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THE MONKS OF THELEMA.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

Authors of 'Ready-Money Mortiboy,' 'The Golden Butterfly,' 'By Celia's Arbour,' etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

"Methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain."

"WELL, sir," Bailiff Bostock said, "if you really do mean it, and will take and work with the men—— Do you mean it—just as you say, and no favour?"

"I mean just what I say. I shall begin to-morrow, and am here now to learn my duties for the day?"

Alan was determined there should be no more loss of a day.

"You can't follow the plough, that wants practice; and you can't manage the engine, that wants training."

The bailiff rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"There's a stack of hay we're going to cut into to-morrow; but I can't send you up the ladder, atop o' that great stack. Sure as two-pence you'd fall down and break something. Can you drive, Squire?"

"Of course I can."

"Then I'll tell you what you shall do. It is a dirty job, too ——"

"Never mind how rough it is."

"I think you will be able to manage it, for the first job, better than anything else. You come here to-morrow morning, at six sharp, and I'll find you a day's work, never fear."

With this assurance, Alan was fain to be content. He then proceeded, being thoroughly ashamed of the morning's fiasco, to guard against a repetition of it. With this view he hired a boy to call him at five sharp, got a ventilator for his bedroom and an alarm clock, which he set for five o'clock. He next purchased a new kettle, and provided such materials for breakfast as he would eat, deferring the cold pork until such time as he should become hardened to the bread of affliction.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon when these arrangements were finally completed. He remembered that he had dinner to get, bought a beefsteak and potatoes, and proceeded, with such slender art as was at his command, to grill the former and boil the latter. The potatoes came out hard, but he had eaten horse beefsteak in America.

Dinner over he sat down, and spent the evening in calculating how best he could live on eighteen shillings a week, with a little extra at harvest-time—say a guinea, all told. Rent, half-a-crown; clothes and boots, five pounds a year at least—say two shillings a week. Remained, sixteen shillings and sixpence for everything. Fuel, candles, soap, odds and ends, would carry away half-a-crown of this. Fourteen shillings left for food and savings; for Alan was resolute on showing the rustics how to save. Say eighteenpence a day for food.

Food. What is food? Half-a-crown goes at the club for luncheon alone with great ease. He would want, he thought, a pound of meat, half a dozen potatoes, and a loaf of bread every day. There is eighteenpence gone at once. Tea, coffee, sugar, milk, butter, cheese, small groceries; all this had to come out of the odd sixpence. And how much would be left for saving? Every penny would have to be looked at, every tea-spoonful of tea hesitated over. And then the washing. The male mind does not at first understand the meaning of this item. Now it occurred to him that unless, in the dead of night, and with barred doors, he did his own washing, this charge would be the last straw to break the camel's back. And yet, with the washing before their eyes, the labourers found money to spend at the Spotted Lion. It must come out of his meat. Overcome with the prospect, Alan folded up his paper and went to bed.

In the morning he had a beautiful dream. He was walking hand in hand with Miranda in a flowery meadow, in whose hedges highly-cultured peasants had planted geraniums, standard and monthly roses, rhododendrons, hydrangeas, dahlias, and the stately hollyhocks, which raised their heads and blossomed among the hawthorn, honeysuckle, and straggling blackberry. Beneath them, on the banks, flowered mignonette, verbena, heliotrope, and all sorts of sweet flowers, growing apparently wild. The grass amid which they walked was luxuriant and long, and bright with buttercups and cowslips. Round them, as they walked hand in hand under a sunny sky, sat, walked, or played the villagers, engaged in various occupations, all of which demanded the Higher Culture. For one, clad in a smock-frock, scrupulously clean, was reading Mr. Pater's "Studies of the Renaissance;" another, similarly attired,

was studying Darwin's "Descent of Man;" another, an older man, was sitting, brow bent, and pencil in hand, with which he made marginalia over Mill's "Political Economy;" a fourth was composing music;" a fifth was collecting specimens in the hedges for a *hortus siccus*. Of the girls, three were standing together in the attitude of the Graces, only daintily attired, singing part songs, with clasped hands; some were making embroidery for their Sunday frocks, and one was reading Ruskin's "Fors Clavigera" aloud for the benefit of those who embroidered. Of the younger men, one in a corner by himself was declaiming, Shakespeare in hand; another was airily reading that sweet, and simple, and musical poem called "Sordello," singing from its rippling measures, as he brushed away the dew across the upland lawn; another was correcting the proofs of a Note on the village archæology, which traced the connection of the parish pump with the Roman occupation—these proofs were destined for the *Academy*; another was catching swiftly and deftly with brush and paper the ever-changing effects of cloud and sunshine on the river; the blacksmith was writing a *villanelle*; and the schoolmaster was guessing a double acrostic. The elder ladies, assisted by the oldest inhabitant of the village, Methusalem Parr, were engaged in committing to paper the folk-lore of the district with a view of sending it to the editor of *Melusine*. Among the *märchen* thus set down for the first time was the nursery story of a Pig, a Porcupine, and a Piper, which afterwards became famous, and was traced to the very foot of the Himalayas, where the inhabitants believed that it descended from Heaven. Just as Alan was explaining to Miranda the honour and glory which this relic of old-world story would confer upon the Village of Weyland, his dream grew a little troubled. The young men and the maidens got confused before his eyes; the meadow grew cloudy; the villagers all seemed to start asunder in terror; books, pens, pencils, all were thrown aside, and they fled multivivous with oaths and shrieks, which were not loud and coarse, but low and cultured. Then the meadow changed itself into a small whitewashed room, there was no Miranda at all, and he was lying in his cottage bedroom, alone.

"Ting-a-ring-ting!" — was ever alarum more wildly irritating? He sprang from his

bed and hurled a boot which silenced that alarum for ever.

Bang, bang, bang! "Five o'clock, master." That was the boy calling him. He composed his shattered nerves as well as he could, and proceeded to dress. It was with a mixture of foolish shame and pride that he put on his corduroys, button-up waistcoat, and clean white smock; these assumed, he descended the stairs, lit the fire, made his tea, managed to get through a little bread and butter; five o'clock is really too early for breakfast—tied his red handkerchief round his neck, put on his soft felt hat, and sallied forth a new Don Quixote. He naturally felt uncomfortable in his new garb: that was to be expected. And as he walked rapidly down the village street, along which the labourers were slouching along to their work, it was not pleasant to hear the rustics, whose sense of humour is naturally strongest when the point of the epigram refers to their own familiar pursuits, exploded as he passed, and choked respectfully.

In the farmyard, besides the usual belongings, was a cart and horse ready for use, led by a boy. Bailiff Bostock, his own horse ready saddled, was waiting impatiently for Alan.

"Now, Squire," he said, pointing to such a heap as might have come from the Augean stables, "you see that pile o' muck. It's got to be carted to the fields and spread out in little piles, same as you've often seen when you go out shooting."

"I understand," said Alan, his heart warming with the prospect of real work; "it's got to be pitchforked into the cart, driven to the field, and pitchforked back again. Isn't it boys' work, Bailiff?"

The Bailiff grinned.

"Ask me that in half an hour," he said, and, jumping into his saddle, rode off on the business of the day.

Alan rolled up the sleeves of his smock, and took up the pitchfork. The boy went behind the cart to grin. The smock-frock was white, and the job was so very, very likely to destroy that whiteness that the boy needs must go behind the cart to laugh. Had he not been afraid of the Squire he would have told him that he should begin by taking off the smock and the smart waistcoat under it.

Then the job began. To handle a pitchfork, like other responsible work, requires

practice. The crafty pitchforker grasps his instrument at some point experimentally ascertained to be that of least weight and greatest leverage. Had Alan been a Cambridge instead of an Oxford man, he would have known something of such points. But he was ignorant of mechanics, and had to find out for himself.

Half a dozen times that boy, who should have been on the shafts, assisting at the reception of the stuff, came from behind the shafts, each time to go back again and laugh as noiselessly as he could. Alan heard him, though he condoned the offence, considering the novelty of the thing.

The first time that boy looked round the cart the Squire was beginning to puff and pant; the second time he looked, the Squire had pulled off his hat, and his face was shining as the face of one in a Turkish bath; the third time he had thrown aside his red neckerchief and the perspiration was streaming from his brows. But still the Squire worked on. Never before had that boy seen a cart filled more swiftly.

"Now, boy," he said, good-humouredly, "when you have done laughing you may tell me where we have to take this load."

The boy essayed to speak, but choked. The situation was altogether too funny. He could only point.

Alan drove the cart down one lane and up another without any disaster, the boy following behind him, still grinning as noiselessly as he knew. Then they came to their field, and the boy pointed to the spot where they had to begin. "This will be easy work," said Alan, mounting the cart.

The task, indeed, was simple. Only to pitch out the manure in small heaps, standing in the cart.

The boy went to the horse's head.

After the first heap was out—rather dexterously, Alan thought—the boy made a remarkable utterance:

"O—osier!"

Instantly the cart went on, and Alan, losing his balance, was prostrated into the cart itself, where he lay supine, his legs kicking up. At this sight the boy broke down altogether and laughed, roaring, and bellowing, and weeping with laughter so that the welkin rang.

Alan got up rather ruefully. To be sure, it was absurd to quarrel with the boy for laughing. And yet the condition of that

smock-frock from shoulder to hem! Could the washing be included in the fourteen shillings? He pitchforked the second pile out of the cart.

"O—osier!" cried the boy, and the cart went on.

This time Alan fell on his hands and face. The front of the smock was now like the back, and the boy, who had a fine sense of humour, sat down on the ground for unre-served enjoyment of his laugh.

"Why the devil," cried the Squire, "can't you tell me when you are going on?"

"I did," said the boy, "I said 'O—osier.'"

Alan was silent, and resumed his work with greater care to preserve his balance at the word "O—osier."

Just then the Bailiff rode into the field.

"Well Squire," he said, "boys' work—eh?"

"Not quite."

"Had a fall in the muck? Better have taken off your frock and your waistcoat, too. Live and learn, sir. Don't you be too wasteful o' the muck. That stuff's precious. My missus, she says, if the Squire'll drop in when he's ready for a bite, she'll be honoured."

"I thank you, Bailiff. I am going to live as the men live."

"What ha' you got for your cinn'r, boy?"

"Bread and cheese."

"What has your daddy got?"

"Bread and cheese."

"You see, Squire, bread and cheese won't do for the likes of you. However, you have your own way. Have you got your dinner in your pocket, sir?"

"Why—no."

"Now, sir, do you think we can afford the time for the labourer to go all the way home and back again for dinner?"

That argument was irresistible, and Alan went to the Bailiff's house, where he was relieved of the unlucky smock.

Mrs. Bostock gave him some boiled pork and greens, with a glass of beer. That was at twelve o'clock: never had he been so hungry.

After dinner, he fed the pigs. Then he was set weeding, which the Bailiff thought a light and pleasant occupation for an October afternoon.

"I can hardly sit up," he wrote to Miranda that evening, "but I must tell you that I have done my first day's work. At

present I have had no opportunity of conversing with the men, but that will come in due course, no doubt. My only companion to-day has been a boy who laughed the whole time. Good-night, Miranda."

CHAPTER XI.

"The mansion's self was vast and venerable ;
With more of the monastic than has been
Preserved elsewhere : the cloisters still were stable,
The cells, too, and refectory, I ween."

IT is not to be understood that Alan was entirely satisfied with a lonely evening in a two-roomed cottage, or that he ceased altogether his visits at Dalmeny Hall. Occasionally, to be sure—but this was only at the beginning of his career as a peasant—he varied the monotony of the evening by inviting a brother farm-labourer to take supper with him. On these occasions the repast was of a substantial kind, accompanied by coffee, and followed by pipes. But it brought little joy, much less than might have been expected. The beefsteak was eaten with hunger, but in manifest dis-ease; there was no camaraderie as between fellow-workers in the same noble cause; the coffee was accepted as a poor substitute for the beer of the spotted Lion, and conversation flagged. Perhaps, Alan thought, there was some defect in his own mind which checked the sympathy necessary to bring out the full flavour of rustic society, and to enter into its inner soul. Else why should the talk be a series of questions on his part, and of answers on the other, like the Church Catechism? And why should his friend, departing at the earliest hour possible, manifest in his artless features a lively joy that he was now free to seek the shades of the Spotted Lion, and pour forth to friendly ears the complaint of a swain who found a supper too dearly bought at the cost of a night with the Squire.

Once, and only once, Alan ventured within the walls of the tavern. It was in the evening. A full parliament was assembled in the taproom. Every man had his pipe: every man his mug of beer: the windows were close shut: the fire was burning brightly: the petroleum lamp was turned on full: and what with the beer, the tobacco,

the smell of clothes drying slowly in the warm room—for outside it was raining—and the petroleum, the stench was like a London fog, inasmuch as it could be seen, felt, and handled almost, as well as tasted.

When Alan appeared at the door, clad like themselves in corduroys with red handkerchief round his neck, he observed that the same expression gathered slowly, like a cloud rolling up from the west, upon every face. It was not a pleasant expression. There was astonishment in it: there was also disgust: and there was an attempt to force the perfunctory grin of welcome. For every man felt as if he was a schoolboy, and as if Alan was the master. What right, that expression said as plainly as looks can speak, what right had the Squire prying there? As if it was not aggravation enough to have him always about.

Alan read the expression correctly. But he sat down and endeavoured to say pleasant things. The things were not received as pleasant things at all, but of quite the opposite kind. And, as no one would talk while he was there, he came away disheartened. It was not by the taproom that he should get at the real heart of England's peasantry.

As, therefore, the men cared nothing for his society, would rather not have it, and were *gênés* with it as most of us should be had we to spend an evening alone with a duke, and all of us had we to converse with an archangel, Alan fell back upon his own resources, and when he was not devising new things for the improvement of the people, or when he was not too tired physically for further exertion, he began again those visits at Dalmeny Hall which were almost a necessity of his daily life. That he preferred the garb of an English gentleman to that of an English labourer goes without saying: and also that it was a relief beyond the power of words to escape from the narrow limits of his cottage, and find himself in Miranda's room, in the sunshine of her presence, away from the sordid and mean conditions with which he had surrounded himself.

At first, all their talk was of the great experiment and its chances of success, which was as yet uncertain. But when Miranda had other guests, and her own share of talk with Alan was small, he found himself taking interest, as of old, in mundane affairs of

a general nature. It was hard to say whether he returned to his cottage with renewed vigour or with disgust. Certainly it looked meaner and more sordid every day; certain the details of his work appeared more disagreeable; but, on the other hand, he had the sympathy of Miranda, and after each talk with her, the approval of his soul was more largely bestowed upon the Work of his life as he called it (with a capital W), because she, too, thought it great, and worthy, and commendable.

And on Sundays he spent the whole live-long day with Miranda, grudging the lapse of every hour.

In the afternoons, when the morning church, necessary for example's sake to every leader of bucolics, was finished, they would talk. There were the gardens of Dalmeny Hall, set about with lawns and flowerbeds and shady walks; there were the splendid elms and rolling turf of Weyland Park: there the banks of the silver Wey winding round meadows, lawns, and among great trees: or there was the great Hall of Weyland Court itself, or there was its library. Alan was a great talker to Miranda alone. To her he talked like Coleridge, in a full, rich torrent, though perhaps he was not so unintelligible. To the rest of the world he was a man of reserve, respected because he had the courage of his opinions, and a great cause of small talk by reason of his crotchets, hobbies, and flights. A man with the mysterious power which belongs to one who can hold his tongue. Great in the might of silence.

It was out of these talks that was evolved the Abbey of Thelema.

It began one afternoon in January, when for once the north wind slept, and a warm west wind, which did not carry rain with it, brought comfort to the buds which made all the underwood purple, and were already whispering to each other that the spring was coming. As they walked along the river bank, Weyland Court rose at their right, on a low hill, in lawns sloping away on every side. They stood and looked at it.

"It is a beautiful place, Alan," said Miranda for the thousandth time. "What a pity that you cannot live in it still, and carry out your plans in your own place."

"Not yet, Miranda," he replied; "not yet for years; not till a new generation has grown up who can run alone in the path of culture."

"What can you do with it?" she asked.
"It would be a shame to let it."

"I will never let it."

"And it seems a shame that no one lives in it."

The house was in red brick, and stood round a quadrangle open to the south, like one or two courts of the red brick colleges of Cambridge, say the second court of St. John's, or the ivy court of Jesus, or the single court, only that is faced with stone, of pretty Clare. It had a splendid great hall, which we have already seen; it had a chapel, a library, a long drawing-room, running over the whole ground-floor of one side; it had a garden within the quadrangle; its walls were covered with all kinds of creepers; it had a stately gateway of that ornamental iron-work in which the genius of English art seems most to have concentrated itself. On the west and south lay the great gardens; on the north the view stretched across the park over hundreds of acres of splendid land, which, I suppose, ought to be turned into fields arable, but which was rich with wood and coppice and elastic turf. On the east side was planted a thick grove of pines to keep off the English mistral.

The place was erected for a convent, but never fulfilled the purpose of the founder because, after his death—he had been a stupendous sinner, and thought to patch matters up by founding a nunnery—came the dissolution of all the religious orders, and the generous monarch who sent all monks and nuns out into the world, bestowed Weyland Priory, which became Weyland Court, upon the first Dunlop who had ever received the royal favour.

Then Miranda had an idea.

"Alan," she said, "we have talked about all kinds of fraternities, societies, and communities, except one."

"What is that, Miranda?"

"A society where ladies and gentlemen can live together without any aims, either religious, political, or social."

"Is not that the ideal of modern society?"

"But an ideal never reached, Alan. Suppose we formed such a society and placed it at Weyland Court."

"The Galois, and the Galoises were such a society," he replied, laughing. "They lived according to their own lights, which I suppose they thought advanced. But I fear

we cannot imitate them. Then there was the Abbey of Thelema, which seems to meet your case."

"What was the Abbey of Thelema?"

"When we get home, I will read you all about it."

"Then let us go home at once, and you shall read it to us."

They went home. Desdemona was staying with Miranda, her mother being more than usually ill. Alan went to the library, found the first volume of Urquhart's Rabelais, and read about the story of the celebrated Abbey, which, as everybody knows, breaks off short at the very beginning, and tells an expectant world nothing more than how the Abbey was started.

"It is the way with all good things," sighed Miranda. "What I always want is to go beyond the story; I want to find out how they got on with their Abbey. Did the brothers and sisters fall in love with each other? Did they go on living together without quarrels and little jealousies?"

"My dear," said Desdemona the wise, "when the curtain drops, the lovers part, the weeping father dries his eyes, and we all go home to humdrum supper and bed. That is all to be got out of going beyond the story. Believe in the happy moment. The rest is below consideration."

"Ah!" Miranda replied. "But if it were only possible to have such an Abbey."

"Why not?" asked Alan.

"To collect together a band of men and women who would simply lead the pleasantest life attainable, and never forget that they are gentlemen and gentlewomen."

"Why not?" repeated Alan.

"My dear Alan," said Desdemona. "The fact of your extraordinary freedom from young men's follies, though you are yourself a mere boy, makes me hopeful that you mean something."

"I mean," said Alan, "that if you and Miranda could get up such an Abbey, there is Weyland Court for you. First, because it will please Miranda, and secondly, because, while I am trying my experiment in the village, Miranda may try hers with people of culture and see what will come of it."

"But it will cost unheard-of sums," urged Desdemona.

"Weyland Court can afford a good deal. It is only keeping open house for a time."

"Alan!" Miranda clapped her hands.

"If you really mean it—but, of course, you always mean what you say. Quick, Desdemona, dear; let us have pen and paper and begin our new monastery. Only," she hesitated for a moment, "people would say that it is quite too absurd."

"People say what they please," said Alan. "Wild words wander here and there. They say I am doing an absurd thing in working on my farm. That is gravely absurd. Suppose we do an absurd thing which shall have no gravity about it at all, but only be whimsical, and start our Abbey after the rules laid down by Father Rabelais."

"Yes, Alan, let us try it; we have been too grave lately."

"Then, on one condition, Miranda. It is that you become the Lady Abbess, and that Desdemona gives us her help in organising the thing."

"No—no," said Desdemona. "In your own house you must be Abbot, Prior, or whatever you call it."

But Alan was inflexible on this point. He promised to become an active-working brother, so long as it did not interfere with his work in the village; he would attend regularly, dine sometimes, take a leading part in the ceremonies, but Miranda must be the chief.

So it was settled.

"And for the ceremonies," said Miranda, "Desdemona must direct."

"I will do what I can," said Desdemona. "Of course you will have mediæval things revived. You ought to have games, riding at the ring, tournaments, mediæval singing and dancing, and mediæval dresses. All the brothers and sisters will be rich, I suppose."

"All but Tom Caledon," said Miranda; "and if we have Tom Caledon, we must have Nelly, and she is not rich at all. But that does not matter."

"Not at all," said Alan.

"Ah! You two," murmured Desdemona. "What a thing for two young people, not one, which always happens, and which is the reason why this world is so lopsided—What a thing, I say, that you can do what you like without thinking of money! If I could only persuade you to run a theatre on high principles, which would not pay."

"The Abbey first, dear Desdemona," said Miranda. "And when that is done

with, if ever it is, we will have our theatre, and you shall be the manager."

But Desdemona shook her head.

"Women ought not to be managers," she said. "They make bad administrators. There is only one man fit to be the dictator of a theatre. And that is—but I will tell you when we start the new house."

Then they all three went over to Weyland Court and examined its capabilities.

"What do you think?" asked Alan.

"The hall," said Desdemona, "will, of course, be the refectory, and the ball-room as well. Think of dining habitually in so splendid a hall. The lovely drawing-room, which is like that of Guy's Cliff, only longer and more beautiful, will do for our ordinary evenings; I see several rooms which will do for breakfast and morning rooms. There are stables ready for fifty horses: the kitchen is fit for a City company——"

"And rooms," Miranda interrupted, "for as many brothers and sisters as we can take in. Shall we have twenty-four, Desdemona? That seems a good round number to begin with."

But Desdemona thought twenty would be better, and they resolved on twenty.

"Every brother and sister to have two rooms," the girl went on, warming to her work, "and one room for his or her servant. That makes sixty rooms; and there are plenty to spare for guests, without counting the three haunted chambers."

"Oh!" said Alan, "you will have guests?"

"Of course," Desdemona replied. "What is the good of showing the world how to live if nobody comes to see you? You might just as well act to an empty house."

"And whom will you invite to join?" Alan asked.

Miranda threw herself into a chair, and took paper and pen.

"You, Alan, for one. What name will you take? But we will find you one. And you, Desdemona dear, under that name and no other. And I Miranda, because I shall not change my name. That makes three out of the twenty. Then we must ask Adela Fairfax, if only for her beautiful playing. And Edith Cambridge, because she is so beautiful and so clever. And perhaps Major Vanbrugh will join us. And then

there is Tom Caledon. Oh! what an Abbey we shall have!"

So the Abbey was started. And to the County it seemed a more desirable piece of madness than the farm. And nothing gave the world so much satisfaction as the name conferred upon Alan Dunlop. For, as Lucy Carrington told Lord Alwyne, as the brethren never knew what he would do next, they called him Brother Hamlet.

"But what in the name of goodness," asked Sister Desdemona, "are we to do with the Chapel?"

CHAPTER XII.

"We may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we do run at,
And lose by overrunning."

MEANTIME, the days crept slowly on with Alan. To rise at dawn, or before it; to go forth after a hasty breakfast prepared by his own hands, to receive his orders from the bailiff; to get through the day's work as well as he could, feeling all the time that he was the least efficient labourer of the whole twelve hands, or even, counting the boys, of the whole twenty-four, employed upon the farm, a useful but humiliating lesson for the young Oxford man who had been trained in the belief that whatever a gentleman put his hand to, he would immediately do better than anybody else; to wear those confounded corduroys, turned up at the ankles; to meet one's friends in such a disguise that they seldom recognised him; to pass a cavalcade of ladies riding along the road, and to pull his cart—as a carter Alan was perhaps as good as any other man on the estate—out of their way into the ditch; to work on in a field, conscious that a dozen people were leaning over the gate, come forth on purpose to see the Squire attired as a labouring man, carrying out the teaching of the "Fors Clavigera;" to acquire an enormous appetite at the ungodly hour of eleven, and appease it, sitting in a hedge, with great hunks of cold bacon and bread—actually, cold bacon and bread—and other homely cates; to plod home at night to his dismal, damp cottage, there to light a fire and brew a solitary tea

for himself; and after tea to fight against the physical fatigue, which seemed to numb all his faculties at once;—this was the life which Alan for the most part led. As regards his work, he found that he made but an indifferent labourer; that his companions, who undoubtedly excelled him in practical bucolic art, scoffed at him almost before his face; and that, so far from becoming the friend and confidant of the men, he day by day seemed to be drifting further from them. It was from no pride or exclusiveness on his part. He fed the pigs, drove the cows, groomed the horses, carted the manure, hedged and ditched, learned to manage the steam plough, taught himself the great Art and Mystery of Thatching, learned a little rough carpentering, tried to shoe a horse, but got kicked, and grubbed up the weeds as patiently as any old man in the village.

"The busy hours," he said to Miranda, "are doubled by the solitude. The men, among themselves, talk and make merry after their fashion. What they talk about, or what their jokes between themselves are, Heaven only knows. When I come among them they are suddenly silent. Even the boys are afraid of me."

"You will understand them," said Miranda, "after a time."

He shook his head.

"I begin to despair. And in the evening when I should be useful and ready to devise new schemes for their benefit, the weariness is so great, that I sit down in my chair, and, half the week, fall fast asleep."

"And can you live on your wages, Alan?"

Here, I regret to say, he positively blushed, because here, he felt, was the great breakdown of his plan.

"No, Miranda, with all my economy, I spend exactly double what I earn. I cannot understand it. I began with drinking nothing but water and coffee. Yet one gets so confoundedly hungry. How *do* they manage it?"

Not only did he begin with coffee and water, but he began by knocking off tobacco. He would no longer smoke.

"And yet," he said to Miranda, "it made no difference to the people, whether I smoked or whether I did not. They don't seem to care what I do. As for beer, they drink as much as they can get; and as for tobacco, they smoke as much as they can."

"Although," said Desdemona, "you have

sacrificed your interest in Havana, they retain theirs in Virginia. Why not?"

"So I have taken to tobacco again, and I confess I like it."

"And the total abstinence, plan—how does that work?" asked Desdemona.

"I have had to give it up. What is the use of letting the people know that you have given up wine when they cleave to their beer?"

"Exactly," said Desdemona, who could never be taught to sympathise with the grand experiment. "You gave up your allegiance to the grape of Bordeaux, and you fancied they would give up theirs to the barley of the Spotted Lion. Poor enthusiast."

"Well, I have taken to my claret again, now. And, of course, it is absurd to pretend any longer to live within my wages."

"You have been brought up," said Desdemona the sceptic, "to live as all English gentlemen do; that is, well. You tried suddenly, and without preparation, to live as no English gentleman does! that is, on a minimum. What could you expect but a breakdown?"

"Yes," he said, sadly. "It is a breakdown, so far."

"As your daily diet is different from theirs," the woman of experience went on, "so are your thoughts different from their thoughts. Your brain is quickened by education, by generous diet, by freedom from care; theirs are dulled by no education, by low living, and by constant money anxieties. You have travelled and read; they know nothing but what they see. My poor Alan, what sort of minds do you propose to understand with all this trouble?"

"There is a sense in all men," said Alan, "which lies dormant in some, but must be a lingering spark that wants the breath of sympathy to kindle it into flame. It is the spur of all noble actions. I want to light that flame in all their hearts."

"In your rank," said the actress, "they call it ambition, and it is laudable; in theirs, it is discontent, and it is a crime. Would you fly straight in the face of your Church Catechism?"

As the days went on, the physical weariness grew less, Alan became stronger; the pains went out of his legs and arms; he could stoop over a field and go weeding for hours without suffering; he acquired, as we have said, an enormous appetite, and,

probably because he lived better than the rest of the men, he found himself after a time able to sit up in the evening, work, write, and devise things for the good of the village.

First, he began to look into the doings of the Parliament, which had now held a weekly Saturday evening sitting for some six weeks. He discovered on inquiry, that his orders about providing a good supper, with abundance of beer, had been literally and liberally carried out, but that, as no minutes of proceedings were kept, it was impossible for him to discover what, if anything, had been discoursed. What really happened, as he soon found out, was, that the men, after eating the supper and drinking the beer, adjourned without any further debate to the Spotted Lion.

This discovery struck Alan with consternation. He took blame to himself for the carelessness with which he had left the Parliament to its own duties. He ought, he remembered, to have attended at every meeting, to have presided, suggested topics of discussion, and led. But he had always been so tired. One thing, however, was clear. It was not enough to point the way. The rustics required a leader. That he ought to have known all along.

Accordingly on the next Saturday evening, the members of the House of Commons received an intimation by means of a fly-leaf, that supper would no longer be provided, as it appeared to be a hindrance to deliberation.

"You may," Alan wrote, "when you divide your profits from the farm, vote whatever proportion you please to be spent in a weekly supper. Indeed, some such sort of common festal meal, to which the women and children could be admitted, seems most desirable and helpful. But I cannot longer encourage a feast which I designed as a preliminary to serious talk, and which seems to have been converted into a drinking-bout."

"What does the Squire mean by this here, William?" asked the oldest inhabitant.

But William could not explain this unexpected move. It was beyond him. A weekly supper which had lasted for six weeks seemed destined to last forever. When the men recovered sufficiently to discuss the matter, it was considered as an act of meanness beyond any precedent.

On the following Saturday, Alan came to the Parliament, bringing with him a bundle

of papers for discussion. At the hour of assembling, there was no one there at all. Presently the cobbler of the village dropped in casually. After him, pretending not to be his friend, came in a stranger, who practised the art of cobbling in the cathedral town of Athelston, near Weyland. And then the schoolmaster looked in. The cobbler of Athelston, after a decent pause, rose energetically, and asked Alan if this was a place for freedom of speech.

"Certainly, my friend," said the young reformer. "We are met together to discuss all points."

"Then," quoth the cobbler, "I am prepared to prove that there is no God."

Alan assured him that political and social problems, not theological, were the object of the Village Parliament. But he would not be convinced, and after a few withering sarcasms directed against autocrats, aristocrats, and priests, he retired, followed by his friend, the village cobbler, who secretly nourished similar persuasions. There is something in the smell of leather which is fatal to religion.

There was then only the schoolmaster left. He was a moody, discontented man, who chafed at being under the rule of the vicar, and longed for the superior freedom of a school board. Being by right of his profession a superior person, he cherished the companion vices of contempt and envy. These naturally go with superiority; and he came to the Parliament like some of those who go to church, namely, with the intention of scoffing. His intention was gratified, because, as no one came at all, he had the satisfaction of going home and scoffing in his lodgings at the Squire. Alas! a secret scoff within four walls brings no real satisfaction with it. You *must* have two to bring out the full flavour of a scoff. Fancy Mephistopheles enjoying a solitary sneer! That is one reason why hermits are such exceedingly jolly dogs, ever ready for mirth, and credulous to a fault.

"It is no use," said Alan to the schoolmaster, "not the slightest use bringing forward a measure for discussion when there is no one present but you and me. Let us adjourn the house."

As they passed the Spotted Lion together they heard the voices of the rustics in high debate. The taproom was their true House of Parliament.

There was once a good and faithful missionary who, after weeks of unrewarded labour, succeeded one evening in persuading three native boys to mount with him into an upper chamber, there to make inquiry. He naturally began with fervent prayer, and being carried away by fervour, continued this exercise aloud, with eyes closed, for the space of forty-five minutes, or thereabouts. On opening his eyes, this poor labourer found that the three inquirers had stealthily crept away during his uplifting, and were gone.

Alan felt as sad as my friend the missionary. People who will not be led, and to whom it is useless to point the way, must be gently pushed or shoved in the right direction—a truth which Baxter perceived many years ago, and which is illustrated by a well-known tract. Therefore, as self-reform was not to be hoped for, he began to reform the village for them.

First, he opened a shop in the village on the most enlightened co-operative principle. It was that by which the purchasers divide the profits in proportion to their purchases. Alan first proposed to the village shopkeeper that she should exchange her shop for the post of manager under the new system. But she was a person of defective imagination, and could not be persuaded to see the advantages of the offer. Alan then issued a tract, in which he explained exactly and clearly the method to be followed. Every purchase, with the name of the purchaser, was to be entered in a book, and at the close of the year, when the books were made up, the profits were to be divided equitably according to the amount of the purchases. The shop was to be a sort of universal provider. Alan entrusted the management to a young man who promised to give it his undivided care for fifteen shillings a week, rent, fire, and candles. The young man was not pleasant to look upon, but he was highly recommended by his uncle, who had a grocery establishment in Athelston. He was a Particular Baptist by conviction, and ready to preach if invited. He was only eighteen, and had sandy hair, which, of course, was not his fault.

"We must succeed, Miranda," cried Alan, in a sort of rapture, standing in the newly-opened shop. "We sell everything at ten per cent. over cost price. We sell everything of the best, there will be no

adulteration, of course; we give no credit, and consequently have no bad debts. And in our tract we appeal to almost the lowest of all human motives: the desire for gain. It is a system which only has to be stated and understood in order to be adopted at once. Not only will our customers see that they get their tea and other things cheaper, but better, and in the long run that they share in the advantages of honest trade. Good tea," here he clasped the canister to his heart, "good sugar, good rice, good cheese, good flannel—everything good. Why, the village-shop will regenerate the village. And, Miranda, the first step is taken when I have made them discontented with their present condition."

Alan laid in for himself as much tea and groceries as would suffice for ten cottages. Then, in his ardour, he ordered his house-keeper at the Court to use the village-shop; persuaded Miranda to drive into the village and order quantities of things, which she did not want, all of which were paid for on the spot, and got the Vicarage people to patronise it, so that the shop began with a fair stroke of business. One thing only went to mar the general cheerfulness; none of the villagers went into the shop at all, unless when Alan invited them, and, after explaining at length the principles of co-operation, bought articles of domestic consumption for them, and paid for them on the spot. Then they went away, bearing their pounds of tea, and came no more. The reason was, not only the habit of going day after day in the same way, in the fetters of use and wont, but also a more important reason, that they all had "ticks" at the old village-shop which they could not pay off. Alan's only plan would have been to have shut up the ancient establishment, pay all the debts of the village, and start fair. Even then, there would be some of the more dashing spirits who would spend their wages at the Lion, and ask for credit on the very next Saturday.

There was a third hindrance to the success of the shop: one which was as yet unsuspected by its promoters. It was, that the manager, the sandy-haired young man of the name of Hutchings, was contracting the habit of sitting secretly and by night over the ledgers, not with the lawful desire of estimating profit and loss, but with the reprehensible design of cooking the accounts.

As nobody interfered with him, and he gave no receipts, this was not difficult; and as immunity encourages the sinner, he soon prepared two ledgers, in one of which he entered faithfully before the eyes of the purchaser any item, and in the other he divided the purchases by half, and even left them out altogether; and he put the money into his pocket, and went off to the city of Athelston every Saturday evening.

"I hope, George," said his uncle, meeting him, "I do hope that you have had a warning, and are now going straight."

"Ah! yah! there you go," replied his nephew, "always throwing a thing into a poor fellow's face. Why don't you go off and tell the Connection? Why don't you take and write to Squire Dunlop? Ah! why don't you?"

"If you'd been my son," said the man of virtue, "I'd have behaved to you as a parent should—cut your liver out first, and turned you out of the house next."

Which shows what a useful thing is a testimonial, and how, like charity, it may be made to cover a multitude of sins.

Exhilarated by the dream of his shop, Alan prepared the way, by another tract, for his next great move; this was nothing less than a direct blow at the Licensed Victuallers' interests.

"I propose to establish," he said, in the introductory tract which he sent about the village—these were now so numerous that they ceased to interest the village mind at all, any more than the Sunday sermon—"I propose to establish a bar at which only plain and unadulterated beer, sent to the house by the best brewers, shall be sold, with the addition of a very small percentage for management and carriage. The price shall be exactly that which can repay the producer. It will, therefore, cost about half of what you now pay, and will, of course, be infinitely better in quality. Three-fourths of the crime of this country is due, not only to excessive drinking, but to the drinking of bad liquor; and the same proportion of disease is due to the same shameful cause. My shop will be called the 'Good Liquor Bar.' The beer will be drunk on the spot or carried away, to be consumed among your own families, or while you are following your favourite studies. It will be paid for when ordered. The bar will be under the same roof as the shop."

Mr. Hutchings, fortunately, had a young friend in Athelston who, although a sincere Christian and a fellow-member of the Connection, was experienced in the liquor traffic. By his recommendation the young friend was appointed on probation. He was not nice to look at any more than his companion, but good looks go for nothing. The two young men lived together, and when the shop and bar were shut it was pretty to see them innocently making up their double ledgers. On Saturday evenings they put money in their pockets and went off to Athelston together.

"You see, Miranda," Alan explained, when he was offering her a glass of pure beer in the Good Liquor Bar itself, "you see that if we offer them a room with table and chairs, we only perpetuate the waste of time which goes on at the public-house over the way. As they will not do without beer altogether, which we could wish, perhaps they will learn to use the Bar as a house of call, not as a village club. We must wait, however, I suppose, until we have got our reading-room before we shall succeed in getting them to spend the evenings rationally. Already, I think, there are symptoms of a revival; do you not, Miranda? I saw one of them reading my last tract this morning."

"It is the young man they call Will—I—am," said Miranda; "I saw him too. It was he who ordered in the cask of beer at the first Parliament. No doubt he is thinking how to get some advantage to himself out of the new Bar."

"William has not, to be sure, enlarged views," said Alan. "In the lower levels the instinct of self-preservation assumes offensively prominent forms."

"You are looking fagged, Alan," she said in her kindly sympathetic way; "are you taxing your strength too much?"

"We had some heavy work this morning. Nothing more. I am a little disheartened sometimes, that is all. Any little thing like the sight of our friend with the tract, gives me a little encouragement. And then one gets despondent again."

Already he was beginning to feel that culture was not to be suddenly and swiftly made admirable in the eyes of Old England's peasantry.

The Work was, however, as yet far from complete. Alan's designs embraced a great deal more than a Co-operative Shop and a

Good Liquor Bar. His next step was to build a Bath House with a Public Laundry attached. There were hot and cold baths, a swimming bath for men, and another for women. This was an expensive business, and one which he never expected to pay the preliminary outlay. But it was part of his scheme, and in a really eloquent tract he explained that those who regard bathing as a luxury for the rich forget that it is one of the accompaniments of godly living. The institution was to be on the same co-operative principles as the shop and the bar, the profits being divided among the bathers and the washerwomen. He began by setting an example of an early morning tub to the whole parish. No one followed him. He might as well, indeed, have invited the villagers to sit up to the neck in a clear fire for half an hour as ask them to take a cold bath. Bathing, however, he recognised to be a thing which requires gradual training.

"The history of bathing," he said to Miranda, "is a curious chapter in that of civilisation. I do not think either Lecky or Buckle has treated it. Once, indeed, Dr. Playfair made the egregious blunder of stating in the House that for a thousand years nobody ever washed himself. Nothing could be more untrue; what really happened was that the public bath of the whole Roman people became a private luxury reserved for the rich among the Westerns. In England and France the nobles never ceased to enjoy the luxury of a bath, and there are plenty of evidences to show that the poor took it when they could get it. But in England the custom fell out, and it is true that for something like a thousand years poor people have ceased to wash themselves. Heaven only knows what ideas may not come in with the return to personal cleanliness."

When the Bath-rooms were completed, or even before, he began to convert what had been a Dissenting Chapel into a Free Library and Reading Room. This did not cost much. He fitted bookshelves round the walls, filled them with a selection of a couple of thousand volumes, which he partly chose from the Weyland Court Library, and partly bought from catalogues, put in a few chairs and a couple of tables, laid out pens and paper, gave orders for certain papers and magazines, and installed a Librarian.

The Librarian was a pale-faced pupil-teacher, a girl whose delicate constitution

would have broken down under the pressure of rough school-work, and to whom the post of custodian of the Library and Reading Room, at a salary of sixty pounds a year, was a little heaven. She was the first convert whom Alan Dunlop made in the village. Like another Cadijah, she was an enthusiast. Mr. Dunlop was her prophet: she read all his tracts and kept supplies of them for her friends; she absorbed all his theories, and wanted to carry them right through to their logical conclusion; she preached his doctrines in season and out of season. To her Mr. Dunlop was the greatest thinker, the noblest of men, the wisest of mankind. Needless to add that a tract appeared as soon as the Library and Reading Room opened, pointing out the advantages to be derived from serious study and the enormous superiority of the Reading Room as a place of comfort over the Spotted Lion.

"And now," said Miranda, when she came with Desdemona to admire the Library, "now, Alan, that you have done everything that you can for the villagers, I suppose you will give up living among them and come back again to your own place?"

"Everything, Miranda? I have as yet done next to nothing; if I were to withdraw myself, the whole fabric which I have begun to build up with so much care would at once fall to pieces. Besides, I have only just begun, and there is nothing really completed at all."

"Well, Alan, go on; I can sympathise with you, if I can do nothing else," said Miranda gently.

They were in the Library, which had been open a week. It was in the evening, a fine evening in early January, when the frost was out on the flooded meadows. No one was in the Library but themselves, Desdemona, and the young Librarian, who was gazing with large rapt eyes at her prophet.

"Go on, Alan. There are only Prudence Driver and ourselves to hear you. Prudence will not gossip in the village. Tell us what you think of doing next."

"I have not decided quite on the next step. There are so many things to do. Among other plans, I am going to organise for the next winter—not for this—a series of weekly lectures on such scientific subjects as can be made popular. Astronomy, for instance, practical chemistry, and so on—things that can be made interesting by means

of oxy-hydrogen slides, diagrams, and experiments. Some of the lectures I shall give myself. Some I shall have to pay for."

"These will not come out of the profits of the farm, I suppose?" said Desdemona, who really was a Didymus for want of faith.

"No, it would not be fair; the lectures will be for the whole village, and will be my own gift to them. Of course they will be free. If only I could get the men out of that wretched habit of abstracting their thoughts the moment one begins to talk. Then I shall have a night-school; a shed where we can drill the younger men and boys——"

"And, oh! something for girls, Mr. Dunlop," pleaded the young Librarian. "Everything is done for the boys, and the girls are left to grow up as useless and as frivolous as—as—as their sisters."

"You shall take the girls under your charge, Prudence," said Alan kindly, "and I will do for them whatever you think best. Consider the thing carefully, and propose something for the girls."

"Next," he went on, "I mean to have a Picture and Art Gallery."

"A picture gallery? For rustics, Alan?" Miranda was amazed, and even Prudence, prepared for any length, gasped. Desdemona sat down and fanned herself, though it was a cold night.

"A Picture and Art Gallery," he repeated. "Why should Art belong only to wealthy people? Are we not to suppose a love of beautiful things—a feeling for form and colour—to exist in the minds of our poor? Tell me, Prudence, child, what you think?"

She shook her head.

"My father is one of them," she said, "and my brothers and sisters. I think there is no such love of Art as the books tells us of among them."

She had the Library all to herself and browsed in it at her will, so that she could speak of books with authority.

"It is only latent," said Alan. "The contemplation of beautiful things will awaken the dormant sense. My pictures will be only copies, Miranda, and my collection of other things will be a loan collection, for which I shall put all my friends under contribution. Prudence is going to be the first Curator of the Gallery."

The girl's eyes sparkled. This was too much happiness.

"And then, Miranda," Alan went on, "I am going to have festivals and dances for the people. They are stupid because they get no amusements; they have no amusements because those who have taken charge of them, the clergy, have fostered an idiotic notion that amusements such as people like—those which stir the pulses and light up the eyes and fill the brain with excitement—are wicked. It is wicked, the people have been taught, to dance. It is wicked to dress up and act; it is wicked to go to theatres, though, to be sure, our poor folk have got small chances of seeing a play. Now, I am going to start in my village a monthly ball for Saturday night, at which the dances will be the same as you have at your own balls—the young people will soon learn them, I believe; I am going to build a small theatre and run a country company for a month in the year, without thinking whether it will pay; I am going to encourage them to try acting for themselves as an amusement; I shall train a band of village musicians, and establish a madrigal club; I shall hold festivals, to which the people can invite their friends from other villages, and which shall be directed by themselves as soon as they have learned the art of self-government; and I am going to organise expeditions to distant places, to London, for instance, in order to teach the people how wide the world is, and how men and women live in different fashion."

"That sounds very beautiful, Alan," said Miranda, "if it is feasible. But do you think it is?"

"I hope so—I think so. At least, we can try it."

"And how long will your experiment take?"

"All my life, Miranda," he answered, meeting her look, which had an expression almost of pleading, with an inspired gaze of enthusiasm.

She left him and drove home, sorrowful. All his life! To live all the years of his life in that little cottage; to work every day at rough and thankless farm-work; to toil every evening for the slow and sluggish folk. Surely even the "Fors Clavigera" did not exhort to such self-sacrifice.

Always, every Sunday, as the weeks went on, Miranda thought Alan more melancholy

over his experiment. And there was always the same burden of lament.

"I cannot enter into their minds, Miranda."

No talk of giving up the work; no leaving the plough and turning back; only confession of failure or of weakness.

"If I could only understand their minds!"

The autumn deepened into winter; winter passed away, and spring, and summer found Alan Dunlop still plodding among the furrows all the day, and working for the rustics all the evening. But he grew worn and downcast, finding no fruit of all his toil.

CHAPTER XIII.

"But none were 'gênés': the great hour of union
Was rung by dinner's knell: till then all were
Masters of their own time—or in communion
Or solitary as they chose to bear
The hours."

A MONASTERY which has no fixed rules may yet have certain practices. Among these was one that no brother or sister should be called in the morning, unless by special arrangement. The father of this custom was a philosophical brother who held that the time to go to bed is when you can no longer keep your eyes open, and the time to get up when hunger compels you. Naturally, this brother was always last at breakfast.

It is not easy, with every desire for innovation, to improve very much on the national custom of breakfast. Some took a cup of coffee at eight and breakfasted at eleven, in French fashion. One or two, including Desdemona, breakfasted in their own rooms. No one, said Desdemona, ought to be expected to be in good spirits, to say clever things, or to be amusing in the morning. She added that her experience of life taught her that good temper is not a thing so abundant as to be lavishly squandered over foolish extravagancies early in the day, but to be carefully guarded and even hoarded for the evening when it is wanted to crown and complete the day. For this reason she kept her own room. For the rest separate tea and coffee sets were provided for every one, and they came down at any time, between eight and one or two, which seemed good.

On the morning after her reception, Nelly

appeared at half-past eleven, a little ashamed of herself for lateness. Tom was in the breakfast-room waiting for her. Miranda had long since gone to Dalmeny Hall. There was a melodious tinkling of music in the corridor as she passed the sisters' rooms. There was a rehearsal of a new two-act piece going on in the theatre; and there was all the bustle and sound of a big house in full swing for the rest of the day. Only her fellow-novice, Brother Peregrine, was still at breakfast. Nelly took a chair beside him, and Tom began to run about getting her things.

"Sister Rosalind is not fatigued, I hope?" asked Brother Peregrine with more anxiety than Tom thought altogether called for.

"Thank you; not at all," replied the girl, attacking breakfast with the vigour of twenty; "I never am tired after a ball. What makes me tired is sitting at home with mamma."

"Still, that must be delightful for her," said Mr. Exton.

"Not delightful at all, I assure you. We only quarrel. Don't we, Tom, especially when there is some one to quarrel about?"

Tom laughed and declined to compromise himself by any statements on Mrs. Despard's domestic manners and customs. Mr. Exton began to draw conclusions.

"I am very late, Tom," she went on, "Give me some tea, please. We might have had a ride before breakfast. Why did you not send somebody up to call me?"

"We will ride after breakfast instead."

"And now, tell me, what do we do all day in the Abbey? And how do you amuse the sisters?"

"We all do exactly what we please," said Tom—"the sisters paint, play music, practise theatricals, consult about dress, ride, walk,—and, in fact, they are perfectly free to act as they think best."

"Of course," said Nelly, "else I should not have come here. That was the reward you held out if I would come. There are no duties, I suppose; no chapel six times a day, for instance."

"Absolutely none. There are not even calls to be made. The sisters have decided that they are not bound to return visits while in the Abbey."

"Now, that is really delightful. All my life long I have been yearning to escape from the round of duties. They were bad enough at school, and most intolerably stupid, but sometimes now I think they

seem even far worse. Have you duty letters to write constantly, Mr. Exton?"

"Pardon me, Sister Rosalind—Brother Peregrine. I have no duty letters, now that I have left India."

"Brother Peregrine, then—do you have to drive round in a one-horse brougham leaving cards? Do you have to remember how long since you have written to people you care nothing about? Those are my duties. And very, very hard work it is. But now that I am here, Tom, I expect to be amused. What will you do for me?"

"I will ride with you, dance with you, act with you, talk to you, walk with you, and fetch and carry for you."

"That is very good, and just what I expected," she replied. "And what will you do for me, Mr. Exton?"

"Pardon me, Sister Rosalind—Brother Peregrine," he corrected again, gravely.

"Brother Peregrine. Then what will your brothership do?"

"I can do some of the things which Brother Lancelot proposes. Perhaps I can do a few which he has not proposed."

"What are they? I am very easily amused, so long as I am kept in good temper; am I not, Tom?"

Tom laughed.

"Can you be frivolous?" she asked. "Can you be mischievous? Can you make me laugh? Tom breaks down just at that point. He can't make me laugh. Can you—can you, Brother Peregrine, become, to please me, Peregrine Pickle?"

The face with the myriad crows' feet grew profoundly grave.

"To be frivolous," said its owner, "without being silly has been my aim and constant object in life. I studied the art in the Northwestern Provinces, where there was nothing to distract one. What shall I do? I can juggle for you. I can tame serpents; I can make apple-trees grow in the ground before your eyes; I can swallow swords; I can make little birds come out of the palm of my hand—"

"You shall have an evening at the theatre," said Tom, "and show off all your conjuring tricks."

"I can sing to you, after a fashion; make songs for you, after a fashion; play the guitar too, still after my fashion. I could even do acrobatic tricks and walk on my

hands, or stand on my head if that would please you."

"It would, indeed!" Nelly cried with enthusiasm. "I have never seen a grown man walking on his hands. It would please me very much."

"Well," interposed the young man she called Tom, "you are not going to be entirely dependent on us two for your amusements. Let us look at the day's engagements."

He took a card from a silver stand on the breakfast-table. It was like the *menu* of a big dinner, being printed in gold letters on coloured card with edging and border-work of very dainty illumination.

"This is the list of the day's engagements," Tom went on. "Of course no one is engaged, really, because here we all do what we please. But there seemed no other word that quite met the case. Desdemona draws it up for us every day. Sometimes it remains the same for several days together. Sometimes it varies. I will read it to you while you finish breakfast.

"THE ABBEY OF THELEMA,

"Engagements of Tuesday, July 10, 1877.

"11 A.M. Brother Bayard will deliver a lecture in the hall on the Eastern Question, and the duty of England at the present Juncture. Admission by the western door for the Order."

"At eleven?" asked Nelly. "But it is half-past now. And besides,"—she pulled a long face—"one hardly went through the trouble of being received and everything in order to have the privilege of hearing lectures. Is it, after all, only like the Crystal Palace? 11—Lecture. 12—the Blue Horse. 1.30—the Band. 2.30—the Burlesque. Tom, I am disappointed. After all, it is useless to expect anything from life but what one has already got."

"When you have quite finished," said Tom, gravely, "you will let me remind you that you have not yet mastered the first rudiments of the Order. '*Fay ce que voudras.*' If you feel any yearning to give a lecture, go and give one; if you want to hear anybody else's lecture, go and attend. I suppose that Brother Bayard has been reading all sorts of pamphlets and papers on

the Eastern Question, and he got his head full. It is much better that he should work off the thing in a lecture, than that he should keep simmering over it, writing a book about it, or troubling the peace of the Abbey with it."

"Then we need not go to the lecture?"

"Certainly not. If you like we will look in presently and see how large an audience he has got together. And if you really take an interest in the subject, you will very likely find it published next Saturday in the *Abbey Gazette.*"

"Have you a newspaper here, then?"

"There are three. The *Gazette* is the official organ, which generally comes out, unless the editor forgets, on Saturday morning. In the *Gazette* everything is published which the members of the Order like to send—verses, love stories, articles, anything."

"How delightful! May I send something?"

Visions of glory floated for a moment before Nelly's eyes. Yes, she, too, would be a poet, and write verses for the *Thelema Gazette.*

"I ought to mention one drawback," Tom went on; "I believe nobody ever reads the *Gazette.* But, if you send anything and tell me of it, I'll make a point of reading it."

"Thank you," said Nellie. "An audience of one doesn't seem much, does it? I think it must be hardly worth while writing verses for one person."

Brother Peregrine here remarked, that in his opinion, that was the chief charm of verse writing.

"Then there are two other papers," Tom continued, "edited and written by two members of the Order, known to ourselves as Brother Benedick and Sister Awdry. They run their novels through the papers, I believe, and Rondelet, whom we call Parolles, because he is all words, contributes leading articles to inculcate the doctrines of the Higher Culture. Nobody reads either of these papers. I forgot to say that you will find their editors in private life most delightful people. In public they squabble."

"Who is Mr. Rondelet?"

"He is a fellow of Lothian, Oxford." Tom looked as if he did not care to communicate any more about Rondelet. "Let us go on with our engagements for the day."

"At 12.30—Organ Recital, by Sister Cæcilia."

"It is exactly like the Crystal Palace," cried Nelly.

"Only without the people. Fancy having the Palace all to yourself and your own friends; fancy acting, singing, dancing, just as you liked, without the mob."

"If I acted," said Nelly, only half convinced, "I should like somebody to be looking at me."

Tom did not contest the point, but went on.

"At 2.30 P.M.—Polo in the Park, if the Brothers like to play."

"I shall go for one," said Tom, with brightened eyes.

"So shall I," said the brother they called Peregrine.

"We will play on opposite sides," said Tom, jealous already of the newly-elected brother.

Mr. Roger Exton nodded, and went on with the cold beef.

"At 5 P.M.—The Abbess will receive in the Garden."

"I forgot to tell you, Nell, that the Sisters have their own afternoons. There is no necessity to hamper ourselves with the divisions of the week, and as there are now ten of you, we shall have to give you the tenth day. The days are announced in the morning list of engagements. Of course nobody is obliged to go. Mostly we go into the garden at five when it is fine, and find some one there with a table and a teapot."

"When I have my afternoon, Tom, will you be sure to come?"

"Of course I will." Then their eyes met and dropped with a light smile, as if they had memories common to both and perhaps pleasant.

"May I come, too, Sister Rosalind?" asked the man of a thousand crows' feet, noticing the look and smile while he drank his tea.

"Certainly, Mr. Exton."

"Brother Peregrine—I beg pardon, Sister Rosalind," he corrected gravely for the third time.

"At 6 P.M.—Carriages will be ready for those who want to drive. Brothers who want a dog-cart must give early notice at the stables."

"Carriages?" Nelly asked with a laugh.

"Have you any number of carriages?"

"I think there are a good many. Alan has half a dozen of various kinds that belong

to the place, Miranda has sent over hers, and a good many of the Fraternity have sent down horses and traps of all sorts. So that we can turn out very respectably."

"I think, Tom," said Nelly, "that if you would go to the stables and say that you want a dog-cart for six o'clock, you might drive me about and show me the country."

"May I sit behind?" asked the crow-footed one, gently and humbly.

Tom scowled on him.

"Certainly you may," said Nelly, "if you like sitting behind."

"I do like sitting behind—sometimes," he replied.

Then Tom went on with the list.

"At 7.30 P.M.—Dinner. Choral night. That means," he explained, "that the band will play and the boys will sing. Do you like hearing music and singing during dinner?"

"I never tried it," the girl replied. "If it was not noisy music I might like it. One ought to think of one's neighbours at dinner; that is the most important rule."

Mr. Exton said that self-preservation was the first law of life, and that he always thought of eating as the first characteristic of dinner.

"At 9.30—Performance of an entirely new and original comedietta in two acts in the Theatre of the Abbey. Stage manager, Sister Desdemona."

"Ah!" sighed Nelly; "that all seems very delightful. And what do we do after dinner, Tom?"

"Isn't that enough, child? After that we shall probably meet in the drawing-room. This is like all other drawing-rooms. Somebody sings; somebody plays; if a waltz is played, perhaps two or three couples may go round the room as if they were waltzing. I can go no farther, Nelly; your imagination must supply the rest."

"And do you always live like this?" She heaved a deep sigh of content. "Always?"

"Yes, while we are in the Abbey."

"And is no one ever cross?"

"Never, unless in their own rooms."

"Does nobody's mamma ever come down and order some unfortunate sister back again to home and duty?"

"No, that has never happened yet."

"Do you have guests?"

"Yes; but they are not allowed to get

cross either. Everybddy in this Abbe is always in the best possible of tempers. It is impossible to be anything but pleasant in this fortress of happiness."

"Did you—ever—ask—mamma, for instance," Nelly put this question slowly, as if it was a poser, "to join the Abbey for a few days?"

"I do not think we have," replied Tom, with a light in his eyes; "I cannot ask her for my own part, you know."

"Well, Tom, until you have asked her, I decline to believe that your Château Gaillard is impregnable. However, if your tempers are always perfect, your days are surely sometimes a little dull. Now, without falling into temper, which is, after all, an ill-bred thing to do, it is quite possible for young persons of my sex to get together and say unkind things about each other. Do the sisters—oh, Tom, tell me this—do they never show a little—just a little—envy, and hatred, and uncharitableness about some one's dress—or—perhaps—certain attentions paid to some one?"

"I really think, never."

"Then," said Nelly, rising from the table and putting her little foot down firmly, "this is a heaven beyond which I never care to go."

"In the North-west Provinces——" began Brother Peregrine.

"Does that anecdote," interrupted Nelly, "bear upon the Abbey, or upon juggling, or upon walking on your hands?"

"On the last," he replied, with a certain sadness.

"Then it will wait, I think. Come, Tom, it is getting late. Let us go and see the lecturer."

"I forgot to say," said Tom, as they walked along the corridor which led to the hall, "that some of the sisters have mornings. Would you like to receive in the morning?"

"It sounds pleasant. What do you go at a morning reception?"

"Nothing. You receive. Any one may call on you in your own cell. They call them cells, but really all are beautiful boudoirs; and some, Desdemona's for instance, are large rooms."

"But perhaps only one would call."

"Well, Nelly?"

"But, then, it would give rise perhaps, to wicked tongues."

"There are no wicked tongues in this place. We all live as we like; we never think evil, or speak evil, of each other. 'A perfect trust,' Miranda says, 'is the true groundwork for the highest possible form of society.' Give up your worldly ideas and be a true Sister of the Order, and, like your namesake in 'As You Like It,' 'forget the condition of your estate, and devise sports.' Let us be happy together while we can, Nelly."

"Yes, Tom," she replied prettily and humbly, while his hand sought hers for a moment.

"What morning will you have," Tom asked. "Let me see—Sunday——"

"Oh! Tom, you heathen—church on Sunday."

"Monday—Tuesday—Wednesday; I think no one has a Wednesday, and you can receive between twelve and two."

"Yes, I see; all comers. Perhaps only one comer; what an opening! And just suppose, Tom, only suppose for a moment that you were that one comer, and that all of a sudden mamma was to arrive suddenly, and catch me receiving you all by myself. Oh—h!"

"I don't know, I really do not know, what she could say worse than what she said at Ryde. However, here is the hall-door. Hush! we must not disturb the lecturer."

There were no signs of a crowded audience, quite the contrary; everything was still and deserted, but they heard the voice of the orator within. Tom pulled a curtain aside and they looked in. The hall was quite empty. Nobody was there at all, except the lecturer. He was provided with a platform, on which were the usual table, *carafe* of water, and glass, with a desk for his manuscript. In front of the platform rows of empty seats. The lecturer, who was just finishing, and had indeed arrived at his peroration, was leaning forward over the table on the points of his fingers, while in earnest tones, which echoed and rang along the old hall, he spoke.

"Yes, my friends," he was saying, "all these things point in one direction, and only one. This I have indicated. Standing, as I do, before an audience of thoughtful men and women, deeply penetrated as I am with the responsibility of words uttered in this place, I cannot but reiterate, in the strongest terms, the convictions I have already stated.

Shall then, I ask, shall England tamely submit.—”

Tom dropped the curtain.

“Come,” he whispered, “we have heard enough. Let us go back. That is the way we inflict our opinions on each other. I lectured the other day myself.”

“Did you, Tom? What on?”

“On the Inconveniences of a Small Income. Nobody came, indeed I did not expect anybody, and I spoke out like Cicero.”

“Indeed,” said Nelly; “I have always thought, when men will talk politics at dinner, how very pleasant it would be for each man to have said all he had to say by himself for a quarter of an hour before dinner. Then we might have rational conversation.”

“Your rational conversation, Nell. I like it though. The prettiest prattle in the world to me.”

She looked in his face and laughed.

“Let me go and put on my habit. That sort of speech is dangerous, Tom.”

When she returned, she found the horses waiting, and Brother Peregrine mounted, too, ready to go with them.

“I found your horses walking about,” he said. “May I join your ride?”

Of course he might, Nelly said. Tom thought it the most confounded impertinence, and rode off in stately sulkiness.

“Now,” he said to himself, “she is going to flirt with the fellow, because he has got ten thousand a year. She’s the most heartless, cold-blooded—”

And after the little ride he had pictured to himself, *solus cum solâ*, along the leafy lanes, listening to her pretty talk, so frank and yet sometimes so cynical. You can’t thoroughly enjoy the talk of a lovely damsel when it is shared by another fellow, and he a possible rival. As the old ballad says, in verse which means well, but is rugged:

“Along the way they twain did play,
The Friar and the Nun:
Ever let twain alone remain
For companie: three is none.”

But the day was bright and the sun warm, and Nelly gave him a good share of talk, so that Tom recovered his temper and came home in that good-humour which befits a brother of Thelema.

There was no polo after luncheon, be-

cause nobody except Tom appeared anxious to play, not even the new brother, whom Tom found, with a pang of jealousy, surrounded by the sisters, doing Indian tricks to their unbounded delight. He made them find rings in their pocket-handkerchiefs, watches in their gloves, and bracelets in their sleeves. Then he called his Indian servant, who brought a bag of little clay balls and sat down before him playing a tum-tum, a necessary part, the conjurer explained, of his incantations. He took the little balls in his hand one after the other, and they changed into singing-birds and snakes, which worked round his wrist and made as if they would bite. Then he planted one in a flower-pot and covered it with a basket. When he took the basket off for the first time there was a tender little plant; when he took it off the second time there was a little tree in blossom; and when he took it off for the third time there was a little tree in full fruit. All this was very delightful, and more delightful still when he took a sword, and vehemently smote, stabbed, and hacked his servant, who had done nothing, and therefore took no hurt. And, lastly, he covered the servant over with a big basket, and when he took that off, behold! he was gone.

After the Indian tricks some of them went into the gardens. There was at Weyland Court a garden which had been constructed somewhere about the thirteenth century, and remained ever since untouched. It had an immensely high and thick hedge along the north and east sides. It was oblong in shape, and surrounded on all sides by two terraces. You passed by stone steps from the higher terrace to the other; on the upper was a sun-dial, round whose face was carved a Latin inscription in old-fashioned characters; in the middle of the garden was a fountain. It was planted with roses and with the flowers dear to our grandmothers: wall-flowers, double stocks, sweet-williams, candytuft, and so forth. All sweet-smelling flowers, but no gaudy beds patterned in uniformity of red and blue and yellow. There were no walks, but grass grew everywhere between the beds, turf green and well kept, on which on warm mornings one might lie and bask. Low seats were here, too, on which were spread cushions and soft things of rich colours which contrasted against the soft green of the turf and

the splendour of the flowers. Here Miranda held to-day her five o'clock tea, and while some played lawn tennis and others practised archery, she received those who came to talk lazily, lying in the grass or sitting beneath the shade, while Cecilia sang old French songs to the accompaniment of a zither; and Nelly's merry laugh, like the ripple of a shallow brook over the pebbles, was music sweeter to one ear at least than all the harmonies that can be produced from zither or from lute.

The monastic names were a *gêne* to some; to others the names fitted naturally. Tom Caledon, for instance, who was Brother Lancelot on days of ceremony, was more easily addressed as Tom. But Desdemona, Cecilia, and one or two others wore their names always. Nelly, to those who had not known her before, was the prettiest and most natural Rosalind in the world. There was something outlandish in Mr. Roger Exton's good-humour, quiet persistency, and cleverness which made the whole Brotherhood address him habitually as Peregrine. On the other hand, Rondelet, Alan Dunlop, and one or two others had monastic names which in a way were deceptive, so that these were seldom used. You cannot be always calling a man Hamlet, because you do not know

what he will do next; nor Parolles, not because he is a braggart, but because he is all words and talks about everything.

When the shadows of the July day began to lengthen they gradually left the garden, and went, some driving, some walking. Tom did not take out the dog-cart that day, but strolled with Nelly in the Park and beneath the glorious woods.

"If mamma knew that you were here, Tom," she whispered, "I should be ordered home at once. What am I to say when I write? I *must* tell who is here."

"Shall I go, Nell?"

She shook her head.

"That would spoil all. I will mention your name in the middle of all the others, instead of first, and write it quite small and drop a blot upon it. Then, perhaps, she will not notice."

Poor Tom! Then he really was first in her mind.

"And if she says anything, why then, I will tell her you have promised to abstain from foolishness."

"Foolishness!" echoed Tom, with a sigh. "But we are to have plenty of walks and talks together."

(To be continued.)

A SUMMER HOME.

WHERE the long hillside's creviced, ledgy stair
 Meets the clear river in its valley flight,
 Arises steeply to a turf-crowned height
 The brown sand-bank and fronts the river there.
 Pure, murmurous winds breathe through a stiller air;
 Thick willows wave; beneath the solstice-light
 Besilvered currents purl by pebbles bright;
 The facets twinkle of gray boulders bare;
 And in the water, lightly to and fro,
 The shadows pass of many speedy wings,
 As, from the burrowed nests that snugly lie
 Within the sandy shore, the swallows go
 Out on the buoyant air, with twitterings,
 And hearts that needs must quickly homeward fly.

C. L. CLEVELAND.

COMMUNISM.

II.

IN the second part of this essay I purpose to speak of modern Communism, which, for convenience, I have divided into two divisions: the first comprising religious, the second economic communism. By the term religious communism, I would not be understood to mean a communism existing among a people, and merely intertwined with their religion, as we find in the Hindooism of the Indian Peninsula. Its religion, in its many varieties, is an integral portion of the constitution of Hindostan, but the communism of India pertains to, is embodied in, and has sprung from the political constitution of the family rather than from the prevailing religion, or any antecedent forms of it. Buddhism, even, sanctions communism, but communism existed in India long before Buddhism. Nor, under the term religious communism, would I class the system which obtains in certain monastic orders of the Christian Church. In the priesthood communism is a matter of discipline much more than of faith, and is called into being by other causes than religion. The necessities of the times, the state of society, the exigencies of the church, real or supposed, gave it birth. Communism is not inculcated by any distinctively religious doctrine of Catholicism. As used in the monastic orders, it secures obedience, the elimination of influences which destroy, or tend to destroy, supreme authority in a central power, and divert attention from a special object; it is, therefore, a matter of economy rather than religion. The name religious communism is more properly applied to one which springs directly from principles native to a religion, as in the commune of early Christians at Jerusalem. This is an interesting phenomenon, an offspring of the chief fact in history—the promulgation of Christian doctrines. What was the position of these Christians, and how came communism among them?

For us, who are accustomed from early years to think and speak familiarly of

the principles of Christ's teaching, it is difficult to realize the situation the early Jewish professors of Christianity held towards their faith. It might be impossible for us to do so were it not for recurring periods of religious revival—disturbing and unsettling times—seasons when the soul is shaken to its foundation, and more or less suddenly opened to the realities of existence—the infinities of hope and despair, of joy and sorrow, of love and hate, of heaven and hell, of time and of eternity. If we compare the attitude of mind observable in revival times with what we are told of the first Christians—with the glimpses of their life and thought given us in Scripture; the professions of the apologists; the habits, rites, and practices which Pliny tells us prevailed among the eastern converts; with the philosophies which arose out of Grecian life, and were used as explanatory of, or in opposition to, the teaching of Christ—if we compare revival with early Christian times, there will be found a very great similarity between them. The manifestations which accompanied the preaching of Wesley are intensified among the disciples at Jerusalem; the same effort after union with the Divine by means of an ecstasy is observable.

We are directly assured that a communism of a more or less pronounced character obtained in Judea, but have no reliable information that it extended, likewise, to converts of Greece and Rome. The Greek had neither law nor religion to bequeath to the world; the Roman, neither religion nor philosophy; the Hebrew, neither philosophy nor law. The Greeks were philosophical, the Romans were legal, and the Jews were religious in thought and feeling. The opposition given by Greece to the spread of Christian doctrine was philosophical argument. Rome opposed it with the power of her law. But neither law nor philosophy could meet the new doctrines on the basis of religion; they were, therefore, weak opponents, though the one was directed by

the deep thought of Plotinus and the skill of Julian, and the other was enforced by the brutality of Nero and the vigour of Trajan. It was found in the contest that law and philosophy, occupying a different ground from, were not so much opposed to, Christianity as had been imagined, and a compromise arose. The new religion filled a void which neither of its opponents could reach—a void which it was the only available means of filling. Christianity, therefore, triumphed. Religious ideas found an easy entrance into the heathen world, and were as much a clear and undeniable gain to the Gentile as they afterwards proved to the Vandals or the Goths.

The Jews were differently circumstanced in three particulars. In the first place, they had a religion strictly so called—a religion which, in all the events of their lives, guided them from the cradle to the grave, and pointed to a hereafter; a religion which neither the force, fraud, nor cruelty of eighteen centuries; neither the philosophical acumen nor logical subtlety of the acutest intellects; neither the most fervent piety, the most proselytizing zeal, nor religious devotion; neither the declarations of prophecy, the experience of the past, the example of the present, nor the warning of the future, have been able to alter in any material degree. They were carefully trained in religion, and had an elaborate form of symbolic worship consistently worked out. In the second place, they were, or deemed themselves to be, a people specially favoured of Heaven, of special religious merit, and—though not in the Puritan sense of the word—elect. They were elect, not individually, but collectively, as a people, children of Abraham. Thirdly, like the Greeks and Romans, the Jews were exclusive, but in a peculiar way; to them the Gentile was common and unclean. The Greek's aversion to the outside world was chiefly national, and when the state, the embodiment of the nation, was broken down, his exclusiveness melted away. The Jew was exclusive in a religious sense. When his nation was destroyed, and brought under Roman power, he took refuge in the citadel of his worship; his exclusiveness, so far from dying, was, by opposition and oppression, rendered more intense.

In addition to the trials undergone by the Gentile convert in his conversion to Christianity, the Jew had to revolt from and break with

his religious national merit and religious exclusiveness. The new doctrine was a protest against and a denial of these. National merit was of no avail, exclusiveness a false principle, and religion at once individual and universal. The converted Jew had to reverse the order and habit of his thinking. In matters of religion he had to make a change similar to that which, in morals, Socrates required of the men of his day; he had to change the unit of salvation from the state to the individual.

Besides the revolt from a former faith, there are three principles in the New Testament which seem to have been instrumental in the production of communism at Jerusalem: the brotherhood of man, the autonomy of the soul, and Christian love or charity. In a social and historical, as well as in a religious point of view, these principles are of prime importance, and are necessarily connected with each other. Upon the first two it will not be necessary to make special remark: the third calls for more extended notice.

The brotherhood of man, upon which, as a physical fact, all scientists are agreed, is first taught as a religious principle and with a religious bearing. In ancient states, as in ancient families, it is very far from being acknowledged. In Greece, Rome, and Judæa, it was practically and in words denied. To the Greek every other nation is barbarian. The Roman acknowledges two peoples, his own and the Greek. The Jew ranks Greek and barbarian in the same unenviable catalogue of gentile. Even in this century, with the accumulated enlightenment of past ages, no matter how broadly we may at times speak, and how much we may have become emancipated from the narrow views of old, the brotherhood of man is by no means so clearly declared in our ethics or our laws as it is laid down in the teaching of Christ.

The autonomy of the soul, a principle without which our civilization would probably be as stationary as that of China or India, is inseparable from the Christian system. When Socrates asserted the position of the individual, as a distinct moral entity, apart from his state, and laid that as a foundation for the schools of Greece, something was done in declaring man's importance and integrity. When, again, by the laws of Rome, special rights were conferred upon citizens *singuli*, an acknowledgment of the same prin-

ciple was made that operated greatly to the advantage of mankind. But as the sphere of law is narrow compared with that of morality, and as the interests of morality merge in the higher claims of religion, so the benefits conferred by Greek speculation and Roman law upon the individual sink into insignificance, when contrasted with the degree of independence, the value, the rights and obligations attached to him by the great Teacher of mankind.

In the third principle, that of Christian love or charity, Christianity comes into contact with the developed philosophy of Greece. The fullest form of Grecian thought is stoicism, with cosmopolitanism as its most prominent principle—a principle which attracted the finest intellects of Greece, and was almost universally held in the eighteenth century of the Christian era. It permeates the thought of Addison, Burke, and Johnson, of Montesquieu, Voltaire, and Rousseau, of Kant, Hegel, and of Goethe.

Both cosmopolitanism and charity pertain to individuals, and call upon the disciple for a renunciation. So far they agree. In other respects they differ. The "wise man" was the cosmopolitan. He was a "citizen of the world," not because he belonged to any particular country, but for the reason that he belonged to no country whatsoever, either Greek or barbarian. He had no political ties. He was a thinking monad, a pure intelligence, that looked indifferently upon bond and free; his life was one of pure contemplation, unruffled and uninformed by any wave of circumstance. The claims of friendship, of family, of kindred, or of country were far beneath him. The attitude he bore towards these was one of continual protest, or, to use a word from Carlyle, "an everlasting *No*." In himself there was all fullness; he was self-complete, self-contained, and solitary. The rights and claims of self and abstract existence engrossed his attention; and, like the gods of Epicurus, the wise man never ceased contemplating his own excellence. In a word, he was a consistent and unalloyed egoist. Such was the highest moral conception of Greek speculation; such was it to live "according to nature." One would imagine that the upholders of the selfish theory of ethics would find in stoicism the fullest as well as most attractive embodiment of their principles, and in the stoic that selfish propensity

which elsewhere they have looked for in vain.

Upon the model of the "wise man" the stoic formed his life, but the attainment to that character was not possible; for "no man can live unto himself, and no man can die unto himself" in a moral any more than a religious point of view. The stoic might blush that he had a body, and "slight the hovel as beneath his care," yet its interests and the importunities of family business and duty, social if not political, continually intrude themselves upon him, unwelcome and forbidden. His only refuge lay in a repetition of the act with which he began the stoic life—a protest. He protested vehemently. He disputed the ground inch by inch, until driven to extremity he purchased, with the protest of suicide, final release from the opposition of circumstance. Non-existence is the practical as well as logical result of stoicism. The Christian, like the stoic, begins his life with a protest or renunciation, but, while the stoic renounces others, the Christian renounces self and the things of self. Charity, like cosmopolitanism, embraces all mankind, but, while the latter obliges to no duty and disdains to be troubled with detail, charity welcomes each as a neighbour, a kinsman, a brother. The stoic idea is infinite, but, like the infinite of Hegel, it contains nothing, and becomes infinite only by a process of exclusion. It is a shadowy phantom, which seems to cover everything, while, in fact, it covers nothing. Charity concerns itself with particulars, and reaches infinity only through individuals. If one were allowed to use the language of logic, he might say that cosmopolitanism is an universal negative, whose moral result is solitary selfishness; Christian love or charity, an universal affirmative, the ethical outcome of which is the sacrifice of self for the benefit of others.

Coupled with a revolt from religious exclusiveness, these seem to me to have been the influences which called communism into being among the Jewish Christians. These principles, pertaining to man, to the soul, and to charity, new in form and application, operating upon a mind recently relieved from traditionary claims, ceremonial observances, and exclusive interests, opened to a nobler range of sympathy which, as an infinite expanse, lay invitingly before it; impressed with the worthlessness of riches,

compared with the soul's salvation or the treasures of Heaven; and deeply imbued with a religion, one of whose first requirements is an abnegation of self and the things of self, as forcibly prompted the abandonment of each one's goods for the benefit of the brethren, as, in another point of view, they transported the new convert with ecstatic joy. Their communism was a spasmodic, though not on that account a less noble act of self-denial. Indiscreet if taken as a precedent, ruinous in its consequences if made a form for society, the communism of Jerusalem was an outcome of that religious devotedness which elicited the remark: "See how these Christians love one another." Their historian tells us they were "all of one heart and one soul," and "sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every one had need," and "had all things in common."

Judean communism is an oasis in the desert of history, a bright spot amid encircling gloom. Let us note its characteristics. It differs from any form of communism visible in the world or that heretofore has obtained or been propounded, in the first place, because it was voluntary. It was voluntary at its commencement, and at every moment of its continuance. It neither precluded the acquisition and retention of private property, nor interfered with the integrity and rights of the individual. In the second place, the Judean communism was unorganized. So far as we know, it had no systematic form given it by the Jewish Christians, such as we find in the communism of India, in Plato's Republic, in the Monastic orders, and among the later communists. While giving up his property the Christian retained his individuality. His every acquisition belonged to him until it was devoted to the general use; its dedication was a renewed act of virtue, and might have been made to others as well as to his fellow-believers. With Plato and modern communists the one act of giving up all for the benefit of others, precluded a further exercise of generosity, and merged the individual in the many. A third point of difference is, that, no matter to what extent community of property may have obtained at Jerusalem, there is no ground for the supposition that a community of persons likewise obtained. That a commune of prop-

erty may exist among many individuals, consistently with the strictest morality, is notably the case with the religious orders of Ireland; but a community of the sexes, such as Plato recommends, and is established by the Perfectionists of Oneida, presents a very questionable appearance, and is, to say the least, a moral anomaly.

For any evils with which it may have been menaced, Christianity had a corrective in the purity of its morals, and the importance it attached to the individual. Whether what has been said of communism in its legal and ethical form be true or not, there is no ground for surprise that a system which ignores private right could not gain foothold in one which gives the very strongest expression to individual right and obligation; or, that a practice which leads to general depravity could not coexist with a religion which requires of its followers purity of life and action. Communism may be countenanced by, coexist with, and form part of a state religion, such as that of Hindostan. It may be a component of a tribal or patriarchal religion; but in a system which founds itself on the individual, communism finds no favour. So far as it appeared in the Judean Church, it was a phenomenon which marked a transition in the minds of the Jewish converts; it was part and parcel of their ecstasy. With the ecstasy, communism passed away, and the place which once knew it now knows it no more.

The remaining form of communism to be noticed has been called economic. To some it might appear more correct to designate this phase of the subject by the word social, because, in the view of many writers, English writers especially, Political Economy has only to do with wealth. It has been treated as the science of wealth, or how to make money, not upon the basis or for the advantage of the individual—Mr. Smiles's object in his book on Thrift—the subject to which protectionists confine themselves; not for the benefit of the nation as a distinct entity; but upon the basis of what is, or is supposed to be, the world at large. Its scope is the "Wealth of Nations," as distinguished from that of any particular nation under existing circumstances. In Professor Cairns's view, Political Economy is not interested in the legal, industrial, or social condition of mankind, except in so far as it may use an existing form of society as

an uninvestigated premise. It is not concerned in reforms or the progress of society. It stands neutral, he says, between "social and political schemes," and has "nothing to do with *laissez faire* any more than with communism." Yet, as certain authors, notably the French, take a wider view of Political Economy than Professor Cairns, and as there are species of communism which cannot be called social, the term economic communism will be continued. Two phases of economic communism have shown themselves in history—the one destructive, the other constructive.

The most intense manifestation of communism in a destructive form is observed in the French Revolution. It animated the Levellers. It sought to break down inequalities in society, and make an equal distribution of property. It spread far and wide throughout France, and unsettled the western nations of Europe. It was aided by the "Social Contract" theory of Rousseau, and abetted by a malignant scepticism, headed by Voltaire. It was strengthened by a sense of injustice among the masses of the French population, and it set in by a fierce desire to retort upon feudal representatives, the evils of their system. By the Revolution the Levellers obliterated many inequalities, as many, probably, as could be got within their reach, and many more than it was for the benefit of society then to have done away with. So long as feudalism remained, the work of the Levellers proceeded; but when that civilization was extirpated, when all the distribution possible had been made, and when the former governed became governors, the levelling principle was found to be not only destructive, but self-destructive. Anarchy was induced: to restore peace, destructive communism was made to cease by despotism. Since the Revolution, communism has appeared in France, destructively, twice, and especially as a consequence of the Franco-German war, but it never attained so great prominence as in the eighteenth century, for the reason, it may be, that a fuller liberty has since been enjoyed by all classes, that freer scope is given to the energies of the individual, and that the divergence is not so great between political or social theory and the facts of society.

Closely allied with the Levellers, and animated by the same spirit, though more

special and definite in character, were the Chartists and Corn Law Repealers in Britain. Chartism and Corn Law Repeal were trade risings, and, under a political form, had industrial objects in view. The efforts of advancing trade were hampered and confined by the prevailing political system, and especially by an impolitic code of Protection laws. As said by Mr. Bright, in one of his speeches on Corn Law Repeal, the struggle between the parties was a "class struggle." It was a contest between industry and prescription, between a new and an old form of civilization, between unrecognized power and acknowledged authority, between capital conjoined with labour on the one side, against landed influence upon the other. We are told that the abolition of the Corn Laws swept away "the last rag of feudalism," and averted revolution.

Under the milder form of socialism, the spirit of the Levellers has enlisted a great deal of the eloquence and thinking-power of Germany, and is spreading fast through the Russian Empire.

The distinguishing characteristic of the Socialists, Corn Law Repealers, Chartists, and Levellers is, that their attitude toward our civilization is negative. Their effort is not so much to introduce any positive improvement, as to be relieved from burdens. They strive for liberty, that is, an absence from restraint, and for equality, that is, the overthrowing of narrow prescription; but fraternity in any positive sense they ignore. The contest between them and their opponents affects the existence of government, the organization of society, and but slightly touches upon the questions which agitate leading industrial nations to-day.

Leaving out of consideration for the moment ecclesiastical economy, let us direct attention to constructive communism, as applied to general society. It has been advocated and made the subject of experiment in Britain, France, and the United States of America.

Established communes and later writers upon communism differ in minor principles and in the detail of their systems, but agree in many important points. They do not ask us to adopt their systems from religious motives; they do not propose to make mankind unselfish by means of communism; but aim at an economic, a social, or an industrial end. No modern communist professes to es-

establish a new morality, a new religion, or— if we except the believers in “Mother Anne’s female Revelation”—a new phase of religion; but content themselves with showing that communism is neither immoral nor irreligious. Fourier, indeed, speaks highly of merit, worth, deliverance of mankind, glorious future, and such like, yet the basis of his idea is work, money and money’s worth. Constructive communists are lovers of peace—peace at any price—because war disturbs and crushes industry. They inculcate the lessons of industry, system, and frugality, whereby penury and other evils are warded off. They protest against the present conformation of society, against the practical working of our political ideas, against our industrial plans, our manufacturing system, and the relations which obtain between capital and labour; and propose to organize society upon a new basis which will at once avoid the evils with which we are encompassed, and secure the comfort, well-being, and advantage of the community.

In their protest against the present relations of capital and labour, and the unproductiveness of the prevailing industrial system, communists have their strongest hold upon society. There is and has been widespread dissatisfaction and great uneasiness in Britain, France, and the United States, arising from industrial causes. Trade revolts break forth with a frequency and to an extent formerly unheard of. The classes among which strikes take place are not the most ignorant of society, but mechanics, men of training and skill, workers in iron, cotton, wool, railway operatives, in a word, workmen. They willingly undergo privations, make great sacrifices, spend time, money, and energy, with a persistency which, were it not enlisted in a good cause, could scarcely be looked upon as less than madness. The present value of the labour and available capital lost to the world through trade troubles, during the last thirty years, is set down not so much by millions as by hundreds of millions of dollars. One party represented by certain capitalists lays all this waste to the account of infatuation and ignorance, somewhat after the fashion of the French courtiers, who attributed the revolution to the decline of court manners. Infatuation and ignorance are comprehensive terms, and may be made to do a great deal of service, but they hardly account for the

frequency and extent of trade risings. Had there been only infatuation and ignorance at the bottom of them they would have ceased long since. But, whatever the cause of strikes may be—whether the wrong is wholly on the side of labour, or on that of capital, or in some complication of both, or whether it arises from antecedent forms of society for which neither of the parties is directly responsible—there is no question that dissatisfaction is felt, and that the strife of the parties is a great loss to society.

It may not be unnecessary to point out here, that strikes are different in their nature from the troubles of Corn Law Repeal and Chartism, with which they are sometimes confounded. In our trade troubles there is no strife affecting the existence of Government, whatever particular discontents there may be. There is no contest between the governors and the governed. The central power stands neutral between the parties, and interferes only to prevent destruction of life and property. Though power is, without question, on the side of capital, rights in labour are allowed and guarded. The law of the land is invoked by both parties. An effort is being made to legalize the claims of labour, and to increase its rights. The course of legislation is in the direction of taking away the criminal power of masters over servants, of making labour the subject of property, and of giving to the labourer the means of securing its value.

Communism has its theory upon the labour question, and so likewise has *laissez faire*. These look at the subject from opposite points, and are diametrically opposed in their conclusions. *Laissez faire* takes an optimist’s view of present society, communism looks at it in a pessimist’s light. In *laissez faire’s* view any interference, legislative or other, will only make “confusion worse confounded;” communism would introduce an artificial system, and hedge society with chains of iron. With *laissez faire*, capital on one side and labour on the other, are ultimate forces of civilization; communism obliterates all such distinctions. *Laissez faire* develops the energies of the individual; communism, the force of community. *Laissez faire* looks for the settlement of social troubles in isolated competition of labourers; while communism takes away competition altogether. *Laissez faire* lauds unimpeded, that is, unassisted individual ex-

ertion ; communism, the industry of the community.

About fifty years ago, the let-alone policy was looked upon as the climax of political wisdom, and a panacea for all the evils of society, but is more than questioned to-day. It overlooks differences of civilization, degrees of advancement in peoples, and the training and position of the individual. Under this theory, the North American Indian is on an equality with the European ; the negro, just emancipated from slavery, with the plantation owner ; the serf, Gurth, in "Ivanhoe," with Cedric ; and he who has neither training nor capital, with one who is possessed of both. The equality accepted as a fundamental axiom by *laissez faire*, is like the fiction of our law, that all men know the law, but is without the justification of necessity ; or it resembles the assumptions of phrenology, which have never been proved. Of the millions who have sought the shores of North America during the last fifty years, a few only have come hither for any other than economic reasons, not because they possessed an equality with capitalists, but that they might, by the greater advantages offered them here, be able to acquire that equality, and gain a position for themselves and their children such as they could not have attained in Europe.

The competition of labour, on which *laissez faire* looks as the great elevator of the labouring classes, is not found on examination so complete as this theory would lead us to believe. Competition, to mean anything, must imply in the labourer the power to transfer his labour as his interests may point out. There is yearly becoming such a power, because of the greater wealth stored up by the operative class ; but even in manufacturing centres authorities tell us that such a power is yet very limited. In brisk times, when the demand for labour is great, there may be free competition among labourers, and a *laissez faire* policy may suit, but in dull or even ordinary times, especially in commercial panics and distresses, there is but one condition for labour—take this or want. There is no alternative to him—the workman can't go elsewhere. Where was competition during the Lancashire distress a few years ago? It may be said that as necessity increases, free competition diminishes : they are in inverse proportion to each other.

The let-alone theory presumes that the competition of isolated labourers will be sufficiently strong to counterbalance capital. Labour and capital are the opposing factors of our society in an economical point of view. Capital, we are told by political economy, is nothing but accumulated labour, productively applied. If it be taken into consideration what a vast amount of accumulated labour or capital is in the hands of capitalists, the disparity of conflict between that and isolated labour must strike the densest mind. It is a contest in which there is a great deal on one side and very little on the other. A contest between a quantity and zero ; it might almost be said between a plus and a minus. Capital means a great deal of labour centered in one hand. If there were no other reason for combinations of labour in Trade Unions, the very nature of capital would supply one ; for a force can only be opposed by a like force.

This theory is a capitalist's theory. If we consider labour only from a capitalist's point of view, *laissez faire* presents a specious appearance. Its best exemplification would be found among the late slaveholders of the Southern States. The conditions of its success were there fulfilled—a community of capitalists, operating under almost equal circumstances. Had there been a statute passed to perpetuate this condition, as the statute *De Donis* perpetuated feudalism in England, the perfection of a *laissez faire* policy would have been found in the American Republic. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the giving to each State of legislative power did not practically enact such a statute, and tend as well to develop *laissez faire* as to perpetuate slavery.

The possession of capital confers power, and the possessors of power, no matter how noble and amiable many of them may be, have, as a body, neither in feudal nor in later times, been slack in making their power felt. Few will attempt to deny that not only may capital be used to carry out an unjust end, but that it has frequently so been used. Legislation has had to interfere in behalf of labour and against capital in many ways : in abolishing criminality in breaches of contract ; in legalizing trade combinations for legal objects ; in Factory and Shipping Acts ; in laws to prevent the enforcement of fraudulent contracts, to restrict the issue of

paper money, to regulate voting, and to secure to labour the products of toil.

The strong point of *laissez faire* is, that it strives to develop the individual and to call forth the energy and activity of each one to the fullest extent; but the theory fails, in so far as it ignores the community, the benefits of combination, or combined effort. If man were an atom among other atoms, but having no affinity with them economically, and if one form of society did not grow out of an antecedent form, with many inequalities, *laissez faire* would be more applicable to society than we find it. It reflects an abnormal condition of society. Isolated advance is as great a rarity in the history of civilisation as advance of the community considered apart from its single members. *Laissez faire* is opposed to one of the especial characteristics of the third quarter of the nineteenth century—industrial combinations. Corporations, commercial and manufacturing, are continually arising. By the combined means of small sums of money great effects are being produced. They stimulate energy, encourage thrift, and cultivate the exercise of foresight, prudence, and economy. They relieve labour from unlimited control, confer upon it many of the benefits of capital, and increase national as well as personal wealth. The energy that heretofore was wasted is now, to a great extent, turned into a profitable channel.

The opposing theory of *laissez faire*—communism—is still more open to criticism. It looks to society, or the aggregate of individuals, as a unit; insists upon organization; but subjects the member to the absolute control of the community. It introduces system into that which is disorganized, it economises forces that it finds wasteful, and strives to secure the community from destructive influences. There is something very attractive to a systematic mind, in the picture of a society moving in regular and routine order—every motive calculated, every force brought to bear—no loss, no waste, no erratic effort—all obedient to one thought, and moving as one man towards a definite and desirable object. The wheels of community would run smoothly, one would imagine. Mankind, having removed all cause of disturbance and the unsettling of individual aggression, would rise to a higher level. The few would no longer be cultivated at the expense of the many, the energies of each

would be bent to the attainment of the public good, and society would rapidly advance. But when we come to examine the results of communism, what do we find? Not that communes have been successful, financially or otherwise, but that they have been almost uniformly failures. They have failed in Britain and in France, as commercial experiments. In the United States seventy or eighty communes, commencing under most benign auspices, have collapsed ignominiously, and even those which remain cannot be called successful. They are beset with problems which threaten to destroy all communistic efforts in our civilization—how the abandonment of the family tie can be reconciled with morality, and the advantage and progress of the individual and of society be secured consistently with a deprivation of individual rights.

All communists insist upon the abolition of private property and rights, and the introduction of common rights and property, as a necessary principle, and the foundation of their system; but some make a show of retaining the constitution of the family, and the family tie. These writers consider communism only so far as it regards property, and do not carry their system of common rights to its legitimate conclusion. There is communism pertaining to persons as well as to property; and what, in the present state of society, is a communism of persons but the abandonment of the family? The experience of all communes is, either that the family has to be abandoned, or that communism has to be given up. All important communistic societies abandon the family. The ecclesiastical orders are celibate; the oldest and most wealthy commune of America—the Shaker society—is celibate. The Harmonists, beginning with the family, found before many years that family ties and communistic principles did not agree: they have adopted celibacy. The only remaining commune of importance in the United States—the Oneida community—acting under the impression that they imitate the Judæan Christians, abolish the family tie, and introduce a promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, on the basis of Plato's Republic and under similar restrictions. Plato, the most consistent of communists, openly abolishes the family. Mr. Noyes, by far the most intellectual person who has tried to reduce communistic principles to practice, and who has

for many years been at the head of the Oneida Perfectionists, unreservedly declares the impossibility in practice and the inconsistency in theory, of denying private rights in property and allowing exclusive rights in persons. The difference in the objects makes no essential difference in the character of the right. It is private or exclusive in either case, and communism, abolishing rights of that kind, must abolish the family.

The same conclusion may be reached in another way. Besides exclusive rights in persons, a family, whether of ancient or modern times, requires, seeks to obtain, and is not satisfied without an exclusive fund from which it may draw for present subsistence as well as future wants. This was a fruitful source of tribal wars in ancient times, and of litigation since. Rights of property are inextricably blended with rights of persons; the latter sort are as little exercisable without the former, as the offices of love, generosity, charity, and faith, as between man and man, are without outward effort. Social relations presuppose and are based upon rights, and rights can only be manifested in the majority of cases through property. How, then, can the fullest, most complete and intimate of social relations be maintained in society, without rights and without property?

Communists, as regards the family tie, in modern civilization are of two classes. In the first we find the Perfectionists of Oneida, and in the second, celibate societies.

The Perfectionists profess to imitate the Judæan Christians, but on examination are found to hold a combination of doctrines. Plato's Republic enters more largely into their theory than do the doctrines of the gospel or the practices of early Jewish converts. They profess, as a minor result of their system, to make man unselfish—Plato's great moral object—by depriving him of private rights. They introduce a promiscuous intercourse of sexes, under similar regulations to those in the "Republic." They are communists who have adopted their own interpretation of Christianity, and bent it to suit their social system. The New Testament doctrine, that there should be no respect of persons, obtains a very unenviable meaning when interpreted by Oneida, where the relation of husband and wife is not exclusive, but every woman is the wife of each man, and *vice versa*. The communism of Jerusa-

lem at the farthest extended only to property, and was no part of the religion professed; that of Oneida extends to persons and property, and is the beginning and the end of their religion, that is, the Perfectionists make religion subsidiary to communism. They look at religion from a social point of view only. Their exponent, Mr. Noyes, classifies "the sides of life and death" thus:—

Apostacy.
Unbelief.
Obedience to Mammon.
PRIVATE PROPERTY.
DEATH.

Restoration.
Faith.
Obedience to Christ.
COMMUNISM.
IMMORTALITY.

A perverted view of religion has often been made a cover for a false theory and a wicked practice, both in the Church and outside of it. Of the many perversions of Christianity, that of Oneida is one of the most astonishing: yet, as a perverted view of religion is better than none at all, the Perfectionists are restrained by their religion. If the system be good for a small body of a hundred men and women, there is no reason why it should not be good for general society. Apply this promiscuous relation of the sexes to the world, and, in the place of an elevating and sacred family tie, you have a general and abandoned profligacy equally abhorrent to human feeling, morality, and religion.

A celibate communism is moral and may be religious. The ecclesiastical celibate orders of Ireland are patterns of morality. The Shaker society and the Harmonists are at least inoffensive. Tired and harassed by the strife of the world, and the uncertainty and inequality of fortune, they lead quiet and peaceable lives. Now, communism whether in the Church or out of it, whether in the ancient family with Plato, or in modern times, requires absolute, implicit obedience. It is more likely that the doctrine of implicit obedience produced communism in monastic orders, than that communism produced the doctrine of implicit obedience—yet they are inseparable. A question may arise, whether implicit obedience to any power is desirable in the interests of truth, or for the progress of humanity; yet, if that question be determined affirmatively, the only effectual means of attaining it is through a communism; and a communism, to be moral, must be celibate. Now the family is a government for itself—an *imperium in im-*

perio. No matter how tyrannic, unjust, or cruel it may be, it wards off all external tyranny and authority, so far as its own existence, its independence, rights, and claims extend; and therefore resists implicit obedience. Private rights in a person, and implicit obedience to another, will come in contact sooner or later. Were it for no other reason than resistance to external absolute authority, the institution of the family in general society in our civilization is entitled to the gratitude of mankind. It is a guarantee for liberty and a safeguard of the rights of the people. The fact that there are a vast number of individuals; the fact that the individual is the subject of family rights—the characteristic of which is exclusion from outside pressure; and the further fact, that these rights are and continue to be exercised, means, that absolute external authority is ended, and individual liberty is secured.

One would imagine that a celibate society of men and women, under enlightened control, working toward a desired end with unanimity and zeal, severed from outside influences and distracting cares, would, as a means of propagating a religion or building up wealth, be the most effective instrument possible. But this is questionable. It is almost impossible to get reliable statistics of religious bodies, yet it would seem that as a missionary or a proselytizing medium the Protestant system, in which the family tie is permitted, produces greater results than does the Roman Catholic. There is probably an equality of zeal and fervour between these bodies; theological dogmas, on which they differ, do not greatly concern the heathen; the Catholic has a vast system and complete organisation, the Protestant no system and no organisation except in sections; the Catholic body has more wealth and greater numbers than the Protestant; yet the numerical result achieved by the Protestant as a missionary, seems larger than that gained by his more powerful rival.

As a wealth-accumulator, communism is not successful. Mr. Nordhoff, who is favourable to communism and has examined American communes with accuracy and care, reckons the wealth of the oldest and richest commune—the Shaker society, a celibate society—at about two thousand dollars to each member, the quantity of land owned being thirty-seven acres per head. This is

the accumulated result, at interest and compound interest, of eighty years of hard, unremitting, systematic toil, of frugal and abstemious habits, of an ascetic morality, and of implicit obedience to a central authority. The Shakers have little learning, no cultivation in art or science, no luxuries. By combined effort they were saved many hardships incident to early settlers in America; but by being confined to the method, means, and objects of the society they have lost many benefits they otherwise would have gained. Two thousand dollars, or even twice that sum, is a small result for eighty years continuous application, when the progress of the surrounding community is taken into consideration, and the increased value of property arising from that progress. It is further to be noted that the Shaker society is decreasing.

Communism proceeds upon a fiction of equality; the production required from each member is the same. If the minimum of a commune be placed high, the many cannot attain to it; if low, an amount of energy that might have been profitable is lost. Whatever the minimum is, the tendency of the commune is to work down to that. It is found in the United States that two of the outside world will do as much work as three communists. If all men were equal, and the minimum of production were high, communism as an economic system might be a success. But men differ as economic entities as they differ in height, in strength, and in mental power. Again, the minimum of production must be such that every member is able to attain to it. It will, therefore, be the measure of the lowest economic force in the society; and, as communism insists upon equality and works to a level, all energy over and above the lowest is unproductive to the community.

If there be only one occupation, or a small number of occupations, in which toil is similar, an equality such as communism calls for is possible, if not profitable; but if employments be diverse, some requiring great skill, others very little; some calling for deep and long-continued thought and high mental power, others for merely ordinary intelligence; an equality in such diversity will be hard to maintain, and if the element of quality enters, as it must, into the calculation, what measure will then be found between it and quantity, that both may be placed upon a level?

Probably the worst feature of communism is its effect upon the individual. Those who have examined the matter tell us that one communist is very similar to every other communist. There is an extraordinary uniformity among them in education, training, mode of thinking, as well as in dress and habits. In the commune there is no privacy. The members are continually under the eye of the governor. There is no individual effort; no individual object; and, from the nature of the case, no individual gain or credit. There is no competition among the members, and no work undertaken but what is directed by the community. In all progress of civilization, in all enlightenment of mankind, in all beneficial efforts for the welfare of society, the impulse has uniformly been individual, and, in by far the majority of cases, has been resisted by the community. The block, the torture, and the scaffold have been the reward of the teachers of mankind; but their work remains with us to enlighten, to cheer, to comfort, and to advance the race. Individual effort, the only source of civilization known to history, communism throws aside. An economic system, it discards the greatest factor in economics; a civilizer, it rejects the only known means of advancement.

Granting that communism is not objectionable in a legal, social, moral, or religious point of view, there is but one advantage that could be derived from it—that is, the benefit of combined effort. Isolated energy may do much, has done much, but the result of one combined effort, say of five, far exceeds in most cases that of as many isolated efforts. Combined exertion is a manifest gain, but is not confined to communism. It is becoming more widely employed year by year without communism. We see it in division of labour; in trade organizations; in

co-operative societies; in corporations, agricultural, commercial, and benefit; in savings banks; in the generous system of M. Schultze Delitzsch in practice in Germany; and in the Grange societies of Canada and the United States. In these and other ways, combined effort is used for the benefit of classes as well as individuals; and, though the efforts thus made are small in comparison with what might be done, yet they far exceed any attempts of communism, and preserve the true elements of genuine progress—individual rights, effort, and advantage, combined with the welfare of the community.

Looking back upon the road travelled, and noting the forms of communism which have been adverted to, a remark made at the beginning of this article suggests itself, that man progresses from communism to individualism. These are the opposite poles of civilization, and mark the line of progress. It is not pretended that a communism has existed in history absolute and complete; on the other hand, no state of society ever has been, or probably can be, wherein the community and its interests are merged in the individual. The single man can do little for his own advancement, but progress of the community is impossible where individual effort is excluded. The two go hand in hand in the development of mankind, as necessary factors of civilization. In times of excitement and of danger, in passing from one civilization to another, sections of mankind may revert to the primal idea of the family life; but, as a system for general society, communism can never become part of a modern civilization, so long as individual liberties, individual obligations, rights, and properties are acknowledged, secured, and enforced, as they are to-day, by experience, literature, law, morality, and religion.

T. B. BROWNING.

LUCAS VAN LEYDEN.

IT is a curious fact in the history of all great discoveries in science or art, that men have seldom been content to attribute their origin to the natural and inevitable result of the world's progressive march from truth to truth, but that the inherent love of the marvellous, and the unconscious worship of "divine fortune" have ever wreathed some story of supernatural or chance incident round the obscure germs of a great thought. A careful survey of the period antecedent to any great discovery will, however, disclose how many forces must be at work, all tending to the same end, and will infallibly prove that the world is never indebted to an isolated chance for any of its really great acquisitions. Until the slow action, it may be of centuries, has rendered the world ready to receive and profit by it, no discovery, in the true sense of the word, is possible. The idea of an invention may certainly have been thought out by a creative brain centuries before it can be developed, as was the case with printing, which was undoubtedly known to the ancients, but for which mankind waited patiently until the fifteenth century. The silently working forces inevitably mature, and the discovery comes at last, apparently owing its existence to some luckily suggestive incident, but, in reality, born of Genius and Knowledge.

This is strikingly borne out in the events attendant upon the discovery of steel and copper engraving, which was the natural outcome of the previous and recently acquired knowledge of wood engraving and printing—a knowledge which had so thoroughly paved the way for the new invention, that the art may almost be said to have sprung into existence like Minerva, full-grown and fully equipped. It is a fact which hardly finds a parallel in any other art, that those who were almost contemporary with the invention were its greatest masters; and it is of Lucas Van Leyden, one of the very earliest as well as one of the very greatest of these, that we propose to give a short account.

The actual invention has been claimed

alike by the Italians, Germans, and Dutch. Tomaso Finiguerra, a goldsmith of Florence, is said to have discovered, by accident, about the year 1460, a method of taking impressions from an engraved plate, by placing over it a moistened paper, and rolling it gently with a roller. He imparted the secret to another of his craft, Baccio Baldini, who engraved several plates from the designs of Botticelli.* The Germans and Dutch both contend, however, that the art had been known to them long before the days of Finiguerra, Pollaioli, or Mantegna. The Germans state that it was practised by Martin Stock (one of Albert Dürer's masters) and Frederick Scholl, of Nüremberg; and the Dutch claim the invention for Peter Scheffer, of Haarlem. The art cannot, however, have been practised long before the time of the Italian engravers; and we are of opinion that the earliest well authenticated date of any copper-plate engraving, is not before 1485. By "well authenticated" we must be clearly understood to mean, the date of any work by a well-known master, the genuineness of which is *absolutely beyond question*. There are prints in existence bearing earlier dates than 1485 (the earliest being the German "Master of 1466"), but there is much dispute concerning these, and we cannot pretend to discuss the question within our present limits. The Germans are generally considered to have the best claim to the merit of the invention, but it is perhaps possible that the discovery was made independently and almost simultaneously, in more than one country of Europe, and certainly not at an earlier date than 1460, probably not until some years later. Before the middle of the following century there appeared almost contemporaneously and in different lands, Albert Dürer, Raimondi, and

* At the latter end of 1876, a complete set of Botticelli's Sibyls, by Baldini, was offered to the Trustees of the British Museum for £1250, but, after considerable deliberation and hesitation, they refused the purchase; and the set, absolutely unrivalled, passed into private hands.

Lucas van Leyden, the three great early masters of engraving.

It is perhaps a trite observation, that the most remarkable feature of the most remarkable century for art that the modern world has seen, was the absorbing passion for their art, and the reverence paid to it, by those great ones who

“Kept their visions clear from speck, their inward sight unblind.”

Every action, every word, every thought, almost unconsciously to themselves, had its origin or motive power in their patient striving for perfection. They lived in their work and for their work. They looked at everything through their art, and at their art through everything. “Pot-boilers”—to use an expressive vulgarism—may not have been unknown to them, but they would expend as much loving care upon a work whose immediate end was to supply their daily bread as they would upon a commission from some princely patron, or upon the altar-piece of a great church. And of none of them, not even of the greatest, can this be more truly said than of Lucas Damessen, known to fame as Lucas van Leyden.

He was born at Leyden in the year 1494, when Holland was foremost among the nations of Europe in the march of civilization. She rivalled Italy in the fine arts, and Germany in knowledge and new-born freedom of thought. The Netherlands had not yet become the chief battle-field of Europe. The Archduke Philip, grandson of Charles the Bold, last Duke of Burgundy, and son of the Emperor Maximilian, then held the sovereignty of the Low-Countries in right of his mother. The future Emperor, the great Charles V., was not born until six years later; and the time was nearly eighty years distant when Leyden was to stand its heroic and memorable siege, when Holland was forced, as once again later in her history, to let loose her flood-gates in order to defeat and overwhelm her foes.

Lucas van Leyden was the son of Heynes Jacobs Damessen, a painter of very mediocre talent, but who must have been a man of some position and means, as his son never seems to have been absolutely dependent on his art, and certainly enjoyed a good social position in his native town. The boy, from his earliest years, shewed great love for art in any form, and his father began to instruct

him as soon as he was old enough to hold a pencil. His amazing precocity fairly astounded the elder Damessen, who soon perceived that he himself was quite unequal to the task of moulding such a genius, and he accordingly placed him under an able preceptor, Cornille Engelbrechtsen. This master was born in 1468, and was at this time, consequently, a comparatively young man. But in the fifteenth century it did not take, as it does now, a lifetime to build up a reputation as a painter. As a rule, men made their mark early, or not at all, and Engelbrechtsen enjoyed a wide reputation as a painter in oil, fresco, and distemper. His school was much frequented, and under his tuition Lucas rapidly acquired proficiency; so rapidly that at the age of twelve he painted in distemper the “History of St. Hubert,” which had a great success, not only as being the work of so young a painter, but because it shewed unmistakable signs of genius. From his earliest years, from the day, in fact, upon which he was first allowed to handle a pencil, Lucas shewed the same unremitting and unwearied diligence which was his chief characteristic in after life. It is recorded that his mother, fearful for the child's health, invented various pretexts to withdraw him from his beloved work, but her efforts were apparently unavailing, as we find that the lad, notwithstanding the great success among his townsmen of his first picture, abandoned painting for a time, and resolutely set himself to a new study—that of engraving. The course of his education in this art was characteristic both of the man and the age. In whatever country and by whatever immediate means the art of taking impressions from an engraved plate was discovered, there can be no doubt whatever of this, that it is to the armourer's and goldsmith's trades that we are indebted for the invention. It was the natural outcome of the perfecting of their crafts, and accordingly they were long accounted the best teachers of the mere technicalities of the art. Lucas van Leyden, therefore, placed himself first with an armourer and then with a goldsmith, learning from each his respective method of workmanship. He threw his whole soul into the acquisition of his new pursuit, obtaining by his early training that mastery over both materials and tools which enabled him to use the burin with a delicate and marvellous precision which has never been surpassed.

His precocious genius displayed itself as remarkably in engraving as in painting, for in 1508, the earliest recognized date on any of his works, when only in his fifteenth year, he produced "The Magdalen in the Desert," "Susannah and the Elders," "Dalilah," and other works, all of which display masterly finish, and the first-named ranks as one of his very greatest productions.

His early life was absolutely uneventful. He had not to endure those struggles for existence, that weary waiting for recognition which fall to the lot of so many great men. The stream of his life was never stirred into a storm, rarely even ruffled by a breeze. Secure from the cares of poverty, undisturbed by any mere political or money-getting ambition, no existence can be imagined more peacefully happy than the youth of Lucas van Leyden. One can fancy him leaving his work with reluctance to stroll under the trees fringing a canal, in such a scene as Van der Heyden loved to paint, his thoughts filled with the design he was working upon, his chief anxiety to prevent his plates from being rubbed, his only care that the "first impression" should be a good one. He married very young, so young that, although he never reached his fortieth year, he was a grandfather before he died. One of the most charming circumstances of his life was the friendship and mutual esteem which existed between himself and Albert Dürer. They had that sincere admiration for each other's works, that appreciation of and thorough belief in one another, which are the chief tributes genius can pay to genius. In the highest forms of art, and in the souls of its high priests, jealousy can have no part. Its complete and utter absence is the one proof which distinguishes the true artist from the false. When a man uses his art, unconsciously it may be, with the vulgar desire of notoriety and advancement, jealousy of his compeers must result; but when he strives for perfection, primarily for perfection's sake, and to the thorough abnegation of self, he will rejoice at the success of another, even over himself, if art is thereby benefited. The identity of their interests as servants of art, enabled Albert Dürer and Lucas van Leyden to work at the same subjects, each admiring and praising the other's work, without the slightest suspicion of jealousy, or the faintest tinge of envy. Dürer was born in 1471, and was already famous almost before

Lucas van Leyden was born, so that Lucas looked up to him as the artist whose previous achievements in engraving had fired his young mind with the ambition of rivalling them, and had caused him to devote himself almost exclusively to this branch of art. It was Albert Dürer who brought about their first meeting. He was so struck with what he had seen of Lucas's work, that he had a great desire to see and obtain the friendship of one who possessed a genius in many respects parallel to his own. Accordingly, during his visit to the Netherlands, Dürer made a point of visiting Van Leyden, and was received by him with warm-hearted cordiality.

In personal appearance no two men could have been more dissimilar. The character of Albert Dürer's face has been embodied in the line—

"Half Christ and half Olympian Jove;"

while Lucas was so stunted in stature and plain of feature, that the half-endearing, half-pitying diminutive, "Männlein," given to him by Dürer, was not misapplied. Their characters presented almost as great a contrast as their personal appearance. Albert Dürer, with his noble, many-sided nature, rash, generous, and open-handed, wrought and strove with impetuous energy in the service of his mistress art; he travelled, wrote, experimented, saw everything and did everything; while Lucas van Leyden, with undemonstrative, patient diligence, sought within himself alone for perfection: the one the man of action, the other the man of reflection and introspection. The contact of two such minds could not but be of vast benefit to both, and they systematically endeavoured to derive the greatest possible advantage from their brief intercourse. They chose the same subjects to work upon, in order to compare their different styles and treatment, and it is recorded of them that they painted on the same panel, in order that a token might exist of their love and esteem for each other. There is reason to believe, also, that during this visit Albert Dürer imparted to Lucas the secret of etching, for, in spite of the claim laid by the Italians to the merit of this invention, it is generally considered that Dürer has the best right to be deemed, if not its discoverer, at any rate its introducer and earliest practiser. The method was possibly known to his master, Wohlgemuth, and

the genius of Dürer seized upon it and made it his own; and it is in any case certain that he had used the aquafortis before he went to the Netherlands. Van Leyden, however, made no great use of this process, as there are but few known etchings by him, and their scarcity shews that he merely experimented in the method, which never became a favourite with him. When Dürer parted from him, one of the two episodes which alone broke the monotony of Lucas van Leyden's life was over; the other was soon to follow, and with it vanished for ever the peaceful calm of the artist's existence.

In 1527, enthusiasm for his art determined Lucas to undertake a journey through the Netherlands, in order to see the works of other great artists. He was then thirty-three years of age, and had in all probability rarely before been a day's journey outside his native town. He loved to make a brave show in dress, and was not averse from luxury at table; accordingly he set out on his journey with great pomp and circumstance, equipping and furnishing a vessel for himself and his companions. At Middelburg, he gave a feast in honour of Jean de Mabuse, then esteemed the greatest Flemish painter of his day, and a great friendship sprang up between them. Mabuse was five years younger than Lucas, and was in the heyday of his fame, his enjoyment of life unspoiled by any foreshadow of the disgrace and ruin which overtook him in his later years. He, like Lucas, was rather addicted to finery in dress, and we are told that together they shone resplendent, Lucas in yellow silk and Mabuse in gold satin. The spendthrift Mabuse was once, later in life, put to sad shifts to support his magnificence. When the Emperor Charles V. visited the Marquis de Veren, who retained Mabuse as painter in ordinary, the Marquis, desirous to receive the Emperor with due grandeur, gave orders for all his household to be supplied with suits of white satin. When the tailor came to take Mabuse's measure, the painter told him that he had his own designs for the cutting out of his dress, and would like to be entrusted with the satin in order to carry them out. The tailor incautiously complied with his request; but nothing was further from Mabuse's mind than the idea of wasting so much good satin, representing so many good florins, on a dress. He carried it to the nearest "Mont de Piété," and soon

spent the proceeds, chiefly, we are sorry to be obliged to admit, in dissipation. However, when the Emperor arrived, Mabuse was in his place among the household, arrayed in a robe which surpassed all others in magnificence. It struck the Emperor's eye, and desiring to know who the wearer was, he caused Mabuse to be called forward. The artist was seized with a strange fit of bashfulness; but after much hesitation he advanced trembling, when the Emperor discovered that "distance had lent enchantment to the view," for Mabuse's dress was made wholly of white paper, exquisitely painted by himself to represent various coloured satins. It is, perhaps, needless to add, that on this occasion his peccadilloes passed unpunished.*

Mabuse accompanied Lucas on his journey, which was carried out in the same spirit of open-handedness in which it had commenced; so that it was long remembered in Holland as a journey unparalleled among that thrifty people for its almost reckless magnificence. They collected around them all the famous artists of the day, who were eager to see and learn from so great a master as Lucas van Leyden; for his reputation had then spread far beyond the borders of Holland or even of Germany. Mabuse, with his prodigality and light-hearted spirit, gave himself up to gaiety, and persuaded his companion to join him in a round of pleasures. The unhappy Mabuse, when he closed his life within narrow prison walls, shut out from all earthly enjoyment save the exercise of his art, must have looked back to this joyous time with feelings of poignant regret: it may have been to him the archetype of that portion of his life in which "he eat and drank and took no thought for the morrow;" when the sun of his life, which finally set behind such a dark bank of clouds, was shining with its brightest splendour. At Ghent, at Malines, and at Antwerp, the two painters gave entertainments to their brother artists, each costing at least sixty florins—a large sum for those days, as, taking into account the relative value of money, a florin represented not less than eighteen shillings sterling.

* This anecdote will appear less surprising to those who recall the marvellous treatment of the drapery in the small example of Mabuse, bequeathed by the late Mr. Wynn Ellis to the British National Gallery.

It is a pity that we cannot know more thoroughly what kind of man Lucas was in his private and social relations, but this journey shows us, at least, that his was a generous, noble disposition. The man who could form fast friendships with two beings so dissimilar as Albert Dürer and Jean de Mabuse, must have had something peculiarly endearing in his nature. He played the part in every city he visited, not of guest but of generous host, and for the credit of human nature it is to be hoped that the suspicion which he harboured, that some jealous rival among those he entertained was base enough to administer poison to him, was illusory. For this journey proved in its sequel a most disastrous one. He returned from it in a wretched state of health. His mind was possessed with the idea that foul play had been used to him, and he could not disabuse himself of it. Convinced that he had been poisoned, he regarded all remedies as unavailing, and fell into a morbidly melancholy state of mind, which had a fatal effect upon his sick, unfeebled body. The probability, however, is, that the primary cause of his illness was the overwork and confinement of his youth. The too sudden change, moreover, from his uneventful existence to the excitement of travel and pleasure, and to a way of life so strange to him, cannot but have been dangerous, and it is very likely, from what we know of Mabuse, that he led Lucas into excesses hurtful alike to body and mind. Whatever may have been the causes of his illness, whether immediate or remote, he was forced to take to his bed almost directly after his return from the Netherlands, and for the last six years of his life he hardly quitted it. He never again enjoyed the calm happiness of his youth. Alike diseased in body and unhappy in mind, during the whole of these six long years he expected and waited for death. But even in this unhappy condition his life, in one respect, remained unchanged. He worked incessantly, harder perhaps than ever, except during those intervals when his malady, growing stronger, forced the graving tool from his unwilling fingers. Almost upon his deathbed, certainly within a few days of his death, he worked at a plate of "Pallas." Nine days before he died, his only daughter, who, like her father, married early, gave birth to a son, and when the news was brought to Lucas, he inquired

what name had been given to the boy. They told him he had been called Lucas after his grandfather. The artist said, with a touch of bitterness: "My time must indeed have come since you have already appointed and named my successor."* After the birth of his grandson, Lucas rapidly grew weaker, and feeling that he had not many days to live, had a yearning desire to look once more upon the face of Heaven. He insisted upon being carried into the open air, and his wish was complied with. It proved his last earthly desire, for he died peacefully two days later, in the fortieth year of his age.

The career of this artist is interesting, if only from the fact that it embraces the twenty-five years, from 1508-1533, which constitute so great an epoch in the history of European art. It was in the early part of the sixteenth century that the trammels of conventionalism were finally thrown off, and the works of Van Leyden show very clearly the struggle of naturalism into existence. His figures are undoubtedly free from any trace of conventionalism, and in most cases are evidently studies from life. That is one of his greatest charms. His genius has been able to take the men of his own time, burghers of the town of Leyden, to transplant them and all their surroundings into the scenes of bygone ages, and present them to us as Priests, Prophets, Saints, and Kings, without striking our judgment or offending our sense with any idea of incongruity or unfitness. His scenery is often conventional, sometimes purely so, but if the dates of his works be examined, it will be found that his art was progressive in this respect. His animals, on the other hand, are invariably treated conventionally; in many cases they are evolved from his inner consciousness, contrasting strangely with the works of some of his contemporaries, say, for example, with Albert Dürer's powerfully realistic wood-engraving, "The Stork." Of his treatment of distance and aerial perspective in landscape, it is impossible to speak too highly; in these respects he rose above his age, and partly anticipated the great results which were attained a century later in the etchings of Rembrandt. But the province in which he stands ab-

* This grandson was also an artist. He attached himself to the French Court, where he gained a considerable reputation, and, unlike his grandfather, lived to a very great age.

solutely unrivalled among engravers, is in wonderful management of drapery. Skilful in design, bold in treatment, and exquisite in finish, his drapery falls little short of perfection. The minute elaboration of his work is so remarkable, that his engravings need to be examined with a strong glass, in order to understand the immense amount of patient industry expended upon them. Sometimes, indeed, this minuteness is carried to such an excess as to become a fault; for the superfluity of faint, delicate touches in some of his prints, causes the bolder outlines to stand out harshly and unpleasantly.

When we consider the comparative shortness of this artist's life, the fecundity of his genius is truly amazing. He produced one hundred and sixty-six engravings on copper, twenty-eight on wood, and six etchings. In addition to these, he painted many pictures in oil and distemper. And it must be remembered that he was not a rapid worker; on the contrary, he worked slowly and carefully, altering and correcting with almost painful solicitude, affording in this respect a proof of the correctness of one of the many definitions of genius, as "an abnormal faculty for taking pains." The harmony of composition in his engravings is admirable; in power of grouping his figures, and skill in "balancing" his designs, he has few if any superiors. This is one result of the unerring taste which may be termed the keynote of his artistic character; it was an instinct with him, and brought as it was, by patience and unremitting toil, almost to perfection, it has given to the world the numerous examples of this master which never fail to please and delight.

In speaking, in the earlier portion of this article, of Lucas van Leyden's regard and esteem for Albert Dürer, we briefly indicated some of the salient points of comparison between the two men with respect to their personal and mental characteristics. It has been greatly the custom to go a step further than this and to compare them as artists, contrasting their works, and forcing a parallel between them from alleged resemblances in style and manner.

Vasari does so at some length, and it has even been said that the surest method of arriving at a true conclusion as to Van Leyden's work, is to set it side by side with Dürer's. We venture to think that this is an erroneous idea, as if one looks deeper

than the mere surface, the genius and scope of the two masters will be found to differ widely. That their manner, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, their mannerism, should be in many respects the same, is by no means a remarkable or inexplicable fact. As was inevitable in the sixteenth century, the designs of both artists, as a general rule, illustrated scenes from the Old or New Testament, and sometimes, as has already been pointed out, they purposely chose the same incident as a subject. It would be surprising indeed, under such circumstances, if there were *not* a general resemblance between them. But any attempt to establish more than this, will only serve to show how dissimilar they were in all the essential aims of art. Lucas van Leyden's charm lies almost wholly in his skill of execution. Dürer's wider and more intuitive genius suspends our criticism of his technical treatment, so lost are we in wonder at his conception of a subject. In other words, in Lucas van Leyden's works we invariably stop to praise the means, whilst Dürer forces the mind to grasp at once the end arrived at, regardless for the moment of the means employed. Lucas van Leyden lacked the immense strength and depth of vision of Albert Dürer, and the marvellously weird spiritual insight which gave birth to some of Dürer's designs, was utterly wanting to him. On the other hand, he possessed a spirituality peculiarly his own, which shines through his works with delicate grace and purity. If each be measured, therefore, by the result of his life's work, the Nuremberg artist is by far the greater of the two; nevertheless, Lucas van Leyden will always appeal with irresistible force to the lovers of that exquisite finish, which can only exist when genius is allied with unwearying patience and untiring industry.

It may strike those who have followed us thus far, that we have been expatiating upon an artist who is known more from the familiarity of his name than from actual acquaintance with his works. That the works of Lucas van Leyden should be little known to our countrymen, that they should be in a measure "caviare to the general," is to be regretted, but is not to be wondered at when the action of the authorities of the British Museum with respect to the treasures committed to their care is taken into consideration. In the Print Room at the British

Museum there is a collection of engravings absolutely without a rival in any capital of Europe, but so carefully is it kept concealed, so great are the obstacles thrown in the way of those wishing to inspect it, that instead of being a means of instruction and delight to thousands, it has degenerated into a resort and lounging place for a favoured few among critics and dilettanti.* Here may be seen, by those who have patience to fulfil the conditions necessary to obtain an order for the Print Room, a unique collection of Van Leyden's engravings; but we will venture to say, that few among those art-loving Canadians who visit England casually, are aware of the existence of this collection, and even if they were aware of it and eager to visit it, many of them would find it impossible to gain admittance where they ought by rights to be welcome guests.

One of Lucas van Leyden's most celebrated works, of which there is a magnificent example in the British Museum, is his "Calvary." The powerfully-striking feature in this noble work is the grand and comprehensive spirit in which it is designed. Although everything is subordinated to, and influenced by, the central idea, nothing is sacrificed to it. There are more than ninety figures in the engraving, and every figure, from the sacred One upon the Cross down to the happily-unconscious infant in the foreground, plays its proper part in the great and harmonious whole. The subject of the work, so to speak, does not occupy its centre. Our Lord between the two thieves is on the left, at some distance from the standpoint, and the crosses are raised upon a mound upon the side of a hill which slopes down to the foreground. The undulating nature of the scenery is treated with wonderful skill, and the landscape, generally, is admirably conceived and worked out. With the exception, perhaps, of the "Dance of the Magdalen," there is no finer example of Lucas van Leyden's power in this respect. At the foot of the cross are the holy women in bitter lamentation, and the disciple whom He loved supporting the fainting form of His mother. Near them are other disciples

and a number of Jews. In the immediate foreground on the left, the soldiers who parted His raiment are engaged in unseemly squabbling over their prize. The remainder of the print is filled with groups of figures, many of them so lifelike that one is irresistibly led to the conclusion that they are portraits. Almost in the centre of the foreground is sitting a little child, playing in innocent ignorance of the meaning of the scene around him, lighting up and contrasting finely with the sadness and gloom of the subject. The signature is almost in the centre of the plate, and the date, 1517, is near the right-hand corner. As an example of the power of giving expression to human emotion, another of his works, "David playing before Saul," may be cited. The moody, hopeless, "haunted" expression on the king's face as he sits gazing into vacancy, tells his unhappy story with direct truth and power. We have before us, in Mr. Browning's words, "Saul, the failure, the ruin he seems now." Genius has portrayed for us, in very truth, the king who was "tormented with an evil spirit from God." In contradistinction to the noble Jewish face of Saul, David's face and figure are purely Flemish; but it should be remembered, in extenuation of the anachronism, that this was to a Flemish artist in the sixteenth century the one type of manly beauty. The folds of the king's mantle, and the drapery generally in this plate, are managed with a dexterity and delicate finish remarkable even in a master, who was, as has been said, above all strong on this point.

Good impressions of Lucas van Leyden's works are extremely rare and command a high price. The very fine example in the British Museum of the "Dance of the Magdalen," would probably be valued at little short of £200, whereas inferior impressions of the same print would not be worth a fortieth part of this sum. There are several reasons for the scarcity of his works, the chief one being his extreme fastidiousness, which caused him ruthlessly to destroy any imperfect impressions. Even if they were only slightly soiled or blurred, his unsparing hand committed them to the flames. Again, as we have so frequently had occasion to remark, his chief charm lies in the exquisite finish of his work, and this has of itself militated against the survival of many perfect impressions: such delicate work is liable in

* Nor has this been allowed to pass without indignant remonstrance from influential journals, notably during the last twelve months from the *Times* and *Saturday Review*, but hitherto without producing the slightest effect upon those who hold in trust the property of the nation.

the course of time to get rubbed or become faded, so that the gradations of those faint touches with which he often attained most marvellous results in aerial perspective, are in some cases lost altogether: and such prints, becoming comparatively worthless, serve greatly to augment the value of the remaining perfect impressions. There are examples of Lucas van Leyden, undoubtedly genuine, which when compared with good impressions, can hardly be believed the same works. All the beautifully shaded background has disappeared, leaving hardly more than the bare outline of the distant scenery. The delicacy of his work also, as a matter of course, prevented him from taking many impressions in the first instance, and in every case, after a certain number had been struck, he destroyed the plate. Even during his lifetime, his works fetched what must be esteemed a high price, as for each impression of his principal plates, such as "Calvary," "Ecce Homo," "The Dance of the Magdalen," "Adoration of the Magi," and the "Conversion of St. Paul," he obtained a gold florin, equal, as has been said, to eighteen shillings sterling. Rembrandt paid at a public sale 1400 florins for fourteen fine proofs of the chief works of Lucas: and although his "Esther" is not to be classed among the rarest, Adam Bartsch states that in the year 1659, two hundred and fifteen livres were paid for this print in Paris, as a note on the back of the proof in the *Bibliothèque Imperiale* in Vienna shows. As is the case with most early engravers, Lucas van Leyden has had numerous copyists and forgers. Suyderhoef, Virgilius Solis, Wierix, Hondius, and Salmedam copied many of his plates, in some instances so faithfully, that were it not for a slight failing in his unapproachable points of softness and delicacy, the copies would be with difficulty distinguished from the originals. One of his engravings has been so admirably forged that copies have been treasured as genuine in many first-rate collections. The only distinguishable difference between original and forgery, is a minutely slight divergence in the date and signature, and an almost microscopic mistake that has been made in reproducing a small portion of the branch of a tree. The fact that engravers of the sixteenth century used as signature a mark or cypher, which was easily imitated, has helped to encourage these forgeries, and has more-

over caused much difficulty in determining by whom engravings, the history of which is unknown, have been executed.

Lucas van Leyden invariably used one of four marks, each consisting of a different form of the initial letter of his name. Sometimes he appended the date to his plate, sometimes not, but we think we are correct in stating that every one of his works is signed with one of his four distinctive marks.

It would be hard to over-estimate the influence which Van Leyden exercised upon the art of the sixteenth century. His own countrymen, who had so quickly recognized the precocious promise of his boyhood, appreciated and gloried in the achievements of his maturer years. Among contemporary Dutch artists he was held in high honour, and the extent to which they studied his works, caused him to make a deep impress on the art of Holland.* Nor was he a prophet in his own country alone. Even during his lifetime, when the difficulty of intercommunication between the countries of Europe was so great, that Holland was, to all intents and purposes, almost as distant from Italy as the England of to-day is from China, the fame of Lucas van Leyden had spread over Italy, and his works were eagerly sought for by the artists of that country, who studied them, as they confessed, with the greatest profit. Guido said that he had often used Lucas van Leyden's works to guide him in the composition and management of his drapery, and had never done so without obtaining instruction and assistance. Nor did the lapse of years lessen his influence. Internal evidence alone would tell how thoroughly Rembrandt studied, and how completely he mastered, all that is good in Van Leyden's style, and there are probably few great artists who have not, at some period of their careers, been indebted to him for lessons in technical treatment. And it is in this respect, namely, in technical treat-

* In considering Lucas van Leyden's reputation among his countrymen, it must be remembered that, although we have only spoken of him in this article as an engraver, he was also a great painter. His masterpiece, "The Last Judgment," is in the Hôtel de Ville, at Leyden. There are two of his paintings in the Louvre, a "Descent from the Cross," and a "Salutation of the Angels." There were in the same gallery four others, two of them painted on panel, but at the time of the occupation of Paris by the Allies, in 1815, they were carried into Germany, that country alleging a prior claim to them.

ment, that he has been the instructor of men much greater than himself. The mission of his genius has not been the higher one of educating and inspiring the souls of succeeding generations of artists; it has been the lower, but eminently useful one, of assisting their efforts to attain to perfection in practical execution. There is one respect, however, in which his works are capable of accomplishing greater ends than mere instruction in the grouping of figures, or the management of the folds of a robe, and that is in the evidence borne by them of a loving, true, and searching study of Nature in all her forms, animate and inanimate. We call to mind a tree in the foreground of one of Lucas van Leyden's landscapes, the trunk of which might have been copied, bit by bit, from the tree itself; every knot in the wood, every indentation in the bark, is faithfully reproduced, the result showing something far deeper than the mere technical skill attained, wonderful as that is; for it displays that power of expressing and imparting to others an insight into nature, which is one great end of genius in Art. As regards the purely human side of nature, his knowledge

was also very great, as a study of the various and distinctly-defined types of character in his works will abundantly testify.

But it is not to his works alone that we must look in order to learn and comprehend the full lesson taught by Lucas van Leyden. We must turn to his life, where we find little to record save devotion to Art, and unselfish, unwearying striving to approach nearer to perfection. We must think of his boyhood, at the age of eight or nine already an artist, of his laborious youth, and of his devoted manhood; and, lastly, of the sad end when the artist, sick and weary, wrestled even with Death for the sake of his Art! Truly, from the cradle to the grave, he was "to one thing constant ever." In patient industry, in unswerving devotion, in exquisite taste, in complete mastery of his materials, and in all the technicalities of his art, Lucas van Leyden is without a rival, and he is fairly entitled to stand foremost among those who raised engraving from the workshop of the armourer and jeweller, to its place as one of the highest and most perfect forms of Art.

WALTER TOWNSEND.

HORIZONS.

UPON this mountain land I pause to view
 The noble landscape glittering in the sun—
 The crowded city with its suburb wide,
 The villages, and then the rural homes.
 Majestic, farther on, a river flows,
 While many a wooded island dots its breast.
 In contemplation of the far away
 A solemn peacefulness comes o'er the mind,
 Remembering though th' horizon bounds the view,
 It limits not the wondrous universe.

Close now my eyes upon the outer world.
 Look forth my spirit; with an earnest gaze
 Survey the long, dim vista of the years.
 Does there appear to thee a sunset line—
 A point where heaven and earth would seem to meet?
 Mount but another step and thou shalt find
 That Time itself shall lengthen as you rise.
 The soul's horizon, Is it not the tomb?
 That line which marks the spirit's heavenward flight,
 The grave, which seems to say, Behold, the close!
 Successive deaths await the onward soul—
 "Horizons" call them; for as it ascends
 The sky uplifts her gates, mists disappear.
 In such infinitude the spirit rests.

FEMININE PROPER NAMES.

“**C**HACUN à son gout,” is a proverb which, in guise more or less homely, stands forth in almost every tongue as a half-sarcastic recognition of individual independence in matters of taste. It is questionable whether it might not more justly stand for a protest against the possible arbitrariness of fashion.

Fashion, despite its eccentricities, is, for the passing hour at least, the exponent of taste. Sometimes of good, sometimes of bad taste. “What is truth?” asked the sorely perplexed Pilate. What is good taste? the enquirer into that abstraction may query with almost equal perplexity. Sooth to say, it is a quality somewhat intangible to logical description—hard to define—difficult to lay down canons for. Of instant appeal to the quick perceptions of cultivated natures, it often eludes the attempt to fix it to a form, a colour, or a name. In one respect it is like the English language which, *de facto*, in spite of Lindley Murray and the ponderous *dicta* of lexicographers, quietly persists in simply conforming itself (especially in those subtle shades of signification which polished conventionalism attaches to its phrases) to the current usage of the best society. Apropos—the general adoption of the aspirate in “humble” from the time when Dickens put the word, with the “h” mute, into the mouth of Uriah Heep.

There is, indeed, little doubt that the use of the aspirate is entirely the growth of the custom—originally, in all probability, a courtly affectation—of the higher classes. In them, refinement and leisure combine to impart to speech both propriety and deliberation. To the mind and ear equally attuned to softness, to vigour, to precision, to a delicate and clear-cut enunciation, certain sounds commend themselves which the proletarian is in too great a hurry—too much engrossed with the more sordid cares of life—to appreciate, or even permit to arrest his attention, still less to elevate to the importance of an observance.

“By my troth, I am exceeding ill,” says Beatrice; “hey ho!” “For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?” says Margaret. “For the letter that begins them all, H,” replies Beatrice. Yet it cannot be deduced from this dialogue that the “h” was sounded aspirately, and there is required for the facile enunciation of the aspirate sound a certain energetic precision of speech which is foreign to the native inertness of the English character, and would appear to be induced only by the alertness and self-control of a high cultivation. To those whose surroundings have ever been refined, it is, of course, as natural as any other habit impressed in infancy and developed from childhood, and both these agencies have probably combined to free the American people from the vulgarity of dropping or misplacing the letter.

But the almost invariable use throughout the Bible of the article “an” before “h’s” which we now aspirate, seems to show that, in the time of Elizabeth and James, scarcely such a thing as an aspirate “h” existed. Nor is this, perhaps, a matter of surprise, when we consider that Spanish and Italian, then the only languages in Europe which can be said to have possessed a popular literature of any standing, and both of which were familiar to the student and the adventurer of the Elizabethan period, were, and are still, alike destitute of the aspirate sound, at least in the shape of an “h.” The change would therefore seem to have been the result of mere conventionalism.

The author of “French Home Life,” with the analytical power and keen insight which are his distinctive characteristics, has indicated certain conditions under which furniture becomes a manifestation of correct taste. We are far from disputing the general conclusions to which his delicate discrimination points; yet it is apparent that effects in their way not less pleasing, even to a severely critical eye, might be produced by the influence of individualities different in tone from those towards which he leans.

As there is absolute human beauty outside the Greek type, so also laces and pale neutral tints do not exclude from the canons of taste richer ornamentation and bolder colouring.

With regards to names, want of access to books, by which the taste becomes cultivated and refined, or default of literary inclination, or absence of the quick and delicate perception requisite to assimilate and appropriate the associations which are the essence and spirit of the beautiful and the elegant, leave the mind destitute of resource for the means of adequately satisfying the imagination, even should that faculty be latent. People in this condition are reduced to imitation of limited examples,—notably to a blind adherence to family precedents, or a servile following of the prevalent fashion. The first inundates the world with John-Thomases and Mary-Janes. The second manifests itself in the wholesale adoption of names which recommend themselves to crude taste, simply because they are borne by sovereigns or persons of notoriety. Thus the reign of the Virgin Queen, partly, no doubt, by reason of her real greatness, has caused Elizabeth to be a popular English name for three centuries.

Its prevalence is probably diminishing, which is to be desired; partly because it is scriptural, and the general tendency of modern taste does not affect biblical appellations; partly because it has been so detestably vulgarised in its abbreviations of Betsy and Bet (Bessie is just a shade more tolerable), which convey no ideas beyond those of a fishfag, a washerwoman, or a nurse (Mrs. Prig, to wit); and partly, we would hope, because people begin to know that it is a synonym of the beautiful Spanish Ysabel (or more properly, perhaps, *vice versa*), a name crowned with a halo of romance, which is only brightened and intensified by the reality—itsself romance—of Ysabel the Catholic. Let us here take the opportunity of protesting against Isabella. Isabel of Croye, or Isabel de Bruce, would have been vulgarised had Scott thought fit to call them Isabella; though it must be confessed that the latter form is appropriate in some instances. It would be difficult perhaps to think of the “she-wolf of France” as Isabelle.

The substitution of “e” for the final “a” in all such names is, indeed, generally more

graceful. How completely, for instance, would the exquisite name of Amabelle be spoilt were it written Amabella; and the Queen has perhaps shewn correct taste in calling her daughter Louise rather than Louisa.

French terminations of female names are possibly more elegant and better adapted to the neatness, so to speak, of modern ideas, than the more classic or Italian endings, which usually prolong the name by a syllable, and also involve a certain stateliness at variance with the growing brevity of our colloquialism.

Elizabeth, we believe, means “house of strength” in Hebrew, and Isabella, according to a book which lies by us, but for the authority of which we do not vouch, signifies “olive-coloured.” There was a time when our own knowledge would have sufficed to verify the statement, but—

“Long years are past and o’er,
Since from that fatal shore
Cold hearts and cold winds bore
My love from me;”

or, at all events, bore us from the tropic skies under which ruby lips first imparted to us the noble Spanish tongue, and flashing eyes pointed the lessons.

It would almost seem as if Tennyson had had the great and good Catholic Queen in his mind when he wrote—

“The intuitive decision of a bright
And thorough edged intellect
* * * * *
Revered Isabel, the crown and head,
The stately flower of female fortitude.”

Claribel is a name, we take it, of Tennyson’s origination, and it has been adopted by the writer of some very sweet songs. Its component ideas or suggestions are “clear” and “beautiful,” and it ought to find its way into use as a Christian name.

Another result of servile imitation was the fiction on countless unhappy females of the detestable combination of “Mary-Anne.” This was a consequence of the succeeding reigns of Mary II. and Anne. The next snobbery was an inundation of Charlottes. Sophia and Caroline, both superior names, and borne by successive Queens of England between the reigns of Anne and George III., seem to have taken comparatively slight hold on the popular

fancy. But then, poor Sophia was shut up by her brutal husband for forty years in the Castle of Zell, and there was, we suppose, not enough of chivalry in the English character to pay tribute to the memory of an unfortunate princess.

It is probably more due to her daughter, who became Queen of Prussia, and very little, if at all, to the pure Greek beauty and the signification (wisdom) of the name, that Sophia obtained any suffrage. Goldsmith, who calls the Vicar of Wakefield's charming youngest daughter, Sophia, may have been an exception. It would have been worthy of his genial fancy and generous temper. The French Sophie is as pretty as the pure Greek form is beautiful.

Caroline (Carolina), though only the feminine of Carolus, and therefore only an equivalent of Charlotte, the feminine of Charles, is a far sweeter name. Charlotte has, says a doubtful authority, the signification of a crowned woman, but it is scarcely necessary to read Madame D'Arbly's memoirs to intensify one's dislike to old Queen Charlotte; and the idea of the lady who,

"Like a well conducted person,
Went on eating bread and butter,"

after the luckless Werther had disposed of himself, is not calculated to redeem the association.

A ludicrous instance of sycophancy with regard to this name occurs in a place where one would hardly expect to find it. Among other wild and fanciful works of the Baron de la Motte-Fouqué, the author of "Undine" and "Sintram," is one which I fancy is (like the exquisite "Magic Ring") but little known to readers of the present day. It is "Minstrel Love." A Moorish knight and princess of the middle ages are, after some "hair-breadth 'scapes," brought in at last, converted, and solemnly baptised by the names of George and Charlotte. The book was written, of course, in George III.'s reign.

The Italian form, Carlotta, however, has real beauty. Is it possible that it is a quarter of a century since all the elegance of the name was embodied in the graceful movements and perfect form of Carlotta Grisi? Apropos of Caroline too, there was Carolina Rosati, about the same time. Oh! *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur* (that is to say, we

are much the worse for wear) *in illis!* As a queenly association with the name of Caroline we have the sense, dignity, and feeling ascribed to Caroline of Anspach, in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian."

The virtues of Queen Adelaide no doubt gave some circulation to that thoroughly ladylike name. It is a queenly name too, signifying "Princess," and it is the name of a Queen of Tragedy—Ristori. But our sweetest association with it will probably be with Beethoven's matchless song, "Adelaide." Adeline and Adelina are somewhat lackadaisical, and seem to want the clear-cut and stately grace of Adelaide, still they are not ugly, though the termination "ina" has a thin as well as a stilted effect. They are perhaps better recommended by the association with Adelina Patti than with the demure lady who was probably intended to paint the deepest moral, or, if you will, the keenest sarcasm of Don Juan.

If we should seek an absolute rule to guide us in our choice of proper names, it might possibly be found in insisting on the observance of fitness, a quality which may be illustrated by the proposition that Sarah is a more fitting prefix to the euphonious name of Stiggins than Beatrice or Constance, and that Maud or Gwendolyn assimilate better with the bloated aristocratic one of St. Maur than Jemina or Mary-Anne. This quality of fitness, however, we will not discuss; because, although correct taste would incline to reject violent contrast or anticlimax, still the possessor of a strikingly vulgar surname might not succeed in overcoming the temptation to prefix to it a favourite Christian name. While, if that were done, we might rejoice in the beauty of fitness, but we should probably be surfeited with Elizas and Jane-Anns.

The considerations, we will assume, which would influence a cultivated mind in its selections, would be three, viz: sound, association of ideas, and the written appearance of a name.

With regard to sound it is not always the beauty of liquid softness which captivates. Association will often assign a preference to comparative harshness and vigour, while the expression conveyed in the look of the written characters and in their combinations is perhaps more suggestive than either by itself. Thus, it would be difficult to imagine a more perfect and dulcet flow of liquid sound:

than we are conscious of in Leona (we once knew a lady so called, and her aristocratic surname was one which gave full effect to it) or Laone, the mythic and mystic heroine of the "Revolt of Islam," around whose shadowy indistinctness Shelley has thrown the glory of his marvellous inspiration of language and his terrible depth of tragic power. Yet there is equal beauty, with a yet more lofty and ringing brilliancy, in the splendid name of Ianthe, a name which is imperial in its perfection of classic grace.

Kate and Maud, which would be preferred by many, have really no euphony to recommend them, but are vindicated by their neatness of written appearance, and more forcibly by association; for who pronounces the name of Kate without a rush of reminiscence—Kate the "curst" of Padua—the "most divine Kate" of "Love's Labour Lost"—the coy French princess so bluntly yet honestly wooed by Harry of Agincourt—the noble but unfortunate Katherine of Arragon—the sprightly Katrine Bulmer of James's best novel, "Darnley;" and who thinks of Maud, but conjures up an eidolon of the haughty Empress, daughter of Henry I, or tries to imagine a face "faultlessly beautiful, icily cold," and hums involuntarily "Come into the garden, Maud," or sees "Maud Müller, on a summer's day, raking the meadows sweet with hay." Be it here observed that Katharine should never be spelled with a C; while Maud may, if desired, take a final "e." The Irish Kathleen has its own charm to an Irish heart, and ever seems to fit "mavourneen."

As to written appearance, some letters and combinations of letters are absolutely more satisfactory to the eye than others. Thus Julia is both dignified and exquisitely soft. But J is not a pretty letter, and the name is wonderfully improved in look, while it remains unaltered in sound, by spelling it in the Italian manner—Giulia. Julia Manning was a charming young lady, but there is no Julia to those who were familiar with the Norma and Lucrezia of the divine Grisi—only Giulia. We are also reminded that the first "Norma" at La Scala was Giudita Pasta, the "Siddons of Song," which is also preferable to the plain and Jewish looking Judith, as to which one always thinks of Holofernes, or at best of the haughty and termagant wife of Tostig, brother of Harold. Even Juliet, but that we are so accustomed

to it in the text of Shakespeare, would look better written Giuliet.

We will give an instance of the curious way in which the alteration of a letter or two will change the character of a name to the mind's eye. Take a name we have mentioned—Leona. Change the "o" into "æ" diphthong, and see if any combination of letters or sound could better convey the idea of a lioness. Læna! Gaunt, fell, lean, cruel, famished, snarling, howling, moaning, with that terrible indrawn breath of the felidæ which has so unutterably savage a sound. It seems to bring to mind the "*ira sævæ Junonis*" (what a relentless hiss the words have!)—the fierce and unappeasable wrath of the imperial lioness of Olympus.

T, Th, and Z are not pretty letters. Take Elizabeth, Eliza, Tabitha, as examples. Z becomes tolerable by a Greek, Moorish, or Turkish association, as in Zoe (life), Zara, Zuleika, Zuleima. But Theodora ("the gift of God," which is an improvement by transposition of Dorothea), Theodoxia, and Theresia redeem themselves; Theodora especially by grandeur of sound. Dorothea, beautiful in itself, has been vulgarized by its abbreviation, Dorothy, which is fitly conjoined with "Draggletail" in the chorus to "Dame Durden." Indeed, there is scarcely a name, except Diana, beginning with D which is tolerable. Diana we accept partly for intrinsic beauty, partly for Die Vernon's sake. Dora does but recall David Copperfield's idiotic little wife.

Well, then, "what's in a name?" Look, sound, association, these three, but the greatest of these is association. No doubt "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but how completely would our ideas be revolutionized had the name been applied to the fair but scentless lily.

It is our purpose to consider names in groups or classes more or less connected by association, origin, or otherwise. The old quotation draws us to the floral idea; but we will make one pause to revert to the proverb with which we headed this article, *Chacun à son gout*.

To the minds of devout persons who disdain other literature than the Bible, and to whose perceptions that venerable collection of records presents itself in the light of unquestionable sacredness, scriptural proper names possess that quality of fitness which we have seen to be an attribute of taste.

The development of this puritan *penchant* from New England has flooded the United States with Ichabods, Seths, and Jeremiahs; with Marthas, Jerushas, and Keren-happuchs; and the usage spreading thence has come to prevail to a considerable extent in Canada.

There be those, then, to whom scriptural names are unctious and savoury. Encore, *chacun à son gout!* Here are a few specimens:—Ada, Zillah, Dinah, Rachel, Rebecca, Ruth, Esther, Martha, Tabitha, Jemima, Naomi, Marianne, Salome, Eunice, Dorcas.

Ada is a popular name, but we confess we do not like it. Byron's choice of it for his daughter fails to make it interesting; and it is another instance of the effect of the substitution of a single letter, that it bears no comparison with the noble Ida, to the ideal of which Tennyson has done justice in his "Princess." Eunice is Greek, and euphonious in itself, besides being a beautiful written name; but it is not enhanced by Sam Slick's association of it with "Snare." Rachel, disagreeable both in sound and appearance, yet recalls Lady Russell and that wonderfully pathetic creation of Thackeray, Lady Castlewood. We all, probably, in our *cor cordium*, think it a pity that the little prejudice of his day, and the trifling accident of a previous engagement, should have consigned Rebecca to the hades of a hopeless passion; and we enter, perhaps, somewhat more *con amore* than propriety warrants into the spirit of that comic sequel to "Ivanhoe" which endeavours to satisfy poetic justice by imagining the opportune decease of Rowena (itself a not inelegant Saxon name), and the ultimate felicity of the noble Jewish damsel. It may admit of a shrewd doubt whether we all regard Miss Sharpe with quite that sternness of reprobation which, alas! we are compelled to admit to ourselves that she richly deserves; but there is not the shadow of a doubt that we see little to admire in the unscrupulous daughter of Bethuel, however grand a figure she may make as the mother of Edom and Israel,—a conception, by the way, which we once saw grandly realized in sculpture. Ruth is beautiful in association but detestable in sound and inelegant in appearance. Naomi, on the contrary, has decided beauty. Neither the sister of Mary nor Mrs. Washington suffice to redeem the absolute homeliness of Martha. Esther or Hester is far

better. There are the Esther of the Bible, Esther Summerson of "Bleak House," Hester Prynne of the "Scarlet Letter," Lady Hester Stanhope, and the two Esthers or Hesters of Swift. Food enough to furnish the cud of sweet and bitter fancy! Marianne and Salome are names of intrinsic grace and dignity even apart from their melancholy connection with the great Herod. The rest may be consigned to the limbo of the utterly abominable, only that we would still recommend the dulcet cognomen of Keren-happuch to lovers of biblical associations.

Let us pass to the flowers. Rose, Rosa, Rosalie, Rosalind, Rosamond are all akin and all pretty, and rich enough in association. There is the sub-heroine in Col. Hawley's pretty novel, "Lady Lee's Widowhood," and there is Rosa Bonheur. There is St. Rosalie, who "from all the youth of Sicily retired to God." There is sweet Rosalind of "As you like it," and the famous, if somewhat mythic, "Fair Rosamond" of Henry II. But a yet more terrible, because probably a more real tragedy than the doubtful one of Woodstock, may be found in Gibbon, in connection with Rosamond, a princess of the Gepidæ, and wife of Albion, King of the Lombards.

Lily, Lilius, Lillian, Lilla are pretty and graceful, and speak of the whiteness and purity of the flower from which they are derived. Tennyson seems to like the name of Lillian, and there is Lily Dale of the "Small House at Allington," a sweet enough portraiture.

Violet is an exquisite name, and one which is apparently coming into greater use. Viola is one of Shakspeare's most charming heroines. Myrilla and Myrtea are scarcely so pretty, though not inelegant. But a very sweet addition to names of this class was made by Hannay in his clever naval novel, "Singleton Fontenoy," namely, Ivy. Daisy is pretty enough, and there seems no reason that Hyacinth should not be adopted, while the noble Amaranth has still higher claims to recognition. The ring of the combination of letters "anth" is wonderful, and imparts perhaps the loftiest tone attainable to a name.

From things of beauty in the vegetable kingdom to the analogous things of beauty in the mineral, is a natural step. So we turn to precious stones. Some bold innovators have already initiated, in certain nov-

els, the apposite and graceful idea. Ruby has been so utilized, and Opal, in the effective book, "Olive Varcoe;" and there seems, in the case of jewels, no reason to reject any of them. Onyx would be as pretty as Opal; Diamond, as Ruby; Turquoise, as either; Sapphire, more than either. Amethyst is beautiful in sound. Emerald, simply, is almost as graceful as Esmeralda, already immortalized by Victor Hugo in "Notre Dame." Pearl suggests the elfin child in the "Scarlet Letter," and is, even in its English dress, a pleasant and graceful name; while as Marguerite, Margarita (the absolute Spanish for Pearl), and Margaret, it already lives in a hundred tender thoughts, from the Laureate's "rare pale Margaret," to Edward Maitland's Margaret, in "Higher Law;" from the fair Margaret of Brankesome, to the immortal one of Faust.

Before we take a brief glance at a few names of distinct nationality, let us consider some of a miscellaneous character.

First, a set which we will characterize as pedantic. Some of them, distinguished by a certain gushing inanity, have been popularized by American bad taste, which, in such matters, inclines to the "Minerva press and melodramatic style," the dime novels of the present day answering to the penny weeklies of England thirty years ago. Some of them remind us of the pseudo-classic taste of the comic dramatists of the Restoration, and of the age of Pope, Dryden, Otway, and Rowe. There is a sickness pervading them which is foreign even to the euphuisms of the Elizabethan era. They are such as Amanda, Semantha, Phœbe, Phyllis (not re-deemed even by Milton), Sylvia (partially recommended by the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and really beautiful in itself); Lucinda, Araminta, Cynthia (also beautiful and Greek); Belinda, Florinda (adopted by Southey, with questionable taste, to avoid the tabooed name of Cava, in "Roderick"); Delia (absolutely detestable, Sir Lucius O'Trigger to the contrary notwithstanding); Miranda (with which, however, we have half melancholy childish associations with the pathetic fairy tale of the "Royal Ram," not to speak of Shakspeare's "Tempest"); Evelina (for such as appreciate Fanny Burney's heroine); Orynthia ("my beloved," as the recitative of an old song goes, nevertheless a name of great intrinsic grace and stateliness); Berinthia, Melissa, and Mel-

inda, which last owes something to Bret Harte.

Next there is a category of pretty and graceful names, which, though not of uncommon occurrence, are ladylike and pleasant to eye and ear.

Who has not known many a pleasant Emily, one of the sweetest of ordinary names? Eleanor, better, perhaps, spelt Elinor, is thoroughly *comme il faut*. "Serene, imperial Eleanore!" Clara (clear, pure) is always satisfactory, although a "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" may now and then work havoc with soft young gentlemen. Laura is particularly graceful, and recalls Petrarch, as Beatrice does Dante. There is a sweet picture of Stothard's, which shows Laura and a companion, seated on a garden bench under an orange tree, Petrarch appearing before them, and the orange blossoms falling in showers around her. Flora may bring before us Flora McIvor or Flora McDonald; but it is becoming rather common, and may remind us of Mr. Clennam's old flame in "Little Dorritt." Nora is essentially Irish, and none the worse therefor. Nora Creina! Leonora, Lenora, a noble name of all Latin tongues, has, moreover, a weird and terrible association with Bürger's Leonor and Poe's Lenore, the heroine of "The Raven." Agnes is always beautiful, from Agnes de Meranie to Agnes of David Copperfield—the only true and dignified lady, by the way, whom Dickens ever created. Christina is a fair name, notwithstanding the evil association of the infamous Swedish Queen. Blanche is always ladylike. De la Motte-Fouqué, in the "Magic Ring," adds a pleasant variety, Blanche-fleur, white flower. Marian, or Marion (we prefer the latter), takes us back to Sherwood Forest and bold Robin Hood, that "forester good," to Little John, Friar Tuck, Will Scarlett, and all their goodly company. Lucy, Lucille, Lucinda, of which the fundamental idea is lucid, clear, are pretty but a trifle namby-pamby. Does Lucy owe this to the weak heroine of Lammermoor? The Italian Lucia, however, has more dignity. We are not fond of Magdalen, or Madeline, or the French Madelon—they have all a thin and stilted air. Matilda is a fine, but not altogether pleasant cognomen, although she of "Rokeby" is a charming enough damsel. Alice is well enough, but we fear "Ben Bolt," the most inane of

songs, has somewhat spoiled her. May, a familiarized abbreviation of the finer Greek Maia, is pretty, but becoming hackneyed. Grace and Florence are unexceptionable, and Frances is more honoured as Fanny, one of the best heroines of the name we remember being Fanny Conway of "Dennis Donne."

There is another set of names, not so commonly used, some of them, indeed, not in use at all, but which might all swell the *répertoire* with advantage to grace and variety.

Adela, to begin with, is a thorough lady's name. Gwendolen has already been adopted by George Eliot, besides being borne by a lady of the noble house of Seymour (St. Maur). It is also the name of the enchantress from whose liaison with Arthur, in the "Bridal of Triermain," springs the exquisite Gyneth, a name which ought long ago to have taken high rank among people of taste. Following the idea of British or Cambrian names, Gœrvyl is one for which we are indebted to Southey's "Madoc;" and Regan and Goneril might have a chance, but for the truculence of those daughters of Lear, which, we suppose, taboos them to us as completely as her treason did that of Cava to the Goths of Spain. For our own part, we rather admire the thoroughness of those princesses,—without detriment to Cordelia, however. Geraldine is inseparable from the Earl of Surrey. Eve is of good taste enough, but we should not so christen a daughter of our own. Stella is really sweet, though its associations with Swift are scarcely agreeable. Guenevere, Guenevra, Ginevra ought to be brought into use. We prefer the first, which is a noble name, and associated with that "Idyll of the King," which it would perhaps have been as well had it been the only one, except, perhaps, the "Last Tournament." We have actually known a little girl called Norma, but there appears to be a sort of profanation in the use of the Druid Priestess' name in an ordinary way. Viola, soft and sweet itself, has, like Olivia, its association with that most delightful of Shakspeare's comedies, "Twelfth Night." Olivia is further endeared to us by Goldsmith, and by Tennyson, in his exquisite "Talking Oak." Rolanda is a fine name, not totally unused in certain families. Veronica, which we think we remember in a book called the "Free Court of Aarau," is worthy of adoption, besides being the name of a distin-

guished saint, if that be a recommendation. Sybil is perfect in its way, as is also Mabel (*ma belle*). Aurora, Cleora, Vincentia, are all striking. Jessica has its "Merchant of Venice" reminiscences. Muriel, a singularly graceful name, has been adopted in a noble family. Cecilia, Cicely are ladylike, as is also Evelyn.

We now come to categories which are stamped with the associations of country or race.

We will instance a few Saxon ones, one or two of which are already popular, *e.g.* Edith and Ethel. Edith is full of association. There is the Edith of the "Talisman;" Edith of Lorne, to whom is addressed that exquisite *reveillée* which opens the "Lord of the Isles;" Edith, the betrothed of Harold, in Bulwer's incomparable historical novel; and a dozen others. Ethel (noble) was popularized in the "Newcomes," and is a name deservedly gaining in favour. Elfreda, Elfrida, Elgiva, and Rowena are also graceful, and might well enrich the resources of nomenclature.

Akin to the early Saxon are a number of dignified and graceful names of German origin, many of them with most interesting connections of ideas. Such are Ermengarde and Kunigunde, Ulrica, Ursula, Hertha, Hilda, which sparkle in many a weird romance of the Fatherland. Bertha, the saintly heroine of the "Magic Ring;" Gerda, the Norwegian enchantress in the same book, and, to our taste, the most interesting lady in it; Bertalda, the wilful lady of "Undine;" Brunhilda, of the "Niebelungen Lied;" and Crimhilde, the fated heroine whose inexorable hatred of the murderers of Siegfried, and appalling ferocity in carrying out her grand scheme of vengeance, fail to shake our love and compassion for her. Gertrude has long been a favourite.

The German naturally suggests the kindred Scandinavian. We have of late acquired a new association with the beautiful name of Dagmar, the fair and good Danish Queen. Thyra and Thora ("fairest of women") may both be found in Longfellow's spirited translations of Norse Sagas. Ingeborge is the exquisite heroine of Frithiof's Saga, as well as the unfortunate Queen of Philip Augustus. "Queen Sigrid the Haughty" gives us another splendid name, and the "Magic Ring" another sweet one in Astrid. Russia gives us an elegant appel-

lation in Olga; and a delightful name appeared in a novel having a half Russian plot and locale, a few years ago—Vera.

Spain, Italy, and Portugal furnish us with many lovely names besides Isabella. Who does not remember Donna Violante of Mrs. Centlivre's "Wonder," one of the prettiest of the comedies of that age, or the Mercedes of Fenimore Cooper's "Mercedes of Castile" and Alexander Dumas' "Monte Christo"? There are the Catilina, Inez, and Serafina of Gil Blas, and of a hundred other less famous romances. Dolores is a fitting mate to Mercedes. Isidora is an exquisite name. Juanita is pretty; and Elvira, besides being absolute in beauty, has more than one royal and operatic association. There is always, too, the inevitable Maria.

We do not much affect French names, but a few of them are very pretty. Estelle, for instance, which Dickens, with more than his usual taste, utilized in "Great Expectations," Clemence, the heroine of James's "Huguenot"; Eugénie; Aglæ, a pretty diminutive of the perfect Greek Aglaia; Corinne, Renée, polished and graceful; and the ever-lovely Marie, as beautiful, despite its commonness, as its English equivalent—almost more so, perhaps. Stephanie has also recommended itself here and there: it is, at all events, ladylike. Then there is Héloïse, with all its suggestions.

There are the soft Moorish names,—Leila, recalling the siege of Granada, Lola, and Xarifa, and the grand Soleyma, the Moorish princess in "Minstrel Love." There is an exquisite picture of Westall's, representing the introduction by his friends, the Moorish knights Balta and Gryba, of Arnald of Maraviglia, the minstrel knight, to the court of Soleyma. The Morocco queen, in her gorgeous loveliness, occupies the far centre, embowered in roses and orange blossoms, and surrounded by damsels scarcely less lovely than herself. Arnald, in the foreground, just entering, involuntarily shades his eyes with his hand from the blaze of beauty and magnificence. Alcarda is another name in "Minstrel Love."

Before we pass to those two great sources, the Roman and the Greek, let us also remember Althea, the sweet heroine of the noble German tale, "The Patricians," and Isola, an Italian name worthy of adoption.

Roman names are full of the grandeur and dignity characteristic of an imperial

people. Listen to their stately flow,—Octavia, Flavia, Camilla, Augusta, Æmelia (which, spelt with the diphthong, conveys a very different idea from the namby-pamby Amelia who tormented poor Dobbin almost beyond even his patient bearing), Olympia (a name of limpid splendour), Virginia, Volunna, regal Valeria, Aurelia, spelt Orelia (and equally beautiful both ways) by Col. Hamley; Claudia and Marcia, unsurpassable for stately grace; Lucretia, with three terrible associations, however, the victim of "false Sextus," the fell heroine of Bulwer's powerful novel, and the famous Borgia, who however, was probably not by any means as bad as she has been painted to subserve sensational literary purposes. Cælia, Portia, and Horatia may suffice to close the list. The former two, also, of Shaksperian memory, and the latter reminding us of Nelson. Hyppolita, Hermia, and Helena, too, though Greek, are brought to mind by the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

We will not recapitulate the Greek names to which we have already adverted, except to recommend Helia as a substitute for Phœbe. The Greek is a perpetual fountain of beauty, and some few of its names have by degrees fought their way into use. We once knew a lady rejoicing in the name of Cassandra. Theresa and Irene are not unknown to ordinary use. We have also known more than one Selina (Selene). Ida is almost hackneyed in America, more's the pity. Lydia is not uncommon, and we have seen Daphne adopted in a recent novel. There is no reason why Nydia (Bulwer's exquisite creation in the "Last Days of Pompeii,") should not be used as well as Lydia; and Ione, the beautiful heroine of the same book, is no farther-fetched than Irene. Iris, Circe, Myra, and Calypso might all be made to do duty; as might Media, if, as in the case of Circe, people are not daunted by fierce associations. For ourselves we confess to feeling intense charm in some of the terrible old heroines, and have almost as affectionate a compassion for Medea as for Beatrice Cenci. Cenone is an exquisite name, and married to Tennyson's immortal verse. Eulalie and Eudocia are beautifully soft, and look as they sound. Agatha, Maia, and Lesbia are all good, and why not Sappho and Aspasia? If people have been found bold enough to tackle Clytemnestra, surely the far sweeter Iphigenia might find acceptance. In fact,

one Greek name, divested of conventional hesitation at novelty, is almost as chaste and *recherché* as another; and we can see no more objection to Hero, Demeter, Artemis, Briseis, or Acné, than to Penelope, which has a stiff and old-maidish sound and look, but which has long been in vogue. There is no doubt that Lord Derby fell into an error in taste, in declining the Greek in favour of the Latin names of divinities in his noble translation of the Iliad. Neither are his reasons valid: if the Greek names were caviare to the general public, it is time the general public began its education in that particular.

Let us, before we pass from the rich and fertile Greek, mention a few more of infinite beauty, and the most graceful associations.

There are the names of the Graces—Aglæa, Thalia (also the name of the comic muse), and the exquisite “goddess, fair and free, in Heaven yclep’d Euphrosyne.” There are the Pleiades, names of perfect classic grace—Asterope, Electra, Maia, Merope, and Alcyone, that “bright particular star,” round which it was, some 25 years ago, supposed that our sun might revolve. The name even of one of the Gorgons, Euryale, is beautiful. Among the Muses, Clio, Urania, Erato, Calliope, and Euterpe are not unadaptable. Melpomene, Terpsichore, and Polyhymnia are perhaps scarcely to be recommended. Neither are Cæno (also one of the Harpies) and Tagete, among the Pleiades, pleasant sounding or looking.

One more word on the conveyance of appropriate ideas through sound and written appearance. We all know Charles Dickens’s power of illustration by names, but neither his nor that of any modern (for Milton resorted to Greek) can approach the imperial combination of subtlety and severity of suggestion which marks the Hellenic—the names of the Fates, the Furies, and the Gorgons are sufficient examples. Clotho is like the immutable calm of the steadfast gaze of the Sphinx, inexorable and impassive as nature herself, and Lachesis and Atropos match with it fitly. All the fulness of insatiable and implacable wrath and revenge are embodied in Alecto and Megæra, and all their snaky locks coil and hiss together in Tisiphone; while Stheno and Medusa (though not Euryale) seem exactly to convey the fitting ideas of the terrible Gorgons.

From the heathen, let us pass to the Christian Graces—Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Though (especially the second) not exactly ugly, they have a very puritan smack; besides, we can’t help thinking of Miss Charity Pecksniff. But three beautiful names can be evolved from them, Fidelity, Esperanza, and Carita.

We will mention two or three more miscellaneous names before changing our ground entirely to a more commonplace level. There are the beautiful Sabrina, immortalized in “Comus;” Wanda, of “Grande Duchesse” association; and the strange yet graceful Lilith, connected with the wierd idea of the first wife of Adam.

Some of the ordinary names do not much commend themselves. In fact, we are tired of them. Susan, Ellen, Eliza, Harriet, Jane, Ann have really nothing to recommend them, and are hopelessly vulgarized. Annette is tolerable but somewhat sickly. Henrietta, like most feminines of masculine appellations, is disagreeable. It is almost as bad as Roberta.

But Sarah, hackneyed as it is, is redeemable by dropping the “h.” Spelt Sara, it at once assumes a classic and dignified appearance; and, by the way, we wonder no one has ever adopted (at least, as far as we know) the very beautiful name of Sabra, which, if we remember rightly, is the name of the princess whom St. George rescued from the dragon.

The last common name, which is the first of all, real or conceivable, brings us to our closing indication of our three absolute favourites. What could not be said or sung of Mary, at once the most common and the most sublime? It may all be summed up in a few of the words of Shakspeare: “Age” (nor perpetual usage) “cannot wither” it, “nor custom stale” its “infinite” pathos and sweetness. Instances would be superfluous. It is in all hearts the supreme name for woman.

Other names, *i.e.*, preferences for them, are matter of individual taste. Many we have named might occupy the first place in the heart and mind of any of our readers, for the original association may be of the most trifling or accidental kind. Our own favourites, next to Mary, are Constance and Beatrice. We think Ianthe the most perfect name in sound and beauty of appearance, but it is too absolutely classic and “high-strung” (to use an Americanism, expressive if vulgar) to associate with ordinary surnames. Our first

association with Constance was in James's "Darnley." We happened to read that very good novel of a type now growing old, when we were about seven years of age. We, of course, fell in love with Constance de Grey, and the association, borne out in after years by the perfect ladylikeness of the name, never left us. Then we had a notion that Constantia Neville, in "She Stoops to Conquer," was very much of a lady. We heartily sympathise with her of Beverley, "sister professed of Fontevrand," and not a little with her of "King John." Our next preference—for Beatrice—arose likewise from

some novel of James's (they were popular when we were young), we think the "Ancien Régime," in which a certain Beatrice de Carrara figures as the unfortunate one of two heroines. The Beatrice of Messina, the Bobadilla (friend of Ysabel of Castile), the Cenci, and the Beatrix of Esmond, though the most unworthy character of the finest novel in the English language, and one or two others, suffice to surround the name with a halo of association. But we are at the length of our tether, and "I end with it, as I did begin," *chacun à son gout*.

G. W. G.

ACA NADA.

A doubtful tradition asserts that the name, Canada, is derived from these two Spanish words, signifying *nothing here*, from the fact that the first explorers were disappointed in their hope of finding gold.

Long ago a band of travellers
 Left behind the coast of Spain,
 Turned their faces to the westward,
 Sailed across the storm-tossed main,
 Crossed the black Atlantic waters,
 Landed on a rock-bound shore,
 Moored their argosies and left them,
 That the land they might explore.
 Sadly turned they homeward, murmuring,
 "Aca Nada!" nothing here.

Nothing here! my Canada?
 Nay but we have wiser grown;
 Stretching vast from dawn to sunset,
 With a grandeur all thine own!
 Rugged mountains, where the eagle
 Wheels in widening circles slow;
 Mighty hills whose peaked summits,
 Covered with eternal snow,
 Stand like angel sentinels guarding
 Far and wide the land below!

Trackless forests, dark and lonely,
 Where man's foot hath never trod;
 Howls the wolf, and screams the panther,
 Face to face with Nature's God!

Here the haughty stag advancing,
 Kingly power undaunted sways ;
 Here the timid hare bounds fearless
 Through the brushwood underways ;
 In his native marsh the heron
 Seeks the waters of his love,
 While in geometric figure
 Sail the wild-duck far above.
 Company of man disturbs not,
 All in careless freedom rove !

Lakes and streamlets ever changing,
 Yet in beauty changeless still
 As when Chaos and Old Night
 Bent obedient to His will !
 Stately rivers, onward rolling
 Ever to the restless sea,
 On thine azure bosoms heaving,
 White-winged barques ride daintily,
 Laden low with grain so golden,
 Ceres laughs in happy glee.

Where of yore, by tideless waters,
 Pines their solemn shadows threw,
 Curls the graceful smoke from homesteads,
 Men their thrifty lives pursue.
 Where in bygone years the forest
 Shuddered with the tempest's roar,
 Spreads now many a stately city ;
 Solitude returns no more !
 Happy country ! happy people !
 Peace prevails from shore to shore.

Dear my country ! thee I love
 Better than my tongue can tell ;
 Land of peace and plenty, ever
 In my heart thy name shall dwell !
 Birds of evil omen many
 Croak of poverty and care,
 Fancy in them loves to wander
 Through the mazes of despair.
 Dear our country is and lovely,
 And though night be dark and long,
 Evening red-lit clouds betoken
 Morning sunshine bright and strong !

KAY LIVINGSTONE.

"WANTED, GOOD BOARD."

A TALE IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

CONCERNING THE VACUUM IN THE TILLET
FAMILY.

"LOOK here," sang out Jack Bragstocke, as he unfastened his feet from the side of the fireplace and reached over the fender to knock the ashes out of his pipe,—“look here, Tom, if this isn't too ridiculous! It won't bear reading, the cream of the jest is in the look of the thing,” and he handed Tom the paper, folded down at the following advertisement:

TWO LADIES WANT COMFORT-
ably furnished rooms, with use of kitchen.
Address A.B., Box 107, City.

"Poor creatures!" he continued, as Tom grinned over the joke; "board and lodging have I often seen advertised for, but 'comfort' in the abstract as opposed to 'home comforts,' which, being interpreted, means a landlady who will test the strength of your spirits and the quality of your sugar with a more than maternal care, have I never yet found sought for through the medium of a newspaper."

"Isn't there the rudiment or raw material for a joke lying hidden here?" replied Tom, handing back the paper. "Something might be made out of a comparison between Diogenes with his lantern searching the world for an honest man, and these twin ladies searching the *Globe* for an honest landlady. Good joke that, I think. Emphasis on world and *Globe*, you know. Hang it, man, why don't you laugh?" All this between puffs of his pipe.

Jack's sole response was to whistle a bar of "'Tis but a Little Faded Flower," his usual acknowledgment of an attempt at witticism on the part of his comrade; but on this occasion he was still hanging on to the "fa-aded" part of the tune, when an idea struck him, and suddenly replacing his

meerschaum in his mouth, he began to fumble with both hands in his waistcoat pockets, finally producing a crumpled bit of paper, slightly damaged from a too intimate acquaintance with sundry lucifer matches, cloves, and divers other sundries. Carefully flattening it out on his knee, he said:

"I'm rather a connoisseur in this kind of thing. I've made a collection of odd advertisements and cuttings any time this six years. Why, sir, I was the only man who detected a correspondent in the *Times* in the act of idiotically describing a newly launched ironclad as a 'Traveller of the Sea,' in inverted commas, evidently under the pleasing delusion that he was making a delicate and complimentary allusion to Victor Hugo's 'Travailleurs de la Mer,' then lately published. Then, again, it was I who caught a leader writer in the same august journal in the very act of 'penning a stanza' when he imagined he was writing prose,—"

"He must have been as much surprised," interrupted Tom, "as M. Jourdain was when he learned for the first time that he had been talking prose all his life."

"Silence!" ejaculated Jack, "and let me achieve my sentence. Before an hour was out every club was scanning the lines—"

'Fathoms deep in Norman waters
Lies the good ship Alabama,'

and declaring that the entire *Times*' staff couldn't have indited such a spirited couplet if they had knowingly tried for a week. But no one recognized *me* as the discoverer, no one wrote to the papers mentioning *my* name. *I* was sunk as deep in oblivion as, as—"

"As the Alabama in the Norman waters, and no chance of a Geneva conference to rake you up again. But what is that precious scrap of greasy paper which served as the text for all this?"

"Oh, this is my last acquisition, I'll read it to you while you cut out the 'Two Ladies'

for me. Here's my penknife; no, on second thought, use your own, mine is too sharp and might cut you, to say nothing of imperilling its own edge upon the paper." And so saying, Jack read as follows:

A S BUTCHER, &c., UNDERSTANDS pork, both English and American, no objection to go with some pious family to do chores: X. Y. Z., Grimsby.

"When you've finished that cutting-out, and can laugh without endangering your sweet existence, I will point out the beauties of this. Pork, now! You or I would think Pork a simple thing enough, with all its beauties, all its defects upon the surface! No, learn from this man that there goes some depth of insight to the due comprehension of Pork. He must be akin to Dickens's butcher, who held that meat, *dead* meat, 'must be humoured—not drove.' And then, see his exclusiveness! English Pork he knows and loves; American Pork he, presumably, appreciates with affection, but Irish Pork he ignores and abhors." (Movement of restlessness on the part of Tom, appeased by Jack's handing him the tobacco.) "Then the concluding member of his sentence. Is he satirical? Are we to read it in the sense one gives to the 'Wanted a servant, *no objection* to girl from the country?' that is, anything else would be preferred, but, as a *pis aller*, come along 'with your pious family?' Or is he deeply pious himself, and does he feel that the ignominious chores of a serious couple would be more acceptable than a stall in the market of the ungodly? Or——" But here he was doomed to be cut off short, for Tom, who had been listlessly turning over the sheet from which he had cut the first attraction, now looked up and said,

"By-the-bye, talking of serious families, here's that ass Prindle's advertisement in still. Will he never be suited?"

"I should think not, seeing that he demands enough impossibilities to frighten away even the most self-satisfied owner of apartments. We know how elastic the 'five minutes' easy walk of the Post Office' proves to be in practice. Why, if nothing remain of us to future ages but our public buildings and our newspapers, the scientists of the next centuries will form exaggerated notions of our powers of walking."

"Or mendacity," put in Tom.

"But here, you know, even a Toronto

lodging-house keeper wouldn't dare to aver that he was placed on that precise spot which Prindle announces that he covets, and which must be equidistant from the University and the City Hall station, not more than five minutes' walk from each, and yet must be east of Jarvis Street!"

"Prindle must be about tired of waiting for the answer to that advertisement."

"Tired? It's a case of 'it cometh not, he said;' but to beguile the weary hours he tries all the other places he sees offered, tries and fails again and again, ever with fresh hope at setting out, and fresh despair when he returns. He complained to me the other day that marble-topped furniture was a weariness of the soul to him. I replied that in the winter it would be a weariness, and a coldness too, to the flesh, if all the furniture, including chairs and sofa, were marble topped. He didn't seem to see the joke——"

"Didn't see it? I should think not. He told me the other day that his present landlady, enraged at his persistent efforts to escape from her clutches, was pouring the vials of her wrath upon him. On my asking an explanation in more mundane language, he said that he found his provisions and movables diminishing in a geometrically increasing ratio, and that a pound of tea now only produced two brews, 'and that, you know, is the only thing I drink,' added he lugubriously."

"How do you find your new inmate get along, Tom?" asked Jack; "since we are on the subject."

Tom Tillett looked as though he didn't like the subject, or the inmate, or something, for he turned rather red, and said, somewhat shortly, "Oh, Miss Fluker! She gets on well enough. I see little enough of her, and wish to see less."

Jack whistles softly, stops in his task of cleaning out the stem of his pipe with a blade of withered ornamental grass he has taken from off the mantelpiece, and says in a bantering tone, "Now don't, let me beg of you, *don't* let concealment, 'like a worm' the bud, feed on your damask cheek," tapping that part of Tom's ruddy and honest visage with the grass seed, a manœuvre which leads to a struggle for the grass, which, as is usually the fate with the *casus belli*, gets much the worst of it. "Oh, youth!" continued Jack, "confide in me your woes. Why would such

confidence resemble the shirts we read of so often in these columns? Because—give it up?—it would be perfectly fitting. But seriously, is it true that you advertised for an exchange of photographs 'with a view to matrimony,' and that Miss F. responded so gracefully as to make you long to turn that charming vision into reality. Say, generous stripling, what bold plan is thine, that thus thou hast lured her to thy paternal roof?"

"Oh, bother—" began Tom, but the incessant Jack cut the words out of his mouth with an aside, spoken to the ceiling in the true muffled roar of a private theatrical performer:

"List to the gay Lothario; he saith: 'oh, bother!' But proceed."

"Proceed!" said Tom; "there's no chance of doing that while you're in the room. You know well enough no one advertised for her, but the mater and the girls happened on her at a Charity Bazaar, and were so touched with her sensibility and delicacy of feeling that they, or at least my mother, quite took up with her. To be true, on close investigation I found that the sensibility consisted in bursting into tears whenever pressed to buy anything, and confiding to the stall-keepers that they were angels, that the Lady Patronesses were something beyond angels—archangels I suppose—and that the whole concern (in some inscrutable manner) reminded her of her little brother, who died, aged six, of a surfeit of gooseberries—at which stage in her confession she had so much difficulty in finding her handkerchief that no one had the heart to suggest that her purse might be produced as well."

"Rather a good dodge that," ruminated Jack; "saves your money and wouldn't be unpleasant, I mean the hanging on the neck of the pretty stall keeper and calling her an angel—though perhaps she might not like *me* to try it on."

"Certainly not, at least not in public; but to resume. The Fluker appeared to know some friends of my mother, and while Tilly and her sister were away and the mother was talking to her alone, she said so much about her forlorn condition and homeless state that my venerable maternal parent was quite heartsick over her, and having foolishly offered her a spare room at our house for a week (as *she* meant), found that the astute Fluker, with a few very business-like and unromantic remarks sandwiched in between her sentiment, had pinned her down to an invitation, vague as to time,

but very definite in other particulars, and which left the poor mater no alternative but to tell the astonished girls, on their return, that 'this estimable young person will come home with us, and make our abode her own for a short season!'"

"How are you to get rid of this old maid of the mountain?" asked Jack. "Do you wish your slave to murder her, to try (in other words) his newly found medical skill upon her; or would you that I marry her? Speak on!"

"We shall never get rid of her," said Tom gloomily. "She is so well adapted to point a moral, if not to adorn a tale, that the mother willingly rivets her own fetters more closely every day. Such an example for the dear girls!"

"And for Tom, the hopeful scion of the family tree, now first experiencing the grafting influences of true holiness, eh?"

"Unfortunately, just the reverse; and the only thing my mother and father regret about Miss Fluker is, that she is not companion enough for me, and does not so much attract me to the right path as repel me from it. 'If she were only a man, or if Jack Bragstocke were but like *her*,' my father said only yesterday, 'we might hope to see Tom a credit to his family yet.'"

"Convey my compliments to the ——— stop, an idea—two ideas—three, four, five, in fact multitudinous ideas! You've another spare room yet, haven't you Tom? Suppose I come and board with you, couldn't I drive her away by a little healthy profanity judiciously applied, just as a counter-irritant you know? or else come as a retired and bilious missionary, and lure her away on the promise of a large salary as amanuensis in the composition of my great work, 'How I Lost my Liver among the Lualabas';—or better still, now I have it!"

"What?"

"Get Prindle! He'll do it better than I could, for he'll be doing it in good faith. Have him in to serve as the pious example for the masculine branch of the family; it'll be rare fun! In a couple of months Miss Fluker will have married him, or the pair of them will have disgusted your father and mother, and so you'll be quit of them both, what do you think?"

"Think! I think it's a strange rel have in a pious prig in trousers to counteract a pious prig in petticoats."

"True homœopathic principle, my boy; like cures like; and my views are broad enough to prescribe the particular poison in this instance as a specific."

"Now your mother leaves all the management of the house to your sister, Miss Matilda, doesn't she?"

"Yes."

"Well, we must get her to help, swear her to secrecy—and then advertise. I have got the thing written out already in my head. Unconscious cerebration must have been at work elaborating this plan ever since we read about the pious butcher. Are you agreed?"

"It's a nuisance to be obliged to let the girls have a hand in it," grumbled Tom, in the depreciatory tone usually employed by brothers when speaking of their sisters to other young men.

"Nuisance!" retorted Jack, sharply, as he held the light at the door to light Tom out. "You're a nice fellow! If I had a sister like—like Miss Tilly, I should be very glad to have her help and assistance. But there, now! I forgot; 'a tear in the eye blots out the sun' as some poet sings, which being interpreted meaneth, a Fluker at the heart is worth half a dozen sisters at arm's length, and be bothered to you for a man of bad taste. Good night!"

CHAPTER II.

SHOWING HOW NATURE, ABHORRING A VACUUM, FILLED UP—WITH THE AID OF JACK BRAGSTOCKE—THE GAP IN THE TILLET'S FAMILY.

IT is still early in the day, early enough for Tilly—known to her inferiors as Miss Tillett, and by the unceremonious name of Doldy to her younger brothers—to be yet busily engaged in the front parlour, dusting the ornaments, shaking out the feathery grass and dried berries in the blue vases, and straightening the piano cover. A not unpleasant sight is Miss Doldy, as she moves briskly about removing the traces left by the ubiquitous brothers who have gone off to school and office half an hour or so ago. Courtenay, the youngest, has left a trail, as if a snail with a partiality to jam had dragged its sticky existence along the most prominent and polished surfaces of the furniture. Alfred, a year older, had left a cleaner token

of remembrance in the shape of his French book, copy book, and exercises, for lack of which he, no doubt, was at that very moment suffering excruciating pang of repentance and revolving supremely untruthful excuses. Having removed these with a smile, Miss Tilly pursued her investigation, and lit upon a fresh trail of Courtenay's, at the end of which she found, with a shiver of disgust, the last mouthful of tart that youthful gourmand had been dispatching while mooning round the room after breakfast. Now the tart should have been kept for lunch, but Courtenay had evidently preferred the more immediate fruition of his desires, and, though full of breakfast—as only schoolboys could be filled—had deliberately consumed the delectable mouthful in stealthy bites.

Doldy carefully took a piece of paper, wrapped it round the offending bitten morsel, and, holding it at full arm's length away from her, and gathering her skirts from contamination with chance crumbs, marched out of the room with it and presented it to the house-dog in the back yard.

Returning, Doldy vigorously scrubbed the piano free from all taint of its late sticky ornament, and was about to open it and run her fingers over the keys, when another misplaced article caught her eye. This time the culprit was of the fair sex; none other but the redoubtable Miss Fluker herself could have owned that miscellaneous packet. Some grewsome tracts, stitched in brown paper covers and lettered in a stiff, angular handwriting, formed the substratum of the parcel; then came an old and rather greasy pair of gloves, in want of a little housewifely expenditure of needle and thread; three loose lozenges, embrowned from long abiding in the corner of a pocket, nestled on the gloves; and a packet of Miss Fluker's favourite powders (composition and original inventor unknown) had slipped off the pile and lay sideways beside it. A smile came over Doldy's face as she dived into the waste paper basket again, this time emerging armed with two pieces of stiffish cardboard, by the help of which she shovelled these treasures off the piano and carried them to a little table in the particular corner where Miss Fluker usually sat in state. A distantly beseeching bark from the dog, as she passed by the open door, seemed to bring the similarity of the cases more vividly before her mind, for she smiled again and said half aloud, "No, no,

puppy, *this* trash would certainly disagree with you."

But what are we doing? Here we have been in the room with Miss Matilda Tillett, aged twenty-one, for a quarter of an hour, and no one is the wiser as to the colour of her eyes or her hair, the opaqueness or brilliancy of her complexion, or the turn of her figure! Let us cry *peccavimus*, and begin. She was rather short, very neat in her dress and in the way she massed her heavy black hair; so neat, in fact, that when you caught her, as you seldom did, in absolute repose, she bore that very aspect of prim regularity that had first suggested her name of Doldy to the younger children. They had been a great deal with her, for their mother was an invalid, and much addicted to surrendering up her faculties at the faintest approach of a cold or a chill, hoisting the white flag from her entrenched position on the sofa as soon as the mildest epidemic showed its face within five blocks of her house. So the children had been cast on their own resources pretty frequently, and in early days, when Tilly and all of them believed far more implicitly in mamma's headaches and general symptoms than they afterwar's came to do, Tilly had had great work to keep them quiet, and to hinder them from dancing strange war-dances, and yelling hideous war-yells in the nursery over mother's head. One very favourite and successful plan was for Tilly to sit bolt upright, arms hanging straight down, toes turned stiffly inward, and personate a doll. In this position she would teach them to touch an imaginary spring at her elbow, warranted to make the doll's heavily-lidded eyes open staringly at you, and to pull an equally unreal string at the back, which shut the eyes up again. Only, as she had to explain once when they refused to pull the string, with the view of seeing how long Doldy's eyes *would* stay open, the spring got a little out of order at times, and the eyes *would* wink, although the string was not touched at all.

So her pet name was given, and it had clung to her. But there was nothing doll-like in her nature. So far from it, that there was a great piquancy in watching the sudden flirting, pirouetting movements she would make, the gay vivacity with which she would pounce on a stray kitten or an errant idea; mind and body alike were so full of startling surprises that she seemed

to be making fun of herself when, ever and anon, she fell into one of her dreamy reveries and sat, hands crossed upon her lap, like a prize doll dreaming of a heaven of Christmas trees and bonbons.

See! she has fallen into such a posture now; the cheeks are drawn into a half-smile that expands no farther, the hands look waxily small, and the busy duster ceases in its flappings to and fro. The door creaks; will that rouse her? Apparently Jack Bragstocke, entering quietly, thinks not, for he advances fearlessly yet stealthily, and peers over her shoulder. Ah! Jack, my boy, if you had only glanced in the mirror and noticed the twinkle in the blue eyes, you would have feared some trap.

But Jack doesn't notice, and is horribly disconcerted to find that the little hands are holding a letter up, and the fixed yet dreamy gaze of the girl has lost itself in abstraction over the contents. Feeling awfully guilty, though he hasn't read a word of it, and blushing all over, he essays to get away unnoticed, and would give anything if he had only come in at the door with a bang. But he is not to escape so easily. Symptoms of awakening come over Doldy's frame, and to his disgust the very identical board he is resting his whole tiptoed weight on, begins to creak as he tries to steal away. The awakening symptoms develop rapidly, the doll starts, gives a shiver, exclaims aloud that she is sure some one is close to her, and finally pirouettes round with a little shriek, and then recedes three paces, clasping her letter with an air of offended disdain.

"Give you my word of honour, Miss Tilly, I wasn't trying to read it," begins Jack, pleadingly; but Tilly, after a vain struggle to continue dignified, relaxes her facial muscles and indulges in so hearty a laugh, that it is by no means calculated to reassure Jack or soothe his ruffled dignity.

"Perhaps you would like to read it, though," she began, handing it to him, still laughing.

"Oh no, indeed I shouldn't."

"It would be better perhaps, so as to avoid misunderstandings."

With a bad grace Jack takes the missive, and is more dumbfounded than ever to find it the price-list of a pushing coal and coke man, carrying on business at the Esplanade, while Tilly, sitting down on the music stool, uplifts the stave—

"He says when he has got control,
That all shall be dirt cheap, save coal!
And beer shall flow in each man's can,
Says my prime little trump of a small coal man."

"Ah, Miss Tilly," said Jack, "that ballad came into existence in a pre-Dunkinite era; but pray explain how you came to be so wrapped up in the price of Lehigh Valley and best gas coke."

"It was an ambuscade," replied Tilly, demurely. "A certain gentleman, who is the mirror of honour, approaching, I set myself to discover whether he would condescend to take any unfair advantage of an abstraction of thought on my part; and by way of revenge upon him in case he was guilty, I snatched up this circular, and horribly you were punished, sir, by it! I could hardly help laughing as I heard you try and vanish like an airysprite of some twelve stone, clad in creaky boots."

"Boots? Nay, by my halidome, I swear you wrong me, maiden!" exclaimed Jack, fervently. "Think you I would wear a piece of speaking shoe-leather; it was this board that betrayed me;" and he jumped fervently on the spot by way of demonstration. "But don't you see what an opening your incautious speech has given me for revenge? I won't insinuate that you were playing sleeping beauty to my prince."

"I should have liked to see you try it on," said Doldy, looking very animatedly first at the palm of her hand and then at Jack's cheek.

"I repeat I *won't* insinuate that, but I will ask how it was you knew that the 'certain gentleman, who is the soul of honour,' meaning me, was approaching? Was it instinct, was it an indefinable something?"

"An indefinable fiddlestick!" retorted Tilly, smiling to find the war thus carried into Africa in a quite unbearable manner. "Who else is lazy enough or idle enough to spare time in the morning from active business to come and bother me? who could it have been but you? But there, never mind, only don't go jumping on that board again or Miss Fluker will be down to know what's the matter."

"Isn't that the very way to induce me to go on jumping?" asked the irrepressible Jack. Then turning and apostrophising vacancy, "Oh! Fluker! charmer of my vacant moments! Fluker, for whom the hearts of Associated-Band-of-Hopeites pant in

vain! what cruel sacrifice is this that is demanded of me,—even that I should pave the way for a rival?"

"Hush, I shouldn't at all wonder if she were listening (for my sake) over the balusters. What rival?"

Jack, very mysteriously, using his hand as a sort of ear trumpet and shouting through it hoarsely, "PRINDLE!"

"Oh, haven't you and Tom given up that ridiculous idea yet?"

"Miss Matilda Tillett," commenced Jack very gravely, "what *do* you mean? No, don't interrupt me. 'Tis for me to ask. Didn't you agree to our plan the day before yesterday? did you or did you not say you would let your mother know to-day that the spare room would probably be taken very shortly? is it true or is it a dream that Tom was to arrange matters with Prindle? Can it be possible that when Tom asked me afterwards to manage the thing for him, and I out of pure affection for (we'll say) your family promised to do it, yea, verily, and have done it, that I am to be disowned and renounced, and my idea described as ridiculous? I pause for a reply!"

"You can't really have spoken to that wretched Prindle? Tell me how you did it," demanded Tilly, very much amused, but a little annoyed.

"The simplest thing in the world. Went round to his rooms and found him as usual lamenting. Turned the conversation on boarding, and told him he was not precise enough in his advertisement, told him he ought to change it and let the people know what an acquisition he would be to a family circle. Why, I said, if a wordly-minded landlord advertises his bath-room—why shouldn't the saintly-minded lodger mention his sanctity as a sort of spiritual set-off? Gas and water laid on, quotha? Haven't you exposition and expostulation laid on? And so, by judicious hints and flatteries, I got him to indite his new advertisement, which of course you saw in yesterday's *Globe*."

"I misse! the *Globe* altogether yesterday; Miss Fluker marched off with it before I had time to see it."

"Never mind, I've kept a copy—look here:

BOARD AND LODGING WANTED
by a single gentleman, in a respectable family where his Christian example would be considered a sufficient compensation.
Address J. P., &c.

"I took it to the office myself for him; and yesterday evening, at Tom's request, I wrote a note, couched in the third person, referring Mr. Jacob Prindle here, as a suitable home for him, and as offering a vast field for the exercise of his example. Nothing like striking while the iron's hot."

Here a slight skirmishing was heard in the passage, and a man was heard answering the servant's "What name shall I say, sir?" with the magic words, "Mr. Prindle."

Jack and Tilly darted asunder, Tilly wrung her hands in despair, and Jack made comic attempts to conceal himself behind small hand-screens and other articles of furniture palpably too small to hide his body. Still no Mr. Prindle appeared, and the servant was heard descending into her own lower regions again.

A grewsome thought came over Jack. Had he been outwitted in some way and had Prindle been warned off. He rushed to the window and looked up and down the street, but no one was in sight. Tilly too was greatly agitated, though her hopes were the reverse of Jack's. At last they mustered up resolution to ring the bell, and the servant entering found them seated at opposite ends of the room, Jack twirling a curtain tassel, Tilly deep in her own photograph album, and both looking supremely silly.

"Oh, didn't I hear the front-door bell?" asked Tilly, with an assumption of innocence.

"Yes, miss, it was a gentleman, miss; Pringle or Brindle or some such name."

"Well, where is he, Jane? Why didn't you show him in?"

"In here, miss? Why I thought he was one more of Miss Fluker's kind, miss" (this in a tone of supreme disdain). "She was in the drawing-room, so I showed him in there. Shall I ask him in here, Miss?"

"Oh no, Jane; never mind."

Exit Jane, and the two conspirators approach again with fear and trepidation.

"What shall we do? Shall we go in, or run away and leave word that we are gone out for the day?" But all these cogitations were cut off by a rustling at the door, and, before the astonished pair had time to form a more graceful and distant tableau, Miss Amelia Fluker sailed in, followed by Mr. Prindle.

"Matilda, my love," said Miss Fluker, "this is a trying moment for you. It was very awkward for me too, but I waived the

ordinary requirements of wordly etiquette and have already introduced myself to Mr. Prindle,—"

Here Mr. Prindle bowed in acknowledgment of that fact.

"So that now I can save you that little inconvenience. Mr. Jacob Prindle—Miss Matilda Tillet. I *should* say *Miss* Tillet" (this to Prindle), "but out of regard to one who will be an inmate of the house" (Tilly and Jack exchanged looks), "and who may be puzzled by the conflicting names of Matilda, Tilly, or even Doldy, I thought it as well to mention names at once."

This with the air of bringing a grave charge against poor Tilly of wilfully misleading or wishing to mislead Prindle as to her baptismal name.

"Miss Fluker has been good enough to say—" began Prindle.

"That I quite approve both of the tone of his advertisement and of the spirit in which you have answered it, my dear," resumed Miss Fluker, still addressing Tilly, but still fixing her gaze entirely on Mr. Prindle. "I also added, that when you mentioned to your mother the other day the probability of our so soon having another inmate, I little expected the pleasure and honour that was in store for us."

"Miss Fluker alludes," began Prindle, in a pleased, but mildly querying tone—

"To your labours as Head Organizer of the Three Minutes Lamp-post Meetings for the Drunken and Dissolute, sir," was the prompt response, as who should say, the eye of Fluker is upon you; go on, young man, and prosper.

Tilly and Jack again exchanged—looks; it was too evident that Mr. Prindle's occupancy of the spare room was an accomplished fact.

CHAPTER III.

RESPECTING THE CONGENIAL MANNER OF MR. PRINDLE, AND HOW HE MADE HIMSELF AT HOME IN THE VACUUM.

IT was in that pleasant time of a winter's day, hour beloved by story-tellers, when the dusk draws on apace, and any one studious enough to wish to read, either hovers over the fire or sits near a west window catching the last glimmer of light from sky

and snow, and provoking from mother or elder sister the annoying intimation, "Don't try your eyes, now." Yet ten to one, if the servant approaches with the lamp, an indignant chorus of "Not yet; take that lamp away, Jane," will greet her.

Courtenay lay upon the rug, his elbows planted on either side his book and his hands propping up his shock head, the devotion he betrayed to his reading clearly showing that he was not at his lessons. If excited over the adventures of his hero, as when that miracle of bravery (aged thirteen) had to confront more than three grizzlies at once, meagrely armed with a small penknife, he would uplift his feet from the rug and brandish them in the air, finally letting them drop again, to the great risk of Alf, who was busily engaged tying up two small puppies in his handkerchief. Maggie was crooning some old tune to herself over the piano, while Tilly, pausing in some of her eternal knitting or netting, was gazing at the sparks that flew up the chimney mouth.

Presently Alfred pinched one of his puppies, eliciting a healthy yell from it—"That's a good dog! I'm training him for a house-dog, Doldy, and he's got to learn to bark when any one's coming. Bark a little piece more, pup; there's someone else coming." But puppy this time preferred to bite and mumble at the pinching fingers, which led to a sanguinary struggle, to the great disturbance of Courtenay, who manifested his displeasure by launching several random kicks into circumambient space. Then the log on the fire gave a great crack, and two big sparks, bigger than any of their predecessors, flew up in a gust of smoke, and Tilly came out of her day-dream just in time to hear Tom's voice at the open door.

"Come in, old man; no lights, as usual; never mind, I'll pilot you: steer to the right; now introduce yourself while I hang the coats up."

Jack, for it was he that accompanied Tom, found the room very indistinct and dark, all but the core of light from the fire, and its reflections on the surrounding faces. Having duly stumbled over a footstool and trod on the cat in recovering himself, he looked round for Mrs. Tillett, but not finding that good lady present, subsided (we will not say without a feeling of relief) on to a settee next to Tilly, with whom he speedily fell into conversation.

"Now you obstreperous ragamuffins," was Tom's greeting to the small boys; "fighting as usual; what's up now?" no unnecessary question, for Alfred was busily employed in retaliating on Courtenay for his kicks by spanking him with his own slipper, which had come off in the *melée*.

"Sharp was the pang, but sharper far to feel,
His was the slipper's sole and tough old heel,"

sang Tom, as with an elder brother's even-handed justice he divided the struggling boys and distributed several taps apiece on their knuckles, regardless of the fact that, forgetting their feud, the two young rascals had made common cause against him, and were striving to trip him up.

"What have we here?" he continued, having subdued his enemies under him, sitting on one and planting his foot on the other, as he dragged out the damaged puppies.

"Puppies, forsooth, and one of your best handkerchiefs, Alfred, very considerably swallowed. Tilly ought to stop your pocket-money to pay for the mending of that, you young monkey, you. It's of no use for me to read you 'Brothers and A Sermon,' but, by George, if you don't pay more attention to Mr. Prindle's sermons, you won't do much credit to his example, which we took so much pains to get you."

"How does that youth get along?" asked Jack of Tilly, in a rather guilty tone. Mr. Prindle had been a sojourner among the Tillets for nearly a week, and Jack, fearing the joke had gone a little too far, had not ventured to go near them since.

"How does he get along?" repeated Tilly, in the most innocent way. "Why, let me see, when were you here last? Tuesday was it, or Wednesday."

Oh, Tilly, you very much fear that Miss Fluker has not succeeded in eradicating that petty little vice of hypocrisy from your gentle bosom! Surely you do not wish to conceal from us the heart-burnings with which you have treasured up Jack's carelessness in this respect, and counted up his days of absence? Or, if you wish to hide it from us, do you think you can deceive Jack? Jack merely whispers in a half-reproachful, half-apologetic tone the one word—"Tilly!"

"Well, never mind when it was you were:

here," she hurries on, to conceal her inward trepidations; "I thought you had been here since he came, but I remember now you haven't, so I must begin at the beginning. The *very* beginning, Mr. Bragstocke, when you left me to the tender mercies of Mr. Prindle and Miss Fluker, and fled—"

Chorus from the hearth-rug, "Tell him about the butter!"

"Silence, boys. First I must tell you of the punishment Tom got meted out to him for bringing that wretched creature here. Be warned in time, Mr. Bragstocke; your turn may come next, as you were Tom's accomplice in that act of treachery."

"By Jove, that was the worst thing ever happened to me yet!" broke in Tom. "The very next night, Jack, after the fellow came, as I went upstairs to my room, I saw the door ajar, and smelt a smell of tobacco smoke. Who should I find there but Prindle. Mighty free and easy, my fine fellow, thought I, and smoking too! You're breaking out in a fresh place. When, lo and behold, round turned my man on me, with sanctified lips, innocent of contact with the weed, and, not without some nervous twitchings about the corners of his mouth, intimated that the smoke I perceived arose from a holocaust he had made of my stock of cigars. Luckily I was nearly at the end of my box, so he didn't raise my wrath so much as he otherwise would have done. In fact, I was so thunderstruck at his impudence that he gathered courage and put in a word in season.

"'Brother Tillett,' said he, 'if I may be permitted to call thee by that name, I have done what some worldly-minded men would have perhaps deemed an obtrusive act. But I would fain sink my own poor selfish personality and act in a different vein from that proud man who would not stretch forth the hand of fellowship to pluck back a fellow-brand from the burning, because, forsooth, he had not been introduced to him.'

"'Is that what you call snatching a brand from the burning, in your abominable lingo?' said I, pointing sternly to the ashes in the grate.

"'Brother, brother,' cried he, 'consider my peculiar position. Am I not fed at your table, do I not drink of the milk of your cattle, and lie down under the shelter of your tent? Are not these good things given me as a reward for the example which I prof-

ferred, and must I not be earnest and zealous, rising early and retiring late, and sparing not to stretch forth the arm, lest my labour should not avail to counterbalance my hire?'

"Here I interposed, and slowly put him out of the room, protesting that I was not his brother, either carnally or spiritually; that though he fed, and that largely, at our table, yet we were not cattle-dealers, and that the milk he took was got from the prosaic pump through the medium of the dairyman; and that, outside a lunatic asylum, a shingled roof, set in mortar, was not usually denominated a tent. With these trifling corrections, I added, that in future my door would be found locked, and that he would do well to imitate my example, lest I should strive to purge *his* room with fire as he had done mine."

"Then came Tom's revenge," said Tilly. "Next morning, at breakfast time, Tom was very mysterious. Presently Courtenay, who always gets at his food before any one else had fairly sat down, made a great face, and put down his bread and butter with a dab in his plate. 'What's the matter, sir?' asked father, in his crossdest tones. 'Can't eat it,' replied Courtenay, meekly and laconically, but firmly. Whereupon my father commenced a lengthy diatribe on greed, and how *he* would have been treated had he spoken and behaved as Courtenay did at his age. Mr. Prindle and Miss Fluker both backed him up with sage exhortations about the sinfulness of having an appetite or appetites, the alluring baits of the palate, the self-glorifying tendencies of man when well fed, and how the truly good rose superior to bad butter. When all of a sudden, in the very midst of this, Mr. Prindle—"

"Who had been see-sawing away with his slice of bread and butter in his hand all the while," broke in Alfred, "paused to take breath and a bite. You should have seen his face! Tallow fat and axle grease; oh, gemini!" and Alf and Courtenay rolled together on the floor, in paroxysms of laughter at the recollection.

"You see," explained Tom, "I'd got some of the rancidest stuff you can imagine, and smeared it over the bread and butter in the dish next to Prindle.

"All the rest on the table was all right, and I just put this young imp Courtenay up to the dodge of pretending that it was bad.

Of course my father had the evidence of his own senses that it was quite fresh, and yet there were Courtenay and Maggie, and Tilly and Alf, who were all in the secret, and myself turning up our noses and scraping off the butter and calling for dry biscuits and playing all sorts of games."

"Then father waxed wrath," resumed Tilly, "and sternly ordered Courtenay not to pick his food but eat it up, which Courtenay did with fearful grimaces and pantomime of disgust. Finally, my father turned to Miss Fluker and Mr. Prindle, and appealed to them if the butter was not all right? Miss Fluker made a bolt at a mouthful that she had been eyeing a long while, then——"

"Rose gracefully, mumbled out something about having forgotten her handkerchief—excuse me, *et cetera*—and bolted out of the room."

"Prindle would, I verily believe, have gone too," continued Tom, "but I sat in the narrow pass between him and the door, and there he was, a prisoner between me and the wall, and had to finish that bread and butter, and praise it all the while!"

"It was an awful joke,—" began Courtenay, but Tom sternly repressed him.

"Joke, young man? don't forget your own particular retribution. You see, Jack, partly to punish him for greediness, partly for his having shown an unbrotherly feeling of amusement at the loss of my cigars, but chiefly to teach him never to deceive his parents again, even at the bidding of an elder brother, I had put a like bit of cart grease, about the size of a quarter, in the very *omphalos*, or centre, of Courtenay's slice. Consequently, when the young rascal came across it, you should have seen his eyes start out of his head. Father was watching him very closely, and if he hadn't really been showing considerable powers of mimicry just before, he would infallibly have betrayed us. As it was, it passed off for a severer paroxysm than usual, and that was all."

"That all!" grumbled Courtenay. "I call it real mean to serve a fellow like that. Catch me playing tricks for you again, master Tom."

"*Cave!*" cried Alfred from the window; "here they come, Fluker and Prindle—she's been to some charitable organization meeting. How is it, Tilly, they always break up

the meetings just as the young fellows get out of the banks and offices?"

"It is a beautiful compensatory dispensation," said Jack, "which you will understand better, Alf, when you're a little older; and is adapted to ensure a safe escort to the feminine organizations on their perilous and sometimes slippery paths home."

Here the opening of the door and the entering of Mrs. Tillett from upstairs, and Miss Fluker and Prindle from the hall, stopped the talk and slightly disarranged the circle. Miss Fluker and Prindle, in their self-sacrificing endeavours, each to get the other one near the fire, so manoeuvred it that both of them got to the front.

"I'm afraid we keep all the heat from you," said Miss Fluker, looking back over her shoulder at Jack and Tilly, with the air of one who would say, "Behold how good I am! I will even deprive you of warmth that you may thereby taste the sweets of self-sacrifice, with which I am, for the moment, as it were cloyed."

"It is difficult to refrain from the thought," began Prindle, "of how many people now have no fires."

"As for instance the niggers in Central Africa," muttered Tom, half aloud.

"And how easy it would be to supply their wants," resumed the amateur philanthropist, "if, for instance, every family let out its fires for, say three hours in the middle of the day, when they would be the least missed on account of the greater natural heat of the sun. Take the average consumption of fuel, the number of grates and stoves per house, multiply by the number of houses in Toronto, divide by, say four, taking twelve hours as the usual time the fires are alight, and then see how the quotient would doubly warm us all! While warming the bodies of the poor, it would also warm our hearts!"

"Still, Mr. Prindle," said Miss Fluker,—

"Pardon me, my dear Miss Fluker, it was but a rough idea, an extempore sketch, a scintillation from my brain that possibly needs elaboration. But in the main,—mind, I allow details may need to be altered,—still in the main I will venture to say the idea is a good one. Now, I will be judged by Miss Matilda here." This last with an unctuous smile, not lost upon the watchful Miss Fluker for all that the firelight was so glancing and fitful.

"You had better not leave it to me, Mr.

'Prindle,' said Tilly somewhat stiffly, not relishing this appeal.

"And why not?"

"Because," interrupted Jack, "she would say what any one would say, that you were ungallant enough to choose the riddle of the day, because none but ladies are at home then to feel the cold, and it wouldn't—interfere with cooking dinner for you on your return."

"Ungenerously spoken!" cried Tom. "Mr. Prindle wishes, *most* gallantly, that the ladies should enjoy all that 'warmth of heart' which he has so poetically described as being the natural reaction from frozen fingers."

"It seems to me, Tom," said Mrs. Tillett, speaking with much deliberation from the corner of her sofa, "that you have too great a love for scoffing at good plans."

Here Tom nudged Jack and whispered, "Six of me and half a dozen of you, old man."

"How was it out of doors, this afternoon, Miss Fluker?"

"Sloppy, very sloppy and unpleasant indeed, my dear Mrs. Tillett, underfoot, but very pleasant overhead."

"What a pity," chimed in a voice from the darkness behind them,—“what a pity, when so few of us are going that way.”

"Why, Maggie, is that you? No one has heard your voice for a long while;" and by means of ejaculations of this kind, and protestations that Maggie had quite startled them, Tilly and Jack managed to smooth over Maggie's imprudent remark, and to mask Tom's ill-repressed laughter at Prindle's disconcerted face. They were assisted in this by the entrance of the lamp and the necessary movements it caused.

Presently Jack, who was running his eye over the newspaper that lay on the table, gave a suppressed chuckle, and pointed with his finger to a line in a two-column report of a temperance meeting. Tom, bending over his shoulder, caught the infection, and read aloud:

"At the close of his fervent remarks, the meeting sang '*Deign to be a Daniel.*'"*

A pause—followed by a broad smile from

* Both this mistake, and also all the more or less ridiculous instances of advertisements mentioned in the tale, actually occurred, and are taken *verbatim* from the columns of our daily press.

Maggie and Tilly, the boys not seeming to take the joke.

"I do wish, my dear," said Mrs. Tillett judicially, "that you and your friend wouldn't make fun of such subjects. I'm sure the hymn is a very beautiful one. I only wish *you'd* deign to be a Daniel, I'm sure I'd only be too happy."

"Daniel would be highly flattered, mother, I'm sure," said that scapegrace Tom; "but I thought it was *hardly* a case for condescension."

"Excuse me, my dear madam," began Prindle; "I am sure, Mr. Tillett, your mother meant no disrespect to the prophet. You see, madam, it should be 'dare.'"

"Excuse me, Mr. Prindle," replied Mrs. Tillett, waxing frigidly dignified at this correction and the implied necessity of defending her from a charge of prophetic disrespect—"excuse me, my eyesight is not so far gone but that I can yet read without the aid of glasses, and I *can* see that it is not 'dare' but 'deign;' and you will allow me to add that my mother, sir, taught me that hymn about 'deigning to be a Daniel' long before you were born, and it was always so then, whatever your Young Men's Christian Associations may have altered it to now, with your new lights."

In the face of Mrs. Tillett's wrath, Prindle durst not risk the chance of another explosion by saying what he burned to say, that his hostess' looks must have belied her considerably if she had learnt that very modern hymn while yet a little child; but dread of the consequences and a warning look from Tom repressed him, "for this occasion only."

CHAPTER IV.

SHOWING HOW THE TILLET FAMILY PREFERRED THE VACUUM TO MR. PRINDLE.

AMELIA FLUKER, the great, the unapproachable one, famed of Dorcas Societies, versed in the intricate details of that charitable currency which consists mainly of small and greasy tickets, payable in soup or bread to bearer on demand, stood pensive and alone in the drawing-room of the Tilletts' house. A curious mixture of qualities go to make up your perfect Fluker. You must take the pushing pertinacity that would make a

man into a first-rate book agent or peddler of patent rights; that will account for her universal success as an Honorary Canvasser for the Relief of Distressed Patchwork-makers and Generally-Indigent Association. Add to that the firm belief of a quack-medicine vendor in his peculiar nostrum, only in her case the nostrum is a social or religious one and not a physical cure-all; but none the less dangerous for that. Then take the morbid sense of one's own personality that would drive a woman in Europe to take the veil in order to escape from herself, or would send a similar woman in the States to pray in bar-rooms and help raw temperance recruits to stave in whiskey barrels. All these ingredients and the lack of their natural correctives, the absence of a purpose in life, the cramped education, and the distorted views of woman's mission that have been so long current in civilised society, have had their part in producing Miss Amelia Fluker as we see her now on every side of us.

But, to come back to the particular specimen of the class we refer to, it may well be asked why was the fair brow clouded? Miss Fluker, it must be confessed, was not lamenting over the repeal of the Dunkin Act in Napanee, nor over the meagre budget she would have to unfold before her pet society that evening; nor was she listening in anticipation to the bitter criticisms (couched in polite formulas) which she might then expect to hear from her particular adversary and (anything but) Loyal Opposition. Far from it. More wordly matters occupied her. In the first place she was disappointed with the Tilletts. No opening had presented itself for effecting a permanent lodgment in their house, and she had not managed to achieve her great end of getting into better society by their means. Her favourite device had been played in vain on the petty autocrat of the street they lived in. The Tilletts' servant, properly drilled and rehearsed, had been sent across, with "Miss Fluker's compliments, and would you be good enough to lend her the Peerage." That mysterious book had been duly lent, and the borrower had straightway turned down the page at the identical spot where was recorded the fact that a third cousin of the second wife of Viscount Squandergage was a "—Fluker, Esq., of Ventnor, I. of W—." In this condition the book was returned, with "Miss Fluker's compliments and thanks," and then Miss

Fluker had stood to her guns, as it were, and waited. Two days passed, fine days for visiting; nay, Miss Fluker, from between the blinds, had watched the wife of the Autocrat go out each afternoon on a round of calls. But the fly did not enter the web thus cunningly displayed for its reception. Amelia had the servant up twice, examined her closely as to the mode and method of her delivering the message, laying particular stress on the clearness with which she had or had not pronounced the patronymic title of the Flukers. Beyond exasperating Jane to the last degree, and convincing herself that the message had not been delivered audibly, Miss Fluker had her pains for her trouble and nothing else. So, like Napoleon when, driven to his last hope, he hurled his Old Guard up the slopes of Waterloo, Miss Fluker took up her pen and on a choice sheet of note paper, embossed with a stationer's crest resembling as nearly as she could come at it, the arms of the Squandergage family, she indited an elegant epistle to the Autocrat's lady. In this effusion, if we could call by such a name the aristocratically worded note which Miss Fluker wrote, the owner of the "Peerage" was politely requested (in the third person) to excuse Miss Fluker for having turned down the leaf and forgotten to flatten it out again.

The whole thing was written with a blue-blooded dash and an affectation of carelessness which were very different from the precision of the lettering on certain tracts we remember having seen; but great though hidden pains were taken to render the name and address legible. Trust this missive to Jane Miss Fluker would not. Who could tell but that the misguided girl would deliver some verbal message of her own concocting along with it, and mar its effect? No, in default of a footman, it must go by the post. That was ignominious. Better ask Mr. Prindle. So Prindle was asked, simperingly, and blandly consented, whereupon Amelia had arrayed herself in her best, seated herself in the drawing-room, and instructed Jane as to the details of ceremony to be performed in ushering in the visitor she now confidently expected. For, once their attention was drawn to the fact, must they not long to know her?—

What was that? a knock? Miss Fluker glided to the room door, cast a hasty glance at Jane as she passed along the passage, and

subsided backwards into an arm chair. A voice; a man's voice; Prindle's, in fact. Prindle popped in his head, looked round the room rather sheepishly, begged pardon, and would have gone again, but Miss Fluker was at him, and had him in (morally) by the collar.

"I beg pardon," repeated Prindle, nervously, "I didn't know you were here,—I rather thought,—" here he paused.

"Who did you think *was* here, Mr. Prindle?" asked Amelia's most dulcet tones. "Miss Matilda?"

The shaft went home. "No-o—I mean, yes, that is, I thought I heard her in here. The fact is, Miss Fluker, I came back because I had left a book, and if you will excuse me —"

Prindle offered to go, but the eye of Fluker would *not* excuse him, and he must perforce stay.

"Perhaps you will find your book in the parlour, where Miss Tillett is sitting alone," remarked Amelia, with the least little accent on the "alone." "If it is not delaying you from your—book-hunt, might I ask if you were good enough to leave my note for me at the Fitz-Usbornes?"

"Oh, yes,—and they would have me wait for an answer. I heard the message delivered to the servant as I stood in the hall" (this in the tone of a man who glories in his own humility, and considers as much holiness gained by being kept waiting in a passage as another would in doing a deed of charity). "I was to say that they had noticed the leaf turned down, and hoped you would treat borrowed books better in future. You will excuse me, Miss Fluker, for repeating a somewhat rude message truthfully." (This again spoken with the air of a martyr for truth's sake.)

The eye unmistakably excuses him now, and looks so glaringly out of the window at the Autocrat's mansion, that the harmless Prindle is nearly scared out of his wits, and forgetting alike his pretended book-hunt and his real desire to see Doldy, he plunges down the hall, pulls the street-door to after him, and escapes.

So it is little wonder if Miss Fluker stands with cloudy air and disappointed look in the drawing-room window. Besides her checkmate, so brusquely received from the Fitz-Usbornes, she had gathered from Prindle's manner strong confirmation of her sus-

picious as to that young man's growing partiality for Miss Tilly. Amelia had (so far as serious ladies can do such a thing) marked Mr. Jacob Prindle for her own, and chalked out in outline the future course of their united philanthropies. So we must not be surprised if, at this critical moment, she looked towards the parlour door and suffered her lips to frame a certain monosyllable, which, had those lips ever condescended to enunciate abuse, we should decidedly say was—"Minx!"

Had Miss Fluker been behind the scenes and known what was going on in Miss Tilly's mind, she would have been partly comforted and partly outraged. What? could it be possible that the love of a Prindle, coveted in vain by a Fluker, should ever be contemned by a chit of a girl like Doldy? That useful simile of pearls and the swine came in handy just then, and Miss Fluker, seated primly on the stiffest, highest-backed chair she could find, mentally rehearsed a discourse as to an imaginary Bible class, in which her subject found itself naturally divided into two heads—first, *The Beauty of the Pearls*; and secondly, *The Filthiness and Moral Obliviousness of the Swine*. She did not dwell much on the first head, being rather vexed with her pearl, but gave it an allegorical turn and ran into a rather long digression on the Foolishness of the Pearls for letting themselves be thrown into the sty. The second branch of the subject fitted her vein most admirably, and she pictured the most degraded pieces of pig's-flesh that ever wallowed in the warm summer's mud and grunted as they shook their sides at the obtrusive flies. Then, launching into originality, she pictured the true owner of the pearls coming again after the swine were fed with husks, raking over the litter, finding his jewels, and painfully washing them clean again. It was comforting to think that Miss Tillett, who was so unconsciously sitting for the portrait of these pigs, disregarded the pearls in question; but any one would have pitied the gem-like Prindle at the bare idea of the amount of moral buck-washing, mangling, and clear-starching he was evidently undergoing in anticipation at the hands of that accomplished human laundress, Miss Fluker.

Amelia had guessed so far correctly that Tilly did not care for Prindle, but she had no idea that that misguided young man had

grown so infatuated with Tilly as to become quite unguarded in his utterances.

Bothered with his senseless chat and bald, disjointed remarks, Doldy had only that morning tried to break the current of his compliments by mildly chaffing him, in the most innocent way in the world, about Amelia Fluker and her adaptability to him and his ways. To her great surprise, Prindle, who inanely put this down to jealousy on Doldy's part, protested and asseverated in the most convincing manner that he could not do away with Miss Fluker, that while admiring her virtues, he—but, at that point when a formal proposal was bursting from his lips, he was interrupted, and no kind opportunity came to his aid to enable him to finish his vows. This was the cause of his frantic effort to get an interview with Doldy that afternoon, which was discomfitted in the manner we have just seen.

And it was the fact, thus learnt from his own lips, that Prindle didn't care for Amelia, that had plunged Tilly into a brown study and drawn a half-frown over her face as she sat alone in the parlour, pondering matters best known to herself.

Innocent of any knowledge of these recent complications, and with his brain as full of tricks as his pocket was empty of cash, Jack Bragstocke strolled towards the Tilletts, bent on mischief. He and Tom thought the course of true love between Prindle and Fluker a trifle tame and monotonous, and longed to throw a little life and impetuosity into it. Jack had been away a good deal lately, and had not noticed Prindle's attentions to Tilly, which threatened to divert the current of his passion into quite a different channel from that which Jack had planned out for it. He had all along determined, as he said, to make a mitch of it. Now, at last, he said, he sympathised with the feelings of the mothers of eligible but too numerous daughters. Only, he asseverated, their troubles were as nothing to his, seeing that he had to act as parent to both of the lovers and enquire as to the honorable nature of their intentions right and left. So one day he would be plying Prindle with fictitious anecdotes of Miss Fluker having blushed at hearing his name, or of how she was found alone by the fire tracing the magic words "Amelia Prindle" in the ashes, and so on, until that conceited youth experienced, for the first and only time, the feelings of a

gay Lothario, and affected to look with pity on his conquest, and to think, in private, that if his heart were not engaged to the adorable Matilda he might do worse than yield to the flattering attentions of the excellent Amelia.

With Miss Fluker Jack had to be more judicious. When he heard her coming he would sometimes venture to make a jocular remark to Prindle, or compliment him pointedly on his new necktie, which—whether it was green, orange, or salmon-coloured—he would not fail to remark was Miss Fluker's favourite colour. But the rascal would not have ventured much further than this but for the accident which that very afternoon had prevented Prindle from seeing Doldy. Prindle had gone apart, taken pen and paper, and in burning but slightly incoherent words put his passion into the shape of a formal declaration. He had not meant to deliver it, but when once it was written and he had read it over, he felt how much more forcible it was than his stammering utterances would be, and he cast about for means of dispatching it. His evil genius at that very moment sent Tom along, and Prindle, in an outburst of openness told him all his love for Tilly, and besought him to deliver the note, and he, Prindle, would look in that evening to learn the result.

Tom was on the point of pitching him and his letter into the gutter when an idea struck him, and he took the missive in his hand.

"I think, as Tilly's brother, I ought to read this before I give it to her," he said judicially.

Prindle winced. He had no notion of letting his love letters be perused by the prosaic eye of a brother. But Tom's look was decided, and his grasp of the letter firm, so Prindle had to give way.

"How's this, Prindle?" began Tom again, as he glanced over the first lines; "you don't address my sister by name? 'My dear young lady' is a little odd, eh?"

"Well," began Prindle, not very well pleased at this cross-questioning, "it's better than being *too* familiar before you are sure of your footing (here the dog smirked); no doubt it will soon be 'dear Doldy' and 'dear Jacob' between us (here Tom's last feelings of pity for the conceited ape gave way), but at present, you know—"

"Why not 'Dear Miss Tillett?'" asked

Tom. "Here, take your pen and write 'Dear Miss Tillett.'"

"No, really now, Tom, I cannot alter it. That would be too stiff. I prefer leaving it as it is."

"Your blood be on your own head," muttered Tom; "that's the last chance I'll give you, my boy." Then aloud, "Suppose your note got by mistake into the wrong hands?"

"Oh, you'll see as to that; and besides the envelope is addressed all right."

It was very awkward of Tom, but at that very moment, as they passed into the street and Tom put the letter into its envelope, he let it slip through his fingers and drop in the mud.

"Tut, tut, how stupid I am!" cried he; "never mind, I'll put on a new envelope for you and see to its delivery. Good-bye; remember seven o'clock," and so they parted.

Five minutes afterwards, Tom, with a guilty face, handed Jack a letter in a sealed envelope, addressed to Miss Fluker, and, without letting his companion into the secret, told him it was from Prindle, and asked him to deliver it with all due mystery that very afternoon and be prepared for fun that evening at seven.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH TWO GOOD ANGELS DESERT THE TILLETTS.

"MR. BRAGSTOCKE, miss," announced Jane with an air of incredulous surprise, as she ushered Jack into the drawing-room, a surprise not unshared by Miss Fluker herself.

Their meeting was a little constrained. Jack had not taken kindly to Miss Fluker from the first, and though he had occasionally sought a private tête-à-tête with her in order to sound the praises of Prindle, Amelia had a lurking idea he was making fun of her, and was always proportionately stiff with him. However, her principles of correct deportment were far too upright to allow her to show this feeling to any unbecoming extent, and on this occasion she so far unbent as to pity his endeavours to strike up a conversation and helped him along with a little small talk.

"No, Mr. Bragstocke," she sighed, in re-

sponse to some remark of his, "I do not think I shall stay in Toronto long. It is true that a great, a blessed work is going on here—but I forgot, you do not sympathise, at least not outwardly sympathise, with these reviving, spiritualising movements among the masses."

Jack made an incoherent remark, probably an allusion to the movements being more directed in a *de*-spiritualising, or prohibitory direction; but, whatever it was, he made it purposely inaudible, so Miss Fluker proceeded:

"I have long thought I would fain be among the more benighted regions, where yet the more powerful organizations of charity are unknown. I have felt strong drawings towards Barrie and Winnipeg, ever since I saw that their moral statistics were the worst even Canada can yield." Here Miss Fluker gave a sort of smack of her lips, for the true holy husbandman of the present day loves best to labour in a field where the harvest is anything but plenteous, and where you may go half over an acre before you will find a single blighted ear of true goodness. "Yes, I have often thought of Barrie."

As Miss Fluker paused, Jack felt bound to say something.

"Yes," he began; "I knew a young fellow up at Barrie once——" But Miss Fluker interrupted him,

"Pray excuse me, let us draw a veil over all harrowing details, Mr. Bragstocke. I was about saying that to-day I experienced a call, through the newspaper, to Guelph."

As Miss Fluker fixed her eyes very firmly upon the column in question and evidently awaited questioning, Jack put out his hand deferentially and said, "May I be permitted?" and the Fluker having graciously accorded leave he read as follows:

LADY WANTED, AS COMPANION
for the niece of a gentleman living at Guelph; one about her own age (thirty). Must be most highly connected. Apply, &c.

Jack confessed afterwards that he never before or since experienced such a violent desire to laugh. "One about *her own age*," he would say; "why, how on earth could she help it? And *about her own age*, forsooth, when all the powers of heaven couldn't make her a minute older or younger!"

However, although he did not speak his thoughts, his face betrayed some of them to the watchful eye of Miss Fluker.

"Oh, you're looking at that about the age, aren't you? Yes, it *is* a little awkward, but I daresay they won't object to a person, otherwise eligible, on the score of her being five years or so younger than the time of life they mention; do you think they would, Mr. Bragstocke?"

As Miss Fluker was thirty-seven on a moderate computation, and had carefully erased all loving inscriptions in birthday-present books, which sometimes tell such awkward tales (according to Cocker) when we compare their dedications,—“Presented to A. F. on her nineteenth birthday by her loving friend, Minnie Everett, May 1st, 1860,” with the verbal representations of their owners,—Jack was a little nonplussed. So he determined to make a bold plunge and at once change the subject and get rid of the letter which was burning his pocket.

"I hope, my dear Miss Fluker," quoth he, drawing out the epistle, and fingering it nervously,—“I hope that there are some among the youth of Toronto who will not easily suffer you to be—a—sacrificed upon the—no doubt, estimable, but—a—I am convinced, very uncongenial young person at Guelph. I may say I am convinced that when you have perused this—”

"Excuse me, Mr. Bragstocke," interrupted Miss Fluker blandly, "but if that letter is for me—"

Jack handed it over without further delay or oratorical effort, and then wished himself out of the room. But he was not to escape so easily.

"And who from?" pursued Miss Amelia, coolly inspecting the envelope.

"Prindle," said the guilty Jack.

"It hardly looks like his writing?" queried the suspicious Fluker, eyeing Jack and the letter alternately.

"In for a penny, in for a pound," thought Jack.

"Oh, I daresay Tom directed it for him. His hand got nervous you know—shaky—often does when you write that sort of thing—mine does, often," and with this Parthian shot Jack politely withdrew towards the window and looked out while Miss Fluker read her note.

Presently he heard a gurgling sound behind him, and turning in horror, found that this exemplary young woman was having a finely pronounced hysterical fit. Her head hung over the back of her chair, a posture

which brought her prominently developed throat into high relief, while her sobs and inward spasmodical laughter produced a series of vibrating jerks all over her body, much as are produced when a heavy body is thrown down on a badly constructed spring mattress.

Jack hopped about in a quandary. The humane advice of that delightful cabby immortalised in Punch, who, when he saw a stout old gentleman drop down in an apoplectic fit, yelled out, "Don't 'it 'im, don't 'it 'im; sit on 'is 'ead!"—flashed across his mind.

Something must be done, so he hastily upset a choice hyacinth bulb—water, bulb, and all—over her face and awaited results. Results were not long in coming. The rigidity relaxed, a long drawn shiver succeeded, followed by a faint request for Miss Tilly.

"Oh, look here, Miss Fluker, *can't* you do without her?" began Jack imploringly. "No, don't scream! You'll be better in a minute; only I wouldn't have Tilly in, if I were you." Here Miss Fluker's head subsided like a withered lily on to his shoulder. "For heaven's sake, my dear Miss Fluker, consider my position. I wouldn't have Tilly catch me like this—"

But it was too late. That stifled scream had done the business, and the injured Tilly, with her eyes staring wide open in amazement, stood at the door.

Tilly took in the situation at a glance. Coldly touching Jack's arm, she led him to the door, and closed it upon him, while she went through the feminine *aranea* of smelling-salts and burnt feathers for Miss Fluker's benefit.

Jack stole into the room across the passage, feeling extremely foolish. Maggie, his old playmate, was there, but not at all inclined to meet his advances, which, to tell the truth, were somewhat elephantine and awkward. So he had no resource but to sit apart and sulk, which he did for a quarter of an hour with hearty good will, at the end of which time he had the satisfaction of hearing Tilly come out of the drawing-room, summon Jane, and with her stalwart assistance hoist Miss Fluker up-stairs to her own room; a sort of triumphal progress, marked by a sob at each step and a volley of hysterical kickings at each landing.

Silence reigned again for a few minutes. Then Maggie, unable to continue silent any

longer, began to put Jack through his facings :

"What have you done to Tilly, sir?"

A pause.

"Nothing."

Five minutes interval.

"Do people have red eyes, and snap their sisters' noses off, for nothing?"

Jack intimated that he didn't know, and being in the wrong and proportionately sulky, added that he didn't care. Also, as an after-thought, that if people snapped their sisters' tongues off, he should call it something.

This produced some animation. Maggie was not a girl to let a challenge like this remain unanswered.

"I suppose you have been doing nothing and saying nothing in the next room, all this time?"

Jack, relapsing into stony indifference, said he didn't care what she supposed. This addressed to the bookcase.

Maggie rose in sudden fiery indignation and let loose the flood-gates of her wrath upon him. It would have done you good to hear her pound away at him. What? was he to come and tamper with Tilly's affections (not that she cared for him, no indeed!) and then abandon her, and all for a nasty, mean, ugly Fluker! She, Maggie, didn't think much of his taste, that was all! And he must have a poor opinion of them, to think they couldn't notice how he was always hanging round Miss Fluker, and he must think they were easily hoodwinked to try and make them believe he was carrying messages from Prindle to her, when she and her sister knew well that Prindle didn't care a button for your nasty old Flukers! And if it wasn't a shame to make poor dear darling Tilly cry her eyes out, and if she, Maggie, would stand it any longer,—no, she never did!

With which incoherent but intelligible climax to her wrath, brave little Maggie was so infected with the recital of the sorrows and wrongs she had been championing, that she tossed her hair into her eyes and out again, as an excuse to hide her tears.

Jack was really heartily ashamed of himself and employed the next ten minutes so well that at the end of them Maggie had given him a sisterly kiss, and gone up to Tilly's room as his advocate and ambassador, leaving Jack to dismal thoughts below.

Presently she returned, looking less confident than when she went up. "It's a more serious matter than you imagine, Jack," said

she. "Tilly's awfully vexed with you, and I don't think she'll ever come round again. I had the worst work to get her to believe you weren't making love to Fluker on your own account, but that you were only a letter-carrier for Prindle. Then she said she knew Prindle didn't care a straw for Amelia, and you and Tom must have concocted the letter between you, and that it was a shame to play such a trick on any one, even on Amelia, and no gentleman would do such a thing. And I said I was sure you hadn't done any thing of the kind, and now it all depends on whether Prindle is in love with Amelia, and if he is, why Doldy and I will forgive you but, if he isn't, we shall know you have deceived us, sir, and you will have your congé."

Jack shivered with alarm. He more than suspected that Tom had played some trick with the letter, and now all depended upon its being a genuine production.

"Well, Maggie," said he, with feigned indifference, "it's nearly six, so we haven't long to wait now. How's the Fluker?"

Maggie looked amused.

"Decidedly better and putting on all her best things; I heard her pulling her boxes about as I passed her room."

Now in the meanwhile Tom had waylaid Prindle on his road home, and was instilling doubts and fears into his manly breast. He hoped Fluker would not be jealous. He had himself noticed that Prindle had paid her certain attentions, which—but never mind. Perhaps in another man they might not mean much; but Prindle certainly had such an insinuating way about him. Might he be allowed to hope that Prindle had never committed himself by writing to Amelia?

Prindle felt qualmish, and asked why?

Oh, nothing. Tom was glad that he had not. Miss Fluker was capable of making a breach of promise case out of very slender material; still as he, Prindle, had refrained from putting pen to paper—

Prindle interrupting, couldn't help admitting that he had sent a small note or two.

The question of size, Tom opined, had little to do with it. It was more a matter of contents. And the mystical religious language which Prindle used was so symbolical, so allegorical, that he, Tom, feared much it might be wrested so as to carry a false meaning if Miss Fluker, much incensed by the letter Prindle had sent Tilly, were to consult a worldly-minded lawyer. •

Prindle shuddered. Tom took a gloomy view of matters and suggested it would have been better if the letter had not been written. Struck with an idea, he went on to say, perhaps Jack had *not* delivered it, when Prindle interrupted him :

"Jack? Why you were to deliver it yourself!"

"So I was, my dear fellow, but affairs of Egypt took me in another direction."

The couple walked a few paces in silence ; they were now fast approaching the Tilletts' door.

"Miss Fluker is a most estimable young person," remonstrated Tom.

"Very—extremely—why do you torture me thus, Tillett? say what you have to say!"

"Very well, Prindle. Amelia Fluker is admirably adapted for you. I fear lest my sister is not. You may judge of the reluctance with which I bring myself to confess this. Altogether, considering the power Miss Fluker has over you in those unlucky letters, it would have been the best thing in the world for you if this last letter had been addressed to her too!"

Prindle let fall a remark that sounded exceedingly like an adjuration of his ghostly enemy.

A small boy fitted past them, with his unearthly yell of "Ev'nin' Telegramm, sir, buy a Telegr'mm?"

"Let me see," mused Tom, "how it would look in the *Telegram*. City news. Fluker v. Prindle. Action for breach of promise. Damages, \$6,000. The defendant's demeanour in the witness-box. Dash it all, Prindle, if Fluker gets hold of that last letter of yours, I wouldn't be in your boots for six, no nor for ten thousand dollars."

"How *could* she get it?" asked Prindle impatiently.

"How? Why didn't you put my sister's name to the letter itself when I told you to, man? And when I put it into a clean envelope, meaning to deliver it myself, I didn't address it again—No! he never could do such a thing!"

"What do you mean?" asked Prindle, shrinking back as Tom, with his hand on the other's elbow pushed him up the front steps of the house.

"Mean?" said Tom, never relaxing his grasp, as he gave a mighty peal at the bell with the other hand. "Mean? Why I gave Jack the letter, and as he's your rival,

he *may* have handed it to Amelia instead of Tilly. If he has you are saved, only no putting your hand to the plough and looking back ; it will be too late then."

The door opened. Jane, grinning from ear to ear, closed it behind them. The parlour door opened in its turn, and an affecting tableau presented itself. Miss Fluker was covering her face with her hands, in maidenly reserve, as she stood in the middle of the room facing them, Tilly and Maggie supporting her on either side. Jack's woe-begone, anxious face peered out from the background, watching the result.

The change from the outside darkness to the glare of the lights slightly dazzled Prindle, who gave a sort of stagger forward, tripping at the mat, and being impelled forward by a furtive push from Tom, found himself the next moment embracing Miss Fluker, as the only immediate and handy prop to save himself by.

The ice being thus broken, and all doubts as to his intentions for ever removed, to Tilly's and Jack's intense delight, Prindle received the answer to his letter in the very way requested by the poet when he sang,

"Let your answer be a kiss."

* * * * *

"Good-bye, my dearest Matilda," said Amelia ; "may you be as happy as Jacob and I intend to be. We are off to Guelph, but in a happier situation than that in which I once expected to be a sojourner there. A large field opens for us. We have already planned out a new organization—what is the title, love?"

Prindle produced a slip of paper and read, "The Society for the Protection of the Rights of Paupers."

"Yes, it's much needed, my dear child ; but you hardly understand these abstruse subjects yet. Bless you, bless you. I'm afraid you'll miss us sadly."

"Oh, be joyful!" sang out the irreverent Jack. "They're off at last. Hang it all if I don't feel as sad as the repentant drunkard they hoisted up on the platform the other day, and who drew tears from the audience by asserting that 'he had had nothing to drink for a day!'"

WHAT CAN WE KNOW OF THE FUTURE LIFE?

IF a man die shall he live again? This is a question which in one form or another has presented itself to the mind of man in every age of the world. From the time he first became acquainted with death as he gazed upon the inanimate form of Abel, down through all the ages, in every clime, in all ranks, to the barbarous as well as to the civilized, to the educated and to the illiterate, the patriarchal question presents itself with ever recurring force, and each man in his turn, at some period in his life, is forced to cry out: If a man die shall he live again?

Turn where we will we are facing a finger-post that points us to the grave. The funeral procession, the closed shutter, the insignia of death fastened to the door, the emblems of mourning upon the person, the pains and aches and weaknesses that are inseparably connected with the human frame,—all these point but one way. Is it any wonder, then, if, as we journey to that last resting-place, we exercise all the powers of the mind in an attempt to find some crevice in the dark wall of death, through which we may get a glimpse of the life beyond?

In this attempt the pages of nature can render us no assistance. Nature speaks of the death of vegetation in the winter and of its resurrection in the spring, of the image of death in sleep, and of a new life in waking out of sleep, but beyond that her pages are only a blank, or they are filled with the records of decay and the ravages of time. Generation succeeds generation, age after age, but the dead rise not. No voice from the grave breaks upon the ear of the traveller, as he journeys towards that cheerless abode, telling him of a brighter region beyond. Nature has no comfort to bestow; it points to the grave as the *final* home of man, dark, dreary, and dismal; and as it points, it echoes the wailing cry of the old patriarch and says: "Man dieth and wasteth away, yea man giveth up the ghost and where is he?" To this yearning question of the soul Revelation says: "Though he were dead, yet shall he live." But when shall he live? How shall he live? These questions have to be answered before the yearning of the soul is satisfied. Let us see if in reason or Revelation there is any answer. When shall he live? In an age given to the examination

of phenomena, it is strange that the phenomenon of death has not been examined with a view to establish some data from which the future could be predicated.

What is death? We all know what it is so far as it affects the body, but what is it in relation to that which with the body we call man? Gather round the bed of the dying and watch for the change that is to be. Close the windows and doors of the room and leave not an avenue of escape. Now look at the patient as he hears that wondrous change which we call death. Already the hand is groping in the air for the hand-grasp invisible that introduces the mortal to the company of immortals. There is a strange bright light in the eyes as they are fixed with an inutterable intelligence on a something only seen by those who stand on the border-land between life and death, and as you look on the intelligent countenance, so fixed in its gaze, a shadow passes over it which tells that the light of life has departed. Now, if in that supreme moment a new sense of sight is given, it must, while life remains, be subject to the body, and like the other senses flash its communications to the brain. But with the passing of the death-shadow over the face, the last flash has gone to the brain, and even as it has flashed, *there must be somewhere in that room a conscious entity* that was once the occupant of the body, or the death of the body is a total blotting out of existence. Where then is the abode of this conscious entity? There is the body,—the home from which it has just escaped. Where is its new home? Does it fill the room with its presence? Has it a local habitation? or is it diffused throughout all space? If it diffuses itself throughout all space, then pantheism is the true creed, and the spirit that was breathed into man's nostrils when he received the breath of life, has returned to God who gave it, in a different sense from that which is generally accepted. If it is not diffused throughout all space, then it has a local habitation and a form. If it has a form, can we get any idea of its outlines as it takes its flight through the trackless space to report itself somewhere as returned to the court of its Sovereign? A partial answer to some of these questions might be found if more attention were given

to the expressions of the dying, whether these expressions were given by word, sign, or look.

It might be possible to group or collate the appearances which haunt the dying pillow so as to get data upon which to predicate a theory of life immediately after death. But it is too hastily assumed that the spectral forms which present themselves to the dying are in all cases but the phantoms of a diseased imagination, and not the realities of a higher sense. There can be no doubt that the forms of those long dead have been present at many a dying scene, and have been recognised by the departing spirit just before it passed into the invisible world. Generally these forms are bright, and there is a radiance in the room which lights the countenance of the dying with a supernatural intelligence. Shakspeare makes Queen Katharine say as she is passing away :

“Saw you not even now a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness.”

Now, we know that to the grosser senses of the body these forms are invisible, but is there not wrapped round every mortal a spiritual body which begins to live as the mortal dies, and which in some way must have contact with the mortal body as the conscious entity passes from one to the other. It does no violence to thought if we imagine that the perception of unseen forms is, through the new sense of the spiritual body, brought mysteriously into contact with the mortal, so that the communications of the dying are made through the organs of the natural body, while the perception is through the senses of the spiritual. If there is any force in this theory how carefully should be treasured up the last words and signs of the dying, so that some effort may be made to get even a glimpse into the world beyond.

But some will say: If there is a spiritual body prepared for man into which he passes at the moment of death, then the theory of a resurrection of the natural body must fall to the ground. Revelation says, “Thou sowest not that body which shall be, for God prepares it a body.” While reason and experience affirm that the natural body will pass to its original dust to be in its turn assimilated with other bodies, so that this earth,

when it has ceased to revolve round the sun, will not be heavier by a feather's weight than when it first began to roll, though in the meantime myriads of bodies have risen upon it and have disappeared again beneath its surface.

Assuming that consciousness is never lost, no effort of the imagination can picture a spirit disembodied, having no form and no visible appearance, yet living, moving, and communicating with other spirits. Can we then tell what form the spirit assumes when it enters its new existence? Undoubtedly we can. We are not without representations of the spirit-world in the Revelation given us, and although it is true that but few of the departed spirits have revisited this earth, so as to communicate with those still in the body, yet those few have taken *human* form and have been recognised. Moses and Elias were seen and known by the Apostles when they came down to the mount, and, as two men, spoke to Christ about His death. In this case the Apostles must have been endowed with exalted powers or with an intuitional knowledge, or they could not have known either Moses or Elias by their personal appearance: but there is no difficulty about the *forms* they assumed; these were *human*. So in the representation of the future world given in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, both are represented as being in the body immediately after death, as knowing each other and as knowing Abraham. At the crucifixion the spirits of the departed walked about the streets of Jerusalem in human form, and were seen of many. So in the chamber of the dying to the present day, father and mother and friend, long since residents of the spirit world, when they are commissioned to meet the departing spirit on earth, appear in that form which was known and is now recognised by the departing soul. It follows from this that the spiritual body will in form be like unto the natural body and that recognition hereafter will be no more difficult than recognition now. If we were satisfied that there is no loss of consciousness in passing from one life into another—that a spiritual body is prepared for every man, and that in form this spiritual body is like unto the natural body—can we go farther and get any idea of the faculties or attributes of this new body? Do we know anything of its life or employment. How very vague are our ideas of the spirit-

world. Most men believe in a life after death; but what a shadowy, ghostlike life it is, and how very unlike the realities of any life we know. We rest in the assurance—self-derived or otherwise—that, somewhere in the regions of space, there are beings full of the activities of life who are kept constantly employed in delightful occupations. We are satisfied that they can be distinguished the one from the other, but so soon as in imagination we begin to mark their movements and try to understand how they pass and re-pass one another; so soon as we begin to listen for the footfall that tells of a contact between the body spiritual and the world on which it rests; immediately the whole spirit-world melts away into an indefinable nothingness. Surely there ought to be a better mental prospect than this. If the imagination can picture a spirit-world at all, it ought to be able to set a boundary within which all the activities of spirit life can be observed going on. It may even suppose that spirits know each other by some distinguishing name, and that as they pass and re-pass each other on their errands, the one may know something about the nature of the other's work, and the work of the one must be distinguished from the work of the other. Human imagination is of course limited by human experience, but it is humanity that passes through the gate of death into the spiritual world, and humanity on the other side of the gate is only the humanity that a moment ago was on this. It will be safe therefore to assume that the consciousness which is preserved through death into the new life, will not meet with any violent shock as it awakens out of the sleep of mortal life, but that there will be a transition such as we experience as we return to consciousness from the wild wanderings of a dream. Is it not possible that life itself will then appear as a dream, and that consciousness will go back to a pre-existence in the long past? How often are we placed amid scenes and incidents that we know to be new, and yet there is a strange familiarity about them that wakes up a dim memory of similar scenes and incidents. Who knows what this life is that was breathed into man's nostrils?

Having followed this life down to its close on earth, what do we know about the change that has taken place in the room of death? Well, we know that the spirit begins a new life, invisible but not incorporeal, for we have

evidence that when commissioned to appear again for any purpose, it has power, or for the time is endowed with power, to become visible to our ordinary sense of sight. When Abraham sat at his tent and lifted up his eyes to behold three men who then approached him, he was looking on spiritual bodies invisible but a moment before, but now walking, talking, and eating like any of his neighbours. Lot entertained two of them in Sodom, and felt the grasp of their hands as he was pulled into his own door. There is no difference, therefore, in appearance or in conduct between spiritual and natural bodies, so far as we are permitted to judge. Elisha's servant, when his eyes were opened at Dothan, saw that the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire. In this case a higher sense of sight was given to the mortal, and, for the moment, he was awakened to the realities of a spirit-world around him. But that glimpse of the invisible world is worth something to us, for it dimly opens up to view a life of activities not unfamiliar to our present experiences, and it is precisely because the unseen world is presented in unfamiliar shades of light, that we first fail to realize it, and then question its existence. Chariots and horsemen are not usually deemed necessary to drag tireless limbs from point to point in eternity, but we have no reason to suppose that space will be annihilated, or that every *body* will move with equal velocity, any more than we have to suppose that men hereafter will dot the infinities of space like the stars in the sidereal system, to be moved only as they are moved throughout the ages of eternity. It is well, therefore, that we have this passing glimpse to show that the spirit-world, like the natural, may be crowded with species in great variety, and that man's powers hereafter may not only be exercised in using and controlling inferior orders of creation, but that his mental activities may be fully employed planning and contriving to meet the requirements of a life not unlike the one he leaves on earth.

Thus far we have seen that the spirit-world is peopled with corporeal realities, and not with vague and intangible essences. We know that in the room of death the passing soul must be clothed with its spiritual body. But this body is not subject to the ordinary laws of nature, and therefore it is not confined to the room by closed window or door.

It stands at once upon a shoreless sea, where, with new senses and exalted powers of sight, it gazes into the illimitable depths where worlds on worlds, far beyond the ken of mortals, roll on through the infinities of space. Heaven has now burst upon its view. Not a single world fixed somewhere in space, for, no matter what the magnitude of such a world, if it were for ever receiving and never discharging, it must necessarily reach a point where overcrowding would commence. No, Heaven is not a single world which can be bounded, but a grand confederacy of worlds boundless as infinity.

To one of these worlds the soul standing on the shoreless sea is bound, and the "blessed troop whose bright faces cast thousand beams upon it," as it struggles from its mortal coil, are probably the messengers whose duty it is to accompany the new being to its blessed abode and introduce it to the company of the immortals. How the spiritual body is conveyed across the trackless waste, we know not; but to mortals it may be that "horses and chariots of fire" are the most suitable terms to use in describing the transformation scene.

We have no right to assume that these worlds will be different from our own, or from what ours was when man was first placed upon it. They are all the work of the one Uncreated Being, whose sovereign sway is acknowledged by all. We are justified rather in arguing that as this world was when man was placed upon it, so these worlds are to be when man is restored to his original condition.

Much preparation was needed to make this earth a dwelling-place for man. The waters had to be gathered together that dry land might appear. The earth had to bring forth grass and herb and tree. Water and air had to be filled with moving creatures that had life, and when all had been completed, then, and only then, was the future governor, man, placed upon the scene. His work was to "dress and keep it," which covered all the conditions of his new life, giving employment to all his energies. Is it not fair then to suppose that in the worlds to which he is moving, there will be land and water, grass, herb, and tree after their kind, and that man in his new sphere will find employment "dressing and keeping" these.

How long he will remain in any one world, and by what process he will pass from one

to the other, we know not, as we do not know by what process he would have passed out of this if death had not entered. But that he would have passed out of this into another by some agency is certain, since room would have to be made for coming generations. Life, however, in the confederacy of Heaven, is everlasting, for whether the term of existence in each world be counted by thousands of ages, or whether it be short as the term of life on earth, only an eternity of years can give time to go through the worlds of infinity. But life is not the same in each world, for "one star differeth from another star in glory." So there will be worlds for the good and worlds for the bad, each in their several degrees, and the soul just escaped from the natural body on earth, and standing on that shoreless sea, will be directed to one or the other as it has determined for itself by its life upon the earth.

That the inhabitants of the blessed abodes will go on from world to world increasing in knowledge and in power as they rise from glory to glory, is undoubted, for no matter how exalted their powers and how perfect their knowledge, they must forever remain at an unapproachable distance from the great Omniscient, Uncreated, Ineffable Glory. It is not in man that has fallen to say what shall be the ultimate destiny of those who must pass through the darker worlds. We know that provision was made for the recovery of one fallen world, and we know that a world fell before ours, for there are "Angels which kept not their first estate;" but it is not for puny man to limit the goodness or power of the Almighty, and say, with all the dogmatism of a narrow theology, that *no* provision can be made for the recovery of other worlds. It is far more Christlike to cherish a hope, that, somewhere in the vast empire of worlds that roll far beyond the systems that come within the range of mortal ken or thought, there are lands where the long separated meet again after ages of wandering through unknown regions of space.

Yea, and it is more godlike to believe that a time will come when every creature that God has made, Man, Angel, or Devil, will be happy or cease to be. More godlike, because any other thought makes evil eternal with the Deity.

GLIMPSES OF OLD ENGLISH LIFE.

M. TAINÉ begins his brilliant but often misleading *History of English Literature*, with a very vivid and picturesque description of England and the English people in the days before the Norman Conquest. He tells us that the "Saxons, weighted with their German phlegm, were a race of gluttons and drunkards, now and then aroused to life by a gleam of poetical enthusiasm. Foreign culture had given them Christianity; but beyond that it could not graft upon this barbarous stock any fruitful or living branch. In their land of marsh and fogs, amid their mud and snows, and under their gloomy and inclement sky, they continued dull, ignorant, fierce, and brutal. What could they find to do but hunt, fish, fight among themselves, or fill their bellies with flesh and get drunk with strong liquors? Driven to their own firesides for warmth, they acquired domestic habits, but how, with such instincts, could they attain to culture? It was the Normans, that French race, manifestly destined to rule, who taught the Saxons, at first with the spear, then with the club, and at last with the birch, the ways of civilization, and made the English people what it is to-day."

Nor does he stand alone in this estimate of our first English ancestors. Milton compares their history to a "chronicle of the wars of kites and crows, flocking and fighting in the air." Even Carlyle calls them "a gluttonous race of Jutes and Angles, capable of no grand combinations; lumbering about in pot-bellied equanimity; not dreaming of heroic toil and silence, and endurance, such as leads to the high places of this universe and the golden mountain tops where dwell the spirits of the dawn." And, indeed, until very lately, historians for the most part have told the same tale, so that Englishmen had learned to look upon their Anglo-Saxon forefathers as a race of barbarians, eking out a scanty subsistence with the acorns and beech-mast of the forest, ill-housed in mud hovels because they were incapable of putting stone and mortar together so as to form a building, skilful only with the sword and

spear, rude and quarrelsome in their manners, and, finally, almost as uncivilized and ignorant in the tenth century as they had been when Hengist and Horsa first landed in Kent some five hundred years before that time.

It would indeed be one of the strangest things in human history if this view were correct—if a race which had reached the stage of civilization in which the German tribes were found by Tacitus, should have stopped short at that point, and made no further advance in the course of five hundred years. And, as might have been expected, the researches of modern scholars have brought to light many facts which prove beyond a doubt that these five centuries were fruitful in progress, that great advances were made in every direction, and that, whatever may have been the condition of the Saxons and Angles when they left their Frisian forests, they had, at the beginning of the eleventh century, attained a higher degree of culture and refinement in many respects than their Norman conquerors, who, in point of fact, destroyed much more than they bestowed. The effect of the conquest was at first to retard, though it afterward hastened, a development which would have gone on none the less surely had William of Normandy never set foot in England. In spite of all the many and great changes of manners, speech, and modes of thought through which the English nation has passed, the distinctive characteristics of the English mind to-day can be plainly discerned in the English people of the seventh and eighth centuries, as they stand revealed to us, not, indeed, in the descriptions handed down by Norman writers, who naturally looked with scorn and contempt upon the manners, art, and science of a conquered race, but in the writings of men of their own time and nation. It is to the English writers before the conquest that we must go if we would learn how our forefathers lived; and though the records are scant and meagre, yet, from the many incidental allusions to habits and customs, it is

possible to gain a tolerably correct idea of their country, their homes, their dress, and their manners.

It must be borne in mind that Britain when the English first came to land upon its shores, presented a very different appearance from the England of the nineteenth century, and great as has been the change wrought by time in the people, not less great, perhaps, is the change which the face of the country has undergone. Even the climate is no longer the same as it was then. From statements to be found in many of the older writers, Sir Francis Pa'grave felt warranted in asserting that, down to the time of the Norman Kings, the general temperature of the greater part of England was not very unlike that of Western Canada. The winter cold was more severe, the summer heat more intense and scorching than now. In the southern portion of the island the grape grew and ripened in the open air; the vale of Gloucester was especially noted for its fruitful vines, and from the vineyards of Glastonbury a sweet and pleasant wine was made. The olive tree, now confined to the shores of the Mediterranean, is not unfrequently mentioned in old charters as a boundary tree.

The great natural features of the country were, no doubt, much the same as they are now, but the low lands and moors were one wide stretch of marsh and mire, broken here and there by an island or ridge of rising ground, the hills and knolls of our day. Such a waste of waters was the great fen district, extending some sixty miles southward from the Wash, and separating East Anglia from Mercia. Such an island was Ely, in later times a place of refuge for Hereward and his followers from Norman pursuit. Another immense swamp, formed by the confluence of the Trent and Ouse, lay between Mercia and Northumberland. The rivers ran in deeper channels, and the tides flowed farther up than they do now. In the eleventh century a fleet of ships sailed up to Canterbury, and the privilege of levying tolls on foreign merchants was claimed by two different monasteries of the city. Ships, seventy-two feet long and nine feet beam, came up to Appledore on a branch of the Lymne, now nothing more than an insignificant brook. Thanet, the landing-place of Hengist and Horsa, was then an island, separated by a broad strait from the mainland, of which it

now forms part. Richtorough, Pevensey, and Winchelsea, in those days seaport towns, are now two or three miles from the shore. On the coast of Norfolk there was a belt of eight or ten islands at some distance from the mainland, but the intervening channel has long since filled up, and the village of Beeston "by the sea" is now ten miles inland. Romney Marsh has been won from the sea by the aid of man, and the tides have been driven back some ten miles. On the other hand, in some places the sea has won new territory, as on the coasts of Cornwall and Yorkshire. Ravensburg, where Henry IV. landed in 1399, is "submerged in the waves," and the villages of Hartburn and Hyde have met with the same fate.

Inland, the greater part of the land was covered with vast forests, where grew and flourished the oak, the yew, the elm, the ash, the birch, and the alder. The evergreens were represented by the fir, the juniper, and the holly. And it may well be that some of the trees which gave shade and shelter to the first of the English, are still alive and hale, for there are now standing in England oaks upwards of eight hundred or a thousand years old, and in the churchyard of Darley, York, there is a yew which has seen more than two thousand summers come and go. In that age the term forest-land, it should be remembered, included not merely the woodland, but marsh and moor as well, and in some districts wide commons lay bleak and bare for miles together. But even making allowance for this use of the word, the extent of the true forests must have been very great. And as all reckless destruction of trees was punished by a heavy fine, there is no reason for doubting the statement of the English chronicle, that in the days of King Alfred, the *Andredswald* was one hundred and twenty miles long, or longer, and thirty miles broad. Under the Roman rule towns and cities had grown up, excellent roads ran in various directions throughout the length and breadth of the land, usually avoiding the great forests, which gave too great advantages to hostile tribes to lie in wait for the troops and travellers. More often the swamps and marshes were crossed by well-built causeways, and the rivers were spanned by solid and lasting bridges. Agriculture had so far advanced that Britain had become one of the chief corn-growing countries of Europe, and exported much grain to other

parts of the empire. The cherry, the peach; the pear, the mulberry, and the fig had been introduced, and flourished in the gardens. Tin was largely exported from Cornwall, iron and lead mines were worked, and the uses of mineral coal as fuel had been discovered. The manufacture of pottery was carried on in many places. Along the great highways, and in the neighbourhood of the towns and cities, the landscape was dotted with numerous villas, whose tessellated pavements, walls adorned with fresco paintings, glazed windows, and elaborate heating arrangements gave evidence of the high degree of comfort and even luxury to be found in that distant province.

Such was Britain in the year 449, when Hengist and Horsa, with their warriors, landed at Ebbsfleet, in the island of Thanet. Whether they came as allies or enemies of the Celtic tribes, is a point of minor importance; it is enough for our present purpose to know that then the tide of invasion began to set in; which overran the country and made it the land of the English. It was more than a mere invasion; it was a general migration. The invaders brought with them their wives, their children, their household goods, and their cattle. All ranks and classes of freemen, and, to some extent, the slaves also, came over to settle in their new home. They brought with them their political and social institutions, their laws, and their religion. Kings were as yet unknown among them. On going to war, the leader of the campaign was chosen by lot from the ealdormen of the tribe or nation, and his supremacy lasted only until the return of peace. Thus it is easy to see how, in a state of constant warfare such as followed the invasion of Britain, the temporary leader became a permanent king. For the conquest of England was not the easy achievement of a few short years. The invaders fought their way, step by step, following the lines of the great highways, or pushing up the rivers in their ships and boats, while now and then the capture of a large town or city would give them possession of an extensive district. So it came to pass that more than two hundred years elapsed before the bounds of the West Saxon kingdom had been pushed as far west as the River Parret in Somerset. At first extermination or expulsion seems to have been the common fate of the conquered nations. At the taking of Anderida, says the English Chronicle, Ælla

and Cissa slew all that were therein, nor was there a Briton left. The cities themselves were destroyed by fire, for the English were strangers to city life, and, indeed, despised it, preferring to live apart in the open country. London alone appears to have escaped the general destruction. In the later stages of the conquest it is probable that milder measures prevailed; the captives were no longer put to death but led into lifelong slavery.

As the land was conquered it was divided among the conquerors, but the exact mode of division adopted is still involved in uncertainty. Perhaps the most plausible theory is, that to each hundred warriors there was assigned a certain district, each warrior, or, it may be, each head of a family receiving a hide of land in full possession, the nobles and leaders retaining large tracts in addition, and what remained became common property, under the name of folkland, which could not be alienated to private use except by consent of the witan or national council. Even at this early stage we find the system of ranks fully developed. There is first the great division into the two classes of the free and the unfree. In the class of the unfree most writers include not only the slaves, but all who did not possess the full rights of citizenship, which were closely connected with the ownership of land. The landless man, though free in all personal relations, was compelled, in order to come under the cognizance of the law, to seek a lord and place himself in dependence upon him. The slaves, strictly so-called, were divided into several classes, as the theow, the esne, the wite-theow, &c. Among the free we find the ceorl, or freeman owning land in his own right, the thegn, the eorl, the ealdorman, and the etheling. Though the ranks were clearly defined, there was no closed caste. If a ceorl thrived so that he had fully five hides of his own land, church and kitchen, bell-house and burh-gate-seat, and special duty in the king's hall, he became "thegnworthy"; in like manner the thegn might become eorlworthy. The way to honour was open to all, and the title to nobility was based upon the possession of lands.

The invaders quickly formed little settlements in family groups, on spots chosen for their natural advantages, as being easy of defence or abundantly supplied with water. They do not seem to have made much use

of the villas and other edifices built by the Romans, except in so far as the ruined walls served for quarries whence they drew the materials for their simpler dwellings. The highways and bridges they took pains to keep in repair, but their towns and villages seldom arose amid the ruins of a former city. On some ridge or knoll of rising ground a *burgh* would spring up with its rude fortifications, consisting of a ditch and mound of earth, crowned, perhaps, with a stout wooden palisade. Here were clustered the homesteads of the *burgh* members; on the sloping hillsides their flocks and herds found pasturage under the watchful care of the herdsman, whose duty it was to be on his guard, throughout the night, against the ravages of wild beasts or the depredations of robber bands. In the woods the herds of swine fed and fattened on acorns and beech-mast. The so-called white Chillingham breed of cattle, brought over, from their Frisian homes, by the invaders, rapidly increased, and finally drove out the small dark shorthorns which had before stocked the island. The sheep were valued chiefly for their fleece, and wool soon became one of the principal articles of export.

The farms were separated from each other by hedges or ditches, and a large tree was usually chosen as a boundary-mark. The chief crops were hay, wheat, oats, rye, and barley. The hay was cut with scythes differing but little in shape from those still in use. After it was sufficiently dried it was carried in carts to a convenient spot, and stored in ricks and mows for future use. Grain was reaped with sickles, bound in sheaves, and taken to the threshing-floor, where it was threshed with flails and winnowed. Hand-mills had long been in use for grinding the corn, and before the time of the Norman conquest, windmills and water-mills became very common. The orchards were stocked with a variety of fruit-trees, and afforded their owners apples, pears, plums, cherries, peaches, quinces, and walnuts; in the gardens were to be found carrots, beets, celery, lettuce, and the favourite vegetable of the people, the kale or cabbage, from which the second month of the year received the name of Sprout-kale. Here, too, were cultivated the herbs, such as savory, mint, rosemary, pennyroyal, and others valued for their healing virtues. Nor was the cultivation of flowers neglected, for we can see from their writings

that the English were very fond of flowers, and took great delight in their beautiful forms and bright colours. Roses and lilies of various kinds, hollyhocks and snapdragons, were among the ornaments of the garden, while, in the woods and meadows, daisies, primroses, heath, coltsfoot, &c., were scattered profusely.

The greater part of the hard work was performed by the slaves, who were divided into "slaves of the house" and "slaves of the farm." They were allowed two loaves of bread every day, besides their morning and noon meals; they were not required to work on Sundays or holy days; the master was not permitted to inflict more than a certain amount of punishment, but they had no legal rights and were looked upon as part of their owner's stock. After the introduction of Christianity their condition was greatly improved. The observance of Saints' days increased the number of their holidays, and emancipation was preached as a Christian duty.

Thus relieved from much of the drudgery of manual labour, the Englishman of the seventh and eighth centuries, like his descendants of the present day, was free to pursue his favourite recreations of hunting and hawking, and a gentleman was usually accompanied, wherever he went, by his falcon, perched upon his wrist. The dogs of Britain had long been known and valued for their excellence as hunters, and in Roman times they had been largely exported to distant parts of the Empire, so highly were they esteemed by sportsmen. In the recesses of the forests roamed the brown bear, the fox, and the wolf, the terror of the flocks and herds. Along the rivers and streams the beavers built their dams, and were eagerly hunted for their fur. The wild boar, the reindeer, the stag, and the roe deer ranged throughout the island. The fallow-deer and the pheasant had been brought into the country by the Romans, to whom the introduction of the domestic fowl is also due. As the population increased, and the forest land was brought under tillage, it became necessary to place some restrictions upon the indiscriminate destruction of game. The following rhyming charter, which is taken from the transcript given by Kemble (Cod. Dip. 899), will serve to convey some idea of the regulations in force in the reign of Edward the Confessor. The old spelling has been

retained, and there are few words which call for any explanation.

Iche Edouard Kinge hæue geuen
Of my forreste the keepinge
Of the hundred of Chelmar and dansinge
To Randolfe Peperkinge & to his kinling,
With harte and hinde, dooe and bokke,
Hare and fox, catt and brocke (*badger*),
Wyld foule with his flocke,
Partrich, fesaunt hen and fesaunt cocke
To kepen and to yemen by all her might
Both by daie and eke by night
And houndes for to houlde,
Gode and swyfte and bolde,
Foure grey houndes and VI racches (*setters*),
For hare and foxe and wild cattes,
And therof I make him my bok (*charter*).

The spear was the weapon commonly used in hunting the larger game, though the sword was always worn by the side, to be used in case the victim should turn and charge when brought to bay. When a hunt was to take place, men were sent out in various directions to beat the wood and drive the animals, with the noise of horns and with dogs, towards some point where the hunters lay in wait to attack them as they fled. The sport of hawking seems to have been pursued on horseback, if we may trust the drawings in old manuscripts, where, however, the attendants are represented on foot. Fishing, it would appear, had few charms for the Englishman of this age, who delighted in more active and exciting sport.

The earliest dwellings of the English were, no doubt, rude structures, mainly built of wood and plaster, but we find that they had a word for the low wall upon which the house stood, the ground-wall—a term still in use among masons in parts of England, to denote the stone foundation wall—and from this it has been argued that it is very probable that the foundations of their dwellings were commonly of stone. England, as we have seen, was then abundantly supplied with timber, and wood naturally continued to be the chief building material, as it is still in this country. But from the days of Augustine onwards, there is ample evidence that stone was freely used in the construction of churches, and there is great likelihood that in the mansions of the nobles, the hall, at least, was a stone structure. The houses were generally but one story in height, the hall and kitchen forming one large room, open to the roof, which was thatched with straw or reeds. In the middle

of the hall was the hearthstone with its blazing wood fire, surrounded by benches, and close at hand were the bellows, tongs, &c. Directly over the hearthstone there was a small turret, with open or partly open sides, through which the smoke escaped without the aid of a chimney. The walls were sometimes painted, but more frequently they were covered by curtains of woollen, or even silk, and often richly embroidered. These curtains were hung at a distance of three or four inches from the wall, and added much to the warmth and cheerfulness of the rooms. The floor was usually paved with tile; a portion at one end was raised somewhat higher than the rest, and here stood the massive table of square or oblong shape, surrounded by benches or stools, with a high-backed chair for the master of the house. The windows were few and small. In the earlier times the wind and rain were kept out by wooden shutters, or blinds of linen, and glazed windows probably were seldom to be met with in private houses until much later than the Norman Conquest. To supply the deficiency of daylight, they had recourse to wax candles, supported by candlesticks of various metals, and often of very ornamental appearance. The chambers or sleeping rooms opened from the hall, and had no fires, but were abundantly provided with heavy tapestry hangings. The bedsteads, in some cases elaborately carved, were frequently placed in curtained alcoves, and were furnished with feather beds, bolsters, and pillows. The following story, given by Mr. Hardy, will illustrate English notions of hospitality towards an honoured guest, among the higher classes in the seventh century. A very wealthy nobleman was wont to say in the presence of the brotherhood, "Who will obtain for me the honour of entertaining the great hero St. Cuthbert, and sheltering him under my roof? I call Christ and my faith to witness, that were he to come, I would adorn my house with plate, strew my threshold and courtyard with roses and sweet-smelling lilies, and make my walls shine with shields of gold. My butler also should joyfully receive his attendants with capacious bowls of wine, and serve them with horns of mead, so that the number of their cups should be innumerable. Beds should be prepared for the Saint in my chambers and halls; with my own hands would I place him on the

couch, and would cherish his feet in my bosom." While the dwellings of the rich were thus, in many respects, the abodes of comfort and luxury, the lower classes passed their lives amid very different surroundings. Their cottages, as a rule, contained but one room, without windows, the floor simply hard earth, and the smoke from the fire in the midst escaped by a plain hole in the roof. The inmates lay down to rest on the benches, which served for seats during the day, wrapped up in their cloaks, with perhaps a billet of wood beneath their heads instead of a pillow. But wretched and comfortless as such accommodations may seem to us, we shall find the homes of the poor, some seven hundred years after this, described in very similar terms. So late as the reign of Elizabeth, the age of Shakspeare, a writer, speaking of the middle as well as the lower classes, uses these words: "Our fathers (yea and we ourselves also) have lien full oft upon straw pallets, or rough mats, covered only with a sheet, under coverlets of dagswain, and a good round under their heads instead of a bolster. Pillows, said they, were thought meet only for women."

The year 597 is made memorable in the annals of England by the landing of Augustine and his little band of monks at Thanet, bearing with them the message of the Gospel. When the English tribes forsook their ancient homes, they had left behind them all the old local objects of reverence and worship, thus weakening the ties that bound them to the religion of their fathers. So the new faith met with fewer obstacles than might otherwise have been the case, and, a foothold once obtained, it spread rapidly among the people. The new missionaries brought with them all that had been preserved of Roman literature and science; but above all Christianity introduced an ennobling and refining spirit, the effects of which were ere long shown in the milder laws, the enforcement of the rights of the slaves, the greater regard for the sanctity of the marriage tie, and the bestowal upon married women of certain rights of property. By the law a wife had the right to have a storeroom, a chest, and a cupboard, of which she kept the keys, and access to which she might refuse to her husband. While the men were engaged in their daily toil, or amusing themselves in the open air, the ladies sat in their bowers or chambers busied with their needle-work and embroi-

dery, which was celebrated for its excellence throughout Europe. The maidens plied the distaff and the spindle, in that age the emblem of woman's distinctive work. "Spear side and spindle side" ran the old formula used in legal documents to distinguish the sexes. The rooms were rendered warm and cheerful by the hangings of tapestry embroidered in bright colours and adorned, in season, with flowers gathered from the woods or garden by the maidens before the dew was dry. In one corner or in its mistress's lap might be seen a pet cat, or lap-dog, or a parrot swinging in a cage. Not unfrequently a monk or priest would make his appearance for a morning call, and perhaps bring with him a new design for embroidering a robe or altar-cloth, or enliven the time by music from the harp, the flute, or the lyre. The dress of the ladies consisted of a long outer tunic of silk, linen, or woollen material, confined at the waist by a girdle, from which hung a bunch of keys, scissors, tooth-picks, etc. The sleeves were long and flowing, and linen cuffs were worn. The head was usually covered by a hood or veil of cloth, and various devices were used to make the hair stand out and appear more full and abundant than it really was. They seem to have been very fond of bright colours, if we may judge from the illuminations of old manuscripts. In one a lady is represented as wearing a scarlet tunic, with full skirts and wide sleeves, over an inner vest of violet-coloured linen. Her shoes are of red leather. Her hair is curled about her forehead and temples, the hood concealing the rest. Around her neck is a golden necklace, her wrists are adorned with bracelets of the same metal, and it is very probable that the colour of her cheeks is heightened by a touch of rouge, the use of which was not uncommon even in those days.

The men wore short tunics of woollen or linen, according to the season, reaching to about the knee and partly slit at the sides. The sleeves were very long and wide, and were gathered in folds about the wrist. Beneath this tunic was a vest and drawers, the latter extending below the knee and tucked into the hose, which were very long. The shoes were of leather, and were fastened by thongs of the same material. An upper tunic, with short loose sleeves, was sometimes worn over the common tunic, but the usual outer garment was a circular mantle or cloak, of

varying length, fastened by a clasp on the right shoulder. While linen or woollen were the usual materials of dress for the common people; the wealthy classes were clothed in silk, purple cloth, gold tissues, and furs. The hair was parted in the middle and fell in long ringlets on the shoulders; the beard at first was worn long and forked, but in later times it was shaved off, and the moustache alone allowed to grow. The freeman was always accompanied by his sword, which was two-edged and about three feet in length; the sheath was made of thin wood, covered with leather and mounted with silver. Besides the sword, each man carried in his waist-belt a short knife, which was used for a multitude of purposes. After the Danish invasions the sword was exchanged for the battle-axe, which then became the national weapon. The shields were of wood, and had an umbone or central boss of iron or bronze, conical in form and often nine inches in height. Helmets and coats of mail were also worn in battle. The former sometimes consisted of a framework of iron, covered with plates of horn, fastened to the iron ribs by silver rivets, the whole surmounted by an ornamental crest.

Turning now from dress to diet, we shall find the English people of this period no strangers to good living. Wild fowl and game, as we have seen, were to be had in plenty. Their flocks and herds furnished them with beef, bacon, and mutton, though the last seems to have been little esteemed. Their cows and goats gave them milk, which they turned into butter and cheese. The rivers and streams swarmed with eels, trout, salmon, sturgeon, pilchards, etc. The sea yielded a rich harvest of hake, herring, lobsters, and shellfish. The oysters of Rutupia, the modern Richborough, had long been known and prized by Roman epicures. From the bees they obtained great quantities of honey, and in large households the bee-master was as necessary a person as the swineherd. Their well-stocked gardens and orchards afforded a variety of vegetables and fruits, while their merchants brought from foreign lands the products of more southern climes. Nor was the art of cookery unknown or despised. The salted meats were usually boiled and served with vegetables, such as cabbage, beets, carrots, beans, and accompanied by vinegar, mustard, and pepper. Fresh meats were roasted on spits and

brought directly to the table. The fowls were stuffed with bread, flavoured with parsley, onions, savory, and other herbs, and likewise roasted. The bread was sometimes baked in flat round cakes and served hot from the oven. Amongst other dishes we find soups, broths, oyster patties, pig's trotters, and giblets. Invalids are advised to breakfast at nine o'clock, on loaf bread broken into hot water and peeled apples, together with boiled or roasted eggs and oysters. Dinner was usually eaten at three o'clock in the afternoon, and was the principal meal of the day. The large table was covered by an ample table-cloth, reaching nearly to the floor. The men and women were seated alternately, the men with their heads bare, the women wearing their hoods or veils. Among the wealthy the table-service was usually of silver. Forks were as yet unknown, but spoons and knives were in common use. The drinking vessels were of glass or silver, and commonly fashioned with a round bottom, so that they could not stand upright, and, therefore, had to be emptied at one draught. The most common drink was beer or ale, of different kinds, known as strong, clear, foreign, or double-brewed. These were brewed from malt, and some, at least, contained hops, as Mr. Cockayne has shown. Another favourite drink was mead, very sweet and pleasant to the taste; while weaker stomachs could be satisfied with milk or water; and the tables of the rich were well supplied with wines, both native and foreign. After dinner the men often continued drinking until evening, while the gleeman enlivened the feast with songs of brave deeds, and the serving-maidens filled up the cups from small wooden buckets, often mounted with silver and highly ornamented.

Although, as was stated in the beginning of this article, the period between the fifth and the eleventh centuries was marked by great advances in every direction, yet it was not a period of steady and uninterrupted progress. Just as England seemed entering upon a long career of peace and prosperity, when art and literature were making rapid strides onwards, the Danes made their appearance, and by their ravages not only put a stop to all progress, but threw everything a long way back. Nor did the nation attain as flourishing a position again till shortly before the Norman Conquest. This

is perhaps most plainly seen in the remaining monuments of ecclesiastical architecture, for the buildings of Wilfred and his contemporaries do not seem to have been surpassed by any of the later structures until we reach those of the beginning of the eleventh century, and the same manner of building seems to have prevailed with but slight changes for over four hundred years. The characteristic features of this style of architecture are walls bonded together by means of alternate uprights and horizontal stones, technically known as "long and short work," and frequently decorated on the outside with pilaster strips, massive round arches, and round-headed doorways and windows; though in the earlier buildings the triangular or straight-sided arches are very common. The towers are perhaps the most marked feature of the churches of this age. They are almost always tall, slender, and unbuttressed, presenting a nearly unbroken vertical outline, while their surfaces are diversified by upright strips and string courses, and they were probably crowned by conical roofs or low spires. As regards the interior arrangement, the Saxon churches would seem to have been planned upon the usual type of the Latin churches, "having a chancel, nave, and aisles, with their arcades and clerestory." The arches were, for the most part, faced with a slightly projecting flat rib, and the windows were frequently divided by a shaft or pillar, usually without a capital. The inner walls were often adorned with pictures on parchment, representing the miracles wrought by favourite saints, and the altars were decorated by English jet and ornaments of gold and silver. Peals of bells were not uncommon, and bell-founding seems to have been an art much practised by the monks. The organ is first mentioned about the year 700, in a poem by Adhelm, who describes it as being "a mighty instrument with innumerable pipes, blown by bellows, and enclosed in a gilded case, and far superior to all other instruments." We learn from Bæda that when Benedict Biscop built the stone monastery at Wearmouth, in 672, he "sent to France to fetch makers of glass, who at this time were unknown in England, that they might glaze the windows of the church, and of the cloisters and dining hall. This was done, and they came, and not only finished the work required, but also taught the English people their handicraft, which

was well fitted to furnish the vessels needed for the various uses." About 670 Wilfrid, Bishop of York, used sheets of lead to cover the roof of his church, and glazed the windows, which before that had allowed free passage to the wind and rain. The church of Hexham, built about 675, is described in terms like these: "It had pillars and porticoes, and was adorned with a wondrous length and height of walls, nor was it ever heard that such another church was erected on this side the Alps" up to that time; it was also rich in ornaments of silver and gold and precious stones; the altar hangings were of silk, wrought with delicate embroidering. These are only a few of the many similar records which attest the high degree of architectural skill already attained by these barbarians, whom some writers would have us believe to have been incapable of putting stone and mortar together so as to form a wall. But of the numerous examples of old English architecture still existing, the one most interesting, in some respects, as being unique of its kind, is of a much humbler character than those we have been describing. While the other churches of that period which have thus far successfully withstood the destroying touch of time are stone structures, this is a plain wooden building, and in fact is little more than a log-house. It is thus described by a gentleman who visited it some years ago: "The walls, which seem to be of oak or chesnut, are but six feet in height on the outside. They are not formed of half trees, but of trees that have had a portion of the centre, or heart, cut out, probably to furnish beams for the roof and sills. The slabs thus left were placed vertically on the sill, and the upper ends being roughly adzed off to a thin edge, are let into a groove in a piece of timber which ran the whole length of the building. The door-posts are of squared timber, and the doorway is only four feet five inches in height, by two feet and four inches in width. The outsides of all the trees are furrowed, to the depth of about an inch, into long stringy ridges by the decay of the softer parts of the timber, but these ridges are as hard as iron and of a colour approaching to ebony." During the middle ages a considerable addition was made to its length, and the covering of the roof has been renewed several times. Thus enlarged, it was still used for Divine worship a short time ago. It stands at Greenstead,

near Ongar, in Essex, and was originally built to serve as a shrine for the reception of the corpse of St. Edmund, on its return from London to Bury St. Edmunds, in the year 1013, more than eight centuries ago.

The illuminated manuscripts which have come down to us prove beyond a doubt, that, at a period when pictorial art had sunk to its lowest ebb in other parts of Europe, the English had invented and carried to a high degree of perfection a style of art distinctly original in all its leading features. Afterwards this style was carried to the continent by English monks and missionaries, and, through their instrumentality, was introduced into the monasteries, and the schools founded by Charles the Great. It was characterized by the peculiar and intricate use of spiral patterns, interspersed with dots and lines and interlacings of knots running into heads of serpents and birds. Much of the drawing is of a bold and rich character, and the drapery of the figures is depicted with great spirit and freedom. In the drawings of the Lindisfarne manuscript the colours appear to-day as bright and fresh as when they were first laid on, in the seventh century.

In the arts and handicrafts which minister more directly to the comforts and luxuries of life, the English workmen were well skilled. Their jewellers and goldsmiths stood high in the estimation of the metal-workers of the continent; and the specimens of their handiwork found in the ancient barrows fully sustain their reputation for delicacy of workmanship. Among their ornaments we find brooches of gold filagree-work set with garnets and rubies; earrings, bracelets, and buckles of gold, silver, bronze, and enamel, often elaborately wrought, and adorned with precious stones; necklaces of amber beads, and garnets set in gold. Drinking cups of gold and silver are also occasionally met with. It is from these barrows that most of our knowledge concerning the household utensils of the time has been derived. Twisted glass, ale-cups, basins, bowls, and jugs of earthenware bear witness to their skill in the manufacture of pottery and glassware.

Commerce was carried on vigorously, and

among their exports we find wool, tin, lead, iron, and goldsmith's work. In exchange their merchants brought from other countries, silks, gems, gold, drugs, wine, oil, and spices. King Alfred is said to have built ships, upon a new model of his own designing, which were larger, swifter, steadier, and stood higher on the water than those of the Danes. They appear to have been partly decked over and furnished with one mast and a square sail, but the oars were their main dependence, except when sailing before the wind.

The age immediately succeeding the introduction of Christianity is full of names renowned for learning. Schools were founded in the cathedral cities, and treasures of Roman science and art were thrown open to eager and diligent students. Bæda, in his secluded cell at Jarrow, seems to have mastered the whole round of knowledge of his day. Among his writings we find treatises on music, physics, poetry, rhetoric, arithmetic, and grammar. The last labour of his life was the translation of the Gospel of St. John into the English tongue. Later on, King Alfred did much to encourage learning, and himself translated several works from the Latin into English. Considerable attention was paid to music. Teachers were sent for from abroad, and schools for instruction in the art were established in most of the monasteries. Nor was the study of medicine neglected; the works of the Greek and Latin writers on this subject were carefully studied, and some were translated into the vernacular. Though we may feel inclined to laugh at some of their prescriptions, yet much of the treatment is sound and wise, and in some surgical operations there is good reason for believing that anæsthetics were used to render the patient insensible to the infliction of pain.

The limits of a magazine article have not allowed much room for details, but, though the subject is by no means exhausted, enough has been said to show that Englishmen of the age preceding the Norman Conquest, far from being the ignorant race of drunkards and gluttons which it is too often assumed they were, had reached a very creditable degree of culture and refinement.

G. H.

THE NEW REFORMATION.*

CHRISTIANITY, since its foundation has undergone several changes, each of which has been marked by peculiar historical developments of thought. For convenience we may divide these changes into three grand epochs:—

1st. When the Roman Church assumed superiority over the other churches of Christendom.

2nd. When the Reformation occurred in the sixteenth century.

3rd. The Religious Revolution of the present time.

Although it is the special purpose of the present paper to deal with the last of these movements, it will not be out of place to take a rapid glance at the two former.

Under the patronage of the Emperor Constantine, the Roman Church, being situated at the capital of the Empire, naturally became the centre of the new religion, although the primates of Antioch, Alexandria, Carthage, and Constantinople, held independent Synods of the Bishops under their jurisdiction. Constantine, however, arrogated the right of the Emperor alone to summon great and extraordinary councils of the Church. The first of these assembled at Nice, A.D. 325. The result of the deliberations of that celebrated assembly is too well-known to require mention here. The event fixes the date of our first great division, and marked the birth of a new power, which from that day to this has drained remorselessly the best blood of millions of human beings. The name of this evil power is Orthodoxy. At no time since the dispersion of the Apostles, according to Christian accounts, could the scattered bodies composing the followers of Christ be said to have been agreed on matters of faith. St. Paul himself tells us of his disputes with Peter and others as well fitted, at least, as himself to judge of essentials. Indeed, it may be said with truth, that from the very beginning the most subtle

theological disputes existed on the vital tenets of the new faith. We are thus led to hazard the reflection that, had Christianity come a direct gift from God to all the world there would have been absolute peace and unity among the Churches, not unseemly "confoundings" of each other among Apostles, and wretched quarrels over the attributes of a Master they all professed to serve. It has always been so among Christian teachers. They never did and never will agree, and yet all of them are ready to persecute to the very death those who presume to question the truth of the doctrines about which they are everlastingly wrangling.

At the time of its introduction into the various provinces of the Roman Empire, Christianity found itself involved in the wrecks of dissolving systems of thought. In each country it became tinged with the dominant hue of prevailing philosophies and superstitions. In nearly every case it became wedded in time to an older form of faith, and its offspring, thus begotten in deformity, entered with furious malignity into the religious faction fights which brought about the Council of Nice and the bloody persecutions that followed. Thus we find those gentle Christian sects, which had scarcely emerged from the hands of persecution, turning their swords upon each other for the extermination of the monster—Heresy.

Uniformity of faith was secured, at least outwardly, by the Council of Nice. The consubstantialists, who afterwards assumed the name of Catholics, carried the day by a majority of votes, fixing the character and attributes of the Almighty; as if a mere human assemblage of ignorant and violent sectaries could, in the eyes of any enlightened man, decide so momentous and august a principle by a show of hands. Yet this is what we are called upon to accept and believe under pain of eternal damnation in a material hell. Who is there with mind so darkened, with prejudice so crass, with heart so hard, with brain so soft, with all sense of

* A paper read before the Progressive Society of Ottawa.

reverence so benumbed, so divested of love of truth, so devoid of common-sense, as to believe such a thing can be a true interpretation of the unknown Creative Power of the Universe. Gazing on the wonders of earth and heaven, the truly religious man shrinks with horror from such an impiety.

The Roman Church triumphed: in course of time it became allied to the secular power, and the long night of ages of intellectual desolation fell upon the Western World.

We now come to the second division of our subject—the Protestant Reformation. Ancient civilization, submerged under the waves of monkish superstition, had completely lost its hold upon mankind. The Roman Church had carried to its legitimate conclusion the doctrine that the knowledge of Christ was the only learning worth having. Her priests ruthlessly destroyed or perverted the treasures of ancient culture, although they recently claim to have preserved them. It is, however, to the labours of sequestered scholars, who, in the general darkness of their time, devoted their lives to the preservation of the classics, that we owe all we possess to-day of ancient learning, philosophy, and literature. Nor must we forget to thank the Turks for unlocking the treasures of ancient literature hidden for eleven centuries in Constantinople.

The crusades opened to many adventurous and inquisitive minds the stores of Oriental wisdom, and a knowledge not obtained from "clerks" began to be diffused throughout Europe. After this extraordinary movement had subsided, faint streaks of the dawning of a new day were to be discerned. The gloomy night of ecclesiasticism was passing away. The development of the human mind was no longer to be retarded either by a licentious priesthood or by an ignorant nobility. The age of gunpowder and printing commenced; immediately followed, as a natural sequence, that great struggle, by which the people sought to raise themselves above the grovelling tyranny of Romish superstition. There was a pretty general revival of letters. The Bible, translated and printed, passed into the hands of the people.

In the efforts of many good men to obtain a higher spiritual life, different sects of protesting Christians arose. There were many excellent men, too, who fondly dreamed that the old Church itself could be purified and restored to primitive simplicity, even as there

are those in our own day who think that the Church of England may be brought into unison with the times. Such, however, was not to be. The arrogance of the Papal See, combined with the political exigencies of the states of Europe, lent additional force to the rising wave of the Reformation, and Protestantism, under various designations, became an accomplished and enduring fact. It must be remembered, however, in treating of this period, that the Reformation was a purely religious one. It was founded on the teachings of the Bible as opposed to those of Rome. Science as science had little or nothing to do with it.

The Reformation, however, possessed a deeper significance than a mere religious revival. While it emancipated secular princes from the power of the Pope, it gave birth to the idea of popular rights, and created a class, which, under the names of Nonconformists, Puritans, and Liberals, has ever been the foremost and uncompromising enemy of all abuses in Church and State. I do not wish by this to be understood as referring to any of the purely political parties now existing under our Constitution, but to that which a recent writer has characterized as "the spirit which prompts a man to repudiate any control of the State over his conscience, which leads him to think for himself, and take an independent position, regardless of the authority of the past or the fashion of the present, which teaches him to value liberty and to have infinite faith in it as the best palladium of truth."

Having relieved themselves from the galling yoke of spiritual slavery, the people, as might naturally be expected, were for a while tossed about by many winds of doctrine; the right of private judgment having been conceded as the essence of Bible Christianity, they soon became divided into sectaries adhering to the different interpretations of what they considered the Sacred Writings. These views in time became consolidated into written creeds, and, from the ruined temple of Romanism, the various sects carried away whatever materials suited them for the construction of their own Churches.

It was not to be expected in an age more remarkable for religious zeal than critical acumen, that sectarian creeds should be distinguished by breadth of sentiment or liberality of construction. On the contrary, it would have been impossible for those

people, in their then stage of development, to have done otherwise than they did. They were anxious to preserve the truth, as they understood it, to their descendants, fearing, how justly more recent events have shown, the relapsing character of the State Church, especially allied as it was with kingly pretensions to "right divine." These creeds and confessions constituted the orthodoxy of dissent. As time progressed, these sects assumed increasing importance, in Great Britain principally, where they were mainly instrumental in bringing about the final overthrow of the Stuarts, and the establishment of religious toleration, at least among Protestants. To them England owes, in a great measure, her present constitution, while American freedom is the direct work of their hands. They aided the Anglican Church to defy the interference of Rome, and taught the people in turn to successfully resist prelacy. They stamped the character of their minds on the British race, allying, by a strange paradox, singular narrowness of faith with unbounded love of spiritual independence. They completed the Reformation of Luther, and educated the religious sentiments of the people, till these are to-day very nearly prepared to accept the new and pure religion of Science.

We now come to the consideration of the last and most important part of our subject. After the grand principle of religious toleration had been conceded, the people, relieved from fruitless theological disputes, turned their attention to matters of essential importance. Physical Science was cultivated with a view towards the increase of human comfort and the acquisition of wealth. The discovery and application of hitherto unknown or undeveloped forces in nature, opened wide fields for the activity of man, and, as the pursuit of worldly objects became more engrossing, interest in questions of theology abated. To use an expressive modern phrase, "there was no money in them." Men followed, as a matter of course, in the practice (on Sundays) of the particular form of religious observances in which they had been educated. As an active and guiding principle of life, Christianity ceased to control the conduct of men. Maxims of business, wise saws of commerce, proverbs inculcating ways for getting on in the world, broadly at variance with the teachings of Christ, came into vogue. Thus a new creed, made up of scraps of worldly wisdom crystallized by experience,

insensibly usurped that place in the heart of mankind which in former generations was garrisoned by dogmatic faith. The spirit of success dethroned the God of the theologians, and how to make money became the all-absorbing mystery of its worship. Religion itself was enlisted in the service of the new deity, and men joined churches for the sake of the respectability such membership was supposed to confer, or from an idea that it would help them in their business. A few, no doubt, were actuated by more praiseworthy aspirations, but with the mass of people it was as has been stated. Under this new dispensation, the strange anomaly of fashionable churches arose, and many of the most distinctive teachings of Christ were conveniently allowed to sink into oblivion. Thus—as a writer in the *Fortnightly* points out—are not all Christians forbidden to go to law? Are not their women forbidden to plait their hair? Are not Christians forbidden to jest? to take judicial oaths? to receive interest on loans or even take back the principal? to be rich, or ask rich people to dinner? to receive an unorthodox person into their houses, or even wish him "God speed!" Where, we may ask in vain, is the Christian existing at the present day who lives up to these plain commands? It may be said that they are not in accordance with the ideas of the age and the necessities of life. Granted, but, if so, what becomes of the whole system? The New Testament clearly shows that the founders of Christianity never intended to confer eclectic powers on its adherents. It was never permitted them to decide what doctrines they should receive, what reject. Certain rules of life were laid down by which they were to be known and governed. Now, Christianity, if of divine origin, must have been intended to suit all climes and peoples, since its gospel was preached to the Gentiles. If inspired by the same God who created the Universe, it would, like that Universe, be inflexible in its action, holding a corresponding position in relation to moral phenomena to that held by heat and force in relation to inanimate nature. Manifestly modern Christianity does not do this, and proves its spurious character as a Divine institution by the inapplicability of its primitive teachings to all conditions of life. Some wise men have held that the soul requires supernatural consolation, something that will answer to the yearnings of the heart

for a purer and better state of things than that which is here visible. The offices of religion, they believed, supplied this craving, consoled a man under the trials of life, and comforted him at the hour of death. It may be so, but, if this is true of the Christian faith, it is also true of Mahometanism, Buddhism, and Philosophy, all of which have had their martyrs.

Human Nature, in its ignorance, created a future life, where the pangs of hunger, the frosts of winter, the burning winds of the desert, the stripes of cruel masters, the storm, the earthquake, the death, would be known no more. This heaven beyond the earth was one kind of place to the Arab, another to the Scandinavian, another to the American Indian. The Christian pictured it to suit his fancy, the Mahometan to suit his. In every case it represented a region free from those miseries which it was their lot to endure on earth, and filled with those delights which constituted their highest idea of earthly happiness.

As the race advanced men discovered, in the exercise of family and social obligations, that their nature was capable of a development far above the sordid pursuits of their every-day life. Many of the purest and brightest among mankind, with hearts filled with the loftiest aspirations, found themselves strangely warped by physical infirmity. Then began the study of the Science of Life, to prepare a perfect body as the dwelling-place of a perfect soul. The Christian idea, of a life devoted to the mortification of the flesh, was discarded. More just and practical views of the duty of man toward man were inculcated, and the laws of Christian nations had their foundations laid on the basis of practical utility, not on the fantastic requirements of Oriental asceticism. It was impossible for the Churches to exist in the midst of this great movement, without, in some degree, partaking of its spirit. The harsher dogmas of theology were gradually allowed to sink into semi-oblivion, and professions of faith, by an ingenious process of reasoning, came to be understood as meaning what they did not say. An emasculated, easy-going Protestantism succeeded the stern Puritanism of a former time. A too-rigid Christianity would not suit the somewhat lax morality of a commercial age. It would not do to be too hard upon Dives, so preachers preached those things which were not calcu-

lated to give offence. In the meantime, while this spurious faith was disgusting all honest and earnest thinkers, the Church of Rome, far from yielding to the spirit of the age, more persistently than ever denounced the leading ideas of civilization, as errors deserving nothing short of anathema. Her communion offered a peaceful refuge for indolent and luxurious natures. Inflexible in matters of faith, she allowed a wide latitude in morals. Those who were given to the indulgence of their bodies found they could be pretty good Catholics, while but indifferently good men. They could hand over the keeping of their consciences to their confessors, observe certain formulas, and the gates of heaven were open to them here and hereafter.

Another class of minds, harassed by unanswerable questions of doctrine, anxious for the truth, yet fearing to abandon themselves to its pursuit, beheld in the imposing authority of Rome and its magnificent assumptions of divine authority and infallibility, the only apparently safe anchorage in a sea of doubt. Into the bosom of Rome they accordingly drifted. It is from these two classes that the ancient Church has drawn her converts of late years.

• While these divergencies were taking place among Christians, the illegitimate children of Christianity, born in the kennel, reared in the gutter, neglected by priest, parson, and minister, were allowed to grow up in blank, utter, hopeless, soulless ignorance. With church bells ever ringing in their ears, they never heard the name of God except in blasphemy. Begotten in sin, reared in misery, educated in vice, and devoted to infamy, they became fuel for the smouldering volcanoes of social disaster. This terrible class, forming no inconsiderable number in all large communities, made its fearful presence felt in Paris during the Commune, and in America during the railway riots of last year. The respectable and well-to-do, frightened by this grim monster, rallied around the Churches. What matter if their faith was a sham, their religion a mockery, they were on the side of law and order, and ought to be sustained. Hence there grew a reactionary movement in favour of the Protestant Churches. This movement was not impelled by deep religious conviction: it was simply an effort of self-preservation, by which property sought to

secure itself against social disorder and revolution.

We have yet to consider another class, more important than all the foregoing in its relation to the religious movement of the present time. While physical science was performing miracles for the production of wealth, and for the comfort and well-being of mankind, the philosophy of mind was making gigantic progress. Inquiries into the forces of nature had provided philosophy with a clue to the mystery of life. Investigations were made by leading intellects into the manifestations of nature, indifferent to the result so long as the truth was established. Hence arose what has been called "The Scientific Method." Soon it was discovered that all phenomena appreciable by our senses could be referred to one all-pervading system of progressive development. Whether applied to the tremendous mysteries of the stars, to the processes of nature on our earth, to the history of mankind, or to the complex working of the human mind, it was found to be an infallible test. Observation, classification, comparison, demonstrated the eternity of Progress continually from simplicity to complexity, from crudity to perfection. As with nature, so has it been with the human mind.

Possessed of this master-key, philosophy has not shrunk from applying it to Religion as to any other manifestation of human life. It is not for us to say what religion is true, but rather, what religion will bear the test of truth. We do not pretend that any theory of heat or light now expounded is absolutely true or absolutely false. Should further enquiry convince us of the error of our present convictions, we should resign them with pleasure, and hail with gratification an advance in knowledge.

We have looked upon Christianity in its three leading historical aspects, and now we must not hesitate to assign it its proper place as a wonderful force in the development of humanity. Through it, and in despite of it, we have risen to a conception of the true destiny of our race, and while we refuse to waste our lives in fruitless efforts to fathom the unknowable, or delude ourselves with ecstatic visions of an impossible heaven, we will endeavour so to order our lives as to make the world a better heritage for those who come after us than we found it.

Imbued with these ideas the spirit of the

first Reformation has entered into the second Reformation, and the men of to-day are performing its work with zeal and fidelity. Protestantism may work with them or against them; it matters not, they are certain to triumph in the end.

Nothing but the re-establishment of Romanism could plunge the world back into barbarism. That is now, happily, impossible, and we may therefore hope that the dream of perfected humanity will yet become a glorious reality, establishing, in truth and verity, "Peace on earth, and good-will amongst men."

In considering Religion or Theology, we must always bear in mind that there are two parties to the discussion, viz: those who assume to know the unknowable, and those who confess their ignorance of it. The former are the dogmatic theologians, the latter, like ourselves, humble inquirers after the truth. The former hold fast to the faith in which they were reared. They were taught that certain things are eternally true, not because their reason has convinced them that they are true, but because their minds, cast in a mould by other minds, surrendered liberty of soul in childhood, and, as the slave, born in slavery and educated with a view to living a slave and begetting slaves, regards the idea of freedom as a heaven of untold delights, so do they, in the chains of religious bondage, picture a heaven filled with joys which are the imaginary opposite of the evils they are compelled to endure in this world. Those of us who remember the days of "the underground railway," will readily bring to mind the weak, shiftless, improvident character of the negroes who succeeded in reaching Canada from the Southern States. Such, in a great measure, is the condition of those souls who first find themselves free from the shackles of religious faith. After much toil and suffering, bitter persecution, relentless pursuit, they reach the promised land. To them it is strange and rugged. Cold but kindly people bid them work. They miss the voluptuous languor of the winterless south, and their unaccustomed lungs find the rarefied air of liberty hard to breathe. After a while, however, they feel their chests expand, and a new energy thrills within their hearts. The whip of the work-compelling taskmaster no longer raises blue weals along their backs, yet the necessity for labour does not cease its terrible importunity, and the slave now

rises to the dignity of honest toil, and becomes free by the efforts of his unshackled hands. If I may be permitted to continue the simile, I would say that we are the escaped slaves who have learned the character of the land we have reached, and have reconciled ourselves to liberty and labour. We may, peradventure, look back upon the land we have left forever, behold the glad, green fields, and hear the songs of those of whom we were aforesaid the bond-fellows; but lo, the clouds are gathering; we can hear the rumblings of the coming storm, hear the tramp of armies to the front, and we know the battle is at hand—the battle that will decide forever the liberty of the human soul. Far be it from me to offend the prejudices which many good and pious people cherish, but if we, blind and ignorant of the unknown as we confess ourselves to be, choose to be faithful to our convictions, may we not be permitted to indulge the luxury of charity towards others, and hope it may be extended to us.

Harriet Martineau characterized Christianity as "the last of the mythologies," and as such the foremost leaders of thought in our day regard it. Amid many difficulties, and with terrible pain and suffering, humanity has been toiling towards perfection through the long, long centuries. Like armies marching towards a common goal, the peoples of earth have been struggling along many devious avenues of thought. Often have false guides led them into deserts and regions of storm, darkness, and destruction, for the God of Israel was not the only god who condemned the people who worshipped him to waste their lives in pathless lands. We, however, are heirs to our Father Man, whose gods we have found, indeed, with front of brass and feet of clay. In days of ignorance they were set up to represent a principle which experience had demonstrated as truth; but in time the thing came to be regarded as the principle, and priests and rulers found through it convenient means of government by fear. Thus the creating, preserving, and destroying powers of nature, recognized by primitive man, became, as civilization advanced, transformed into the prophet, king, and priest, till finally they have come down to us in the form of the Trinity. But still civilization advances, and fear of the gods has changed to contempt; they are cast down, overthrown,

trampled in the dust; yet the principle they pretended to represent, and degraded by that representation, remains. True, the temples are yet standing, and the rites are still performed, but the oracles are silent, while the sacerdotalist seeks new attributes wherewith to clothe his God, in order to make him more presentable to a new and rather critical congregation, the people of to-day—

"The unpastured sea hungering for calm."

But, though the Iconoclast be abroad and at work, though the air be thick with the noise and dust of falling images, yet there is no irreverence in his work, no irreligion in his thought. On the contrary, it is with the most profound reverence, and with the deepest sense of piety that he demolishes the demon-worship of his fathers, and bows, with the utmost humility of soul, to the Unknown God whom he will neither dare to characterize nor pretend to understand or control. Let us for a moment think what a thrill of horror must pass through every truly enlightened mind on seeing some poor man of feeble intellect, defective education, and doubtful morality usurp the throne of the Eternal, and, assuming a knowledge of that which it is impossible for any human being to know, proceed to administer the affairs of time and eternity. And yet we see this every day of our lives, and because we shrink in disgust from the exhibition, we must suffer the opprobrium of such men as I have attempted to picture.

I believe I should not be wrong in saying that we who are now present do not reject Christ. The glorious attributes of that wonderful character are dear to every one of us. Its faults and philosophical impracticability are apparent, but the true lesson of his life loses nothing of its force and beauty by being stripped of the absurd myths and superstitious legends which tradition and a love of the marvellous have gathered about it. This truth has gradually worked its way into the Churches, and the higher minds among preachers, in several instances, have openly avowed it. Miracles are not required to impress upon an educated people the beauties of the philosophy of Rabbi Hillel, which Christ endeavoured to carry into practice in his own life. It may have been necessary among a semi-barbarous people to raise the dead, bid the dumb speak, the

blind see, but investigation has shown that these wonders never did take place, that they were altogether unnecessary, and, viewed in the light of our present knowledge of nature, utterly impossible. Humanity, however, is divided into many grades, from a Spencer to the wretched Fuegian crouching naked among the snows of his desolate island. So there are many, very many, it must be confessed, who have not travelled far in the path of intellectual freedom, who cannot realize the happiness Free Thought confers on those who fearlessly pursue the study of truth to its final conclusion. To the vast majority of people, the hope of Heaven and the fear of Hell are traditional facts, accepted and generally believed; yet this majority lives as if no such ideas had ever been presented to the mind. Indeed, so indifferent has the great mass of Christians become to the joys of Heaven and the miseries of Hell, that the whole plan of their lives is calculated on a basis from which these two primary dogmas of their faith are excluded. No fact is more noticeable of late years in connection with the Churches than the unpopularity of Hell as a theme for the preachers. Hence it is seldom alluded to, and of late has been openly rejected by notable exponents of what is called orthodoxy. The great change, however, which has come over the religious thought of these times is owing to the growth of a humanitarian spirit side by side with the decay of superstition. The spirit of toleration has also done much to bring about this change. Its growth has been a slow process, and its present triumph is by no means referable to Christianity. Indeed, the spirit of Christianity has been a persecuting spirit, and its decay may be very accurately dated from the time that the first professed Christian admitted the doctrine of toleration. It may also be observed, while on this branch of our subject, that the decay of faith began with the revival of learning which preceded the Reformation of Luther. From that time to this the progress of the human mind has been rapid, and it is increasing in rapidity as education advances, until to-day we are face to face with a New Reformation which is not so much a change of religious opinion, as it is an abandonment of ideas which can be no longer held in consonance with scientific truth. Not that the ideas enunciated to-day are new, by any means. They are as old

as the hills. But the groping of the human mind in the darkness of its environment has been such, that truth, told as it was a century or more ago in Pope's "Essay on Man," and told ages before by the peripatetic philosophers, was not and could not be accepted by the uninformed intellect, any more than the man born blind can understand the nature of colour. With these same forces we are called upon to contend to-day. It is not that we know not, but that we will not know. Tell me a thing that is true—if it does not suit my convenience or my prejudice I will not acknowledge it. Tell me a thing that is false; it suits my prejudice, it suits my purpose, and I seize it as a truth. I will not question that which is within me. But the moral law must submit, if we would be logical, to the same principle which controls the physical and intellectual law, and the survival of the fittest must be as true in relation to thought as to life, or there is no truth in philosophy. Throughout the history of our race, so far as we are able to ascertain it, there has been a survival of the fittest thought. If you care to look back on our history—I mean the history of our race—you will find the gradual treasuring up, as it were, of thought crystallized, if you will, by the synthesis of many millions of intelligences, for, in the words of Novalis, "life belongs to the living," and, let me add, death belongs to the dead.

There is nothing new under the sun. That on which we are speculating to-day has been the theme of thought among the best, the wisest of mankind for many ages. But the priest took the place of the philosopher, and the philosopher has become the schoolman. Between them we have been led into all kinds of miry byways, and faith has been given to us in exchange for fact. But faith is the virtue of a fool, and often his only virtue. He trusts, he believes in the infinite goodness of his God, and while he prays, his hopes are crushed by the noisome exhalations of a sewer, his life sacrificed to the promiscuous broom of a servant, and his fortune transferred from those he loves to gratify the pride or spite of an unreconciled relative. And if this be not right, why is it wrong? It is right because we are living exactly in accordance with our environment. It is impossible that it could be otherwise. We are as we are, because that which made us as we are was itself un-

able to make us otherwise than we are, and it itself is that which it is because it cannot be other than it is. We cannot dream, even in our most exalted moments, of the ineffability of things eternal, any more than we can grasp the idea of the universe sinking into a vacuum. The universe that we see above, about, and around us, may, for aught we know, be no more than an atom of water in a river of dimensions that to our intelligence would appear unbounded. In eternity, space, *i.e.*, length, breadth, height, depth, can only be measured by the extent of grasp possessed by the intelligence that contemplates it. Therefore, we may leave to the Churches, with perfect serenity, that small portion of eternity of which their minds enable them to form a conception. Of one grand fact we are certain—Nature knows no forgiveness. If we violate her laws, even unwittingly, we must suffer; and what little happiness we may secure can only be enjoyed by comparison with a former experience of pain. We must remember, however, in all the relations of our present existence, that—to borrow the words of Pope—all partial evil is universal good. I have the utmost confidence in the perfectibility of the human intellect. I can conceive no other salvation for society than the fearless inculcation of the principle of Virtue, pure and simple, in opposition to the idea of reconciliation with God and Nature through vicarious suffering and consequent forgiveness. There is no forgiveness. The Paternal Power of the universe is neither love nor fear. It is Law; and if we would be happy we must study that law, place ourselves, as far as it is possible for us to do so, in accordance with it, and then not all the prayers, not all the sacrifices we may make, can either increase or diminish that measure of happiness which we deserve and to which we are entitled under a Power whose justice is not human justice, whose principles of right and wrong we cannot estimate, and in the presence of whom the highest human intelligence must shrink into utter insignificance.

Since I became connected with this Society I have often been asked what we propose to substitute in place of the existing forms of religious belief. Now, I do not think that the members of this little community ever entertained the idea of forming a new sect, or of offering or inventing a sub-

stitute for the sectaries that now struggle for supremacy in what is called the religious world. We have seen enough of them to settle the conviction in our minds that, diverse and perverse as they now doubtless are, they are steadily advancing to a higher plane of thought; that they are working out their own salvation; and that they have entered upon a path that, whatever happens, they cannot retrace. We, of the Progressive Society, are, I may truly say, determinedly opposed to the idea of doing away with Religion. On the contrary, pure Religion is the dearest thing in the world to us. But, as I take it, we do not understand Religion as it is popularly allied in ordinary minds with superstitious rites and ceremonial observances. All we desire to see is the divinè principles of morality and virtue stripped of the meretricious adornments by which sacerdotalism has surrounded them. These principles are common to all religions, and are dominant in exact proportion to the development of pure religious ideas. We believe that the very highest religion consists in living in harmony with the laws that govern our moral, intellectual, and physical being. The feeling of reverence and humility with which we approach the Unknown and the Unknowable compels us, while we confess our ignorance, to look beyond the selfish needs of the hour, and find in every human creature a brother whom it is our duty to assist in every way, by kindly word and generous act. We meet, like ghosts, at one point in eternity—shadows flitting along the colonnaded walls that make up the few years of this life. Behind us all is dark, before us all is gloom. We cannot fathom the beyond. Therefore, we will not make unto ourselves a God, nor direct to a fanciful creation of ignorance the worship which should be paid only to TRUTH. And what is the worship of Truth? It is the practice of virtue, the endeavour to place our lives in harmony with what we recognize as the good and pure in our nature; not to sin with the hope of obtaining forgiveness, but knowing as an absolute fact that if we break the laws of our moral, intellectual, or physical nature, we shall suffer in exact proportion to the enormity of our offence. We neither hope nor expect to be forgiven. This is the New Faith.

Now, let me draw your attention for a brief space to a contemplation of this system

of thought. We acknowledge in the first place that man's higher nature demands something to satisfy the cravings of the soul for rest and peace and contentment. All men might say, with Shelley, sometime in their lives :

"Alas, I have not hope nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found."

It is this longing for a higher being, this insatiable hungering for a better state of existence than that we see around us, which lies at the bottom of all religious faith, joined, I may add, to the abject sense of dependence we all feel in the grasp of a Power that has no pity for our woes, no mercy for our transgressions. It is thus that man, looking around and finding all things imperfect and unhappy, endeavours to reconcile his ideas of justice with the operations of Nature. From this endeavour arose the theological God, with his fanciful rewards of Heaven and punishments of Hell ; as if anything more terrible, view it as we will, could be conceived than human life on this planet. When, however, we have shaken off the trammels of this frightful creation of human fear, everything assumes a new aspect. The sun, the stars, earth, ocean, air are our kindred. We feel the spirit of Eternity rising and throbbing within us. We acknowledge ourselves parts of a mysterious life that embraces all within and without our comprehension. Night, Death, the Grave, lose all their ter-

rors. They are the inexorable necessities of the only state of existence of which we have any knowledge. Beyond them, with our present senses, we cannot penetrate. Still the process of Evolution continues, in the universe as in the individual man, in the earth as in the flower that is born, blooms, and dies upon its bosom. Viewed in this light, may we not imagine that the world has not yet reached its highest condition of physical development. Indeed, we have only to look around us to find how much everything could be improved. Geological science shows us that our earth has gradually grown to its present condition through fathomless cycles of time. As it advanced in physical development, has not animal life advanced in equal ratio? And, as the world grows older, does not man advance? True, the savage instinct of war still survives, but it is dying out. Science is killing it. So also is Science killing the forms of superstition, called Religion, that belong to an imperfect but a progressive humanity. Regarding the world as evolving every day, every year, every century, higher ideas of ultimate perfectibility, may we not regard our Cosmos as embryotic? It has not reached perfection, we know ; but it is progressing towards perfection, and will eventually, we all hope, reach that goal. Then will the New Faith triumph. Then will the law of kindness reign supreme, and all things be made perfect.

CARROLL RYAN.

EVOLUTION.

FROM all things there is sighing on our Earth,
Up-welling from the mystery of woe
That broods upon it, twin-born with its birth :—
To last for aye and ever? Nay! With slow
Unfolding of an inwrapped heart of peace,
'Mid sacrificial waste for one great type
Through countless suff'ring ages,—yet to cease!
To end in consummation of the ripe
And perfect fruit of all things! Such the creed
That Nature chants us in her moods of joy,
And 'neath her frown which we have learnt to read,—
Good at the last! Great good without alloy!
Time rolls not gainless on ; and primal night
E'en now gives birth to dawn, and hope of perfect light!

A. W. G.

UNIFORM NON-LOCAL TIME.

THE world is big, and as big as it was in the days of Moses and Homer. But in our day the use of the electric telegraph and of steam-power brings it completely within our grasp, while in the light of astronomical discoveries it is utterly insignificant. Then, a whole nation wandered for years in and about the Sinaitic peninsula; and it took Ulysses ten years to make the voyage from the coasts of Troy to Ithaca. Invincible boundaries separated tribe from tribe and nation from nation; and, as a consequence, the natural state of man was war. All other tribes were enemies to the true tribesman. All other nations were barbarians to the Greek. The customs and habits of each people were sacred to them. The customs and habits of all other people were inexplicable and detestable. That God had made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth is the truth that lies at the basis of what the French call the solidarity of mankind; but though the truth was taught to the Jews in the first pages of their Scriptures, it did not prevent them from contemptuously regarding all other nations as "sinners of the Gentiles;" and though Paul preached it eighteen centuries ago, it is not yet understood. Each nation has tried to make intercourse between itself and other nations as difficult as possible. The Chinese had excuses for keeping out "foreign devils," for China contains within its own borders everything that man requires; and the foreign devils seemed more anxious to introduce a poisonous weed than anything else to their notice. Only within our own day did Germany, by means of a Zollverein, allow the free passage of commodities throughout the Fatherland; and still more recently, neither Germans nor foreigners could travel from place to place in Germany without the nuisance of exchanging their money, and of becoming acquainted with a new system of currency, every few hours. Very slowly are changes made even when the propriety of them is universally acknowledged. Were it otherwise there is little doubt that before this

Britain would have adopted the decimal system of coinage, of weights, of measures, and of capacity; and perhaps this article would be written phonetically. We are ready to endure many inconveniencies rather than consent to a change, even though the reason of the change has been demonstrated. Sydney Smith said that only when a Director or Bishop had been killed would Railway Directors care for the limbs and lives of travellers, but if he imagined that a single misfortune of the kind would secure the desired end, he must have been in one of his most sanguine moods. And yet changes are being made, changes in the direction of making men less insular, less the slaves of locality, and of emancipating them from the bondage of mere customs and prejudices, an undue attachment to which is as injurious to human progress in the civil order as bondage to tradition proved injurious to man in the spiritual order of things. In Britain, though they still lock passengers up in railway carriages as if they were lunatics, utterly regardless of the fact that they sometimes lock in a lunatic or a murderer with some helpless victim, railways have effected marvellous changes. One of the most notable introduced by them is, that uniform instead of local time is used all over the Island. Twelve o'clock Greenwich time is twelve o'clock in Edinburgh, Inverness, and everywhere else in Britain. It was a startling change and was at first vigorously opposed. It was contrary to nature, contrary to custom, contrary to natural feelings. The people would never submit to it. It could not be carried out in practice. There was no necessity for it. But now everyone concedes the great practical advantages of the change. It would be more correct to say that everyone has forgotten that any change ever was made. Had the railway system, which covers Britain like a network, been worked by local time for the last thirty years, we may safely say that where there has been one accident there would have been a hundred, and that mishaps, losses, confusions would almost neutralize the benefits conferred by it. Per-

haps the solemn affirmation of an eminent ex-Railway Superintendent in Nova Scotia, that "Rum and Railways were the ruin of the country," would have been verified indeed. As it is, Bradshaw is a great mystery to the ordinary intellect. Who that has seen the average traveller poring over the mystic pages with knit brows, would aggravate his labour by a single complication? But suppose all those lines, cross lines, branches, and freight lines were worked by the local time of every town they run past. In such a case Bradshaw would have to retire from the field, and travellers would sigh for the good old days of stage-coaches.

Why then should we not attempt to introduce uniform non-local time all over the world? is the question asked by Mr. Sandford Fleming in a memoir headed "Terrestrial Time," just published by him for private circulation. He not only asks the question, and shows the importance of securing such a system, in view of the extension of telegraphic and steam communication all over the earth, but suggests and develops a scheme which would secure all the advantages of uniformity, while preserving existing local customs as long as the people of any place found it convenient to preserve such. The inconveniences of the present system in large countries like the United States and Canada, where there is no uniform time, and where, therefore, a multiplicity of local standards is adopted by the railways, are manifest. According to the breadth of the country is the inconvenience, for the variation of time is in proportion to the degrees of longitude over which the country extends. Mr. Fleming, in pointing out these inconveniences, ingeniously—though doubtless quite ingeniously—illustrates the vastness of the Dominion. "The difference between the time of New York and that of San Francisco is nearly three hours and a half," whereas the difference between Greenwich and Irish time is only twenty-five minutes. A good illustration, surely, of the greatness of the country which its citizens boast is bounded on the east by the rising and on the west by the setting sun. But reading further, we come to the following passage: "The railway system is the principal agent in the development of the difficulties referred to, and the still further extension of steam communication in great continental lines,

now begins to force the subject on our attention. Canada supplies a good illustration of what is occurring. The railways built and projected there will extend from the eastern coast of Newfoundland on the Atlantic to the western coast of British Columbia on the Pacific, embracing about seventy-five degrees of longitude. Every existing Canadian city has its own time. Innumerable settlements are now being formed throughout the country ultimately to be traversed by railways, and in a few years, scores of populous towns and cities will spring up in the now uninhabited territories between the two oceans. Each of these places will have its own local time; and the difference between the clocks at the two extremes of Canada will be *fully five hours*. The difficulties which will ultimately arise from this state of things is apparent; they are already in some degree felt; they are, year by year, increasing, and will, at no distant day, become seriously inconvenient. This is the case, not in Canada alone, but all the world over.

The whole memoir is written in this Canadian spirit, and on the part of the Chief Engineer of the Canadian Pacific Railway, nothing could be more natural. It is none the less pleasing to Canadians on that account. When, *e.g.*, he would compare the present system with the system of Terrestrial or Universal time advocated by him, he submits condensed time-tables in connection with the great mail and passenger route now being established through Canada to the Pacific. "In these we find the stations of St. John and St. George, Newfoundland, on the East; and Fort William, Keewatin, Selkirk, Livingston, Saskatchewan, Battleford, Edmonton, Montbrun, Yellow Head Pass, Tête Jaune Cache, and Pacific Terminus on the West, all laid down just as if Pullman cars were now waiting for us at each station. This is the imagination of an engineer, and in view of the great strides which have been made within the past ten or twenty years, who shall say that it is not a legitimate exercise of the imagination?"

The inconveniences attaching to our present system of chronometry are due to two causes: first, our practice of dividing the day into halves of twelve hours each; secondly and chiefly, to the fact that our clocks and watches are made to indicate time only according to the longitude of places on the earth's surface. The practice of halving

the day is indefensible in theory and leads to many practical inconveniences. Every number on our clocks is made to do duty twice over, and is made to mean two different divisions of time, as if we were savages unable to count beyond the number twelve. This distinction of hours into a.m., and p.m., is one of the great reasons why time-tables are unintelligible to ordinary people. The Chinese act on a more sensible system. They divide the day into twelve parts, and each part is subdivided into eight periods of fifteen minutes each. But the difficulties due to longitude are much more serious, and how to overcome these so as to extend over the whole world such uniformity of time as the adoption of Greenwich time has secured for Britain, is the important question. Mr. Fleming suggests a plan the adoption of which would obviate both classes of inconvenience, and he has worked it out with care and thoroughness. We are unable to reproduce here the plates and diagrams by which he illustrates his plan, and which make it easily intelligible, but a short description of it may suffice to explain its leading outlines.

Our present mean solar day shall be taken as the unit measure of time. This unit shall be divided as at present into twenty-four equal parts to be known by the letters of the alphabet, J and Y excepted. Each of these twenty-four divisions shall be assumed to correspond with certain known meridians of longitude, so that the twenty-four taken together shall express the mean time occupied by the diurnal revolution of the earth. The corresponding meridians shall also be known by the same letter as the twenty-four subdivisions of the day. A chronometer hypothetically stationed at the centre of the earth shall be arranged and regulated so that the index or hour hand shall point in succession to each of the twenty-four divisions as it becomes noon at the corresponding meridian. This standard time-keeper might be stationed anywhere, but "is referred to the centre of the earth in order clearly to bring out the idea that it is equally related to every point on the surface of the globe." If the proposed system were adopted, keepers of standard time would be established perhaps in every country, "the electric telegraph affording the means of securing perfect synchronism all over the earth." Our clocks and watches could also be made to indicate this "common" or "terrestrial" time. Each

could have two dial plates, the same wheel-work moving the hands of both, one indicating terrestrial time, the other indicating the local time of the place. "Stationary clocks might have the dial plates side by side, watches more conveniently have them back to back." When the hands of any one timepiece pointed to A, B, or C, the hands of every other horological instrument so adjusted would point to A, B, or C, at the same moment, and if such instruments were in general use, the difficulties and inconveniences we have alluded to as connected with our present arbitrary and unscientific system would be fully met. Every locomotive on the face of the earth, every ship and steamboat would be worked by the same standard; and "every traveller having a good watch would carry with him the precise time which he would find employed everywhere."

Having thus endeavoured to explain how Mr. Fleming obtains an universal time upon the earth, let us see how this is to be reconciled with the ever-varying local time as one moves from east to west or west to east. Suppose, then, that at a particular meridian the terrestrial time is A, when the local time is 12 noon; at a meridian one degree east of that, the local time would be 12:04 with the same terrestrial time A. At two degrees eastward, it would be 12:08. At three degrees, 12:12, and so on. As every slight change in longitude would bring about a corresponding change in the difference between terrestrial and local time, this might lead to more or less confusion. In order to avoid this, he suggests some little change in our system of keeping, or rather of counting, local time. Just as one local time is used over the whole of Britain, and still farther, "the adoption of Irish time in England, or English time in Ireland, would scarcely be felt in civil affairs," so he argues that the same local time might be conveniently used over certain limited portions of the earth's surface in general. He proposes in a word to divide the whole surface of the earth into twenty-four "lunes" of 15° or one hour each, and to make the local time of each lune common to its whole extent. In this way local times would differ only by hours, and hence complete hours of terrestrial time could be made always to correspond with the complete hours of local time.

This brief sketch of the scheme proposed

by Mr. Fleming is perhaps sufficient to excite inquiry into its practical advantages and disadvantages; and this article has no other object in view. Those to whom we have made the scheme intelligible will probably admit that, if adopted, it would obviate the objections to the present system which are patent to geographers and travellers, and which will become more intolerable as the application of steam to locomotion becomes more general. For we are of the number that look forward to the time when the greater portion of the surface of the earth shall have, on a railway map, the gridiron or net-like appearance that Belgium now presents. It may be objected that the scheme would render existing clocks and watches useless. This would not be so, as they could be inexpensively adapted to show terrestrial in addition to local time. Mr. Fleming, however, admits that "mankind generally throughout the world would not participate in the full advantages promised by the scheme until time-keepers for common use were constructed on new principles."

While Mr. Fleming does not expect to see very soon a general adoption of his own or any similar scheme, he considers that it is not too soon to discuss the subject. Of course, many will not even discuss it. There are men who consider anything different from use and wont fit subject only for a laugh. Besides, although our existing system is awkward and unsuited to present requirements, it is undoubtedly very ancient, and the mass of men are not travellers, and therefore do not feel its inconveniences.

Still, he thinks that, "by the time the twentieth century dawns, we may find a radical change imperatively demanded by the new conditions of the human race." It were well then to be considering it, instead of fancying that we are bound to the present system by the ordinances of nature or the decrees of fate. It would not be to us at all wonderful if the new system were first adopted in the United States or by Canada. And why not? The subject concerns all countries, but not in equal degrees, and all countries do not come to the consideration of such a subject with minds equally clear of prejudice. England herself has set the example by the employment of Greenwich time all over the Island, and the advantages of such action are undisputed, and there are no disadvantages. Why should we not extend to Canada similar advantages according to a suitable and intelligible method? By so doing we should very likely extend them to the whole world. For if it is not possible by means of an International Commission to induce all civilized countries to adopt simultaneously a common system, there can be little doubt that the country that ventured to adopt it first, would, sooner or later, get all others to follow its lead. That the adoption of some such common system would be in the line of other reforms that have signalized our age, that it would be wholly in the interests of commerce and science, of universal peace and universal brotherhood, there can be no doubt.

CANADENSIS.

PROHIBITION.

To the pure all things are pure, not only meats and drinks, but all kinde of knowledge whether of good or evil; the knowledge cannot defile, nor consequently the books, if the will and conscience be not defil'd. For books are as meats and viands are, some of good, some of evil substance; and yet God in that unapocryphall vision said without exception, Rise *Peter*, kill and eat, leaving the choice to each man's discretion. . . . I conceive therefore, that when God did enlarge the universall diet of mans body, saving ever the rules of temperance, he then also, as before, left arbitrary the dyeting and repasting of our minds; as wherein every mature man might have to exercise his owne leading capacity. How great a vertue is temperance, how much of moment through the whole life of man! Yet God commits the managing so great a trust, without particular Law or prescription, wholly to the demeanour of every grown man. And therefore when he himself tabl'd the Jews from heaven, that Omer which was every mans daily portion of Manna is computed to have bin more then might have well suffic'd the heartiest feeder thrice as many meals. For those actions, which enter into a man rather then issue out of him and therefore defile not, God uses not to captivat under a perpetuall childhood of prescription, but trusts him with the gift of reason to be his own chooser; there were but little work left for preaching, if law and compulsion show [should] grow so fast upon those things which heretofore were govern'd only by exhortation.—MILTON.*

Your pretended fear lest Error should step in is like the man who would keep all the wine out of the country lest men should be drunk. It will be found an unjust and unwise jealousy, to deprive a man of his natural liberty upon a supposition he may abuse it. When he doth abuse it, judge.—CROMWELL.†

THE question of the Prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors is, admittedly, one of the most important that is agitating the mind of Canada, not merely in its social aspect, but because it involves principles which lie at the very foundation of human liberty. The new Temperance Act has been passed by the Parliament of Canada, so that the principle of Prohibition has been again affirmed by the supreme legislative body of the land, led by a Government calling itself Liberal.

It is difficult to believe, however, that on this question the House of Commons represents the opinion of the majority of the voters in Canada. In every constituency there is a band—large or small as the case may be—of temperance agitators who control a certain number of votes, which, in all cases where the election is a close one, and most likely in many others, determine the issue of the contest. The consequence is that every member of the House votes under intimidation from this class, possibly only a small minority of his constituents. The "temperance vote," be it large or small, is a rod of

terror held over the heads of members in order to keep them straight. This principle, of a small minority vote, present in every constituency, exercising a controlling influence over legislation, far beyond that to which it is numerically entitled, is exemplified in Catholicism, Orangeism, and other things. It is a common saying on the other side that Congress is ruled by the Railway rings. A singular exhibition of the strength of a minority influence of this kind was given in the Ontario Legislature during the debates on the Medical Act of 1874. That Act contains a prohibitory clause precisely similar in principle to the prohibitory clauses of the Temperance Act; but though a large number of members objected to the clause, hardly one of them dared to rise in his place and protest against it. The "medical vote" at the coming elections put a padlock on their lips. "Mum" was the word; and this in spite of the dragooning of the *Globe*, which on that occasion took the side of Liberty. Almost the only member who had the courage of his convictions, was Mr. Crooks, and his manliness cost him his seat. At the next election for East Toronto the medical men went against him almost to a man, and their votes and those which they could influence, turned his majority into a minority. This is how the temperance vote works. Here we have an explanation of the mystery why so many of the members at Ottawa sat speechless and dumb while the

* Areopagitica: A plea for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing: Clarendon Ed., pp. 16-17. See also pp. 18, 19, 24-27 for similar arguments.

† Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, by T. Carlyle. Letter cxlviii., vol. 2, p. 211, Ed. 1857, as quoted by a writer in this Magazine for November, 1877, p. 524.

Temperance Act was being made into law. The only noteworthy utterance in behalf of liberty was that of Mr. Anglin, the Speaker, whose ringing sentences broke in like a gleam of sunlight on a dreary waste of cant, pretence, and buncombe. It remains to be seen whether his temerity will not yet cost him dear.

It is useless to complain of these anomalies in the practical working of our legislative machinery. They will continue to exist until our present rotten system of representation, or mis-representation, whereby the country is carved up artificially and arbitrarily into minute constituencies, each returning only one member, is abolished, and some rational method of personal representation, such as that of Mr. Hare, or the modifications of it proposed by Mr. Jehu Mathews in his recent able articles in this Review,* is substituted in its place. In the meantime, the only remedy is for the Licensed Victuallers to unite and organize for self-protection, and make their voting power felt in every constituency, just as their opponents do.

It may be conceded that the new Bill is an improvement on the old Dunkin Act. This, however, is merely in a few details of the working machinery, and other minor matters. The three foul and unsightly blots by which the old Act was disfigured, and which made it a disgrace for any legislature to have passed it, deform the new one. These are: that the Act outrages liberty; that it is one-sided and unjust in discriminating between buyer and seller; and that it legalises robbery by refusing compensation to the innocent people whose property it depreciates in value, and whom it deprives of their livelihood. These three heads will be dealt with in order.

That the Act violates liberty is reluctantly conceded by advocates of the measure. One of the ablest grudgingly admits that "there is some hardship involved in debarring temperate men from the opportunity to purchase freely that of which they may make no wrong use;" but that if the majority desire the Act to be passed, "the minority to whom the measure is distasteful, must just submit."† Very consoling to the minority, truly! Another advocate says that he

has "always thought one of the strongest arguments against Prohibition, was the fact that the penalty would fall upon the moderate drinker, as well as upon the seller and the drunkard."*

How impossible it is for Prohibitionists to attempt to justify their doctrine without appealing to principles which if carried out practically would sweep away every vestige of human liberty, is well exemplified by the arguments of an able writer in this Magazine. With regard to the plea on behalf of liberty that writer justifies the Dunkin Act in this wise: "What natural rights can a man claim which are at war with the general good of the community? Not his property,—that is forfeited in many cases when his possession of it conflicts with the general good, as in the case of all taxation, and the whole system of pecuniary fines, forfeitures, &c., which are nevertheless considered, in general, just and right. Not his liberty,—that is forfeited at once by the strong arm of the law whenever it appears that his continued possession of it conflicts with the public good. Not his life itself, as every death-sentence testifies. For such sentence is pronounced, not so much because the criminal deserves death, though this is implied in it, as because it is inconsistent with the general good that he should continue to live."†

For myself, I can only say that such principles fill me with horror; for, as regards the question at issue, what are they but a roundabout way of asserting or implying the bestial doctrine that might is right, that minorities have no rights which majorities are bound to respect, that they hold their property, their liberties, their very lives on sufferance, at the mercy of the majority,—nay, at the mercy of any body of fanatics, bigots, or tyrants who, by force, or fraud, or intimidation, or cunning, or sophistry, may get possession of the reins of power, proclaim themselves the organ of "public opinion," and as such declare that the fancied rights of the minority are "at war with the general good of the community?" As Mr Mill truly says, such monstrous principles as these are far more dangerous than any single interference with liberty; there is no violation of liberty which they would not justify.‡ Was not the

* CANADIAN MONTHLY, December, 1877, pp. 554-559.

† *Ibid*, April, 1877, pp. 377, 375.

* *Ibid*, November, 1877, p. 525.

† *Ibid*, October, 1877, p. 370.

‡ Essay on Liberty, People's Ed., p. 53.

Statute for the burning of Heretics the voice of the majority, speaking through the Legislature? Were not heretics told that the right of worship which they claimed was "at war with the general good of the community?" Was not the blood of the millions of poor wretches who suffered death by hanging and burning alive for witchcraft, shed in perfect accordance with the will of the majority as embodied in laws and legal forms, because it was "inconsistent with the general good that they should continue to live?" Did not public opinion and the will of the majority in France instigate and fully justify the massacre of St. Bartholomew? Had not the Inquisition, with all the nameless atrocities and unfathomable horrors perpetrated by it during many hundred years, ample justification in the voice of the people, which even yet we are almost told is the voice of God? Is not the same thing true of the persecutions for heresy which filled every country in Europe with the smoke of martyrs' fires, and have dyed the pages of its history red with the stains of innocent blood? Were not the ten Christian persecutions, from Nero to Diocletian in full accord with the voice of the majority? And, finally, was not Jesus Christ himself deprived of his life by the "voice of the people," who cried aloud, "Not this man, but Barabbas," because they thought that His "continued possession of it conflicted with the public good?" To my mind the most damning proof of the iniquity of the Dunkin Act is, that it can be justified only by invoking principles which would sanction each and all of the atrocities which I have catalogued. The black and ominous stain from which it can never be freed, is, that it outrages and tramples on human freedom. It is the thin end of the wedge which, driven home, would shatter to pieces the whole fabric of human rights. In the sacred name of Liberty I ask, if a man has not the right to eat and drink what he likes, what rights has he? Has he any other than the right to starve himself to death? Has he even that? No, for that would imply the correlative right to drink himself to death. It has been pointed out in this Magazine, with unanswerable logic, that if a majority may say that a man *shall not* drink a glass of beer, it

may say to him that he *shall* drink a glass.* If it may compel him not to eat and drink what he likes, it may compel him to eat and drink what he dislikes. The same reasoning applies to man's mental, moral, and religious sustenance. Neither his body nor his soul is his own. They belong to the majority to be used or abused at its sovereign will and pleasure. And there are not wanting ominous indications that, if the thin end of the wedge is once securely inserted, efforts will not be spared to drive it home, and to bring mankind once more under a spiritual tyranny as grinding and remorseless as that of the Dark Ages, or of Scotland during the seventeenth century. Especially is this to be dreaded in this country, with the Ultramontane spectre looming, dark and terrible, in the background in one Province, and the atmosphere of another heavy and murky with hypocrisy, cant, and bigotry. If some people could have their way, Canada would soon become an unfit abode for anyone except despots and slaves: free men would have to betake themselves to a more congenial clime.

The quotations from Oliver Cromwell and Milton, at the head of this article, show that, over two centuries ago, those sturdy thinkers recognized the fundamental identity in principle of the Statute *De Hæretico Comburendo* and legislation such as the Temperance Act. Would that we had a few such statesmen to-day in this poor fanatic-ridden Canada of ours. They would make short work with Temperance Acts and all similar legislative rubbish. But, alas! we have apparently no statesmen left, only party politicians who truckle for votes to hobby-riders, zealots, crochet-mongers, and other agitators.

It is an evil day for a country when its Legislature, "pricked by furies in the shape of teetotalers," betakes itself to the task of making unrighteous laws. It is an evil day when its ministers of the gospel blasphemously invoke the sacred name of God as an accomplice in the work of injustice, tyranny, and spoliation. It is an evil day when its leading newspaper, falsely calling itself liberal, prostitutes its great influence to the

* *Ibid*, September, 1877, pp. 299-300. To avoid misapprehension, it may be well to say here, that the anonymous remarks in those pages were not written by me.

service of hypocrisy, bigotry, and fanaticism. The whole line of argumentation adopted by the *Globe* during the Dunkin contest in Toronto, and since, is diametrically opposite to that which it took with regard to the prohibitory clauses of the Ontario Medical Act of 1874. And yet the principle involved in the two Acts is precisely the same. According to the *Globe* a man may call in a charlatan to quack him, or may quack himself, with dangerous drugs like laudanum or chloroform to stop a toothache, but he may not buy a mouthful of sherry and bitters to give him an appetite for his dinner, or a glass of ale to straighten him up after a hard day's work, or "a little wine for his stomach's sake." He may not take a glass of whiskey and water at night to help him to sleep comfortably and naturally, but he may take a dose of a terribly insidious drug like chloral to make him sleep unnaturally. Traffic in opium is all right; traffic in alcohol is all wrong. Free trade in medicine is an unspeakable blessing; free trade in beer is a frightful evil! But why complain? Who expects logical consistency or honesty from a party organ?

Oh, but, says our Prohibition advocate, with that charming ingenuousness which one so often finds in Prohibition logic, we do not wish to exert tyranny, we only want to persuade,—to act on a "basis of mutual agreement, not arbitrary imposition."* Just so! Persuade by passing a law which *compels*! We have heard of this sort of persuasion before. The wretched member of a minority, who, a few hundred years back, dared to think for himself on religious subjects, was handed over by the majority to the tender mercies of the Inquisitor, to be "persuaded" by the rack and the thumbscrew; and in these days one occasionally hears a Colt's revolver spoken of as a "persuader." As ingenious Prohibitionist logicians are fond of quoting St. Paul in this connection, it may be well to remind them that the great Apostle said that, "If meat make *my* brother to offend, *I* will eat no flesh"; and that he did *not* say, "If meat make *your* brother to offend, *I* will *compel you* to eat no flesh." St. Paul was a man of common-sense, and knew well that the sole merit of abstinence under such circumstances was in its being voluntary. And so I say, the Lord preserve *me* from the

"persuasion" of a fanatical and tyrannical majority. After a struggle of some seven hundred years the Anglo-Saxon race has pretty well got rid of the despotism of kings and aristocracies. The despotism now to be dreaded is the despotism of majorities. Let but that chain be fastened round the neck of a miserable minority and their struggles will only serve to tighten it more effectually.

In reply to Mr. Anglin's contention that there can be no greater tyranny conceivable than dictating to a man what he shall eat and drink, Mr. Mackenzie rejoined with the unworthy quibble that the Act contained nothing about eating and drinking. If the Premier meant to imply that it is not the object of the Act to interfere with a man's right to drink what he likes, the plea is false, both technically and morally. It is false technically, because the well-settled rule of law is, that every man must be taken to intend the necessary consequences of his own acts; and, as a necessary consequence of preventing the sale of liquor will be to prevent its being drunk, the Legislature must be taken to intend that consequence. The plea is false morally, because, as a matter of fact, the *real* object of the bill *is* to stop drinking; the stopping of the sale is only a means to that end. The mischief which the Bill is designed to prevent is not the buying and selling of liquor, but the drinking it, with the attendant drunkenness. Buying and selling alcohol does not make people drunk. The mere traffic might conceivably go on till the crack of doom, with no more injury to the community than the traffic in coal oil. Were it not that temperance orators are for ever obscuring the true facts of the question with their windy rhetoric, it would be humiliating to point out truisms so self-evident as these.*

With regard to the second charge against the Temperance Act, I may mention that I have already contended in the pages of this

* "Under the name of preventing intemperance, the people of one English colony, and of nearly half the United States, have been interdicted by law from making any use whatever of fermented drinks, except for medical purposes: for prohibition of their sale is in fact, as it is intended to be, prohibition of their use. . . . The infringement complained of is not on the liberty of the seller, but on that of the buyer and consumer; since the State might just as well forbid him to drink wine, as purposely make it impossible for him to obtain it."—MILL, *Essay on Liberty*, People's Ed., pp. 52-3.

Magazine that the Act is unjust and one-sided in punishing the seller of liquor and letting the buyer go free.* A writer in the next number of the Magazine, answering this contention, said that it would be "news" that it "punishes anybody."† He was apparently unaware that under the old Act a man was liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for *selling* a glass of beer or whiskey, and to three months' imprisonment in default of payment. Under the new Act, the seller is liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for the first offence, one hundred dollars for the second, and to imprisonment for two months for the third and every subsequent offence. Is that punishment? On the other hand, the man who joins in breaking the law by *buying* the glass of beer or whiskey neither was nor is punished. If anyone thinks that such legislation is not monstrously one-sided and utterly subversive of the foundations of public morality, will he be good enough to point out a single statute (other than liquor-laws) now in force in Canada, by which, of two persons who *join in* an illegal act, one is punished, and the other and more guilty is allowed to go free? I repeat, *more* guilty. The experience of Toronto, at least, in the matter of the Saturday night liquor law, shows that it is invariably the buyer who brings about a breach of the law. He makes the first move towards the illegal act; he seeks out the liquor-seller, offers him money to supply him with what he wants, and if, as is usually the case, the seller manifests reluctance, importunes him till he succeeds or gets a decisive negative. These are the actual facts as I can testify from personal observation. And there is no reason to suppose that the experience in other places is different from that in Toronto. The picture of the liquor-seller as a "murderer," a "vampire" sucking the life-blood out of human hearts, an "agent of Satan" luring on men to their temporal and eternal ruin, is an atrocious and foully-libellous caricature, a hideous nightmare which has no existence outside the heated imaginations of fanatics who do not know what they are talking about. To judge from the language of some of these people, one would fancy that liquor-sellers stood at the doors of their saloons, dragged passers-by in by the hair of the

head, and with the help of their "myrmidons," poured raw whiskey or methylated alcohol down the throats of their victims by main force, and then rifled their pockets. If teetotal agitators wish reasonable men to listen to them they will have to stop this sort of raving. A rum-seller who sells five gallons of rum to a man who goes home and drinks himself to death, is no more responsible for the result than is a rope-seller who sells a rope to a man who goes home and hangs himself. Nor is the "liquor-traffic," or the "rope-traffic," responsible in either case. It is mere cowardice to seek to shift the sin of the drunkard on to the shoulders of the liquor-seller, or on to those of some mythical abstraction called "The Liquor Traffic." But let us give the drunkard his due. These contemptible devices are none of his contriving. They have been invented for him by the sentimentalists who take upon themselves to speak in his behalf. The drunkard himself puts the guilt where it of right belongs—on his own shoulders, where also must rest whatever sins he is guilty of towards his wife and children. I am not defending the sale of liquor to a man already drunk, or the giving of liquor for the express purpose of making a man drunk. Those who do such things are fit objects of legislation and punishment. Such, however, are extremely rare, the almost universal rule being to refuse liquor to a man who is seen to be drunk. The drinking which does the mischief is that which goes on in private houses. Out of about four hundred liquor licenses granted in Toronto, only about ten or a dozen are saloon licenses. It is utterly false, too, to say that the chief source of a liquor-seller's gains is "the depraved appetites of poor wretches whose manhood, if not already gone, is oozing out with every glass."* The vast proportion of the liquor sold is to meet the demands of moderate drinkers—of men and women who never get drunk in their lives. Humanity is not the bestial herd of swine which prohibitionist libellers would make it out to be.

This question of responsibility, once started, would lead us a long way,—so far, indeed, that it would be hard to know where to stop. It may suit Prohibitionists to begin and end with the liquor-seller, because he happens to be the final term of a long se-

* CANADIAN MONTHLY, October, 1877, p. 420.

† *Ibid.*, November, 1877, p. 525.

* *Ibid.*, November, 1877, p. 525.

ries. It is time, however, that this cowardly attempt to make a scapegoat of one particular class was shown up in its true colours. If a saloon-keeper is a murderer because he sells liquor by the glass, what shall we say of the wholesale grocer and wine merchant, who sell it by the hogshead? What shall we say of the brewer and distiller, who manufacture and sell it by the thousand hogsheads; what of the princely grain merchant and speculator "on change," who, where the saloon-keeper makes his hundreds, make their thousands a year by speculating in barley and other grain used for the manufacture of alcohol; what of the farmers, who grow the barley and other grain, knowing for what purpose it is to be used; what of the maltster, the hop-grower, the vine grower? If the saloon-keeper is a murderer by retail, are not these people murderers by wholesale? or is the responsibility passed on from one to the other till the whole burden is finally laid on the shoulders of the retailer, as a sort of vicarious sacrifice or substitute for the rest?

A brief apologue is in point here, as affording some sort of clue to the amount of genuine honesty at the bottom of this Prohibition movement. In Frontenac, the county of which Kingston is the capital, the Dunkin Act was passed some few years ago, its successful passage being mainly due to the votes of the farmers. The principal crop grown in the county is barley, the great bulk of which is sent over to the States, for the purpose, as these farmers well know, of being manufactured into alcoholic "poison." Would it not be well if some of our Prohibition writers or orators were to turn their attention in this direction? Surely there is an opening here for a little rhetoric. One promising subject, at least, could be dilated on,—the virtue of Consistency, and what a beautiful thing it is. Something might be said, too, about "sordid greed," and "trafficking in the woes and sorrows of mankind." Perhaps, however, it is thought that, in this particular case, the desire to turn an honest penny is a nobler attribute of humanity than even honesty or consistency.

There is a family likeness among fanatics of every age. Witch-burners and Inquisitors lived and died in the odour of sanctity; and one of the most conspicuous marks of the Prohibitionists of to-day is the assumption of exalted virtue. God is on their side, and the Devil on that of those who differ from

them. This characteristic Pharisaism is aptly dealt with by the *Saturday Review*, in an article on the "Absolute Suppression of Trade in Drink." It says:

"The invasion of private liberty which would be involved in such a system would be a heavy price to pay, even for increased sobriety; but the decisive argument against it is that it is impracticable. Indeed, there is reason to believe that the mere prospect of an attempt being made to give effect to this principle has already done a great deal of mischief. We do not mean to dispute the assertion that the number of abstainers is steadily increasing, or that this is, in itself, a good thing. It is not the practice of the teetotalers, which they are perfectly free to adopt, that is injurious, but the spirit of self-righteous and aggressive intolerance which they are apt to assume. Teetotalism is essentially, of course, a confession of personal weakness, yet there is no class which is so intensely conceited as to its moral superiority over the rest of the community. There can be no doubt that what gives an impulse to this movement is in a large degree the gratification which the members derive from the conviction that they are entitled to set themselves up as an example to the world, and to enforce on others compliance with their rules. It is impossible to read the speeches and articles in favour of this view without being struck by the tone of bitter and arrogant dogmatism which invariably pervades them. And it is this which does so much harm, because it rouses a natural instinct of resentment and defiance, and rallies all those who, without any sympathy with drunkenness, are not disposed to submit to a system of administrative despotism, in opposition to the teetotal cause. Experience has shown that in such a case it is impossible to enforce a sweeping change by coercive measures which are contrary to the general temperament and habits of the population, and that some gentler and more conciliatory method must be tried."

Moreover, after all, this claim to superior virtue is not always well founded. Most of the total abstainers with whom I am acquainted are hard smokers. Like a good many other moral reformers, they

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

These people would, I fancy, be somewhat astonished if it were proposed that the measure which they mete to others should be measured to them again,—if, for instance, non-smokers were to agitate for the passage of an Act to prohibit the sale of tobacco in any form. And yet I have just as much right to stop a man from smoking a cigar, as he has to prevent me from drinking a glass of beer; or rather, there is just as little right to do one as the other.

A few words remain to be said respecting the third objection to the Act,—that it legalises robbery. In places where the Dun-

kin Act is not in force, liquor-selling under license is legal; as soon as the new Act comes into effect anywhere, the traffic becomes illegal; and the contention is, that when a legislature makes any traffic illegal which before was legal, it is bound by every principle of equity and honesty between man and man, to give compensation to all who inevitably, and without fault of their own, suffer loss in consequence. It is by no means contended that "the liquor-seller alone is to be protected"* in this way. The principle is of universal application, and has been almost universally acted on in modern times, except in the liquor-laws of Canada and the United States. The exceptions only prove the rule. If legislative iniquities have been perpetrated in the past, that is no reason why they should be perpetrated now. One strong ground for protesting against the Temperance Act is, that it shall not be quoted as a precedent in justification of similar iniquities in the future. The contention that the Act is guilty of spoliation, because, from the first section to the last, it contains no word as to compensation to those whose property it depreciates in value, and whose means of livelihood it takes away, has been called "a gem of logic," and has been replied to in this fashion: "So much property is engaged in the liquor-traffic, so many people are dependent upon it. All this property is to be destroyed, all these people are to be robbed! How? By legislation? Is this legislation fair and above board? Yes. Is due notice given? Yes. Is it demanded by the majority? Yes, else it cannot be had. Where then is the robbery?"† The feeble glimmer of the solitary gem is quite eclipsed. Here we have a whole cluster of gems. Their overpowering brilliancy will be made evident by repeating the questions with a different application, substituting the Act for the burning of Heretics‡ in place of the Temperance Act: "So many people engaged in worshipping God in their own way, so many people dependent as they believe for their eternal life upon the right to do so. This right to be destroyed, all these people to be robbed of their lives?

* This objection was taken by a writer in this Magazine for November, 1877, p. 526.

† CANADIAN MONTHLY, November, 1877, p. 525.

‡ 2 Henry IV., c. 15 (A.D. 1401); amended and made more stringent by 2 Henry V.

How? By legislation? Is this legislation fair and above board? Yes. Is due notice given? Yes. Is it demanded by the majority? Yes, else it cannot be had. Where, then, is the murder?" Yes, *where?* Is it not plain that we have here merely the old "might is right" argument in a new dress?

"Where then is the robbery?" The writer who gave the finishing polish to his cluster of jewels with that question, in seeking to bolster up his argument by instances from history, dropped the word "slaveholders."* The allusion was an unfortunate one. For myself, I say, with Gratiano,

"I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word,"

and will shew my gratitude by recalling a fact or two which Prohibitionists find it convenient to forget or ignore. When slavery, which up to 1833 had been legal in Jamaica and other British Colonies, was made illegal, the slaveholders were compensated at a cost of £20,000,000 sterling. Moreover, had slavery in the Southern States been abolished in time of peace, there can be no question but that similar compensation would have been made there. The rights of the slaveholders were annulled by the war; though, notwithstanding that fact, States which should re-enter the Union, and slave-masters who should return to their allegiance, before the 1st of January, 1863, were specially excepted from Lincoln's abolition proclamation of the 22nd September, 1862. Are grocers and hotel-keepers less entitled to justice than slave-drivers? Is selling a glass of beer a more atrocious act than selling a human being; or the traffic in drink worse than the traffic in human flesh and blood? But, in truth, the question of better or worse has nothing to do with the matter. The sole consideration which a legislature has any right to look at in dealing with the question of compensation or no compensation when a certain traffic is suppressed, is, not whether the traffic has been moral or immoral, but whether it has been legal. If it has, its morality is conclusively assumed as against the legislature which permitted it. Of course, no one pretends that a man who had been selling liquor without a license—that is, illegally—would be entitled to compensation on the passage of a Dunkin Act,

* CANADIAN MONTHLY, November, 1877, p. 525.

even though it contained a general compensation clause.

But there is no need to step aside from liquor legislation to slavery for precedents. The English House of Commons would no more dream of passing a Permissive Bill without a compensation clause, than of passing an Act to rob the Bank of England. An attempt to pass a Bill far less iniquitous in its provisions than the Temperance Act, did more than anything else to destroy one of the strongest governments that England has seen during this generation. In 1871, Mr. Bruce, the Home Secretary of the Gladstone administration, brought in his famous "Intoxicating Liquors (Licensing) Bill." It provided that two classes of certificates should be issued,—a publican's and a beer-house keeper's,—and that every seller should take out one of these licenses, *with a ten years' title* to renewal, *after which* he would be subject to refusal where the licenses were too numerous. In effect, the Bill sought to convert a license nominally annual but really looked upon as perpetual, into one for ten years certain. Speaking of the fate of this Bill, Mr. Arthur Arnold, a friend to Gladstone's Government and a strong temperance advocate, says: "We need not recall to mind the storm which this Bill caused. 'Confiscation' was the cry of the Liquor-sellers, and they drove the Bill from Parliament. The *Quarterly Review*, eager to make political capital out of a *blunder so culpable*, because the attempt was so hopeless, said of the measure, that 'stimulated by an insane desire of notoriety, or pricked by furies in the shape of Welsh teetotalers, the unfortunate Home Secretary, taking counsel as is said with an

agent of a London brewery, and with some abstainers in his own office, put forth the bill.' Such was its ribald epitaph."* Mr. Bruce gained wisdom by experience, and in the following session brought in his "elastic" Bill, providing among other things, *for the purchase of licenses at a valuation*. The Bill became law. But the feeling created by the former one was not to be removed, and at the next general election the Gladstone administration were, by an overwhelming majority, ignominiously driven from office, where they still remain. That has been their richly deserved punishment for attempting a work of spoliation much less in iniquitous in principle than that perpetrated by the Dunkin and Temperance Acts. Mr. Bruce's unfortunate Bill gave liquor-dealers a ten years' right of renewal in lieu of a perpetual one; the Temperance Act gives them nothing. It plunders them, purely and simply.

The reply usually accorded to this plea on behalf of liquor-sellers for compensation, has been a sneer about "sympathising" with saloon-keepers. If the sneer were relevant it might be answered that, as the victims of an unrighteous law, they are entitled to sympathy; and that, if extended to them, it would be, at least, far less misplaced, far more wholesome than the maudlin sentimentalism which has no feeling to spare except for the drunkard,—the man who, *by his own act*, reduces himself below the level of a swine. But the sneer is not relevant. Liquor-dealers do not ask sympathy. They simply ask for JUSTICE. And this their claim is good.

SORDELLO.

* *Fortnightly Review*, April, 1873, p. 485.

ROUND THE TABLE.

JUPITER PLUVIUS forsooth! Why in days such as these Jupiter would have been fain to have "reinforced" his tumbler of hot nectar-toddy and to have foregone the pleasures of a scamper after Io, putting up instead with the "old original ox-eye" (as he was once known, in a profane moment, to call Juno) at home. One can imagine the monarch, very much hipped at so

much confinement, sending out Mercury every five minutes to see if there were any signs of clearing up; anon going to the window himself and pretending he can discern a break in the clouds, and only refraining from venting his spleen in miscellaneous and universal thunderings by the consciousness that the damp has got into his newest stock of patent centre-fire, self-lubricating thunder-

bolts, and that the powder-monkeys in his celestial armoury have been skylarking about with lucifer matches for an hour and yet have produced no more effect on his combustibles than a mere fizzle, like the spluttering of a damped squib!

Æsculapius has been summoned in, has prescribed and taken his fee,—for when a man is forced to stop at home he always fancies he is unwell,—and the last refuge for ennui was exhausted, and results might have become serious, when a prodigious uproar was heard in (not to put too fine a point upon it) that department of the heavenly household that caters for the inner man, and replenishes the waste of ichor with victuals and liquor; in other words the kitchen and cellar, which (in well regulated abodes of bliss) go hand-in-hand together. Jupiter having summoned the authorities from below-stairs before him, and frowning very severely to make up for the awkward predicament he was in as to thunderbolts, demanded the cause of the disturbance. With much elbowing and jostling the two culprits were pushed to the front. The rubicund (for so I translate “rosy”) Ganymede stood forth as accuser, and after one or two interruptions from Hebe, who seemed to share his not unnatural indignation, thus formulated his complaint:

“High and mighty! This blear-eyed son of nothing, this infinitesimal modicum of humanity, this addle-headed corrupter of good manners, found I in your divinity’s cellar setting the best and oldest nectar a-swimming on the floor!”

“Perhaps he was thirsty,” suggested Jove, amicably, wiping his mouth across the back of his hand and looking round for his goblet.

“Thirsty! Why he reviled at the good liquor and swore it was doctored.”

“Oh! he was drunk,” said Jupiter in disgust,—“take him away; drunk and disorderly; five dollars’ fine or the lock-up.”

But here the culprit gave tongue. He would not rest under such an imputation. So he lectured them chemically, till it appeared that the juice of the grape was chiefly logwood, salt, cocculus Indicus, methylated spirits, and poison, with the exception of so much of it as was made direct by fermenting rotten potatoes. Then he took them up historically and argued that, though the Greeks were a fine race of men without a prohibitory liquor law, they would have been finer with

one, unless indeed they had one, which appeared (to the lecturer) very probable, as none of their writers denied it in so many words. Of course when he came to the religious grounds he sermonized them finely. He kept on at Noah for an hour and a half, and seemed loth to quit him, when Jupiter interrupted.

“Whom have you here?”

The other culprit stood confessed.

“One Vulcan, a blacksmith by trade.”

“Go on, brother,” said the temperance advocate; “confess it boldly.”

So Vulcan confessed his former thirsty habits (a grin going round the circle at the word “former”), and how the shocking treatment he received from his wife (Mars remembered he had an appointment and went out at the backdoor) had led him to seek refuge in the flowing bowl (a groan from the advocate). But now,—here Vulcan began to stammer and hesitate, winding up by clasping a bit of blue ribbon to his breast and weeping maudlin tears over his new associates.

Jupiter seemed to grow a size and a half larger as he proceeded to give sentence:

“Kick me that prater down to Hades,” quoth he, “and then we may expect some dry weather, not before.”

So he was kicked, and the rain cleared up.

“How about the reformed man?” asked one.

“Come again in a week and judge for yourself!” laughed Jupiter

—The May meetings have come back again. I say “come back” because they seem to me more like *revenants*. or returning ghosts, than anything else. The old sentiments, the old resolutions, the old foregone conclusions, the old belittling of adversaries and confident predictions of their speedy overthrow, the old unctuous phrases,—everything as of old, but ghostlier year by year. Does it never strike our friends who draft resolutions and make speeches for these meetings, how little resemblance their language has, for the most part, to that of real life? Do they never feel as if they were trying to pump up enthusiasm from a very deep well, and had an enormous amount of suction to overcome? Compare the proceedings and the tone of the speeches at a Bible or a Tract Anniversary with what we read of an ordinary meeting, say of the British Association for the

the Advancement of Science. In the one case we have the heavy iteration of worn-out phrases, speeches which any experienced newspaper reporter could have written out beforehand, the old conventional flings at Romanism and Infidelity, a most conventional thankfulness for small mercies, and everything else to match. In the latter case there is life, movement, energy, naturalness of language, and an enthusiasm which no one suspects to be simulated, seeing that the grounds of it are visible to all men in the unceasing progress and signal achievements of science. The contrast needs hardly to be insisted on. He who runs may read, and they who run, the busy men and women, the sanguine youths of to-day, *do* read.

One speaker at the Bible Society meeting spoke of "a great and effectual door" to the preaching of the gospel being opened by the Turco-Russian war. Now, first of all, imagine a serious and earnest man using such a phrase as "a great and effectual door," even though there be a certain amount of New Testament authority for it. Is that the language of the world or of common-sense? Doors may be "great" in the sense of large; but can a door be "effectual?" Is it to be supposed, however, that the Bible will have any more affinity for the Turkish populations as the result of the war than it had before? It has been repeatedly stated that Christian missionaries had free course in Turkey, that the government never interfered with their operations, showing in this respect more liberality than that of Russia. Surely, then, here was "a great and effectual door" already,—all the door the Bible needed if it was really the thing that was wanted in that part of the world. Will the Turks be much more favourably disposed towards the Bible now that they have just been crushed by a Christian nation, and now that they have found out that the policy of the most Christian and Bible-loving nation in the world is summed up in two words—"British interests?"

Dr. Dawson, of Montreal, thinks that we ought to give up defending the Bible, and should use it as an instrument of aggression. Perhaps the Doctor had been reading Dr. Newman's verses on "The Religion of Cain," where he exclaims :

"Brothers ! spare reasoning ;—men have settled long
That ye are out of date and they are wise ;
Use their owa wez pons ; let your words be strong,

Your cry be loud, till each scared boaster flies ;
Thus the Apostles tamed the Pagan breast,
They argued not, but preached, and conscience did
the rest."

Such advice would be all very well if it were only practicable ; but this is an age when people are not disposed to let debatable statements pass without argument. Even the Apostles would find *that*, if they were now alive ; and we fancy that any who try to follow Dr. Dawson's advice, and hurl the Bible at the heads of people who are not satisfied as to its authority, will find that they are going through a very idle performance. Another speaker said that the men of France lacked manliness and the women virtue, all because of the prevalence of the Roman Catholic religion in France. This is a fair sample of the wholly uncritical and unauthenticated style of remark which is deemed suitable to these occasions. Surely when men profess to be dealing with the most important verities, they ought to show a little more regard for accuracy and proportion of statement than such a remark exhibits. Yet it will be the same next year, and the next, and as long as the *revenants* pay us these yearly visits, or as long as men make it a duty to stereotype their opinions as an act of homage to a God of truth.

—I was lately asked for a definition of genius, by a friend who strongly resented Harriet Martineau's dictum, that the author of "The Constitution of Man" was destitute of that gift. My friend would have it that any one who opened up a new and important line of thought, and who propounded his views with enthusiasm must be possessed of genius. From this I dissented, holding that we recognised genius in a certain mode of working of the mind, rather than in the work done. Perhaps the most conspicuous element in genius is freedom,—freedom of movement,—and next to this is power. The man of genius is less tied down to ordinary associations and ideas than the man of mere talent, whose strength generally lies in the business-like use he can make of what he finds ready to his hand. On the other hand, the man of genius responds to attractions and affinities which other men never feel. These thoughts which he pours forth in such profusion, subtle yet strong and luminous—whence are they? They were as far beyond your reach or mine as the planet Neptune ;

to us they were, and would ever have remained, so far as our own powers of apprehension were concerned, simply non-existent. But now they are drawn near by the magic touch of genius, they are clothed for us in language rich, clear, and vivid; and our minds receive them with a certain shock as of quickened life, of increased self-knowledge, of expanded being. The man of talent may confer great benefits upon us, and we may exceedingly admire the skilful way in which he does his work; but after all what he does is only what we conceive that we ourselves, with a certain amount of training, might have done. We recognise no generic difference between him and ourselves; whereas genius we instinctively feel to be a *genus* apart. Between the poet or the artist born, and other men, there is a great gulf fixed, so that whoever would pass from one side to the other, cannot. The men of talent, on the other hand, are simply the natural leaders of the crowd in which we ourselves mingle. The man of genius is not, generally speaking, adapted to be a leader of men in the ordinary sense of the word; because he takes too little account of the conditions upon which success in the world is to be won. But he and his fellows are leaders in the wider sense that they quicken and widen and enrich the thoughts of all the best minds, add beauty and significance to life, and throw down the barriers which custom and prejudice establish in the path of human progress. The England of to-day is a vastly different England from what she would have been but for her poets; it would not be too much to say that she is a different England from what she would have been but for Tennyson. Genius then, we would say, is something that we personally feel, something that the spiritual part of us (if, in this materialistic age, one may be permitted to use such an expression) feels as an influence, as a power. We see it not in what a man does, but in what he is; if we can judge his work, merely as work, without feeling ourselves under the spell of the man, then it is not genius that we have to deal with, though it may be something very excellent in its way.

—The allusion of a friend at our Table to the spring and widow's weeds brought into my mind that *specialité* of a Canadian spring—its exquisite wild-flowers. True flowers of the forest they are, mostly white, and as

delicate as exotics. I wonder what an untravelled, prejudiced Englishman would say to a bouquet I had presented to me the other day. It was composed of nothing but the three-leafed white lily, fragile ferns, and a charming little tapering white flower, with tiny bells up the stem. No doubt this last has an immense polysyllabic Latin name, but I am a Cockney born and bred, and no botanist, and can only boast of the genuine Londoner's untrained delight in the country and the things of the country. All plants and flowers to me belong to the species "*Plantum Roadsideum*." I must own, moreover, to a private and sneaking dislike to botanists who look at flowers only with the view of counting their stamens and pistils, and of placing them in their proper order. Classification seems to me to be of all branches of scientific pursuit the lowest, and to have a tendency rather to make man into a machine than to raise his thoughts and aspirations upward. The exactitude required of him must make him bigoted, and he feels distress at any doubt being thrown on an ancient landmark set up by Linnæus, as now-a-days is continually happening. Of course I am only speaking of the amateur, who makes his botanising an amusement rather than a study. These are the men who, when you offer them a flower for their admiration, will insist upon naming it, and turning it about, and summing up its parts without a thought of its fragrance or purity. Of one of these men it may well be said,

"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more."

Fervent is my desire to be delivered from each and every amateur botanist!

—A guest at the Table last month, in the course of some remarks about slang, unwittingly did grave injustice to the word "Fall;" as equivalent to "Autumn," speaking of it as "our Canadian word 'fall,'" and, on the ground of its expressiveness, pleading for its admittance to all the honours of "Dictionary English." With due respect for my fellow-guest's kind intentions, I must say that this patronage of the word on his part is rather amusing, and not unlike introducing a nobleman to good society with an apologetic explanation that he is really very well-mannered, although of provincial and

somewhat plebeian extraction. I am afraid that "fall" cannot be recommended to English writers as a specimen of Canadian home production, "fully equal in every respect," etc. (for formula *viæ* daily papers). It is neither a Canadianism nor an Americanism, but a word that moved in the highest circles of English verbal society when Canada had only the literature of books in the running brooks and sermons in stones. In the answer, ascribed to Raleigh, to the "Passionate Pilgrim" of Shakspeare or Marlowe, as critics may determine, occur the lines :

"A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's *spring*, but sorrow's *fall*."

While the word was evidently in familiar use in Dryden's day, as the following couplet of his indicates :

"What crowds of patients the town-doctor kills,
Or how last *fall* he raised the weekly bills."

It is, indeed, a very common mistake to dub as "Americanisms" a large number of expressive words which held places of honour in the older English literature, but have disappeared from modern literary English, and survived only in provincial dialects, and which were either transplanted to this side of the Atlantic before they fell out of general use in England, or have since been brought over by immigrants from the counties where they still thrive at home. This subject is one of great interest, and it has been so thoroughly sifted by many philologists of eminence, that I wonder that my fellow-guest, who seems somewhat of a purist and proud of our English tongue, should have fallen into this little error. But Homer sometimes took a nap, they say. Some surprises await those who may not have chanced to delve in the field which I have indicated. Let me instance some of the expressions which are often spoken of as the most typical "Americanisms;"—to "cave in," "to rile," "to snarl," "snag," and "bluff," for example, of which Trench says, "there is scarcely one of them of which examples could not be found in our earlier literature, and in provincial dialects they are current every one to this present day" (*English Past and Present*, p. 195). "Slick," he says, is "only another form of 'sleek.'" Thus Fuller (*Pisgah Sight of Palestine*, vol. ii, p. 190): "Sure I am this city (the New Jerusalem) as

presented by the prophet, was fairer, finer, *slicker*, smoother, more exact, than any fabric the earth afforded." Uncle Sam's invariable occupation in the comic cartoons—"whittling"—is not of his own invention or naming; a "whittle," or clasp-knive we find in Shakspeare. *Timon of Athens*, Act v. sc. i.

"There's not a *whittle* in the unruly camp
But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens."

The use of "voyage" to indicate a journey by land as well as passage by sea is regarded as peculiarly American; but Chaucer used it in the former sense (which is its derivative one), as, for instance, in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales* (l. 723):

"And after wol I telle of oure *viage*
And al the remenaunt of oure pilgrimage."

And Sir John Maundeville (circa 1356), in his *Voiage and Travaille*, employs it similarly. Chaucer rivalled any Yankee in his frequent "I guess," and Gower, in the *Confessio Amantis*, and Wyclif in his Bible, employ this "Americanism." How far I am justified in the following surmise, I do not know; but most of us have heard the vulgar, and, I believe, *now* American phrase, "out late nights," and have supposed the "nights" to be merely a plural, and the frame of the sentence to be utterly ungrammatical. Probably it is; and I offer only for what it is worth the suggestion that, in *Alysoun*, a short lyric found in the Harleian M.S., and dating about 1300, exactly the same construction occurs :

"*Nihtes* when y (I) wende (turn) and wake
For-thi myn wonges (cheeks) waxe won,"

Here *nihtes* is simply the genitive of the Anglo-Saxon *niht*, and it is not at all an exceptional formation of the adverb, either in old or modern English. The Old English *needs* = *needes*, or of needs, still exists in the phrase *must needs*. In Layamon's Brut (ed. Madden), l. 2861, we find "winteres nesumeres" used adverbially, and, in the same (l. 3255), "*daies* and *nihtes*." So the Old English *sothes*—of a truth, truly. But I am getting upon rather dry and very debatable ground, and will leave it before any one falls asleep, and before I make some such egregious blunder as the etymologist who deduced "girl" from "garrula," because

girls are chatter-boxes ; or rival Sprenger's famous derivation of *fœmina* from *Fœ* and *minus*, because women have less faith than men. But may we not say that, verily, there is nothing new under the sun, when we consider that, instead of brand-new Americanisms, we have good old English in such a sentence, say, as this : " His health will cave in soon, I guess ; he sits up late nights, and lolls about and whittles days ; it riles me to see him, and I told him he ought to go slick off and voyage about the country this fall."

—It is to be hoped that the boys of the present generation are not in the habit of attending popular lectures. If they were they would hear a good deal of a doctrine which is preached frequently now, which would be very palatable to them, no doubt, though it might give them a good many *mauvais quarts d'heures* with their schoolmasters, who are not so likely to see the force of it. The said doctrine is—or perhaps it would be more correct to say, the logical corollary from the pleadings is—that the idler a boy is at school, the more he is addicted to playing truant, and fishing, and cricket, instead of learning his Greek and Latin verbs and "doing" his Euclid, the more likely he is to become a distinguished man in after life. One is inclined to wonder whether wide-awake boys who may sometimes happen to read such sentiments in newspaper reports, are not somewhat perplexed to know why so admirable a theory is overlooked in *their* case and why they are so very likely to receive reminders—more forcible than pleasant—if *they* try to carry out such an agreeable way of securing future distinction. Even Professor Huxley seems rather to plead for an idle boyhood, and applies to early precocity the proverb ill-naturally devised against early risers—that they who get up early are conceited all the morning and stupid all the afternoon. (We in this enlightened age reverse the wisdom of our ancestors even in the venerable proverb which used to be considered immutable, "early to bed and early to rise.") However, Prof. Huxley considers this as doubtful in its original application, but perfectly correct if applied to intellectual early risers ; and he lays great insistence, and most properly so, on the prime importance of laying a solid foundation of physical health. But we are always rushing to extremes, and it may be

questioned whether his laudation of juvenile idleness may not be overdone. They have overdone the *corpus sane* at Oxford and Cambridge, where, as every one knows, it has so overshadowed the *mens sana* that the latter has shrunk into very small dimensions indeed. It is impossible to deprecate too strongly the "cramming" system practised in too many of our own schools, where both boys and girls are loaded with studies numerous enough for an "admirable Crichton," and are supposed to be studying "physiology" and "philosophy" before they are very sure about the spelling of either. The arrangement of our ordinary school studies is no credit to our common-sense. But there is surely a medium between youthful prodigies and dunces, and though here and there an idle, careless boy may be found to turn out a brilliant man, it will much more often be found that future distinction has been foreshadowed by early love of study and perseverance in pursuing it, and that, where the case has been the reverse, this has been caused by tendencies which have been drawbacks, not helps, to the progress of the man. And although early prodigies are not to be desired, still there are not a few cases of juvenile precocity followed by a distinguished manhood. John Stuart Mill is usually cited as an instance of a fine mind crippled and twisted by an unnatural system of forcing, and such a result indeed might well be expected from the education extraordinary which he underwent. But on the other side we have Lord Macaulay, who was as much of a youthful prodigy as Mill, without the forcing process he went through. And there are many cases where, without any "prodigy" in the question, there was an irrepressible ardour for study—a thirst for knowledge which overcame all obstacles. Of course there are different ways of showing this thirst for knowledge. The embryo naturalist does not show his budding genius by spending his first shilling on a Latin grammar, nor does a future historian occupy his leisure in inventing mathematical problems ; but the strong tendency will show itself in *some* form in nine cases out of ten. And not a few distinguished men have heartily lamented an idle boyhood. Dr. Norman McLeod, in the prime of a noble manhood, deeply regretted the loss of golden years, the more diligent use of which would he felt have greatly increased his powers of usefulness. Lord

Macaulay, as quoted by a recent writer in an American magazine, says: "It seems to me that there never was a fact proved by a larger mass of evidence or a more unvaried experience than this, that men who have distinguished themselves in their youth above their contemporaries almost always keep to the end of their lives the start which they have gained." And, adds the writer who quotes him, "the general rule is, beyond all doubt, that the men who were first in the competition of the schools have been first in the competition of the world." As a few of the instances which might be adduced in illustration of this we have in England Gladstone, Sir Robert Peel, and seven members of a recent Cabinet, who took either first-class or double-firsts at the University, and who could not, therefore, have been dunces

at school. And in the United States we have Dr. L. Bacon, Bancroft, the historian, Motley, Everett, Emerson, Holmes, Bryant, and a number of other eminent public men of the day, who were all more or less distinguished students. Of course there are cases to be found in which a seeming dunce has proved to be an "ugly little duckling," developing, with bewildering suddenness, into a full-fledged swan; but such cases will always be exceptional, and while we should cultivate the boy's physique simultaneously with his intellect, it is well to remember that intellectual habits, like other habits, are early formed, that laziness and labour-shirking at school are not likely to be thrown off when the lad enters college,—that in this, as in other respects, the old adage is true, that "the boy is the father of the man."

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE last session of the third Dominion Parliament was brought to a close by prorogation on Friday, the tenth of the month. Desirable as it would be to place on record that, in the life of the moribund House, nothing became it like the leaving it, one is constrained to admit that even that dubious epitaph may not be inscribed upon its sepulchre. Sooth to say, the undignified squabbling between Mr. Donald Smith, of Selkirk, and his quondam leaders, was of a piece with the ordinary conduct of public business for the last few years. The signal defeat of the Conservative party at the polls in January, 1874, had a stupefying effect upon Sir John Macdonald and his decimated following in the Commons, and they remained stunned or paralysed—at all events quiescent—during the first two sessions. "Hurlled headlong" from the ethereal sky of power—that Paradise of partizans—they "lay vanquished" much longer than Milton's hero, "with his horrid crew," in the fiery gulf of Tartarus. But hope that comes to all, at length beamed upon "the chieftain's" fortunes; although the field was lost, all was not lost, as the Arch-Enemy encouragingly pointed out, and so, in

much the same spirit, and with feelings hardly less implacable, both parties began to plot and sap and countermine. The new Government had mounted to place and authority as the champions of purity, the vindicators of political morality, and they soon found how precarious a footing he stands upon, who wraps himself up in his own virtue, and lives upon the peccadilloes of a rival. From the moment when the Opposition had recovered self-possession after the thunderbolt which rent a clear sky in the autumn of 1873, the rôle to be enacted was obviously scandal-hunting and exposure. "To be weak is miserable, doing or suffering;" but no one need be weak who has a vituperative tongue, a fertile imagination, and a microscopic power of mental vision. So far from its being his "nature's plague," as it was Iago's, "to spy into abuses," the exercise of that faculty is at once a source of exquisite delight and eventual profit to the ordinary partizan. All that is wanted seems to be a plentiful stock of rhetorical mire to fling, and then the whiter the Pharaonic robe and the broader the phylactery, so much more promising the prospect that some of the mud will stick and

the purist's goodly outside suffer defilement.

It is not worth while to enquire how far the stories of corruption and jobbery laid to the charge of the dominant party are well-grounded, or how many of them appear baseless, or falsely coloured for their purpose. As a set-off to the "scandal" of 1872, they have no doubt served their turn, as the reprisals deemed necessary by the Reform understrappers clearly proved. The Secret Service, Moylan, and other trumpery mare's nests turned up by industrious delvers on the Government side, form a necessary complement of the settled policy adopted by both sides—the strategy of abuse, slander, suspicion, and vilification. If it be true that the authorized publication of the debates is to be discontinued, the ponderous tomes already accumulated will remain a unique monument to the sinister political genius of the time—"a negative instruction," in the words of Junius, given to posterity "not as a pattern to imitate, but as an example to deter." One immediate advantage may accrue to the country even now, not contemplated by the existing factions. The people are already learning to sit loose to party organizations whose stock-in-trade is exclusively made up of the sins and shortcomings of political opponents. They have an awkward habit of inferring that where they see smoke, there must be fire; and the unceasing flow of slander, persistently reiterated, is sure to convince them that for the greater part, if not the whole of it, there must be some foundation to rest upon. At first, men are apt to credit all the charges, however gross and improbable, preferred against opponents, and to disbelieve every suspicion of irregularity muttered against party friends. In the end, they either recoil into absolute scepticism or lapse into easy credulity, and thus reach that comfortable state of settled conviction in which politicians all appear "tared with the same stick," being either unvarnished slanderers or consummate knaves. This is, in fact, appearing, more and more clearly and palpably, to be the inevitable result of the *tu quoque* policy of slander and vituperation.

Against the malign influence of this system every one who cherishes the highest interests of his country, and feels enkindled by the brightest hopes for its future, is called upon to protest with generous vehemence.

No greater calamity can befall a people, in the earlier stages of a promising national career, than the prevalence of distrust regarding political virtue, or that settled habit of suspicion the slander system cannot fail to infuse amongst them. As in all the varied relations of our chequered life, so here not less than elsewhere, it remains solemnly true, that loss of confidence carries with it the loss of all that makes the relationship valuable. It is not at all unlikely that the partisans on both sides, in their eagerness to snatch an ephemeral triumph, are oblivious or heedless of the consequences which must inevitably follow the evil policy they have deliberately espoused. Yet the grave responsibility they incur by persisting in it cannot be shirked or ignored; and it is because there appears to be no escape from the mischievous issue of that policy, which degrades public life, saps popular faith in public men, and makes public affairs appear to sensitive men so unsavoury and offensive, that we denounce the party system as its first cause, as well as the malign influence which feeds and maintains it in its pernicious course.

The question now before the people is not whether parties are necessary in a free State; but are those parties now existing—without principle or reasonable cause for existence, scrambling for office, and battenning upon the garbage of Billingsgate—essential to the progress of Canada? Has it come to this, that in the freest and fairest portion of the world representative institutions have failed, unless we are prepared to insist that Parliamentary faction-fighting is necessary to their existence? There is no need for entering upon the desirability or necessity of party in the abstract; the pressing question is practical and deals with the concrete. In Canada there are now two parties; what good do they do, and what incalculable mischief do they not do? That is the query which every intelligent elector in the Dominion may readily answer for himself. Theories about party government may amuse the curious, but are not pressing for judgment at this juncture. Representative government existed before parties, as at present organized, had being, and will perhaps survive, by a century at least, their final disintegration. Children now in being may live to see the day when party caucuses, cabals, and conventions, with the wire-pulling machinery of to-day, will appear as fatuous and absurd as any of the

absurd schemes of polity in vogue from Mic-Mac Methusaleh to Mackenzie. Posterity will, at least, look upon it as one of the strangest delusions of this age, that we call that a representative system in which from a fourth to five-elevenths of the electorate are unrepresented. With theories, however, we have nothing to do at the moment. The people of the Dominion will shortly—perhaps within a few weeks—be called upon to select their representatives for the ensuing five years. Shall they continue to be “tied and bound,” “sore let and hindered,” in the words of the Liturgy, by the fetters of party? If so, why? What has party done for them or the Dominion since 1867, that any man should surrender his free will, his personal independence, his honest convictions, at their bidding? Even those who claim the most for party as an inseparable concomitant of representative government, do not assert for it that it is more than an instrument; but what is it now in Canada? Simply the end to which all political effort is strained, and in comparison with which nothing is to be held sacred. The reputation of the Dominion and of its public men is a trifle as compared with the success of the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie or Sir John Macdonald. Country is nothing, except in a subordinate way; party is first, second, and all besides. It is not meant to be asserted that partizans have no patriotic impulses—that they care nothing for the progress of the Dominion at all, and are solely inspired by party zeal. Our objection to the existing party system is predicated upon the fact that there is patriotism amongst party men: the complaint is that they have so inextricably interwisted the aims of party with the interests of the country as to suppose that the means and the end have changed places. Let any fervid and honest partizan search his own breast for a brief interval and he will soon ascertain this truth beyond dispute. It is of the essence of partyism, when it has degenerated into faction, that the country should be subordinated to party, not consciously it may be, but actually and effectively. Let a Reformer try for a moment to picture Canada with his party once more in the gelid shadows on Mr. Speaker's left; would it be any consolation to him that Sir John Macdonald might at once inaugurate the fiscal system he believes absolutely essential to the future progress of the Dominion? Not at all; the

country had better go to the dogs, than the party. On the other hand, would any Conservative think himself called upon to act generously, and not captiously, with Mr. Mackenzie, considering the overpowering load of responsibility laid upon him in Pacific Railway construction? By no means. The true-blue Conservative never makes allowances, even when his party has left a great national undertaking in such a maze of intricacy, financial, political, and other, that neither Ariadne nor any other mortal, with love or perplexity to sharpen the wits, could devise a satisfactory clew to the labyrinth. It is the besetting sin of both parties, when in pursuit of place or in defence of it, to see no good in the opposing Nazareth. The difficulties of Ministers are viewed with the magnifier, whilst their errors are treated microscopically. Butler's injunction, so often on Lord Palmerston's lips, is obeyed in converse,—partizans are a “little blind” to the virtues of the other side, and extremely unkind to their faults. The ruling propensities of the partizan are a want of scruple, a want of charity, a want of honest fairness, and, it must be added, a want of truth. The accusations made from time to time, for *ad captandum* purposes, by both parties, that their opponents are wantonly injuring the credit and reputation of Canada, may or may not be true in detail, and yet their malign influence is everywhere traceable in a growing disbelief that there is such a public virtue as integrity or disinterested patriotism. People have been so accustomed to hear the probity and honest intentions of their representatives impeached, that they are predisposed to credit any scandal, however baseless or monstrous it may be. The long catalogue of sins laid to the charge of Mr. Mackenzie and his following, amounts, when examined in the rough and divested of party colouring and exaggeration, merely to a recital of the efforts of a hungry party to take advantage of a long-deferred opportunity of access to the public crib. The men against whom the gravest charges have been made are trading politicians, some of them deserting “rats” who abandoned the foundering bark of Conservatism, and would return to it the moment the people pronounced it seaworthy once more. It is no doubt excusable in an Opposition to vaunt its purity and abstinence from sins of jobbery and peculation since it was ejected from power; but that is but

poor virtue, after all, which can only boast that it is proof against temptation so long as it remains untempted. When in power, the party now so ably conducted by Sir John Macdonald was, for many years, the butt of manifold slanders—in the main, factitious shocks to the moral sense of the community, invented for selfish purposes—and, therefore, however natural it may appear that the *lex telionis* should be unscrupulously applied now, this leaf from the old lesson-book ought to be turned over and down at once and forever, by all who lay claim to sensitive or delicate feelings of honour and generosity.

It may be true that the *soi-disant* Reform party has hardly approved itself as immaculately pure as it protested that it was when it jauntily took office with the Decalogue for a "platform," and the Pacific scandal as a war beacon. But then no political party in office ever was so fastidious as it had appeared to be when in opposition. Moreover, Mr. Mackenzie and his colleagues took office under very trying circumstances, for only part of which they were justly responsible. They had been exceedingly loud in their professions of self-righteousness, and when, most unexpectedly, a chance of overturning the Government presented itself, the Pharisaic thanks that Reformers were not as other men, and especially as that scapegrace of a publican from Kingston, were loud and fervent, but they were ominous also. To a close observer of that spurt of moral indignation in 1873, the course of subsequent events must already have appeared in outline. The Premier should, in all fairness, be credited with sincere, and even stern honesty of purpose; but he must have felt painfully uneasy at the adhesion to his cause of those political nondescripts—soldiers of fortune—whose only party is that of success, and who only desire the triumph of principle or morality in order that, as victors, they may assert their right to the spoils. Unquestionably many Conservatives of unimpeachable honesty abandoned their party from the highest motives of duty and conscience, but they were out of the ring of trading politicians and are not to be confused with them for a moment. The hucksters "who got down to get up better," demoralized the rank and file of their new allies, and, of course, found among them many whose hunger, whetted by long and enforced abstinence, was made more

clamorous and less scrupulous as the promised land lay spread out before them. The high standard uplifted by Mr. Mackenzie ceased to be of service to his avaricious camp-followers, and however earnest he was in desiring to illustrate old precepts by practical example, it was soon found to be impossible to keep watch over, much less to restrain, the famished mob who hung upon his rear and encumbered his flanks. Pacific Railway construction opened up a vista of glorious possibilities, for fortune-hunters, of dazzling brilliancy; and no leaders, whatever their personal purity and integrity, could possibly have prevented more or less speculation. It is asking too much of the Premier to expect that he, or an angel from heaven, could keep the harpies altogether away from the feast of good things prepared for their ravenous beaks and claws. The sins, whatever they may really be, of the dominant party, unfortunately appear greater by far than any candid opponent can honestly make them out, because of the extravagant protestations of purity, made at the outset. "Stand aside, for I am holier than thou," is a dangerous exclamation for a partizan out of office to a partizan in place, and inevitably brings after it its own nemesis to overtake and run it to earth in the long run.

No doubt the Opposition would not have given so much prominence to scandalous matters, if they had had any other political capital at command; indeed, considering the wretched plight in which they had left the great railway enterprise and public affairs generally, they would perhaps have affected a virtue not quite so painfully forced and feigned had any choice been open to them in the matter. Sir John Macdonald is not an ungenerous opponent when he can afford to be generous, and, notwithstanding that he had received no quarter from an implacable enemy, we believe he would have instinctively made charitable allowance for the Premier under his overwhelming burdens, if necessity had not coerced him into a barbarous and not over-ingenuous style of guerrilla warfare. As a matter of party strategy, however, it was Hobson's choice with him, the stiletto or nothing. Until the right hon. gentleman heard of something to his advantage in the fiscal question, he was actually without any party stock-in-trade but such small and paltry wares as the political peddler vends at the market-place to

gobe-mouches who love to be cheated, not less than to cheat. Doctor Dulcamara, in the absence of something better, finds no difficulty in passing off his "elixir" of scandal upon the gullible as an infallible cure-all, for the evils of the body politic. The trouble is that although the patient may be rescued from some political ills that he has fallen heir or victim to, he is sure to require, sooner or later, someone to save him from the dexterity of the doctor, and then, with a change of actors, the farce of charlatany begins anew. It was argued when Sir John's Cabinet was beginning to totter, that it seemed better to bear the ills we had than to fly to others as yet untried and unknown. The Pacific Scandal was certainly a suspicious business, but the worst was known, and the exposure might be safely trusted to work a radical and permanent cure. On the other hand, to let in a new party almost reduced to starvation, was unwise, to say the least of it. The electorate did not pay much regard to the warning, and they are not likely to do so now when it is fathered by the other side. The fact is that there are too many Vicars of Bray in this country, whose settled resolution it is to live at the public expense, no matter what party king may reign, to make this plea of any weight. As the same men were Puritans under the Commonwealth, and roystering Cavaliers after the Restoration, so in Canada, the most unpatriotic subjects are zealous party men, but consistent only in their indifference to anything but self-aggrandizement—loose fish at home in all waters, and ready to migrate in shoals whithersoever the prospect of bait may allure them. It is a mistake to suppose, however, that a politician gorges like a boa constrictor; his power of digestion and assimilation is inexhaustible, and he is always ready, with jaws agape, "as if increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on." The upheaval of 1873 made "honest" Reformers by thousands, of these free-lances, and the cry is "Still they come." Then, on the other hand, there are not wanting already evident signs that "lifelong Conservatives," of the deepest and truest blue, may be reckoned upon in large numbers, and at the shortest notice, the moment their assistance is in sufficient demand. The standing cry of jobbery and corruption simply means that the baser elements of the dominant party have asserted their "rights" thus, and

secured the chief end of the trading politician, in spite of the care and vigilance of those who desire better things. No men know better than the wire-pullers of both parties the hollowness and insincerity of the scandal strategy, which has now unhappily acquired so much importance as to overshadow the early promise of this young nationality, mar and impede its progress, and blunt the moral sense of its people. Such political immorality as exists has its origin in the existing party-system: where it is a fiction, it grows from party necessities; where it is a fact, it is the outcome of a scheme of polity which makes the majority omnipotent—a many-headed despot, in whose train and beneath whose protection, the political adventurer may securely filch and live at ease. Under this monstrous system, representative government is a bitter mockery; the faction which may be for the nonce uppermost, owns the country, its resources, its means, and its credit, and when Asmodeus, who assisted in putting it there, asks for his share, you may be sure he will get it. And then, be the transaction never so fair, the other side will characterize it as a job; be it of the foulest and the blackest hue, the party in power will protest, and take oath upon it, that there is nothing amiss. Government "by the party, through the party, and for the party," means simply the sinister feathering of nests on one hand, and a virtuous uplifting of hands not over clean, on the other.

So long as the people choose to be the dupes of one or other of these parties, there will continue to be jobs and their correlative scandals. It is high time, with the opportunity—so far as caucuses and conventions have left them any liberty of action—near at hand, that they should make some sign, if only the handwriting on the wall, to indicate the judgment they have passed upon these parties of pretence. Children may play at soldiers, but when grown men are arrayed against each other and make war without cause, it can only mean plunder, and, in public affairs, the plunder of the country. There are the resources of this country, and the question parties now in fact submit to the people is, "Which of us shall have them in possession?" In speaking of the "National party," so called, in the United States, the *Globe* naively remarked, that, although it might not succeed, it was a sign that both

the existing parties had outgrown their usefulness. With the refreshing simplicity of the writer one may pityingly sympathize, for he evidently was looking abroad while he was unconsciously writing of home. What can be said against the American parties, Republican and Democrat, which may not be urged with redoubled force and significance against our own? Substitute Reformer for Republican, and Conservative for Democrat, and every objection that can be advanced against the American factions, battling for place, is valid also as against their Canadian counterparts. Indeed, you may put the four names in a bag together, and it would be a matter of utter indifference which one anybody in search of a political name might draw, so far as their distinctive meaning at present is concerned. Waiving for a moment the fiscal question, which is in itself a crucial instance of the sinister action of party spirit, there is not one single shred of principle to cover the nakedness of either party, or to conceal the sores which each is always exposing in the other. Is it worth while, in a new and earnestly struggling country like ours, to fritter away its wealth, intellectual vigour, and moral fibre in these miserable party tournaments? Is it of primary moment to decide "who shall bear the bag," and what the bag contains, when the vital question, even according to party accounts, appears to be, which of the leaders is the tolerably respectable Judas, and which the not absolutely impeccable St. Peter? In short, must we be content that the Dominion shall forever be subject to scorching blasts from a political Etna, whenever the popular Enceladus is compelled, by a sense of utter weariness, to turn over from one side to the other?

Perhaps no national enterprise undertaken by a nation situated like Canada, ever appealed so strongly to patriotic feeling and imagination as the construction of the trans-continental railway. When the parties, exhausted by their prolonged wrangling, came to the terms embodied in the Confederation scheme, the Pacific Railway project, prematurely or otherwise is not now the question, was determined upon and the honour and credit of the new Dominion pledged to it in advance. Need it be asked what party has done with it? Is it possible to devise a method of conducting so ponderous a work more fatuous or hopeless than that which has been pursued with a consistency which it

is no paradox to term devious and inconsistent? The late Government proposed to commit the construction of the railway to a Company, to be paid partly by a money grant per mile, partly by a gift of land; and their scheme was, measurably speaking, a wise one. But no sooner did they appear to have gained a glimpse of light in the working-out of their great problem than party needs presented themselves and claimed a percentage for electoral purposes. Before a mile was surveyed, still less a spade or a spike driven, the ogre which poisons our political atmosphere began its foul work. Hence the bouleversement of 1873, and thus the great national work was turned over, as a fatal legacy, to the new Government. Mr. Mackenzie, it must, in justice, be said, undertook the burden imposed upon him courageously, and with the sincerest intentions to prosecute the work honestly, earnestly, and in perfect good faith. Yet where is the Pacific Railway now, after the lapse of eleven years from Confederation day, and the expenditure of many millions of money? In cloudland, like castles in Spain, the line surveyed even to aggravation, yet only just traced out in a provisional way, until the people of Manitoba and British Columbia are beginning to think that the saying, "This man began to build but was not able to finish," requires to be amended by taking the inability a stage further back. The Premier's notion of utilizing the water-stretches has, of course, been the subject of ridicule to his opponents, as anything else he might suggest would equally be; yet, as a temporary substitute for the "all-rail route," it was not unpromising. The real perplexity of the problem has been so complicated by party squabbling, that it has become extremely doubtful whether even Mr. Sandford Fleming has any settled ideas about an enterprise with which everybody, from Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Macpherson, who knew something about the matter, down to Mr. Plumb who knows little or nothing, has, or supposes he has, to do. Everything is in a fluid state; even the route from Lake Superior to the immediate west wavers in aimless directions, flickering about like the subtle rays of ether in the aurora, or the fitful gusts of wind, whose sound is loud and distinct enough, but the whence or whither of which no man may pronounce with certainty. Now that the Gourkhos of the theodolite and surveyor's

chain have forced all the passes of the Rocky Mountains, it is some satisfaction to learn that they have made a Shipka of the Tête Jaune Cache, and, after gliding down the Fraser, have settled for good at Burrard's Inlet. So far, good; but when will the end be? How many decades will pass before the traveller can start from Halifax by train and land at Victoria? How many hundreds of millions of Canada's hard-earned dollars, or John Bull's abundant pounds sterling, will be sunk even before the close of the century? Let the ensuing elections result in a change of rulers, and the old round will be rung again by a new and refreshed troop of fault-finders, and the work must be put back again by several years. Or supposing Mr. Mackenzie to be unfortunate enough to lose this hope of relief from an onerous responsibility, what better shall we be so long as the enterprise is made the sport of partizans? The first condition of success in so momentous an undertaking must be its removal entirely from the party arena, and that cannot be effected until the existing party-system is utterly and definitely broken up. It was a great blunder in the policy of Mr. Mackenzie to make the Railway a Government work at all, and of that error he seems at last to be fully conscious; but he is not wholly to blame for consequences which he could hardly foresee. It was not for him to divine in advance the rich opportunity afforded to the unworthy amongst his supporters or to the ravenous and unscrupulous men in the phalanx of his opponents. Government construction or even management of great public enterprises must of necessity be wasteful and bungling; yet, but for the party malignity rife in this country, it might have been passably successful had the effort been sustained by the united and patriotic enthusiasm of the people. The fly in the ointment is partyism; and therefore—though we do not hold its champions guiltless—as it is the fault of the system rather than the men, it seems a duty laid upon every lover of his country, and every fervent well-wisher for its future, to hold that system in utter execration.

Let us view the influence of partyism in another aspect. It is not necessary, now that the "Act respecting the Traffic in Intoxicating Liquors" has become law, to discuss the main subject formally. Yet it is impossible to review the debates in the House

upon the Bill without at once seizing upon their weak spot. On the eve of a general election, under the present system of representation, parties dare not oppose the will of any powerful interest, from fear of ulterior consequences at the polls. In their attitude, esoterically speaking, towards prohibitory legislation, the members of the Commons may be divided into three classes: those who honestly believe that legal suasion is just and will prove effective—a comparatively small minority; those who think it chimerical, but harmless, and even useful in so far as it rids them of vexatious clamour on an unpalatable subject; and thirdly, those who are firmly persuaded that the principle underlying the law is radically vicious, and that even were it not so, it must be practically inoperative. For the first group we entertain all the respect due to honest and enthusiastic conviction; the second are mere politicians, and may pass for what such beings are worth; but from the third, who, like the first, are conscientious and earnest in their views, most people expected something like a formal and vigorous protest. In the House there is a clear majority—indeed, a much larger one than those who judge from Parliamentary or hustings' speeches are aware—made up of members belonging to one or other of the last two classes; and yet only one had the manliness and honest courage of his opinions. To his honour be it recorded, Mr. Anglin, the Speaker, took advantage of his temporary status as a private member, to denounce, in powerful and trenchant language, a measure for which a majority of those who voted in its favour have as hearty a dislike and sincere a disapproval as himself. The hon. gentleman employed stronger and more biting appellatives than any which we and others have used, who deal tenderly with the aberrations of an honest and praiseworthy enthusiasm, aroused as this undoubtedly has been by the fearful prevalence of a terrible evil; yet no expression of his appears to be without warrant or justification. New Brunswick, Mr. Speaker's Province, has tried prohibition and found it wanting; it was the cause there of civil broils and a "constitutional crisis;" it failed, as it must always fail where imposed by a bare voting majority—a compact minority in fact—upon an unwilling and recalcitrant community. In the Senate, the Hon. Mr. Allan and others made a laudable attempt,

which was almost successful, to ensure that the passage of the by-law should be an act of a real, and not a sham majority; but the effort failed, and the Hon. Mr. Vidal even proposed that Parliament should by an accidental majority, impose this unjust law upon a Province at any time. The very fact that the most ardent friends of prohibition insisted upon the popular vote, was virtually a surrender of their case. The plébiscite is utterly un-English, a device of French Imperial despotism, used by Napoleon III. to fasten the yoke of tyranny upon his country's neck, and used here, with singular propriety, to deprive freemen of their personal rights. If there were really any analogy between the cases where law now interferes with private rights and this wholesale violation of them, why take a vote of the electorate at all? If this law be not only justifiable, but imperatively demanded in the interests of morality, why should Parliament hesitate to pass it at once off-hand? It does not scruple to enact laws which interfere with private property, determine the punishment of crime, prevent adulteration, or set the limits and conditions within which trade shall be carried on; why fear to exercise the power it unquestionably possesses to prohibit the sale, and, so far as may be, the use of intoxicating liquors? Simply because power and right are not convertible terms, and the new school of moral reformers hope to bolster up their lack of right by the plébiscite, as if the vote of a majority could sanctify, or even condone, a flagrant wrong.

Either, as the Speaker forcibly put it, drinking is *per se* an offence against God and society, or it is not: if the former, then it should be prohibited by Act of Parliament; if the latter, then the legislature has no more right, even with an overwhelming majority at its back, to prevent it, than it has to enforce any particular views of such a majority on religion or self-regarding morals. Indeed, no plea advanced in favour of religious persecution can be traversed, if the principle underlying this law be once admitted. If a majority has the right to forbid nineteen men from using a beverage in the futile hope of curing a twentieth who abuses liquor, then it has an equal right to torture or burn a preacher of heresy, if it solemnly believes that the result of his preaching must be to "plunge both body and soul in hell." Indeed, Torquemada and John Calvin have a

much stronger case to submit than the prohibitionist. Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Mills ventured to put forth timidly some of the usual platitudes on the subject; these were of course sophistical, and as we do not believe they satisfied the Ministers, they cannot be expected to convince anybody else. What parallel is there between the common-law right to pull down a house during a conflagration and the usurped authority conceded in this Act? Are not conflagrations an evil *ab initio*, and dare the Premier say as much of the use, as contrasted with the abuse, of intoxicating liquors? Certainly he did not venture upon any proposition so absurd. The Minister of the Interior talked of licensing as, in principle, justifying prohibition; pray what would he think of that argument, if applied, as some vegetarians would perhaps apply it, to butchers, or to hawkers, auctioneers, billiard-table keepers, or other licensed classes? And as for the Indians, in whom Mr. Mills has recently acquired a touching professional interest, why is the sale of liquor to them prohibited? Because its use by them is in itself a danger to the community from first to last. They are under tutelage; but, unless the hon. gentleman is prepared to revert to the patriarchal system of the Tudors or Stuarts—and this Act is a leaf from their book—his Indian plea, so far from proving his position, makes it utterly untenable.

Whatever view men may take, however, of the justice or injustice, the wisdom or futility of such legislation, no one will deny that there is room for honest difference of opinion; and yet, although it may be safely asserted that a large number of members would be found to agree with our view of the subject, no systematic argument took place upon the Bill, and the House did not even divide upon the exceedingly doubtful principle of it. Why? Because we are on the eve of a general election, and the success of party is of overwhelming importance as compared with the vindication of personal rights and individual freedom. Sir John allowed the cloven foot to emerge when he said that although he was opposed on principle to the measure, he should vote for it, because there was a strong party—in plainer language, an influential voting-power—in the community favourable to it. And this passes for statesmanship in the last quarter of the nineteenth century! Being tolerably

sure of the liquor interest, which, after all, is not so potent as some would make it, the Conservative leader is willing to aid in passing an indefensible Bill to catch the votes of prohibitionists and the ecclesiastical influence at their back. Sir John was not the only one who voted for the Temperance Act who might have made, with equal propriety, the same humiliating confession. If all who dared not call their souls their own, on the eve of a general election, had spoken or voted as conscientious conviction prompted, the Bill would either have been postponed to the Greek Kalends, or softened in its more objectionable features. So we owe to existing partyism and its necessities the passage of an Act on false pretences, under whose provisions a chance majority in any district may impose a sumptuary law upon everybody else. That is how parties without principle, but intent upon securing votes, deal with a serious moral and social problem.

The outcry against the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, and the local elections in Quebec, afford another illustration of partyism gone mad or run to seed. After all the ignorance displayed on a well-defined constitutional question, after all the wild invective and objurgatory rhetoric which partisans have employed, no sooner had May-day come and gone, than, in fistic parlance, the champions of Responsible Government, "for the party and by the party," threw up the sponge. As was pointed out last month, Sir John Macdonald's shield had two faces, one looking towards Quebec, and the other beaming upon the flesh-pots of Ottawa. He, however, admitted that if M. Letellier had reason to believe that his advisers had lost the confidence of the Province, he might insist upon a dissolution. His Honour acted in a more regular way, and obtained a dissolution in the normal and constitutional way, by changing his Ministers and dissolving the House on the advice of the responsible Cabinet which succeeded. Putting on one side, therefore, the other and graver causes for the dismissal of M. De Boucherville, here was a reason formally assigned by his Honour, which Sir John Macdonald was induced to admit as valid, because, for party purposes, he desired to submit it as a suggestion to Lord Dufferin. Can any one venture to assert now that M. Letellier had not good ground for believing that his Ministers had lost the confidence of the country?

Whether the majority be three or four, one way or the other, is a matter of utter indifference, more especially as the very writers who were most jubilant over the anticipated rebuff to be administered at the polls, are now forced to admit that they did not know what they were talking about. The very day after the election, Conservative journals were anxious to impress upon their readers how exceedingly unpopular the late Ministry was. They were told, with refreshing *naïveté*, that it was no longer necessary to conceal the truth that that Administration had proved too heavy a load for any party to support, and a Toronto daily, as the *Journal of Commerce* pointedly exposes, admitted that that Cabinet, "by its fatal mistakes as to its railway and its fiscal policy, had in reality forfeited the confidence of those who placed it in power. . . . The wrong-doings of the late Government were unpardonable." And yet these very writers were a few weeks before abusing the Lieutenant-Governor, because he did not pardon the "unpardonable," and become *particeps criminis* in the culpability, but refused his sanction to "fatal mistakes," and sent to the right-about men who had usurped and misused his name and authority on behalf of the very measures now denounced so freely. Could partyism possibly make a more dishonourable exhibition of its own inherent rottenness?

At this moment, the Conservative journals—notably the *Mail*, whose views would be as sound as its ability is undoubted, if party permitted—are making preparations for a new departure. The article from the *Spectator* which "struck" our contemporary "some months ago" without producing any salutary effect, so far as its constitutional theory was concerned, has emerged from the pigeon-holes, now that it appears expedient to veer round to the quarter of high-flying prerogative. The conviction, after months of lucubration, has dawned upon the editorial mind that the Crown is not a cipher, provided always that it is pliable and plastic under proper manipulation by the proper party. Lord Beaconsfield has been endeavouring to make a partizan of Her Majesty, and no true Conservative in Canada ought to be scrupulous about making the same use of His Excellency if opportunity serves, and Lord Dufferin will only listen to the voice of the charmer, unwise though his charming may be. The key to the Beaconsfield manoeuvre

may be found in Mr. Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort* to which the *Spectator* was referring, in the quoted article; and, if the summary of an article in the current number of the *London Quarterly* on "The Crown and the Constitution," prove accurate when the number comes to hand, the *Mail* will be able to prove that the abuse of prerogative may be justifiable, while its legitimate use, by M. Letellier, or any one out of the Semitic circle which obeys no law and is amenable to no authority, is of course, "high-handed and unconstitutional." It may be well to state clearly that although the Crown has the right to dissolve Parliament, with or without the advice of constitutional advisers, it cannot go to the country without advisers of some sort who must bear the brunt of the battle. The first maxim of responsible government is, that "the Crown can do no wrong," and that all acts passing in its name must be accepted as theirs, by Ministers responsible to the people. Should Earl Dufferin—and that is precisely what is demanded of him—without constitutional, or even assignable reasons of any sort, insist upon a dissolution, he must either dismiss his Ministers, if they refuse to acquiesce in the step, or, what is the same thing, force them to resign; and without a Ministry—which Sir John Macdonald would form without overpowering reluctance—a new election could not take place. To adopt any other view would be to make the Crown directly responsible to the electorate, which it most indubitably is not. Now the only motive assigned for so utterly preposterous a step as the *Mail*, with seeming gravity, proposes, is this, that it would be exceedingly appropriate if His Excellency presided over a new election as the crowning act of a distinguished career in Canada. It is hardly necessary to say that it would gratify hundreds of thousands in the Dominion, if Lord and Lady Dufferin could extend their genial and salutary rule, not merely until after the next election, but until the Parliament then to be chosen shall share the inevitable fate which now awaits its predecessor. So far as that is concerned, every body may agree with the *Mail* in all that it says upon this point, without, in any way, approving of what it means. Under cover of a compliment and a wish that His Excellency may round off his distinguished viceregal career with effect, and leave a yet more fragrant memory behind him, our contemporary in reality desires him to belie the honest purpose of his rule heretofore, and to tarnish the fresh and well-earned laurels he has won by an act of subservience to the exigencies of party. So far as Lord Dufferin is concerned, the suggestion that he could, for a moment, descend into the arena and do battle on behalf of a faction, may be dismissed with a contemptuous smile of amused surprise; but, as another evidence of party *animus* and of the recklessness which it begets, it assumes a certain importance. Last year, in that feverish impatience which was begotten of a surfeit at the picnic, the call for aid from the Crown was at least comprehensible, if nothing more. But that now, when the last session of the House has been held, any partizan can be so utterly lost to all sense of respect for the Governor-General, his high office and dignity, as to demand that he shall dissolve Parliament when they wish, and wholly and solely because they wish, seems the acme of fatuous unreason. His Excellency is, in effect, asked to dismiss his Ministers, who are responsible to him and the people, and have not, so far as appears, forfeited the confidence of either, and to accept the sinister counsel of irresponsible nobodies—for even the paternity of the suggestion is uncertain—and exercise what is now euphoniously called "the prerogative of dissolution," without assignable cause and merely to oblige the wire-pullers. Mr. Mackenzie may have lost the confidence of the people; if so, the fact will be proven in the course of a few months. He does not, indeed he could not if he would, propose to ask Parliament for another year's lease of power; he has in contemplation no acts to introduce which the Governor-General declines to sanction, nor can he insult the Crown or usurp the prerogative by passing any measures without first submitting them to his Excellency and obtaining his deliberate approval. And yet after all the uproar that has been raised about the Quebec crisis, we are gravely told that the House ought to be dissolved, only a short time before it must at any rate be dissolved, without cause, without advice from any responsible Minister, simply because it would suit one of the parties that it should be so. If a fresh Session were yet in prospect, the party desire to precipitate the dissolution would be explicable; yet even then it could have no weight with an

enlightened ruler like Lord Dufferin. Not one of the grave and substantial reasons which justified M. Letellier could be assigned for an exercise of the prerogative in opposition to the advice of Ministers. Even a diminution of the Ministerial majority, so long as it remains at between forty and fifty, would not be any reason for insisting upon a general election of itself, unless coupled with a conviction in His Excellency's mind that the falling off was so serious and ominous as to prove that the Cabinet had lost the confidence of the country. But then, even twelve months ago, it would have been entirely a matter for the Governor-General's own decision; he must have been "fully persuaded in his own mind," not argued, cajoled, or threatened into a conviction formed for him by others. Under ordinary circumstances, a decreasing majority, as in Mr. Gladstone's case, may be a motive in the Premier's mind to determine whether he ought or ought not to advise a dissolution; should he cling to power after he has obviously lost public confidence, the Crown may, of course, exercise the prerogative, and must at once provide itself with Ministers who will undertake the responsibility of its exercise. That Mr. Mackenzie should maintain during the entire life of a Parliament the exceptional majority—gained under peculiar circumstances—with which he set out, was antecedently improbable; and its gradual decrease is quite compatible with the belief that he still retains his hold upon public confidence. No sooner was the first spasm of moral indignation over, than the process of party equalization—levelling up on one hand and levelling down on the other—was sure to begin and go on within certain limits. But it is very easy to exaggerate the importance and mistake the significance of so natural a phenomenon. At all events it is preposterous, now that Parliament has virtually come to an end and nothing remains but to choose the month when its formal dissolution shall be pronounced, to call upon His Excellency to deprive his advisers of the mere strategical advantages of their position. The admonitions delivered to Lord Dufferin are simply ridiculous, and the attempt to hector him at the very close of his distinguished vicerealty seems as paltry and gratuitous as it will certainly prove futile and unavailing. The Governor-General thoroughly understands his duty to the Queen, the Dominion,

and the parties far too well to need instruction from those who, after abusing in the coarsest terms one Governor for a just and necessary use of the prerogative, are vainly endeavouring to tempt the other to dim the lustre of a bright and honourable colonial career just coming to an end, by a flagrant and wanton misuse of it.

It is hardly worth while making any attempt to count heads in the new Quebec House; it may amuse partisans to wrangle over the twos and threes, but to most people it appears to be lost labour wasted over a question of no importance whatever. It is certainly singular that journalists who have been defending the late Ministry, although they now admit without reason, since it was utterly indefensible, should vehemently hope against hope that the De Boucherville Humpty Dumpty may be elevated safe and sound to its old position. It is useless; the charm is dissolved, the spell broken, and whatever fate may be in store for M. Joly's administration, the old *régime* is over and gone, as utterly destroyed as the rule of the Bourbons, to which it bore a striking resemblance. It is a matter for congratulation that there is some prospect of pure and good government in Quebec, at all events; and if that be secured one may view with unconcern the ups and downs of party. The smaller the majority on either side the better for the Province, because the brighter the hope that old things have definitively passed away and that a new era may succeed the dead and buried system of the past. The surest guarantee for better days would be the breaking up of both parties and the cordial union and co-operation of the best men. The elections, whatever their issue, have not decided the constitutional question, as some appear to suppose. A popular vote can no more settle a problem in government than it can determine the military capacity of Marlborough or Napoleon, or the authorship of Junius, or the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask. But it has justified the sagacity of the Lieut.-Governor when he expressed his conviction that Ministers had forfeited the confidence of the people; and now that truth appears to be the most promising policy, even the most violent of his accusers are ready to admit that unmistakable fact. They are, moreover, so desirous of proving the abiding conservatism of Quebec, that they are endeavouring to establish it, by painting M. de

Boucherville, fallen from his high estate, as blacker, more abandoned and unpopular than he certainly was. Here again the "vile self" of party "gets in" and endeavours to set itself right on the eve of the Dominion elections, by laying the sins of faction on the prostrate forms of Ministers who were paragons of political virtue to the jaundiced eye of prejudice a fortnight ago. The Opposition journals contend that the result of May-day is not to be taken as conclusive of the party bias of the majority in Quebec; and we believe they are right. Temporarily emancipated from the thralldom of old ties and associations, the people scattered the old "ring" to the four winds and yet gave neither faction much occasion to triumph. When, however, the Commons' elections take place, there will naturally be a revulsion, and the old parties may very nearly occupy their former positions. If the Conservative party shall be found to have lost ground, it will be because of the egregious blunder committed by Sir John Macdonald and his followers in shouldering the "intolerable burden" of guilt accumulated by their Quebec allies. The mistake is now manifest enough, and the result of these elections may not be without serious influence on the future of the Dominion. Like the *Journal of Commerce*, we strongly deprecate the confounding of local affairs with Dominion politics; but who is to blame for the confusion, so far as Quebec is concerned? If the Conservative party suffers from this perverse practice, why should it not reap what it has sown?

In one form or another, our effete parties seem fated to fall foul of established institutions. If one of them makes a dead set at the power and dignity of the Crown, in the person of its representative, the other must needs follow suit with outcries and menaces levelled at the Senate. Of course attacks upon the second Chamber, so long as the majority of its members continue Conservative, were to be expected; but that the Premier should indulge, not merely in complaint, but in language of a threatening character, seems to us at once undignified and unjustifiable. So far as the constitution of that body is concerned, most people will agree with Mr. Mackenzie that it ought to be, and if it is to be of substantial service, must be constituted in a different manner from the Commons. Whether the best mode

of securing the purpose of its establishment has been found is another question, not to be decided in an angry moment, when the somewhat imperious and unyielding will of a Minister has been crossed. Why ought the Senate to be founded on another basis, and chosen in a different manner, and appointed for a longer term? Clearly that it may be a check on the House, especially when the Minister of the day has a large and tolerably plastic majority there; not certainly that it should discuss measures of vast importance *sotto voce*, with bated breath, and vote as submissively as the Commons, whatever its party complexion may happen to be. It is mere peevishness to object to independence of action whenever it happens to be distasteful to the dominant party. When the Hon. Mr. Mills laid his resolutions on the Senate before the House, we objected to his scheme, not because the present system is at all satisfactory, but simply on the ground that either elections by the ordinary constituency, or elections by legislatures always partizan, would simply make matters worse. The scheme which ought to commend itself to reflecting men, as was then urged, would seem to be popular election based on the principle of personal representation instead of mere majority representation; and it is our firm conviction that there the solution of the problem will be ultimately sought and found. But it is no time to raise a grave question of this sort when party dudgeon has grown high, and obstructed Ministers choose to indulge in a fit of petulant anger. The present Senate has, we believe, done essential service this Session by reason of its existing party complexion. Supposing the present wretched system to be inevitable, it is just as well that each party should have a fair and tenable footing somewhere. The Senate very properly refused to disqualify superannuated civil servants from being elected as members of the House, and happily carried their point. The Pembina Branch Bill was amended by providing that the lease should be submitted for approval to both Houses, and not to the Commons alone; and, as the Government refused to accept the amendment, the Bill lapsed. Now all the Senate sought was that a lease, of the propriety of which the majority entertained grave doubts, should be submitted to it, as half-a-dozen other contracts had been submitted before.

The refusal in this particular case was calculated to arouse or confirm suspicion that there is something wrong in the scheme.

The Bill introduced by Mr. Blake, and very properly assumed by the Government, to prevent crimes of violence, has an Irish coercion twang about it which jars upon Canadian ears. The necessity for such a measure, however, has not been disputed; it is the natural outcome of transplanted religious feuds, which are worse than party squabbles only in this, that they are more tragical and deadly in their consequences. It is certainly time that the strong arm of the law laid hold upon those who do the work of sectarian bigotry, when it flaunts its blood-spattered banner in the face of public order and usurps the name of the religion of Christ when engaged in the work of Belial. On the twelfth of July next, notwithstanding the certainty that such a proceeding will certainly lead to bloodshed, some people, who, if not Christians, are Protestants, purpose to march with gaudy colours and offensive music in assertion of a right, which they claim, to provoke and irritate an ignorant mass of Catholics, learned enough in the shillelagh and revolver, and with a more passable excuse than their opponents. A great deal is said about the principle involved; what, pray, is it? There is a talk of rights, yet no body of men has any ordinary right, natural or social, to obstruct and take possession of thoroughfares, so far as we are aware. Partyism may want the votes of such organizations as indulge in these idle displays, but it neither delights in the discord nor approves of the idle flippancy of demonstrations which have as much to do with Christianity, or even with Protestantism, as a boat race has with the ebb and flow of the tide. Why it should be supposed by any sane man that it is of the slightest moment, so far as religion is concerned, whether a handful of men walk in scarlet cloaks or collars on a certain day, or are prevented from doing so by the "boys" of the other faction, is passing strange. Mr. White, one of the members for Hastings, and himself a prominent Orangeman, in the course of a temperate speech, advised his friends to drop tunes like "Kick the Pope" or "Croppies lie down" in their processions; but the advice comes too late in the day. If the

Orange Society is justified in provoking men to wrath, in defiance of the admonition of Scripture, let them do so without prating of rights or usurping the name of the Saviour, or even of William III., whose faith, if he had any, was as fluid as anything worthy of any suspicion of it could possibly be, and who began his fight with the Stuarts as well as the Bourbons under the protection and with the blessing of the Pope. That there has been much to provoke in the attitude, and more seriously in the conduct of the Irish Catholics of Montreal, we admit; and so far the hot enthusiasts of the rising generation may plead for an indulgent judgment; but they ought not to plead the Gospel of peace and non-resistance as the cover for a demonstration which must end in crime and bloodshed. If the procession in Montreal could be conducted peaceably under the protection of the authorities, so far as it is not insulting and provocative of mischief, we have no objection; but it is far otherwise. If it had been necessary, by such a demonstration, to assert the right of free worship, free discussion, freedom of thought or expression, every sacrifice—if need be, the sacrifice of life—would not be offered up in vain; but to wrangle, and brawl, and fight, and murder, or suffer, for naught but an empty pageant, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," is surely an idle and unlawful and most indisputably an anti-Christian proceeding. In the Orange processions in Toronto we have often seen a portly volume borne ostentatiously unfolded, for display rather than study; in it, turning over from the middle, where it is usually kept open, by way of equipoise, towards the right hand cover, the worthy chaplain will find, and might read with profit to his dogmatic brethren—who, desirous of proving their orthodoxy by a quarrelsome disposition and a want of charity, now invoke the aid of the law as the guardian of their "rights"—these words: "Now the end of the commandment is charity, out of a pure heart and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned: From which some, having swerved, have turned aside unto vain jangling; desiring to be teachers of the law; understanding neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm. But we know"—mark the pregnant expression—"we know that the law is good, if a man use it lawfully."

BOOK REVIEWS.

A MODERN SYMPOSIUM. 1. The Soul and Future Life. 2. The Influence upon Morality of a Decline in Religious Belief. By various Writers. Detroit: Rose-Belford Publishing Co. 1878.

We welcome the appearance, in a tasteful Canadian edition, of the two important discussions, first published in the *Nineteenth Century*, upon "The Soul and a Future Life," and "The Influence upon Morality of a Decline in Religious Belief." Nothing more stimulating to thought has been given to the English public for many years; and several of the essays which go to make up the volume are of high value simply as studies of style. The first reflection which this work suggests is as to the change in social and intellectual conditions which its very existence implies. A century ago no one would have dreamed of inviting men who differed *toto calo* in their views upon the most fundamental moral and theological questions, to enter upon a friendly, or at least courteous, discussion of their differences in a common arena. If anything could make Bishops Warburton and Watson, and the other doughty polemicists of the last century, turn in their graves, it would be the appearance of this Modern Symposium. Dr. Johnson, who hated an "infidel" quite as heartily as St. Louis of France who was prepared to thrust one through at sight, would have had no patience with such a book; nor could he have understood how orthodox believers and churchmen could bring themselves to hold any converse with, or show any tolerance of the opinions of men who denied all their most vital beliefs. Even a generation ago it is safe to say that a "Modern Symposium" such as we have here was impossible; for even then an "infidel" and a villain were almost held to be convertible terms,—all unbelief of the more important doctrines of Christianity being summarily and unhesitatingly ascribed to depravity of heart.

What has made the difference? Are believers less sure of their ground? Or is it simply that scepticism has made itself a power in the world that has to be reckoned with and even treated with respect? Certain it is that for some years past known alienation from the creed of Christendom has carried with it few if any social disabilities. The world has come under such heavy intellectual and even moral obligations to the Mills, Spencers, Grotes, Darwins, Tyndalls, Huxleys, Gregs, Arnolds,

and a host of other known unbelievers, that to be constantly railing at them would be impossible; while to be intermittently railing at them would be absurd. Faith is not overthrown, but faith must talk with science as a man talks with his friend, casting aside all hauteur, dropping all injurious suspicions, and assuming no less candour or rationality in its opponent than it claims for itself.

Surely this result, however brought about, is a matter for congratulation. It does not help an adversary to think correctly to browbeat him; it does not mend any defects of disposition under which he may labour to indulge in the language of insult. If there is any hope of the truth emerging, it must be when rival opinions meet upon equal ground and under honourable conditions of warfare, when all that can be said upon any side is said with freedom and, at the same time, with courtesy. The late French Empire was described as a despotism tempered by epigrams; but the description would apply to many other systems of government as well. Epigram and inuendo are the natural temperaments (if we may use that word as Bacon used it) of every despotism; and we need only go back to the works of Gibbon and Hume in order to find how brightly these weapons were polished, and how actively they were used, under the then intolerant rule of orthodoxy. To-day, in the highest intellectual circles, thought may be said to be absolutely free; and if discussion becomes a little less piquant from the very absence of restraint, it gains in breadth and instructiveness, and certainly does not lose in earnestness or warmth.

In the preface to this edition, the participants in these discussions are briefly described, and there is no need to add any remarks here concerning writers, most of whom have gained such distinguished places in the literature of the day. What we should desire to do, if it were possible, would be to give, in a brief space, some account of the general drift or tendency of the book before us. What does it all amount to? the reader naturally asks. In this case it is impossible to say what it all amounts to. Where views so diverse are propounded, one must be led in one direction or another according to the impressions made upon his mind, or according to his own established modes of thinking. The discussion which comes first in the volume (though later as regards date of original publication than the one which follows

it) will doubtless be to most persons the more interesting of the two. To those, however, who come to this discussion in the hope of finding positive reasons for holding a belief in a future life, we fear it will prove somewhat disappointing. Lord Blachford and the Rev. Baldwin Brown agree in the opinion that revelation is the only firm foundation of the doctrine: either it has been supernaturally revealed, or it can be but a matter of conjecture. In this conclusion we ourselves fully concur. All the general reasonings that can be brought forward in support of the doctrine are of no more value than any other speculations of a wholly unverifiable nature. This is a question on which men ask for certainty, not for probabilities. Let it once be settled that it is only *probable* that there is a future life, and it is very doubtful whether the probability itself will not speedily fade into something more unsubstantial still, and entirely cease to occupy men's thoughts.

We do not think that the opposition which Mr. Frederic Harrison's view will excite in the minds of the majority should lead them to close their eyes to the really important truths which he brings forward. Let there be a future life or not, it is certainly of the greatest consequence that we should live our present lives in view of the solemn fact that our influence in the world is, in a very real sense, eternal. This truth is recognized to some extent in the world at large; it is occasionally uttered in pulpits; but it is not brought forward, as it should be, as a chief motive of conduct. Mr. Harrison would make it the basis of a religion, and of this we can only say that the religion which should be built upon it would have a noble foundation. We have heard more than one person exclaiming against Mr. Harrison for being so fatuous as to propose his conception of our future existence in the minds and lives of others, as a substitute for the Christian faith. But Mr. Harrison does nothing of the kind: let the Christian faith be as true as the most unsuspecting believer holds it to be, and what Mr. Harrison says will be true too. The Christian faith has, however, to a certain extent obscured this truth of the permanence or persistence of influence, and it is time now that more justice should be done to it. The Christian believer can find no fault with the bringing to light of a consideration which ought to be a potent aid towards right living; while those whose faith in Christianity has been shaken or destroyed should certainly not be blamed if they try to make a religion out of the conception of their duty to all mankind, future as well as present. The Christian may well admit that, as a *pis aller*, a religion having this for its leading idea would not be entirely worthless or condemnable. Such a religion, if at all powerfully efficacious, would tend to bring in that very reign of righteousness and peace

which has been the dream of Christianity, but a dream which through eighteen Christian centuries has seemed but to mock the hopes of mankind.

Mr. Greg makes a significant remark when he says that "we find the most confident, unquestioning, dogmatic belief in heaven (and its correlative) in those whose heaven is the most unlikely and impossible, the most entirely made up of mundane and material elements, of gorgeous glories and of fading splendours—just such things as uncultured and undisciplined natures most envied or pined after on earth;" while "the higher intelligences of our race" find that, in shutting out all that is incongruous from the spiritual heaven which they would fain hope for, they have also shut out all that is concrete and definable, and so rendered their whole conception of a future state dim, fluctuating, and uncertain. Possibly we all know persons who make a dismal use of this life who are yet very zealous for the doctrine of immortality,—who wax eloquent and passionate in denouncing the degrading notion that man dies "like a dog," but who have not much indignation to expend over those heirs of immortality who deliberately choose to live like dogs, or worse. A question which we should like to see discussed is this: What effect would be produced upon men's belief in, or desire for, a future state of existence by a great and widespread improvement in the conditions of existence here—by a general levelling up of human intelligence and morality, a more rational organization of society, increased comfort for the many and diminished luxury amongst the few, the disappearance at once of debasing toil and of debasing idleness, and a diffused sense throughout the community of harmony with the laws of nature and the teachings of social science? Would such a state of things intensify the longing for a future existence, or would the satisfaction, in reasonable measure, of men's natural desires and social requirements give a fullness to life which would appease and silence their cravings for conscious immortality? It seems to us that in a better-constituted society the sense of personality would itself fade into comparative dullness as men became more deeply penetrated with a sense of their dependence upon one another and their obligations to society as a whole; and if so, the great truth to which Mr. Harrison calls attention would not prove so unsatisfactory a subject of contemplation as it does now to all but a few specially-disciplined minds.

The discussion as to "The Influence upon Morality of a Decline in Religious Belief" is a very timely one. The pulpits tell us, on the one hand, that Christian belief is the only safeguard of society from dissolution, while the *esprits forts* of literature tell us, either directly or by implication, that Christian theology is a heavy drag upon the moral life of the age. The

Christian position seems to be, not that right and wrong are in themselves indistinguishable except in the light of revelation, but that if the doctrines of Christianity could be overthrown there would no longer be any motive strong enough to make men do good and eschew evil. Whether Christian teachers render any service to humanity by constantly dwelling upon the moral disabilities of the "natural man" is a matter, we think, of grave doubt. What inducement has a man who is not regarded as in a "state of grace" to put forth any strenuous efforts towards a higher life? If he takes seriously what all his religious friends say, he is hopelessly incapable of performing a single right action; and if, under the circumstances, he does not try, part of the blame, at least, must be laid on the shoulders of those who filled his mind with a pernicious theory. The truth, however, is, that morality and religion have, in the modern civilized world, entered into very close relations, or, as a recent writer has expressed it, into a partnership, the affairs of which it is extremely difficult to wind up. The partners, as the same writer says,* are already quarrelling as to who put the most capital into the business, and a long process will probably have to be gone through before a settlement is obtained. This much must, however, be conceded to religion—that it has elevated morality by introducing into it the conception of the *absolute*. On the other hand, it has embarrassed it with a vast number of arbitrary and superstitious enactments,—new moons and Sabbaths, useless washings and postures, and fastings and abstinences of all kinds,—so that very often poor morality has lain wholly covered up, lost to sight, under all this heap of rubbish.

There are two questions which, strictly speaking, ought to be settled before the subject above-mentioned can profitably be entered on. The first is: Has there been a decline in religious belief? The second is: To what is that decline—presuming it to be a fact—due? To a perception of the falsity of the beliefs, or to some deterioration in the capacity of men for recognizing truth? We presume the fact of the decline must be taken for granted; and if so it is unquestionable that its effect upon morality will depend upon the answer to be given to the second of the above questions. If men are losing their power of perceiving truth, then doubtless morality, which is largely a matter of the perception of relations, will run a very grave risk indeed. If, on the other hand, the rejection of certain beliefs is the result of an improvement in human powers, there is every ground to hope that morality will not permanently languish for want of the faulty conceptions

of a religious nature with which it was formerly associated. It is altogether too much to suppose that a false religion is needed to sustain right action among men; but if a true religion is in danger of disappearing because men can no longer perceive its truth, then indeed the case is as serious as anything we can well imagine. The issue thus presented is, however, one into which we obviously cannot enter. The reader, we are persuaded, will see that here is the true *nodus* of the whole discussion; and according as he works out this problem for himself will he see reason for hope or despondency in regard to the tendencies of the present age. What we all need in order to preserve our equanimity amid the clash of opinions on these momentous topics, is to reflect that as man by searching cannot find out God, so neither can he fathom the ultimate secrets of the universe. Grant that we have, and can have, no certainty of a future life, we at least are certain that our powers and perceptions are wholly—we might almost say infinitely—inadequate to measure the possibilities of existence. There may be—it seems almost presumptuous not to say there are—planes of being altogether above that which we occupy. Certain orders of phenomena are within our ken, but what madness to say that we, creatures but of yesterday, grasp, or have even the rudest conception of the whole scheme of things! There are minds that cannot bear the thought of their own radical impotence to discern all truth, and who turn disdainfully from any question to which the great rule of thumb will not apply; but these are not amongst the most philosophic of mankind. The true philosopher feels not only that we know but little of what is, or may be, knowable by us, but that it would be the height of presumption to suppose ourselves gifted with faculties capable of exhausting all the knowledge of the universe. In the little spheres to which our conscious life is confined personality seems everything; but what of the larger sphere in which we doubtless have a place which we can no more understand than the atoms of our body can understand their relations to the thinking, feeling Man? Do not let us expect too much from our philosophers. They may give us gleams of light from time to time, but we should not resign ourselves slavishly to their authority, or scan their utterances as if in them we should find the words of eternal life—or eternal death. They are but men as we, bearing their own burdens, wrestling with their own doubts, solving their own problems, and perhaps with as painful a sense of the inadequacy of their powers as it is given to any man to feel. "The aids to noble life," as Matthew Arnold has said, "are all within," and he will do best who grapples with his difficulties for himself, and settles his life upon such a basis as to rob mere speculation of all its terrors.

* Vide "Religious Beliefs and Morality," by A. C. Lyall, in *Fortnightly Review* for April, 1878.

LETTERS OF THOMAS ERSKINE, of Linlathen.

Edited by William Hanna, D.D., Author of "Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers." Edinburgh : David Douglas.

These "Letters" are the genuine expression of a very remarkable and rare character, and give at least the fragmentary portraiture of a remarkable and ideally beautiful life. "Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen" (a small estate on the east coast of Scotland), is well known to a limited class of readers, who combine high culture and earnest thought with a warm and evangelical Christianity. By not a few of these Mr. Erskine's theological writings are still read and appreciated, and those who are acquainted with the growth of theological thought, not only in Scotland but in England, know how largely Mr. Erskine and his friend and fellow-labourer in the highest sense—John McLeod Campbell—have given impulse and form to the best theological thought of the present day.

Thomas Erskine, a descendant of a line of illustrious Erskines, including Colonel John Erskine, and Erskine of the "Institutes," was a young advocate in Edinburgh when Walter Scott, then a clerk of the Court of Session, was beginning to draw attention as the author of "Waverley," while the "Edinburgh Reviewers"—Jeffrey, Cockburn, Fullerton, his own own intimate friends—were at the height of their professional fame. The young man of twenty-three, thrown into the brilliant intellectual society of that day, passed through an "eclipse of faith" more common now than it was then. Writing in advanced age, and referring to this period of his life, he says: "Like many in the present day, I came in after life to have misgivings as to the credibility of this wonderful history (that of the miraculous in connection with the person and life and teaching of Christ). But the patient study of the narrative, and of its place in the history of the world, and the perception of a light in it which entirely satisfied my reason and my conscience, finally overcame these misgivings and forced on me the conviction of its truth." His legal career was cut short by the death of his elder brother,—an event which was a heavy blow to him, and which involved his succession to the family estate, with new duties and responsibilities. With the view of leaving to his legal friends some expression of his own warm re-established faith, he prepared the first of his theological writings, which, however, was not published till some twelve years afterwards, when it appeared as an introductory essay to the "Letters of the Rev. Samuel Rutherford," its author being by that time favourably known as a writer. In this earliest production, he strikes the key-note of the theme which, during his whole life, and throughout these "Letters," he loved to elaborate and impress. "It follows," he says, "that a restoration to spiritual

health, or conformity to the Divine character, is the *ultimate object* of God in His dealings with the children of men. Whatever else God hath done with regard to men has been subsidiary, and with a view to this; even the unspeakable work of Christ, and pardon freely offered through His cross, have been but means to a further end; and that end is, that the adopted children of the family of God might be conformed to the likeness of their elder brother; that they might resemble Him in character, and thus enter into his joy. The sole object of Christian belief is to produce the Christian character, and unless this is done nothing is done."

From 1816 to 1870 Mr. Erskine lived at Linlathen a comparatively uneventful life, so far as outward events go; never marrying, but forming around him a household, of which two married sisters were the most prominent and permanent members—both nobly gifted as to intellectual qualities and Christian character. The quiet country life at Linlathen, of which the leisure was devoted to writing the books he has left to perpetuate his religious teaching, was varied by frequent winters in Edinburgh, and by continental tours, much enjoyed by a mind so keenly alive to the beautiful in nature and art, as well as so richly stored with classical learning and historic associations. He was a connoisseur and collector of pictures, and his drawing-room at Linlathen contained a choice, though small collection, in which were a number of originals by time-honoured names. On one of his first tours he thus expresses the only half-approved-of delight with which he studied the art treasures at Florence. "My dear sister, what a strange world it is. It seems most extraordinary to myself that I can, in the midst of such a world of death, and sin and sorrow, find enjoyment in marble cut into certain forms, and colours laid on canvas; and yet I really find immense enjoyment in it. I feel almost as if I had gotten a new sense." And then follows an enthusiastic appreciation of the "surpassing genius of those old Greek sculptors." But however alive he might be to the fleeting beauty of what he himself would have called the transient and phenomenal, no man ever walked under a more solemn and abiding sense of spiritual realities, as the only realities; to no one was the spiritual world more fully and vividly present. An enthusiastic student of Plato, he might be described as a Christian idealist—finding in God's great purpose for man, and in Christ as the manifestation of that purpose, the key to all problems, and what he believed would prove to be the satisfactory solution of all mysteries.

Wherever Mr. Erskine went he made the power of his strong spiritual influence felt. The large collection of letters which fill these volumes are evidence of the wide influence he wielded; and the fact that they are addressed

to men so widely differing in opinion as Thomas Chalmers and Thomas Carlyle, Gausson and Colenso, Maurice and Vinet, Monod and Dean Stanley, is evidence of his remarkable power of attracting widely differing classes of minds. His hospitality was as catholic as his correspondence, so much so, indeed, that at last he gave up the idea of "sorting" his guests, and let them "mingle as they might" in the genial Christian atmosphere of Linlathen. Carlyle, Stanley, Maurice, Kingsley, and many others were welcome guests, and some of Carlyle's own letters given in this volume show how warmly he reciprocated and appreciated Mr. Erskine's friendship.

Of the various books and pamphlets that he wrote, the best known are his "Internal Evidence of the Truth of Revealed Religion;" his "Unconditional Freeness of the Gospel," first published in 1828, and reprinted, with slight additions, in 1873; "The Brazen Serpent;" and "The Spiritual Order," published after his death. In this, as well as in some of his letters, he declares his belief in the Scriptural basis of the "restitution of all things." Mr. Erskine's writings were all characterised by much grace and clearness of diction, and Dr. Chalmers declared the second of the works mentioned to be one of the most charming books he had ever read. A good many of his smaller publications were written in defence of the teaching of his most intimate and like-minded friend, the Rev. J. McLeod Campbell, whose life and letters have been almost simultaneously published, and whose lamented expulsion from the Church of Scotland half a century ago has been since admitted to be one of the gravest mistakes it ever made. But Mr. Erskine's life work was not so much in the books he has left as in the spiritual influence of his living personality. The charming biographical sketches by Principal Shairp and Dean Stanley, with which the "Letters" are enriched, show—what could be testified by every one who knew him personally, as the present writer was privileged to do—that he was a man of strong spiritual power. Whether as regards the winning purity and beauty of his life, itself a "living epistle," or the spiritual depth of his conversation, literally "among things heavenly," all who knew and could appreciate him will endorse the remark of one of his most honoured and like-minded friends, that "ever after he knew Mr. Erskine he never thought of God but the thought of Mr. Erskine was not far away."

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR. By Walter Besant and James Rice. Rose-Belford Publishing Co. : Toronto. 1878.

Mr. Besant and Mr. Rice enjoy a very enviable position among novel writers; their works being usually looked forward to, as the

readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY will readily admit, with more than ordinary expectation.

But we may be permitted to doubt if this particular specimen will much increase their reputation. It is true that the tale is interesting, especially towards the close, and that the narrator of the tale, one Ladislas Pulaski, his comrade and the hero of the work, Leonard Coplestone, and Celia, who enjoys the title rôle of heroine, are all charmingly perfect characters, only to be surpassed for self-denial, courage, and charity by the aged sea-captain who acts as guardian and protector to the two boys. Besides these almost *too* good people, the canvass is well filled up with other leading figures—Wassielewski, the old Polish patriot, frenzied with the hope of revenge upon the Muscovite oppressors of his country; Herr Räumler, a singularly well-drawn likeness of a Russian spy, so good a likeness, in fact, as to make us regret the one or two fatal slips on the part of the authors, which mar it as a work of art; and half a dozen minor characters, all well individualized and helping on the tale.

Still, in spite of all this, the story is in several points unsatisfactory. We like the *mise en scène*, and the general conduct of the tale is well managed, but on the whole it lacks originality. The comparatively aged suitor, who holds a mysterious secret hanging over the head of the heroine's papa, by means of which he expects to obtain the lovely daughter's hand in marriage; the distress of the lovely daughter herself, racked, Iphigenia-like, between regard for her father and love for another;—all this is *very* stale.

Certainly we must remember that skeletons of plots are few in number, and that almost all we can expect from novelists now-a-days is to dish us up our cold mutton with the most modern sauce, and to hash it and curry it in some tolerably original and unexpected manner. Perhaps Herr Räumler, the German lover, with short white hair, heavy moustache, a rasp in his voice, and a disbelief of everything good in his heart, is a fairly original conception in this rôle. But all we can say is that the reader will be disappointed at the tame way in which he meets his inevitable rebuff, and allows the mysterious secret to fizzle off as harmlessly as a damp squib.

The want of originality complained of extends to the details of the work. Whole passages are paraphrases of Dickens, that is, certain of the characters are framed entirely on the model of Dickens's work—are made to talk as he would have made them, and live in just such an atmosphere as he would have planted them in. The imitation is good. If we came across it in a volume of parodies, such as Bret Harte's "Sensation Novels," or the "Rejected Addresses," we should smile and praise the faithful rendering which never degenerated into

copying. But it is out of place when it occurs in parts of a tale which does not pretend to be written in that vein throughout.

Take, for example, Augustus Brambler. It is not too much to say that but for the great and gifted Wilkins Micawber, Augustus would never have been the man he is in these pages. Micawber is his spiritual or god-parent. Like Micawber, Brambler prospers in no line of life. Like him, his expectations, his belief in himself, are stupendous—his plans for the future magnificent. He oscillates between "the clerical, the legal, and the scholastic." Wherever he goes he is poor but hopeful, and Wilkins himself had no more children than Augustus has. These children, by another touch à la Dickens, he familiarly names by the dates of the years in which they were born, in order to carry out a theory of his. "Childhood catches the measles and whooping-cough and shakes them off, but a child never shakes off the influence of the year in which it was born. My son, Forty-five, is restless and discontented. That is easily explained, if you think of the events of that year. A tendency, my boy, which you will have to combat during life. Like asthma." In running over the family list to Pulaski, the latter notices a *lacuna* between '50 and '52.

"I was afraid to ask after '51, for fear there had been a loss, but I suppose the question showed in my face, because the family faces instantly clouded over."

"'We never had a Fifty-one,' said Augustus, sorrowfully."

The old artillery-man in "Bleak House," who named his children "Malta" and "Gibraltar," after the garrison towns in which they were born, will at once recur to the reader's mind.

Certainly Augustus's fooling is very amusing. Micawber himself need not have been ashamed of this little eulogy which Augustus delivers upon Mrs. Brambler's first cousin, whose service in Her Majesty's navy was cut short, after lasting three weeks, for "inebriation while on duty. He might have done well, perhaps, in some other Walk—or shall we say, Sail?—of life, if he had not in fact continued drunk. To every bold rover comes his day. (Here Augustus rolled his head, and tried to look like a buccaneer.) Your mother's cousin, children, may be regarded as one who fell—in action."

Thackeray, too, is laid under contribution, and in a more barefaced manner. The old sea-captain, who for some time is inclined to form himself on the model of Captain Cuttle, and to address the heroine invariably as "my pretty," finally becomes an adherent of Thackeray. When Leonard comes home after a five years' absence, the old man greets him with that allusion to the return of one who brings "his sheaves with him," which is used so touchingly in *Esmond*. When the good old

captain is gathered to his fathers in the last chapter, he cannot expire without pirating Colonel Newcome's touching and natural "*Adsum!*" in the following overdrawn manner.

"He lifted his figure and sat upright. . . his eyes flashed with a sudden light . . . he lifted his hand to the peak of his cap as he reported himself.

"'Come aboard, Sir!'"

"Then his hand dropped, and his head fell forward. The captain was dead."

We must also complain of the way in which the book is got up. Too clearly it has never had the authors' eyes upon it since it was reprinted from the Magazine. It teems with repetitions and contradictions, misprints and mistakes. In two chapters (ten and twelve) the expression, "long, long, canker of Peace," occurs no less than three times, and is referred each time to Tennyson, with the most exasperating air, as though it were a brand-new idea.

The dates and sequences of events are hopelessly muddled. You see an occurrence looming in the immediate future; it is definitely fixed for to-morrow, but in the next chapter, perhaps, you have a full account of the events of three or four intervening days, and finally, when the occurrence does take place, you are told that the warning, which must be dated nearly a week back, was really given last night! Three people walk abreast, A at the left hand of B, and C at the right hand of A,—rather a difficult puzzle to work out!

We are afraid the authors must also stand chargeable with the following delinquencies: "One of his *only* friends;" "Augustus is with them, bearing in his hands a pair of new white cotton gloves, and an air of immense dignity;" "a great stillness *became suddenly*." A good many other little slips, such as "orange-blower" for "organ-blower," may be put down to the proof-reader or editor, but almost all are attributable to the haste with which this reprint has been put forth without the benefit of the authors' revision.

MADAME GOSSELIN. By Louis Ulbach. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto, Hart & Rawlinson.

Madame is tall and pale, her features clear and cold, her dress as strict as her religion, her religion as regular as her fast-moving knitting needles, which bear divided sway with it over her outward life. A very ordinary type of woman, you will exclaim; one we have met a hundred times in French novels before now. But you have not yet fathomed Madame's character, or found out why she takes to the opiate of ecstatic bead-telling to drown her thoughts

as others take to wine or narcotics. Once let those thoughts get the upper hand, and there is no telling whether their reminiscences of the past, with their awakenings of old desires, of half-forgotten feelings, will lead such a woman. Look at her when she is drawn out of her retired life for a special occasion, and see what a change has occurred, a change accentuated—as she is a woman, and a Frenchwoman to boot—by her dress.

The day is a fête-day, for her son George's first ship is to be launched, and his employer and future partner has invited her to dinner to meet a family gathering. Madame Gosselin has replaced her widow's cap (she is not really a widow, but her husband is a seafaring man who has been away for years), which used to make her seem, to careless eyes, fifty years old at least, with a head-dress made of a becomingly arranged fragment of lace. All the world can see now that fifty or forty-five is out of the question, as far as any suspicion of wrinkles is concerned. Her hands, too, every one notices, are pretty, and her low-necked dress, with heavy gold Breton cross hanging at her throat, shows that Madame's rule of strangling herself with high frills is not grounded on a wish to conceal a scraggy neck. These changes bring out the real woman, coquettish, agreeable, and capable of much finesse of a low class, who had previously been hidden under the *dévote*.

Madame Gosselin has been living some years with her son under the hospitable roof of a Captain Kernuz, an old Breton sea-lion, who by a pious fraud had persuaded her to come and live with him under pretence of a message from her husband. The absent Captain Gosselin had, in fact, sent no such message, but had greatly troubled his friend Kernuz with his sadness and enigmatical replies, when pressed to send some token by the latter to his wife and child. Captain Kernuz, returned to Lorient and having finally cast his anchor on dry ground, thought the best cure for the mystery was to take care of the deserted couple till his comrade came home, which Gosselin seemed in no hurry to do. But all the same, Captain Kernuz, jolly old rover as he is, cannot take to the *dévote* at all, and her appearance on this occasion quite startles him. Warned by the ship-builder's good wine, he pictures to himself the amiable qualities of Madame, and her virtue in hiding so much beauty and charm in hideous caps, and in church-going and knitting early and late for the sake of his old friend Gosselin. Insensibly the thought steals into his heart that if Gosselin never were to return, Madame might still continue to live in his house, but in a different capacity. And judging from Madame's conduct that evening, Captain Kernuz would not have had long to sigh in vain.

How then are we to understand it, or how can the Captain fathom it, when the next

morning at breakfast he finds Madame the same colourless being who had always annoyed him with her insipidity? To explain this, one must have been present at an interview between Madame and one M. Pleumeur, the other mystery of the little town, which took place on the way home from the fête the day before. M. Pleumeur is a *savant*, a hard, cold, icy, retired, self-sufficing man, who smiles not, neither does he weep. He has taught George Gosselin, who, though grown up, still keeps up his acquaintance and tries fruitlessly to win some demonstration of affection from him. What can such a man have said to Madame Gosselin in the quiet starlit gloom that has caused her so suddenly to resume her rôle of piety and seclusion, and to put away again, with an effort, the enticing pleasures that were alluring her? Except those, no one knows in Lorient—no one else in the world, if it be not Captain Gosselin, who, with a dose of Sumatra poison at his lips, is about to kill himself off the coast of Ireland at that very moment, and, perhaps, on account of that same secret.

We will not tell what it is. A few days afterwards it comes to light, and when retribution strikes it strikes the innocent. Our readers will find the tale well worth taking up, and if we have excited their curiosity enough to induce them to do so, we are sure they will not blame us for it when they put the book down again.

ANGLO-HAWAIIAN POEMS. By John Machar Macdonald, of Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. Honolulu: *Pacific Commercial Advertiser* Print.

We cannot but be reminded of the rapid progress of events by the arrival of this modest little publication, printed at Honolulu, and dedicated by the author to "His Majesty King Kalakaua," in which royal person he recognises "a generous friend and liberal patron of all laudable Hawaiian enterprise." Mr. J. M. Macdonald seems to have some Canadian antecedents or associations; at least he seems to have received the name of a clergyman well known in Canada, and sends a copy of his little publication to what may have been the Canadian home of his parents, if not his own birthplace. The poems are few in number,—indeed the publication is a mere brochure,—and the subjects are naturally chiefly Hawaiian. The "Tropical Sunset" is one of the best, both as to thought and versification. They are mainly interesting as giving us a little glimpse into the life of those far-away islands, which owe the very life of their civilization to missionary enterprise; but all show good and true feeling as well as considerable power of description and versification.