his congratulations at the successful termination of my *chasse*. Carefully he stows away the antlered heads of five cariboo, and, taking leave of Madame and Michel, I return to Quebec, and once more enjoy the undeniable comforts of civilized life.

OBSCURED.

BY CHARLOTTE GRANT.

I'VE wandered out from the happy day—
I cry for the light!
My feet are bleeding—I've lost my way
In the grewsome night!

For, wise men lit their lamps of lore—
But the smoke! the smoke!
Oh, where is the sun that shone before,
When my soul awoke?

And is this knowledge that I have found
When I wisdom sought?
But tents in the ashes all around
For the home of thought!

Woe! woe! To grope thro' this strange *to-be*,
Faint 'mid the feast!
Oh, let me perish, or let me see
The Star in the East!

Hush! a voice comes hushing the cry of mine
In the grewsome night—
"When the smoke must vanish, the lamps will shine,
As God-sent light."

LONDON.

MARGUERITE KNELLER, ARTIST AND WOMAN.

BY LOUISA MURRAY.

CHAPTER XIX.

KARL RUDORFF IN PARIS.

EARLY one morning, a young man, who seemed a stranger in Paris, was admitted into the studio of the celebrated painter, Maurice Valazé. No artist's rooms in Paris were fitted up more expensively, or arranged with more perfect artistic taste, than these, and every afternoon they were crowded with visitors—artists and amateurs, beautiful women of rank, idle young men of fashion, all assembled there. But the hour was yet too early for Maurice's distinguished visitors, and it so happened that he was just then alone, and at work finishing the portrait of one of the reigning beauties of Paris, who had chosen to be painted as the gipsy heroine of Victor Hugo's great novel, with her little pet goat at her feet.

Maurice looked handsomer than ever. He had acquired all the ease and polish of a man of the world, added to the natural grace and refinement which had always been his, but there was a change in the expression of his face since the stranger had last seen it; there was a look of unrest in the eyes, a mocking and scornful smile on the lips which spoke of a weary and disappointed spirit. Looking round at the entrance of his visitor, he recognized at once in the tall, dark young man before him, the German artist, Karl Rudorff, whom he had known at Rome. Starting up, he welcomed his old companion heartily, and they were soon deep in pleasant reminiscences of the delightful days they had spent together in beautiful Italy.

"But what happy chance brings you to Paris, Karl?" asked Maurice. "I thought you were so hard at work at Munich that you could not have spared a moment from your labours, to gain a kingdom. I heard that King Ludwig had engaged you to paint an innumerable number of pictures for his new gallery?"

"Not quite so many," said Karl; "but enough to keep me busy these last four years. Now I feel as if I needed a holiday and some change of scene, and so I have come straight to this bewitching Paris of yours. But I hear wonderful things of you as a portrait painter. Your portraits are said to be the most marvellous combination of poetry and matter-of-fact—of the real and ideal ever beheld. Every pretty girl who wishes to be exalted into an angel, every good-looking youth who aspires to be represented as a hero, every ugly man or woman who imagines that he or she possesses spiritual or intellectual beauties which the dull matter in which Dame Nature works has distorted, comes to you, I am told, and finds every defect elevated into a beauty on canvas. Wonderful to tell, you appear to give satisfaction to all, and, if I may judge from appearances, report has not exaggerated the large income you are making. This splendid apartment is somewhat different from the bare, old studio at Rome."

"Ah! that dear old studio!" said Maurice, with a sigh, "where I dreamed such glorious dreams of divine perfection, of immortal fame—all to sink into the art of flattering ignoble vanity, and winning the applause of fools. Karl! I have won wealth and what Paris calls fame, but it is by a life and labours that I despise and hate!"

"Then why not give it up?" said Karl.

"I cannot. I am entangled in a net from which I have no power to escape. Pride, vanity, the love of ease and pleasure, the dread of poverty, contempt and obscurity, all hold me in their meshes, and even if I could summon courage and strength to break through these, there are other obstacles. I have no right to darken the destiny of those whose fate is linked with mine, that I may follow that ideal which nearly all who have ever sought it have found to be nothing but a shadow or a dream."

"If you mean by the ideal, a belief in a higher truth, a nobler perfection in art and in life than the common standard, I agree with you that faithfulness to it is not likely to give riches and reputation, but in the old days, Maurice, that conviction would not have had much effect on you."

"No, I was an enthusiast then. You, I suppose, are so still; but you are not married. If you were you would understand, perhaps, how a man might be tempted to give up the effort to realize an impossible ideal, for the sake of a beautiful and beloved wife."

"Then," said Karl, quickly, "you have not married that dark girl to whom you told me you were engaged when we were in Rome?"

"No," said Maurice, "I have not married her," and taking up his brush he gave a few touches to the portrait on his easel.

Karl praised the beauty of the face, which was a very lovely one.

"I can show you one a thousand times more beautiful," said Maurice, and he led Karl to a painting in which Claire was depicted as the Scandinavian Goddess, Freya, wrapped in furs and seated in a sledge drawn by a troop rein-deer. Very lovely the Goddess looked, her blue eyes and golden locks peeping out from the dark robes which enveloped her like glimpses of sunshine and blue sky breaking through clouds, and Karl expressed as much admiration as even Maurice could have desired.

"And who may this fair enchantress be?" asked Karl Rudorff.

"She is my wife," said Maurice; "was I not right in saying she was too lovely a creature to be exposed to the hard and toilsome life of an artist who aspires to attain greatness in high art?"

"Yes," said Karl, "she looks as if she had always lived among roses and never felt a thorn. It seems to me that I have seen some one like her before, though not so beautiful. I doubt if I have ever seen so faultlessly beautiful a face."

"You must come and dine with her to-night," said Maurice, and forgetting all the disgust he had expressed a few minutes before for the mode of life into which he had fallen, he chatted gaily with Karl about Parisian art and artists, and the exhibition of paintings now open in Paris, which Karl had not yet seen.

"By-the-by, Maurice, have you anything there?" asked Karl.

"Oh, yes, two portraits; but they would not interest you: though they are well enough in their way."

"I should like to see them at all events. Cannot you come with me this morning? It would be so delightful to have you for my guide."

"Say you so, old fellow? It would be just as delightful to me, to go with you and hear your unprejudiced criticisms. One knows before hand all the critics here will say just according to the cliques they belong to. Well, I shall be ready in a couple of minutes."

While Karl waited for Maurice, he returned to Claire's portrait, and puzzled himself in another attempt to fix and combine the floating glimpses of recognition which seemed at times to make the face perfectly familiar to him, but which vanished before he could seize them. Maurice was ready before he succeeded in clearing up the mystery, and the two young men then set out for the Louvre.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ARTIST'S TRIUMPH.

As Maurice and Karl entered the gallery in which the paintings were exhibited loud and enthusiastic expressions of admiration reached their ears from a crowd collected round a large painting and two small drawings which were hung close together. Not being near enough to see the painting distinctly, Maurice asked an acquaintance if he knew what was so wonderful about it, and learned that it was the work of an obscure artist, known to Eugène Delacroix, who had obtained it a favourable place in the exhibition, and pointed it out to the artist-princess, Marie, as worthy of her special attention. The princess charmed with its beauty, showed it to the King, who had purchased it for a very large sum, and also bought the two drawings from the Jocelyn of Lamartine done by the same artist. The best critics and *connoisseurs* had confirmed the judgment of the King and the Princess, without one dissenting voice; and the Academy had awarded a gold medal to the artist, who had thus suddenly risen from absolute obscurity to the highest step on the ladder of Parisian fame.

The name of the great painter Delacroix in connection with this unknown artist struck Maurice. "And what is the artist's name?" he asked.

"No one knows except Delacroix and those to whom he has confided it. The catalogue only gives initials and the place of abode;—some out-of-the-way antediluvian street; but no doubt it will soon be in every one's mouth."

After a while Maurice and Karl contrived to get near enough to see this new wonder of art, and a suspicion which had strangely forced itself on Maurice from the first seemed now confirmed. The subject was Genius offering Psyche consolation for the loss of Love. Beautiful as any Psyche ever-imaged was the Psyche of the picture. Draped in a dusky flowing robe, her long golden brown hair falling on her shoulders, she stood at the foot of a steep precipitous mountain, and Genius, standing a step or two above her, seemed urging her to attempt the difficult ascent while he pointed to a glittering radiance like that of a newly risen sun which wrapped the summit of the mountain in glory and half illumined, half shrouded with "excess of light" a crystaline fane, of which far away glimpses filled the mind with visions of ineffable beauty. Her right hand was yielded to her glorious guide, and her feet, her small bare feet, which looked far too white, too soft and delicate to encounter the sharp rocks which beset the way, seemed attempting to follow him, but her eyes were turned away from him, and she was gazing with a deep and mournful longing into the lovely valley she was about to leave forever: —the valley where cottage homes and fertile fields and fair gardens were peacefully resting,—where quiet days,and happy hearts, and all those soft and gentle delights she was never to know again had their home. Maurice believed he could not mistake the hand which had painted that picture, though its power and skill were now far greater than when he had watched and aided its labours.

"This is very beautiful," said Karl after the young men had looked at it for some time in profound silence. "It seems strange that any one who could produce such a picture should not have been known before. We must find out the artist, Maurice."

But Maurice could not answer. A thousand remembrances agitated him painfully and choked his voice. Karl saw his emotion with surprise, and then, turning to the picture, seemed again absorbed in its contemplation.

"Stay here one minute," said Maurice at last; "I will go and look at a catalogue. Perhaps we shall learn something from it."

The catalogue confirmed what indeed had needed no confirmation to Maurice. It is true, only the initials M. K. were there, but the name of the street would alone have been sufficient proof, if any had been needed, where a thousand familiar touches had revealed the painter to him as clearly as the well-known hand writing of a letter reveals the writer's name. Marguerite was the painter, and Maurice had known it from the first.

"Well, have you learned anything?" asked Karl when Maurice returned, "do you know the artist?"

"Karl, you remember that dark-haired girl whose likeness you admired so much in Rome—that girl you spoke of this morning—she is the artist."

Karl's eyes flashed, and that smile, which when it came gave such beauty to his grave face, brightened it now.

"I always knew she was a grand creature," he said. "And this glorious woman might have been yours, Maurice, and you gave her up for a fair face!"

"Not a fair face only," said Maurice, "but a face that you yourself have called the most beautiful in the world, and a sweet nature and loving heart along with it."

"She, too, would have brought you a sweet and loving heart, and with it a soul whose companionship would have driven all low and trivial aims and objects away from you, and strengthened into firm purpose and resolute action the noble aspirations that once were yours. Do you think that the woman who painted yonder picture could not love—and that with a passionate depth and intensity which feeble and shallow natures never know? Look at yonder Psyche as she gazes after her lost happiness with a wild regret, a yearning tenderness in her eyes which move us like mournful music. Look at the girl Laurence in that drawing from Lamartine's Jocelyn as she watches the words falling from her teacher's lips with such admiring and trusting devotion. The woman who could thus paint love, must have felt it. Her pictures have a power which nothing but the symbols of reality ever possess. "Surely in her you threw away a gem richer than all her tribe!"

"Suppose you try to obtain the gem for yourself," said Maurice bitterly. "I will give you an introduction if you like.'

"No, I would not accept an introduction from you. I should deem it a bad omen. If fate has destined us to be friends we shall meet in some other way. As for her love, she threw it away on the sands, and there is none left for me. Such women do not love twice."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WOMAN'S SORROW.

THOUGH Karl Rudorff had given himself a holiday, he did not intend to spend it all in idleness. Among his other artistic studies, Gothic architecture had been included, and his visit to France had been chiefly caused by his desire to see and examine its grand mediæval cathedrals, and its beautiful old churches. He intended after he had seen all that Paris contained worth seeing, to proceed to Normandy, where he expected to find rare feasts for his eye and imagination, and valuable studies for his pencil.

He was engaged to spend the rest of the day with a friend and countryman living in Paris, who had promised to accompany him that afternoon to the place which of all others in Paris he most wished to see—the Church of Notre Dame. Notre Dame, round which Victor Hugo's genius has thrown such passion and such power that we can no longer think of it, except as a living, sentient being, with the fearful secrets and mysterious crimes of the dark ages of Christendom locked up in its conscious stones.

As soon as the young men left the Louvre they separated accordingly, and Maurice then turned hastily in a direction he had not taken for years, and after a long and rapid walk, found himself at the door of Marguerite's dwelling. It was opened for him by Mère Monica, who not at first recognizing him, looked at him with surprise when he coolly passed her by and entered the hall.

"I see you have forgotten me, Mère Monica," he said, smiling at her indignant air.

"*Mon Dieu!* Monsieur Maurice, is it you?" she exclaimed. "Forgotten you? Yes indeed. There is no room in my little memory for so great a man as you are now."

Maurice laughed, but Mère Monica thought not so pleasantly as he used to laugh in the old days. "Tell Mademoiselle Marguerite that I am here," he said, walking into the little sitting room once so familiar and so dear.

He had not expected to find Marguerite there, and he started when he saw her. She was sitting on a low chair at the open glass door—a book was lying near her, but she was not reading; her clasped hands rested on her knee, and she was looking out on the garden, bright with spring blossoms and balmy with their living perfumes, listening to the soft west wind rustling the green silken leaves of the trees, and watching the fleecy clouds as they floated over the blue sky. Maurice could almost have believed that the years which had passed since they met were a dream. He had seen her sitting in that spot and in that attitude a hundred times, and with just such a look, half thoughtful, half dreamy, on her face. The very colour of her grey dress, the very folds of her rich black hair seemed the same.

She had not heard him enter the house, and when he suddenly opened the parlour door and stood before her, she started from her seat—as if a ghost from the dead had come to visit her.

"You are surprised to see me, Marguerite," said Maurice; "but I could not help coming to congratulate you on the great triumph you have obtained, and to tell you how exquisitely beautiful I think your picture. My praise will not count for much after that of Royalty and Royal Academicians; but it is, at least, as sincere as theirs, Marguerite."

"Indeed, Maurice, it is much more valuable to me; you know I never cared much for the world's praise."

"But you care for having conquered the difficulties and penetrated the mysteries of art; for having developed your powers and given adequate expression to your genius. You care for the faculty of seeing and revealing the inner truth and beauty of life and nature to those who would never discover them for themselves."

"Yes"—she answered—"to strive after these things is the aim of my life."

"You have not striven in vain! But even if you had never known success the very effort would have brought a satisfaction with it, which those who have suffered the babble of the world to silence the divine voice within can never know. Marguerite, I have often of late despised myself, but never so much as to-day. The contrast between your life of thoughtful and noble labour, and the feverish pleasures and ignoble tasks which fill up my existence, seemed to-day too painful to be borne."

Marguerite smiled a faint, sad smile. "There are not many who would think the contrast you speak of in my favour," she said. "You have won all those prizes the world esteems most highly; you have gained wealth; you have made your name one of the most distinguished in Europe; all Paris delights to do you honour; your home is bright with love and beauty."

"And the curse of an unfulfilled destiny, of thwarted aims, of crushed aspirations, of degraded powers, of a wasted life, hang over my head!" interrupted Maurice, bitterly.

"But surely that must be your own fault, Maurice," said Marguerite, gently.

"Perhaps—but what then?"

"You are still young; you can yet make your life all that you would have it to be."

"No, I cannot change," he said gloomily, "I have now neither the power nor the will. My life has been a mistake, but it is too late to alter it. And you, Marguerite? Do your solitary labours satisfy all your desires? Are you happy?"

"I am contented, Maurice, I have learned to do without happiness."

A sudden impulse, he could not resist, seized Maurice, and he said,—"Marguerite, we have sought happiness separately, and missed it; do you think we should have found it had we sought it together?"

"I do not think that I could ever have made you happy, Maurice!" said Marguerite, a faint flush rising on her cheek; "we were not suited to each other."

"It is no wonder you should say so, but—I think we might have been, if I had been true to myself, and true to you. But this is idle talk now. I must tell you some of the praises I have heard bestowed on your genius to-day, not forgetting those of a certain German friend of mine who is more enthusiastic about you and your works than I thought he could be about anything in the world. Should you like to know him? I am sure he would please you. May I bring him to see you?"

"No, indeed, I do not care to have visits from strangers."

"Oh, but he thinks he has known you in some other phase of being," said Maurice, with some lurking sarcasm in his look and tone. "I should not wonder if he thought you and he were born for each other; the separated halves necessary to make up one rounded and full-orbed soul. Suppose you let him come, if only to shew him that he is mistaken?"

"No, not even for that," said Marguerite, smiling.

"But he is a German," persisted Maurice. "You know you like Germans, Marguerite; I think you are more than half a German yourself."

"Why, of course," said Marguerite; "am I not my father's daughter?"

"Well, then, let me introduce Karl Rudorff to you. He is an admirable painter, brim-full of poetry and philosophy, and an excellent fellow besides."

"For all that, you must excuse my seeing him, Maurice. I have neither time nor inclination to make new acquaintances."

"Are you really so determined? I am quite sure Karl believes that he is fated to see you some time or other,—perhaps in some strange and wonderful way, so I shall leave the matter to destiny. But, Marguerite, you need not think that you will be suffered to shut yourself up in this old house and live the life of a nun any longer. You have suddenly become famous, and you may expect to find the world knocking at your door."

"It will soon tire of that, if it ever tries it," said Marguerite. "The world never troubles itself long about those who will not court its favours."

"I wish I could be as indifferent to that same world as you, Marguerite. How is it that you are so—if not happy, at least, so contented in your lonely home? Can your colours and canvas create a world altogether sufficient?"

Marguerite looked up at him, and again a faint flush tinged her pale cheek. "No, Maurice, not altogether. I live in another world also. It is a very real world, too, though quite different from the world of which we were speaking just now. It is a world in which there is much sorrow, much suffering, and sometimes I am able to make that sorrow and suffering a little less. Then I am more than contented—then I feel that life is sweet, and that I have not lived in vain!"

"Oh, Marguerite, you were always good and unselfish like the angels. Long ago I used to call you Reine Marguerite, but I think I must call you Sainte Marguerite now. But tell me, did you not feel proud when the Academy's Gold Medal was awarded to you? Did you not feel some pleasure and satisfaction at seeing your name and your praise in all the journals, and in knowing that your fame would soon be spread over half the world?"

"Not so much, not half so much, Maurice, as when I saw you here to-day, and found that you rejoiced in my success. I was pleased when I had completed my picture and felt that I had in some degree realized my conceptions. I was pleased when Monsieur Delacroix told me I had more than fulfilled his expectations, but for the rest. I care nothing for stupid starers, or for loud huzzas from the crowd and I don't think I estimate myself or my work a bit more highly because the King has bought my picture, and the Academy awarded me a gold medal."

"It is true they have only placed you in your rightful position, the position you have nobly earned, but I wish you cared more about it—Sainte Marguerite!"

"Claire will care, and you care, that is enough. And do not call me Sainte Marguerite, Maurice, even in jest. I am no more a saint now than I was a queen in the days of old."

She was very far from wishing to wound Maurice, but her words made him wince, and she turned hastily away.

"It does not matter what I call you," he said, "you were always far above and beyond any praise from me."

"You are very much mistaken, Maurice, and to show you how wrong you are, I will ask you to come and look at all my pictures and sketches, and to praise or blame them just as you like. I should like to show you all that I am doing."

That evening Marguerite sat alone in her garden, and watched the new moon faintly gleaming through the amber light in the western sky, from which the sun had just disappeared. And as she sat there she thought of Maurice, and her thoughts soon shaped themselves into voiceless words.

"He said that if I continued my labours I might soon stand on the very summit of my profession, and my name would be enrolled among those glorious ones who are the immortals of earth. It may be so—I know not—I only know that a thought which would once have filled me with rapture fails now to give me one thrill of pleasure. Fame, glory, or never-dying name—if they were laid at my feet this moment, I would give them all to feel as I felt long years ago when I sat on this bench beside Maurice, and he told me he loved me. That was happiness so full it left no room for any wish beyond. It was *his* fame I longed for then, *his* glory, and all I desired for myself was to share his life, and possess his love. And now, when his love is gone, when his life is separated from mine, he little knows what a cruel mockery the glory he promises me, seems. If I live I must paint. It is my life's voice, the only mode of expression in which I can embody such glimpses of the divine as are vouchsafed to me. But I need not always paint here, pent up amidst these crowds of people, these masses of stone and mortar, shut in by yonder narrow and bounded horizon. Some day soon I will go with Mère Monica to her beloved Normandy. I shall like to rest in those grey old farm-houses, half hidden in apple orchards, and to know the kind and simple people who live in them. Perhaps I shall learn to love them so well that I shall never leave them; perhaps I shall come back before I die, and end my days here. Here, where the sweetest cup earth can give was offered to my lips, and suddenly snatched away, leaving in its stead a draught as bitter as that other was sweet."

All this Marguerite said to herself as she sat on the old stone bench where now no roses were blooming. Gradually thought melted into reverie, and dreamy memories of the past rose before her. The amber light in the west grew grey, the new moon sank below the horizon, the few stars that had peeped out disappeared, the night grew chill, and the wind moaned drearily round the alcove, where she sat, breathing in fancy the perfume of the roses long ago withered and dead. The bells of the neighbouring church striking the hour roused her, and she started up half wildly. "I thought I heard my father calling me," she exclaimed. "'Wake up, Marguerite,' he was saying, 'wilt thou never have done seeing visions and dreaming dreams?' Alas! my dreams are very prosaic now compared with those from which his beloved voice used to awaken me. Dreams like those I shall never dream again!" Then she got up and went into the house.

That same evening Karl Rudorff sa alone revolving the plan of an architectura tour through Normandy.

Perhaps, reader, you expect me to finish my story by telling you that he there met Marguerite, that they loved each other, were married, and were happy. It may have been so, but I have told my story as far as it was told to me, and have no such happy ending to relate. I own, too, that to me it seems more in accordance with the usual course of events in this unsatisfying world that these two should never meet, or if they met should not recognize each other; but if you, dear reader, are inclined to hold a pleasanter belief, so much the better, and I sincerely hope you may never have any reason to change it.

THE END.

THE ORPHAN.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

'TWAS winter when my mother died,
And fast came down the snow:
With thundering shocks the ocean tide,
Struck on the rocks below.
But what to me was shrieking wind,
Dark sea and lurid cloud;
A sadder sight possessed my mind—
My mother in her shroud.

Ah me! the hot and rushing tears,
Childhood alone can shed,
Came struggling through my heart's vague fears,
To mourn my newly dead.
Oh, lost to me for evermore,
That form so still and mild:
I never knew her worth before,
Till left an orphan child!

BELLEVILLE.

OUR CANADIAN FORESTS.

BY N. W. BECKWITH.

WE are wasting our forests, habitually, wickedly, insanely; and at a rate which must soon bankrupt us in all that element of wealth! I am speaking cautiously, advisedly, and after long reflection.

This will sound strange to the ears of those who have always been accustomed, as in this Dominion, to look upon their timber supply as something actually inexhaustible. Let us examine it, however, and see how far it may prove applicable. The forest area of India is greater than that of Canada, its product beyond comparison more durable—at least so it is claimed; and its reproductive forces stronger and more rapid—and yet it has failed; almost so utterly as to verify the prediction. Herein is a lesson: profitable or otherwise, remains to be seen.

In Nova Scotia, with her enormous proportion of shipping, and limited extent of timber lands, the danger is no longer remote. True, it may, as yet, be scarcely called imminent; but, unless timely measures are devised, it soon will be. And the difference between her and her sister provinces is only what a few years will equalize; and, it may be added, the rate of equalization must be the more accelerated when, her own resources being exhausted, she comes to seek supplies for her relatively heavy demand outside of her own boundaries.

This records a warning. Let it be disregarded, and, ere many years, the Dominion Government will find itself like that of India —which is even now wringing its hands in a sudden accession of remorse over past negligence, and striving to remedy the evil by the adoption of harsh and stringent legislation—a pitiful "lock the stable after the horse has been stolen" sort of policy; which may result in much rebellious discord, but will hardly restore those matchless forests, so wantonly and absurdly destroyed.

But the immense disparity in population, it will here be urged, must be taken into account. To which the reply is, that considered from the present point of view, which regards the *tree-destroying influence* (to coin a phrase) of the two races, there is no real disparity existing; unless closer investigation should prove a proportion telling against our own.

It is British occupation of India that has produced the enormous devastation of her famous belts of teak and sâl. Not the Indians, but the Anglo-Saxons are the *dendrokopti*—just as they have proved on this continent, or wherever found. The implements of woodcraft peculiar to the two peoples are fairly typical of the comparative forest-subduing abilities of their wielders. As the toy weapon of the jungle-clearer is to the all-levelling axe of the American forester, so is the destructiveness of the former to that of the latter; as well in all other particulars, as in that under consideration.

Much faith is professed by many in the restoration consequent upon the natural growth. That this would be sufficient—and for ages to come—if intelligently guided and cultivated, on the one hand, care being taken to put a stop to the present recklessness of waste, on the other, by the farmers and woodsmen, there cannot be a shadow of doubt. But as the matter stands, it counts for almost nothing. Those who will take the pains to investigate, will find, as the writer has done, that in almost every case where heavy timber has been removed, the energies of the succeeding growth diffuse into thick, self-choking clumps of saplings; fit, possibly, for hoop-poles or pea-sticks—or, after a long time has elapsed, for very indifferent cordwood; provided its place is not altogether usurped by some inferior variety, which itself, being subject to the same conditions, seldom attains anything beyond "bush" size; but never replaces the old heavy trees. The very reproductive vigour of the forest in this way defeats its own end. Cultivation, of the simplest kind, mere pruning and culling, would remedy this effectually; could the people only be induced to give such very slight attention; but the work of destruction goes on without a thought of attempting to direct, much less to assist the recuperative efforts of nature. Where such a condition of things will land us before many years, will be sufficiently obvious if we will consider a moment the destructive agencies at work and their accumulating and *cumulative* energy, everywhere amidst and about us.

Treating the subject exhaustively, these would be more than our space would admit an enumeration of. We may, however, indicate some of the principal, and if the reader will devote a little thought in tracing out their subordinate influences, the complicated pervasiveness which distinguishes these latter, and the tangle in which their effects are continually re-acting causes—all tending to the same general result — he will agree that the evil rapidly grows threatening. The author of that most unfairly abused and ridiculed book ever written on this continent, "What I know of Farming," quaintly observes: "It seems to me that destroying a forest because we want timber, is like smothering a hive of bees because we want honey." This expresses precisely what we are doing; and indicates the (certainly unlooked for,) end and sum of the great bulk of our industries. Unconscious of the future in the competitive scramble for present wealth, we are imitating Esau, faint from the field, and selling his birth-right for a mess of pottage. Elsewhere, the same work contains another, and a most significant assertion, to wit: "Vermont sold white pine abundantly to England, through Canada, within my day; she is now supplying her own wants from Canada, at a cost of not less than five times the price she sold for, and she will be paying still higher rates before the close of this century." He concludes a chapter on trees and timber-growing with this excellent piece of advice: "I entreat our farmers—not to preserve every tree, good, bad and indifferent, that they may happen to have growing on their lands—but, outside of the limited districts wherein the primitive forest must still be cut away, in order that land may be obtained for cultivation, *to plant and rear at least two better trees for every one they may be impelled to cut down.*"

In Nova Scotia, the ship-builders inaugurated the system of wastefulness, and they are now beginning to feel its first effects. In many quarters, the cry that the supply of ship-timber is about exhausted begins to be heard. This, indeed, is far from being true, but since the alarm will undoubtedly lead to an economization, to at least some extent, of the remaining resources, it may be well not to quarrel with it absolutely. When men were few, and trees were so plenty as to be "in each other's way," an indiscriminate levelling—a free use of fire and axe, were matters of course inseparable from the conditions and therefore justifiable. But those conditions long ago disappeared,—the method, the habit then formed, continues still. Herein lies the evil. It is the same which attends all human progress—that of persisting in a custom or policy belonging to a dead time. There should have been a reform in the methods pursued for obtaining timber a generation ago. It seems incomprehensible that no one could draw the simple inference from the plain fact, which certainly was not unperceived, that the timber was being cut away faster than the natural growth could replace it. As a class, the ship-builders, had they been actuated by the positive intention of leaving for their successors as little material as possible, could scarcely have done more mischief. Yet more incomprehensible is it, that notwithstanding the growing apprehensions of a failure in the supply, no one seems to perceive it yet; but persistently follows the same old system, or rather *no*-system, which entails so much wastefulness. This pernicious example is followed by the pursuers of other industries, equally without any reference to the inevitable result—everybody "goes into the woods" bent on unlimited slaughter; and the potent axe is becoming now more the weapon of a race bent on retrogression, than the implement of pioneer civilization.

Surely something can be done to stop this waste and confusion. Just now there is a slackening in the work of destruction; owing chiefly to the sparseness of timber near the ship-building and other industrial centres; and its consequent enhancement of cost—which is also the true cause of the apprehensions previously spoken of—and a term, to which there are now indications of a close, of unusual dullness in maritime matters, on this side of the globe in particular. Whatever be decided upon should be done quickly, for the present is the critical time. For as yet, the real difficulty is not any very serious inroad upon the forest as a whole, seeing that above one-third of the total area of the province is still richly wooded; but only the denudation of those districts which are well provided with easy facilities for communication. But when we reflect that this breathing-spell will be utilized—indeed, to some extent *has been*—in improving or creating, the means of transportation to and from those remoter sections which, for lack of them yet remain practically untouched; the question assumes a grave aspect at once—a seriousness which, after all, is perhaps latent in this vague popular uneasiness on our topic. This feeling is, in that case, assuredly germane to that instinctive sense of the coming event always distinguishable among the masses on the eve of all broad and radical changes, be they commercial, social, or political.

For then the war of extermination will be renewed and waged with redoubled vigour. It is only the outworks that are now levelled; but in this finishing campaign our *dendrokopti* will attack the citadel. Then we shall enter upon a period of "unprecedented activity." We shall treble our tonnage, quadruple our lumber exports, quintuple our manufacture of "essence" of hemlock-bark—and then, collapse! Nor is the time probably so remote that many can enjoy the selfish consolation of saying "After us the deluge." Some good measures looking to an immediate establishment of forest conservance ought to be adopted forthwith. The condition of Nova Scotia, as described, is also, *in posse*, that of her sister provinces.

There is the question of wood fuel. Under the most economic management it destroys fine young trees which should be allowed to grow into heavy timber; here, however, it destroys the latter as well. Who does not see everywhere, and every day, piles of cord-wood, much of which, it is evident at a glance, has been split from trunks of respectable size; and is it not equally patent that the very varieties which are most sought for fuel, also produce the best timber? In a land where coal is so cheap and so good, this is a condition of things which is simply intolerable.

More than any other single particular, the new rage for "extract of hemlock-bark" needs regulating. This species of fir is most ignorantly and mischievously set down in the popular mind as worthless. "Hemlock is no good," is the universal persuasion,—"it is a mere cumberer of the ground,—it is an unlooked-for good fortune that even the *bark* is fit for something;" and to it they go, felling right and left, taking *only* the bark and leaving the timber to rot! It is not even utilized for fuel, to any noteworthy extent. This precious economy the writer has but once seen paralleled. In certain districts of the largest of the Phillipine Islands where wild cattle are abundant, the natives slaughter the "*cariboo*" for the hides only—leaving the beef to perish. It is not advisable to place any restrictions upon the supply of hemlock-bark indeed; but something should be done that would lead to a utilization of the wood. What increases the absurdity, is the fact that ever since 1863, British Lloyds', proverbially cautious in conceding the merits of British North American material, as that society has ever been—has been extending a "character,'—'A 1,' for four years, to ships built of this much despised wood. And the Cape Colonies, (to which Nature has denied forests, and even trees of respectable size, and durability when wrought,—their sparse clusters of *witteboom* and *spekeboom* attaining an average growth of less than thirty feet, yielding a timber almost valueless from its softness and inability to retain "fastening,") positively suffer from the want of just such lumber—at once cheap and highly durable—as the wasted hemlock logs might be sawed into; and for which they would pay with their fine wool, skins, *pure* wines, raisins, and other dried fruits, etc., etc.

The question of questions, however, is that of railways. Perhaps all other agencies combined do not more rapidly dissipate the forest resources of a nation than they do. Until railways were introduced into India, all other demands upon her forests were borne unconsciously. Yet these included at once the domestic supply of her dense population, ship-building upon a large scale and steady, heavy exportation. That was in 1854. Railway extension, held in check by the mutiny, did not begin until 1861; and in '62 we saw the government *partially* awake to the necessity of establishing a conservation. Prompt measures then would have obviated the necessity of stringent and unpopular enactments in '65, and subsequently; and, it may be, by this time, have removed the difficulty.

In Nova Scotia, where coal is so abundant and accessible, the locomotives still consume much wood. How, then, will it be along the more extended lines of Canadian railway? Judging from the rate of movement of the Intercolonial, it *will* probably be some time before that, and others projected, reach their maximum of consumption of fuel; but whenever they do, the question of what proportion of it must be of wood, will become vitally important—particularly when we keep in mind that the experience of American roads proves that an average of about thirty-five acres of woodland are necessary to supply one mile of railway. Besides, fuel is not the only feature of the question. The mode of supplying the needful timber is, if possible, more absurd and thriftless than in the cases already specified. The people who undertake this work observe but one rule of conduct: namely—to deliver at as little expense as possible, the beams, sleepers, bridge-stringers, or other material engaged for, in order to clear the widest practicable margin of *present* profit. Consequently our railroads have gone through the land, devastating the timber right and left in the vicinage of the track. There was no more regard to the future, than if there was no future. The proprietors of the intersected lands were lamentably deficient in the intelligence needed for the proper appreciation and care for this species of property. Hitherto it had been looked upon as an encumbrance—no second railway, it was argued, could ever be constructed near that already in hand; consequently the most was to be made of an opportunity never to be repeated. No regular Department of Woods and Forests existing, the timber question was the concern of nobody in particular, and the owners themselves would undoubtedly have looked upon any effort to rescue their own property from their own destroying axes, as an interference of the most unwarrantable kind. Down went the trees, all "along the whole line"—wherever they stood most convenient—wherever they stood in the way of others more particularly wanted—in any and every stage of growth—at seasons when felling is equivalent to extirpation, or otherwise, as occasion might decide, and with no regard whatever to the chances of renewal. It is certainly sufficiently perceptible that if this stolid and unthinking recklessness prevails a few years longer, we shall be unable to build either ships, railroads, or dwellings without deriving every splinter of material from foreign sources. On the other hand, it is equally obvious, that, with the needful care, there will be abundance for all, as long as an abundance will be required.

To attempt to show how forest conservation should be established, would carry this paper far beyond its limits. But it may not be amiss to summarize the principal difficulties with which such legislation must grapple:

1st.—The proprietors of the woodlands, (as a class,) have no adequate conception of the *prospective* value of this species of property: nor the wish to take care of it. 2nd.—

All the broad tracts that have been stripped (referring only to those not intended for tillage, which are the great majority,) are left without any effort to encourage a second growth. 3rd.—There is a general use of insufficiently seasoned materials—especially in house building. In an extreme climate like ours, we may remark, this is a particularly mischievous practice, since such stuff does not last half the time it should, and, therefore calls for correspondingly frequent renewal. Perhaps, the exportation of green, and partly-seasoned timber, and deals might be worth some consideration also: though possibly this objection is in a large measure neutralized by the more careful management and economization of the consumers. 4th.—Fires, free axes, and the incursions of our wasteful devastators upon the public lands, fuel, etc., etc. 5th.—Influence of railways. There are also certain reforms in ship-building, which—if carried out would lessen materially the demand of that branch of industry. The class of vessels known as "composite" could be most advantageously substituted for the present wooden product of our ship-yards—in every respect being cheaper, considered with reference to their superior classification, as well as better, and forming the natural and easy stage of transition to the production of iron tonnage. Such a substitution would at once cut down the shipwrights' demand on our rapidly diminishing woodlands, by at least four-sevenths.

A LAMENT FOR MAY-DAY.

BY MRS. C. P. TRAILL.

WEEP, weep, thou virgin queen of May!
Sit down and weep with me!
Forgotten is thy festal day,
And lost thy name shall be!

Fling down—fling down that flowery crown!
Thy sceptre cast away!
For ne'er again, in vale or plain,
They'll hail thee Queen of May.

No maiden now, with glowing brow,
Shall rise at early morn,
To bind her hair, with chaplets fair,
Torn from the blossom'd thorn.

No lark shall spring, on dewy wing,
Thy matin hymn to pour:
No cuckoo's voice shall shout "Rejoice!"
For thou art Queen no more.

Beneath thy flower-encircled wand
No peasant trains advance;
No more they lead with sportive tread,
The merry, merry dance.

The violet blooms with modest grace
Beneath her crest of leaves;
The primrose shows her pale, pale face;
Her wreaths, the woodbine weaves.

The cowslip bends her golden head,
And daisies deck the lea:
But, ah! no more, in grove or bower,
The Queen of May we'll see.

Weep, weep, then virgin Queen of May,
Thy ancient reign is o'er:
Thy vot'ries now are lowly laid—
And thou art Queen no more.

LAKEFIELD.

MY TIGER-CLAW BRACELET.

BY W. H. F.

WHEN John and I were married—of course we had a quite a number of presents from our various friends, and equally, of course, those of the least value were made the most fuss about.

Old Mrs. Stingyton, for instance, who gave us a set of *doyleys*, which she said she had knitted herself; although I am quite sure she bought them at some cheap sale; made quite a speech when she presented them, and really made me feel as if I had received a silver tea-service at the very least; while dear old Mr. Harty sent a lovely little *epergne*, with just a few lines of congratulation.

But of all our presents that which Uncle Robert sent was by far the most beautiful. It was a bracelet made of tiger claws, polished till they looked like clear amber, and joined together by such tiny delicate gold chains—which looked more like cobwebs than goldsmiths' work, and could only have been produced by the supple fingers of an eastern jeweller.

Uncle Robert has lived many years in India, and has made heaps of money; but he isn't a bit like the old Indian one reads about in novels. *They* are always yellow and cross, and seem to live upon nothing but curry and hot pickles, and have a native servant whom they ill-treat dreadfully; but Uncle is quite rosy and stout, and has such a hearty jolly laugh, and says he would rather be waited upon by our little table-maid, Jessy, than by all the *kitmaghars* in the East Indies. Indeed I confess that Jessy *is* very brisk and attentive at table; although I must say she is much too pretty for a servant, and rather too fond of ribands, and I *think* I should rather have a plainer table-maid; but then the plain ones are generally cross and disobliging; and, indeed, to tell the truth, Uncle Robert has so often complimented me on being above the weakness of most young wives, who, he says, always pick out ugly servants, that I am rather afraid to change.

John, who is looking over my shoulder, says I am getting "discursive," as most ladies do who attempt to tell a story—but that is all nonsense—and I am sure it is necessary to have the full particulars in order to understand a thing properly. Well, as I was saying, Uncle Robert's bracelet was as lovely a thing as ever was seen, and as I knew that he had been a great sportsman in the East, of course I was very anxious to learn all about his fight with the tiger to whom the claws originally belonged; so I said to him one evening after dinner: "Now, Uncle, it will give additional value to your lovely bracelet if you will tell me the full particulars of how you killed the tiger—in fact I am determined to know all about it." "Well, my dear," replied Uncle, "if you have made up your mind to that—the best thing I can do, for the sake of my own peace and quietness, is to tell you at once."—And this is what he told me:—

* * * * *

Some eight or nine years ago I joined a large sporting party in the North-West Provinces of India. Our principal object was, of course, "big game," by which an Indian sportsman understands tigers, elephants, and such like; but we were not at all particular and shot anything that came in our way with laudable impartiality.

We had made a pretty fair bag of small game, but had been singularly unfortunate as regards the larger animals, and although we had news of several tigers in the neighbourhood we had not succeeded in even getting a shot at one. We were encamped on the skirts of the jungle, at the foot of the lower range of the Himalayas; having received information that a famous man-eating tiger had carried off several villagers during the past week, and had been tracked to his lair not far from where we had pitched our tents. Our *shikarees*, or native hunters, had started off to procure exact information as to the whereabouts of the animal, and we were awaiting their return before proceeding to surround him.

I was sitting under the verandah of my tent smoking a last cheroot, and listening to the subdued chatter and laughter of our native servants, as they squatted round their fire some little distance off, and passed their *hubble-bubbles*—as their rude pipes are called—from hand to hand. The moon was at her full—shining as she only shines in the tropics—and pouring down a flood of radiance by which I could with ease have read the smallest print of a newspaper. The croak of the frogs and the chirp of the innumerable crickets was incessant, while from the distant jungle came at intervals the long unearthly howl of the jackal.

I was just about retiring for the night when I observed the tall figure of a man bearing a long matchlock on his shoulder, emerge from the shadow of a clump of bamboos just opposite my tent, and, as he was crossing towards the servants' quarters, I recognized old *Rustum Singh*, who had been sent off in charge of the *shikarees* on the previous evening.

Rustum was a splendid specimen of an old Punjaubee hunter. Nearly six feet in height, broad shouldered, thin flanked, and as straight as a dart, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh on his body. He moved about among our crowd of coolies like a stately deer-hound in the midst of a pack of village curs. His breast was almost covered with medals given him by the East India Company as rewards for the destruction of ferocious animals, and the old man wore them with as much pride as a famous general carries the trophies of his hard-won battles.

Anxious to get the earliest intelligence, I called to Rustum as he passed my tent, and enquired if he had brought any news of the tiger. Placing the palms of his hands together, and bowing almost to the ground, he replied, "*Oh hokee, waukee cumfooselah shallabelah*," that is "My Lord, a ferocious tiger which has long been the terror of the surrounding villages, has been tracked to the neighbouring jungle where he awaits the death-dealing bullets of your Highness." You see, my dear, Hindostanee is a very expressive language, and you can say a great deal in a very few words.

At this moment a brilliant idea flashed across my mind. What if I should take Rustum at once and kill the tiger, single-handed? The old *shikaree* and I were great friends, and I knew I could depend upon him to stand by me to the death; and, although I was quite conscious that it was no child's play to encounter a tiger alone and on foot, I thought of the triumph of returning successful in the morning, and became excited beyond the bounds of discretion. I therefore proposed to Rustum that we should start at once, without saying anything to the others, and attack the tiger in his lair before he could become alarmed and move out of the neighbourhood. The old man looked doubtful; but it is a point of honour with these hunters not to hold back when a European leads, and he merely replied:—"Where the *Sahib* goes Rustum will follow." So I turned into the tent to get my trusty double-barrelled "Purdy," and putting my spirit-flask in my pocket, I joined Rustum without giving my enthusiasm time to cool.

From further questioning, I learned that the tiger lay in an old lair in a dense patch of jungle about five miles from the camp. He had carried off a native child on the preceding evening, and would not probably change his quarters for a day or two, unless alarmed. Rustum had tracked him into a thick clump of bushes in which he had no doubt his den was situated; but had retired quietly to avoid disturbing the beast. I should tell you that these "man-eaters" seldom remain more than a few days in the same place, but travel great distances, chiefly by night, so that the first intimation the unfortunate villagers have of the presence of these animals, is the disappearance of one or more of their friends or relatives.

Following the *shikaree*, who led the way with smooth, rapid strides, we made our way through the long grass which fringed the jungle to the eastward, and reached nearly to our knees. Every now and again as we passed through the rank herbage, an ominous rustle, accompanied by an angry hiss, denoted the passage of some prowling snake which we had disturbed, and certainly did not tend to re-animate my fast cooling courage. I now sincerely regretted the unpleasant position into which my foolish impetuosity had led me: but my pride would not allow me to draw back, and I followed my guide with sullen determination. After proceeding in this way for fully an hour, Rustum turned suddenly to the left, and moved, with cautious steps, along a blind path which led directly into the thickest part of the jungle. I now felt that we were getting to close quarters. So taking a sup from my flask, I placed fresh caps on the nipples of my rifle, and braced myself up for the encounter.

Suddenly pausing at a turn in the path, where an opening in the bushes denoted the frequent passage of some heavy animal, the *shikaree* whispered that we had reached the lair of the tiger. Sinking on my hands and knees and grasping my rifle firmly, I crawled into the low opening, closely followed by Rustum. My nerves have often been severely tried and I believe are as good as those of most sportsmen ; but, I confess, as I made my way cautiously along the low dark passage, I could feel my heart beating with very unusual rapidity and force and I expected every moment to feel the rush of the infuriated animal upon me. The sudden transition from the bright moonlight without—to the darkness within—prevented me from seeing more than a few feet before me, and I crawled slowly on with a sort of blind desperation.

We had groped on, as nearly as I can judge, some twenty yards, when I felt Rustum's hand upon my shoulder and heard him whisper in my ear: " Look ! look ! Sahib, to the left." Gazing intently in the direction he had indicated, I could just see, about ten yards in advance, what appeared to be two dull balls of fire—which I at once concluded to be the eyes of the tiger. A restless movement of the animal and a low growl warned me that no time was to be lost. Rising gently to my knees—I slowly raised my rifle till the white patch I had taken the precaution to affix to the end of the weapon, bore exactly between the two fiery balls, and pulled the trigger ! A loud roar ! a crash ! and then I was thrown violently on my back by the rush of some large animal which went crashing away through the jungle till the sound of its impetuous career was lost in the distance.

* * * * * *

" Well but, uncle," I said, " didn't you kill the tiger after all ?"

" Why, the fact is, my dear," replied uncle, " it wasn't a tiger at all ; and all I killed was a remarkably fine porker whose mamma, the sow, had chosen that snug retreat to bring up her young family. As to the *claws*—if you *must* know—I bought them in the bazaar in Calcutta, and had them made into a bracelet for my very inquisitive little niece."

"Oh !" I said, and John, bursting into a loud laugh, cried " What a sell !"

TO A PHOTOGRAPH.

BY E. W. THOMSON.

OH, Dick, after all that we've gone through
And suffered together, it does seem hard
That all remaining to me of you,
Is this little bit of pictured card,
And a few dear letters yellow with years,
And some books that were pencil-marked by you
I cannot read them through falling tears,
For you were *tender*, and I am true.

I cannot forget the fearful day,
  You charged by my side through raging shell!
Our knees together—our sabres' play,
  Or your maddened face when you saw I fell
With my sword-arm broken; there I lay,
  In a little pool from my wounded side,
Till you bore me in your arms away—
  But, that you nursed me, I had died.

And ever and always after then,
  We clung together in march or fight,
And seldom quarrelled like other men,
  Your heart was pure as your sword was bright.
We prayed with Stonewall, and fought again;
  We followed Stuart, and both are not;
Ourselves and swords were with Early, when
  The men in the White House heard his shot.

Always ragged and often starved,
  With jingling spurs on our naked feet,
We helped our hero while he carved
  His cumbered way on the last retreat!
When all was over, and Lee had bowed,
  Then parted forever the shattered band.
  We left that land of weeping loud—
Peace offered the olive, sword in hand.

And together we came to our people dear.
  The welcome we had right dearly cost:
Some of the loved ones were not here—
  And they all had prayed for us as lost.
She whom you loved had passed away—
  Grieving for you, to the spirit land;
My mother looked on the brighter day,
  And, Dick—your going was near at hand!

And now you have gone—but I must stay,
  With nothing of you but this pictured card—
Some books, your letters, your coat of grey:
  The heart it covered is still. Oh! hard,
I wait for the hour with little fear,
  When my name shall be placed on the muster roll,
To the beautiful gates of pearl draw near,
  And meet my spirit—oh! brother soul!

ALMONTE.

FROM THE GREAT LAKES TO THE SEA.

BY J. G. BOURINOT.

NO fact illustrates more clearly the enterprise and energy of the leading men of the Dominion than the large number of railways and other public undertakings, that are either in progress or in contemplation, at the present time, in every province of Canada. A considerable portion of the Intercolonial Railway will be completed in the course of the present summer, and the tourist will be able, in the autumn, to travel by rail from St. John to Halifax. The "North Shore," the "River du Loup and Fredericton," and the "St. Francis and Megantic" Railways are works which must give a great stimulus to the commerce and industry of the province of Quebec. In Ontario there are numerous lines engaging public attention and about to receive valuable assistance from the well-filled treasury of that province. The Canadian Pacific Railway will probably be undertaken by a company of Canadian capitalists, in the course of the present year, which must always be memorable as dating the commencement of a new era in the history of commercial enterprise and railway construction throughout the Dominion.

But, among the public works necessary to the expansion of the commerce of Canada, none occupy a higher or more important place than the canals which have been constructed for the improvement of inland navigation. These canals have already cost the people over twenty millions of dollars; but every one admits that never was public money more wisely expended, and is prepared to vote as much more to develop works so essential to the commercial prosperity of the Confederation. It is only necessary to consider the topographical features of the Dominion to see the importance of these works in an intercolonial and national point of view. The eastern provinces are flanked by the Atlantic, while British Columbia rests on the Pacific, and between those two oceans lies a vast territory of which the St. Lawrence and Mackenzie rivers are the principal arteries. The Mackenzie runs through an unknown wilderness and empties itself into the lonely waters of the Arctic regions. Perhaps, in the far future, it may have an important part to play in the development of the commerce of that now unknown North-west, but, at present, it is of no value to the people of Canada. The St. Lawrence river, on the other hand, is exercising and must always exercise an important influence upon the political, as well as commercial destinies of the communities of the Confederation. It is already the natural avenue of communication for many millions of people, and one of the principal auxiliaries of the commercial enterprise of America. It runs through a territory where the climate is bracing and healthy, and nature produces in great abundance. It bears to the ocean, after running a course of over 2,000 miles, the tribute of the Great Lakes, which have been calculated to contain almost half the fresh water of the world, and not far from twelve thousand cubic miles of fluid. Along the course of its navigation there are communities not surpassed by any in energy, and all those qualities which make peoples great and prosperous. Its natural beauties have long been the theme of the admiration of European travellers, from the days that Cartier and Champlain first sailed on its waters, and gave France the right to claim the owner-ship of more than half the continent. It is where nature has been most capricious, where falls and rapids awe the spectator by their tumultuous rush, that we now see the evidences of modern enterprise; where the Indian in old times carried his canoe, we now find splendid structures of masonry, illustrating the progress of engineering skill, and the demands of commercial enterprise in a country whose total population in the begining of the century was hardly above a hundred thousand souls.

It is not necessary that a person should fall under the category of "the oldest inhabitant," to whom reference is so frequently made in newspaper paragraphs, in order to remember the different steps in the progress of canal development in this country. The oldest canal—the Lachine, only dates back as far as 1821, and between then and 1840, were the Rideau, Ottawa and St. Lawrence canals, constructed and put into operation. It was not, indeed, until some time after the union between Quebec and Ontario that measures were taken to enlarge the St. Lawrence and Welland canals to their present capacity. The idea that first originated works like the Rideau and Lachine was the necessity of giving additional facilities for the transport of troops and supplies in the case of the outbreak of hostilities between England and the United States. In the case of the Welland, however, commercial views predominated: for sagacious men, of whom the late Mr. Merritt was the leader, foresaw the rapid development of the magnificent country, of which the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes are the natural outlet. The Welland canal is an admirable illustration of the difficulties which the promoters of great projects have to contend against in the inception of such enterprises. The company which undertook its construction commenced on a very humble scale, and were a long while engaged, with very little success, in endeavouring to enlist the support and sympathy of the capitalists of Canada. Constantly in difficulties, they were always before Parliament soliciting provincial assistance; and at last wearied out by their importunities, and conscious of the importance of the project, the government decided that it was desirable for the public interests to purchase all the property and make the canal a public work. The whole expenditure by the government on the canal, at the time they assumed control, was nearly two millions of dollars. It is interesting to notice that nearly all our canals were constructed in the first instance in accordance with plans and reports made by eminent engineers of the British service. The Rideau canal was commenced and carried out under the direction of Colonel By, who arrived in this country in 1826, and whose name was for many years given to the present political capital of the Dominion. The St. Lawrence canals were enlarged in pursuance of the recommendations of Colonel Philpotts who was instructed by the Earl of Dunham, to make up a report on the whole question of the canal system of Canada.

It would not be very interesting to follow, step by step, the different stages in the improvement of the canals, and it will be sufficient for our present purpose to give a few details exhibiting their dimensions. The canal which connects Lake Superior with Lake Huron is a work of large size, but it is owned by the people of the United States: —and consequently it has long been among the aspirations of the inhabitants of Ontario to have internal communication of their own in that part of the Dominion. The Canal Commissioners in their report recommend the construction of a canal on the Canada side, where every condition seems favourable, and there is no doubt that, before many years pass by, the work will be in operation. At present, however, the first canal to which we have to refer is a work which has been of great benefit to Ontario —in fact, the only work which has returned anything like a per-centage on the public money invested by the old Province of Canada. The Welland Canal connects Lake Ontario with Lake Erie, and thereby avoids the Falls of Niagara. The main line from Lake Ontario to Lake Erie has a length of 27 miles and 1,099 feet; 3 pairs of guard gates, and 27 lift locks, 2 of 200 x 45, 24 of 150 x 26½, 1 of 230 x 45; with a depth of water on sills of 10¼. Then we have the Welland River branches, which have one lock at the Aqueduct, and one at Port Robinson, each being 150 x 26½; with a depth of water of 9 feet 10 in. Next comes the Grand River Feeder, 21 miles in length, with 2 locks—1 of 150 x 26½ and the other 200 x 45, having 10¼ feet of water. The Port Maitland Branch is only 1¾ miles in length, with one lock 185 x 45, giving 11 feet of water. From these figures it will be seen that there is nothing like uniformity in the size of the locks on the main line, whilst its depth of water is not equal to that on the Port Maitland Branch.

Passing down Lake Ontario, we come to the Williamsburg series of Canals, which have been constructed to avoid the Galops, Iroquois and other rapids which obstruct navigation on the St. Lawrence River. These Canals are known as the Farran's Point, the Rapide Plat, and the Galops, they have a total length of 12⅜ miles, six locks of 200 x 45 feet, with 9 feet depth of water on sills. Then we come to the Cornwall Canal, which extends from Dickenson's Landing on the north side of the river, to the town of Cornwall, with the object of surmounting the obstructions known as the Long Sault Rapids, and has a length of 11½ miles, 7 locks of 200 x 55, with 9 feet of water. Further on, our progress is arrested by the very tumultuous rapids called the Cascades, Cedars, and Coteau, which are overcome by the Beauharnois Canal, which is 11½ miles long, with 9 locks of 200 x 45, and 9 feet of water. Passing into Lake St. Louis we find navigation is impeded by the rapids best known as Lachine, and here again public enterprize has met the requirements of commerce by the construction of a canal, which was first suggested in 1791 by the military authorities, but actually opened in 1821. This work is 8½ miles long, and has 5 locks of 200 x 45, three of which have 9 feet of water on sills, while the other two have been deepened to 16 feet so as to admit sea-going vessels into the basin of the Canal at Montreal.

Besides the great works intended to facilitate the navigation of the St. Lawrence, we have others of commercial importance on the Ottawa, the Richelieu, and the Rideau. The works on the Ottawa were constructed, as well as those on the Rideau River, chiefly for military reasons under the auspices of the British Government, and are known as the Carillon, Chute à Blondeau, and the Grenville, all necessary to overcome the natural obstacles of the river. Altogether they have a length of 8⅛ miles, including the St. Anne lock, situated at the junction of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, where still stands that quaint little village, with its church rising out of the surrounding whitewashed cottages, which the poet Moore has immortalized in his musical verses. The locks of these canals vary in size, and depth of water, the greatest being 6½; but these works are now being enlarged so as to have, eventually, locks with a capacity of 200 feet in length of chamber between the gates, 45 feet in width, and 9 feet draught of water over the mitre sills. Then, there is the Richelieu and Lake Champlain route of navigation which extends from the mouth of the Richelieu, forty-six miles below Montreal, to the outlet of Lake Champlain on the frontier line of Canada and the United States, or a distance of eighty-one miles within Canadian territory. The canals on this route, by which the greater portion of Canadian sawn lumber reaches Albany and New York, are the St. Ours' lock and dams and the Chambly Canal, the former one-eighth of a mile, and the latter 12 miles in length. The lock on St. Ours, is 200 x 45, with 7 feet of water, whilst those on the Chambly are 122 x 23 to $23\frac{7}{12}$, with a depth of water of 7 feet. This work is intended to avoid the rapids which fall into that beautiful expansion of the Richelieu, known as the basin of Chambly, in the vicinity of which is the picturesque height of Belœil, and the site of the old fort which so long represented the days of the French *régime.*

In the Maritime Provinces there are no canals of any great extent or importance. The Shubenacadie, intended to give water communication across the province of Nova Scotia by connecting the harbour of Halifax with the river just named, which falls into Cumberland Basin, has never been turned to account, although large sums of money have been expended in opening it up. The only canal which is actually in operation is that which connects the picturesque Bras d'Or Lake in Cape Breton with St. Peter's Bay, and consequently with the Atlantic Ocean. The whole length of this work is some 2,400 feet, with one tidal lock, 26 x 122, with 13 feet at lowest water.

No country in the world can show a more elaborate system of inland navigation than Canada, young as she is, can exhibit. It is in itself a forcible illustration of the public spirit which has animated our public men during the past thirty years. These works were commenced at a very early period in the history of the commercial progress of this country, and were completed, on their present extensive scale, at a time when the expenditures required to accomplish the object, seemed altogether excessive when compared with the actual revenues. Soon after, the Canadas were united into a Legislative Union—the Legislature voted the sum of two millions of dollars for canal enlargement, and yet the whole population of the Province was only a little above a million of souls, whilst the total revenue was below a million and a half of dollars. The public men of those days, however, like the statesmen of the present, fully recognized the necessity of such improvements, and believed that the returns which the exchequer would eventually receive from the development of industry and commerce would soon reimburse the country for any outlay, however large it might seem at the outset: and the issue has more than proved the wisdom of their enterprize and liberality.

By a reference to the statistics of the Canals we have given in the foregoing paragraphs, it will be seen that there is nothing like uniformity in the size of the locks or the depth of water, and consequently a vessel that passes through the Welland cannot find an outlet by the St. Lawrence Canals. It is in many respects to be regretted that these works of the St. Lawrence navigation were not constructed at the outset on a uniform principle—since the requirements of commerce would have been decidedly subserved; but the history of our public works shows that they were undertaken at different times and under various circumstances. When they were first undertaken and brought to their present dimensions, few persons contemplated the possibility of their being unequal to the demands of commerce for half a century at least—but the development of the country has made such remarkable progress, that these canals, extensive as they are, have, for some time, proved unequal to the task imposed upon them. Along the route of the St. Lawrence navigation, from Quebec to the head of the Great Lakes, there is an immense population, full of activity and enterprize, building up towns and cities, with unparalleled industry, and ever seeking greater facilities to increase their wealth. The history of Montreal, Toronto, Chicago, Milwaukie, and other western cities, aptly illustrates the energy of the Anglo-Saxon or Teuton on this continent. "Muddy little York" has been metamorphosed, in some thirty years, into a city of colleges, commercial palaces, and splendid mansions, and a never-ceasing tide of traffic keeps pouring into its spacious warehouses. Chicago which, above all other places, illustrates western progress, was unknown to the commercial world thirty years ago, but now it has a population of at least 300,000, and even the fearful march of the Fire-king does not seem to have paralysed the enterprize of the men who have made it what it is, and must long remain the greatest mart of the West. The total value of the trade of the lakes was not much more than $60,000,000, thirty years ago, but now it is estimated at $800,000,000 : while the tonnage that floats on these waters must be at least 600,000 tons, representing probably $18,000,000 in value. Ontario raises some 30,000,000 bushels of wheat annually, besides large quantities of barley, and has now a population of 1,620,823, against 77,000 in 1821. The total population of the grain-growing States of the North-west, viz: Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Kansas, is about 12,000,000, against 3,000,000 thirty years ago; whilst they raise, in the aggregate, some 160,000,000 bushels of wheat, and 600,000,000 bushels of corn. The progress of this splendid territory is ever onward, and the wilderness of to-day is a scene of industry to-morrow—while the question that is ever on the lips of the merchants and farmers of this grain-growing region is this: How and where to find the best and cheapest outlet for our surplus produce?

This question has been perplexing to commercial men of the West for some years. They have long since recognized the fact that the Erie Canal—we may leave the Mississippi altogether out of the calculation, when the transport of grain is concerned—and the splendid railway system which American enterprize has constructed to assist the West to reach the sea-board, are altogether inadequate to meet the commercial wants of a territory, which produces in such remarkable abundance. The records of the Board of Trade, the speeches of the most sagacious and energetic public men, the columns of the public press of the West, all forcibly testify to the accuracy of the assertion. More than that, the public opinion of the West has long since pointed to the St. Lawrence as the natural outlet of their trade, with which no artificial means of communication can compete—in respect to cheapness and despatch. Even under existing circumstances, a bushel of wheat can be carried from Chicago to Montreal some ten days sooner, and some fifty per cent. cheaper, than from Chicago to New York, *via* the Erie Canal. The number of American vessels that already avail themselves of the Welland Canal for the purpose of reaching Oswego, and thereby the Erie, is very considerable—as the following returns plainly show :—

	1868.	1869.	1870.	1871.	Tolls in 1871.
American vessels..........................	No. 2,932 Ton. 692,169	2,791 719,432	2,884 765,543	3,459 928,330	$22,942.84
Canadian vessels..............................	No. 3,225 Ton. 548,197	3,278 548,019	3,856 591,574	4,270 625,788	$12,779.53

Grand total of vessels and property, up and down Welland Canal, in 1871 } ....2,993,178 or 500,000 above 1868

Grand total of vessels and property, up and down St. Lawrence Canal, in 1871 } ....2,251,268 or 140,000 " 1868

The American vessels that ply on the Upper Lakes have been steadily increasing in size for some years past; for experience has proved that the larger class, especially the propeller, is the cheapest for the transport of grain and other heavy freight which seek water communications. The Welland Canal will only admit the smaller vessels, unless, indeed, those of greater tonnage are prepared to unload a considerable part of their cargo at Port Colborne, for transport by the Welland Railway, and then go through with the remaining portion. This trans-shipment at Port Colborne has, in fact, become an important feature of the trade in that section of the country. We learn from the latest report of the Minister of Inland Revenuê that during the three months ending on the 30th of June, 1871, 133 vessels, carrying 78,425 tons of grain, transhipped the whole or a part of their cargo. Of these fifty transhipped the entire cargo—amounting to 24,037 tons. The remaining ninety-three transhipped so much as would enable them to pass the Canal with the remainder. These vessels drew from eleven feet six inches to twelve feet of water, whilst the Canal only admitted the passage of vessels drawing ten feet or less. When laden to twelve feet, their cargoes would vary from 19,000 to 24,000, and when drawing only ten feet from 14,000 to 18,500 bushels of wheat. To enable such as could otherwise pass the Canal to do so, they have transhipped from 300 to as much as 7,500 bushels. The vessels that transhipped their entire cargoes were too large for the locks, irrespective of the draught of water. The Canal Commissioners, in their report, dwell particularly on the inadequacy of the Welland to meet the necessities of Western traffic, and refer to the class of vessels that it should benefit. " The tendency in ship-building," say the Commissioners, "for the last quarter of a century on the Upper Lakes, has been to construct larger vessels every-way, whether propelled by steam or sail; while the screw is superseding the paddle everywhere on the lakes as well as on the ocean—the relative number and tonnage of screw steamers is gradually increasing upon the sailing craft. The Lake St. Clair Flats were in former years the accepted gauge of the navigation : but by the combined action of the Canadian and United States' Governments the obstacles in the lake have been so far removed that vessels can now pass through, drawing 14 feet. Then, again, as the line of navigation is extended, so the long voyage demands larger tonnage. As an approximate rule for the size of a vessel for any particular route, it has been observed that any vessel, to be properly adapted to its business, should have one ton of measurement for every mile of her voyage; and as an example, in illustration of the rule, it may be remarked that the vessels plying between Chicago and Buffalo, 916 miles, now range between 600 and 1,500 tons; while many persons of considerable experience in the trade are of opinion that a medium size of about 1,000 tons is best suited for this route."

It has been the universal sentiment of the country for some years past that the canal system should be improved at the earliest opportunity when the condition of the finances warranted the outlay that such improvements would necessarily entail. The Quebec Convention in 1865 passed a resolution to this effect—and the Government of the Dominion in 1870 appointed a Commission composed of practical business men of high standing in the country, to examine into the whole question of canal enlargement. Their Report has been for a twelve-month before the people of the Dominion, and has been generally considered as doing complete justice to the great interests involved. The government, in fact, have adopted the report as the basis of improvements which are to commence forthwith, and which comprise the enlargement of the St. Lawrence and Welland canals, so that the large propellers and other craft which are now confined to the upper lakes will be able to proceed from the western ports to Montreal and the Atlantic ports without trans-shipment at Kingston and other places. These canals will be enlarged on a uniform system, so that all the locks will have 270 feet length of chamber between the gates, 45 feet in width, and 12 feet of clear draught over the mitre sills. Measures are also in progress to improve the navigation of the St. Lawrence river between Montreal and Quebec, with the view of allowing the largest ships to come up directly to the former city and, in order to attain this result it will be necessary to deepen Lake St. Peter to 24 feet, and otherwise make it equal to the passage of the sea-going crafts in question.

A work of great magnitude is also to be constructed in the Maritime Provinces. If our readers will take up a map of Nova Scotia, they will notice how narrow is the Isthmus of Chignecto, that separates that province from New Brunswick, and will at once be struck with the fact that a canal across that neck of land must afford immense facilities to commerce. The total distance across the Isthmus is only fifteen miles, and the country is level and easily excavated; but, nevertheless, there have been some engineering difficulties suggested on account of the difference in the range of tides. Few spectacles of nature are more calculated to awaken awe in the mind of the spectator than the irresistible march of the tides of the Bay of Fundy into its various estuaries. "At low tide"—we quote from Dawson's geology—"wide flats of brown mud are seen to extend for miles, as if the sea had altogether retired from its bed, 'and the distant channel appears a mere 'strip of muddy water. At the commencement of flood, a slight ripple is seen to "break over the edge of the flats. It "rushes swiftly forward, and covering the "lower flats almost instantaneously, gains "rapidly on the higher swells of mud, "which appear as if they were being dissolved in the turbid waters. At the same "time the torrent of red water enters all "the channels, creeks, and estuaries—surging, whirling, and foaming, and often having in its front a white, breaking wave, or "'bore' which runs steadily forward, meeting and swallowing up the remains of the "ebb still trickling down the channels. The "mud flats are soon covered, and then, as "the stranger sees the water gaining with "noiseless and steady rapidity on the steep "sides of banks and cliffs, a sense of insecurity creeps over him, as if no limit could "be put to the advancing deluge. In a little "time, however, he sees that the fiat, "hitherto shalt thou come and no farther," has "been issued to the great bay tide. Its retreat commences, and the waters rush back "as rapidly as they had entered." The extreme range of tides in Bay Verte does not reach beyond eight feet, while high water in Cumberland Bay rises about 23 feet above the level of medium tides. These and other obstacles, however, can be surmounted; and it is proposed to go on with a work which must give a remarkable stimulus to the commerce of the Maritime Provinces. The canal will render more accessible a vast amount of mineral wealth which now wants a market. By affording a shorter and cheaper route than that round the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia, freights will be lessened and the transport of heavy merchandise to Canadian ports on the St. Lawrence stimulated. With the completion of this work, the inland navigation of the Dominion may be considered perfect: for the large propellers of the west will be able to make a rapid and secure voyage without breaking bulk from Chicago to Boston or Portland.

Not only will Canada control the transport of the surplus produce of the Great West, but she must develope a large Intercolonial trade, the moment her canal system is enlarged and perfected from Erie to the Bay of Fundy. Commercial men have long urged that we cannot see any extensive trade between Ontario and the Maritime Provinces until there are facilities for the passage of craft drawing, at least, twelve feet of water. Ontario wants Nova Scotia coal and minerals; but she cannot have them until a vessel can go direct from Pictou or Sydney to Hamilton or Toronto, and there unload and take in a return-cargo of flour or barley. The development of Intercolonial trade and the control of the commerce of the North-Western States are the objects which Canadians expect immediately to attain by the improvement of these splendid works; but, looking into the future, we see the time, when they will be equally invaluable to that Great West which Canada claims as her own. The day is not far distant when Manitoba will be the home of a large population; and energetic and prosperous communities will be settled from the head of Lake Superior, along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway—as far as the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Already words of the poet are in course of realization:—

"Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe,
The steamer smokes and raves,
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves.

"I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea."

Two decades hence, there will be a steady stream of traffic from those fertile regions which are now a wilderness, to give employment to our shipping and our railways. Then, no doubt—if indeed it is not done very soon—the demands of commerce will will require the construction of the Ottawa Canal, which will afford a shorter route between the Lakes and Montreal, and considerably relieve the St. Lawrence canals of the superabundant traffic which will be waiting its turn to pass through the locks. Then the riches of the countries washed by the China sea will pass through our country on their way to Europe, in Canadian ships. If the Maritime Provinces continue to exhibit the same enterprise they have hitherto—an enterprise which has placed Canada in the proud position of ranking only below France as a maritime power—they may expect to be the carriers of that immense trade which must necessarily follow the St. Lawrence route and the Pacific Railway. All this is no fancy picture. The shrewdest business men amongst us have pressed the enlargement of our canal system and the construction of the Canadian Pacific, as certain to increase the wealth and population of the Confederation to an incalculable degree. All that Canada requires now is peace and security from all disturbing influences, to work out a career of prosperity unexampled in the history of the commercial communities of the world.

TRANSLATIONS AND SELECTIONS.

IN MEMORIAM.—FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.

By the REV. CANON KINGSLEY, *from "Macmillan" for May.*

ON Friday, the fifth of April, a note-worthy assemblage gathered round an open vault in a corner of Highgate Cemetery. Some hundreds of persons, closely packed up the steep banks among the trees and shrubs, had found in that grave a common bond of brotherhood. He lay in that grave. They were no sect, clique, or school of disciples, held together by community of opinions. They were simple men and women, held together, for the moment at least, by love of a man, and that man, as they had believed a man of God. All shades of opinion, almost of creed, were represented there; though the majority were members of the Church of England—many probably reconciled to that Church by him who lay below. All sorts and conditions of men, and indeed of women were there; for he had had a word for all sorts and conditions of men. Most of them had never seen each other before—would never see each other again. But each felt that the man, however unknown to him, who stood next him was indeed a brother, in loyalty to that beautiful soul, beautiful face, beautiful smile, beautiful voice, from which, in public or in secret, each had received noble impulses, tender consolation, loving correction, and clearer and juster conceptions of God, of duty, of the meaning of themselves and of the universe. And when they turned and left his body there, the world—as one said who served him gallantly and long—seemed darker now he had left it; but he had stayed here long enough to do the work for which he was fitted. He had wasted no time, but died, like a valiant man, at his work, and of his work.

He might have been buried in Westminster Abbey. There was no lack of men of mark who held that such a public recognition of his worth was due, not only to the man himself, but to the honour of the Church of England. His life had been one of rare sanctity; he was a philosopher of learning and acuteness, unsurpassed by any man of his generation; he had done more than any man of that generation to defend the Church's doctrines; to recommend her to highly cultivated men and women; to bring within her pale those who had been born outside it, or had wandered from it; to reconcile the revolutionary party among the workmen of the great cities with Christianity, order, law; to make all ranks understand that if Christianity meant anything, it meant that a man should not merely strive to save his own soul after death, but that he should live here the life of a true citizen, virtuous, earnest, helpful to his human brethren. He had been the originator of, or at least the chief mover in, working men's colleges, schemes for the higher education of women, for the protection of the weak and the oppressed. He had been the champion, the organizer, the helper with his own money and time, of that co-operative movement—the very germ of the economy of the future—which seems now destined to spread, and with right good results, to far other classes, and in far other forms, than those of which Mr. Maurice was thinking five-and-twenty years ago. His whole life had been one of unceasing labour for that which he believed to be truth and right, and for the practical amelioration of his fellow-creatures. He had not an enemy, unless it were here and there a bigot or a dishonest man—two classes who could not abide him, because they knew well that he could not abide them. But for the rest, those from whom he had differed most, with whom he had engaged, ere now, in the sharpest controversy, had learned to admire his sanctity, charity, courtesy—for he was the most perfect of gentlemen—as well as to respect his genius and learning. He had been welcomed to Cambridge, by all the finer spirits of the University, as Professor of Moral Philosophy; and as such, and as the parish priest of St. Edward's, he had done his work—as far as failing health allowed—as none but he could do it. Nothing save his own too-scrupulous sense of honour had prevented him from accepting some higher ecclesiastical preferment—which he would have used, alas! not for literary leisure, nor for the physical rest which he absolutely required, but merely as an excuse for greater and more arduous toil. If such a man was not the man whom the Church of England would delight to honour, who was the man? But he was gone, and a grave among England's worthies was all that could be offered him now; and it was offered. But those whose will on such a point was law, judged it to be more in keeping with the exquisite modesty and humility of Frederick Denison Maurice, that he should be laid out of sight, though not out of mind, by the side of his father and his mother. Well: be it so. At least that green nook at Highgate will be a sacred spot to hundreds—it may be to thousands--who owe him more than they will care to tell to any created being.

It was, after all, in this—in his personal influence—that Mr. Maurice was greatest. True, he was a great and rare thinker. Those who wish to satisfy themselves of this should measure the capaciousness of his intellect by studying—not by merely reading—his Boyle Lectures on the religions of the world; and that Kingdom of Christ, the ablest "Apology" for the Catholic Faith which England has seen for more than two hundred years. The ablest, and perhaps practically the most successful; for it has made the Catholic Faith look living, rational, practical, and practicable, to hundreds who could rest neither in modified Puritanism or modified Romanism, and still less in scepticism, however earnest. The fact that it is written from a Realist point of view, as all Mr. Maurice's books are, will make it obscure to many readers. Nominalism is just now so utterly in the ascendant, that most persons seem to have lost the power of thinking, as well as of talking, by any other method. But when the tide of thought shall turn, this, and the rest of Mr. Maurice's works, will become not only precious but luminous, to a generation which will have recollected that substance does not mean matter, that a person is not the net result of his circumstances, and that the Real is not the visible Actual, but the invisible Ideal.

If anyone, again, would test Mr. Maurice's faculty as an interpreter of Scripture, let him study the two volumes on the Gospel and the Epistles of St. John; and study, too, the two volumes on the Old Testament, which have been (as a fact) the means of delivering more than one or two from both the Rationalist and the Mythicist theories of interpretation. I mention these only as peculiar examples of Mr. Maurice's power. To those who have read nothing of his, I would say, "Take up what book you will, you will be sure to find in it something new to you, something noble, something which, if you can act on it, will make you a better man." And if anyone, on making the trial, should say, "But I do not understand the book. It is to me a new world:" then it must be answered, "If you wish to read only books which you can understand at first sight, confine yourself to periodical literature. As for finding yourself in a new world, is it not good sometimes to do that?—to discover how vast the magnitude of mind, as well as of matter, is; that it contains many worlds; and that wise and beautiful souls may and do live in more worlds than your own?" Much has been said of the obscurity of Mr. Maurice's style. It is a question whether any great thinker will be anything but obscure at times; simply because he is possessed by conceptions beyonds his powers of expression. But the conceptions may be clear enough; and it may be worth the wise man's while to search for them under the imperfect words. Only thus—to take an illustrious instance—has St. Paul, often the most obscure of writers, become luminous to students; and there are those who will hold that St. Paul is by no means understood yet; and that the Calvinistic system which has been built up upon his Epistles, has been built up upon a total ignoring of the greater part of them, and a total misunderstanding of the remainder: yet, for all that, no Christian man will lightly shut up St. Paul as too obscure for use. Really, when one considers what worthless verbiage

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which men have ere now, and do still, take infinite pains to make themselves fancy that they understand, one is tempted to impatience when men confess that they will not take the trouble of trying to understand Mr. Maurice.

Yet, after all, I know no work which gives a fairer measure of Mr. Maurice's intellect, both political and exegetic, and a fairer measure, likewise, of the plain downright common sense which he brought to bear on each of so many subjects, than his Commentary on the very book which is supposed to have least connection with common sense, and on which common sense has, as yet, been seldom employed; namely, the Apocalypse of St. John. That his method of interpretation is the right one can hardly be doubted by those who perceive that it is the one and only method on which any fair exegesis is possible—namelv, to ask,—What must these words have meant to those to whom they were actually spoken? That Mr. Maurice is more reverent, by being more accurate, more spiritual, by being more practical in his interpretation than commentators on this book have usually been, will be seen the more the book is studied, and found to be, what any and every commentary on the Revelation ought to be—a mine of political wisdom. Sayings will be found, which will escape the grasp of most readers, as indeed they do mine, so pregnant are they, and swift revealing, like the lightning-flash at night, a whole vision; but only for a moment's space. The reader may find also details of interpretation which are open to doubt; if so he will remember that no man would have shrunk with more horror than Mr. Maurice from the assumption of infallibility. Meanwhile, that the author's manly confidence in the reasonableness of his method will be justified hereafter, I must hope, if the Book of Revelation is to remain, as God grant it may, the political text-book of the Christian Church.

On one matter, however, Mr. Maurice is never obscure—on questions of right and wrong. As with St. Paul, his theology, however seemingly abstruse, always results in some lesson of plain practical morality. To do the right and eschew the wrong, and that not from hope of reward or fear of punishment—in which case the right ceases to be right—but because a man loves the right and hates the wrong, about this there is no hesitation or evasion in Mr. Maurice's writings. If any man is in search of a mere philospohy, like the Neo-Platonists of old, or of a mere system of dogmas, by assenting to which he will gain a right to look down on the un-orthodox, while he is absolved from the duty of becoming a better man than he is, and as good a man as he can be—then let him beware of Mr. Maurice's books, lest, while searching merely for "thoughts that breathe," he should stumble upon "words that burn," and were meant to burn. His books, like himself, are full of that θυμός, that capacity of indignation, which Plato says is the root of all virtues. "There was something," it has been well said, "so awful, and yet so Christ-like in its awful sternness, in the expression which came over that beautiful face when he heard of anything base or cruel or wicked, that it brought home to the bystander our Lord's judgment of sin."

And here, perhaps, lay the secret of that extraordinary personal influence which he exercised; namely, in that truly formidable element which underlaid a character which (as one said of him) "combined all that was noblest in man and woman; all the tenderness and all the strength, all the sensitiveness and all the fire, of both; and with that a humility which made men feel the utter baseness, meanness, of all pretension." For can there be true love without wholesome fear? And does not the old Elizabethan "My dear dread" express the noblest voluntary relation in which two human souls can stand to each other? Perfect love casteth out fear. Yes; but where is love perfect among imperfect beings, save a mother's for her child? For all the rest, it is through fear that love is made perfect; fear, which bridles and guides the lover with awe—even though misplaced—of the beloved one's perfections; with dread—never misplaced—of the beloved one's contempt. And therefore it is that souls who have the germ of nobleness within, are drawn to souls more noble than themselves, just because, needing guidance, they cling to one before whom they dare not say or do, or even think, an ignoble thing. And if these higher souls are—as they usually are—not merely formidable, but tender likewise, and true, then the influence which they may gain is unbounded, for good—or, alas! for evil—both to themselves and to those that worship them. Woe to the man who, finding that God has given him influence over human beings for their good, begins to use it after a while, first only to carry out through them his own little system of the Universe, and found a school or sect: and at last, by steady and necessary degradation, mainly to feed his own vanity and his own animal sense of power.

But, Mr. Maurice, above all men whom I have ever met, conquered both these temptations. For, first, he had no system of the Universe. To have founded a sect, or even a school would be, he once said, a sure sign that he was wrong and was leading others wrong. He was a Catholic and a Theologian, and he wished all men to be such likewise. To be so, he held, they must know God in Christ. If they knew God, then with them, as with himself, they would have the key which would unlock all knowledge, ecclesiastical, eschatological (religious, as it is commonly called), historic, political, social. Nay, even, so he hoped, that knowledge of God would prove at last to be the key to the right understanding of that physical science of which he, unfortunately for the world, knew but too little, but which he accepted with a loyal trust in God, and in fact as the voice of God, which won him respect and love from men of science to whom his theology was a foreign world. If he could make men know God, and therefore if he could make men know that God was teaching them; that no man could see a thing unless God first showed it to him—then all would go well, and they might follow the Logos, with old Socrates, whithersoever he led. Therefore he tried not so much to alter men's convictions, as, like Socrates, to make them respect their own convictions, to be true to their own deepest instincts, true to the very words which they used so carelessly, ignorant alike of their meaning and their wealth. He wished all men, all churches, all nations, to be true to the light which they had already, to whatsoever was Godlike, and therefore God-given, in their own thoughts; and so to rise from their partial apprehensions, their scattered gleams of light, toward that full knowledge and light which was contained—so he said, even with his dying lips—in the orthodox Catholic Faith. This was the ideal of the man and his work; and it left him neither courage nor time to found a school or promulgate a system. God had His own system: a system vaster than Augustine's—vaster than Dante's—vaster than all the thoughts of all thinkers—orthodox and heterodox—put together: for God was His own system, and by him all things consisted, and in Him they lived and moved and had their being: and He was here, living and working, and we were living and working in Him, and had, instead of building systems of our own, to find out His eternal laws for men, for nations, for churches; for only in obedience to them is Life. Yes, a man who held this could found no system. "Other foundation," he used to say, "can no man lay, save that which is laid even Jesus Christ." And as he said it, his voice and eye told those who heard him that it was to him the most potent, the most inevitable, the most terrible, and yet the most hopeful, of all facts.

As for temptations to vanity, and love of power—he may have had to fight with them in the heyday of youth, and genius, and perhaps ambition. But the stories of his childhood are stories of the same generosity, courtesy, unselfishness, which graced his later years. At least, if he had been tempted, he had conquered. In more than five-and-twenty years, I have known no being so utterly unselfish, so utterly humble, so utterly careless of power or influence, for the mere enjoyment—and a terrible enjoyment it is—of using them. Staunch to his own opinion only when it seemed to involve some moral principle, he was almost too ready to yield it, in all practical matters, to anyone whom he supposed to possess more practical knowledge than he. To distrust himself, to accuse himself, to confess his proneness to hard judgments, while, to the eye of those who knew him and the facts, he was exercising a splendid charity and magnanimity; to hold himself up as a warning of "wasted time," while he was, but too literally, working himself to death—this was the childlike temper which made some lower spirits now and then glad to escape from their consciousness of his superiority by patronizing and pitying him; causing in him—for he was, as all such great men are like to be, instinct with genial humour—a certain quiet good-natured amusement, but nothing more.

But it was that very humility, that very self-distrust, combined so strangely with manful strength and sternness, which drew to him humble souls, self-distrustful souls, who, like him, were full of the "Divine discontent;" who lived—as perhaps all men should live—angry with themselves, ashamed of themselves, and more and more angry and ashamed as their own ideal grew, and with it their consciousnes of defection from that ideal. To him as to David, in the wilderness, gathered those who were spiritually discontented and spiritually in debt; and he was a captain over them, because, like David, he talked to them, not of his own genius or his own doctrines, but of the Living God, who had helped their forefathers, and would help them likewise. How great his influence was; what an amount of teaching, consolation, reproof, instruction in righteousness, that man found time to pour into heart after heart, with a fit word for man and for woman; how wide his sympathies—how deep his understanding of the human heart; how many sorrows he has lightened; how many wandering feet set right, will never be known till the day when the secrets of all hearts are disclosed. His forthcoming biography, if, as is hoped, it contains a selection from his vast correspondence, will tell something of all this: but how little! The most valuable of his letters will be those which were meant for no eye but the recipient's, and which no recipient would give to the world—hardly to an ideal Church; and what he has done will have to be estimated by wise men hereafter, when (as in the case of most great geniuses) a hundred indirect influences, subtle, various, often seemingly contradictory, will be found to have had their origin with Frederick Maurice.

And thus I end what little I have dared to say. There is much behind, even more worth saying, which must not be said. Perhaps some far wiser men than I will think that I have said too much already, and be inclined to answer me as Elisha of old answered the over-meddling sons of the prophets:—

"Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day?

"Yea, I know it: hold ye your peace."

FROM HIGH LATITUDES.

BY EARL DUFFERIN, K. P.

Our new Governor General, Lord Dufferin, is distinguished in many ways. As a public man he has earned a reputation for intelligence, industry and liberality of sentiment. He is a graceful speaker. He shines in society. By his "Letters from High Latitudes" he won no mean position in the literary world. We have chosen one of the letters as a fair specimen of the author's style and an index of the mind of our new ruler, who is a true descendant of Sheridan in eloquence, wit, brightness and facility as a writer.

BACK in Europe again—within reach of posts! The glad sun shining, the soft wind blowing, and roses on the cabin table,—as if the region of fog and ice we have just fled forth from were indeed the dream-land these summer sights would make it seem. I cannot tell you how gay and joyous it all appears to us, fresh from a climate that would not have been unworthy of Dante's Inferno. And yet—had it been twice as bad—what we have seen would have more than repaid us, though it has been no child's play to get to see it.

But I must begin where I left off in my last letter,—just, I think, as we were getting under way, to be towed by *La Reine Hortense* out of Reykjavik Harbour. Having been up all night, as soon as we were clear of the land, and it was evident the towing business was doing well, I turned in for a few hours. When I came on deck again we had crossed the Faxe

Fiord on our way north, and were sweeping round the base of Snaefell—an extinct volcano which rises from the sea in an icy cone to the height of 5,000 feet, and grimly looks across to Greenland. The day was beautiful; the mountain's summit beamed down upon us in unclouded splendour, and everything seemed to promise an uninterrupted view of the west coast of Iceland, along whose rugged cliffs few mariners have ever sailed. Indeed, until within these last few years, the passage, I believe, was altogether impracticable, in consequence of the continuous fields of ice which used to drift down the narrow channel between the frozen continent and the northern extremity of the island. Lately, some great change seems to have taken place in the lie of the Greenland ice; and during the summer-time you can pass through, though later in the year a solid belt binds the two shores together.

Both in a historical and scientific point of view, the whole country lying about the basanite roots of Snaefell is most interesting. At the feet of its southern slopes are to be seen wonderful ranges of columnar basalt, prismatic caverns, ancient craters, and specimens of almost every formation that can result from the agency of subterranean fires; while each glen, and bay, and headland, in the neighbourhood, teems with traditionary lore. On the north-western side of the mountain stretches the famous Eyrbiggja district, the most classical ground in Iceland, with the towns, or rather farmsteads, of Froda, Helgafell, and Biarnarhaf.

This last place was the scene of one of the most curious and characteristic Sagas to be found in the whole catalogue of Icelandic chronicles.

In the days when the same Jarl Hakon I have already mentioned lorded it over Norway, an Icelander of the name of Vermund, who had come to pay his court to the lord of Lade, took a violent wish to engage in his own service a couple of gigantic Berserks,* named Halli and Leikner, whom the Jarl had retained about his person—fancying that two champions of such great strength and prowess would much add to his consequence on returning home. In vain the Jarl warned him that personages of that description were wont to give trouble and become unruly,—nothing would serve but he must needs carry them away with him; nay, if they would but come, they might ask as wages any boon which might be in his power to grant The bargain accordingly was made; but, on arriving in Iceland, the first thing Halli took it into his head to require was a wife, who should be rich, nobly born and beautiful. As such a request was difficult to comply with—Vermund, who was noted for being a man of gentle disposition, determined to turn his troublesome retainers over to his brother, Arngrim Styr, *i. e.* the Stirring or Tumultuous One, as being a likelier man than himself to know how to keep them in order.

Arngrim happened to have a beautiful daughter, named Asdisa, with whom the inflammable Berserk of course fell in love. Not daring openly to refuse him, Arngrim told his would-be son-in-law, that before complying with his suit, he must consult his friends, and posted off to Helgafell, where dwelt the pagan Pontiff Snorre. The result of this conference was an agreement on the part of Styr to give his daughter to the Berserk, provided he and his brother would *cut* a road through the lava rocks of Biarnarhaf. Halli and Leikner immediately set about executing this prodigious task; while the scornful Asdisa, arrayed in her most splendid attire, came sweeping past in silence, as if to mock their toil. The poetical reproaches addressed to the young lady on this occasion by her sturdy admirer and his mate are still extant. In the mean time, the other servants of the crafty Arngrim had constructed a subterranean bath, so contrived that at a moment's notice it could be flooded with boiling water. Their task at last concluded, the two Berserks returned home to claim their reward: but Arngrim Styr, as if in the exuberance of his affections, proposed that they should first refresh themselves in the new bath. No sooner had they descended into it, than Arngrim shut down the trap-door, and having ordered a newly-stripped bullock's hide to be stretched before the entrance, gave the signal for the boiling water to be turned on. Fearful were the struggles of the scalded giants : Halli, indeed, succeeded in bursting up the door; but his foot slipped on the bloody bull's hide, and Arngrim stabbed him to the heart. His brother was then easily forced back into the seething water.

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* Berserk, *i. e.* bare sark. The berserks seem to have been a description of athletes, who were in the habit of stimulating their nervous energies by the use of some intoxicating drug, which rendered them capable of feats of extraordinary strength and daring. The Berserker gang must have been something very like the Malay custom of running a muck. Their moments of excitement were followed by periods of great exhaustion.

The effusion composed by the Tumultuous One on the occasion of this exploit is also extant, and does not yield in poetical merit to those which I have already mentioned as having emanated from his victims.

As soon as the Pontiff Snorre heard of the result of Arngrim Styr's stratagem, he came over and married the Lady Asdisa. Traces of the road made by the unhappy champions can yet be detected at Biarnarhaf, and tradition still identifies the grave of the Berserks.

Connected with this same Pontiff Snorre is another of those mysterious notices of a great land in the western ocean which we find in the ancient chronicles, so interwoven with narrative we know to be true, as to make it impossible not to attach a certain amount of credit to them. This particular story is the more interesting as its *dénouement*, abruptly left in the blankest mystery by one Saga, is incidentally revealed to us in the course of another, relating to events with which the first had no connection.*

It seems that Snorre had a beautiful sister, named Thured of Froda, with whom a certain gallant gentleman—called Bjorn, the son of Astrand—fell head and ears in love. Unforfortunately, a richer rival appears in the field ; and though she had given her heart to Bjorn, Snorre—who we have already seen, was a prudent man—insisted upon her giving her hand to his rival. Disgusted by such treatment, Bjorn sails away to the coasts of the Baltic, and joins a famous company of sea-rovers, called the Jomsburg Viking. In this worthy society he so distinguishes himself by his valour and daring that he obtains the title of the Champion of Breidavik. After many doughty deeds, done by sea and land, he at last returns, loaded with wealth and honours, to his native country.

In the summer-time of the year 999, soon after his arrival, was held a great fair at Froda, whither all the merchants, "clad in coloured garments," congregated from the adjacent country. Thither also came Bjorn's old love, the Lady of Froda: "and Bjorn went up and spoke to her, and it was thought likely their talk would last long, since they for such a length of time had not seen each other." But to this renewal of old acquaintance both the lady's husband and her brother very much objected; and "it seemed to Snorre that it would be a good plan to kill Bjorn." So, about the time of hay-making, off he rides, with some retainers, to his victim's home, having carefully instructed one of them how to deal the first blow. Bjorn was in the home-field (tun), mending his sledge, when the cavalcade appeared in sight; and guessing what motive had inspired the visit, went straight up to Snorre, who rode in front "in a blue cloak," and held the knife with which he had been working in such a position as to be able to stab the Pontiff to the heart should his followers attempt to lift their hands against himself. Comprehending the position of affairs, Snorre's friends kept quiet. "Bjorn then asked the news." Snorre confesses that he had intended to kill him ; but adds, "thou tookest such a lucky grip of me at our meeting, that thou must have peace this time ; however it may have been determined before." The conversation is concluded by an agreement on the part of Bjorn to leave the country, as he feels it impossible to abstain from paying visits to Thured as long as he remains in the neighbourhood. Having manned a ship, Bjorn put to sea in the summer time. "When they sailed away, a northeast wind was blowing, which wind lasted long during that summer ; but of this ship was nothing heard since this long time." And so we conclude it is all over with the poor Champion of Breidavik ! Not a bit of it ! He turns up, thirty years afterwards. safe and sound, in the uttermost parts of the earth.

In the year 1029, a certain Icelander, named Gudlief, undertakes a voyage to Limerick, in Ireland. On his return home, he is driven out of his course by northeast winds, heaven knows where. After drifting for many days to the westward, he at last falls in with land. On approaching the beach, a great crowd of people came down to meet the strangers, apparently with no very friendly intentions. Shortly afterwards, a tall and venerable chieftain makes his appearance, and, to Gudlief's great astonishment, addresses him in Icelandic. Having entertained the weary mariners very honourably, and supplied them with provisions, the old man bids them speed back to Iceland, as it would be unsafe for them to remain where they were. His own name he refused to tell; but having learnt that Gudlief comes from the neighbourhood of Snaefell, he puts into his hands a sword and a ring. The ring is to be given to Thured of Froda; the sword to her son Kjartan. When Gudlief asks by whom he is to say the gifts are sent, the ancient Chieftain answers, "Say they come from one who was a better friend of the Lady of Froda than of her brother Snorre of Helgafell." Wherefore it is conjectured that this man was Bjorn, the son of Astrand, Champion of Breidavik.

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* From the internal evidence it is certain that the chronicle which contains these Sagas must have been written about the beginning of the thirteenth century.

After this, Madam, I hope I shall never hear you depreciate the constancy of men. Thured had better have married Bjorn after all!

I forgot to mention that when Gudlief landed on the strange coast, it seemed to him that the inhabitants spoke Irish. Now, there are many antiquaries inclined to believe in the former existence of an Irish colony to the southward of the Vinland of the Northmen. Scattered through the Sagas are several notices of a distant country in the West, which is called Ireland ed Mekla—Great Ireland, or the White Man's land. When Pizarro penetrated into the heart of Mexico, a tradition already existed of the previous arrival of white men from the East. Among the Shawnasee Indians a story is still preserved of Florida having been once inhabited by white men, who used iron instruments. In 1658, Sir Erland the Priest had in his possession a chart, even then thought ancient, of "The Land of the White Men, or Hibernia Major, situated opposite Vinland the Good;" and Gaelic philologists pretend to trace a remarkable affinity between many of the American-Indian dialects and the ancient Celtic.

But to return to *The Foam*. After passing the cape, away we went across the spacious Brieda Fiord, at the rate of nine or ten knots an hour, reeling and bounding at the heels of he steamer which seemed scarcely to feel how uneven was the surface across which we were speeding. Down dropped Snaefell beneath the sea, and dim before us, clad in evening haze, rose the shadowy steeps of Bardestrand. The northwest division of Iceland consists of one huge peninsula, spread out upon the sea like a human hand, the fingers just reaching over the arctic circle; while up between them run the gloomy fiords, sometimes to the length of twenty, thirty, and even forty miles. Anything more grand and mysterious than the appearance of their solemn portals, as we passed across from bluff to bluff, it is impossible to conceive. Each might have served as a separate entrance to some poet's hell—so drear and fatal seemed the vista one's eye just caught receding between the endless ranks of precipice and pyramid.

There is something, moreover, particularly mystical in the effect of the gray, dreamy atmosphere of an arctic night, through whose uncertain medium mountain and headland loom as impalpable as the frontiers of a demon world; and as I kept gazing at the glimmering peaks, and monstrous crags, and shattered stratifications, heaped up along the coast in Cyclopian disorder, I understood how natural it was that the Scandinavian mythology, of whose mysteries the Icelanders were ever the natural guardians and interpreters, should have assumed that broad, massive simplicity which is its most beautiful characteristic. Amid the rugged features of such a country, the refinements of Paganism would have been dwarfed to insignificance. How out of place would seem a Jove, with his beard in ringlets—a trim Apollo—a sleek Bacchus—an ambrosial Venus—a slim Diana, and all their attendant groups of Oreads and Cupids—amid the ocean mists, and ice-bound torrents, the flame-scarred mountains, and four months' night—of a land which the opposing forces of heat and cold have selected for a battle-field!

The undeveloped reasoning faculty is prone to attach an undue value and meaning to the forms of things, and the infancy of a nation's mind is always more ready to worship the *manifestations* of a Power than to look beyond them for a cause. Was it not natural then tha these northerns, dwelling in daily communion with this grand Nature, should fancy they could perceive a mysterious and independent energy in her operations; and at last come to confound the moral contest man feels within him, with the physical strife he finds around him; to see in the returning sun—fostering into renewed existence the winter-stifled world—even more than a *type* of that spiritual consciousness which alone can make the dead heart stir; to discover even more than an *analogy* between the reign of cold, darkness and desolation, and the still blanker ruin of a sin-perverted soul? But in that iron clime, amid such awful associations—the conflict going on was too terrible—the contending powers too visibly in presence of each other, for the practical, conscientious Norse mind to be content with the puny godships of a Roman Olympus. Nectar, Sensuality, and Inextinguishable Laughter were elements of felicity too mean for the nobler atmosphere of their Walhalla; and to those active temperaments and healthy minds,—invigorated and solemnized by the massive mould of the scenery around them,—Strength, Courage, Endurance, and, above all, Self-sacrifice—naturally seemed more essential attributes of divinity than mere elegance and beauty. And we must remember, that whilst the vigorous imagination of the north was delighting itself in creating a stately dream-land, where it strove to blend, in a grand world-picture—always harmonious, though not always consistent—the influences which sustained both the physical and moral system of its universe, an under-current of sober Gothic common sense, induced it—as a kind of protest against the too material interpretation of the symbolism it had employed—to wind up its religious scheme by sweeping into the chaos of oblivion all the glorious fabric it had evoked, and proclaiming–in the place of the transient gods and perishable heaven of its Asgaard—that One Undivided Deity, at whose approach the pillars of Walhalla were to fall, and Odin and his peers to perish, with all the subtle machinery of their existence: while man—himself immortal—was summoned to receive, at the hands of the Eternal All-Father, the sentence that waited upon his deeds. It is true, this purer system belonged only to the early ages. As in the case of every false religion, the symbolism of the Scandinavian mythology lost with each succeeding generation something of its transparency, and at last degenerated into a gross superstition. But traces still remained, even down to the times of Christian ascendency, of the deep, philosophical spirit in which it had been originally conceived: and through its holy imagery, there ran a vein of tender humour, such as still characterizes the warm-hearted, laughter-loving northern races. Of this mixture of philosophy and fun, the following story is no bad specimen:—*

Once on a time, the two Œsir, Thor, the Thunder god, and his brother Lopt, attended by a servant, determined to go eastward to Jotunheim, the land of the giants, in search of adventures. Crossing over a great water, they came to a desolate plain, at whose further end tossing and waving in the wind, rose the tree-tops of a great forest. After journeying for many hours along its dusky labyrinths, they began to be anxious about a resting place for the night. "At last, Lopt perceived a very spacious house, on one side of which was an entrance as wide as the house itself, and there they took up their night-quarters. At midnight they perceived a great earthquake: the ground reeled under them and the house shook.

"Then up rose Thor and called to his companions. They sought about, and found a side-building to the right, into which they went. Thor placed himself at the door; the rest went and sat down further in, and were very much afraid.

"Thor kept his hammer in his hand ready to defend them. They then heard a terrible noise and roaring. As it began to dawn, Thor went out and saw a man lying in the wood not far from them; he was by no means small, and he slept and snored loudly. Then Thor understood what the noise was which they heard in the night. He buckled on his belt of power, by which he increased his divine strength. At the same instant the man awoke, and rose up. It is said that Thor was so much astonished that he did not dare to slay him with his hammer, but enquired his name. He called himself Skrymer. 'Thy name,' said he, 'I need not ask, for I know that thou art Asar-Thor. But what hast thou done with my glove?'

"Skrymer stooped and took up his glove,

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* The story of Thor's journey has been translated from the Edda, both by the Howitts and Mr. Thorpe.

and Thor saw that it was the house in which they had passed the night, and that the outbuilding was the thumb."

Here follow incidents which do not differ widely from certain passages in the history of Jack the Giant Killer. Thor makes three several attempts to knock out the easy-going giant's brains during his slumber, in which he is represented as "snoring outrageously,"—and after each blow of the Thunder-god's hammer, Skrymer merely wakes up—strokes his beard—and complains of feeling some trifling inconvenience, such as a dropped acorn on his head—a fallen leaf, or—a little moss shaken from the boughs. Finally he takes leave of them,—points out the way to Utgard Loke's palace, advises them not to give themselves airs at his court,—as unbecoming "such little fellows" as they were, and disappears in the wood: "and"—as the old chronicler slyly adds—"it is not said whether the Œsir wished ever to see him again."

They the: journey on till noon; till they come to a vast palace, where a multitude of men, of whom the greater number were immensely large, sat on two benches. "After this they advanced into the presence of the king, Utgard Loke, and saluted him. He scarcely deigned to give them a look, and said smiling: 'It is late to enquire after true tidings from a great distance; but is it not Thor that I see? Yet you are really bigger than I imagined. What are the exploits that you can perform? For no one is tolerated amongst us who cannot distinguish himself by some art or accomplishment?'

"'Then,' said Lopt, 'I understand an art of which I am prepared to give proof: and that is, that no one here can dispose of his food as I can.' Then answered Utgard Loke: 'Truly this *is* an art, if thou canst achieve it—which we will now see.' He called from the bench a man named Loge to contend with Lopt. They set a trough in the middle of the hall, filled with meat. Lopt placed himself at one end and Loge at the other. Both ate the best they could, and they met in the middle of the trough. Lopt had picked the meat from the bones, but Loge had eaten meat, bones and trough altogether. All agreed that Lopt was beaten. Then asked Utgard Loke what art the young man (Thor's attendant) understood? Thjalfe answered, that he would run a race with any one that Utgard Loke would appoint. There was a very good race-ground on a level field. Utgard Loke called a young man named Huge and bade him run with Thjalfe. Thjalfe runs his best, at three several attempts—according to received Saga customs,—but is, of course, beaten in the race.

"Then asked Utgard Loke of Thor what were the feats that he would attempt corresponding to the fame that went abroad of him? Thor answered that he thought he could beat any one at drinking. Utgard Loke said, 'Very good;' and bade his cup-bearer bring out the horn from which his courtiers were accustomed to drink. Immediately appeared the cup-bearer, and placed the horn in Thor's hand. Utgard Loke then said, 'that to empty that horn at one pull was well done: some drained it at twice; but that he was a wretched drinker who could not finish it at the third draught." Thor looked at the horn, and thought that it was not large, though it was tolerably long. He was very thirsty—lifted it to his mouth, and was very happy at the thought of so good a draught. When he could drink no more, he took the horn from his mouth, and saw, to his astonishment, that there was little less in it than before. Utgard Loke said: 'Well hast thou drunk? yet not much. I should never have believed but that Asar-Thor could have drunk more; however, of this I am confident, thou wilt empty it at the second time.' He drank again; but when he took away the horn from his mouth, it seemed to him that it had sunk less this time than the first; yet the horn might now be carried without spilling.

"Then said Utgard Loke: 'How is this, Thor? If thou dost not reserve thyself purposely for the third draught, thine honour must be lost? how canst thou be regarded as a great man, as the Œsir looks upon thee, if thou dost not distinguish thyself in other ways more than thou hast done in this?'

"Then was Thor angry, put the horn to his mouth, drank with all his might, and strained himself to the utmost; and when he looked into the horn it was now somewhat lessened. He gave up the horn, and would not drink any more. 'Now,' said Utgard Loke, 'now is it clear that thy strength is not so great as we supposed. Wilt thou try some other game, for we see that thou canst not succeed in this?' Thor answered: 'I will now try something else; but I wonder who, amongst the Œsir, would call that a little drink! What play will you propose?'

"Utgard Loke answered: 'Young men think it mere play to lift my cat from the ground; and I would never have proposed this to Œsir Thor, if I did not perceive that thou art a much less man than I had thought thee.' Thereupon sprang an uncommonly great grey cat upon the floor. Thor advanced, took the cat round the body, and lifted it up. The cat bent its back in the same degree as Thor lifted; and when Thor had lifted one of its feet from the ground, and was not able to lift it any higher, said Utgard Loke: 'The game has terminated just as I expected. The cat is very great, and Thor is low and small, compared with the great men who are here with us.'

"Then said Thor: 'Little as you call me, I challenge any one to wrestle with me, for now I am angry.' Utgard Loke answered, looking round upon the benches: 'I see no one here who would not deem it play to wrestle with thee; but let us call hither the old Ella, my nurse; with her shall Thor prove his strength, if he will. She has given many a one a fall who appeared far stronger than Thor is.' On this there entered the hall an old woman; and Utgard Loke said she would wrestle with Thor. In short, the contest went so, that the more Thor exerted himself, the firmer she stood; and now began the old woman to exert herself, and Thor to give way and severe struggles followed. It was not long before Thor was brought down on one knee. Then Utgard Loke stepped forward, bade them cease the struggle,and said that Thor should attempt nothing more at his court. It was now drawing towards night; Utgard Loke showed Thor and his companions their lodging, where they were well accommodated.

"As soon as it was light the next morning, up rose Thor and his companions, dressed themselves, and prepared to set-out. Then came Utgard Loke, and ordered the table to be set, where there wanted no good provisions, either meat or drink. When they had breakfasted, they set out on their way. Utgard Loke accompanied them out of the castle; but, at parting, he asked Thor how the journey had gone off; whether he had found any man more mighty than himself? Thor answered, that the enterprise had brought him much dishonour, it was not to be denied, and that he must esteem himself a man of no account, which much mortified him.

"Utgard Loke replied: 'Now will I tell thee the truth, since thou art out of my castle, where, so long as I live and reign, thou shalt never reenter; and whither, believe me, thou hadst never come if I had known before what might thou possessest, and that thou wouldst so nearly plunge us into great trouble. False appearances have I created for thee, so that the first time when thou meet'st the man in the wood it was I; and when thou wouldst open the provision-sack, I had laced together with an iron band, so that thou couldst not find the means to undo it. After that, thou struckest at me three times with the hammer. The first stroke was the weakest, and it had been my death had it hit me. Thou sawest by my castle a rock, with three deep square holes, of which one was very deep; those were the marks of thy hammer. The rock I placed in the way of the blow, without thy perceiving it.

"'So also in the games, when thou contendedst with my courtiers. When Lopt made his essay, the fact was this: he was very hungry, and ate voraciously; but he who was called Loge, was *fire*, which consumed the trough as well as the meat. And Huge (mind) was my *thought* with which Thjalfe ran a race, and it was impossible for him to match it in speed. When thou drankest from the horn, and thoughtest that its contents grew no less, it was, notwithstanding, a great marvel, such as I never believed could have taken place. The one end of the horn stood in the sea, which thou didst not perceive; and when thou comest to the shore, thou wilt see how much the ocean has diminished by what thou hast drunk. *Men will call it the ebb.*

"'Further,' said he, 'most remarkable did it seem to me that thou liftedst the cat: and in truth, all became terrified when they saw that thou liftedst one of its feet from the ground. For it was no cat, as it seemed unto to thee, but the great serpent that lies coiled round the world. Scarcely had he length that his tai and head might reach the earth, and thou liftedst him so high up that it was but a little way to heaven. That was a marvellous wrestling that thou wrestledst with Ella (old age), for never has there been any one, nor shall there ever be, let him approach what great age he will, that Ella shall not overcome.

"'Now we must part, and it is best for us on both sides that you do not often come to me; but if it should so happen, I shall defend my castle with such other arts that you shall not be able to effect anything against me?'

"When Thor heard this discourse, he grasped his hammer and lifted it into the air, but as he was about to strike, he saw Utgard Loke nowhere. Then he turned back to the castle to destroy it, and he saw only a beautiful and wide plain, but no castle."

So ends the story of Thor's journey to Jotunheim.

It was now just upon the stroke of midnight. Ever since leaving England, as each four-and-twenty hours we climbed up nearer to the pole, the belt of dusk dividing day from day had been growing narrower and narrower, until having nearly reached the Arctic circle, this,—the last night we were to traverse,—had dwindled to a thread of shadow. Only another half-dozen leagues more, and we would stand on the threshold of a four months' day! For the few preceding hours, clouds had completely covered the heavens, except where a clear interval of sky, that lay along the northern horizon, promised a glowing stage for the sun's last obsequies. But like the heroes of old he had veiled his face to die—and it was not until he dropped down to the sea that the whole hemisphere overflowed with glory and the gilded pageant concerted for his funeral gathered in slow procession round his grave: reminding one of those tardy honours paid to some great prince of song, who—left during life to languish in a garret—is buried by nobles in Westminster Abbey. A few minutes more the last fiery segment had disappeared beneath the purple horizon, and all was over.

"The king is dead—the king is dead—the king is dead! Long live the king!" And, up from the sea that had just entombed his sire, rose the young monarch of a new day; while the courtier clouds, in their ruby robes, turned faces still aglow with the favours of their dead lord, to borrow brighter blazonry from the smile of a new master.

A fairer or a stranger spectacle than the last Arctic sunset cannot well be conceived. Evening and morning—like kinsmen whose hearts some baseless feud has kept asunder—clasping hands across the shadow of the vanished night.

You must forgive me if sometimes I become a little magniloquent: for really, amid the grandeur of that fresh primæval world, it was almost impossible to prevent one's imagination from absorbing a dash of the local colouring. We seemed to have suddenly waked up among the colossal scenery of Keat's Hyperion. The pulses of young Titans beat within our veins. Time itself,—no longer frittered down into paltry divisions,—had assumed a more majestic aspect. We had the appetites of giants—was it unnatural we should also adopt "the large utterance of the early gods?"

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Life and Times of Henry, Lord Brougham, written by himself. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Brougham adjured his executors to publish this biography just as he had written it, so that it might be exclusively his own. The executors have complied of course; and the result is about as crude and undigested a heap of materials for a biography as ever was flung before the public. A great part of the volumes is filled with correspondence, pitchforked in with hardly a connecting thread of narrative, often uninteresting even to political students, and in great measure unintelligible to those who have not present to their minds the details of transactions now almost consigned to oblivion. Instances are not wanting of the carelessness and looseness characteristic of Brougham's mind. Lyndhurst is made in a very circumstantial anecdote to refer to Campbell's lives of the Chancellors many years before they were published. A still stranger blunder has been pointed out by Lord Stanhope—the publication of an angry letter written by George II to Frederick Prince of Wales as a letter of George III to George IV. The very form and style of the document ought to have been a sufficient warning to any one acquainted with the history of the two periods. Anything in the shape of autobiography written by a man who took part in such events as those in which Brougham was an actor must have a certain value: other value the autobiography of Lord Brougham has none.

Brougham was in some respects a counterpart of Cicero. Neither of the two men belonged to the highest order of minds, but each had extraordinary gifts, above all a facility of acquisition and a power of work which enabled them to attain a wonderful degree of success in very various lines and to be intellectual miracles without being great men. In one sense the chairman of the Edinburgh banquet was not far wrong when he said that Brougham's achievements were greater than had ever been attained by the intellectual powers of a single and unaided man. The saying of Sugden has often been repeated that it was a pity Brougham did not know a little of everything. But if we reckon not merely by a knowledge of practise but by a knowledge of jurisprudence, Brougham as a lawyer was probably worth as much as a pedant like Sugden, while he was an incomparably greater orator and advocate; and he has left a real mark or other subjects, especially popular education, in connection with which, notwithstanding his rather shallow views of mental enlightenment, his name will always deserve grateful commendation. The roots of his eminence were his amazing strength of constitution and the extraordinary fund of nervous energy which played like galvanism through every movement of his strange frame and made that unique feature his nose almost revolve upon his face. In physique and all that directly depend on it at all events he was a giant. In the fifty-second year of his age he was leading on the northern circuit and at the same time "stumping" the immense constituency of Yorkshire, his election for which was perhaps the greatest triumph of his life. "It so happened," he says, "that I had an unusual number of briefs, some in very heavy cases. It was not possible either to give them up or to turn them over to my juniors. I was obliged after a night of hard reading and preparation to be in court every morning by half-past nine o'clock; then I had to address the jury, to examine and cross-examine witnesses—in short to work for my various clients just as though there had been no such thing pending as an election. Then, as soon as the court rose, indeed sometimes before, I jumped into a carriage and was driven as fast as four horses could go to the various towns—many of them twenty or thirty miles from York. At each town or considerable place I had to make a speech, never getting back to York till nearly midnight, and then I had my briefs to read for next day in court. This kind of life lasted nearly three weeks." He calls this the hardest work he ever went through in his life; but those who were best acquainted with his habits say that when he was at once a leading counsel at the bar and a leading, perhaps *the* leading, speaker in the House of Commons, he would go through a whole week with only two hours sleep each night, and at the end of the week give what was perhaps a still more extraordinary proof of his physical powers by making up his arrears of sleep at a stretch. It appears incidentally in this work that on one occasion he had been sitting up over cases all night, and that on the following evening he was at a dinner party, when he was summoned in great haste to the Queen and slept in the hackney coach all the way.

His political career was the natural one for a man of such powers and such a temperament cast among the various movements of a very stirring and progressive though not very deep-thinking age. As his physical energy declined and his sanguine and buoyant temper declined with it, he grew conservative; and though he has rather cunningly stopped short in his autobiography just at the turning point, the feelings of his latter years unquestionably cast their shade over his account of his strenuous, pugnacious and almost revolutionary prime. Had he been only what he describes himself as having been in these volumes he could never have excited the terror and horror which he unquestionably did excite among the conservative classes. Here he appears a moderate and cautious reformer, much more opposed to revolution than to reaction. But to the conservative mind in 1830 he appeared as a tremendous battering-ram shaking the foundations of all that was sacred in Church and State.

The mellowing influence of retrospective age is unquestionably shed over his conduct in the case between George IV and Queen Caroline. Of course we cannot question his assertion that he sincerely endeavoured to prevent the Queen from returning to England and thereby forcing on the prosecution. But he strongly mystified his contemporaries of his course or the whole was that of a mediator or a moderator of the capital. In fact the truth comes out in a passage respecting the relation between the Queen and Whitebread, where he says "it is not to be denied that both Whitebread and I took a peculiar interest in the case of the Princess of Wales, from the strong sense which we both had of the bad public conduct of her husband, his abandonment of his principles, his desertion of his friends and his giving himself up to his and their political enemies: all our most cherished principles were included in an opposition to him which had become personal." Of course even family matters, in which the sovereigns and the members of the royal family are concerned necessarily assume a political character. As Brougham says with regard to the case of the Princess Charlotte, whose cause, as well as that of the Queen he espoused against her father. "Between the family of a sovereign and the children of a subject there is nothing in common. The members of a royal as compared with those of a private family are by law debarred from feelings common to humanity and from all free action. They cannot fall in love without the consent of the Crown; they may be over head and ears in that passion, but it must remain a dead letter to them unless the sovereign in council permits its indulgence. The king for a wife must choose some Protestant princess he has never seen; but this he must do for the sake of his people, and to secure a Protestant successor; and his heir comes into the world not in the privacy of the domestic household, but in the presence of a crowd of the great officers of state. All the tender feelings engendered in the private family, all the closest relations of parent and child must be disregarded as if they had no existence. Such is the penalty of exalted rank and the sacrifice royalty must make, in return for the very inadequate compensation of power and dignity." Still, a domestic quarrel in the royal family is not exactly the ground which a very generous nature would choose for a political attack. Moreover, the very principle which Brougham has stated as rendering the family affairs of princes amenable to political discussion, is one which entitles royal offenders against domestic morality to a large measure of indulgence. George IV. was compelled by state policy to marry a Protestant princess whom he had never seen, and who, when brought to him, proved to be morally coarse and physically repulsive. Had he been permitted to marry Mrs. Fitzherbert, with whom he was really and deeply in love, he would probably have been a far better man.

In opening the Queen's defence, Brougham threw out vague threats, which were supposed at the time to point only to recrimination against the King, whose life offered abundant ground for it. But it now appears that in the fury, we may almost call it madness, of the conflict, Brougham had determined, in the last resort, to impeach the King's own title, by proving that he had forfeited the Crown by marrying, while heir apparent, a Roman Catholic, Mrs. Fitzherbert. It is difficult to believe that so insane a determination could ever have been carried into effect. Supposing that the marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert could have been proved, the advocate would have proved at the same time that his client was a harlot, and her daughter, the Princess Charlotte, a bastard. But Parliament would never have allowed a lawyer's strategy, or the rancour of an angry politician, to throw the kingdom into confusion, by unsettling the title to the Crown. The marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert had been practically treated by the nation and Parliament as a nullity; Parliament had sanctioned the second marriage by making provision for the Princess Consort, and that sanction would of course have been upheld.

Brougham here protests his total disbelief of the charges against the Queen, saving certain "indiscretions." "Of the utter groundlessness of these charges we (her counsel) all had the most complete and unhesitating belief; and I quite as much as any of the others." The last words are probably intended to dissipate the impression, of the prevalence of which in English society Brougham was most likely aware, that he was in the habit of laughing at the credulity of Denman, who believed in the Queen's innocence. By a happy provision of nature, advocates almost always believe in the justice of their client's cause. But it may safely be said that the conviction of all the best informed persons in England was and is, that while the King's conduct had been detestable, and had afforded great excuse for the sins of his unhappy consort, the Queen had been guilty, to say the least, of something worse than indiscretion. That the popular sympathy was founded on indignation at her wrongs, not on belief in her innocence, Brougham himself gives a ludicrous proof. The enthusiastic crowd called her to the window of a house in which she was staying, and among other complimentary cries, saluted her with "Three cheers for Mr. Austin, the Queen's son."

Brougham does not fail to give us the peroration of his speech on Queen Caroline's trial, which he regarded as the masterpiece of his eloquence, and which, according to a current tradition, he wrote over fourteen times. If it is his masterpiece, the verdict must be that his oratory was forcible, as well as copious to excess, but that it fell decidedly short of the highest mark.

The history of the transactions connected with the Reform Bill is coloured, we have little doubt, in the same way. In his latter days Brougham had become naturally enough a strong advocate of the privileges of the peerage, and he probably looked back with rather pensive feelings on the coercion of the House of Lords to which he had been a party—of which indeed he had been the main instigator—in 1832. He gives us a graphic account of the interview in which he and Lord Grey entreated the King's assent to the creation, if necessary, of a sufficient number of peers to carry the bill. The passage is, perhaps, the most interesting and important in these volumes. But Brougham intimates that the power would not have been used. "Since 1832 I have often asked myself the question whether, if no secession had taken place, and the peers had persisted in opposing the bill, we should have had recourse to the perilous creation? Above thirty years have rolled over my head since the perilous crisis of 1832. I speak as calmly upon this as I now do upon any political matter whatsoever, and *I cannot answer the question in the affirmative.*" The thirty years which had rolled over the ex-liberal's head, we suspect brought not only calmness, but unwillingness to admit an unpleasant fact. The nation in 1832, thanks in no small measure to Brougham's own inflammatory eloquence, was in no humour to be paltered with, and if the Whig ministers had shrunk from using, when it was in their hands, the only power afforded by the constitution of making the House of Lords defer to the national will, it is almost certain that something much more violent and objectionable would have been done. The policy ascribed by Brougham to himself and Grey was correctly called by the Duke of Wellington "playing a game of brag," and to play a game of brag is scarcely worthy of a statesman. Nor would the majesty of the House of Lords, for which Brougham here affects so much concern, have suffered much more by an actual creation of peers than it did by submission to the threat of such a creation, conveyed by Sir Herbert Taylor to the recalcitrant members in the name of the king. No degradation, indeed, can be deeper than that of voting against your conscience and your recently declared convictions under the palpable influence of fear.

At a later period the Duke of Wellington became the object of Brougham's ardent admiration, and almost of his sycophancy. Hence he gives as liberal a turn as he can to the Duke's conduct on the question of Reform, barely alluding to the dismissal of Huskisson, or the fatal declaration in the House of Lords, by which the Duke, probably from mere oratorical awkwardness as much as from any deliberate policy, broke down the bridge behind himself and his party, and committed them to an utterly hopeless and suicidal struggle against any measure of reform.

Another disturbing influence, egotism, is certainly traceable in the autobiography generally, and especially in the part relating to the Reform Bill. All political tradition is at fault if Brougham was, as he here represents himself, the guide and pillar of the Whig ministry. Tradition represents him, on the contrary, as having been throughout almost as much a source of embarrassment, from his volatility and imprudence, as he was of strength from his energy and oratoric power. One of his colleagues is reputed to have said of him, when he had gone on a tour to Scotland, that the next thing they would hear about him would be that he had been playing dominoes in the back parlour of a Scotch tavern for the great seal. It is very certain that nobody ever showed any disposition to take him into the government again, and that, discarded by his old associates, he soon began to veer over to the Conservative side. He here states that the Chancellorship was pressed upon him against his wish, on the ground that unless he would accept it, and thus become a member of the Cabinet, a government could not be formed. This statement is at variance with the general belief in English political circles that he was at first offered only the Attorney-Generalship, and wrested by force from Lord Grey the nomination to the higher post. We do not say or believe that he was capable of a deliberate mis-statement, but it is notorious that when his own reputation was concerned, his imagination had a great power of colouring the facts.

The vanity of Lord Brougham was extreme, and often breaks out amusingly in these volumes. It is an infirmity scarcely to be avoided by a great orator, who lives in the fumes of applause, and naturally fancies that an audience is expressing its agreement with all his opinions, when in fact it is only expressing its delight at the exhibition of his oratoric power.

Such a life as Brougham when at his zenith led, of incessant activity and incessant talking, forensic and parliamentary, is not favourable to reflection or, consequently, to sagacity and foresight. Great foresight is supposed by some to be displayed in one passage, in which it is predicted that "Napoleon's successor may, by dynastic aspirations by no means unnatural, or more probably by insane attempts at territorial aggrandizement, end his life a captive in a foreign prison; and despite the substantial benefits he has conferred upon his country, may find himself, like his mighty predecessor, abandoned, vilified and forgotten." But inspiration was hardly needed to see that the Napoleonic empire would revert to the policy of its founder, or that by reverting to the policy of its founder, it would bring upon itself a repetition of his doom. Against this apparent instance of insight into the future we may set a prediction, at least as confident, that the battle of Vittoria would soon be followed by the retreat of the Duke of Wellington, and another, uttered in January 18.4, that the Allies would never dream of crossing the Rhine.

The judgments on contemporaries seem not unfair, though obviously coloured by personal feelings. The character of Lord Grey is drawn with a veryfriendly yet not an undiscriminating hand. The hatred of Canning which glows in the early pages does not seem to have been finally retained; and it must be owned that Canning, if he was a man of genius, was also an adventurer in the bad sense of the term, and somewhat unscrupulous in his [illegible] pursuit of power. Lord Campbell gets some hard blows, but it cannot be denied that he deserved them. He was a great lawyer, but his appetite for place and pelf was more than voracious, and his mendacious lives of the Chancellors evince want of conscientiousness as well as want of historical knowledge. Perhaps the portrait to which most exception will be taken is that of the late Lord Derby. "Stanley, like John Russell, came into the Cabinet some time after it was formed. His talents were of a very high, though not of the highest order. He was a perfectly ready and a very able debater, with great powers of clear and distinct statement, with a high-pitched voice, far from musical, but clearly heard in every part of the House. He argued closely, but he required much backing and cheering, and never could fight an uphill battle. In debate, he, like Canning, stuck at nothing in order to snatch an advantage. With the gravest face he would invent what he assumed his adversary to have said, but what he notoriously never did say. His judgment was *nil* or nearly so. He could make a statement, well aware that it would be answered, and committed the most unpardonable of all errors, that of suppressing a fact or ignoring a paper which he knew must be produced against him. He would invariably have lost his verdict at the bar by such blunders as these, which all proceeded from the desire to gain a momentary triumph." The old advocate comes out in the morality of the last sentence.

The executors of Lord Brougham, like the executors of Sir Robert Peel, were clearly bound to give effect to the wish of the testator, who had directed them to publish a dry and fragmentary memoir; but it is to be regretted in both cases that the option was not given of using the memoir as a portion of the materials for something more palatable and complete.

THOUGHTS UPON GOVERNMENT, lp3
Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Mr. Helps' intellectual reputation is such that he would have a right to be heard on any subject. But he claims a special right to be heard on his present subject, on the ground of his long official experience, and his present tenure of an appointment under the Privy Council, which, he says, compels its holder to have some insight into the working of all the offices under the Crown. His experience, however, has been official in the strictest sense of the term, not parliamentary; and the subject of his work, properly speaking, is not government, which would include legislative as well as executive authority, but administration. Bearing this in mind we may allow that there is reason in his proposition, that there will not be less but more need for government as civilization advances. Civilization, he argues, is mostly attended by complication, and also by a diminution of power as regards individual effort. He takes, as an instance, the case of lighting great cities. When the lighting depended on the owner of each house there was little need for government regulations; but now, no one private person can regulate the matter, or ensure good lighting for himself. The same is the case with water-supply, sewerage, locomotion, and other primary requisites of the comforts of life. The massing of the population and the division of labour tend in the same direction. Paternal government, in Mr. Helps' opinion, though it has an ill name, is a thing to be desired, and in free countries is sure to be kept within reasonable limits. The adulteration of drugs and the pursuit of pestilential trades are given as examples of the necessity of interference. It is not impossible that society, in jealously limiting the administrative action of government in free communities like our own, may be too much under the dominion of prejudices, derived from the errors of despotism in past ages, and inapplicable to our present condition.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Helps is a friend to extreme centralization. On the contrary, he dilates on the advantages of local government, which he regards as a good measure of the freedom and independence of the individuals composing a state. "Many of its advantages are obvious—such, for instance, as the use to be made of special local knowledge, which kind of knowledge can hardly ever be mastered by a central authority. But there are also great indirect advantages attendant upon any system of political government, in which local government has a large sphere of action. In the first place, it compels men, who would not otherwise be versed in the functions of government, to learn and exercise the art of governing. Again, it furnishes employment for those busy and somewhat restless persons who, if they do not find something to occupy their talents in local affairs, are apt to become agitators in imperial affairs—and that too with knowledge very disproportionate to their energy. Moreover, it tends to bring men of different classes together in the conduct of business; and there is hardly any way by which men can become better acquainted, and more readily learn the respective worth of each other than by being thus associated." Another advantage of local government in Mr. Helps' opinion is, that it teaches those engaged in it the difficulties of imperial government, and renders them just towards the rulers of the state. Some of those reasons are more specially applicable to the social and political circumstances of the old country, but they are not inapplicable here.

The most important portion of the work, perhaps, is that relating to the civil service. Mr. Helps is strongly opposed to the system of competitive examination which has been adopted in England, and seems likely to be adopted in the United States. His objection to it is in effect that it will exclude men of high practical genius, who are often not docile in boyhood. But this objection seems to be based on a rather exaggerated estimate of the importance of the civil service. The examination system secures industry, a certain amount of ability, without which the candidate would be unable to produce his knowledge in the examination, and, if the proper certificates are required, good moral character and sufficient bodily health. No further qualifications are required for any but the highest places in the service; and it is hard if among a hundred elected by competitive examination one cannot be found who possesses high practical ability. Nobody proposes to apply the system of competitive examination to seats in Parliament or Cabinet offices, where practical genius finds its proper sphere, while in the duties of a clerk it will be generally useless, and if accompanied by an impatience of routine and a tendency to originality in action, positively inconvenient. If the present subjects of examination—Latin, mathematics and history—are not well chosen, let them be altered. If whist would be better, as Mr. Helps suggests, let whist be adopted. There must surely be some subjects an available knowledge of which is a fair test of good education and average abilities. No doubt selection by superiors would be better, if we could only find a perfectly impartial and trustworthy superior to select for us; but unluckily we have not yet succeeded in putting salt upon that bird's tail. It is remarkable that in other parts of the volume Mr. Helps dwells emphatically on the necessity of a high education for statesmen, particularly specifying the art of expression and a knowledge of history. The escape from the jobbery and corruption attaching to the nomination system does not seem to weigh much with Mr. Helps, yet it is important even in England and inestimable in the United States.

After all Mr. Helps only predicts the failure of the examination system; he does not say that it has failed, though it has now been pretty well tried both in England and in India. We happen to know that in India an official of the old school complained to one of our greatest practical statesmen of the inefficiency of the "competition Wallahs," and that the statesman in reply offered to take the whole batch of them at once off his hands. Sedan has settled the question for one generation in favour of high education for the public service.

The volume contains a good many valuable remarks, suggested by experience on the working of offices and boards. The following is a sample:—"In the conduct of councils there are several things to be observed by those who would make judicious use of such bodies, and especially by those who are placed at the head of them. *In this world so many things are decided by fatigue.* The council, if not guided by a skilful person in its discussions, will waste its time upon minor points, and in combating the unreason or the argumentativeness of some or one of its members; and then at the last a hasty decision has to be formed, which may be anything but the wisest that could be formed. Lord Bacon has given the world an essay on councils, full, as might be expected, of valuable thoughts, and not disdaining to discuss points apparently somewhat insignificant, such as the shape and size of the council table; but he does not notice the effect of weariness. This omission may be accounted for by the greater powers of endurance of our ancestors, who, moreover, were trained to listen to long discourses patiently, and were not so much oppressed with a variety of business as the men of the present generation are. With us I doubt not that the effect of weariness is one of the main elements of decision in any assemblage of men."

Official men will be grateful to Mr. Helps for protesting against needless encroachments on their time. "This want of time (for statesmanship) is one of the most serious evils affecting the government of this country—an evil which is steadily increasing. No sooner does a man attain to any eminence, in whatever calling it may be, then he is forthwith molested by constant demands which should be reserved to maintain that eminence and to make it useful to the world. It must be noted too that these demands are mostly made in matters which are extraneous to the calling in which the unfortunate man has arrived at distinction. It would be well if it were only his time which is thus unreasonably encroached upon. But we are often deluded by vague ideas about that word time. It is energy which is thus lowered and absorbed. People forget that the energy of their fellow-men is a limited quantity, and that a certain amount of energy is exhausted even by that which may appear to be but a small demand upon time." Mr. Helps says that going one day into the office of a statesman, who had retired into the country for rest, he found his private secretary sending off to him the private letters of that morning, a hundred and eight in number, to be followed by another batch in the afternoon. "No man," remarks Mr. Helps, "deals even in the most perfunctory manner with a hundred and eight letters without undergoing considerable exertion of mind."

In his chapter on the Privy Council Mr. Helps suggests that eminent men from the colonies, and those who have distinguished themselves in colonial administration, should occasionally be added to that body. This suggestion seems worthy of attention. A place in the Privy Council would be a more appropriate reward of colonial merit than knighthood, which has been somewhat vulgarized, or a baronetcy, which is out of place in a country where there is no security for the continuance of hereditary wealth.

Though his book is devoted mainly to administration, Mr. Helps gives his opinion on government in the larger sense. A Conservative, dedicating his work to Lord Derby, he regards the British Constitution as the best ever devised by man. He is strongly in favour of an Upper Chamber, and even holds that a man, on choosing a country wherein to reside, would do well to make the existence of an Upper Chamber a primary consideration—a view more gratifying to Quebec than to Ontario. He avows his conviction, however, that it would be very unwise, if it were possible, to maintain the House of Lords as it is, and proposes certain modifications—life peerages, official peerages, and a qualification of age. We fear that he, like other reformers of the House of Lords, will find it difficult to make the new piece sit well on the old garment.

Mr. Helps is a fine scholar, but he has fallen into a curious little error on p. 106, by ascribing as an original idea to Machiavelli a classification of the different kinds of practical intellects, which Machiavelli merely translated from some well-known Greek lines.

A Manual of the Anatomy of Vertebrated Animals. By Thomas H. Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

It is altogether needless to remark that a work by Professor Huxley upon the Comparative Anatomy of Vertebrate Animals is certain to contain all that any student of this subject can possibly require. Though the work is not of large dimensions, an astonishing amount of facts are collected together in it, and are marshalled in order with all that lucidity and terseness for which Huxley has always been celebrated. The work opens with a short but exceedingly clear sketch of the phenomena of development as exhibited in the vertebrate animals. The remainder of the first, and the whole of the second chapter, extending to p. 100, are occupied with an admirable though condensed account of the general organization of the Vertebrata. The chief subjects treated of under this head are the true skeleton, the integumentary skeleton, when present, the muscular system, the nervous system and organs of sense, the alimentary system and teeth, the blood and lymph systems, the respiratory system, and the reproductive system. The remainder of the work, including three-fourths of the whole, is taken up with an exposition of the classification, morphology, and distribution in space and time of the classes of the Vertebrata. Each order of every class is carefully defined, and a very noticeable feature is the introduction of all extinct forms, when these differ sufficiently from living forms to constitute separate families. In this way a special value is given to the work in the eyes of the palæontological students. The style is so entirely technical, and the author has so rigidly confined himself to the bare facts of the subject, that there is almost no special point that can suitably be noticed here. Some, however, may be interested in knowing the classification of mankind into races, adopted by such an eminent authority. The character of the hair as affording the basis for a primary classification, and the different races of mankind are divided into two fundamental sections, according as they have woolly or smooth hair. The woolly-haired races (*Ulotrichi*) have crisp hair, which varies from yellow-brown to black; their eyes are normally dark, and they are "long-headed." In this section are included the Negroes and Bushmen of Africa beyond the Sahara, and the Negritos of the Malay peninsula and Archipelago, and of the Papuan Islands. The smooth-haired races (*Leiotrichi*) are sub-divided as follows:

1. The *Australoids*, with dark skin, hair, and eyes, wavy black hair, long skulls, and well-developed brow-ridges. Under this head are included the natives of Australia and the Dekhan.

2. The *Mongoloids*, with generally yellowish-brown or reddish-brown skins, and dark eyes, the hair long, black and straight, and the skull sometimes long and sometimes short. Under this head are included the Mongol, Tibetan, Chinese, Polynesian, Esquimaux and American races.

3. The *Xanthochroic* group, with pale skins, blue eyes and abundant fair hair, the skull being sometimes long, sometimes rounded. "The Slavonians, Teutons, Scandinavians, and the fair Celtic-speaking peoples are the chief representatives of this division; but they extend into North Africa and Western Asia."

4. The *Melanochroi*, or dark whites; "pale-complexioned people, with dark hair and eyes, and generally long, but sometimes broad skulls. These are the Iberians and 'black Celts' of Western Europe, and the dark-complexioned white people of the shores of the Mediterranean, Western Asia and Persia.

In conclusion, we need only say that the manual is illustrated by one hundred and ten engravings of unusual merit and delicacy of execution, two-thirds of the whole number being original. Upon the whole, the work is perhaps better adapted for teacher than for the ordinary student, and a grave defect is the absence of any glossary. The index, also, might with advantage have been made somewhat fuller. In spite of these drawbacks, however, the work is one which must prove of the greatest value alike to the teacher and the learner of Comparative Anatomy.

MEMOIR OF ROBERT CHAMBERS, with Autobiographic Reminiscences of William Chambers. Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

"Over the doorway of an old house in the West Bow, which I passed several times daily," says the author of this memoir, "was the inscription, carved in stone—

"HE THAT THOLES OVERCOMES."

"I made up my mind to *thole*, a pithy old Scottish word signifying 'to bear with patience.'" The inscription might be taken as the motto of Scotland; and the biography of the Brothers Chambers is emblematic of the history of the Scottish nation. Their lives are a record of early struggles and hardships encountered with the utmost fortitude and self-denial, and, on the part of William at least, with the utmost cheerfulness. The cheerfulness is the more remarkable because the father of the two lads, though never opulent, had, during their childhood, been in comparatively comfortable circumstances, and the privations which they had to endure in youth were unfamiliar as well as severe. William Chambers, after weary service as an errand boy at a bookseller's, set up a book-stall with a little stock in trade furnished to him by a lucky accident; then acquired the means of printing and publishing on the humblest possible scale, and thus opened for himself the road to immense success. One of the pleasantest passages in the book is that which describes his first start as a printer, with his old ricketty press, and his thirty pounds of worn brevier type.

"My progress in compositorship was at first slow. I had to feel my way. A defective adjustment of the lines to a uniform degree of tightness was my greatest trouble, but this was got over. The art of working my press had next to be acquired, and in this there was no difficulty. After an interval of fifty years, I recollect the delight I experienced in working off my first impression, the pleasure of seeing hundreds of thousands of sheets pouring from machines in which I claim an interest being nothing to it. * * * * I think there was a degree of infatuation in my attachment to that jingling, creaking, wheezing little press. Placed at the only window in my apartment, within a few feet of my bed, I could see its outlines in the silvery moonlight when I awoke, and there in the glowing dawn did its figure assume distinct proportions. When daylight came fully in, it was impossible to resist the desire to rise and have an hour or two of exercise at the little machine."

On the tide of the cheap literature movement of 1832, the two brothers, as proprietors of *Chambers' Journal*, floated into golden fortune and high renown; and they continued to combine the calling of the writer with that of the printer and publisher, as when the old press was worked by William in "The Walk."

William Chambers being the biographer, it was perhaps unavoidable that we should have more of his early history than of Robert's; but we should have liked to have a little more of Robert's, if it were only that Robert being the more sensitive, and in that sense at least, the finer nature of the two, the endurance of early difficulties and hardships is more interesting in his case. Evidently his fortitude was taxed to the utmost.

"When the family quitted Edinburgh Robert accompanied them, but shortly afterward, with a considerable strain on finances, he was associated with me in my West Port lodgings; there, from the uncongenial habits with which he was brought in contact, he felt considerably out of place. I was fortunately absent during the greater part of the day in my accustomed duties; but he, after school hours, had to rely on such refuge as could be found at the unattractive fireside of our landlady, who, though disposed to be kind in her way, was so chilled by habits of penury as to give little consideration for the feelings of the poor scholar. He spoke to me of his sufferings and the efforts he made to assuage them. The want of warmth was his principal discomfort. Sometimes benumbed with cold, he was glad to adjourn to that ever hospitable retreat, the old Tolbooth, where, like myself, he was received as a welcome visitor by the West Enders: and it is not unworthy of being mentioned, that the oddities of character among those unfortunate, though on the whole joyous, prisoners, and their professional associates, not forgetting Durie, formed a fund of recollection on which we afterwards drew for literary purposes. That strange old prison with its homely arrangements was therefore, to him as to me, identified with early associations,—a thing the remembrance of which became to both a subject of life-long amusement. There was also some exhilaration for him in occasionally attending the nightly book-auctions, where, favoured with light and warmth, seated in a by-corner he could study his lessons, as well as derive a degree of entertainment from the scene which was presented. A further source of evening recreation, but not until past nine o'clock, and then only for an hour, was found in those meetings with the brothers King and myself for mutual scientific instruction. Viewed apart from these solacements, his life was dreary in the extreme. Half starved, unsympathized with, and looking for no comfort at home, he probably would have lost heart but for the daily exercises at school, where he stood as rival and class-fellow of Mackay's best pupils."

He describes himself as unable to afford candle or fire of his own, and "sitting beside his landlady's fire, if fire it could be called, which was only a little heap of embers, reading Horace and conning his dictionary by a light which required him to hold the books almost close to the grate."

It is not wonderful that, his prospect darkening more than ever through the misfortunes of his father, and kinsmen being unkind, the iron should have entered into his sensitive soul, and that he should have experienced a state of feeling quite unnatural in youth—"a stern and burning defiance of a social world in which we were humbly and coldly treated by former friends, differing only in external respects from ourselves." It is pleasant, after reading such passages, to see the fountain of benevolence flowing freely again in after life. "Mankind, in ignorance of the sweet drop of benevolence which they all, more or less, carry in their hearts, ready to bathe and overflow it in good time, have been too much in the habit of returning mistrust for mistrust, and doubting every one else because each of themselves was doubted. Hence a world of heart-burnings, grudgings, jealousies, mischief, &c., till some, even of the kindest people, were ashamed to seem kind, or to have a better opinion of things than their neighbours. Think what a fine thing it is to help to break up this general ice betwixt men's hearts, and you will no longer have any doubt of the propriety of the steps I have taken."

The book teems with vivid pictures of some of the most curious nooks and crannies of old Scottish life, in which every Scotchman will delight.

Perhaps, if Robert Chambers had been the writer, we should have had rather less of the gospel of worldly success, the precepts of which are reiterated in their pages with a somewhat ludicrous solemnity and earnestness. We begin almost to long for a biography, if it were possible, of some one who *did not* rise in life, but, ignobly content with the humble state to which he was called, found happiness in duty and affection.

THOUGHTS ON LIFE SCIENCE. By Edward Thring, M.A., (Benjamin Place), Head Master of Uppingham School. Second Edition. Enlarged and Revised. London and New York: Macmillan.

It is easy to understand the measure of popularity which this work has attained. To the anti-scientific party it must be very pleasant reading. Mr. Thring pitches into science and intellect *manibus pedibusque*, to use the expressive Latin phrase, and his fists and feet are pretty strong. He also pinches pretty hard in the way of sarcasm and innuendo, and when he has caught Materialistic Philosophy in a particularly tender part he dances off, as it were, and looks into her face with a pleasant grin to see how she likes it. We have no doubt that, to borrow Mr. Thring's words, this is "a time of discovery, change and delusion"—that the chimeras bred by the advance of science bear their full proportion to the advance of science itself. We have as little doubt of the fact that Physical Science, having achieved marvels in her own domain, and being naturally intoxicated by her success, is now stretching out her sceptre over a domain which, in the present state of our knowledge at all events, is not hers, and doing some very unscientific things in her impatience to make herself universal. By the confession of her highest professors she is unable to give any account of the origin or nature of animal life, and this being the case, she is not yet in a position to be throwing out slapdash theories about the origin and nature of moral and spiritual life. To point this out is to do good service to the cause of truth generally and to science herself, provided it be calmly and fairly done; but Mr. Thring, though often forcible, is seldom calm, and we think he is not always fair. He seems really to hate intellect, and there is hardly any mode of argument too invidious for him to employ for the discomfiture of those whom he assumes to be its worshippers. This is the style in which he proves what, perhaps, he might have assumed without proof—that power and intellect are subordinate to morality:—"No one can doubt that man comprises in himself different and sometimes conflicting faculties. Power and the power-instruments evidently put in a claim. Intellect is the great power-instrument, bodily strength and bodily skill the next. Let the case be put in this form: A ploughboy is employed to plough a field, a mechanical bodily work; but he feels within himself a great thirst for knowledge, and he indulges it by studying science instead of ploughing, only ploughing just enough to escape detection. As the intellect is greater and better than bodily skill and the body, he cultivates the greater and better at the expense of the less and worse, and becomes at last, by constantly subtracting time from the common work he is set to do, a great man; and he dies and leaves behind him an admirable work on the action of water, or whatever other point may be the knowledge-fetich of his day. Now it is clear that the love of knowledge is a higher thing than skill in ploughing, and a great geologist a higher kind of worker than a ploughman; the conclusion from these facts is that a ploughboy is right in stealing time from his employer, time which he has been paid for; is right in acting a lie day by day; is right in making this lie the centre-pivot of his life and his greatness; is right in having left out of his life problem all thought of truth in daily work, of honour between man and man, of the supreme Power which prescribes to all men their proper place. That is, if power and intellect are true ends. But power is not an end to strive for, nor the power-instrument the ruling excellence of man."

Against what man or men of straw is this directed? Does Mr. Thring fancy that Laplace or Goethe or Darwin, or any one else whom he chooses to take as a representative of intellect and an idol of the intellect-worshippers, ever imagined, or that any of their respective admirers ever imagined, that intellectual power was an object in itself independently of the purposes for which it was exercised. There are worshippers, of the Ritualistic Oratory of Canon Liddon as well as of the reasonings of Newton; but in neither case does the most fatuous of them consciously exclude from view the tendency of his idol's intellectual efforts to attain or propagate truth. The sneer at admirable works on the action of water is of a piece with a good many other passages in the work as—"A David at his father's sheepfold, or an Amos, a poor herdsman in his master's fields, gave us undying words of prayer and praise which we still use, and lived high and holy and pure lives; whilst the intellectual philosopher who did not belong to this class, the great Dr. This or Professor That of his day, the leader of the literary world, was chasing the slave girls, and offering a bull in sacrifice to Eros or Phœbus Apollo for a successful amour or a successful problem. So distinct was the empire of intellect from truth." We wonder whether Mr. Thring would undertake to prove what he here clearly insinuates, that there is traceable in ancient history a connection between high intellect and low morality. Physical science had not in those days reared her detested head; but were the philosophers, the historians, the orators, the poets of Greece and Rome, so far as we know, below the general moral level or above it? Few are so ignorant of literary history as not to be able easily to answer this question.

To Intellect Mr. Thring triumphantly opposes Reason, and of reason he thinks every man is endowed by the Creator with enough to guide him to all necessary truth; of which we can only say that it is a very comfortable faith.

Mr. Thring is the author of a work—a very good work by the way, and one which we wish he would revise and enlarge—on grammar; and he seems to us to be biased by the influence of his own pursuits in assigning to the study of language the place which it occupies in his philosophy as the first and most important part of science. "Science," he says, "starts with words and their value; for the value of words is the most important, as it is the first question that comes before science; for till this is secure, nothing else is secure." "Words," he reasons in a previous passage, "are as it were a pipe. Through that pipe, everything distinctive of man, all thought, all knowledge, passes. It is absolutely necessary therefore to arrive at some conclusion about words before any other thing is passed in review: for the simple reason that all other things must pass through words before they reach us. This is decisive." Is it not as decisive in favour of commencing science with the study of the eye, the indispensable organ of observation, as of commencing with the study of language, which no doubt is the indispensable organ of communication? Have the great scientific discoverers spent much time in the preliminary study of language; if they have not, may we not say, in answer to the question whether it is possible to be successful in science without that preliminary study, by saying *solvitur ambulando?* Mr. Thring is very eloquent on the mysterious agency of sound in conveying thought. "What is it that thus defies our search? Is it living? Is it dead? If it is living, how comes it that the words themselves perish in a moment, and are never anything but feelingless common air? If dead, how comes it that they burn with thought, touch hearts, teach, rule, pass on from life to life, always in communion with life, and sometimes, once spoken, never again drop out of heart-sovereignty. Reason tells us that words are more than mere air. Science tells us that scientifically they are nothing but mere air." Then follow some strong deductions in an anti-materialistic sense. But Mr. Thring forgets that whatever mystery attaches to sound as the vehicle of the aspirations of a saint, attaches to it equally as the vehicle of the sensations of a jackass.

The existence of a God and the fundamental doctrines of natural religion, are assumed from the outset, and Mr. Thring adds little in the way of intellectual confirmation, though once or twice, as in his remarks on Beauty, he is on a track which, if he could pursue it philosophically, or if he dislikes that term, methodically, might lead to valuable results. His argument on Miracles seems to resolve itself into an *argumentum ad verecundiam* addressed to human ignorance; but to prove that it would be impudence on our part, as beings of limited intelligence, to deny the possibility of miracles, is not to prove that there is sufficient evidence of their having been performed. The difficulties found by criticism, or the "rebel-intellect," as Mr. Thring calls it, in Scripture, are disposed of by the dogmatic assertion that the Scriptures are a test of feeling designed to prove whether man loves rightly or not. The author of *Ecce Homo* gets his ears soundly boxed for carving a Christ out of Scripture; and it is certain that his work, being without any critical basis, cannot have much permanent value; but we do not see that his presumption in forming his own idea of Christ is much greater than that of Mr. Thring in laying it down that the Scriptures were written for, and are to be judged with reference to, an object not stated in the Scriptures themselves.

Mr. Thring's antipathy to Science and Philosophy will probably be reciprocated by its objects, and he will not be pressed to assume the objectionable title of a man of science or of a philosopher. But, as we said in commencing, he has a good deal of force, and his work is not without real value as a protest of the spiritual element against being hastily ignored or crushed out of existence by an encroaching physicism. He is sometimes particularly happy in terse sentences and apothegms:—"Perhaps the age of scientific research, no less than the age of maritime research we look back on, has its El Dorados and Fountains of Youth, and Prester Johns, as well as its America; its gigantic delusions as well as its gigantic achievements." "Custom requires undisturbed possession to establish itself: whereas all the customs of all the world are beginning to be thrown together, and nothing will remain which has not real strength." "As well hunt a rabbit in a wood with a stick as try to kill a lie in an unwilling mind by force of words. "The subtlest form of a lie, truth out of proportion, is a special pitfall of able men." "The jewel of gold in the swine's snout only makes a more conspicuous hog." "As soon as power talks nonsense, it means to eat its victim." Mr. Thring had not the "American case" in his mind when he wrote that last sentence, but he could not have described it more happily.

The Pilgrim and the Shrine; or passages from the life and correspondence of Herbert Ainslie. B. A., late a student of the Church of England. London: Chapman & Hall; New York: Putnam & Sons.

Mr. Herbert Ainslie, a student of the Church of England, and destined for the ministry, is disturbed in his mind by the theological difficulties of the day; and having a bigoted, evangelical father, who would be horrified at his opinions, and who insists on his taking holy orders, he goes forth physically and theologically into the wilderness, and, after trying the West Indies, becomes a gold-digger in California, and afterwards a settler in Australia. He meets with plenty of adventures, and has hair-breadth escapes from perils of the sea, disease, Indians and robbers. All the time he is ruminating and descanting on the difficulties of Christianity and the great problem of existence, the incidents with which he meets and the characters with whom he comes into contact, forming a series of pegs on which the theological and metaphysical dissertations are hung. After being long unsuccessful in his search both for gold and truth, he at last finds both where they are always found in novels, and we are landed in woman-worship, as the satisfactory substitute for all religion, and the complete solution of all the problems of the universe. But Miss Mary Travers is hardly a woman. In the honeymoon, at least, she is really a goddess. Of course she is unutterably beautiful. She unites something far above the highest feminine graces and tenderness, with something far above the highest male intellect and strength of character. She is a great statesman, a great philosopher, and a great artist. All the great poems in the world might have been written on her and she might have written all the great poems. She is Viola, Miranda, Beatrice and Cordelia all in one. She is the original of all the Madonnas. She is an exception to all limitations, is in perfect focus at all distances, and from all points of view looks her best. Epithets cannot describe her; she is the quality itself; not beautiful, but Beauty, not religious, but Religion. When you are fresh from her presence your manner is so bewitching that the rudest people offer you something to drink at their expense. Besides all this, she is an heiress. Now Betsey Jones, though above the average of her sex in good looks and in other respects, is only beautiful, not Beauty; she is not always in perfect focus; great poems could not have been written upon her, nor could she have written a great poem; it would be gross flattery to call her the original of a single Madonna, or to identify her with any one of the female characters in Shakespeare. Nor has she a great fortune to make matrimony a garden of Eden. Union with her, therefore, though it may make you happy, cannot solve for you all the problems of the Universe, supply your need of a religion, or give you "an impetus from the Divine sufficient to influence and direct your whole life." Jones, her husband, though good-looking, sensible and well-informed, could never have sat for a St. Michael trampling on the devil, and is as little capable of standing in place of God to his wife as she is of discharging the same function for him. Not being wholly devoid of modesty, he could never say in reference to himself, Mrs. and Master Jones, "Who dare limit the drama of the Holy Family to one single representation?" There are passages in the lovesick rhapsodies at the end of this story which we could not quote without shocking the feelings of a religious woman as well as the common sense of all. The first consequence of these extravagances is the growth of such philosophies as that of Eliza Farnham, who proclaims the natural sovereignty and spiritual infallibility of woman in virtue of the complexity of the female organs, holds that St. John, St. Paul, Plato, Shakespeare and Dante, if they had only known their proper places, were mere hodmen carrying coarse materials to be worked up into something more divine by her superior nature, and if Newton presumes to reason with her, tells him that "a Virginian does not reason with his slave." The next consequence will be a violent reaction, and a withdrawal of what is justly due to women. Put a man in a "shrine" and worship him as "the Infinite revealed in the most perfect Finite" and you will very soon degrade him below humanity; the experience of the United States has already gone far enough to show that the result in the case of a woman will be the same. Hard Calvinism, against which Herbert Ainslie is always railing, is in itself neither very lovely nor very rational; but it is lovely as well as rational compared with woman-worship, and it has made far nobler women than the spoilt idols of this new shrine.

To his Mary, Herbert owes it that "his whole being is pervaded and suffused with the soft, dreamy atmosphere of love." This is the way in which love suffuses the part of his being comprised in his relations with his old father and mother:

"P. S.—Since writing the above I have received the sad news of my father's death. This is a most unexpected blow to me. It had never occurred to me that we might never meet again. He would have rejoiced so in my happy prospects; for his heart was really a tender one in spite of the warp of that cursed religion which made a division between us. My mother writes proudly that he was faithful to the last, expressing his confidence in the atonement made for sin, as leaving God no excuse for refusing to receive him into bliss. 'But for that blessed sacrifice,' he said, 'what a wretch should I be now!' And so he died, seeing in God not the loving father of all, but only an avenger baffled of his victim. Would but I had been there to urge him to put his trust in God instead of in the miserable logic of his party.

"You will be glad to learn that I inherit sufficient to make me feel myself no longer an adventurer."

The last sentence shows that woman-worship does not exclude something very like wealth-worship. Christianity, even Calvinistic Christianity, at all events, does not ask whether a man has inherited enough to make him no longer an adventurer, before he is admitted to the shrine. As to the rest of the passage, it is "dreamy" enough if it pretends to be a description of the sentiments of Wesley, Wilberforce, Clarkson and Heber, but it is hardly "soft" as "love." So far as Herbert Ainslie retains any philosophy unabsorbed by Mary Travers, he is a Necessarian and a Pantheist. Why are not Evangelicals and Mr. and Mrs. Ainslie, senior, as necessary, and as much manifestations of all-pervading deity, as anything else in nature?

It is remarkable that as a married man Herbert Ainslie, though his theological antipathies remain unabated, seems to settle down into a practical church-goer, and to be inclined provisionally to teach his children the catechism; and that he welcomes the intelligence that his friend has taken a living, hoping that it is the prelude to a marriage. Surely he cannot think that, while truth is necessary to himself, established falsehood is good enough for his friend.

The moral difficulties of the Christian scheme, as it is commonly expounded by theologians, and the difficulties of natural theology generally, are often put in this book with remarkable force; so that the book may be useful to those engaged in the candid study of such questions. It may be useful also as a warning to parents against domestic intolerance, in an age when serious doubts are abroad, and are peculiarly apt to disturb the minds of intelligent and conscientious young men, especially of those destined for the ministry, and compelled to study theology for their calling. These we think are the limits of its value, at least as regards the theological part of it; for the narrative and descriptive part of it is interesting, and it is well written throughout. It bears a close resemblance to Mr. Froude's "Nemesis of Faith," but the story of youth harassed by religious doubts is so common in these days that we need not suspect plagiarism. The writer cannot be very learned, for he takes *adversaria* to mean contradictions.

The world has been brought face to face with questions at once of the most tremendous difficulty, and of import so deep that it is difficult to see, unless they can be solved, how human society can hold together. The truth must be sought by patient, reverent, learned and scientific inquiry, and we must all assist its seekers at least by our sympathy, and by protecting their conscientious efforts against persecution or misconstruction. But the key to the universe will not be found in a novelette, or even in the honeymoon divinity of a Miss Mary Travers.

FOUR PHASES OF MORALS;—Socrates, Aristotle, Christianity, Utilitarianism. By John Stuart Blackie, F.R.S.E., Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

There is in all that Professor Blackie speaks and writes a grotesqueness which prevents our sitting at his feet, but does not prevent our being amused and even occasionally instructed. The present work is a lively raid on the region of moral philosophy from the transcendentalist and tory quarter, and we should read it with pleasure, if it were only as a relief from the rather oppressive domination of physicists and utilitarians. The presentation of Socrates, if it contains nothing very new, is clear and vivid. The causes assigned for the great teacher's death are, however, in part at least, rather evolved from the Professor's inner consciousness and political sympathies, than educed from the established facts of history. The indictment was for religious innovation and the corruption of youth. This is a conservative indictment, and the precise legal embodiment of the charges levelled against Socrates in the satiric drama of the conservative Aristophenes. It was addressed obviously to vulgar orthodoxy, and from vulgar orthodoxy no doubt the sentence of condemnation was obtained. But the real motives of the prosecutors still remain, to us at least, a mystery, the key to which we suspect is lost with many other details of the political troubles of those times. We are rather surprised that Aristotle should be selected as one of the originators of the leading phases of morals. He is a wonderful analyst and nothing else. His Ethics contain no special motive power, nor, we should say, has any special type of character ever been formed by his influence. He dominated in the middle ages, he has even dominated to no small extent in modern Oxford; but, while both in medieval and in Oxford philosophy we find plenty of Aristotelian method and phraseology, it would be difficult to point to an Aristotelian character. In fact, whatever nominal deference Aristotle as a man of the world might pay to theistic belief, he was philosophically an atheist; and his type of perfect virtue involves a self-sufficiency and a self-appreciation clearly inconsistent with the sense of dependence upon God. The admission of Aristotle is rendered more singular by the exclusion of the founders of Stoicism, a phase of morals which was embodied in characters of the boldest and and strongest kind, which played an immense part in history, and which is far from having ceased to be influential even at the present day. As the fundamental distinction of Christian morality Professor Blackie rightly assigns its theological character, the motive power, or as the Professor terms it, "the steam-power," being entirely religious; whence also humility is a virtue as prominent in Christian ethics as self-respect is in those of Aristotle. The propagation of Christian ethics was the effusion of the Holy Spirit. The "aggressive attitude" of Christianity, as Professor Blackie after Chalmers terms it, springs from the same root. What Professor Blackie's personal views of Christianity as a revelation are, his book does not clearly indicate, and perhaps it would be impertinent to inquire. Priesthood, dogmatism, asceticism, and ritualism, are severely tossed whenever they come within reach of his horns; but he is an advocate for a national church, though we suspect the church he desires is one which would be wanting in "steam power" to extract tithes from the ordinary tax-payer, who fancies that in maintaining a church establishment he is providing for the propagation of some definite belief. The Professor's toryism shows itself in his extreme anxiety to relieve Christianity of the disgraceful imputation of forbidding war; what Christianity really prescribes, he thinks, is only fair fighting and military courtesy. We are not confident that St. John would have accepted the vindication.

When Professor Blackie gets among the Utilitarians he carries out the advice given by the Irishman to his son who was going to Donnybrook fair:—"Whenever you see a head, hit it." Locke gets hard epithets for his notion of innate ideas. He has given particular offence by saying that "children do not join general abstract speculations with their sucking-bottles and rattles." The consistency of his successors is dismissed as "a virtue which even thieves and murderers may achieve." Mill is accused of "extreme nonsensicality," and of "flinging open defiance in the face of reason, and making a public ovation of unmitigated nonsense." Hartley, Hume and Bain come off little better, though Hume gets the benefit of his nationality. Paley, a clerical dignitary, and, unlike most Utilitarians, a Conservative, passes comparatively unscathed. Utilitarianism, as a theory of morals, has in truth burst in attempting to stretch itself so as to embrace self-sacrifice. But partly from the same quarter, partly from that of the Darwinians, has arisen a question as to the genesis of conscience, which Professor Blackie imperfectly apprehends, and has not attempted to investigate.

Curious little crotchets crop up here and there. The Professor of Greek seems not very deeply to reprobate the classic practice of infanticide. We are frequently reminded that the author enjoys the inestimable advantage of being a Scotchman. The world is agreed, we believe, in regarding a somewhat obtrusive patriotism as a grace in the members of small nationalities, but corporate self approbation is carried somewhat high, when a Scotch writer speaks of "a great moral teacher or reformer, such as the Apostle Paul or Thomas Chalmers."

LITERARY NOTES.

The American people seem to have a fit of morality upon them at present, if we may judge from the works recently issued by New York publishers, on the vices and immoralities of their city life. The desire for sensational effect, however, seems so largely to enter into their denunciation of these vices, that one is apt to think that this "cry of outrage" is more affected than real. Unfortunately, there is reality enough in the social demoralization of New York and the other great cities of the Union to call for urgent, earnest and vigorous arraignment. But we cannot but think, that a more dignified handling of these vices and greater economy in the tinselled invective of these purists would be more effective. In the pictorial caricaturist we find the same loud and lavish exercise of his art—as in the Nast's cartoons of the Tammany Ring—which evince a vulgarity of treatment in decided contrast to the quiet, yet effective sketches of the English satirist. However, the dish seems to require strong seasoning to suit the American palate, and the rhetoric of the "Daniels come to judgment" must be favoured with all the claptrap of the stump to catch the people's ear. Recently we had from the pen of a Brooklyn clergyman, with all the exaggeration of style and reckless disregard of propriety and good taste, so largely typical of the American pulpit, a book on the depravity of New York fashionable life. The book bore the outre title of "The Abominations of Modern Society," and the American press everywhere greeted it as a "bold, brilliant and incisive work." Now, we have a book from a lady, though on another phase of American life, yet one, admittedly, calling for earnest and effective denunciation—and it has it, according to the prevailing taste, as far as the language employed by the author and the title of her book is concerned. "Get thee behind me, Satan," for this is its title,—is said to be a home-born book of home truths, and, no doubt, as the work has for its theme the lively subject of "Free-love, Free-marriage and Free-divorce," it will prove the literary sensation of the summer! Again, we have another startling work in "The Nether Side of New York; or the Crime, Poverty and Vice of the Great Metropolis;" and, we suppose, it will be claimed for this work that it discusses great social questions that affect humanity, and we must read and ponder, while a new regenerator of society dashes off his periods and reclaims the world. Then, there is a class of this literature that fastens itself on the medical profession,—the product, not of the coarse, libidinous charlatan, but the professional physiologist, &c., who affects to write with the strictest decorum, and who *professes to be the physical* saviour of society, yet whose plainness of speech and indiscreet discussion of subject is more apt to breed a moral plague in the land than any good his nostrums or prescriptions will do to alleviate suffering.

But we pass these productions by, and make a few notes in a more wholesome, though probably, a less exciting literature

Prominent among the books of the month will be found several contributions to political science, the most important of which are Mr. Freeman's useful and instructive little manual on "The Growth of the English Constitution, from the Earliest Times," and Sir Edward Creasy's work on "The Imperial and Colonial Constitutions of the Britannic Empire." Mr. Arthur Help's "Thoughts upon Government," is noticed in our Review Department. Mr. Henry Reeves' "Royal and Republican France," is a collection of able papers originally contributed to the *Quarterlies*, and Mr. Mathew's "A Colonist on the Colonial Question," discusses Imperial relations with the Colonial possessions, and proposes a great federal parliament for the whole Empire. Mr. Jenning's compilation, "A Book of Parliamentary Anecdotes," published by the Messrs. Cassell, may be mentioned under this department; while in general literature, the re-issues may be noticed of Lord Brougham's collected writings, (A & C. Black,) and a new and popular edition, (The Kensington,) of Thackeray's Works, in twelve 8vo volumes.

In art, we simply notice, as an evidence of the growth of taste on this continent, a work about to appear in Boston (Osgood), by Walter Smith, State Director of Art Education in Massachusetts. It will be entitled "Art, Education, Scholastic and Industrial," and its objects are to show the benefits of art-studies, and to suggest systematic and profitable methods of pursuing them.

In social and industrial matters, we have the interesting Collection of Essays, second series, published under the auspices of the Cobden Club. The joint volume of Prof. J W. Fawcett, entitled, "Essays and Lectures on Social and Political Subjects", and Prof. Leone Levi's "History of British Commerce and of the Economical progress of the English Nation." We observe that of the former of these a second edition has been called for, and of the latter, an American reprint is announced.

In Biography, and of some interest to Canadian readers, the Letters and Journals of a former Governor-General, the late Lord Elgin, will be particularly noticed.

In Theology, the principal issues have been of an historical and controversial character. These embrace Dean Stanley's "Lectures on the Scottish Church," and Prof. Rainy's reply to the Dean's assault; a second series of the "Church and the Age," a volume of lectures on the principles and present position of the Anglican Church; a variety of tractates on "The Athanasian Creed," and the issue of vols. 3 and 4, on controversial matters, of *the* Messrs. T. T. Clark's *new* edition of St. Augustine's Works. In Poetry and Fiction, we have but space to chronicle the appearance of a new volume from Mr. Browning and Mr. Longfellow, and the reprint of Charles Levers' "Lord Kilgobbin;" and Lord Brougham's posthumous novel, "Albert Lunel."