

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

THE
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 9.]

FEBRUARY, 1876.

[No. 2.

THE LETTERS OF VERITAS.*

BY REV. HENRY SCADDING, D.D.

CANADA, both in its French and its English portions, has had a troubled history. With a very mixed population, teeming with a variety of clashing prejudices, brought with them, or inherited, from the old world, governors sent out by the parent state to guide their destinies, to amalgamate them into one mass, to mould their character into a national consistency, have found, especially in years bygone, that their task was not an easy or a trifling one; and whatever their line of conduct, they were sure to be criticized with severity by one coterie or another in the community. Here, as elsewhere, the newspapers and other local periodicals have been vents for the spleen of individuals; and as at early periods in Canada, Upper and Lower, men in power held it to be proper to stand on their dignity more punctiliously than they do now, it was not quite safe for writers to come out with their strictures *in propria personâ*. Consequently, the local periodicals of the day abound with objurgatory communications under the fictitious signatures usually adopted in the news-

papers and periodicals of the same period in Great Britain and Ireland. And when I say in former days men in power were specially touchy, I include in the expression the Houses of Assembly themselves, which were very ready to summon offenders before them for verbal breaches of privilege. Thus Mr. Cary, Editor of the *Quebec Mercury*, was sent for by the Lower Canadian House, in 1813, for publishing a communication signed "Juniolus Canadensis," an invective, in the style of Junius, against Mr. Stuart, a member of the House. Mr. Cary absented himself from the city during the remainder of the Session, and so eluded the search of the Serjeant-at-Arms. But the day after the prorogation the following Card appeared in the *Mercury*: "The Editor's respects to a majority of the House of Assembly. Being just arrived from a tour of business, he learns that the House had evinced much anxiety to see him during his absence. Unfortunately, his return has taken place a day too late for him to have the honour of waiting on the House. He is, however, rather at a loss to conceive how his presence could be in any manner useful in assisting them in their vocation of framing laws." Sometimes an editor es-

From "Some Canadian *Noms-de-Plume* identified, with samples of the writings to which they are appended"—a Paper read before the Canadian Institute, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1876.

caped the infliction of pains and penalties by giving up the writer ensconced behind a *nom de plume*, as in the case of Mr. Sewell, who lost the Solicitor-Generalship for venturing, under a pseudonym, to criticize the Government of which he was an officer. It would be, of course, an endless and unprofitable undertaking to trace the authorship of the great bulk of pseudonymous productions in early Canadian journals on political subjects. But one *nom de plume* which appeared in the columns of the *Montreal Herald*, in the years 1813-15, presents exceptional claims to consideration. The signature of VERITAS has become historical. Moreover, it possessed for a time an additional degree of interest from the slight mystery and uncertainty which attached to it, the author having taken some pains, as I suppose, to maintain an incognito. As all persons concerned have long passed off the scene, no harm will be done now if I remove the veil, as I shall do presently, and for the first time since an uncertainty on the subject sprang up.

Sir George Prevost was the Governor-General of Canada and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in 1812, when the war broke out between Great Britain and the United States, and the letters of Veritas are devoted to an adverse criticism of Sir George's military tactics throughout the unnatural contest. In many of the subsequent accounts of the war of 1812, Veritas is quoted as an authority, but I do not observe anywhere that the real name of the writer is mentioned. It became, in fact, as we shall see, almost irretrievably lost. So late as 1855, after all reason for secrecy had passed away, Auchinleck, in his "History of the War, '12, '13, '14," defends Sir George Prevost against the strictures of the shadowy Veritas. "Veritas observes," he says, "that it is the acme of assurance to insinuate that the [British] Ministry were to blame for the insufficiency [of force in the two Provinces at the outbreak of the war], especially as they could only have a knowledge of our wants through Sir George's information. Now, how, in justice," Auchinleck asks, "can Sir George be blamed for not informing Ministers of his requirements for a war which he was instructed [by that Ministry] by all the means in his power to avoid the promotion of? In his anxiety to attack the movers of the address [to Sir

George, on his departure from Quebec] in reference to the war, Veritas has suffered himself to go to the verge of injustice." Again, in Col. W. F. Coffin's admirable and eloquent work, entitled "1812; or the War and its Moral: a Canadian Chronicle," it is observed, "If York (Toronto) had been left defenceless and unprotected; if a ship of war in the hands of the shipwright had been recklessly exposed to destruction, the fault was not with Sheaffe nor with his direct superior, Sir George Prevost, as charged by Veritas, but with the authorities in England, who trifled with the emergency until too late, and then spent treasures in life and money to repair an irreparable error."

In Tupper's "Life and Letters of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock," Veritas is also largely quoted, but in the same abstract way. The author of an article in the *Quarterly Review* of July, 1822, headed "Campaigns in the Canadas," evidently knew who Veritas was; but he refrains from naming him. "The Letters of Veritas," the writer says, "were originally printed in a weekly paper published at Montreal, in Lower Canada, and subsequently collected in the little volume before us. Within a small compass," the reviewer continues, "these unpretending letters contain a greater body of useful information upon the campaigns in the Canadas than is anywhere else to be found. They are, we believe, the production of a gentleman in Montreal of known respectability. Though not a military man, he enjoyed the best opportunities for acquaintance with the circumstances of the war; and as these letters, which excited great attention in the Canadas, appeared in successive papers while Montreal was filled with almost all the officers of rank who had served in the country, it may reasonably be presumed that his errors, had he committed any, would not have escaped without censure; yet no reply was ever attempted to his statements—no doubt ever expressed in the provinces of the correctness of his assertions." My curiosity, a few years since, having become aroused as to the identity of Veritas, it came to be with me, for a time, a kind of Junius-question which I sought to solve: for a long time, but not, finally, without success. I searched in vain in the useful works of Mr. H. J. Morgan, of Ottawa, the compiler of "Sketches of Celebrated Canadians," and the *Bibliotheca Canadensis*,

but I found no clue. I interrogated the late Rev. Dr. Richardson on the subject (he, in his younger days, lost an arm while actively serving in a naval capacity in one of the expeditions ordered by Sir George Prevost). I addressed notes to several gentlemen who had interested themselves in early Canadian history, but without result. Amongst them, especially, I applied to Col. Coffin, above named, but after inquiry instituted, he could afford me no help. Inquiries were also made for me of the present proprietors and publishers of the *Montreal Herald*. I thought that possibly among the traditions of the office of that paper the name of its now historical contributor might be preserved. Mr. Penry, the present editor of the *Herald*, kindly endeavoured to get the desired information from Mr. Archibald Ferguson, a gentleman now aged more than ninety years, formerly proprietor of *Herald*. Mr. Ferguson's reply, however, now lying before me, was as follows:—"In answer to your note of the 17th instant, I beg to inform you that I do not know who wrote the articles signed Veritas and Nerva, in 1815. They were published nine years before I purchased the *Herald* establishment, and the two former proprietors were dead before I purchased." (I had coupled my query about Veritas with one about a writer styling himself Nerva, also in the *Herald*; but Nerva I discovered afterwards by accident, while looking through the articles in Mr. Morgan's *Bibliotheca Canadensis*.) How I came at length to recover the all but totally forgotten authorship of the Veritas letters, I will detail concisely after I have given a sample or two of the productions themselves. I add the reflection: if in so short a period an uncertainty so decided could spring up in regard to writings whose authorship was probably notorious to contemporaries, how easy it must have been, in the days when printing was unknown, and when of many an important record no duplicate existed, for ambiguities to arise on such points; how easy it must have been, at the dictate of policy or ambition, to falsify and substitute, with small chance of explicit detection at the hands of posterity.

Veritas, throughout his letters, inveighs against Sir George Prevost for an apparent lack of energy, decision, and dash. But we must bear in mind what Auchinleck has said, as quoted just now, that Sir George was

probably under restraint from the instructions which he had received from the Ministry at home, who had no relish for the contest in which they found themselves engaged. "Towards spring, 1814, so inveterate," Veritas says, "was Sir George's rage for armistices, notwithstanding the injurious consequences of the former to the military service, that a negotiation for another was set on foot, and defeated solely from the refusal of our admiral on the American Station to concur in it. The Americans gave out that the proposition came from Sir George, which I believe, because otherwise he would have met it at once by a direct negative that would have ended all discussion on the subject. In January, 1814, whilst the Legislature was sitting at Quebec, Sir George made a trip to Montreal, from no military motive that has ever been discovered or assigned, during which the then Assembly were active in preparing mischief. That Session was a stormy one, and ending in March, the Head-Quarters were re-transferred to Montreal. * * *

Soon after the navigation opened upon Lake Champlain, Capt. Pring, in the naval command there, sailed from Isle aux Noix with our flotilla, then superior to that of the enemy, which had wintered in Otter Creek, where they had a ship in yard employed in constructing a force intended to surpass ours. Capt. Pring, in consequence, applied to Sir George for some troops to accompany him, with a view of attempting to destroy this establishment and the vessels in that creek, whether afloat or upon the stocks, which, next to Sackett's Harbour, was an object worth a trial at some risk. As usual, the application was refused. When Capt. Pring returned from his cruise up that creek, he reported to Sir George what might have been done by a joint attack, and then he was offered assistance, but the Captain replied that it was then too late, as the enemy had taken alarm and prepared accordingly. Sir George had the extraordinary fatality of either never attempting an active operation, or of thinking of it only when the time for practical execution was past."

Here is a passage which, for style, may remind us of Kinglake or Sir William Napier; the incidents referred to will also probably interest us. "As the season for action advanced," Veritas says, "to the astonishment of everyone, there was formed at

Chambly what is called a Camp of Instruction, comprising the greater part of the force above enumerated, and from which might and ought to have been detached a force for the attack of Sackett's Harbour, or for the reinforcement of the Niagara frontier, seriously threatened as it then was (1814) with invasion, in the opinion of every person who had eyes to see or ears to hear. Had the first-mentioned object been attained, the enemy would not have ventured to cross into Upper Canada; or if Sir George was obstinately bent on letting Sackett's Harbour alone, the reinforcement of the Niagara frontier became the more imperiously necessary to secure it against the enemy's accumulating force, which had been even seen by some of our officers in returning from captivity, but whose reports thereon were utterly disregarded. Thus the Camp above-said furnished the means of instruction to the enemy upon the said frontier, by allowing them to practise against our very inferior force; but of destruction to our troops there employed, who were thereby doomed to combat against fearful odds, as will be seen hereafter, which is quite unnecessary, seeing we had the means of prevention in our power; for so infatuated was Sir George that not a man was sent from Lower Canada to their aid until the 12th July, after our first disaster at Chippewa was known. * * From the end of May, reinforcements from Great Britain, Ireland and the West Indies came in; but the accursed Camp of Instruction continued; when to our astonishment, in June and July, such a numerous body of troops arrived from Bordeaux that it became evident Sir George was quite bewildered thereby. Piecemeal reinforcements were now despatched to Upper Canada, and a very large force kept below to do something—but what it was remained doubtful, although a bustle of preparation began across the river, which was continued for months at infinite expense." I add one more passage: an indignant, Junius-like denunciation of certain speeches in the House of Commons, notably one by Mr. Whitbread, on the subject of the destruction of the public buildings at Washington by a British force, in which speeches more feeling was apparently shown for the loss experienced by the United States Government than for the sufferings of British subjects when violently deprived of their homes and property at

York and Niagara, a few months previously, by an invading United States army. "Now, is it possible to conceive," Veritas asks, "that all these and former acts of conflagration and pillage could have happened without orders from the American Government? And yet if we had retaliated upon this principle in the Chesapeake, or elsewhere (which was completely in our power to have done), what an outcry would have been raised by Mr. Madison, and re-echoed by the Opposition in the Imperial Parliament, who, on finding themselves beat from their grounds of censure against our Government and officers for the destruction of the public buildings at Washington, when proved to have been merely retaliatory, then took up a new position equally untenable, viz., that it would have been magnanimous not to have followed the example of the Americans in their conduct at York and Newark. Now, in common sense, what does such doctrine mean? Do these mock-patriots reserve all their sympathies for the enemies of their country, and regard with callous indifference the sufferings of their fellow-subjects? Are the latter not entitled to protection and consideration; and as means of that protection, was it not incumbent upon our officers, and a point of justice, to turn against the enemy their own weapons, and thereby make them feel the consequences of their own enormity of conduct, with a view to prevent their repeating the like in future? It is very magnanimous, to be sure, to speak with cold-blooded indifference about the infliction of ruin upon friends, at the distance of 3,000 miles, by fire and devastation in the most aggravated shapes; but I will venture to say that if Mr. Whitbread's brewery and his princely mansion, with all their contents, had been at York or Newark, and shared the fate of the buildings there consigned to the flames by the enemy, we should never have heard of his lecture upon the virtue of magnanimity." It was by the aid of Sir Francis Hincks, now resident in Montreal, that my curiosity in regard to Veritas was at length gratified. Sir Francis took much interest in the inquiry, when it chanced to be proposed to him; and he kindly applied for me to the present authorities of the *Herald* office, with the result already mentioned. When now I supposed nothing further would come of the investigation, I unexpectedly received from Sir

Francis the following communication, which sets the question at rest. The note is dated Montreal, 15th July, 1873. "By a very singular accident," Sir Francis writes, "I obtained a few moments ago the information which you wanted a few weeks since. Coming into town this morning, I met Mr. J. S. McKenzie, one of our oldest and wealthiest citizens, lately a Director of the Bank of Montreal, and senior partner of one of our principal firms. He was talking of his age, and as having served in the war of 1812. It immediately occurred to me that he might know who Veritas was; but at the moment I had forgotten this signature, and was only able to ask if he recollected a criticism on Sir George Prevost's operations. 'Certainly,' he said, 'it was signed "Veritas," and was written by the Hon. John Richardson, with whom I was a clerk in the old house of Forsyth, Richardson & Co.' Mr. Richardson was a very likely man to have written such an article," Sir Francis adds, "and Mr. McKenzie was quite clear on the point. I think, therefore, you may be satisfied. I had overlooked Mr. McKenzie, who is one of our octogenarians." The most concise way in which I can explain who Mr. Richardson, the writer of the letters signed "Veritas" was, will be to copy the inscription on a marble tablet on the outer wall of the "Richardson Wing" of the General Hospital at Montreal. It reads as follows:—"This building was erected A.D. 1852, to commemorate the public and private virtues of the Hon. John Richardson, a distinguished merchant of this City, and Member of the Executive and Legislative Councils of the Province. He was the first President of this Hospital, and a liberal contributor to its foundation and support. He was born at Portsoy, North Britain, and died 18th May, 1831, aged 76 years."

Veritas closes his series of letters with this paragraph: "It was my intention to have given also a sketch of Sir George's civil administration; but reflecting that it has been already so ably depicted by NERVA, in his admirably written allegory, I shall for the present not prosecute that intention." The "allegory" of Nerva was contained in a series of letters, professedly on Irish affairs, addressed to the *Herald*, in which Canada was adumbrated by Ireland, Sir George Prevost by Earl Fitzwilliam, and Sir George's predecessor, Sir James Craig, by Lord West-

moreland. Sir George's marked policy of conciliation as a civil governor is therein roundly condemned, but evidently from the point of view of a narrow conservatism: a policy, it must be remembered, enjoined by Sir George's masters in England, with distinct reference to the immediate crisis, when Canada was about to be exposed to an invasion, and required for its safety a people, so far as possible, united. "Between two systems of government proposed for adoption," Nerva observes, "theorists may often find it difficult to determine the claims to preference; because the peculiar defects of each may be compensated by peculiar advantages; but where a system of government is already established, there are certain rules for its exercise from which the experience of practical politicians will pronounce all deviation to be improper and hazardous. Of these rules, the most universally admitted is, that all changes should be gradual, not abrupt; should be necessary, not experimental. But Earl Fitzwilliam began his innovations upon his entrance into office, without waiting to ascertain whether Lord Westmoreland's measures were adapted to the situation of the country; without indeed knowing what the situation of the country required, or whether a sudden change, even from what might originally have been improper, would not produce greater evil than that which it should be intended to correct. His proper path had indeed been marked out for him, and every obstruction and difficulty removed by Lord Westmoreland, whose labours, had they been turned to advantage, would have enabled his successor to pursue, with perfect ease and safety, a course at once consistent with his own honour and with the dignity of his government. Yet these advantages were overlooked or despised by the Earl, who, like some rulers, in whom vanity has predominated over judgment, disdained to govern in any respect according to the prescription or example of another. In consequence, he was speedily surrounded by men of principles avowedly inimical to the just and long-established prerogatives of the Crown, who were the objects of his peculiar notice, and most graciously received at his table and his court. Situations of trust and power were accumulated upon individuals unknown before in departments of State, and incapable as well as regardless of the performance of their

official duties ; while their rapacity was so insatiable as to force from the unwilling Viceroy himself the observation, that if England and Ireland were given to them as estates, they would ask for the Isle of Man as a kitchen garden. A viceroy, with the assistance of associates, dependents and companions of so unusual a cast, it would be natural to expect would differ in principle and in

action from most representatives of royalty. And the event fully justified the expectation. The conciliation of the worthless became his primary object ; and concession was considered the principal means." Nerva, whose letters, like those of Veritas, were re-published in a collected form, after their appearance in the *Herald*, was Mr. Justice Gale, who died at Montreal in 1865.

SLEEP.

BY GOWAN LEA, MONTREAL.

SLOWLY droop thy heavy eyelids,
Softly now they rest,
Flown away the languid glances,
Leaving peacefulness.
'Twas like the twilight's mellow shades
That, quivering o'er the snow,
Seemed lingering glimpses from the sun,
And loath to go.

And now I watch thee lie
In deep unruffled rest,
Thy whole life sleeps—no weary sigh
Escapes thy breast.
'Tis as the Winter's snow
Which wraps the earth,
That it may rest awhile
To give new birth.

And soon thou shalt awake,
Nor know surprise
That weariness took wings
In such sweet guise.
As sudden peeps the Spring
From under ground,
Refreshed but to renew
Its endless round.

Sleep then, O sleep and rest,
The time's well spent !
Think not that life is given,
'Tis only lent.
And when the last sleep comes,
The rest below,
Dream not the germ is dead,
We sleep to grow.

Our yet material eyes
Are blind to what shall be,
But progress rules through all
Time and Eternity.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

BY CATHARINE OWEN, MONTREAL.

I.

"WELL, mother, I can't please you ; I had better go away from Milford ; I am tired of being treated as a child, and cannot submit to it, and as I cannot, of course, there can be no peace between us."

"Very well, you will go your own way now, as you have ever done," said Mrs. Barnes, in a hard, dry tone ; and her son John left the room, determined to put into execution a purpose he had been meditating for some time, which was to leave the city in which he was born, and in which he had been expected to settle. But circumstances, in the shape of his mother, were too hard for him. Between his mother and himself there was constant trouble ; no two beings could be more dissimilar than were they, and so, despite the natural affection which should have existed between a mother and her only son, these two were mutually miserable when together.

Mrs. Barnes (for John Morton's mother had married again five years after his father's death) was a hard, thrifty, economical woman, practical to the last degree. No wonder that such a woman should feel exasperated to find a son of hers loving better to read poetry than to go about with other boys haying or fishing ; that as he grew older he actually wrote verses, in secret as he thought, but not so stealthily that those keen eyes of hers did not discover his secret, aye and ridicule it too, which was hardest of all to her sensitive son.

John Morton, senior, had been an imaginative man, loving his books better than farming, and spending so much of his time over them and kindred "trash," as Mrs. Morton termed it, that there is little doubt that when she said, if it had not been for her the farm would have gone to wreck and ruin, she spoke the truth ; and so, when she saw her son taking after his father, she had thought she was doing her duty when she sedulously repressed every fanciful tendency.

He was an affectionate child, but soon learnt that he was never to show his affection to his mother, never to fling his little arms around her on a loving impulse ; her cold kiss, and hard "that will do, John," as she disengaged herself, early taught him self-repression.

Of course the books he was allowed to read were in keeping with Mrs. Barnes's system of education. No fairy tales or chivalric love, so dear to the boyish mind, ever entered the doors of her house ; and, as John was silent and self-repressed, she flattered herself she had nipped his father's faults in the bud.

One memorable morning, when John was about ten years old, his mother came upon him, uncomfortably seated in a half empty corn-crib, devouring a forbidden book. So absorbed was he in his reading that he had not heard her approach ; and just as he was enjoying, in a state of intense excitement, every nerve thrilling and tingling, the concluding combat of the tournament in Ivanhoe, the book was snatched from his grasp, his ears soundly boxed before he realized whether he was one of the combatants or not ; and then, though his ears tingled, and his head ached so that he hardly knew whether it was his own, his first and chiefest agony was in the thought that there were to be no more stolen, blissful readings in that old corn-crib. Ah ! what happy hours he had passed that summer, in trembling fear of discovery that had only lent the greater charm to his dissipation ; and now, he well knew, it was all over.

But the seed was sown on fruitful soil, and the memory of those forbidden romances survived all his mother's efforts to eradicate it. And as he could not read them, John took to making them for himself, and henceforward and all through his school-days he lived within himself, brooding over the great things he would some day do. He was not loved in the school ; in his morbid sensibility he held aloof from his school-mates' brood-

ing over his unloved boyhood, and longing for the time when he should be a man, and prove himself a hero. But in those early school-days he never returned home without a yearning hope that his mother would welcome him with affection; he had listened to the eager talk of his companions, each boasting loudly of the welcome awaiting him, and what his mother and sister would do for him, and little John thought, as each vacation approached, that his mother would begin to love him now that he was going home a bigger boy. But no matter what his mother's feelings may have been, she never showed them to her son, whom she invariably greeted with a frigid kiss, which the little fellow received with the curious empty feeling that never left him during the holidays, that were so full of gladness to his companions.

But, as years went on, John got over this longing for his mother's love, and grew to feel bitter and cynical instead, and to think that it was a thing only read of in romances, which we may be sure he had taken every opportunity, away from home, to study very deeply; in fact, in those days it was his mature opinion that Scott and G. P. R. James, and Ainsworth were the greatest novelists that ever lived, and if truth must rigidly be told, had he not been so modest, he might have exhibited a thrilling romance modelled on the styles of these three favourite authors.

It had been Mr. Morton's wish that his son should go to Harvard, where he himself had graduated, and John had looked forward to doing so with much pleasure; but his mother had heard of the economy of sending boys to the German Universities, and not approving the result of Harvard training, as shown in Morton *père*, she decided that to Germany John should go.

It was a disappointment to him, but that had to be got over as best he could.

I do not want to follow him through his life at Gottingen; suffice it to say that while he was there his mother wrote to inform him that she had married Mr. Barnes, a widower with one daughter. He was not greatly disturbed by the news—it could make very little difference to him, he thought, and he was right.

When he returned home, he saw little change in the family arrangements.

Mr. Barnes was, as he bitterly thought, the sort of husband his mother had wished

his father to be, a cipher in the house, but a stolid, plodding business man out of it. She certainly could not have been troubled with any excess of imagination on his part.

His daughter Mary, John found to be a nice little girl enough. He was a somewhat silent and reserved youth now; but after a time he found himself confiding his plans and dreams to this simple country lass, and it was pleasant to have some creature at home whom he could patronise or snub as he felt inclined. She was, of course, quite a child in his estimation, being fully four years younger than himself.

John's father had been educated for the law; but I suppose Mrs. Morton had some grounds for her dissatisfaction with him, for notwithstanding his talents and opportunities he had wanted backbone enough to keep on when once he had married the rich Miss Mason, preferring to drop into the sort of dilettante existence so despised by his wife. He had, perhaps, intended his son to make up his own deficiencies; be that as it may, he wished John to be brought up to the law. On his coming of age John would come into possession of the property that had belonged to his father before his marriage, which would yield him an income sufficient to keep him as a gentleman, but admitting of no extravagance on his part.

John had no love for the legal profession, but his father was as a sort of demigod in John's memory, and every wish of his was sacred; so he applied himself to it, entering himself in the office of Judge Crane, who was considered a man of much legal talent in Milford. John's studies were carried on in a somewhat desultory fashion, it must be confessed, and called forth the reproaches of his mother. Added to this he had acquired in his student days habits unheard of before in quiet Milford. He was fond of driving, but not such horses as sufficed for his mother's modest carriage; and it was not long before he bought himself a horse, nothing very out of the way or extravagant in his doing so, but Mrs. Barnes predicted in bitter terms his coming ruin. It must be confessed John's tastes were not in keeping with his means or country life. Everything mean or sordid he hated, all things elegant and beautiful he craved, and as he had long decided to make himself a name in the world of letters as well as the law, and had already written reams of melancholy

verse, he thought he might fairly indulge himself. At every such indulgence Mrs. Barnes's dissatisfaction found vent in scornful comment, until it became a misery for him to read a handsomely bound book in her presence; his Russia-leather writing case was an eyesore as it lay on the table. In vain little Mary represented to her step-mother that such things were not now-a-days much more costly than the cumbrous old contrivances of other days, and tried her art as peace-maker.

The want of sympathy grew daily more irksome and at last culminated when John bought some beautiful and costly engravings. That was the last straw on Mrs. Barnes's self-restraint; she taunted her son with wasting his substance because he expected that when he had run through his money he would have hers to squander in the same way; but she warned him that her money should never go to support an idle man, or to enrich booksellers and picture dealers.

It was also the last straw on John's patience, and he spoke, as we have seen, announcing his intention of giving up all hope of practice in his native Milford, and going to New York.

Now, although going to New York was no great punishment to John, who had looked to a career in Milford more as a duty than as a pleasure, he yet felt very bitter that his mother should have received his resolution of going so coldly. He began to think, perhaps, that that was what she wished; the suspicion once formed grew upon him until he felt quite certain she wished to be rid of him. He complained bitterly to Mary of his mother's want of natural feeling, and the child assured him, with tears in her eyes, that he was mistaken in his mother, as she was in her son; but John smiled at her inexperience, and went on with his preparations for departure, almost hating the world and his life; and yet, when the moment of departure came, his feelings towards his mother softened, and as he came into the family sitting-room, equipped for his journey, and found her alone, his heart went out towards her as she sat at her sewing.

"Well, mother, I am going."

"Very well, John, I wish you well."

"Mother, let us be friends."

"We are friends, I hope."

"Yes, but surely we should be more than we are to each other; however much we

may differ, you are my mother, and I am your son," he said sadly.

"Yes, you are my son, and I hope I shall not have to rue the day I bore you; but whatever happens, remember that as you make your bed you must lie on it."

Her eyes looked so cold, her mouth so pitiless, as she said these cruel words, that John said a hasty good-bye, and so left his home without a word more of farewell than many would utter if about to take a walk.

He regretted that he had yielded to his natural feeling, and had attempted to elicit some spark of affection from his mother.

The depot was very near, and he intended to walk. As he went along he felt very bitterly towards the world that was using him so ill; even Mary had not thought it worth while to be at hand, when he left, to wish him good-bye. His stepfather had said at breakfast—

"I suppose I shall not see you again before you go."

"No, I think not."

"Well then good-bye; hope you'll do well."

Mary, of course, knew that he was going.

He was just thinking how well he could understand Byron's feeling when he wrote, "There is not an eye to weep for me," and how applicable that lament was to his own case, when a great dog came bounding out of the thicket by the roadside.

"Why Rover, dear old Rover."

In his present state of feeling the brute's obstreperous joy at finding his master touched him, and seemed to point more forcibly to the neglect and coldness he had met with from those from whom he might have expected affection.

He was just apostrophising Rover as being his only friend, when he heard a fresh young voice that he knew, calling "Rover, Rover."

And the next moment Mary, flushed and breathless, came down the bank.

"Oh, I am so glad I have met you; you went so much earlier than I expected."

"Yes, but do you mean to say you have come all this way to wish me good-bye, Mary."

"Of course! You did not think, John, I would let you go away without saying good-bye, did you?"

"I do not know why you should not. Example is so catching, why should I ex-

pect more from you than the rest of the world?"

"I am sure I do not know why you should either; not certainly because you have ever been better tempered with me than others. Forgive me, John," she added hastily, "I forgot myself. You are going away, and I could not let you or any one I liked leave, perhaps, for ever, without saying farewell."

He looked at her now; something in her voice struck him, and he saw a suspicious redness about her eyes; it was very consolatory in his present state of mind to feel that some one had shed a tear for him, although it did upset the aptness of his recent quotation. He felt suddenly very sorry to leave Mary; he remembered her kindness now. Taking her two hands in his—

"And so then you came to meet me; this was more than I expected any one would do for me."

"People are very wise not to take the trouble, if you treat them as you began to treat me."

"You did not come all this way to be sulky, Mary. I am sure, you know, you must see how I am treated, and when one's mother cares about as much for her son as she does for her dog, it makes one doubtful as to anyone else."

"Dear John, you really mistake your mother. She is fond of you, and even now, I am sure, if I were to return suddenly, I should find her in great grief at your departure. I can tell she feels it by her look when I speak of it; only, you know, she is so undemonstrative that she would never let one see her feeling, particularly when she thinks she has some cause for displeasure."

"Mary, you do not know my mother; she never yet in earliest days has shown me a spark of affection."

"Do not speak so; I do know her better than you, having been so much more with her; but your tempers are so different, you do not understand one another."

"It is not a question of temper or understanding, but of hearts. However, I suppose my mother cannot help it if she has not one."

"Hush, hush, I will not hear such nonsense. You have not much time to spare, so I must wish you good-bye now."

"I very much think," he said, smiling, and drawing out his watch, "that I have already lost the train; but no matter, if it will give

me a couple more hours with my kind little Mary."

"Oh, I am so sorry; what will you do?"

"Why, what can I wish for better than to ramble about with you, shepherd and shepherdess fashion, in the shady grove, and come to know each other better than we have yet done."

You see, he took it very much for granted, in his patronizing way, that Mary would be quite willing to pastoralize with him as long as he pleased.

Mary smiled a little to herself as she thought this; but she thought something else at the same time, which was, that she was the only person he ever treated as a child. When she remembered that it was because she was the only one with whom he was on sufficiently familiar terms, the thought was not disagreeable, and she resigned herself to his guidance entirely, saying, as they turned into a delightful woodland walk—

"I don't think I have much to learn about you, John; I know you very well, I believe."

"The deuce you do," he exclaimed, half laughing, and peering into her face curiously. "How and when have you made my acquaintance so thoroughly?"

"Ah, I must have been a strangely stupid little person not to have done so," she said, looking at him roguishly.

It was beginning at last to dawn on the mind of this youth, just crossing the threshold of manhood, that Mary was not a school-girl any longer. He began to think of her age—seventeen—four years younger than himself. This was conclusive, at his age at any rate, whatever it might have been to one older.

After a pause, during which he had arrived at this conclusion, he said, *apropos* of nothing at all—

"Mary, you are seventeen."

"Why, yes; what made you think of it now?"

"I don't quite know; I was thinking that I have known very little of you before this morning; it never struck me you were so old."

"It never struck you that I was old enough to be a companion to a learned judge in embryo; but I have never been so much in love with my young womanhood as

to feel aggrieved that it had never made itself palpable to your eyes."

He said nothing; they had come to a mossy bank, and he suggested their sitting down. After a few minutes' silence, he said thoughtfully—

"Yes, you are seventeen. If I stay away ten years, you will be twenty-seven, and—

"What?"

"Mary," he said, looking at her from under his hand which was shading his eyes.

"What?" she asked, blushing, "unless you meant to add that I shall be getting towards the dreaded rubicon which, it is said, woman never consents to pass."

"No, I did not mean that; but, Mary, you know, I suppose, that I have been stupid enough not to have seen till now that you are very pretty."

He took her hand without the least occasion, as she seemed to think, for she tried to withdraw it.

"And you will be married."

"Oh, pray don't talk such stuff, John. By the way, I want you to promise me, John, that you will try and not be so unjust. I mean," she corrected, seeing him make an impatient movement, "I wish you would be a little less sensitive to your mother's coolness; she means so well, if you did but understand her. Forget that you have been chilled in leaving, and let it make no difference in your thoughts of her."

"I can't promise that, but I want you to promise one thing. You must write to me, tell me all about yourself, and your—your lover when you get one."

John looked as if he expected Mary to protest that she would never have one, but she looked at him very calmly.

"Yes, I will promise, but on condition that you write and tell me all about yourself; and one thing particularly: make me acquainted in your letters with all the new acquaintances you make, like a good brother."

"Show me your friends, and I will tell you what you are," quoted John. "I see through you, little girl," at which Mary blushed guiltily.

"Yes, I shall keep you well informed as to my doings, but not as a good brother, you are not my sister at all, you know,"

"Very well, I am not, if you won't have me."

Notwithstanding his disappointment and griefs, John passed on this, his last day, some of the pleasantest hours he had ever known in Milford, and when at last the train bore him away, he thought seriously of Mary, how pretty and how bright she was, and how strangely blind he had been all this time to the fact that, in all his lonely unappreciated hours since his return from college, there had been at hand within his reach a true little friend, as much unappreciated by him as he was by his mother, and he thought of all this with the kind of regret we feel for opportunities of pleasure to ourselves which we have missed.

II.

JOHN had been some few weeks in New York, and was thinking what a very miserable place that big city was, with its thousands of faces and not one known. He had been working since his arrival with more steadiness than was usual with him, but this day a vagabond impulse had taken him out with the intention of going to Central Park. He walked along the crowded thoroughfares heeding no one, when he was startled by a voice.

"John Morton? or do my eyes deceive me?"

"My name is Morton. Why, Alton, is it possible?"

"None other, my dear fellow, although I hardly expected you to remember me after all these long years; but I should have known you anywhere, you have altered so little. How are you?"

"Oh, pretty jolly for me," John replied, somewhat dolefully, "but your turning up like this is the greatest pleasure I have had for some time."

And the two young men shook hands again very heartily.

"But what brings you this side of the water? I thought you were studying art in Rome?"

"So I have been, but I was told I should get endless commissions in New York, and I came. I suppose by this time you are a flourishing lawyer?"

John laughed.

"Not very flourishing, but never mind talking of such a poor subject as myself. Come to my rooms and let us talk over old times."

John Morton and Edward Alton had been students together at Gottingen, and the latter had been the only acquaintance with whom the shy American had become in any degree intimate. John's manners were not of that sympathetic kind that wins friendship or favour without seeking it; on the contrary they were repellent to strangers, and but for the gay pertinacity of Edward, and the fact that the latter had laid himself under some obligation to him, John would probably have left Germany without having made a single acquaintance. But of Alton he became fond. He was such a direct contrast to himself, so gay and so good-tempered; and if he had some of the little foibles that go so often with that temperament it did not interfere with John's liking for him.

After the surprise of meeting was over, Edward Alton exclaimed, as if struck with a sudden thought:

"By the by, did I tell you I am not here alone?"

"Not alone! Are you married then?"

"No, but my mother and sister are with me."

"Indeed," said John, in surprise.

"Ah my dear fellow, you may well be surprised who do not know my mother and sister, and of what devotion they are capable. What a sacrifice they are making you can judge; they leave a home where they are surrounded by friends, and where their means enable them to live with some degree of elegance; while here, until I can establish myself, those means will be only sufficient for bare comfort. Some day I hope to introduce you to my mother, but on my sister's account she is very particular as to what acquaintance she makes, in fact I may say, of our sex she does not make any, and except in your case I am as little anxious to do so as she. You, I know, she would be glad to make an exception, for she has often heard me speak of you in former days."

"But, my dear fellow, I would not for the world that your mother should break through her rule on my account. I respect her motive too much to wish it."

And yet John had hardly meant what he said; he had heard of this good mother from Edward when at college, and her son's tone now revived a recollection of all those anecdotes he had heard of her, and Alton's little sister, who, from her brother's descrip-

tion, was an angel, I was going to say, but as in addition to unusual beauty he had also occasionally related various *espègleries* of hers, perhaps it would be hardly the fitting word. He remembered, too, how he had longed to know this mother, and had watched Alton go home for his holidays half enviously, therefore he felt a desire to see this true woman; to look for once in his life on a family perfectly united.

After his meeting with his old school-fellow, John Morton modified his views of life in New York considerably, things and people look so different under different circumstances, and he began to think that life was easier here, where, nobody caring for anybody, there were no heartburns or aches, at least of the kind he had been accustomed to. His views of human nature, too, were improving; he began to believe in the reality of friendship, maternal, filial, and paternal love, things he had read of and believed in early "foolish days," as he had since called them, but which he had afterwards rejected as myths, romantic and ideal virtues, never realized in life, where he had seen everything give way to interest and prejudice. These things were once more becoming real; he found a son worshipping his mother, and joining that mother in love for the sister and daughter. John could not help reflecting that the world, having so much improved Edward's moral qualities instead of spoiling them, could not be so bad as he had thought it in his ignorance, for certainly Edward was much improved. He remembered him for an easy-tempered lively boy, attaching himself to new friends—"for what he could get" some ill-natured boys had hinted—his ideas on money matters rather lax, and his courage not above suspicion. Now he found him a man after his own heart, generous, enthusiastic, and with an almost ferocious sense of honour. This much he learned from his conversation, what other faults of his boyhood he had got rid of he could not, of course, tell; at present he could hardly be expected to suspect him of flattery towards himself—we are all so apt to think we merit all the good others attribute to us.

They soon became inseparable. Edward told him of his mother, his saintly mother, of her self-sacrificing devotion to her children; of her beauty; and already, without seeing her, he began to reverence this matron

who had so surrounded her children from their cradle with love that they almost worshipped her, whose son when speaking in her praise did so with glistening eyes, and an eloquence that John had never before seen evoked by *filial* affection; and he began to think that his experience had been unlucky. There were model sons and devoted mothers after all out of books!

So, although he had protested against intruding his acquaintance on Mrs. Alton, he was very glad when Edward told him his mother was anxious to see him, and named an evening on which he was expected, and was absurdly disappointed to find that Mrs. Alton was suffering from neuralgia when next he saw his friend, and that his visit must be postponed until the following week. He felt sure she was the woman who would realize his ideal, and so waited with impatience till he should see in the flesh what he already felt he knew and loved in the spirit.

At last the night came when John was to be admitted within the bosom of this happy family,—he went, saw, and was conquered. When first he entered the room, a lovely lady rose to receive him with a gracious smile and warm pressure of the hand, saying in most melodious broken English, that she was glad to see the friend her son had spoken of so often; she seemed grateful for his being Edward's friend.

John Morton was touched by the warm sympathetic manner of which he had known so little in his life, he gazed with admiration at the bands of glossy air with scarce a grey thread, the still fair cheek and brilliant teeth, and admired the preservative qualities of a loving heart. This enthusiasm was at its height when there was a rustling on the stairs, a look as of listening on Mrs. Alton's bright face,—the door opened, and a vision entered, a vision to John, but not so to you or me, reader, and so with undazzled eyes I will try to describe what he saw, or was too dazed to see.

Beatrice was a lovely girl; she had luxuriant golden brown hair that rippled off a low, broad, white forehead and temples as did no other hair that I ever saw, eyes of deepest blue, a mouth like Cupid's bow, faultless pearly teeth, and a head and profile perfectly Greek in outline; all these were beautiful, and any woman possessed of them must have been a beauty, but they were the smallest part of nature's charm with Beatrice, the

thing that made the girl so bewildering was her expression, a look of enthusiasm, if I may so say, that invested her with some spell that other women lacked. That she was not content to trust to beauty undorned was evident by the careful, if simple, toilet she had made; a dress of watery shimmering green muslin, cut somewhat low in the neck, a thread of black velvet through the lace tucker; and round her perfect throat a chain of fantastically cut pink coral made John Morton think of Naiads, Loreleys and a hundred other beings that Beatrice in no way resembled. He was done for; he did not fall slowly, gracefully in love, but over head and ears, and floundered in his new position as ungracefully as did ever country bumpkin.

She had stretched out both her little white hands.

"I am so glad, very glad, to see my brother's friend; he has told us so much about you."

What answer he made, with those eyes beaming upon him, he never knew, something idiotic of course, but she sparkled and laughed, and was so gracious that his clumsiness did not seem to be noticed. And then her mother and Edward, how amusing they could be, what anecdotes they told, and thus left him to feast his eyes and steep his soul in love for this enchantress, who talked to him too, telling him of her tastes and distastes, from which it appeared that what she liked she liked very much, from the earnestness with which she spoke, and what she disliked it took all the energy of her nature to express.

"Had Mr. Morton been to Italy?" "No."
"Oh, he must go; Italy was divine, glorious, beautiful, to breathe that air was truly a thing to revel in," and she sniffed the air with her pretty nostrils as if inhaling that beloved Italian atmosphere.

"Ah! that is living: so different from England or America! Of course I love England, my dear papa was English, but I don't want to live there—except perhaps in winter sometimes," she added dubiously, remembering, may be, certain cold Italian days when the divine country was not so comfortable as more prosaic lands.

John Morton was sure he would like Italy; he was prepared to love everything Italian from this time forth, from the soft Italian accent that sweetened Beatrice's otherwise

perfect English, to the little Italian greyhound that lay so cosily on the rug at its mistress's feet.

Poor John went home intoxicated that night with Beatrice's voice, manner, and beauty. How poor and mean and utterly insignificant was every other woman compared with this one. He had found his ideal! Henceforth the world was Arcadia! life a poem! All he had ever dreamed was a true living reality. Was not here a woman whom painters might worship, yet fail to paint? A woman to inspire a poet, and yet for a man to love?

Edward had made no secret that his mother's means were limited, he had even confided his fears on this subject to John.

"My great fear is," he had said, "that mamma will find it very difficult to live long in comfort in this expensive city on her small means; you see, Italy is so much cheaper that they have had sufficient even for all their tastes there. That adds to my sense of my mother's devotion in coming here with me, and leaving the country she loves; besides, there is so much more pleasure for them in life there than here where they are strangers, and—well, the fact is," he said laughing, "my sister, angel as she is, is somewhat expensive; she has from childhood been adored by every one, been made much of by all our friends, who are rich enough to gratify every whim, so that she has acquired extravagant tastes, and our dear, indulgent mother would give the blood from her veins rather than deny us anything; thus *voyez-vous, mon cher*, the difficulties of living with such tastes in a gay, extravagant city are great. But you must not suppose that dear Trixy knows our doubts, her heart is so good that, if she thought it cost my mother an anxious thought to gratify her, she would deny herself every pleasure."

"She would, I am sure. I do not wonder you can deny her nothing," said John.

This confidential conversation had taken place the day after his introduction to the extravagant little divinity, and it set our hero wondering. What would he not have given to have been rich and able to offer a brilliant position to this adorable creature; he was madly in love, he never stopped to ask himself what it would all come to, how he could hope to marry this gorgeous girl with his modest means? He did not know

how, but he was determined he would win fame, fortune, and position; with such a prize in view he would "scale the highest heaven."

He was interrupted in his reverie by a letter from Mary, as fresh and artless as herself, in which she told him all home news; how his mother was sad and more reserved than ever, "which I know is on your account; she loves you dearly, do try to believe it. I always felt sure of it; she thought she would have more power over a wilful boy (you *are* wilful, sir) if she did not show her love; I almost think she sees she was wrong now, although I need not say she is not the woman to confess it. I did not tell you before; but when I got home the day you left, I found her at work, but with her eyes red and swollen. I knew she had been crying, in fact she said:

"I don't know what the boy is made of, he cares no more for leaving me than if I were a stranger." I said:

"Dear mamma, you are mistaken; he sincerely feels leaving you; but he fancied you were glad to get rid of him, because you considered him extravagant, and might come to need help."

"Then, if he thought that, if he had a spark of manhood about him, he would not have played the hypocrite, as he did just before he left; but he saw where his habits will inevitably lead him, and wanted to make all right in case of the worst."

"Now, you see how you two mistake each other. Each act of yours is misunderstood by her, and I must say, sir, you do not make allowance for her temperament, but make things worse by running counter to her prejudices. She does care for you, be sure of it. Your last letter to me she read in her own room, and would not come down to dinner that night."

Having nothing very special to do, and being anxious to talk to some one on the subject that engrossed his thoughts, he answered her letter at once. In doing so, he faithfully obeyed her last injunction, told her about Miss Alton, and glancing off to other topics, always returned to that one. To Mary, he resumed his old brotherly, patronizing manner; it is true, at parting she began to appear in the light of a possible "ladye love," but now, by comparison with Beatrice, what was she? A mere childish school-girl! He smiled to think what a state of mind he must have been in to have been

nearly captivated by her mere common sense and fresh prettiness, to think that he might possibly have stayed in Milford, married Mary and settled down into a quiet, country life, and never met his ideal.

Poor romantic John Morton ! It had been well for you to have settled down with simple little Mary, and left your poetic soul to take care of itself !

Of course John was not long in finding an excuse to go very soon again to Mrs. Alton's. Beatrice, the evening before, had expressed her admiration of flowers ; violets and lilies of the valley, she declared, were her favourites, and "if mamma were only rich, I would have great bunches of them in the rooms ; but," she had added, shrugging her shoulders disconsolately, "here, every nice thing is so dear, mamma says, to have as many flowers in our rooms as we do in Italy, would cost a fortune," and so, feeling it very hard that a divine creature like that should have a wish ungratified, John had paid a visit to a florist on his way, and invested twenty dollars in two bouquets of violets and lilies, and bore them in triumph to his enchantress.

How can I describe the pretty rapture, the passion of admiration displayed by the beautiful girl when she saw them ; her voice positively trembled with delight as she ran to her mamma like a child with a toy.

"Mamma, mamma, look at the delicious flowers that dear, good Mr. Morton has brought," each adjective emphasised with voice and glances of intense gratitude.

"My dear Mr. Alton," said the mother, "excuse me, but you are very extravagant to bring such costly flowers, I cannot allow Beatrice to receive such gifts. Look at her, look how pleased she is," she added, her prudence evidently swallowed up in watching her daughter filling with her own hand the vases to hold them, and stooping to inhale their fragrance in ecstasy.

"Poor darling, it is so long since she had such things," and the mother's soft eyes looked gratefully at the young man who had given her darling such pleasure.

But Beatrice is not satisfied with mere thanks.

"Now, Mr. Alton, you have given me such pleasure, I will do something for you, though only such a small thing beside yours. Are you fond of music ?"

"Yes," said John, earnestly.

"Well, I am a true daughter of Italy, and some people say," she said coquettishly, "that I can do something in the way of singing—so I shall sing for you, and I assure you I don't do that except for my particular friends."

Beatrice sang, and John could scarce refrain from falling at her feet as he listened to that divine voice. She had chosen some of the songs most thrilling to a man in love, and as she sang to him appealingly, entreatingly, "*Robert, toi que j'aime*," with tears in her voice, her eyes full of love, what wonder if he felt thrilled with emotion, that he was afraid to trust his voice to thank her. But to the mother, jealously watching for signs of his appreciation, his silence was eloquent ; she was, no doubt, accustomed to the signs.

Edward came in just as she concluded, and broke the spell that it had left. He joined her in a duet, and then she sang Beethoven's "*Adelaide*," and it was not till she rose from the piano that John found words to thank her.

"Your voice would be worth a fortune to any one who needed it," he said, after expressing the pleasure it had given him.

"I suppose it would," she said with tranquil acquiescence, "and that is what I would like, but mamma will not allow me to think of it ; although I must confess while I have studied, it has always been with the view of being one day a *prima donna*."

"Your mamma is very right," said John, very earnestly. He felt a jealous pang at the possibility of her belonging to the public as much as to him.

"I am very glad, my dear Mr. Morton, that you agree with me. With economy, I have enough to live upon, and do not wish to expose my child to the temptations and fatigues of a professional cantatrice."

"Yes, but is it not hard, dear Mr. Morton ?" said Beatrice, "I love beautiful things, so does mamma ; I confess to a passion for diamonds and carriages and all sorts of ease and luxury, and I think mamma would like me to have them, and yet with the power of obtaining all by my voice, we are obliged to live in this mean way ; I suppose I am very mercenary ? No, I am not. For really I think more of dear mamma than of myself ; I am afraid even now, although I really don't buy many things that I want, that I am too extravagant for her purse."

John smiled to himself as he looked at

the elegant knick-knacks around the room, and thought some one must indulge a taste for trifles that it required a tolerably long purse to pay for.

"But Miss Beatrice, your mother is quite right, your sphere should be in a home."

"Oh! I don't care about spheres. Now look at us; Nilsson sings to-morrow; we have heard her many times in Europe, and once here, and yet mamma wants to hear her in *Mignon* to-morrow; I know she does, and I would give my eyes to go. Well, because we went last week, we can't afford it now. Of course these are little troubles, but see how easily they might be avoided; I have only to sing, and we have all we want. Suppose mamma," she said, turning eagerly to her mother, "that it was your daughter who was in Nilsson's place?"

"Ah, my dear, you don't know when you are well-off," said the mother, sadly.

"That is the way, Mr. Morton, mamma always looks when I begin to talk sensibly," and she looked with comic appeal at him, "Nilsson sings *Mignon* to-morrow night. now, you go and hear her, and then tell me if she does it better than this!" And with childlike impetuosity she took up the music of *Mignon*, and went through the principal parts, her brother and mother joining in occasionally.

"There, now!" she said, when she had done.

John saw he must say something, though he would rather have remained silent with those tones lingering in his senses.

"It is delicious; I have heard Nilsson; I thought no one could approach her; but, although your styles are so different, I don't know which to prefer. It is certainly a pity to hide such gifts under a bushel, and yet I should not like—that is, as a friend, I would rather you—I agree with Mrs. Alton."

He felt he had betrayed his strong interest by his blundering speech, and hastened to take leave of the family, although he knew that his life would be a blank until he saw her again.

The next day he wondered what she might at that moment be sighing for, that prudence prevented her having. He longed to get the tickets for Nilsson; but as she had spoken so openly the previous evening, he did not wish to wound her delicacy by offering them; but he knew she was to sing *Mignon* again the following week, and then he would offer

the tickets. He accordingly went to the agent, engaged the best seats vacant, and then cast about him for some means of gratifying her at an earlier date. She had said she had a weakness for diamonds and a carriage; how he wished he might dare to offer her a superb diamond ring he knew of. At least he could get a carriage, and take her and her mother for a drive in the park, and so he went to the best livery stable he knew, engaged a handsome carriage and horses for the afternoon, and then returned to work until the blessed hour should come when he would make his appearance at the house of his enslaver.

It was not, perhaps, the quickest way to get rich, this; but he wanted to get so very rich that such expenses as an occasional carriage or opera-box would certainly not make much difference, and, then, how well was he repaid by Beatrice's little scream of joy when she saw the champing horses at the door, and learnt Mr. Morton's desire to know if she would drive. Of course she would; she kissed the tips of her fingers to express her delight, and then tripped off to get ready.

Whatever might be Beatrice Alton's faults, coolness in receiving kindness was not one of them, and in the park her face was so bright, her remarks so animated, that over and over again John congratulated himself that he had thought of this drive, and determined to renew it very often.

I need not trace John Morton's progress for the next six months; suffice it to say that he spent much of his time at Mrs. Alton's, and worked like a horse to make it up when at home, and that he had made no money, but spent so much that he was afraid to look into his affairs, and was more in love than ever with Beatrice.

His love's course had not gone on smoothly. He found she was somewhat of a coquette; but it seemed the charming coquetry of a spoiled child, not of a designing woman. Every one admired her, and she seemed to listen to every one with as much pleasure as to himself, and yet there was a manner about her, too, to him, that he thought she showed to no one else. Surely, surely, her eyes brightened at his approach, her manner was more subdued when he went away; and yet when he spoke to her of love—for, of course, he had spoken very early in their acquaintance—she checked him—gaily, merrily, as if she did not look on it as a serious matter.

"Now, Mr. Morton, this is dreadful," she had said. "I was just thinking at last what a dear friend my brother and mamma had, and you spoil all by talking such nonsense to me. I love every friend that way; men think of nothing but love. *Dio mio!* why can't they leave that on one side?"

Edward told him that the dearest wish of his heart was to call him his brother-in-law, and Mrs. Alton spoke of the great esteem she had for him, but did not think Trix was likely to marry, and she advised him to try and get over his love; they would be so sorry to lose him for a friend, and so, though he told her he could never get over his love for her daughter, they were better friends than ever. Mrs. Alton became very confidential, told him all her affairs, and then let out the skeleton in her cupboard: her difficulties with her children. Yes, she, this devoted, happy mother had trouble with her children, but her trouble arose from the very qualities which made them so charming. "Edward was gifted, as Mr. Morton could see; he had influential friends; but he was unstable, he neglected opportunities of making reputation, not from idleness, but from sheer inability to tie himself down to accomplish a task; he worked in a desultory fashion very hard. Mr. Morton could see for himself what were the faults of her dear boy; would he not advise him? He will be guided by you, Mr. Morton, for he loves you so much."

Of course, John Morton was proud and happy to think he had influence over Edward, and very earnestly promised to use it.

"And then I am troubled, my dear sir, about my daughter; you see what a dear girl she is, and, you see, she is like a child in so many things; but she is self-willed and capricious, and with her beauty (you will excuse a mother saying this, will you not?) these qualities cause me great uneasiness. She is extravagant, and would never be happy in a life in which she could not have all she has been accustomed to; and yet she is capable, if she took a fancy to a man as poor as her brother, of marrying him, trusting to her voice to keep them; and I could not see my daughter marry in that way, Mr. Morton. You must not think me a 'managing mamma,'" she added, laughing, "but I know Beatrice, and what life would be to her without luxury."

Mr. Morton thought no such thing, and quite sympathised with her maternal anxiety;

at the same time he wondered within himself if this little confidence had been given for his benefit. He was comparatively poor; but even if it was, it only proved a kind desire on the part of Mrs. Alton to show him things as they really were, and it raised Beatrice in his estimation that she was a girl to follow the dictates of her heart in spite of prudence, and he told himself the man who would let her throw herself away on him, unless he had a splendid home to give her would be a scoundrel. But did not this very confidence of her mother foreshadow a possibility that she might be capable of committing such a folly for him? In short her mother must know or suspect she loved him. The thought was delirium, and he worked harder than ever, and so it turned out he was encouraged rather than discouraged by her confidence. He wrote for the Magazines, and was engaged on a book, all to help him to the fortune he must have; and he also stuck to his law, but somehow it was very uphill work, and his expenses were very far in advance of his income now. He was proprietor of two thorough-bred horses in Dickel's stables, and had, besides, become an exquisite in his dress, and a frequent customer of Tiffany's. He was very largely in debt, as may be supposed, and had, besides, anticipated a large part of his future means; but his love and his confidence in himself blinded him to everything, he sought only the means, at present, of gratifying Beatrice. He had heard her speak longingly of a beautiful horse, and say how much she enjoyed riding; here was an opportunity of enjoying hours of her company alone, and so he possessed himself of the steeds before mentioned; nothing less than a thorough-bred was worthy to bear Beatrice, and he could not ride, at her side, an inferior animal. The horse he had wished to present to her, but her mother positively declined so costly a present, though, as other articles as costly had been accepted without difficulty, John more than suspected that Mrs. Alton preferred the use of the horse to accepting it as a gift which she would have to feed.

It was, perhaps, singular that at the end of six months, notwithstanding her confidence in and friendship for him, John had not quite such a high opinion of Mrs. Alton as he had at the beginning of the acquaint-

ance ; he had a vague distrust of her soft words and tender looks, and had fancied once or twice her actions had not quite accorded with her disinterested words ; but this feeling never existed when he was in her presence, then, with her sympathetic face and kind manner, she was again the devoted mother and model woman of his fancy.

Edward, with the greatest affability, came to his rooms, drank his India ale, smoked his best cigars, borrowed his money, and kept him company in the kindest manner. Was John busy, Edward sat down with a book or made drawings, until, weary of writing, his friend felt it a pleasure to turn and have a bright companion. As to his money-borrowing, John had known his propensity in that way in former days, and took it as one of the faults of which all men must have a share ; and, really, apart from a little laxity in money matters, Edward seemed to have no other. But Mrs. Alton had even frankly told John of her knowledge of her son's thoughtlessness, and begged him not to gratify it, as it only made him extravagant, for if he knew when he was in need that he must either apply to her or economize, he was too good a son not to do the latter. Who could really doubt the sincerity of a woman who thus gave him kind motherly advice even against her own son ?

As I said some time ago, six months had drifted by since John was blessed with the acquaintance of Beatrice ; his majority was at hand, and he knew that he had made a very large hole in the modest fortune his father had left him ; he began to see that, even working like a horse as he did, the law would not give him for many years the wealth he must have before he could wed Beatrice. True, he was not *sure* she would have him ; but he believed her coquettish evasions resulted only from girlish caprice and love of keeping him in suspense. But the money, the money ! how to make it ? He had heard a good deal lately of fortunes made in a single day in Wall Street ; he might do for Beatrice what he never would have done for himself—he would risk a trifle.

He paid a visit to an acquaintance of his, a stockbroker, and then came back to drive with Beatrice and her mother, according to previous arrangement.

Mrs. Alton still kept to her Italian cus-

tom of never leaving her daughter alone in gentlemen's society if she could help it, and John was very far from quarrelling with her for her prudence ; perhaps, if he had been engaged, and dared to expect a lover's privilege, sometimes he might have found a third person *de trop*.

They drove to the park, and Beatrice was bright and gay as a bird. He looked with delight on her animated face, and forgot the money cares that had begun to press heavily upon him lately, in listening to her bright sallies. They had reached the end of the drive, and were turning, when a carriage that had been behind them passed, and John, glancing casually in it, saw a gentleman alone. He was startled to hear a stifled "*Dio mio !*" from Beatrice ; turning quickly round he saw her looking white and frightened ; she had put her hand out to her mother, who looked equally disturbed.

John's first idea was that Beatrice's discomposure had something to do with the gentleman in the carriage ; but he saw his mistake when her mother, looking relieved, said : "*Beatrice mia*, you frightened me ; are you better ?" and then he saw that it was some sudden indisposition that had caused that blanching of her countenance. Very much concerned, he asked her tenderly what he could do.

"Nothing, I think," said her mother. "Beatrice is subject to little attacks like this sometimes. You must excuse me being so anxious about what is really a trifle ; but a mother feels all her child's pains, you know, as if they were her own."

The colour gradually returned to Beatrice's lovely face, but she was not herself, and Mrs. Alton was evidently anxious about her, and directed the man to drive home as quickly as possible.

On arriving there, Beatrice retired at once, and her mother, having excused herself, followed her.

John Morton was left a prey to keen anxiety for his darling. There must surely be something serious in these attacks that could so change her in an instant.

When he called the next day Beatrice received him, and in answer to his anxious inquiries, laughingly assured him she was now in perfect health. It had just been a little spasm ; but something in her manner, an uneasiness and restlessness she could not hide from so keen an observer, alarmed

him, and he determined to see a doctor and ask if there could be anything the matter with her heart.

He carried out his resolution of asking a doctor's opinion, but could get no satisfaction from him without he had been able to see the lady. Forced to be satisfied, he solaced himself by lavishing upon the capricious beauty everything that could gratify her taste: costly books that he himself delighted in acquiring, and believed others must equally value; curious knick-knacks for which she had a passion; and hot-house fruits and flowers in abundance. Truly he must have acted on that deceitful old maxim, "In for a shilling, in for a pound," for he threw away his money most recklessly.

After a few days of this seclusion, he succeeded in making her promise to drive the next day, and then Mrs. Alton gave him another proof of her confidence.

As he was preparing to leave, elated to think at last the darling girl was herself again, her mother followed him out of the room, and told him she wished to speak to him for a minute, and then he entered Edward's studio with her.

"Mr. Morton, I am going to confide in you as a friend. I know I may do so, for I look on you as my own son."

John's heart gave a great throb at these auspicious words, and he felt as if he could embrace the charming motherly lady gazing at him with her large soft eyes.

"Beatrice does not know what I am about to tell you, for although she is such a child in some things, she is very sensitive; but Edward and I think I ought to tell you, who are so good to us, all our secrets. Not very much of secrets after all," she adds with a smile. "But it is a little history, and you must sit down."

After he was comfortably seated, she began.

"While Beatrice was at school in Paris the brother of the schoolmistress fell in love with her. She was such a child—imagine, only fifteen!—and so gay and thoughtless that she was younger than most girls at that age. Of course she knew nothing of love, and as this man was pleasant and kind to her, she liked him very well. He was a very fine musician, and that was a charm that Beatrice could not resist. Had he been old and ugly it would have been the same,

she would have been delighted in hearing his violin, and when he brought that to the parlour in the evening, she used to applaud rapturously. I know Beatrice; I see it all; but this man pretended that he took this love of his art for encouragement—that he knew from this pleasure that she loved him. When I took her from school he came to me and made his proposals, saying he had every reason to suppose my daughter loved him. I was very angry, Mr. Morton, as you may suppose, that Beatrice should have concealed such a thing from me; but on asking her and telling her of the man's visit, she was horrified. The poor child had no idea of his caring for her; she certainly did not care for him. All her enthusiasm had been for his violin."

John mentally thanked his stars he had no violin, so that all her enthusiasm for him must be for his own personal qualities. "Would you believe me, Mr. Morton, that man told me he had determined to marry my daughter, and would follow us to the ends of the earth; but he would have her. And he has kept his word; he has followed us these three years, and he is here now. That was what frightened us in the park the other day; Beatrice saw him."

"But," protested John indignantly, "if this man annoys you, the law will help you."

"Ah, my dear Mr. —, no, I will call you John, shall I not? My dear John, you little know that man. He does absolutely nothing that we can take hold of. He meets us at public places, bows to my daughter and myself, and we find him everywhere we go; and there are no means of preventing that. But Beatrice is afraid of him, he affects her like an evil spirit. I believe," said Mrs. Alton earnestly, "it is the *mag-netismo*, as we say in Italy. Now, I want your advice, dear John," and she laid her hand on his arm caressingly. "I want to take Beatrice away to some quiet place where she can recover herself. She hates the sight of that man so much that I know she will not venture out enough for her health, now she knows he is in the city. I shall take her away at once, to-morrow morning, if you can tell us where it is best to go."

John was very glad to aid her in running away from his rival that she hated, and very much flattered that they should, as it were,

make one of the family of him. He immediately suggested their going to a quiet little place up the Hudson, and told the anxious mother that he would go with them, and put all straight for them.

"I thank you very much, John. I am ashamed you should have so much trouble, and indeed Edward can take us and settle us comfortably, if it is any sort of inconvenience. It is only that, I suppose, you being American must be able to do so much better."

John assured her of what she knew already, that nothing would give him so much pleasure as being useful to her and her daughter.

It was not till John Morton got to his rooms, and was thinking over what he had just heard, that he remembered Mrs. Alton's manner in the park on the day her daughter had been startled by the appearance of this hateful lover; and the somewhat circumstantial account she had afterwards given him of Beatrice suffering from such attacks, and this discovery of her powers of acting confirmed the vague distrust he had sometimes felt of her, and he was thankful to remember that Beatrice had not taken any part in the acting, except by allowing him to think her ill. However, he could find a dozen excuses for that passive deception, but none for Mrs. Alton, who seemed to have made it a fine art. Beatrice could not help her mother's faults, and it was she he loved; so he started off the next day to Newville with the purpose of engaging rooms at the hotel there.

The same afternoon he went to inform Mrs. Alton that everything was ready for their reception, but that lady was out, and Miss Beatrice was dressing, the girl said.

Begging she might not be disturbed, he went into a little reception room behind the parlour, to wait.

He had not been seated many minutes when he heard Mrs. Alton enter; but as she appeared to be accompanied by some one, he went on with the book he had picked up; but he was very soon roused by hearing his own name.

"I tell you, mamma, she had better marry John Morton. I would tell him about Beatrice; he will believe anything you say."

"Marry *him*! My Beatrice marry *him*!" said the lady, whose voice was Mrs. Alton's, scornfully. "Don't you know better than

to counsel a second mistake? No, when Beatrice leaves me now, it will be to make her own and all our fortunes."

"I don't know about that, with this fellow hanging about."

John Morton had surely not meant to listen, but the parties were speaking excitedly and quickly, and before he could get out of the room he had heard the foregoing, and then he swiftly left the house. Ah! that he had never entered it.

But no. Beatrice was blameless of this; he had not quite understood some of the allusions, but in all there was nothing to show that Beatrice had anything to do with her mother's wily schemes. Indeed it would rather seem she had not, for she was spoken of by both mother and son as an instrument in the hands of the former.

His horror and indignation at the cruel scheming of Mrs. Alton were extreme. Of course he saw now that she had only tolerated his advances just for what she could get from him, and Edward the same; but Beatrice had accepted all in childish faith; he knew that. No doubt she loved him, and was cajoled by her mother into a game of procrastination, the result of which she did not herself foresee.

Having explained to his satisfaction Beatrice's part in the scheme, disgusted as he was, he could stand everything else.

As if to console him in part, he heard on his way home that his small speculation had turned out well. He had made more money in a day than law would have brought him in ten years, as he was going on now. He instantly sent instructions to his broker to operate largely, and then sat down to consider what he should do. It was clear he must come to an understanding as soon as possible with Beatrice. With Fortune smiling at him as she had just done, he feared nothing. He would be of age in a few days, and then he would marry; but he had quite decided that Mrs. Alton should afterwards see as little of her daughter as he could manage. Meanwhile he must fight that lady with her own weapons until he had this desirable understanding with Beatrice; for if once she suspected he knew her, and intended marrying Beatrice in spite of her, she was capable of carrying her off.

You see, his opinion of Mrs. Alton was a very poor one at this time, but the very success with which she had blinded him

showed him the extent of her powers; so, foreign as it was to his nature, he must play the hypocrite, and thus once more he went to keep his engagement, tell of the arrangement he had made, and see them off.

This he did, and so busy were they all, or so well did he disguise his feelings, that no one observed any difference in his manner to Edward or Mrs. Alton. Beatrice was brighter than she had been for many days, evidently relieved to get away from her persecutor, and as if to make up for the cruel discovery he had made of her mother's sentiments, she was kinder than ever to him.

She returned the long, lingering pressure of his hand as he wished her good-bye, and her last words were—

"Mind you come to-morrow early— don't forget."

"As if I could forget," he murmured.

"No, you must not forget, dear Mr. Morton," said Mrs. Alton softly.

"Good-bye, old fellow, see you to-morrow," says Edward; but John hears nothing but Beatrice's sweet "Don't forget."

Now John had intended going to Newville to instal his beloved in her home *pro tem.*: but he had that day received a note, asking him to meet a gentleman who wished to consult him. Now, as clients were very rare fish, he had thought it best to forego the pleasure of being with Beatrice, and attend to this one. He had made an appointment accordingly.

Punctually to the minute appeared a tall, thin gentleman, in blue spectacles, who plunged at once into business.

"I want to ask you a few questions about a case I am going to lay before you. I have a little personal history to relate, and must beg your patience. Three years ago I was in Italy, and fell in love with a singer there, a young lady who had lately made a successful *début*. She was wonderfully beautiful, and, of course, queen of the hour; but, notwithstanding the crowd of suitors she had, she returned my affection; but her family had much higher views for her, and knowing they would never consent to our union, she eloped with me. For a few days all was *couleur de rose*, my wife charming, and I worshipped her; but after the first novelty wore off, I found my wife's love was one of those transient passions, to which the Italian nature is subject, and that unless I could supply all her extravagant whims, I should have a very

wretched life. I am a musician; I was then only commencing my career, and this elopement had made a great difference to my pocket, having had to throw up my engagement to effect it. Thus, a very luxurious life was impossible. As my wife had known my means, I had hoped she would have contented herself until I could get another engagement; but I was mistaken, and, after five weeks of married life, she returned to her mother, who had been furious at her child's marriage. After she had left me, some attempt was made to annul the marriage; but, although the lady passed for a girl in her teens, it could be proved that she was really of age at the time of our union. Failing in this attempt, the mother, who expects the daughter's beauty to make a brilliant match, came here, and has procured a divorce; that is to say, she petitioned in some out-of-the-way court for a decree of divorce on false grounds, and the notices to me to defend myself were published in an obscure journal that could scarcely by any ordinary chance meet my sight; but, in dealing with my mother-in-law, I do not trust to ordinary chances, and so it *did* come under my notice, but not till too late for me to put in a defence. Now, if this divorce stands, my wife will marry again as soon as she can reach Europe. There is a wealthy young Englishman madly in love with her, waiting to marry her on her return from this trip, which he has been told is the fulfilment of a professional engagement.

"I warned the unfortunate fellow; but the mother knowing I was going to do that, had represented me as a harmless lunatic who had gone mad from love of her daughter, and believed myself married to her. I could have convinced him, had he allowed it, but he treated me with courtesy, pretended to take my word for all I asserted, and I left him, astonished at the calm way in which he took such tidings. It was not until afterwards that I found out that his mind had been prepared."

John had listened with a strange, eager interest to this story, making no remark that would interrupt its progress; in spite of himself he felt a sinking of the heart as the gentleman looked in his pocket-book for papers, saying,

"Here, I have the notice of the divorce court. Now, I must explain why I sought you, instead of applying to another lawyer.

I believed your mind also might have been prepared by my mother-in-law, and you would thus refuse to listen to me until I could offer proofs. I have no doubt you recognise me as the individual who so startled a young lady you were with in a carriage, and I took the precaution of wearing glasses to avoid immediate recognition, as I knew in some way or other I had been slandered by her. I will trouble you to read these."

Mechanically, John took the printed slips, his eyes rested on the names: "Beatrice Alton, Henri Felix." Worn down as he had been for months past with excitement, the shock was too much, he fell as if shot.

* * * * *

John Morton heard voices whispering around him. For some time he lay in pleasant semi-consciousness, and then he began to wonder who could be whispering in his bedroom. He opened his eyes languidly, surely the window was not in the right place! This was not his room! He made an effort to rise in his bed, and see what the meaning of it all was, but he was powerless. Some one passed the end of his bed, surely it was his mother!

"Mother! why, where am I?"

"Never mind that now, John, you have been very ill, and must not talk."

Yes, there was Mrs. Barnes. Grim still, but with a softer look, of which she seemed ashamed, heaving round that stern mouth.

John tried to think how she could have come there, for he saw now he was in the little sitting room attached to his office, and then light began to dawn upon him. He remembered the visit of the stranger, Beatrice, all. Ah! why had he remembered? Why had not memory remained a blank? In his utter weakness, his face worked with pain and his eyes filled, but his stern mother still beside him created a happy diversion.

"John, can you see a friend and keep quiet?"

"Yes." And the next minute Mary was at his bedside, sweet as ever, but pale and weary-eyed with watching; how pleasant it was to see her, how peaceful it all seemed after the feverish life of the last few months.

Mary repressed the eager questions that rose to his lips, and sat beside him in silence.

But the days came when he was stronger, and then she told him how Mr. Felix had found out where his mother was, and had telegraphed for them; how when they came they found him where he was, well attended by the excellent Mr. Felix, who, on their arrival, resigned his post to Mrs. Barnes, telling her all that he knew himself, which seemed to be almost everything there was to know, and then Mrs. Barnes's mother's heart had spoken.

"I always told you she loved you, John, and you would not doubt it if you had seen her agony of mind when you were in the greatest danger. Oh, that was a dreadful time!" and the tears welled into Mary's sweet eyes as she thought of it.

It was a great relief to John to know that he had no explanations to make; but he dreaded that what his mother might think it right to say when he was stronger would spoil their present good relations; for, deceived as he had been, except in the case of a little reckless extravagance, he could not hold himself wrong in having so madly loved Beatrice; it was not his fault if she was not as good as he had thought her.

But he need not have feared, Mary had made her stepmother promise that she would not in any way allude to the past; indeed, like many more, she found it easier to forgive a great misdoing than a small one. She even went further; and when she found that nearly all John's money had been swallowed up in his second speculation, she made him no reproach.

As far as her son was concerned, it was, perhaps, a very good thing it had so happened, for he went to work, as he had never gone before, to repair his wrecked fortunes.

His misplaced passion for Beatrice faded as his health returned; and, in spite of her beauty, he could wonder what had so enthralled him. Mary was worth fifty of her for a wife, and when he went home in the summer he took up the thread of his life where it had broken on his departure for New York; he pastoralized anew with Mary, but now he intends it to be not only for a summer's day, but to life's end.

A WINTER SONG.

ALAS ! cold earth, dost thou forget
The scent of April's violet ?
Do wailing winds bemoan the death
Of youth, and joy, and odorous breath ?
Are all these shrivelled leaves that fall
Heaped up for beauty's burial ?

Ah ! no, no, no—the careful year
Prepares a bed and not a bier ;
Though beauty's trance be long and deep,
Her heart still quivers in her sleep ;
Ther leave her place of slumber bare,
Let the loved sunlight enter there.

Alas ! cold heart, hast thou foregone
The bliss that o'er the spring-time shone ?
Has all the winter of thy woe
Congealed thy weeping into snow ?
And in that long and bitter frost
Has the sweet life of love been lost ?

Ah ! no, no, no—love wakes again,
Though still and pale it long hath lain,
And chilly was its place of rest—
Then warm it, dearest, on thy breast ;
Revive it with thy voice divine,
It wakens to no touch but thine !

—*Temple Bar for January.*

A STUDENT'S VIEW OF EDUCATION IN NEW YORK CITY.

T. S. ORMISTON, N.Y.

THE Public School system of the United States has always been considered not only one of their greatest subjects of gratulation, but also, perhaps, 'the chief bulwark of their liberties, the true foundation for the perpetuation of their republican institutions. Having once granted universal suffrage, however clearly statesmen may now perceive it to have been a serious blunder, it is impossible to do away with it. The only safeguard, then, consists in educating the people to such an extent that they may properly and wisely use the power so trustingly confided to them. Hence the great importance of the schools to the Government, and hence the necessity that these schools should be conducted in accordance with the principles that underlie the United States Constitution. To permit them to be controlled by a system adverse to liberty, free thought, free government, would render them not useless, but dangerous, to the authorities they are designed to support. The long-headed Jesuit, ever wily and sagacious, has perceived this most vulnerable point for attack, and the warfare is already begun. Their insidious advances have been met in too many places by careless concessions and ready compliance. In other localities, on the contrary, the recoil has been to the other extreme. It is decidedly questionable just how far "the Bible and our Public Schools"—a cry now ringing from many a broad platform—is to be justified. Is it not tyranny, a word abhorred by ears republican, for the two Christian neighbours of a son of Abraham to compel his child to listen, in company with theirs, to the story of Him whom he believes to have been only an impostor? And why should the version of King James, the learned, be preferred to the Douay, accepted and believed in by so many citizens? It seems to be no part of a public education in this country, which recognises no sect as superior to another to instruct the young in matters of religion. The thoughtful, though truly pious, legislator would hesitate to place the

Bible among the text-books of the Common Schools; though he may well question whether, at the bidding of an arrogant, assuming, aggressive Church, he should now remove it from its honoured place. There can be no doubt, however, as to the necessity of active resistance to all demands for Separate Schools to be supported by the general fund. Contrary to the spirit of the Constitution, and in the highest degree ill adapted to the training of a truly patriotic American citizen, their establishment would create a dark, heavy cloud for the future.

But it is not proposed to attempt the discussion of any so weighty questions in the present article. The writer intends, as best he may be able, simply to give a sketch of education in New York city, as it has appeared to him as a student, not attempting to view it as an instructor or educator. It may be well to add, in order that the reader may judge how far he is entitled to make comparisons, that he has had experience as a scholar in both Ontario and New York city schools; while his collegiate training was received in two of the Metropolitan colleges.

Of private schools it is scarcely possible to write in general terms, so much depending upon the principal. As a whole, with some notable exceptions, they are very questionably effective and exceedingly expensive. Besides these schools, almost countless in number, there are one hundred and seventeen Public Schools, with an average attendance of one thousand in each. The teachers are paid, probably, neither better nor worse than their fellow-labourers elsewhere. Although these schools are supposed to be equally well equipped, and to stand on the same level divided, of course, into the "primary" and "grammar school" grades—still, it is a well-known fact, that two have been drilled and maintained to a special point of excellence as show schools, and it is to these, the one for boys and the other for girls, that the attention of visitors, interested in our school system, is usually directed. The teach-

ers in these schools are selected as the best in the employment of the city ; the subjects of study are more numerous, and are pursued to a greater extent than in the other sister-schools. In consequence of these advantages, these schools are crowded with the children of the rich, and it is no easy matter to have a child enrolled in them as a pupil. With specially chosen teachers, carefully admitted pupils, and manifold advantages, it is obvious the visitor to these schools gains no true impression of New York city schools in the main. However, the same spirit which created these schools has had its effect more or less upon the others. They all have a training for these inspections by the distinguished stranger or those in authority. If, for instance, a noted visitor from a distance desires to see the school, the principal conducts him to the "large room," as it is commonly called, capable of seating all the pupils, and quietly giving him a seat upon the platform in the empty room, he rings a bell. In a moment a person enters, at times a teacher, but not unfrequently one of the scholars, and plays a march upon the piano—that universal adjunct to the gathering-rooms of our city schools. By this time, the steady tramp of hundreds is heard throughout the building. Doors, on opposite sides of the room, open simultaneously, and disclose long lines of pupils keeping time to the music, and waiting for the signal to enter. A clear note from a silvery-toned bell, and together the ranks at each door move in, and so close is the array, that not a sunbeam could slip between. On they march, the leaders on each side of the room taking care that they are exactly opposite each other, until they reach their allotted seats, when they file in, and stand motionless. At the sound of the bell, together these sink into their seats, not one head being lowered before its mates ; while the same signal has started the next classes waiting at the doors. And so these movements are repeated until all the scholars are seated, and the room is full. Then the music ceases, the performer steps back with a bow, and all listen for the praises of the visitor for whom this has taken place. Of course they receive them, for no doubt, the performance is very effective. Not a word has been spoken,* only the

music, the tramp of hundreds of little feet, and the occasional tinkle of the bell have been heard. The regular lines of children, accurately graded from the leader, the tallest in the class, to the shortest, who humbly bring up the rear, in the closest arrangement, and keeping perfect step, moving as if by one impulse, are, no doubt, suggestive of thorough discipline and the best of good order. But these visitors do not know the many hours which have been spent in practice for this, after all, useless show. Every week this manœuvre is repeated again and again. Classes whose execution of it is considered particularly bad are kept beyond hours, and required to march in and out until at last a satisfactory degree of excellence has been obtained. Punishments for the individual scholars who fail in any way to observe the strict decorum at this time insisted upon, are severe, and every care is taken to make the performance as effective as possible. I remember hearing a gentleman, who had been struck by the universality of some such drill—generally, indeed, of a much more decided military character—in the schools throughout the States, maintain that the Republic would rapidly become warlike, and, as in France, a military despotism, the realization of the shadowy "Cæsarism" of the New York *Herald*, would soon dwell in the White House ! Without believing that any so direful results will follow these harmless performances, we may regret their existence, when too much time is occupied in practice for them.

In the school-room itself, as a scholar, I was particularly struck by the freedom which existed between the teacher and the pupils, a freedom that not always escaped license. One example may be given from my personal observation. The teacher, a gentleman, had just finished an explanation of a somewhat troublesome problem in algebra, and one of the boys, failing to understand it, and desiring that it should be repeated, abruptly called out, "That's too thin—it won't wash !" As this expression was at that time very much in vogue, it was readily interpreted by the teacher, who, without a

the excessive precautions in use in the Detroit schools, mentioned in an article which appeared in a recent issue of the MONTHLY, from the pen of a well-known instructor, the advantages of whose thorough and scholarly teaching I enjoyed for fully five years.

* While care is taken to prevent noise, and unnecessary talking is avoided, I have not here noticed

word of rebuke, began again the explanation. Of course I do not suppose many teachers in New York would permit such language to be addressed to them in the class-room; yet this gentleman was second only to the principal in a large school, and was considered a most excellent teacher.

Of the subjects of study, arithmetic is the most favoured. Rapidity as well as accuracy of solution is required. Generally the answer is called for before the whole class have completed the problem, so that a high pressure rate is continually maintained. While the work is performed both rapidly and correctly, in the majority of school-rooms it will be found it is done solely by rule, and few scholars are able to give any other explanation than the rule learned by rote. As corporal punishment is almost, if not entirely, abolished, detention after hours takes its place; and, while so confined, the children are usually drilled in arithmetic. Drawing is taught in most of the schools by a master specially provided for that purpose, vocal music receiving a similar attention. The ordinary subjects of a Common School education are not neglected. Reading is remarkably well cultivated, a distinct articulation being always required; though universally a peculiar inflection is taught, which is not over agreeable to my ears. The history of the United States is thoroughly studied, with but little of any other nation. Another incident that occurred in my personal experience I venture to give, with the caution that *ab uno disce omnes* must not be applied here. It was at the time the Court of Arbitration was sitting at Geneva, and the feeling in New York was very strong, that I chanced to be present at a lesson in history, which was certainly unique as *history*, and which would probably receive a plainer monosyllabic epithet "across the line." It was begun by the question "Has the United States a claim against Great Britain on account of the ravages of the Alabama?" The class was unanimous in the affirmative. "Has Canada a claim against the United States on account of the Fenian raids?" Here a negative was returned. "Wherein lies the difference?" The class failed to answer, as their suggestions that "the British Government knew beforehand of the unlawful preparations, and that it had the power to stop them," were met by the teacher with assurances that the American

Government was equally well-informed and able to interfere in the case of the Fenians. Finally he solved the perplexing question thus: "*The Alabama was manned by sailors transferred from the British navy, and, so long as they fought her, were regularly paid by the British Lords of the Admiralty; while the Fenians, whatever encouragement they may have indirectly had from the American Government, were certainly not in its pay during their incursions into Canada!*" If such teaching were universal, it would be surprising that the feeling is not more bitter against that country which, while thus apparently fearing to wage open war against the north, still secretly and cowardly did its utmost to injure it in its day of trouble. My own surprise at this outrageous statement was so great that I was unable even to contradict it.

For a year past we have had a "Compulsory Education Act" in New York, but little can be said of its action, for it has never been really enforced. By it children from five to fourteen are required to attend school. Our army of newsboys and shoe-blacks would be almost annihilated were this Act carried out. The State must first resolve to support these homeless children before she can deprive them of their opportunity of earning a livelihood for themselves. For the instruction of those at work during the day, night schools are conducted, and, in many neighbourhoods, are well attended by pupils of all ages.

As a part of the educational system of the city, two colleges are supported: the Normal College, for the education of young women, more especially with the view of fitting them for teachers in the Public Schools; and the College of the City of New York, which crowns the school system with an academic training, and confers upon its graduates the degrees of A.B. and B.S.

The Normal College has lately been transferred to the magnificent and costly building erected for it by the city on an "up-town site." As we are very fond of saying of all manner of things over here, it is, in all probability, *the largest and finest Normal School in the world*. Fifteen hundred pupils have even now filled its spacious halls. These come from the Public Schools, but are admitted only after a thorough examination, at which it is necessary to receive not less than 75 per cent. of the

maximum attainable. The course is of three years; Latin, geometry, algebra, the sciences, and modern languages being the subjects of study. There are six Professors and a large number of lady-teachers, selected from those engaged in the schools. The diplomas entitle the graduates to teach in any of the Public Schools.

The City College is attended by seven or eight hundred pupils, but nearly half of these are in the "preparatory department," in which Latin is begun, and geometry and algebra studied. In addition to this year, there are the usual four years of a College course. No student is admitted who has not spent at least one year in a Public School, and, like the schools, it is perfectly free, even all the text-books being furnished. There are two courses, with some options; those who have pursued the classical course (Greek is begun in the freshman's year!) receive the degree of A.B., while on graduates of the other, known as the scientific, which differs from the first in little save that modern languages supplant the classics, the degree of B.S. is conferred. The average age of graduation is eighteen or nineteen, and, with a freshman class of over a hundred, seldom more than thirty receive their diplomas, since so many leave after a partial course, or fail to pass the semi-annual examinations. While the course in the mathematical department is nominally severe, the calculus being a study of the second year, and applied mathematics in the third, it will be found that the course is not so extended nor so rigid as in many other institutions. Never is any work required of the student except what is given on the printed page. No problems in geometry, for example, such as tormented me in my Grammar School course in Canada, are ever assigned for solution. Nothing is demanded save what can be, and, in many cases, is, actually learned by memorizing. The knowledge acquired, and the amount read, of classics at graduation are little more than what is required for matriculation at Toronto University. The sciences are better taught, the Professor of Chemistry being the well-known lecturer, Dr. Doremus. During the freshman year, drawing occupies the students as many hours as the classics, and proficiency with the pencil is of equal weight with scholarship and application in the languages in determining the "merit roll" of the class. Ora-

tory and composition receive great attention. Three orations are delivered each morning before the faculties and the whole body of students, immediately after the reading of a short passage from the Bible, which constitutes the only religious service maintained. The honours at Commencement depend not a little upon the ability of the student as a speaker. At the recent "Intercollegiate Literary Contest" two prizes for Essays were awarded the competitors from New York College. Under the able presidency of Gen. A. S. Webb, the discipline is rigid. The whole plan, together with part of the curriculum, as we have seen, is that of a High School, and not at all what is generally understood as that of a College, in Britain. The students are boys, and are treated as boys. The first time I was present in one of the lecture-rooms, the Professor made an evidently stereotyped welcoming address: "that we had now become collegians, and were no longer school-boys; that we would be treated as men, and he hoped we would so act," &c. When he had concluded, and we were quietly awaiting the end of the hour, to be dismissed, one of us naturally looked at his watch, and instantly drew down upon himself a very severe reproof from the Professor. The amusement I felt at the inconsistency of his speech with this tirade, which forcibly recalled the "hands-behind-your-back" period of infant instruction, was too great to be concealed, and my indiscreet smile transferred the irate Professor's attention to me.

Attendance is strictly compulsory, and the theory is, if absent one hour you cease to be a member of the College, and have to be readmitted by the President on your return; that is, an absentee must present to him a satisfactory excuse before joining his class. Of the daily recitations (the classes attend four instructors each day) a record is kept, which is posted fortnightly in the halls. At the semi-annual examinations, 50 per cent. must be obtained in each subject to entitle the student to continue in his class, though a failure in one subject will be overlooked. There is nothing of the nature of an "honour course," and the so-called honours are orations at Commencement, which is the universal name in the States for the ceremony of receiving diplomas. Of these ten orations, five are delivered by the best speakers and writers in the class, and the others are given to those who have re-

ceived the greatest number of marks during their four years' course, those obtained on the examinations being of equal importance with the sun of their daily recitations. (Demerit marks, given for misconduct and tardiness of attendance, cancel three times their number of merit marks, as in the Canadian school system.) An inspection of the students will impress one with the numerical importance of the Israelitish element in the city. The youthful detractors of the College are accustomed to style it "the Hebrew Orphan Asylum!" The faculty are chosen with considerable care, receive a salary of from three to five thousand dollars, and are assisted by a large body of tutors. They are selected with a truly admirable catholic spirit, and I well remember an exciting scene that took place in a senior class lecture-room some years ago, when the Professor, *ex cathedra*, saw fit to stigmatize Christianity as an *effete* system, even in inculcating good morals! The debate which followed, between the Professor, aided by the Jewish members of the class, and those who had received Christian training, was far too warm to be dignified. The most noted graduate is Mr. Theodore Tilton, but, in spite of his eloquence and ability, not a few question the propriety of taking the public moneys, wrung from rich and poor alike, to support an Institution by which the children of the former class are alone benefited; since a father must be at least moderately well-to-do to be able to keep his son at an unproductive employment until eighteen or twenty years of age. This objection has the more force from the fact that another College, the University of the City of New York, has recently been made free. This latter College, before the late "unpleasantness," was largely attended, I have been told, by Southerners. Of course, that class perished in the conflict, and the University during several years, pined for lack of students. Under the present Chancellor, the learned and eloquent Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, its efficiency and status are again improving, and its three departments of Letters, Law and Medicine, are now moderately well attended.

The University was founded about half a century ago; for ten years only has the "Free Academy" been known as the City College, but in 1754 King George the Third granted a charter to found a college "for

the better education of the youth of his loyal City of New York." For twenty years King's College (so called in honour of its royal founder) lived and thrived, until the Revolution came, and the struggle in New York for a while absorbed all energies. Soon, however, the citizens reorganized the College, re-baptized it "Columbia," and under that name she is now New York's greatest seat of learning—indeed, from the numbers in her professional schools of law and medicine, the largest University in the States. With ample endowments (she bears the reputation of being America's wealthiest college), and enjoying all the advantages that money supplies, it is only on account of her metropolitan situation that she is not more widely known. The vast tumultuous life of busy New York completely conceals the quiet cloisters of Columbia, while, were she elsewhere, her thirteen hundred students would make her almost a town in herself. Eminently conservative, the College is conducted in an unobtrusive yet effective way, and, while seldom attracting public attention, her impress upon New York is deep and lasting. Many of New York's ablest statesmen, from John Jay and Alexander Hamilton, of Revolutionary times, to the present talented Secretary of State, Hon. Hamilton Fish, have received their collegiate training within her walls.

There are four schools under the same general authorities: the School of Letters, or the Arts Department, with 188 students; the School of Mines, or the Scientific Department, 200; the School of Law, 575; and the Medical Department, with an attendance of over 400. The School of Letters alone will lie within the scope of this article. The curriculum, save in metaphysics, will compare favourably with Toronto University. In the classics, perhaps, in general so accurate scholarship is not acquired; while the courses in chemistry and physics are especially thorough. Scholarships of \$100 are annually awarded in each subject, and to compete for these it is necessary to do not a little extra work, making the "scholars" much the same as the "honour men" of Toronto University; though "to graduate with honours" from Columbia merely means that the student in his last examination was questioned upon the whole of the work of the senior year, instead of simply that of the last term, and was successful in obtaining over 75 per

cent. The so-called "honour men" alone receive a special standing in the class, the others are graduated without distinction of excellence.

As the students are exclusively New Yorkers, and are generally living with their parents, but little control is exerted by the college authorities over them. While they are expected to be present at every lecture, no notice is taken of their absence, except that no professor will examine a man who has not attended at least three-quarters of his lectures and recitations, and unfortunately no degree will be conferred until a satisfactory examination has been passed in every subject of the four years' course, though, if the student prefer, he may leave many of these until the senior year. For entrances, Cæsar must be read *in toto*, six orations of Cicero, six books of the *Æneid*, three of the *Anabasis*, two of the *Iliad*, with selections from Lucian, &c. It will be seen that, while Toronto requires a greater variety, she demands less reading. In mathematics about the same is needed to matriculate at Columbia as at Toronto, with this important exception, that never is anything like "book-work" expected. As this matriculation examination is more severe than those in the other city colleges, the average age of the students is greater, and no difficulty is experienced in following out the general regulation, "the students are assumed to be gentlemen, and will be treated as such." With the exception of Harvard, of all American Colleges, Columbia gives the greatest freedom to her students, and relies the most upon their manliness. The faculty make no other effort to prevent lack of application than the fact before mentioned, of thorough examinations that must be passed in order to obtain a degree; but the parent or guardian receives a monthly statement of the collegian's attendance and success in his studies, and is thus enabled to enforce greater diligence if he deem it necessary. At Yale College, on the contrary, the strictest surveillance is had over the students. Professors are even willing to serve as temporary guardians, and arrange the financial affairs of those under their care. A recitation on each day's allotted task must invariably be made to the Professor at some time, even though sickness may have been the cause of the student's absence from the class-room!

The cost of tuition at Columbia is \$100 per annum. The Professors are of the ablest and best known in the States. Dr. Anthon (now deceased), who edited so many classical books, his colleague and successor, Dr. Drisler, the American editor of Liddell and Scott's Lexicon, Dr. Short, of the committee for the revision of the Bible, Drs. Davies and Peck, the writers of so many highly esteemed mathematical works, have occupied, and, save Drs. Anthon and Davies, still fill professional chairs in Columbia. The present learned President is the Ven. Dr. F. A. P. Barnard, the noted mathematician and scientist. Their support is liberal in comparison with others, if not in proportion to their attainments—from six to eight thousand dollars a year.

It is said that the Columbia men, from the many seductions of city life, are apt to devote too much time to society and the theatres, too little to real study, and many New York fathers send their sons to Harvard, Yale, or Princeton. Yet this is unfair, for, while the city, indeed, offers to those who would be only loungers anywhere, opportunities particularly attractive for their amusement, still at the same time, it affords the main body of Columbia's students, those who are really earnest workers, the great wealth of the public libraries and museums, and occasions for hearing the great men of the platform, the pulpit, and the bar, such as only the metropolis can provide. That city life is not deleterious to muscle, Columbia's record as sending the winning crew of the intercollegiate regatta of '74, and the second in that of '75, most clearly exemplifies. For its effect on the intellect, the after-life of its graduates must be examined.

An objection to Columbia College more frequently advanced by young gentlemen is, that she has no true "college life" for her students, that they merely spend a small part of each day in her halls, and then separate for their home circles, and their home amusements and occupations. Yet we find the college feeling, the *esprit de corps*, very strong and active, and the general good-fellowship among the students marked. The trustees seem to be still in doubt whether, removing a few miles from the city, (they have indeed purchased nine acres in the upper part of the island for \$360,000), they shall transform the college, by the adoption of the dormitory plan, to one more like Harvard, or

whether they shall retain their present central position and select London University as their model, and become in reality a lecturing and examining body solely. The Colleges of New York State are under the supervision of "the Regents of the University," consisting of a number of gentlemen appointed, I believe, by the Governor. Columbia alone, from her age and reputation, perhaps also from the fact that, owing to the immense increase in value of her extensive real estate in the city, she no longer requires or desires further State support, is in no way subject to them. It will no doubt have been understood that the City College is a part of the public education provided by the city, and is, therefore, under the direct control of the Commissioners of Education.

An important feature of American student life remains to be noticed. What causes the students of Columbia to display so much more good-fellowship and *esprit de corps* than would, from her peculiar position, naturally be expected? Undoubtedly it is the great development of the "secret fraternity" system. All Americans, of every rank and age, are very fond of secret associations, and nearly every man bears the golden badge of some organization, which claims him as a member. These college "Greek Letter" societies, which are clubs that meet for social and literary purposes, and whose "secret" character consists simply in their doors being closed to all non-members, have indeed become a characteristic feature of college life in the States, and are certainly better and have wiser ends in view than the celebrated fighting bands of German Universities. Notwithstanding the recent action of the Princeton faculty in suspending all known members of these societies in the College, I cannot understand how the presence of any such organization as the Delta Kappa Epsilon, or Psi Upsilon fraternity can have otherwise than a healthy effect upon the collegians. It must be acknowledged that a mere local club might degenerate into a gathering for frolic and dissipation; but on a fraternity with chapters in twenty, or even thirty colleges, with a past reputation during forty or fifty years for scholarship and literary ability to maintain, the very rivalry with its competitors causes the annual convention, or congress of this little republic, to keep a close watch over each individual lodge. Since each band

carefully selects only such students for members as are quite agreeable to all within it, the friendship and companionship between brothers of a lodge are close and intimate. By these clubs men are prevented from developing abnormal eccentricities. They spur on the sluggish to exertion; they seduce the pale, wan bookworm from his folios for a row on the river, or a walk with merry companions; they coax the modest and retiring to social scenes and pleasant circles, and warn and guide aright the fast and dissipated. In short, these societies (of course I do not speak of all, but of the best) aim at producing among their members no one-sided, abnormally developed character, but perfect men, with all the faculties and muscles alike in healthy action. It may seem strange, but it is the repeated experience in our Colleges, that men who will not work for their own reputation will strive hard for the honour of their society; and those who would care little for their own disgrace will hesitate to make their fraternity a by-word, and give her rivals an advantage. Of course the system has drawbacks as well, and even its warmest defenders should not hesitate to state them. Union is strength the world over, and it not unfrequently happens that these societies, acting as guided by one will while possessing the influence of many, conscious of their power, make improper use of it. All honours in the gift of the students—the men who represent the College in its public entertainments, the Wooden Spoon of Yale, the Goodwood Cup of Columbia, which are reputedly given to the most popular man in the class, the valedictory in those Colleges, as in Columbia, where the students, and not the merit roll, select the speaker—all these and many more are controlled by the societies. Two or three unite, and by their combined vote carry the elections as they will, and divide the various offices with true political immorality. Occasionally, it is said, but very rarely, and never in the best of these organizations, they interfere with matters beyond the sphere of the student, and, by exciting the interest and using the influence of their graduate members, have removed professors, and remodelled faculties. On the whole, however, their effect is excellent upon the general tone of the students, and their rivalry with each other prevents even the unprincipled from forming so extensive coalitions as to be dangerous

or troublesome, as a usual thing, to the constituted authorities; their antagonists' efforts are directed against each other.

In general, of the system of education here adopted, I would mention the great attention paid to elocution. Reading and declamation are carefully taught in the lowest classes in school, and so soon are the pupils encouraged to deliver their own compositions, that it has been said that they are taught to make a speech before they are to think. (In many of our Legislatures the same unfortunate *hysteron proteron* mode of proceeding is too common.) In most Colleges, though not in Columbia, oratory has a very prominent place in the curriculum, and it would be well for Canadians to imitate this in part. It is only lately that English literature has received the attention it merits; but rhetoric has never been neglected. Mathe-

matics are not pursued, on the whole, to such an extent, nor with such thoroughness, as in British institutions; while the amount read in classics is frequently greater, though but seldom can such accurate scholarship be shown. On the other hand, the sciences are more generally studied, and the professors are furnished with more extended opportunities and with ampler facilities for experiment and illustration in the lecture-room, than in most Canadian institutions.

It is evident, however, that the system of education in Ontario compares most favourably with that of New York in all important particulars, and, whatever may be said of Canada's "slowness" in forming rings and in corrupting legislative bodies, she may claim, at least, to be abreast of her go-ahead neighbour in her system of public education.

A DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN A LOVING PAIR OF TWINS, SIAMESE TWINS, BY NAME, SELF AND I.

SELF and I, on our return from a fashionable dance in the moon—it will at once be seen how little like the fashionables of the moon are to those on what we are pleased to call our sublunary sphere—drew up our easy chair before the fire, which burnt cheerily in our cosy bachelor's room, and with ample dressing gown wrapped round our manly limbs, great Tom, wisest of councillors, purring on our knees, and the most fragrant of weeds between our lips, proceeded to hold a *Tabaks-concilium* on the evening's party. This is a habit which we have borrowed from several of our young lady friends.

"Well, I," said Self, "how did you enjoy the dance to-night?"

"Oh! much as usual; you know, Self, dances are not much in my way."

"Now, I, there is a good deal of humbug about your not enjoying dances. It is all very well, when it is over, to put on the air of a philosopher and despise such frivolities;

but, unless I am much mistaken, you enjoyed yourself very well—at least your flirtation with Miss Tender Sympathy."

"Yes, Self; but then Miss Sympathy, dear girl, appreciates my ideas, and I adore a woman who appreciates my ideas."

"Nonsense! what woman appreciates ideas? No, no, I, if Miss Sympathy appreciates anything of your pet *Idea*, it is, perhaps, the great *I* himself, unless, indeed, the *dea* is herself, goddess of your worship."

"Vile pun, Self, I am ashamed of you."

"*Peccavi*, I won't do it again. But, friend I, what a lot of nonsense you did talk to Polly Vain, and not a word of truth in it."

"Truth! Self, what man ever talks truth to a woman? And if he does, small thanks he gets for it."

"Well, I, the dear creatures return the compliment, for little truth they talk to men."

"No, nor to each other—unless it's disagreeable."

"Rather low, I, for men to blame women for their shyness of the truth, when they take care, as far as they are concerned, they shall never hear a word of it from the cradle to the grave. If we were continually fed on trashy sweetstuff, I daresay our digestion for wholesome food would soon become very weak. No, I, try a little truth with our sisters; the best of them will think more of the compliment to their strength than of the nastiness of the dose; and even the Polly Vains may, in time, learn to take it—in thimblefuls."

"Yes, Self, and hate the doctor."

"Well, I, you know it is the privilege of an unselfish man, if such there be, to sacrifice himself for the good of society."

"Perhaps you are right, Self, but even you must allow that the sex is dreadfully vain. Poor little Polly! what a monstrous appetite for flattery she has, to be sure!"

"Six of one and half-a-dozen of the other, I. Polly and her sisters have time to digest the sweet poison, while the hurry-scurry of the world gives us a corrective next day; but we are just as fond as they of the intoxicating draft."

"Self, you are, indeed, a philosopher. But what do you say to Carry Faithful, who, on my praising Miss Proudfoot's looks and dress, enthusiastically agreed they were superb; but then, sly puss, gently insinuated that gas-light and—hem!—a little high art improved Miss P.'s style of beauty immensely; and, of course, her dress was very rich and handsome of its kind, but 'don't you think, Mr. I., as a man of taste, it is more remarkable for costliness than elegance,'—delicate thrust, Self."

"Yes, but not so fast, I; remember Carry is poor, and has sense enough to know that, spite the old proverb, beauty unadorned has a very poor chance with beauty much adorned. Besides, you did not see, as they entered the room, the envious disdain on Miss Proudfoot's haughty countenance, as, at one swift glance, she took in the cheap simplicity of Carry's dress and the fresh prettiness of her girlish face. By the way, I, do you know a greater miracle than the number of flaws in a rival's person and dress which a woman can detect at a glance? Phew! what the earth reveals in a flash of lightning is nothing to it. But to return to Carry—who is a friend of mine—did you see how politely she endured—spite her

spite, as you would say—young Pump's wishy-washy egotism, and how, at supper, she put her share of the mottoes in her pocket for her little brother at home. Ah, I, if we, donning the cloak of Asmodeus, could go home with her, see her run into her mother's room and tell her how she enjoyed the party, then up to the little brother's crib, where she puts the mottoes on his pillow, and lovingly kisses his rosy cheek, praying that he may not grow up like brother Tom; and in her own little room, before she gets into bed, see her kneel down by the bedside and pray for the good-for-nothing Tom, who insists on going to the devil faster even than nature intended; and, still on her knees, thinks if Tom would only come home, she could make him better; then wonders if she can manage to send him a little money; and, her thoughts still wandering, blushes as she remembers her speech at Miss Proudfoot, and prays humbly that she may not become spiteful; and then she thinks of the object of her girlish hopes and prays that he may soon be able to claim her as his own. Not a very grand or wise, even a somewhat rambling prayer, I, but honest, and perhaps as acceptable as that of her saintly cousin, who thanks God, in rounded periods, that she cares not for the frivolities of the world."

Here Self stopped for breath.

Whereupon I, after a slight pause, said, "Steady, old fellow! If you had gone on much longer I should have thought you were in earnest."

"So I was, I. But why did not your self-denial make you ask poor Miss Heavytoes to dance?"

"Unselfishness is all very well, Self, but one must draw the line somewhere, and mine stops just this side Miss Heavytoes; but I acknowledge the corn, and that's half way to curing it."

"Nothing of the kind, I. Some people's stock of virtue is so slender that it is all expended in acknowledging their want of it, leaving none upon which to found amendment. But now that you're down, confess you did not feel so particularly well pleased when Miss Carry praised young Slender's good looks and dancing, though you cunningly said, 'Yes, quite a Crichton,' thinking the while his accomplishments lie chiefly in the heels, some one else's at the other end."

"Now, Self, let's change the subject. Don't hit a fellow when he's down."

"By the way, did you see how young Peacock tried to flirt with pretty little Mrs. Grahead. Poor fool! He fancies she is in love with him."

"More knave than fool, I. You see he judges others by his magnificent self, and therefore concludes his pretty partner can't care a rush for her great uncouth monster of a husband, a hair of whose ugly red head, by the way, she would not sacrifice to save Peacock's whole body from hurt, or his soul, if he had one, from Hades; and as he has seen his rivals snubbed, he thinks the chambers of her heart are empty, and that he, like the chief, or all seven, of the devils in Scripture, may enter in and abide there; goodly furniture to look on, I, but rather rotten at the core. But tell me, I, if nature had not forbidden you the same success in *ces affaires de cœur* as young Peacock, do you think you would be proof?"

"Humph! No success, indeed! I can tell you, Self, when I was young and went in for that sort of thing I, I—"

"Stay! 'No more of that, Hal, an' thou lov'st me.' Don't remind me of one of those old fellows, awfully wild in their youth, who tell you, with a flourish, 'Gad, sir, you should have seen me with the women when I was young; why the dear creatures hadn't a chance, but went down before me like the pigeons before the artillery of the gun club.' Poor old fool! His deadliest weapon was the long-bow, and a feeble enough one at that. But, I, what were you talking so earnestly about to Miss Maud Pious?"

"Why, I was trying to make her as a good woman, confess that Bragg had behaved very shabbily to Miss Simple; but she couldn't see it."

"No, I should think not. Why Bragg is her hero, and catch a woman, however good, understand injustice on the part of her hero god. A woman takes her principles diluted through the concrete. Remember Milton's line—

"'He for God only—she for God in him.'"

"Yes, or, as Shakespeare might have said, 'for man, as you know, is woman's idol.'"

"An ugly Joss, I."

"Like the rest of them, his superior parts gold, his inferior clay."

"H'm! Great predominance of clay! But, I, it strikes me that if some of your fair friends were here they would think you a little less than kind."

"Yes, Self, but they would be wrong. A cynic always sneers at the foibles of those he loves most. Why, man! it's when you are all raw with the flaws in your hoped-for ideal that you writhe and sting. For my part I adore everything in a petticoat—save a priest."

How much longer we might have gone on with the colloquy I do not know, but our cigar was out, and Tom, stretching himself with a portentous yawn, seemed to say, "It is time to go to bed, my friends, and I hope you will be the better for your talk."

We took the hint, and went to bed, but just before going to sleep, I, who is very pertinacious, called out, "I say, Self."

"Yes."

"Eureka!"

"What have you got into your head now?"

"An idea, an epigram, and a rhyme."

"Indeed! I suppose I must listen to it. Go on."

"Here it is—

"Woman, at her best, an angel is,
But man a god becomes at his."

"Not so bad at this time of night, but pray remember, I, that *many* women are angelic, but as for men—well! though we have got rid of the tail, the mark of the beast is still there, and I am afraid that most of us are much nearer to the ancestral gorilla than to the gods."

"Self, speak for yourself."

"Good night."

"Good night!"

THE HINDOO SIRDAR, OR THE RAJAH OF BICKRAMPORE.

RISE ! rise ! my men, the Sirdar cried ;
The foe invades our soil,
And seeks our children for his slaves,
Our riches for his spoil.

Up ! mount ! my warriors, and away ;
Confront these savage foes ;
Ne'er be it said the Moslem swine
Got aught from us but blows.

A carrier pigeon he enclosed
Within his silken vest,
And ere he mounted for the field
He thus his Queen addressed :

“ Should victory rest upon our swords,
Myself the news will bring ;
Soon as my courser's head is seen,
The gates wide open fling ;

“ And in the shadow of this arch,
Unnoticed thou may'st come ;
Thy glance will cheer my victory,
Thy smile my welcome home.

“ But should the pigeon reappear,
We never meet again :
I greet thee soon victorious,
Or 'midst my foes lie slain.

“ Should fate for me have such a doom,
My funeral pyre raise high ;
Better than meet the Moslem's gaze,
In honour pure to die.”

With silent agony of heart
She humbly bent her head ;
Herself to God's high will resigned,
And for her husband prayed.

From earliest streak of coming dawn,
The conflict's din rose high ;
With vengeful shout, with curse of hate,
And shriek of agony.

By noon the Moslem host gave way,
The Rajah still pressed on ;
And ere the sun had reached the west,
He victory had won.

To quench his burning thirst he came
Near to a river's brink,
And kneeling on the muddy shore,
He stooped him low to drink.

His vesture's fold was thus unclosed ;
Away the pigeon fled ;
And with a rapid circling flight,
Its homeward course it sped.

Haste ! mount ! speed ! speed ! the dove is
gone ;
Great gods, arrest its flight,
For if it safely reach its cote,
My day is changed to night.

Long, long he urged his weary horse,
With voice, with spur, and rein ;
When morning broke the gallant steed
Lay dead upon the plain.

Alone on foot he struggled on,
Though strength was ebbing fast ;
When first he saw his palace walls,
The dawn was fairly past.

The Queen had on the palace roof
At twilight walked alone,
In hope to hear the courser's hoof
Bring news of victory won.

Gazing across the arid plain,
By fears her hope was hushed ;
Lo, thro' the coming evening's gloom,
A snowy meteor rushed.

“ The carrier pigeon comes,” she shrieked—
“ Where, where's my lord ?” she sighed—
The crimson blood her bright lip stains,
She faltered, fell, and died.

Too late, alas ! he reached the gate,
Then cursed his vesture's fold :
A cloud of white and curling smoke
His loss too surely told.

Then, when he felt his fate was full,
Fierce blazed the funeral pyre,
His failing strength but served to plunge
Into that scorching fire.

Ruined and drear his palace lies,
With rank weed tangled o'er :
Thus died the last of his high race,
The Chief of Bickrampore.

Montreal.

D.

GOETHE'S "FAUST."

BY A. C., STRATFORD.

A LATE reviewer has dwelt ably upon the difficulties that stand in the way of a just estimate and a full appreciation of the power and work of a poet who writes in a foreign language. So much of the essence of poetry evaporates in the best translation; so much of its subtle grace eludes the student who is compelled to read with the dictionary by his side; the deeper meaning is so hard to fathom when the forms of speech employed are other than those which have been familiar to us from childhood. Thus it is that so few English readers have anything but a superficial acquaintance with those bright stars in the literary world who wrote in other languages than that of Shakespeare and Milton. We generally bow to the authority of that small class who are able to comprehend and appreciate them, and who assure us that they are worthy of being called great; we dutifully read some translation—uncertain whether it be good or bad—and profess ourselves satisfied as to the beauty and power which we are told may be found in the original.

And yet there are some authors whose works, even when seen only through the mist of translations and by the light of lexicons, justify the pre-eminence that has been accorded them. Such an one is Goethe. Idolized by his own countrymen, who can enter into and fully comprehend the spirit that actuated him, and to whom his eccentricities of expression, his alternations of grossness and of grace, of selfishness and of sympathy, are quite natural, he has, at the same time, a large class of devoted adherents among those who have had to study him under disadvantages from which one of his own nation would be happily free. And while there are many who look with a feeling akin to abhorrence on his cool self-sufficiency—his entire separation from all human interests, except in so far as they can be made subservient to his own pleasure or culture; yet none of these for a moment deny his possession of a genius which places him beyond

the reach of detraction. No name during the last century has won so high a place in poetry; none has exercised so great an influence on literature. His writings have given rise to numerous schools of poetry and of fiction; they have been the stimulus which has stirred into activity many a noble mind; they have been the delight of his own countrymen, and the study of the cultured of all countries where literature is known.

The genius of Goethe culminates in "Faust." It is true that he spent far more time in the composition of "Wilhelm Meister," which is generally considered the matured product of his matured brain; but this is not a work which fixes the attention, takes hold of the imagination, and dwells in the memory, like "Faust." No German work has been so often translated into English; and yet, for the time and energy expended upon it, we know of no work that has so poorly rewarded the translator's labour. More than twenty translations have been issued, and yet so able a critic as Mr. Lewes, the biographer of Goethe, assures us that "Faust" has not yet been, and cannot be, translated. We do not accept Mr. Lewes's verdict as strictly just; but still we must confess that we have never seen the version which fully satisfied us. Even the best of them—that of Bayard Taylor—has its faults.

It is not our intention, however, to review the translators nor to enter on any extended criticism of the original. But as there are doubtless many readers of these pages who know "Faust" by name only, and who may not be unwilling to know it more thoroughly, we purpose devoting a little space to a description of this masterpiece of the great German poet. In our quotations from it, wherever we adopt the rendering of other translators, we shall give them full credit; for those which are not credited to any one the present writer is responsible.

As already intimated, we conceive that Bayard Taylor has approached nearest the

spirit of the author in his version, while at the same time making the English dress in its metrical form an almost literal copy of the original. There are, however, many other versions of considerable merit—notably those of Lord Ellesmere, Theodore Martin, and C. T. Brooks. Translators have usually confined their labours to the first part of "Faust," which gives the episode of Margaret complete in itself. There is a second part, which only a few devoted disciples, like Mr. Taylor, have ventured to translate, and into the consideration of which we shall not enter at present.

The story is founded upon a legend long current in the imaginations of the people of many nations—of a soul sold to Satan for earthly pleasure and power. But in his treatment of this old fable, Goethe has nationalized it. To give a philosopher the chief place in the story; to bring the outpourings of a lofty intellect into such close contact and contrast with the gross pleasures of the vulgar; to cover the whole with a fantastic mist through which goblins and witches peep and mutter, and behind which angels sing, would be unnatural in any other land than Germany. So it is that on an English reader, unaccustomed to German literature and German life, the first effect of "Faust" is not always pleasant. The mixture of reality and unreality, the blending of intellect and superstition, the combination of metaphysics and sentiment, tend only to bewilder, while the occasional grossness of the scenes and coarseness of the humour awake a feeling not far from disgust. But this effect soon wears away, as the reader begins to admire the beauty of the language, and to discern the moral of the story—the deep meaning beneath all its apparent mystic confusion.

After an invocation of singular beauty to the "dim and shadowy forms" that surround the poet; a "Prologue in the Theatre," in which the manager, the poet, and the jester give their views of the poetic and dramatic art; and a "Prologue in Heaven," in imitation of the first chapter of Job, the tragedy opens with a night scene in Faust's study. In a long soliloquy, we have laid bare all the weary and unsatisfied restlessness of a mind filled with ambition, yet convinced of its limited powers and attainments. After long years of patient application he has become fully versed in all the learning

of the schools, and has attained a high reputation for wisdom; but still he feels that an ocean of truth lies beyond his ken, and that disappointment and failure await him.

"Too deeply does my spirit feel the thought;
Unequal to immortal powers 'tis wrought."

By the power of magic he calls up the Spirit of Earth; but in its awful presence he stands abashed, and dare not avail himself of its companionship. In his despair he turns to suicide as a last resort, and already is raising the cup of poison to his lips when his hand is arrested by the sound of the Easter Hymn, sung by a neighbouring choir. His heart is melted by the reflections that arise, and he feels himself drawn back to earth to enter anew upon its struggles.

In the scene "Before the Gate," Faust mingles with the populace in the festivities of the Easter Fair. The free, sociable, and un-English Sunday of the German is before us, and we can see how readily the liberal-minded scholar unbends to meet the simple merriment around him. But after he has left the crowd behind, in the companionship of his own thoughts, the old weariness comes back, and he turns sadly homeward, followed by a dog which has attached itself to him on the road. The dog, however, is only the devil in disguise; and when Faust, in his study, commences to translate the New Testament, he becomes so excited as to awaken the scholar's suspicions. Through the force of a magic incantation he is compelled to drop the shape of the dog and assume a human form—the Mephistopheles of the tragedy. He offers Faust all the satisfaction and happiness that can be desired, and the latter accepts—more apparently from excitement and a desire to escape the consciousness of his own failure than from any hope that the devil can help him.

MEPHISTOPHELES. "Done!"

FAUST. "And heartily!
When thus I hail the moment flying:
Ah! still delay—thou art so fair,
Then bind me in thy bonds undying—
My final ruin then declare;
Then let the death-bell chime the token;
Then art thou from thy service free;
The clock may stop—the hand be broken—
Then time be finished unto me."*

The scene in which Mephistopheles assumes Faust's robe, and converses with the

* Bayard Taylor.

student, is amusing, though in some places a little misty ; and the reader is apt to adopt the words of the youth, after some of the extravagant statements of the teacher—

"Your meaning, sir, I cannot quite discern."

The whole scene is a satire on the educational systems of the German universities, which Goethe held in poor esteem. After this we have a scene of revelry in Auerbach's cellar, at Leipsic ; and then more disgusting orgies in the witches' kitchen, where Faust drinks the magic potion that restores his youth.

Then follows the accidental meeting of Faust and Margaret. Struck with her beauty and her *naïve* simplicity, he at once seeks to secure her for his own sensual gratification. Of course, Mephistopheles gives him all the assistance he can. But a new emotion is awakened in his breast, for he speedily falls in love with her. Even at the outset, when he steals into her empty chamber, we can note his remorseful passion awaking some degree of pitying tenderness for the helplessness he seeks to ruin :

"Oh, welcome twilight, soft and sweet,
That breathes throughout this hallowed shrine !
Sweet pain of love, bind thou with fetters fleet
The heart that on the dew of hope must pine.
How all around a sense impresses
Of quiet, order, and content ;
This poverty, what bounty blesses !
What bliss within this narrow den is pent !

And I? What drew me here with power?
How deeply am I moved this hour!
What seek I? Why so full my heart, and sore?
Miserable Faust, I know thee now no more."

The character of Margaret is unique in fiction. We see her simplicity, which is not ignorance ; we recognise her passionate emotion, which is never coarse ; we listen to language which, though that of a peasant, is free from all traces of vulgarity. The child of a mother evidently stern and puritan, her own amiable disposition readily accepts the friendship of Martha, whose loose theories pave the way for her ruin, and listens to the seductive words of Faust unconscious of evil. And after their mutual confession of love, she shows how admiration for his splendid intellect has helped to stimulate and strengthen her affection :

"Dear God ! how ever is it such
A man can think and know so much !

* Bayard Taylor.

I stand ashamed, and in amaze,
And answer 'yes,' to all he says ;
A simple child, I cannot see
Whate'er it is he finds in me."

But now, with a purer emotion of love awakened for her whom he had fixed on for his victim, the spirit of Faust is filled with remorse and hesitation. He rushes away from the scenes of pleasure to commune with himself, alone with nature ; and in that grandest of scenes, "Wood and Cavern," he has almost determined to forsake her entirely—to leave her in her innocence and purity before evil comes to her. But his attendant demon cannot permit him to relapse into a state of virtue ; and by his sensuous description of her loneliness, and sorrow over her desertion, turns him from his half-formed purpose :

Enough of this ! Your darling sitting there,
Waiting in rain her lover's face to see,
Is full of sadness and of care,
So ardent is her love for thee.

* * * * *
Instead of making here your throne,
'Twould best become a man like you
With some reward her love to own.
For her the hours are sad and long,
As by her window still she waits,
Watching the passing clouds ; her song
Is ever "Would I were a bird !"
All day and half the night 'tis heard.
Cheerful at times, but pensive most, she
Now sadly weeps, and then will be
Composed again ; but always loves.

Then we see Margaret sitting alone with her spinning-wheel, singing her mournful song, "Meine Ruh' ist hin." This has been often translated, but Mr. Taylor's version comes nearest the original, in spirit as well as in form :

"My peace is gone,
My heart is sore ;
I never shall find it,
Ah ! nevermore.

"Save I have him near,
The grave is here ;
The world is gall
And bitterness all.

"My poor weak head
Is recked and crazed ;
My thought is lost,
My senses mazed.

* * * * *

"To see him only,
At the pane I sit ;
To meet him only,
The house I quit.

* Bayard Taylor.

“ His lofty gait,
His noble size ;
The smile of his mouth,
The power of his eyes,

“ And the magic flow
Of his talk—the bliss
In the clasp of his hand ;
And, ah ! his kiss !

* * * *

“ My bosom yearns
For him alone ;
Ah ! dared I clasp him,
And hold, and own !

“ And kiss his mouth
To heart's desire,
And on his kisses
At last expire.”

This prepares us for the second garden scene, where, after catechising Faust concerning his religion, Margaret consents to admit him to her chamber—first securing themselves against discovery by giving her mother a sleeping draught. But their pleasure is soon tempered with bitterness ; the mother dies from the effect of the potion administered to her, and Margaret begins to feel the pangs of that remorse which follows sin committed. “ My peace is gone,” she sang, when she thought her lover was lost ; but there is a more tragic anguish in her hymn to the Virgin :

“ Bend down thy gracious brow,
O rich in sorrow thou !
Upon my sore distress and need !
The sword hath pierced thy heart,
For, aching with the smart,
Thou stoodst to see thine own Son bleed !
Then to the Father high
Went up thy yearning sigh,
Pleading for His and thy sore need.

“ Who knoweth
How floweth
Keen anguish through me now,—
How my poor heart with fear
Is trembling, longing here ?
Thou knowest—only thou !

“ And wheresoe'er I go,
With woe, and woe, and woe,
My heart is always aching ;
And when alone I creep,
I weep, and weep, and weep,
My heart is in me breaking.

“ The flowers before my window,
As soon as dawn appears,
Dew-gemmed I pluck to bring to thee ;
The dew-drops are my tears.

“ The bright sun every morrow,
As on the day that's fled,
Finds me in lonely sorrow,
Weeping upon my bed.

“ Keep, save me, comfort me indeed ;
Bend down thy gracious brow,
O ! rich in sorrow thou,
Upon my sore distress and need !”*

The shame of Margaret is soon known ; and then another crime is added to the tragedy. Her brother Valentine finds Faust and Mephistopheles serenading her, and, attempting to drive them off, is killed. Faust flies for the murder, and Margaret seeks comfort in her devotions, only to meet the whisperings of an evil spirit, tempting her to the commission of further sin.

We pass by the wild and fantastic “ Walpurgis night”—it would take up too much space to treat it fairly—and come to the last scene in the prison, where Margaret is awaiting execution for the murder of her child. While Faust has been disporting with the witches, and plunging into the mad Walpurgis revel, Margaret has been arrested for her crime, and sentenced to death. The anguish that fills his soul when he learns the impending fate of his victim shows that his intercourse with the fiend and his acquaintance with crime have not extinguished all the higher elements of his nature. With the help of Mephistopheles he obtains the keys of the prison and comes to liberate her, only to find that her sorrows have overturned her reason, and that she has become insane. In the words of Mr. Lewes, “ The terrible pathos of this interview brings tears to our eyes after twenty readings. As the passion rises to a climax, the grim, passionless face of Mephistopheles appears—thus completing the circle of irony which runs throughout the poem.”

We will attempt to give English readers some idea of this scene ; though, as we compare the translation with the original, we are almost disposed to agree with Mr. Lewes in his belief that it is untranslatable.

THE PRISON.

FAUST (*with a bunch of keys and a lamp before an iron door*).

“ Strength to my limbs my fainting soul denies,
Sick with the sense of man's collected woe ;
Behind this dungeon's dripping walls she lies,
Frenzy the crime for which her blood must flow.

* An anonymous translation, first appearing, we believe, in an English paper.—A. C. [The readers of the MONTHLY will find another fine translation of this beautiful hymn at p. 509 of the seventh volume.—Ed. C. M.]

Traitor, thou dar'st not enter in
To face the witness of thy sin!
Forward! Thy cowardice draws down the
blow!" *

(*He grasps the lock; singing is heard within.*)

"My mother the harlot
Who put me to death;
My father the varlet
Who eaten me hath!
Little sister so good
Laid my bones in the wood,
In the damp moss and clay.
Then I was a beautiful bird o' the wood,
Fly away! Fly away!" †

FAUST. (*Opens the door.*)

She thinks not that her lover listens near,
The rattling chains, the rustling straw to hear.

(*He enters.*)

MARGARET. (*Trying to hide herself in the bed.*)

Woe! woe! they come! 'Tis hard to die!

FAUST (*gently*). Hush! hush! I come thy chains
to break.

MARGARET. (*Throwing herself before him.*)

Art thou a man? O hear my cry!

FAUST. Thy cries the sleeping guards will wake.

(*He takes hold of her chains to unlock them.*)

MARGARET (*knusling*.)

O! headsmen, who to thee could give
O'er me such power?
Ah! pity me and let me live!
Thou comest at the midnight hour—
To wait till morn is not too long.
For I am still so young—so young;
And yet must die!
Once was I fair—for that I am undone!
My lover then was near, but now is gone;
My wreath is torn and all its flowers flown.
Clutch me not roughly—spare me yet.
How have I harmed thee? Do not let
Me in vain for mercy sue!

FAUST. How can I bear such grief to see!

MARGARET.

I yield me to thy power. But first
My little baby must be nursed.
I held it to my heart all night,
But now they've torn it from my arms,
And say I killed it in despite.
Never shall I be glad again!

FAUST (*loudly*). Margaret! Margaret!

MARGARET (*listening*).

That was my lover's voice!

(*She springs up—her chains fall off.*)

I hear him call! O! where is he?
My chains have fallen; none can hinder me!
To his dear arms I'll fly,
And on his bosom lie!
He calls! He stands within the door!
Through all the grim, infernal war
Of hellish sounds his voice I hear,
And know those tones, so sweet, so dear.

FAUST. 'Tis I; haste and fly with me.

* Lord Ellesmere. † Bayard Taylor.

MARGARET.

And dost thou break my chain,
And clasp me to thy heart again?
Dost thou not shrink and dread to see
Her whom thy hand is setting free?

FAUST. Come! come! Night steals away.

MARGARET.

My mother did I foully slay;
My baby have I drowned.
Was it not sent to thee and me?
To thee! Is it thyself? O! can it be?
Give me thy hand; scarce true it seems!
Yes, 'tis thy hand; these are no dreams.
But ah! 'tis wet! What hast thou done?
There's blood upon it! Quick! Begone!
Put up thy dagger in its sheath, I pray.

FAUST.

O! let the past be past, and haste away!

* * * * *

Come! Out in the boundless air.

MARGARET.

Is the grave there?
Waits death for us? Then come!
We'll hasten to that peaceful home.

* * * * *

For me, I dare not flee.
What help would freedom bring?
Outside my cell they wait for me.
'Twill be so hard to beg my bread,
And in a foreign land to lay my head;
And then, they'll seize me, whate'er I do.

FAUST. I will be near thee!

MARGARET.

Be quick! be quick!
Save thy poor child!
Keep in the way
That runs by the brook,
Over the road
Into the wood!
To the left—by the brink
Of the pool.
Quick, ere it sink!
It struggles, and tries
Again to rise;
Save it! Save it!

FAUST.

Calm thyself, I pray. See!
Take but a step, and thou art free!

* * * * *

The day dawns! my love! my love!

MARGARET.

Day! Yes. The last for me is dawning;
It should have been my wedding morning.
Tell no one thou hast been with me before;
Woe for my garland! Its flowers bloom no
more!

Again we shall each other greet,
But at the dance we will not meet.
The crowd is gathering; but no sound 'tis there;
The streets cannot contain them, nor the
square.

Now tolls the bell; the staff they break;
They seize me and they bind me fast;
To the seat of death they quickly haste!
The axe that gleams behind
Seems threatening every head,
Though drawn alone for mine.
The world lies silent as the dead.

FAUST. Oh, that I never had been born!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*Appearing*).

Up and away with haste!

Why thus the moments waste?

My horses shudder in the morning air!

MARGARET.

Who from the earth is rising there?

Oh, drive him forth! 'Tis he! 'tis he!

What wants he here? He comes for me!

FAUST. Thou shalt live.

MA GARET.

O, righteous God! myself to Thee I give.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come! or I leave you to your fate!

MARGARET.

Save me, O Father! Thine am I!

Ye angels, and ye hosts on high,
Gather around me here, and succour me.

Henri, I shudder as I gaze on thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES. She is judged!

VOICE (*Above*). Is saved!

MEPHISTOPHELES. (*To Faust*.) Hither to me!
(*Vanishes with Faust*.)

VOICE (*From within, dying away*).

Henri! Henri!

There are few supernumerary characters in the *dramatis personæ* of Faust. The brave and honest Valentine, the loose-minded Martha, the pedantic Wagner, the revellers in Auerbach's cellar, the witches and spirits that flit to and fro across the scene, are but accessories, used only to develop and set forth in *alto relievo* the three principal characters around whom all the interest gathers—Faust, Mephistopheles, and Margaret. Of these, Margaret is the attraction. Indeed the story centres in her; it is her tragedy; it is only an incident in the career of Faust. And in what marked contrast to the others she is pictured! About her there is nothing revolting—even in her sinfulness. About Faust there is little that is agreeable; even his fitful gleams of remorse fail to attract us towards him. He is not the victim of Satan; he is the willing slave. He goes out to meet his tempter. Before Mephistopheles makes his alluring offer, Faust is busy availing himself of magic incantations, invoking demons, and ready, in the presence of failure, to resort to deeper crimes. In the career of pleasure upon which he enters, he plunges with avidity into excesses of every description. Attracted by Margaret's charms, he seeks her acquaintance for his own gratification, although he knows that it involves her ruin. Even the purer emotion of love which subsequently effects an entrance into his heart, is tinged with a selfishness making

it too weak to be virtuous, and only revealing itself in paroxysms of sentimental remorse.

But Margaret, though she falls into sin, excites in us neither indignation nor disgust. We know she is a sinner, because we see her sinning; and yet we have no condemnation for her—only sympathy. The evil into which she falls leaves no stain upon her; she seems as pure as when first we met her. She is the victim of man and devil. Without a thought of evil, her loving heart submits to the entreaties of Faust and the machinations of Mephistopheles; and she falls from step to step till she becomes the inmate of a murderer's cell, and through all the only emotion she awakes in us is one of sympathy. Margaret stands alone in the world of fiction. No character has ever been fashioned like her. And as we read the story of Faust, all our interest centres in this ideal of beauty, love, and simplicity, in her lightsome days of innocence, and still more in the pathos of her woe.

As to Mephistopheles, he is a very devil. He is not the magnificent Satan of Milton, whose gloomy splendour and majesty calls out our admiration; but a mean compound of heartless impudence and mockery, without one mitigating feature. He is "the spirit that always denies;" that can see no good in anything; a scoffer and a mocker. No touch of humanity about him; and none of divinity, save in the superhuman power he possesses. We see in him not a trace of compunction over the misery he creates—not the faintest regret for the evil in which he loves to dwell. He is not even a very powerful fiend; for he is bound by petty incantations. The obedient slave of a wizard's device, and the companion of witches in their revels, he is ridiculous in our eyes, as well as disgusting. A mean devil, who offers nothing that we may admire, and whose greatest efforts evoke only detestation.

A solemn moral lies only partly hid by the veil of weird imagery that Goethe has thrown over this old legend. It is a repetition of the cry of the preacher, "Vanity of vanities—all is vanity." For the ambitious soul of man there is neither rest, nor happiness, nor any enduring pleasure. In vain does he burn the midnight oil in the pursuit of knowledge; in vain does he receive the applause of men; in vain does he seek

gratification in sensual excesses. There is no satisfaction to be found anywhere.

“Die Welt is leer,
Und weiter gibt sie
Dem Wunsche nichts mehr.”

Stern morality and the pleasures of sin are alike hollow and fruitless of joy. A sad moral were it a true one. Let us be thankful that the poet's conception is but a half truth at its best.

NO HERO AFTER ALL.

BY F. D. WASHBURN.

“ARE you star-gazing?” asked Helen Deno, stepping out upon the verandah, where Tom Ford stood, staring abstractedly at the cloudless evening sky.

“Only trying to devise some new method of shuffling off this mortal coil,” Tom answered, laying his unlighted cigar on the railing beside him.

“Have matters reached such a desperate condition with you?” laughed his companion. “I should never have suspected it.”

“It is my hero, not myself, who is to be sent out of the world,” was the reply. “Cannot you give me a hint? Poison, consumption, precipices, shipwreck, runaway horses. Bah! I have made use of them all till they have grown wearisomely common. I am tempted to advertise for a novel way of ridding myself or other people of life—even at the risk of bringing a whole host of detectives down upon me.”

“Why not let the poor myth live?” questioned Helen, smiling at the comical expression of despair on the perplexed author's face.

“Impossible!” replied Tom. “The lost heir has turned up, and is all ready to marry Lady Gwendoline, and so this hero—assistant hero, rather—is in the way, and must be removed, even if I have to do it in a commonplace fashion. You do not know what a benevolent person I am, Miss Helen, nor how much I have done for the happiness of my kind since first I commenced scribbling. At the lowest estimate I have hunted out and returned to their sorrowing parents fully three dozen heirs and heiresses—with and

without strawberry marks and tattooed anchors on their arms. If it were not for the base ingratitude of humanity, my statue, arrayed in nondescript costume, and executed in the worst style of American art, would now adorn Central Park or Union Square. I would like to be a lost heir myself,” he went on musingly, “only to be one it is necessary to have liquid blue eyes and golden hair and snowy brow; or raven locks and fathomless dark orbs and classic features, and not one of these attractions did unkind nature see fit to bestow upon me. I am homely—not even picturesquely homely, at that—do you know it, Miss Helen?”

“Since you have made the assertion, I cannot be impolite enough to contradict it,” she replied, gathering some of the crimson leaves from the Virginia creeper and putting them into her belt as she spoke.

“Give them to me, please,” said Tom, stretching out his hand.

She shook her head and pointed to the vine.

“For a memento of this evening,” he pleaded, in a tone which was far from sentimental.

“How many such mementos have you already?” questioned she, still keeping the leaves.

“A dead rose—some other plant, which now looks and smells decidedly hayey—a glove spotted with lemonade, and of no possible use to its rightful owner—a slipper rosette, big and ugly as a mushroom, and a piece of pink ribbon much creased, which may, perhaps, have belonged to Miss Hal-

sted instead of you," enumerated Tom. "That is all, I assure you."

"What are you going to do with them?" Helen demanded, much inclined to laugh.

"Keep them to sigh over winter evenings when the fire gets low and my cigar is smoked out," Tom answered. "One must have help to misery as well as to happiness."

"If that be so, here are the leaves," laying them in his hand. "May they contribute their small share toward making you contented, since it is for that you desire them."

"A thousand thanks!" he exclaimed, putting the coveted possession into his pocket-book, where the dead rose already reposed.

"Where are your other collections?" asked Helen. "I presume you have made quite a number within the past ten years."

"To tell the truth," replied he, "I burned them after pilfering your glove. I did not wish to get the trifles mixed, and so misplace my regrets, you see."

Helen bit her lip at the straightforward avowal. "Are you always so frank, Mr. Ford?"

"Never," he answered, "except when craftiness cannot avail me anything. If diplomacy could make you adore me, as I adore you, I should be a full-fledged Machiavelli instantly; but it could not;" with a quick, furtive glance at her face.

"No," she said, slowly, and colouring a little.

"I knew it," said Tom, checking a sigh. "Well, I must content myself with the dead flowers and crumpled ribbons which you have worn. A man more deserving than I might receive even less." A philosophic remark by no means in keeping with the speaker's gloomy and perturbed countenance at that moment. A long silence, broken at last by Tom. "It is almost three months since we met, Miss Helen. Do you remember my coming up the walk and finding you hulling strawberries with one of Rachel's check aprons on? How sweet those strawberries were!"

"Almost three months," echoed Helen, "and—I am going home next week."

Tom started and then scowled, but said nothing.

"How glad I am that we are to be in the same city next winter," she went on pre-

sently. "We can meet often, and Clara, who is a literary person, will lionize you."

"We shall *never* meet," he replied, with most ungracious curttness.

"Why?" she asked, in a slightly hurt tone.

"Do you need to ask why?" he rejoined.

"What sort of a companion for Miss Deno's friends should I be—a beggarly scribbler who barely keeps himself lodged and fed, and has not talent enough to enable him to hope for fame even when he is grizzled and fifty! No," he continued, more quickly, "I have had my day, here in this old farm-house, without a rival to dread—with no soul to come between me and the sweetness of your companionship—I have had my full meed of happiness, and I covet no halfway joy in the future. I was not made to play the part of a despairing lover. I could not haunt your footsteps for a smile, a look; or dance attendance at parties and operas for the pleasure of bringing you an ice or picking up your fan. I despise a man who can humble himself in such a way. Yes, and I was going to add, that I despise the woman who can take pleasure in seeing him do it!"

He tossed the cigar away, and strode up and down the porch, which creaked alarmingly beneath his heavy tread.

"A pretty fellow I am to get into such a rage about nothing," he said at last, pausing beside Helen, who still leaned against the lattice-work. "Forgive me, will you not? I will never behave so again."

"I have nothing to forgive," she replied, with a smile. "I like to see you behave badly—it amuses me, and I need to be amused."

"Is it not a pity that a man is so hampered by circumstances as to be unable to assume a heroic attitude when he wishes?" questioned Tom, seemingly quite tranquil once more. "I do not care to be taller nor less clumsy; I don't even wish to amend and revise my nose; but I would like to perform some wonderful feat which would for ever exalt me in your eyes, and earn for me your eternal gratitude. I can think of scores—snatching you from under the wheels of a locomotive; swimming with you to shore from a sinking ship, while the waves were running mountains high; or rescuing you from some desperado armed with numberless daggers and revolvers. How delightful it would be to hear you sob out

your thankfulness to your brave preserver, as Miss Alicia de Courcy does to Percy Fitzgerald in my last drama! At present I amuse you—am well-nigh as indispensable to your comfort as a lap-dog; compel you to be grateful, and—I think you could hardly avoid loving me.”

“I should *abhor* you!” returned Helen. “I always dislike people to whom I am under obligations. When I am forced to be grateful to anybody, I feel as though the anybody had a string tied to my little finger and could jerk it warningly at intervals to remind me of my duty.”

“On the whole, then,” said Tom, looking down at her small figure, “you would prefer to rescue me, and listen to the sobbing assurances of my gratitude; I will improvise some horrible danger forthwith—plunge headforemost into it and allow you to take me out, if you will be any more likely to care for me in consequence. Let me see—we are going up the valley to-morrow—”

“Not we,” interrupted Helen. “I must remain at home to entertain a visitor.”

“Do you expect the coming of that domestic affliction, Miss Fletcher? Why not run away first thing in the morning?”

“It is not Miss Fletcher,” said Helen, hesitating over the words. “It is—Mr. Hastings.”

“Why did you not tell me a day sooner?” asked Tom, in a hard, constrained tone.

“I did not know it till this evening,” she replied. “The telegram came only an hour ago—just after we had finished tea.”

“And you are glad?” Tom questioned, looking at her with a keen glance.

“Yes, I suppose so; it is my duty to be glad.”

“This is good-bye, then,” said Tom, after some minutes of embarrassing silence.

“Shall I not see you to-morrow?” she asked, a little falter in her voice.

“No; I shall be off by sunrise for a last day in the valley. I can take the evening train at March’s Bridge—it slacks there, and the conductor knows me, and will not object. If Mr. Hastings is what he should be, you will not want me; if he is not—shake hands, Helen. Don’t look out the window when I go away. I should only think of you as looking a little later for Mr. Hastings’ coming.”

“Poor Tom,” said Helen to herself, a few minutes afterward, as she heard his room door close with emphasis, “I wonder if Ralph

ever bangs doors or gets into small rages! He never lumbers, at any rate, and how the porch floor *did* squeak when Tom walked across it!”

“I think I can get down there,” soliloquized Tom Ford, the next forenoon, peering over the rocky wall. “At least it is worth my while to try—it will save a mile of walking if I succeed.” Swinging himself over, he crept cautiously downward. Half the descent had been made safely, when his foot slipped and he fell, carrying with him the rock to which he was clinging.

When he recovered consciousness he found himself lying at the bottom of the precipice, pinioned to the ground by a mass of rock and earth which had fallen upon him.

“Unlucky that I have not the use of both arms,” he thought, having finished the contemplation of his situation. “Well, I must see what I can accomplish with one. Phew! how it pains me; I must have bruised it badly coming down.”

As he spoke he attempted to lift the free arm, but it dropped powerless by his side. “Broken, as sure as fate!” he exclaimed, with a grimace of mingled pain and amusement. “Was ever a fellow in a sorrier predicament?”

“It won’t do,” he said, after a score of fruitless efforts to release himself. “I am here, and here I must stay till some one comes to my assistance.” And thereupon he shouted at the top of his lungs for help. The valley gave back the echoes of his voice, but there was no other response.

Still, again and again he called—each time more weakly than before, for his strength was fast leaving him; but no lucky chance sent a person by within reach of that despairing cry. The pain of the broken arm was intense, and his cramped position added to his misery; his throat was parched with thirst, while the glare of the sun, as it rose higher, well-nigh blinded him. In such agony as he had never dreamed of he lay as the weary hours dragged by, and the day journeyed toward its end.

Would help ever come? he wondered, straining his ears to catch the slightest sound.

The place was a lonely and deserted one—seldom visited, except by some wandering artist in search of the picturesque, and there was no one to miss him or grow anxious at his absence. Helen would take for granted

that he had returned to the city, and so he would be left to perish slowly of thirst and starvation.

And while he was thus dying she would be laughing away the joyous moments with Mr. Hastings by her side. His fancy pictured the pair together, and he ground his teeth in impotent fury and despair.

Then, as day declined, and darkness, stealing through the valley, wrapped itself about him, half-delusive fancies came to make him forgetful of pain. Helen was beside him—he could hear her soft tones, feel the clasp of her hand; she did not love Mr. Hastings, but himself, and she had sought him out to tell him so. As the vision vanished, he lost consciousness for the first time in his life.

"The view does not strike me as a particularly fine one, my dear," said Mr. Hastings, balancing himself on the railing of the bridge, and surveying the scenery with a glance of calm disapproval.

"It is not even pretty," Helen replied; "but—I wanted to come." She was looking very intently at the railroad track—a pleasant object for contemplation, as any lover of beauty will admit.

"Suppose, then, that we go home," mildly suggested Mr. Hastings, offering her his arm.

"Wait a moment—the train is coming," answered she, as the shriek of the locomotive was heard. The train came—slacked almost to an absolute stoppage—Helen's eyes watched it the while very eagerly—but no Tom took advantage of the delay to spring upon the platform. Had he changed his mind and returned to the farm-house? It was not likely; in his present state of feeling he would not court a meeting with Mr. Hastings. Helen felt—she knew not why—a vague consciousness of anxiety.

"Ralph," turning suddenly toward her lover, "I want to go up into the valley—it will not be dark for more than two hours yet; will you go?"

"Wait till to-morrow," he answered, mindful of his tight boots, and in no mood for rock-climbing. "You are pale, Helen—yes, and actually shivering, too. This air is fever-and-agueish," wrapping her shawl more closely about her as he spoke. "Come, let us get home as soon as possible."

"I will not!—I mean I cannot!" Helen replied, excitedly. "You must go with me,

Ralph; I am afraid something has happened to T—Mr. Ford."

"Who is Mr. Ford?" asked he, with a look which was by no means lover-like.

"He is a gentleman who has been boarding at Mrs. Kidder's this summer," replied Helen, the colour rushing over her face in spite of her efforts to appear indifferent. "He was to return to the city this afternoon, taking the train here, and he has failed to do so, and—"

"Cannot a man change his mind if he sees fit?" Mr. Hastings interrupted, half-jestingly, half-angrily. "Don't be so foolish, my darling," he went on; "it is not very complimentary to *me* your fretting about this fellow the first evening of our meeting. We will go back now, and if he is not at the house, somebody shall be sent in search of him, I promise you."

"It may be too late then," said Helen. "You must come with me, Ralph," taking his hand.

"I will do nothing of the kind!" answered the irate lover; "and if you go it will be in disobedience to my express commands." Mr. Hastings looked imposing in his wrath.

"When was I ever known to obey you—or any one else?" retorted Helen, with flashing eyes. "I would go now if"—trying to say something tragic, but failing—"if I were certain that I should lose my way and be compelled to stay out all night in the cold." And shaking off his detaining grasp, she was gone in a moment.

"I suppose that every woman must be either a simpleton or a vixen," philosophically observed Mr. Hastings, as he wended his solitary way homeward; "but such an exhibition of temper and wilfulness on Helen's part was really very unpleasant."

The walk was a long one, and night was fast falling when Helen reached the entrance of the valley. She and Tom had explored it together frequently; but now, in the shadowy twilight, it looked so wild and forbidding that she shrank back involuntarily. Would it not be worse than folly to risk her life among its rocks and chasms, because of a mere nervous fancy? As she stood irresolute—feeling her courage fast ebbing, a faint cry seemed to fall upon her ear. She listened eagerly. Did some one call "Helen," or was it only her imagination? "It was like Tom's voice," she said to her-

self, with a shiver, "only so faint and un-earthly." Her timidity had all vanished now, and she went resolutely on, falling over prostrate trees, climbing up the rugged sides of projecting rocks, urging her way through tangled masses of vines and underbrush, heedless of her cut and bleeding hands and feet, her fast-failing strength, and intent only upon reaching the spot whence that cry had come.

"Shall I ever find him?" she thought, despairingly, as her foot caught in a tree-root and she fell once more. Putting out her hand to aid herself in rising, she touched something which was neither stone nor wood. She grasped it eagerly—it was an arm in a rough coat sleeve—a masculine arm evidently, and the discovery sent a thrill of horror to her heart.

An instant more, and the injured man moved a little and murmured "Helen," in a feeble, almost inaudible tone.

Helen did not shriek, nor faint, nor call him "darling," as a heroine would have done. She only said quietly, "I am here, Tom; tell me, are you hurt badly?"

"Is it you, Helen, really you?" he answered, excitement lending him strength. "My arm is broken, and there is a mass of earth and rock upon me. I have been lying here ever since morning, and had given up all hope of being rescued. Did you come to look for me? I have thought of you continually."

"Yes," returned Helen, hastily, thinking that further questions might prove embarrassing, "and now I am going back for help. I will not be long; you shall be safe at home within two hours, I assure you. Keep up a good heart till I come back."

"How did she know that I failed to take the train?" queried Tom, mentally, as the sound of her footsteps died away. Bruised and aching as he was, he would not just then have changed places with Mr. Hastings.

"Don't make excuses for him, Tom," said Helen, in a vexed tone, and walking restlessly to and fro as Tom himself had done on the evening before Mr. Hastings' expected arrival.

"Why not?" asked Tom, watching her from the lounge on which he lay. "I admit that he behaved badly; but then he had reason to be aggrieved. Answer his letter. Helen, and say that you forgive him." He stopped, feeling that heroism and self-sacrifice could go no further.

"I will never see him again!" she answered, her slender dark eyebrows coming a little closer together. "I know now that I never had any real affection for him—thank fortune I found it out before it was too late."

"Poor Hastings! I am sorry for him," rejoined Tom, gravely, trying to arrange the sling in which his arm rested, "mildly sorry—that is, I pity myself a hundredfold more."

"Why?" asked Helen, with the air of a seeker after useful information.

"Because you do not care for *me*," he replied.

"But—I think I do care for you, Tom," she said, coming to his side to adjust the refractory handkerchief. "I did not want to; but you know it is so natural to like people whom you have compelled to feel grateful to you."

"I know," answered Tom, very well satisfied with the explanation. "And, after all, Helen, circumstances which would not permit me to be a hero, allowed you to be a heroine—it is really too bad."

"You should be very thankful to circumstances," laughed Helen, "for if you had saved my life I would have been your mortal enemy always; and until you tumbled over that precipice I thought you rather an awkward person, and felt very well content to marry Mr. Hastings."—*N. Y. Aldine.*

CREEDS AND CONFESSIONS.

"Our little systems have their day—
They have their day and cease to be,
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

THERE is a story told of a beautiful statue, which by some disaster had been broken up into fragments. The fragments were, however, separately found by a number of lovers of art, and being gradually brought together, the several parts, each of which had been thought beautiful in itself, acquired a new and unexpected beauty when once more restored to their natural relation. And when, at last, the head, the only part still wanting, was restored by some supernatural intervention, all the beholders fell into an ecstasy of admiration at the astonishing and divine beauty of the completed figure. Whether this legend is old enough to have suggested the metaphor in the following passage, or whether it is only one of the accidental resemblances we so often meet with, the present writer does not know. Both, at least, contain a moral worth considering.

"Truth, indeed, came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape, most glorious to look on; but when He ascended, and His Apostles after Him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, went up and down gathering up limb and limb. We have not yet found them all, nor ever shall do till her Master's second coming. He shall bring together every join and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection. Suffer not," the writer goes on to say, "these licensing prohibitions to stand at every place of opportunity, forbidding and disturbing them that continue seeking—that continue to do our obsequies to the torn body of our martyred saint."

It has long been acknowledged, by the

more thoughtful and candid at least, that no branch of the Christian Church, as at present divided, can lay claim to the possession of the Divine form of Truth in its entire and perfect beauty. And this fragmentary incompleteness is due to no disrespect for Truth as a whole—to no *malice prépense*, determined to take only some parts and reject others, but by the inherent limitations and imperfections of the human mind, which, in its present state, is like a distorted mirror, and cannot reflect, unbroken and perfect, the Truth of God. The attempt to make it accomplish a task to which it is unequal has been the cause of an infinity of mistakes, dissensions and oppressions, which would have been avoided had the Christian Church learned the wisdom of following more closely in the footsteps of its Divine Founder. He who was Truth left to His followers no dogmatic system of theology, nor was any such system, in our sense of the word, elaborated by His immediate followers, inspired, as we believe, to complete the Divine revelation to man. Christ taught, not systematically but fragmentarily, as the occasion called it forth—as His disciples were able to bear it—not abstractedly, as a matter of intellectual comprehension, but as placing some life-giving portion of Truth in vital relation to the hearts and lives of His hearers. And His teaching was notably always on the side of liberty and simplicity, against the rigidity of the traditions of His day. His immediate followers pursued the same course, simply stating the great facts of Christ's life, death and resurrection, and the relations of God to man in the threefold aspect of the Father of Spirits, the Redeemer of Mankind, and the Divine Spirit—the Teacher and Purifier. No Christian teacher surely had ever a clearer apprehension of the bearings of Divine Truth, so far as these could be presented to man in a systematic form, than St. Paul; yet that he imposed on the Christian Church no theological system is proved by the fact that *the founders of all theological systems appeal to his teaching in*

support of their widely differing views. As our Divine Master's command to those who would be His disciples had been simply, "Come, follow Me," and the only test He required from those whom He commissioned as His Apostles had been that of faith in His Divine origin and mission, so the only Confession of Faith known in the Apostolic Church was the "believing in the Lord Jesus Christ." Far from considering it necessary to sound the mysteries of God's Providence, past and future, St. Paul declared to the Corinthians that he was determined to know nothing among them save Christ and Him crucified. And nothing in all the teaching of the "chiefest Apostle" is so remarkable as the mutual toleration he commands in regard to minor differences of opinion concerning days, meats, and even the more important question of circumcision, which at that early period threatened to divide the Christian Church. Opinion in regard to anything but the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel was evidently a small thing to him, compared with the practical results of that Gospel, received as a vital principle into the heart and life. "A new creature"—not "doubtful disputations"—were what "profited" in his eyes. And the Christian ideal, not only of St. Paul but of the other Apostles, was not doctrinal orthodoxy, but "to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction and to keep oneself unspotted from the world;" the corresponding "fruits" of purification of the heart and practical love to man flowing from love to God. Well would it have been for the succeeding ages of the Christian Church if Christians could have continued to *live* their faith instead of fighting about it, as they did when

"All were ready for their faith to bleed,
But few to write or wrangle for their creed."

But in proportion as the early love began to wax cold, and saints and martyrs no longer sealed their faith with their blood, Christianity began to grow more a thing of theory and dogma, and the zeal for definitions and "articles" of faith increased. At first, such short forms of confession as the Apostles' Creed came into use, probably as a convenient symbol of a faith little understood by the heathen communities among whom the Christians lived. But the tendency to theory became in many cases a

tendency to error, and to counteract this were erected barriers of "orthodox" dogma. The earliest confessions were those of private individuals, gradually coming into general use, and certainly not at first authoritative. Then came the era of general councils, and then grew up the idea, resting wholly on an assumption that "the Church," an association clearly founded for mutual edification and for the preaching of the Gospel throughout the world—and in this true sense the "pillar and ground of the Truth"—was intended to be the only authoritative interpreter of Scripture and source of belief. How this idea gradually grew so as to represent her as also the holder of the "unwritten word," from which she could develop at will dogma after dogma, to be added to the received Creed of Christendom, every student of Church history knows. All know, too, how the principle of the "authority" of creeds and systems,—always the clay that has mingled with the pure gold of the Church of Christ,—was used to stereotype error and crush every faithful voice that was raised from time to time to appeal to the simplicity of Scripture against the traditions of men. The horrible cruelties of which this wolf in sheep's clothing was the parent are written in letters of blood, ensanguining all the records of the Christian centuries. Even when authority spoke on the side of what most Christians believe to be truth, it spoke with a voice whose cruel harshness proclaimed that it was not, at all events, a voice from heaven. The wars of the creeds have left so bloody a track throughout the ages as almost to justify the sceptical charge that Christianity has left a red line in history. The records of the struggles between Homo-ousian and Homoi-ousian, in which the barbarities were as great on the side of the orthodox as of the unorthodox fanatics; the cruelties perpetrated on the Anabaptists and other unhappy heretics; even, to take post-Reformation instances, the relations of Calvin to Servetus and of Puritan to Quaker, all show that whenever the spirit of human tyranny intrudes into the sacred domain of conscience and faith, even the fine gold of Truth becomes dim, and Love, the animating spirit of Christianity, takes flight; leaving the cold corpse of dogma to be the "letter that killeth, instead of the spirit that giveth life."

When, at last, in the providence of God,

the liberating spirit of the Reformation burst forth to shake off the accretions with which centuries of authority had overlaid and almost hidden the Gospel which Paul preached with such solemn warnings against these very accretions, the Word of God took for a time its true place as the only authoritative source of Christian truth, in conjunction, however, with that Divine teaching of the Holy Spirit which was the promised gift to all who should seek it. Luther found that he must leave the philosophy and theology that were "constantly raising difficulties in his mind," and "endeavour to enter into God's thoughts in His own Word." And, he adds, "though I read nothing but Scripture, its sense became clearer to me than if I had studied many commentators." Strange that the liberty in which the great Reformer rejoiced should be by the Churches of the Reformation in a great measure theoretically precluded to those who count themselves his followers.

It might have been expected that a Reformation which drew its very life from the principle of private judgment—the right of individual reason and conscience—should have preserved as its most precious heritage the principle to which it owed its life. But, unhappily, the Reformers carried with them still the impress of the stamp which had moulded the spirit of the Church so long; and it is hard for men long accustomed to darkness to open their eyes to the fulness of unwonted light. And so we find Calvin drawing up his rigid dogmatical system, and imposing *his* thoughts about Christian faith and practice upon the consciences of his followers even to the death; Knox—noble as he was—taking up the *role* of dictatorship and intolerance in his turn; King James, styled by the translators of the Bible the "Sun" of the Reformation, forcing, at the point of the sword, the Episcopal form of government upon the Scottish Presbyterians; the men of the Westminster Confession meeting to impose on all the Christians of the island *their* views of Christian Truth, drawn up in a long and complicated document, and including every point of theological speculation then thought of. In the same age we find Cromwell thus justly comparing the infallibility practically assumed by the Presbyterian divines whom he found so unmanageable in his time: "But if these gentlemen do assume to themselves

to be the infallible expositors of the Covenant, as they do too much to their auditories to be the infallible expositors of the Scriptures also, counting a different sense and judgment from their breach of covenant and *heresy*, no marvel their judge of others so authoritatively and severely. *But we have not so learned Christ.* We look at ministers as helpers of, not lords over, God's people. I appeal to their consciences whether any 'person,' trying their doctrines and dissenting, shall not incur the censure of 'sectary?' And what is this but to deny Christians their liberty, and assume the Infallible Chair? *What doth He whom we would not be likened to more than this?*"

As we read these words the intervening centuries seem to disappear, and the nineteenth, with all its boasted progress, seems wonderfully akin to the seventeenth. But then, "the thing that hath been is the thing that shall be," and "there is nothing new under the sun!"

The same spirit which Cromwell here rebuked has been ever since the unhappy cause of endless dissensions and misery in the realm in which he vainly tried to sow the seeds of the true principles of religious liberty. The oppression of Presbyterians and Nonconformists by Episcopalians, involving cruelties as great as did the persecutions of Rome, and sending the Pilgrim Fathers to American exile, there to become intolerant in turn, even where they found—

"Freedom to worship God"

according to their consciences; the intolerance of Episcopalian to Episcopalian, and Presbyterian to Presbyterian—sending forth Wesley from the bosom of the Church of England to build up a new "Connexion" with the noble "living stones" that might have so richly adorned the national Church, and rending the Presbyterian or national Church of Scotland into as many sects as there were hair-splitting theological differences respecting its tenets. Finally, we have the intolerance of the latest protest against this system of division and subdivision—Plymouth Brethrenism itself—splitting up into *minuter* subdivisions still, because of differences apparently so infinitesimal that their brethren of other churches can hardly understand them. And the root of all this evil, and schism, has been simply the failure to

understand the true principles of liberty of conscience—the pressing of secondary matters into a primary importance—and the determined adherence to unscriptural tests of Church adherence, making this, as its founders never made it, to depend on absolute uniformity of opinion with regard to some complicated system of human theology.

It may be objected that Christian truth, like all other truth, must be orderly and systematic. This is so far true that we cannot conceive of Truth at all except as coherent and consistent in all its parts; but the inherent limitations of the human mind, not to speak of the further limitations caused by the constant tendency to moral evil or sin, which we believe clings to the best and purest Christians while still “in the flesh,” make it *impossible*, in the nature of things, that absolute truth, especially on subjects so far beyond the human comprehension, can be attained, or could even be now understood, by any man or number of men, however desirous they may be to attain it. The whole history of the Christian Church shows this. Differences of mental constitution and a different standpoint make, with equal sincerity, one man an Arminius, another a Calvin. Systems which, *as systems*, fundamentally differ, are cherished by sister churches as the very *palladia* of their purity. “The Church on one side of an arm of the sea, or across a river even, teaches differently, and is known by different tests, from that on the other.” Is not such a state of things the most striking commentary on the wisdom that gave us the Christian Gospel in the *undogmatic* form in which it stands in the pages of the New Testament?—a wisdom, however, which men have done their best to make “of none effect by their traditions.” Notwithstanding some recent discussion in regard to the meaning of the word “dogma,” it seems clear that there is a distinction to be drawn between “dogma” and “doctrine.” The latter means *something taught*, and, in a Christian sense, seems to be more properly applied to those vital truths which Scripture teaches so clearly that, without perverting the meaning of language, or rejecting Revelation, they must be received as Divine. These, we believe, contain all that is needed for salvation and practical guidance, but they are taught, as it were, fragmentarily, without any attempt to systematize or define. Dogma, on the other hand,

(the definition of the Greek word being an *opinion*, what we *think true* of anything), can properly mean only human attempts to formulate and define Truths which cannot be compressed into any human formulas or definitions, and it must therefore be always inevitably liable to error, either from mere incompleteness or from false additions to the truth. A writer who sees deeply and truly well says, “A complete theory is a vault of stone around the theorist, whose very being yet depends on room to grow. In God there must lie a lucent, harmonious, eternal, not merely consoling, but absolutely satisfying solution.” And the more we keep clear of surrendering ourselves to human definitions and dogmas—the more that, like Luther, we leave human philosophy and theology, and “endeavour to enter into God’s thoughts in His own Word,” the closer shall we come to that “satisfying solution.”

Assuredly each sincere reader of Scripture must draw from it a belief or beliefs to which, if the word “creed” had not been so abused by being associated only with formal dogmatic systems, we might give that name. But it is precisely because each must derive from the fountain head a belief of his own, and because this belief must necessarily have its own individuality, that we object to the imposition, by external authority, of long detailed confessions or creeds, embracing many subjects on which the Scriptures themselves do not dogmatize, and on which there must be as great a diversity of belief as there is diversity of mind. Just as no object in nature is perhaps seen exactly alike by any two individuals, so truth, however absolute and unchangeable in itself, may, and perhaps *must*, appear somewhat different to each receiving mind. The inspired rule for each Christian is that he should “search the Scriptures” for himself, under the guidance of the promised “Spirit of Truth.” And what each shall receive must be determined to a great extent by the individual character of his own mind, as well as by the extent of the spiritual receptiveness which he brings to it.

Few individual Christians, probably, and the wisest and most reverent least of all, would venture to impose on the mind of another, as absolutely to be believed, their own individual opinions in regard to every point of theological speculation or Biblical

interpretation. The case is not made any better when it is a number of individuals who unite to impose a certain complicated and minutely-detailed tissue of doctrines upon any branch of the Church. It appears different, perhaps, but it is the very same specious and delusive appearance which has introduced so much of error and superstition into Christianity through the decrees of General Councils, such decrees being settled, also, much more often by a majority than by anything like an unanimous vote. There is, in fact, no middle ground between the assumed authority of an infallible Church and the fullest exercise of private judgment, the very keystone of our Protestant liberty—a right on the unrestricted exercise of which, in connection with the teaching of the Holy Spirit, must depend that growth and progress which we believe is as much intended, and as desirable, in theology as in other spheres of truth.

If it be said that there must be a certain formula of admission to the Christian Church, we may well ask, why should that formula be more complicated than was that of the first Christian Church? How simple that was we all know. Faith in Christ, willingness to follow Him, were all that were demanded. Had the Christian Church, in its subsequent history, adhered more closely to a simplicity for which there were doubtless wise reasons, how much disunion might have been saved. Doubtless it was the gradual introduction of error that led to the multiplication of definitions; but has the multiplication of definitions tended to repress error and increase uniformity? Let us call one noble witness, whose name, across the changes of two centuries, is bright in the esteem of the Christian Church still—

* "If a definition be requisite for what is called terms of communion for a Church, or outward bond of union, these cannot be too few, if they contain the true basis. Perhaps the summary given by our Lord to His Apostles, when he sent them forth to preach and baptize, might be the best. For when we go beyond this, we are apt to lay down distinctions which go farther to divide than to unite Christians. The baptismal formula, as it was enough in the beginning, ought to be so now, *i. e.*, as a formal basis; and although the teachers of the Gospel will go beyond its terms, and must do to teach, they will err if they go beyond the virtual meaning and the true spirit of that formula—to know the Father by the Son and in the Holy Ghost."—*Present Day Papers.*

Richard Baxter, who stands forth to the present generation, as he did to his own, in brave vindication of Christian liberty. "O happy the world, happy the kingdoms, most happy the Churches of Christ, if we could possibly bring men to know their ignorance. In a word, almost all the contentions of divines, the sects, the factions, the unreconciled feuds, the differences in religion which have been the taunt of the devil and of his emissaries in the world, have come from pretended knowledge, and taking uncertain for certain truths." "When will the Lord persuade us not to be wise above that which is written, but to acknowledge that which is unrevealed to be beyond us, and that which is more darkly revealed to be more doubtful to us?" "When half is unknown, the other half is not half known." "Lay the unity of the Church upon nothing but what is essential to the Church. Seek after as much truth and purity and perfection as you can, but not as necessary to the essence of the Church, or of any member of it, nor to denominate and specify your faith and religion by. Tolerate no error or sin, so far as not to seek the healing of it; but tolerate all error and sin consisting with Christian faith and charity, so far as not to unchristian and unchurch men for them." "I will not be one that shall condemn or reject a lover of God and Christ and holiness for want of distinct, particular knowledge or words to utter it aright. The least contested points are commonly the most weighty." If the experience of the two centuries since Baxter is to teach us anything, it is that no basis of doctrine or Confession of Faith should be longer or more complicated than is necessary for maintaining the authority of Revelation, and the central and essential truths of Christianity. The maxim which Baxter disinterred from Rupert Me'lenius has become almost a hackneyed one, and has at least tended to promote toleration *between* if not *within* the various branches of the Church—"In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity." But Baxter's own maxim, "Lay the unity of the Church on nothing but what is essential to the Church," is not less important; for apart from the fact that to demand too much uniformity of opinion tends to create disunion, we know that all human statements of truth are fallible—in other words, are liable to error; and the fuller, more complete and complicated any human

system is, so much the more are its tendencies to error increased.

In regard to the rights of Churches to lay down such complicated systems, the following suggestive remarks from an able writer of the present day confirm the testimony already given from Baxter: "Particular Churches may enact by-laws, but they cannot with propriety legislate on matters common to the Church at large. Holy Scripture contains all they have any right to venture on; and no Church, we conceive, has any right to lay down authoritatively her interpretation of it. As the Church at large has never laid down any authoritative interpretation of it, it cannot be incumbent on any particular portion so to do. We cannot suppose such a power necessary, or it would have been given and defined from the beginning. The Holy Spirit is promised to us individually to lead us into all truth; beyond this there is no promise of infallible guidance. And additions to Holy Scripture have ever failed to secure those very points which it might have been thought they would secure—the unity and uniformity of believers. The additions made to the Apostles' Creed by the Nicene Council went far to cause the division of the Eastern and Western Churches; the creed of Athanasius severs the Western from the Eastern Churches; the additions of Trent have circumscribed Latin Christianity; and the Confessions of Augsburg, Geneva, France, Scotland and America have done more to sever us from each other, and destroy the Church's unity as a whole, than they have effected for unity, even among their own adherents."

But not only must all human creeds necessarily be imperfect, and promotive of disunion in the proportion of their completeness and exhaustiveness, but they also tend to stop or impede progress to a fuller knowledge of Divine Truth. That Truth itself is perfect has already been admitted; and it may also be admitted that the Divine revelation given to man contains all that it is necessary for him, in his present state, to know. But will any one say that human comprehension of it has not been progressive, or that, even yet, it is perfect and complete? Even in the Apostolic times included within the New Testament history, there was progression in the understanding of Christian truth, which was taught as men were "able to hear

it. Even inspired Apostles had to learn various truths at different periods of their ministry—as, for instance, the truth that all races were to be included in the ministry of reconciliation, and that the rite of circumcision was to be no longer obligatory. And every reader of Scripture knows how difficult it was for them to shake off the influence of old traditions, and accustom their mental vision to the new light even when it came from direct revelation.

The very ambiguity also which, in the nature of things, attaches to all human language, would make it inevitable as well as desirable that the meaning of Scripture language should expand as the thoughts of men expanded. To an abjectly superstitious age many things in Scripture must have been understood differently from the interpretation given to them in an age when, as able modern writers have pointed out, science has purified religious conceptions from much which was false and superstitious, as—to take a signal instance—in regard to the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, the popular and even the theological notions of which used to be so crude and untenable. In our day we no longer consider some scriptural expressions to mean that the earth was created in six literal days, any more than we believe that others contradict the Copernican theory of the solar system. And there is, perhaps, scarcely a Christian doctrine to which the progress of Christian thought has not communicated a fuller, wider and more vital meaning. On what principle should we deprive ourselves of the light of the fuller teaching which God in His providence vouchsafes, in crystallising our supposed beliefs in ancient dogmatic systems, saying, in opposition to the Divine voice in our hearts, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther?" And can any one say that this progress towards a better understanding of Divine truth has ever come to an end? Is it not, on the contrary, still going on? Even in regard to its outward form the human language in which it is clothed, and to which a certain amount of ambiguity naturally belongs, fuller enlightenment leads to fuller comprehension. As the thoughts of men grow wider, and their apprehension of truth generally becomes juster and more enlarged, their apprehension of Christian truth partakes of the same enlargement. If this were not so, an educated ministry would be

a mistake, and ordinary Christians, if pious and earnest, would be as well fitted for teachers as a Leighton, a Taylor, or a Chalmers. And what is true of individuals is also applicable to the general consensus of Christian opinion, which must necessarily grow more enlightened as each age adds its store of experience and knowledge to that which preceded it. It is assuredly true of Christianity, that "however unchangeable in its essence, yet its professors have been only slowly learning it; that they have been advancing onward by degrees through darkness, ignorance, difficulties, to a clearer, better knowledge, and a worthier appreciation of what their religion is—a knowledge and appreciation, it may be added, which probably could not be gained by such a being as man, except only through the slow disciplinary process provided for us by the Providence of our lives." And if the very genius of Christianity is *progress*, producing even yet commentary after commentary and exposition after exposition, in a wide and rapid stream, and giving us finally, as the culminating theological work of the present age, a revised translation of the Bible, where can be the justification of endeavours to arrest progress and crystallize Christian thought at a given period in the remote past, by rigidly binding down upon the Churches complicated systems framed by men in days when many truths, now all but universally acknowledged, were still hidden even from wise theologians? In any case, no human system can contain the whole truth of God; it carries within it the elements of a necessary decadence.

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be,
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

If even the divinely appointed system of Judaism "had its day and ceased to be," how much more must this be true of every human system, despite the most determined efforts of its worshippers. When God's time for fuller light comes, they *must* give place to it:

"The old order faileth, giving place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

And they who would blindly oppose their favourite system to any access of fuller

light, are doing their best to retard the fulfilment of their prayer, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

In this connection the following forcible remarks are quoted from an able writer who has been styled one of the most single-minded defenders of Christianity:—"In relation to our own English Churchmen of the sixteenth century, the men of two or three hundred years later would be enabled to see and understand innumerable subjects better than they did. This was to be so in politics, in commerce, in trade, in science, in learning of various kinds; it was to be so, as without doubt it is, in the understanding of Scripture, in laws and in arts. But whatever progress of this kind may be made by the later generations, so far as religion is concerned, there is the ancient Creed to be kept in view. They must not deviate from that or go beyond it except at their own peril. In science, and many other subjects of human concern, they are at liberty to adopt new ideas, new inventions, new forms of expression. In religion it is not so; in the apprehension of Christianity it is not so. In these, the greatest and most absorbing of human interests, we must be contented, according to the established system, to remain where our forefathers have left us. If these believed with Calvin in an unmerciful God, who has fore-ordained untold myriads of His rational creatures to eternal perdition, we of the later ages must believe the same if the Creed tells us to do so. No matter that juster ideas of the Almighty Father may have risen upon the world, or that a better understanding of the words of Scripture may have gradually been gained, there is the Creed left to us by our ecclesiastical law-giver, and neither the Church nor the Law, as they are, will allow the later generations to neglect it, except, indeed, at the cost of such disadvantages as I have before referred to.

"Is it not plain, then, that the ancient Creed-system throws impediments in the way of religious truth; tends to make that difficult which ought to be easy; to interfere, so far as man can do so, with the providential teachings of past history, while yet these are so persistently reminding us that men shall go forward and not stand still, even in their knowledge of God and of Christ, or of all that we comprehend under the name of religious and Christian truth?"

"If, at a given point, you set up a Creed or a set of Creeds, and enforce these as though you fancied them to contain the whole and true substance of Christian faith; if you make all who would enter your Church tacitly signify their assent, or openly promise not to deviate from them, whatever they may privately think, it is clear that you not only assume the perfection of your own knowledge on every subject that falls within the limits of the Creed; you also place an artificial barrier of the most effectual and mischievous kind in the path of that further progress in the knowledge of Divine things which the whole past experience of the Christian world bids us confidently to anticipate, faithfully and hopefully to aspire and to strive after."

In days when ideas like these have been surely gaining ground with almost all thinking men, it is a striking instance of the power of prejudice and prescriptive right that the Churches generally should still adhere so rigidly to their own peculiar symbols, which are for the most part rather symbols of unity than actual confessions of faith; for every one knows that they conceal widely differing convictions within the very bodies which cling to them.

Probably the most tenacious devotee of any theological system would hesitate to assert that it contained an absolutely perfect and infallible exposition of Christianity. Yet what other assumption could justify its imposition upon at least all the office-bearers of any denomination; thus in effect doing all that can be done to close their minds and hearts against any additional light that might be drawn from the contemplation of other systems, and preventing all chance of the assimilation that *must* take place before divisions shall be no more? How this system of things has divided Protestant Christendom into a collection of semi-hostile camps, every one knows; camps, each self-complacent in the fancy of its own perfection, in the excellence of its own shibboleth, and recognising the members of the other camps rather as distant and somewhat despised relations than as "brethren in Christ Jesus."* True, our evangelical al-

* "We make definitions instead of destroying them; we divide hearts whom the Lord hath not divided, and His kingdom is, in consequence, in ruins. It is not indeed easy to set up. Its First Founder and His Apostles laid down their lives in

liances have done much to abate sectional hostility (alas! that there should ever have been such a thing among Christians); and on the platforms of religious meetings speakers eloquently declare that the points of separation are of such minor consequence as to sink out of sight in comparison with the truths which unite them. Yet no sooner do the speakers descend from the platform into ordinary life, than on the strength of these minor and insignificant points, each proceeds to build up his particular denomination with as much zeal as if it were the only bulwark against error; while, if one of his own ministers should chance on any one of these non-essential points of difference to agree with a sister Church rather than his own, or even to doubt the absolute rightness of his own, he will be fortunate if the cry of "heresy" or "error" be not speedily raised against him.

It may be said that, so long as denominations exist, they must have symbols of coherence. Yes; but why "lay the unity of the Church" on anything "but what is essential to the Church?" As a Christian Church, nothing can be essential to it but what is essential to Christian Churches generally—the main doctrines of saving faith. As a denomination, the only thing essential to its unity is what is necessary to its harmonious practical working, as its form of Church polity, its administration of sacraments, &c. *These* are the only points which really give differing denominations any *raison d'être* among Protestant Christians—the only things which justify them in refraining from immediate coalescence. Even these might be got over through Christian grace, but at present they do present practical barriers to absolute union. But to place the unity of a

the task, and were its foundations. But what has been built thereon? One kingdom, one Lord, one baptism? Many Lords, many baptisms, many kingdoms. The knowledge of the true kingdom is all but lost, and instead of knowledge, we are going to use materialistic apparatus. That will not much help us. It has been tried long, and found wanting. It is not *much* knowledge which is wanted, *but knowledge of the true thing*. Definitions, Articles, Confessions, have rather hindered than helped. We must rather diminish than increase definitions, while we admit all knowledge of the right sort. Such will increase, not diminish union, which definitions do. And the right sort of knowledge is all that tends to bring man to one spirit—to the spirit of a common home in the house of one common Father through Christ."—*Present Day Papers*.

denomination in adherence to a long and complicated system of doctrine, is to harden the lines of demarcation quite unnecessarily, and indeed quite unscripturally.* For to say that a man, in order to be either a member or a minister of a certain Church, *must* absolutely coincide in all his religious opinions, secondary as well as primary, with Calvin or Wesley, the men of Westminster or the compilers of the Thirty-nine Articles, or the unknown author of the Athanasian Creed, is most distinctly to put Paul or Apollos in the place of Christ. True, Christ is, of course, the *nominal* centre of union, but in reality it is rather human opinions about Him than the Saviour Him-

* The following wise and Christian words of the great Presbyterian divine, Dr. Chalmers, bear as forcibly as anything written in the present day, on the great duty of Christian liberality:—"We despair not that on the field of action or in the real or actual administration of the Church's affairs,—many of the stoutest and fiercest differences, both of the present and future ages, will at length fall into desuetude, so that Christians might be at length brought to be of one mind, or, if not, that it shall at least be patent to the eyes of the world that they are all of one mind. Surely, for the fulfilment of this sacred object, it were well that, in the confessions of different churches, articles of faith viewed as articles of destination or separation, should not be unnecessarily multiplied; and we would further submit whether it is not a most unwarrantable hazarding of this most high and precious interest to speak of the exclusively divine right of any form whatever of ecclesiastical government. It is thus that certain strenuous advocates, both of Presbytery on the one hand and Episcopacy on the other, have been heard to affirm that they will never consent to the loosening or letting down of a single pin in the tabernacle. This tenacity of theirs we should all the more readily understand if the specific information of all and every pin were really to be had in Scripture. But, in the absence of this, we do think that there might be a great deal more of mutual toleration. It has been well said that while it is our duty to be wise up to that which is written, it is surely not our part to be inflexible beyond it. We feel confident that, with the use and right application of this principle, there is immense room for the abridgment of the Church's controversies. Let us hope that the movement is upon the whole in this direction; that, even amid the fits and fermentations of this busy period, the Christian world is now heaving towards this better state of things—when the war of opinion shall cease, and both truth and charity shall walk hand in hand. Heaven grant that this perspective of brighter and happier days may be speedily realized! Even now, and notwithstanding the manifold yet chiefly incidental controversies of our day, men in theology are looking greatly more to the points of agreement and less to the points of difference—the promise and preparation, let us hope, for a long millenium of peace and prosperity to the Christian world."

self that are made the essential *point d'appui*, and ministers thus go forth as the ministers of Calvin or Wesley, the Articles or the Confession, rather than of Christ Himself.

It is said sometimes that the systems of the differing denominations are representative of differing types of religious thought. Doubtless they are representatives of the type of mind and thought possessed by their *founders*; but it would be absurd to say that all the members of any one denomination—most of them belonging to it by the accident of birth—possess the same uniform type of mind and thought to which alone the peculiarities of the system are congenial. The result must be that many who are sincerely attached to the Church of their fathers, and the moulder and helper of their own Christian life, must yet find in its dogmas much that they cannot sympathize with or even receive—much that is quite inadequate to the expression of their deepest religious thought. The result must be to greatly impair, rather than increase, unity and harmony of feeling; whereas, were the basis of coherence less exhaustive and definite, and more elastic, differing minds and individualities could find room for the minor and speculative differences which are inevitable, within the particular Church which, from old affection and association, they prefer as their spiritual home.*

* "The Churches have been false to the very principles on which they were based—the rights of individual reason and conscience. 'Where Jesus Christ is, there is the Catholic Church,' said Ignatius. 'Where the Spirit of God is, there is the Church and all grace,' said Irenæus. 'He that is good enough for Christ is good enough for me,' said Robert Hall. The Churches have not thought so. The founders of each gave it a Confession of Faith and a directory of worship, which, like every good constitution, and Christianity itself, had both an historical and philosophical basis. Did they mean to put that in place of the Word of God? No! But does our reverence for the Church of our fathers require us to stifle free thought and be satisfied with forms of sound words? That is asking us to be traitors to our fathers and unfaithful to the inspiration which God breathes into the souls of every generation of faithful men. Are we alone to have no freedom to criticize, to investigate in that domain in which our fathers walked so freely, because *they* had faith that there was wisdom in God's Word sufficient for all the wants of the age? Or are we to be insolently told that if on any point our opinions become modified, we may leave the Church? What does such ecclesiastical terrorism mean? The 'bribery and corruption' of the timid, the offer of a premium on dulness, a premium on in-

But to press the present rigidity of adherence to long and complicated creeds, exerts a most unfavourable influence on three very different classes of mind. That class which is most numerous—those, namely, who are too indifferent or indolent to attempt to realize for themselves the meaning of certain formulas to which *they* at least find no difficulty in assenting—it lulls into a most delusive self-satisfaction. Because they have no fault to find with a creed into the meaning of which they have never really entered,* they feel complacently that they are “doctrinally sound,” and regard any deviations from the said formulas as a censurable “heterodoxy,” sitting in judgment upon those whose Christianity has a depth and vitality of which they have never dreamed. Then there are those who practically believe their own system to be infallible, who have thrown themselves into their peculiar dogmas with all the keenness of partisanship, and whose minds can never be open to any further light, because, being convinced beforehand that they are absolutely right, they meet opposing views, not with any desire honestly to consider their claims, but only with the determination to find arguments wherewith to refute them. Such are strengthened in these tendencies by the present Creed system—their peculiar symbol acting somewhat as does a party cry in another sphere—their pride of doctrine being summoned to its defence, and the true party spirit being carried into a region where it is most fatal to man’s highest interests and growth in the most important kind of truth.† On a third

dolence, a premium on dishonesty. It says, ‘Abandon thought, all ye who enter here.’ The equivalent word in politics would be—‘If any man thinks that the constitution or laws can be amended, let the ingrate renounce his citizenship!’ That *would* be intolerable. It is equally intolerable when doctrinaires would rigorously apply it to the Church. Of old, the Pharisees cast out of the synagogue one whose eyes the Lord had opened, and Jesus met him, and said, ‘For judgment I am come into the world.’ Verily that Church is ‘judged,’ is unchurched, which is anxious to see true servants of the Lord go forth from it because they cannot pronounce perfectly all its shibboleths.”—*Rev. G. M. Grant—Published Sermon.*

* “A man may be a heretic in the truth, and if he believes things only because his pastor says so, or the Assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy.”

† Who has not wished sometimes that he could read the Scriptures for the first time, free from all

class the system operates more painfully, if less injuriously—those, namely, whose earnestness in the search of truth, and sensitiveness of conscience, are continually creating a painful struggle between their convictions and the mould of rigid uniformity which is forced upon them from without—a mould which can accurately fit only that which is dead or congealed, not that which is living and growing. When such minds find their way into the ministry of such Churches, the result is trying indeed. For the candidate for the ministry often signs the formula of admission before his judging powers are fully matured, while he still is what he has been made by the training through which he has passed. As thought matures, and as he encounters differing views, he begins to see that his own system is not so perfect and unquestionable as he had been led to believe—that in some points he can no longer absolutely adhere to it—and then must ensue a painful mental conflict. If he forsake his own Church for another, in which, too, he may find opinions which he cannot fully receive, he is looked upon as “unsettled,” and taunted as a “renegade.” If he does not see it necessary to forsake the Church of his first love and early and sacred associations, merely because on some abstract speculative point he may differ from her formulas, there will not be wanting those who will misconstrue his motives and talk sneeringly of men who cling to a Church in which they have ceased to believe, for “position” or “emolument.” In either case his moral and spiritual nature suffers a wrench, and strength which might have been spent for the best advantage of the cause of Christ is wasted in fruitless worrying over matters which are “not to edification.” It is well when, in such cases, the painful experience does not produce a loosening from the more fundamental principles of the Faith, never, perhaps, to be fully repaired. And besides such effects as these, many a fine and vigorous mind, which might have made proof of a rich and fruitful ministry, has been through the same cause turned aside into the freer walks of secular life.

Schism, or the rending of the Church of Christ into sects, which was obviously not

traditional bias? But the perpetuation of the rigidity of confessions tends to increase the tendency to traditional bias, and make a *thoroughly* candid reading of God’s word a matter of no small difficulty.

intended by its founders, is usually and rightly considered not only an evil but a sin. But for this the Church herself is responsible, when, by her demand for uniformity of assent to non-essential and debatable propositions, she compels any of her Lord's faithful servants either to violate their consciences or to leave her ministry. The spirit which would bid a man leave a Church as lightly as he would an Orange Lodge or a political party is simply *not Christianity*.

There can be no reasonable objection to the statement, by any Church, of the particular views of truth which she deems important, and which she desires to have taught in her pulpits. The mistake is in, at any time, fixing and crystallizing her views, to be imposed on future generations, which may rejoice in fuller light, as well as in making such a definition too elaborate and exhaustive, and in *binding it down* in every particular on the consciences of her ministers. A reasonable latitude of opinion should be allowed, and surely it is not too much to say that this latitude of opinion should include all points generally acknowledged to be "non-essential." She has a right to say that any doctrine which she deems hurtful shall not be taught by her accredited teachers, but she has no right to demand that these shall hold exactly the opinion even of the majority in regard to such points. To do so accomplishes no good purpose, for no honest man will preach doctrines at variance with his convictions, though he may be willing to avoid touching on subjects in regard to which he is doubtful; and *no* test will be a guarantee where honesty is not. The more that Churches relax stringency of tests in regard to even such questions as the duration of future punishment, the more will they leave the minds of their ministers open to seek the guidance of the Spirit into all truth, and to walk in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made them free. The more that they insist upon their peculiar shibboleths, and frown on every deviation from that which their traditions have endorsed as "orthodox"—as did the Roman Catholic Church when she compelled Galileo to declare a solemn lie—the more will they minister to scepticism, discord and spiritual pride, and bar the way to all hope of progress and enlightenment in "the truth."^{*}

Nor is the effect less injurious, in many cases, on young minds in training for the ministry. The inevitable standard is before them, barring the way to the fulfilment of their hopes unless they conform to its tests. Can this be anything else than a fetter, or a bias—however unconscious—to study their Bibles with preconceived opinions, or at least with timid glances and half-shut eyes, not daring to give free course to the workings of their minds, lest peradventure they should arrive at a different conclusion from the ancient standard. How this often puts them at a disadvantage afterwards, their more intelligent hearers, at least, can tell. And if a young man is too honest and independent for this, there comes the painful alternative of forcing himself to subscribe that in which he does not fully believe, or of giving up the goal of his hopes in the ministry—at least in that Church to which he is bound by a thousand ties of love and veneration. How many consciences have been sorely wounded by such a struggle—how many promising aspirants to the ministry sacrificed by the worship of this ecclesiastical Moloch, its worshippers neither know nor care, but the fact remains. And yet we are told in Scripture that "they of Berea were more noble than they of Thessalonica, because they searched the Scriptures diligently whether these things were so."

The events which have brought the question of Confessions into such prominence as

against the appointment of a certain eminent man to a certain eminent office in the Church, not because he is covetous or proud, not because he is selfish or idle, but because, having studied and thought and prayed, he has, perhaps, come to the conclusion that even an enlightened sixteenth century may not have known the whole mind of God. Or because, having read his Bible in the original languages, he has there not found something, or has found something which every old woman in the kingdom knows to be there, or not to be there. This will be the ostensible reason for so much and so vigorous protesting against him: the real root of the opposition will probably be that this man has, with heart and soul, hated and fought against the Pharisees.' The following reference, by Dr. Norman Macleod, to the well-known case of Dr. Macleod Campbell, strikingly bears out the above remarks of a modern essayist: 'No man was more grossly misunderstood, either by men that could not, or by men that would not, to whom he was often a rebuke—by men who would prefer mere opinion to life, who would rather have a man in the Church with what were called safe opinions, without a particle of Christianity, than have a man holy before God, who differed from themselves in non-essentials.'

* "A certain meeting 'will unanimously protest

it has recently attained among us are likely, it may be hoped, to leave permanent and beneficial results. As every one knows, they were connected with the Westminster Confession, perhaps the most exhaustive and formidable of the dogmatic structures handed down from an age in which men did not shrink from formulating, in the boldest and harshest propositions, dogmas regarding matters which the best theologians of the present day would consider it presumptuous to attempt to define.

Among other things, it boldly advances statements regarding the eternal and unrevealed purposes of God, the limitation of His love and mercy to certain favoured individuals—even to certain “elect infants”—leaving the rest, it is to be supposed, to eternal and inevitable sin and misery, which the general consensus of Christian belief is now far from endorsing—which, indeed, if now for the first time promulgated by any Ecumenical Council whatsoever, would be met with unqualified condemnation. We might add, its equally unqualified statements as to the eternal condemnation of the heathen *en masse*, to whom the offer of salvation never came; as to the powers of Christian ministers, which partake more of the Roman Catholic idea of a privileged priesthood than of the Christian one that all are “kings and priests to God;” and as to the resurrection of the body, taking the untenable position that the dead shall be raised up “with the self-same bodies and none other.” All these positions are maintained solely on the authority of isolated and often evidently misunderstood passages of Scripture, ignoring its general scope, as well as the clearer passages which *directly contradict* the statements thus erroneously founded upon others. Such a confession, authoritatively enforced, would certainly *seem* to keep the ministry of the Church adhering to it at a level far behind the present one of enlightened Christian thought, were it not a known fact that a large proportion of its ministers as of its members by no means accept every statement in detail, but only the *general system* of doctrine which the Confession sets forth—*i.e.*, as we understand it, the general system of doctrine held by evangelical Christians generally. What the advantage is of thus tenaciously maintaining, as their peculiar symbol, a Confession which so imperfectly represents the belief of probably the majority of Presby-

terian ministers and elders, it is not easy to see. To the uninitiated it appears to be, if not a fruitful cause of discord and disintegration, at least the maintaining of a conventional sham in a sphere where, of all others, conventional shams must be most fatal.

As its history has been already sketched in this Magazine, it is unnecessary to refer to it again in detail, further than to say that it was originally drawn up, in order, not to be an absolute rule for the Church of Scotland, but to bring the Church of England into “nearer agreement with the Church of Scotland and other Reformed Churches abroad;” that in its compilation some of the wisest and most liberal spirits of the age, notably Richard Baxter, were conspicuous by their absence; and that the Church of Scotland at first received it, not as being true in every expression, but only “as to the truth of the matter of it.” By the course of events, however, it became the special property of the Church of Scotland, and, by a natural tendency, became her fixed standard in a measure so rigid that it has even been made the means of casting out from her ministry some whose eminent holiness, depth of theological insight, and power of influencing the thought of their age, would have been to her a crown of honour and an inestimable blessing. Now, however, there are signs that one of the most conservative of Church organizations is waking up to a sense of what the age demands of it. The writings of such men as Caird, Tulloch, Norman Macleod and others, have at once fostered liberality and toleration, and are a sufficient guarantee that, as has recently been distinctly stated by a Canadian Presbyterian clergyman, the form of subscription in the Church “is by no means understood to imply that all the ministers in that Church believe every doctrinal statement contained in the Confession,” but only “that the subscriber accepts the general scheme of doctrine set forth in the documents to which he signifies his assent.” And Mr. Moody’s triumphal progress through Scotland has to some extent shaken it loose from the trammels of a rigid orthodoxy in evoking a warmer, more spontaneous Christian life. Many of the leading clergymen of the Scottish Churches are most anxious, as soon as it can be made practicable, to simplify their tests—always a diffi-

cult matter in an ancient Church and an old land. In Canada, the notable words used by the Moderator of the newly United Presbyterian Church in Canada, on the occasion of the consummation of Union, and other indications—especially the brave letter of Professor Young, expressing his earnest desire for a simplification of the Confession, and relaxation of its rigidity—all give hope that this influential and flourishing Church will in this respect set a generous example soon to be followed by others. And it will be well if it be so. An eminent Presbyterian writer, Professor Shairp, says: "It needs no diviner to tell us that this century will not pass without a great breaking up of the dogmatic structures that have held ever since the Reformation. From many sides at once, a simplification of the Code, a revision of the Standards, is being demanded. From such a removal of old landmarks two opposite results may arise—either it may make faith easier, by taking cumbrous forms out of the way; it may make the direct approach to Christ and God simpler and more rational—may, in fact, bring God nearer to the souls of men; or it may remove Him to a greater distance, and make life more completely secular." Which of these two results will be accomplished must depend upon whether the Churches take this matter in hand themselves, or leave it to the destructive hand of a growing scepticism, which will make no distinctions, but will sweep away the true with the doubtful, and the Divine gold with the human clay.

But do any fear that because of a relaxed dogmatism the Christian "Rule of Faith" must fall into hopeless confusion? Surely not. The eternal, ever-living Rule of Faith and Practice is the Lord Jesus Christ—God manifest in the flesh. The words that *He* speaks to us, "they are spirit and they are life." Christianity is no collection of rigid dogmas or abstract propositions, but the life and spirit of Christ translated into the life and spirit of every faithful believer. And with this Divine Rule of Faith ever present, ever accessible, with the gift of the Holy Spirit promised to "them that ask it," to lead them individually into all truth, does the true Church need the defence of a phalanx of propositions to keep her from falling into error? Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there are both light and liberty; where it is not, no restriction of liberty will save from

destruction. But looking to her Divine chart, and following her Divine Rule of Faith in the teaching of the Spirit, the progress of the Church must surely be onward and upward, toward the fulness of knowledge, of light and love. For, as the human systems fall back into the shadow, He who is the true Light of the Church shall shine forth more clearly, paling by contrast the faint reflections which give back only a few scattered rays of the "Light that is inaccessible and full of glory."

And in proportion as each division of the Church remembers that at present it only possesses a broken ray of the perfect Light, seen through the glass that distorts even while it reveals, will it prepare the way for the dawn of the light which shall combine all the rays into the whiteness of Divine purity; and divisions shall be no more, for all shall see face to face. In proportion as each division keeps in view the fact that it has not the perfect statue of Truth, but only a fragment awaiting its place in the complete figure, shall it tend towards the perfection of the now broken statue, and the time when, crowned at last with its Divine Head, it shall shine forth in a perfect and now inconceivable beauty.

" Scattered now, in various guises, seldom each the other knows;
If perchance they met and mingled, 'twere as strangers or as foes;
For the light that shone within them, piercing through the outer veil,
Falls oblique, and lies distorted on our natures false and frail;
And the forms of things deceive us, and we quarrel o'er our creeds,
While each true heart receives the one truth his spirit needs.
And the iron laws of custom and of class still keep apart
Souls that, sailing o'er life's ocean, might commerce as mart with mart;
And the alien garb estrangeth, and the foreign tones repel,
And the wide land lies between us, and the pathless billows swell;
And the multitudes are lying on an unknown distant shore,
Waiting all the appointed time till the twilight years are o'er,
Till the dead clasp hands with living—good and evil cease their strife,
And the world's tired pulses quicken in a new and endless life."

FIDELIS.

THE LEGEND OF THE ROSES.

IT can scarcely be said that the poetic art in Canada has had any appreciable past. What its future will be, it would be difficult to predict; though there are happily indications that it will assert its claim to some notice in the national literature at no very distant day. The publication of the recent volume by the Librarian of the Ontario Legislature, which we reviewed last month, furnishes, among other encouraging signs, additional ground of hope that the poetic faculty is, at least, present and at work among us. It is a growth, however, that seeks encouragement, though few in our practical country, or we should rather say, in the material present of it, look kindly upon those who woo the muses in our midst, and have no patience with him they term

“The idle singer of an empty day.”

But Mr. Watson is no literary trifler, as the following extracts which we make from his work show. He has given us some vividly realized scenes, drawn from history and tradition, and though tricked out by the art of the idealist and poet, are not without their value as studies of character and as helpful lessons of life. But apart from the interest attaching to the human element in the work, intense as this is, the literary pleasure to be derived from its perusal is a feature not unworthy of consideration. To those who desire this, and are in sympathy with the effort to give to our native literature creations of vigorous health and of an artistic touch, we commend the subjoined mosaics from Mr. Watson's volume.

The hall with a hushed throng is filled,
 And glutton Expectation stands
 With his fierce appetite unstilled,
 And gloating o'er his empty hands;
 While hoping that he soon may feed
 On prey or prize brought in by chance,
 Or by Fate's jackal, Circumstance,
 He cares not who shall weep or bleed,
 But only cares they come with speed.

* * * *

And, as to miracles, they are not past;
 For there is not a single thought we think,
 A single word, which is unto that thought
 As body unto soul, encasing it
 In a corporeal substance, giving it shape
 In palpable medium of the vibrant air,
 But is a miracle.

ARION.

I hold it is the right of full-grown men,
 Who owe, both unto Faith and unto Reason

An equable allegiance—I hold 'tis right
 To reverence, for its own dear sake, the old,
 As we would do the keepsakes of dead friends;
 But, also, to give welcome to the new,
 As to a child's flower offering.

BARZACH.

The old, such as it was, we know: 'tis ours;
 The present is ours too: such as it is;
 The future is a hollow phantasm,
 * * * *
 And Death ends all.

ARION.

In God's name I declare it is not so.
 I stood beside a Hebrew's lonely tomb,
 Not far from peaceful Bethany. I saw
 Two Hebrew sisters, in their robes of woe,
 Raining down tears upon the sepulchre's lid,
 As they would melt the frozen door of Death
 With the hot showers of sorrow. I saw, too,
 The Mighty Prophet born in Bethlehem,

Whose right hand holdeth Love, whose left
hand Power,
Whose words and deeds, like unto Noah's dove,
Float o'er the wreck and deluge of the time,
Bringing back hope and blessing.

HIGH PRIEST.

Remember where thou art, and what thou say-
est.

ARION.

* * * *

* * Man's heart, conquering the God within,
Sent up a mist upon his countenance,
A mist of tearful tenderness ; and so,
Almighty strength, yielding to human grief,
Stooped to Humanity, and thus stooping down
Stamped man and woman's sorrow, from that
hour,

With the unchangeable and holy seal
Of most inviolate majesty.

* * * *

He spake this marvel—"Lazarus, come forth !"
These words, which, on the ears of those who
heard,

Fell soft as summer dew upon a rose,
Thundered with life, and flashed like lightning
O'er the abysm 'twixt the quick and the dead,
And shook all Hades with a might ungiven
Unto ten thousand thunderbolts. A bird,
Pluming herself upon the tomb, ne'er fluttered ;
Not one blade of the brown grass where we
stood

Was moved aside at these soft words. But he
Who, for four suns and watches of the stars,
Lay locked in granite, heard them—

* * * *

QUINTUS.

In shallow souls, as in a shallow cup,
The ingredients of devotion will not mix ;
And the least breath of passion touching them,
They overflow, dregs, ignorance and all,
In virulent floods.

* * * *

Is all we see,
In the bright heavens above, green earth be-
neath,
A blazoned mockery ? a painted mask,

Behind which grim Oblivion watches us,
Till his time come to strike ?

THALLON.

The hour and our vile task disquiet thee :
The thoughts of men take colour from the scenes
In which they play their part ; and thus it
comes,

That the chameleon of Imagination
Takes up the hue of that whereon it feeds,
Choosing the darkest first.

* * * *

I dreamt last night a strange, bewildering
dream,
For Fancy banished Reason from my brain,
And filled his throne with phantoms.

QUINTUS.

Dreams are the ghosts of thoughts the day-
light smothers,
And darkness brings them back again to haunt
us.

THALLON.

Midnight hath lessons as the noonday hath,
And 'tis in sleep we learn them.

* * * *

QUINTUS.

There may, perhaps, be something in the
dream ;
Still minds o'erworked by day will play by
night.

For then the madman that's in all of us,
Slips off his chains, works us unnumbered
pranks,
And, while his keeper, Reason, is asleep,
Holds revel in his prison of the brain.

* * * *

In mystery there is a fascination
Which all men yield to ; and fair Truth, her-
self,
Wears not such pleasing visage if she come
Wanting the robe of strangeness.

(From the Drama of Ravlan.)

This air nips chill, like great men's courtesies,
Or charities bestowed in open day.

* * * *

Danger that warns is seldom dangerous ;

But danger, when it comes unheralded,
Is but another name for destiny.

* * * *

Weakness is always vengeful, prompt and
cruel ;

But Strength, like to a lion in a dream,
Will not, unless aroused through wantonness,
Strike for the sake of striking. Let us pause :
The State is strong to brook delay

When it is one man's life against a million.

* * * *

Fear makes thee eloquent, but not repentant.

* * * *

Yonder he comes—how pale he looks and worn !
The worm of state is gnawing at his heart ;
The crown has burned the hair from that brave
brow,

From those bright eyes stolen the imperial
flash

Which once outshone its jewels.

I pity him : the old, imposing stride

Is changed into a languid, moping march ;

As slow as sleep, approaching feverish men.

* * * *

RAVLAN.

Welcome, fair Aidnai, 'tis a golden day
That brings thy presence with it. Since the
hour

When last we met beside the sounding shore,
The breath of Time has breathed on thee in
bloom,

And kindly has he cherished all thy charms ;
As if he wished no other but himself
Should be the first to doat on them.

Success transforms

Crime into crystal, and a diamond puts

Upon the dagger's point, that curious eyes,

Looking if there be any stains thereon,

May turn away bedazzled.

* * * *

KING.

When Ravlan walks in sleep, his eyes being
open,

Are all his senses sealed save sight and speech?

DRUIDESS.

His senses are congealed, and then his eyes

Tell to his mind no more of what they see,

Than does the ice upon the winter brook

Disclose, unto the pulsing stream beneath,
The changeful aspects of the cloud that passes.
That walking fit of his is nothing more
Than a transparency of nervous sleep,
Through which the soul stands obvious to the
view,

And the mosaics of the mental temple,
The motives of all actions—everything
Will shine as clear revealed to you and me,
As doth a sunny landscape at high noon,
Seen from a mistless mountain.

RAVLAN—(*asleep, but rising to his feet.*)

I hear some noise—can it be thundering ?
There were no signs of any storm last night ;
The winds, at sunset, made no sound more
rude

Than does a mother's lips when they dissolve
A song of maiden days in lullabies,
As her babe's eyes are closing.

* * * *

Treason, good sir, is caution come too late ;
Is caution turned to desperation, when
It sees the chance of gaining what it lost
By its own cowardice, gone by for ever.

* * * *

Here we have Kloof's first appearance at
Court :—

KING.

When did this man first show himself at Court ?

RAVLAN.

Two years have scarcely passed since he came
here ;

His manner won at once upon my uncle,
Who crowned him jester, kindly bore with him,
And made him pet of the prerogative.

Sometimes his manners seemed to speak of
Courts,

For he could tell of State-craft, double-dealing,
And shameful plots that politicians lay

To trap each other. In odd, lucid hours,
When memory, like a half-extinguished torch,
Flickered against the background of his life,

He talked right clearly, but to me alone,
Of Kings and Peoples, and their common
duties :

How Power and Dependence, everywhere,

Should, hand in hand, march on in brother-
hood ;
Of courtiers fighting who should fawn the first ;
Of many things, concerning government,
But now they have escaped my memory.

* * * *

Thy speech, which, time gone by, was plain as
day,

Is now as dark to me as if 'twere read
From Sibylline leaves at midnight.
Prithee explain ; there must be cause for this.

Kloof thus narrates how he lost his prison-
friend :—

He was a hedge-hog, but, inside his coat,
Bristled and barbed, and homely as it was,
There dwelt a heart as tender as a robin's.
He used to waddle daily to my prison,
To lick the chilly hands that patted him.
There was an orchard half a mile away,
And thither, when the twilight-time came on,
My trusty little friend would often toil,
And, early in the dawn, come back again,
His coat stuck o'er with apples which the wind
Had shaken down to serve my tiny gleaner ;
And, having found his way beneath the walls,
Would toddle, loaded, to my lonely cell,
And there unroll the burden from his back,
And tumble o'er with glee, and then look up
Into my face, to claim, as his reward,
That I should pat his head and play with him.
One apple for his share was all he'd take ;
I with the others quenched my burning thirst,
And tried to soothe the gnawing hunger-pains.

One morn I missed him at his usual hour,
And, looking out, I saw him coming on,
A crowd behind him, pounding him with stones.
I called aloud—he heard my voice, made haste,
But when he neared the hole beneath the walls,
An apple suddenly did roll away ;
He turned to take it up, his little store
Being dearer to him than his life itself.
They killed him ; as he felt the last dull blow
That laid him lifeless, then my poor dumb
thing

Turned two wet, pleading eyes toward my cell,
As if to look for answering tears in mine.
I think I see my little servant still,
Now toying with his apple 'fraid to eat it,
Now munching, ere he ventured forth at eve,
The withered bits we saved from morning-tide.

* * * *

On that morn I saw
A woman lying dead upon the beach ;
And, in the scanty light, the felon waves,
When looking on her, seeing what they'd done,
Seemed to shrink back, and in the moans they
made,
Accused the winds, now whining themselves
dead,
Of this most cruel havoc. There she lay,
So sweetly beautiful I did not marvel
That Death would never let such prize escape.
Upon her frozen breast her white arms clasp'd
A little famishing babe, that vainly sought
With lips all blue, benumbed and helpless
hands,
To find the dried-up founts of infancy.
Thou wert that child, my Aidnai.

CURRENT EVENTS.

MR. MACKENZIE'S public utterances in North Renfrew—especially at Pembroke—deserve more than a passing reference. They amount, in fact, to a virtual admission that old party lines have been obliterated, and that the old rallying cries will be heard no more. It was not to be expected that the Premier's declarations on this subject should be clear and explicit: he has so deep an interest at stake that he cannot help fostering a popular delusion. Hence, when an apologetic strain is forced upon him, he is at pains to widen and deepen the imaginative gulf between our existing factions. The admission of a majority of *à-dévant* Conservatives into his Cabinet seems, however, to need some defence, which does not appear to be forthcoming. Hence, the objection offered to the *personnel* of his Government is met by a little clumsy *badinage*. All these old "Tories," as he prefers to style them, are Tories no longer; they have sinned against Reform light, it is true, but having seen the error of their ways, they are received as penitents, clad in sackcloth and ashes, into the sheep-fold. Mr. Mackenzie, the St. Peter who guards the gate of our political Paradise in fact, is relenting and indulgent to profligacy and corruption so soon as they can be enlisted "on the side of the angels." As a joke, this may be good or bad, according to taste; but, as a representation of fact, it is clearly refutable. If the members of the Opposition are so inveterately fossil as to render them unworthy of the name Conservative—for to Mr. Mackenzie Liberal Conservative is a contradiction in terms—if, in short, there be, as he contends, a clear line of demarcation between the factions, then the accession of any of them to the Government ranks proves an abandonment of principle somewhere. To talk of the conversion of M. Cauchon, who would profess any political creed, save the Orange symbol, in order to get office, is the height of absurdity. He has donned the fleece to obtain access to the fold; but he is a wolf still, and will sooner or later show his teeth. The Beauport Asylum job, urges the Premier, is his only offence. Only offence, quotha! Was it not one of sufficient magnitude, the *Globe* being a witness, to send him into political Coventry for ever? Is he a fitting exponent of any policy, much less that of "The Party of Purity?" The Pacific Scandal was bad enough, certainly; but the heads of the late Government had it in their power to boast that the fund was devoted to party and not to personal purposes. They, at any rate, did not endeavour to fill their own pockets at the public expense; perhaps M. Cauchon did not; but Mr. Mackenzie's friends vehemently protested that he did. It is no sufficient defence of M. Cauchon's appointment to point out that his old party friends attempted to cover his retreat; surely something better was to be expected now, when the new political broom has been two years at work. If not, in what respect are we better off than we were before? The people desired to express unmistakably their disapproval of the Pacific bargain; they were willing to pay the cost of introducing a new set of men, with sharpened teeth and empty maw, and they have paid it with lavish liberality. Yet all the return they are to get is the appointment of a practised jobber and *intrigant*, and for an apology, when that is done, a parrot-like repetition of the trite *tu quoque*. It is evident that Mr. Mackenzie could not venture to entrust the new President with a department in which an opportunity might be found for the exercise of his peculiar talents. No one knows better than the Premier that he has a slippery customer to deal with, who must be kept well in hand—*anguillam cauda tenet*. If the threatened hostility of the hierarchy had not forced M. Cauchon up-stairs, the new "convert" would have been left long enough shivering out in the cold; it is some consolation to think that he has been placed where he can do least mischief. Still, in its most favourable aspect, this decided dipping of the Reform colours, after their somewhat ostentatious "elevation," is the reverse of edifying. Surely some *protégé* of the Church might have been found less objectionable than one whose

prime maxim is best expressed in his own language—" *Celui gouverne mal le miel, qui n'en goûte et ses doigts n'en lèche.*" M. Cauchon will not fail, should chance offer, to take the lion's share of the honey, and is not above licking his fingers afterwards.

The Premier cannot be congratulated upon his acquaintance with English party nomenclature. It is to be feared that his readings in the political history of the old country had only extended to 1832, or to the advent of Mr. Disraeli, when they were interrupted by a summons to Rideau Hall. If he will take the trouble to overhaul the old files of the *Times*, he will find in the lists of a newly elected House the cabalistic letters "L. C." and "C." opposite the names of members—which being interpreted mean Liberal Conservative and Conservative. W. and T., for Whig and Tory, are hieroglyphics of the past. It is true that some Liberals use the word "Tory" when they wish to tax the opposing party with its historical antecedents, but only, *cum grano salis*, to individuals such as Lord Salisbury or Mr. Gathorne Hardy. There is no radical difference between Lord Hartington or Sir W. Harcourt and Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Cross; but there is a broad chasm between the former and Mr. Leatham, Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. P. A. Taylor. And now we come to the enquiry—What is a coalition? Etymologically, it means a growing or blending together. If an acid and an alkali be placed in solution together, there is considerable briskness at the moment of coalition, and a diverse compound known as a salt is the result. Substitute Mr. Mackenzie for the acid and M. Cauchon for the alkali, and the same process, metaphorically speaking, ensues. If, as the Premier urges, there is a gulf fixed between Reformer and Conservative, then his Government is a coalition; if not, then parties have ceased to be distinguishable, and there is no coalition. In the latter case, the so-called parties have no *raison d'être* whatever—which has been our contention all along. "A coalition," said Mr. Mackenzie, "is a combination of parties holding different political views for the purpose of forming an Administration, and holding those views in abeyance which should form part of the public policy." In this sense every Government is more or less a coalition; even Mr. Blake holds such views in abeyance, as he himself admitted, and therefore may be said to have coalesced

with his leader. The only foundation upon which Mr. Mackenzie's disclaimer of the term can rest is the admission that there are no radically "different political views" between his party and that opposed to him. The coalition of 1864 was the result of an agreement of view, and the only questions left in abeyance, that we can think of, were some Reform planks, which have ever since been drifting about as flotsam and jetsam, owned by nobody. If, as the Premier contends, political concord deprives a Cabinet of the odious name of coalition, then the most notorious of all coalitions, the Fox-North combination of 1783, and the Canadian combination of 1854, were not coalitions. If they were, and it be still maintained that either party possesses distinctive principles, Mr. Mackenzie's Government is also a coalition. In the definition quoted above, there seems to be an implied distinction between "forming" and maintaining an Administration; but it is utterly untenable, and can only be made to allow of the novel "conversion" theory before noticed. Every new Minister brings his own individuality with him into the Cabinet, and impresses it upon public policy in spite of his colleagues, and even of himself. Mr. Blake's enlightened views will make themselves felt; and so, we fear, will M. Cauchon's self-seeking.

On the whole, we think Mr. Mackenzie is to be congratulated upon his new position. No one can take the "conversion" idea *au sérieux*, because it would be hard to tell what errors a neophyte is called upon to renounce, or what great principles or truths he is expected to embrace. There is, however, an esoteric sense in which Mr. Mackenzie has set his face in the right direction. We believe that the present Government is not a coalition, because there can be no coalition where there are no parties. The question between Nationalists and Factionists lies in a nutshell: it is simply one between the absence of party with a shifting, happy-go-lucky policy, and an entire change in system. There would be no objection whatever to the Premier's course if he could venture to affirm that he is influenced in his selections by State, and not by party, reasons. To a Nationalist it is not of the slightest importance whether a man calls himself by one name rather than another—the crucial question is briefly this: Is he the best man that can be picked out from our available poli-

ticians to administer our finances, to manage our public works, or to do essential service in developing the resources of the Dominion? The ordinary practice under the party system directly conflicts with the interests of the State. The all-absorbing question with office-seeking politicians is not the welfare of the Dominion, but the best means of securing or maintaining power. The result is that personal character or fitness goes for little or nothing; if a man can only bring with him the support of any political coterie or ecclesiastical ring, he will not clamour for office in vain. M. Cauchon has just taken the Council Chamber by storm, and so may any other blatant self-seeker who boasts the necessary backing. The only justification of the party-system is the benefit accruing to the country by the collision of clearly defined opinions; but why should it be upheld when, in times of political stagnation like the present, as Mr. Mackenzie himself allows, there is absolutely nothing to divide him from his Conservative opponents? So long as this playing at political soldiery is kept up, there will always be *quasi* causes of quarrel ready to hand or easily invented. Many questions, purely administrative in character, which could be satisfactorily settled by calm and intelligent deliberation on a national basis, are now tossed like shuttlecocks from one side of the House to the other, until they assume an importance in the party eye they do not intrinsically possess. No one needs to be informed how many bitter logomachies have been waged by angry and prejudiced partisans over cork and feathers. The *Globe* is very anxious to maintain "creeds and confessions" in the theological sphere; but there its dogmatism ends. No Thirty-nine Articles or Westminster Confession is admissible in politics. A simpler symbol is best adapted to Statecraft—a formula which may be uttered in a breath—"Place, place; honestly, if convenient; but place at all events." Hence has arisen the singular condition of affairs in which we find ourselves at present. The vile practice of slandering public men has been carried on for so many years, under the sinister auspices of one newspaper manager, that it has imparted the virus everywhere around. It is all very well now to raise the cry against it; but the mischief has been done, and the men immediately responsible are those who, at this late date, exclaim vociferously against it.

Did the *Globe* imagine that personal vituperation and reckless abuse were the peculiar appanage of its own party? If it did, it has been painfully undeceived; the "Tories," as the Premier prefers to call the party of M. Cauchon and his six political friends in the Cabinet, have learned the lesson, and are now applying, although it is impossible they can improve upon, it. For a sound training in the art of traduction, couched in the diction of a rudely venerated Billingsgate, the Conservative organs have only "to give their days and nights" to the study of old *Globes*.

It is in no spirit of hostility to the present Government that these remarks have been made. On the contrary, we rejoice that Mr. Mackenzie has made a bold and honestly intended step in the right direction. There can be no advantage in substituting the "outs" for the "ins," so long as the present party muddle continues. The war which Nationalists have waged, with gradual but well-assured success, is a war against a system, not against Governments as such. Signs are not wanting that the Premier and the Minister of Justice are substantially of the same opinion. They, at any rate, are convinced that the affairs of this country can no longer be effectively directed on party lines or with party appliances. In the Pembroke speech Mr. Mackenzie accounted for the loss of seats since the elections which placed him firmly in power, by the composite and heterogeneous majority that secured his triumph. There was, it appears, a coalition in the electorate—not so immoral as one in a Government, we suppose—strong enough to ensure success for a time to the dominant party. This, to our minds, was a sufficient apology for the introduction of Conservatives into the Cabinet; and it needs no other. The present Administration then is a coalition, placed in office by a coalition out of doors; but if Mr. Mackenzie had not committed himself by rash words in former years, he would not make this boggy out of a political necessity. All we complain of is that people will not call a spade a spade, but prefer terming it a hoe or a plough. A crucial instance of the complete demoralization of parties was afforded in the case of Sir Alexander Galt. Of his ability and sterling integrity no one affects to doubt. The late Government admitted both when they induced him to accept office, and their successors confessed the same

faith when they importuned him to contest Montreal in the interest of Reform. On his declining to do so, both factions set upon him. The *Globe* ransacked its old files, and re-discovered the wickedness it had imputed to him years ago, but was willing to condone, if he could have been managed now for party purposes. The *Mail* found out, all of a sudden, that Sir John Macdonald's loyalty was so overpowering that he could not sit at the same table with an advocate of independence—at least of a more pronounced type than Mr. Terrill. Now, if Canada were ruled by politicians who regarded the State as their chief care, and party as subordinate instead of supreme, does any one suppose that M. Cauchon would be preferred to Sir Alexander Galt? Party needs alone can explain how it comes that the services of our ablest financier are lost to the country. Party requires subservience, and he is independent; party demands a price for office in the shape of support within Parliament or without, and Sir Alexander can boast of no hierarchy at his back. Mr. Mackenzie has taken a first step towards a non-party régime; and it is to be hoped that he will manfully toil on in the same path, submitting with cheerfulness to whatever temporary obloquy may fall to his lot. No one who observes the signs of the times can fail to see how loosely the obligations of party sit upon the people at large. Those who have conversed with nominal partisans are aware how feeble is the hold of conventional shibboleths, and if the indubitable fact required further confirmation, it has been revealed by the ballot-box. Electors demand some better food, both for reason and imagination, than they can gather from party names, which are often made to be full of sound and fury, and yet after all signify nothing. They have heard tales of corruption until they pall upon the sense; steel rail transactions, silver claims, and all the other phantasmagoria at the service of an Opposition, are quite powerless to excite curiosity, to say nothing of indignation. If some reminiscences of his past career have aroused popular indignation at the appointment of M. Cauchon, it will, probably, resolve itself at last into an abiding distrust of all politicians. They are not surprised to hear that the gentleman is purchaseable, although they may be astonished that the sorry lot was knocked down to a purist like Mr. Mac-

kenzie. Cynicism, perhaps, will have the last word to say—*Caveat emptor*.

Party journalism may not have observed the fact, or party prejudice may have ignored it; yet it is indisputable that the intelligence of the country is sick of party, with its intrigues, slanders and double-dealing. The conviction has already gained a firm vantage-ground, that the traditional party names have no meaning. It suits the organs, on both sides, to ridicule the National movement; they are welcome to their laugh, but *viva bien qui rira le dernier*. The ballot-box holds secrets in its keeping not to be unfolded; but it discloses one fact, now evident to all but the purblind—that the old parties have no grasp upon the public mind, and that even timorous electors will act conscientiously when secrecy assures them against the bullying reproaches of party dictatorship. Thus the edge of scandal is blunted, thanks to the *Globe*; for common folks have learned to believe every story of the kind, or to disbelieve all without distinction. Party discipline is relaxed, and will continue to be relaxed indefinitely, except where it is cemented together by the vile mortar of selfish interest. There is a splendid opportunity for daring statemanship of the most beneficent kind, of which Mr. Mackenzie may avail himself, if he will. Could he be induced to fling party frippery to the winds, and leave the past dead to bury their dead, he has a chance of coupling his name with the opening of a new era for the Dominion. When party names are forgotten, and party distinctions serve the future historian merely as an incentive to ill-required investigation or a provocative to impatience of temper, the man who has the courage to lift the destinies of Canada out from the slough of party despond to the firm ground of National policy will hold an honourable place in his country's annals. For Messrs. Mackenzie and Blake the lines have fallen in pleasant places; there can be no well-founded doubt of their patriotism, and as little of their contempt for the "party allegiance" of which they find it useful to talk on occasion. Most party men look with equanimity upon divisions outside their charmed circle; it requires unusual sturdiness and courage to recognise it within one's own. Let it be once admitted that party names mean nothing; that the best men available should occupy the highest offices of State irrespective of

temporary estrangements of a factitious character; and that organization, where it is necessary, exists for the country, and not the country for the sake of organization, and a better time will have arrived. Mr. Mackenzie has already recognised the fact that parties are broken up; he has only to concede that they are u. e. s. lumberers of the ground, to be cut down and cast into the fire. Every party triumph is a danger, whether it be gained on one side or the other. The only guarantee against undue influence or unworthy tactics is to be found in the full recognition of the principle, that the paramount purpose of government is the good of the country, not the success of party or the aggrandizement of individuals. When some vital question arises of such supreme importance as to dwarf all others, the existence of parties becomes a necessity, in the days which have fallen to us by the turning of the wheel, when there are no "burning questions," parties cannot fail of proving pernicious to the lowest degree. Scandal now passes for argument, and finesse or intrigue for sagacity, until the intelligence of the country revolts against the mischief-working system. There is but one remedy, and that is the avowed declaration of a purely National policy, regardless of traditional names and *quasi* distinctions, and careful only to foster the best interests of the country, and to urge it forward in the path of progress, material, social and intellectual.

The Postmaster-General possesses one sterling quality which should extort respect from his bitterest opponents—he is thoroughly outspoken and ingenuous. Believing that independence will be the ultimate destiny of Canada, he has not hesitated to avow this opinion, in office as well as out of it. It is refreshing in these days when many secretly share in a similar conviction, although they dare not confess as much in public, to find a Cabinet Minister who scorns to conceal it as an *arrière pensée* under the guise of spurious and simulated loyalty. From Mr. Huntington's view of the subject we dissent, not caring to contemplate a future which we cannot affect to desire. At the same time, we commend his manly avowal of opinions, and can see how, even supposing his forecast to prove erroneous, this frank expression of them may prove of essential service. Mr. Brown himself urged some years ago—and

most people agree with him now—that the relations of this Dominion to the Empire must undergo a radical change. He was even prepared to look forward to our independence—not as a consummation to be wished, or even anticipated—but as a contingency to be provided for among the possibilities. The Postmaster-General may be right or wrong in his vaticinations, yet the moral of the independence theory is a good one—the duty of preparing, in any event, for whatever change may await our country. What is merely speculative in it is harmless, and may be safely left to prove or disprove itself in the future; what is practical will prove of immense value, if it be employed in the self-education of the public mind. Whether our fate be independence, absorption into the American Union, or a closer union with the Empire, our responsibilities will be increased, and must be foreseen and provided for. Party leaders generally take no thought for the morrow which will dawn in the near or remoter future. They are too well satisfied with things as they are to trouble themselves about what is to come. To hint that the present *régime* may prove a passing phase in our national existence is high treason, not so much to the sovereign, as to the interests of peddling faction. Hence the bitter denunciations heaped upon Mr. Goldwin Smith, in the *Globe*, and Mr. Huntington in the *Mail*. The idea of a national policy is detestable to them, because it upsets their political arithmetic, and passes into depths of calculating foresight they cannot fathom. The only adequate preparation for whatever change may befall us, must be undergone in a time of transition like the present. It will be too late to have the lamps trimmed and the lights burning when the inevitable moment has arrived, and the only policy, which looks to the future or strives to make provision for it, is that which casts away dead party issues and obsolete and meaningless party names in the interests of the nation, fast passing as it is from adolescence to maturity.

The chief organ received a salutary rebuke from the Premier at Pembroke, which we might hope it has taken to heart, if we did not know the *Globe* to be past reformation or even repentance. Mr. Mackenzie was defending Mr. Huntington, but his remarks apply equally to those whom the organ is constantly assailing with vindictive perti-

nacity. We should italicise the words if it were not clear that familiarity with the devices of typography has robbed italics of their emphasis ; they are given, therefore, as the *Globe* printed them :—" He (Mr. Mackenzie) would scorn to be called a Liberal, if he did not allow every man to hold whatever speculative opinions he pleased as to the future of this country." That is the text—and an admirable one it is—but we shall look in vain to the *Globe* for a commentary upon it. The Premier virtually reads the organ out of the party, or at least reproves it as an unworthy exponent of Liberalism, and yet the oracle is dumb under the rod, and has no word either of penitence or apology. The least it could have done would be to cry "*culpa, culpa, mea maxima culpa,*" and utter promises of amendment to be kept—until they are broken.

Mr. Huntington's Argenteuil address, whether he intended it or not, has served to divert discussion from the Independence channel. His trenchant attack on Quebec Ultramontanism is courageous enough, but it is not quite free from the suspicion of party strategy. It is not so much a "new departure" as a return to the old tactics, when Protestant orthodoxy was claimed as the natural ally of *Rouge* republicanism, tinged as it was with a *souffron* of old revolutionary scepticism. When the Reds discovered that they could overthrow Sir George Cartier and M. Langevin by simulating a regard for the hierarchy, they did not hesitate to take advantage of the opening. M. Jetté became Mgr. Bourget's right hand man, and succeeded for a time in blinding the eyes of the faithful. The compact never possessed much power of cohesion, and was finally dissolved during the Quebec local elections. Rome may occasionally be lulled into a lethargic doze ; yet she always sleeps with one eye open and sometimes stoops to the stratagem of "foxing." The Bishop of Three Rivers was the first to sound the alarm, and, at a later date, Mgr. Bourget made the discovery that no ecclesiastical miracle had turned the penitent wolves into sheep. It is very doubtful whether even the water of Lourdes could make a sincere Ultramontane out of a Quebec *Rouge*. The Christian temper of the hierarchy has been sorely tried of late, and it is quite possible that even the patience of Job might have given way under such treatment

as the Church received in the New Brunswick School and Red River matters, and worst of all, in the Guibord humiliation. From an Ultramontane standpoint, the dominant party failed to observe the terms of the agreement of 1872-3, and is thrown over accordingly. Messrs. Masson and Mousseau and their tribe are now the true champions of neo-Catholicism, and it would go hard with Mr. Mackenzie if he were obliged to appeal to the country to-morrow. M. Cauchon was enabled to force his way into the Cabinet as a sop to Cerberus ; but the result of the elections in Chambly and Charlevoix shows either that the Bishops do not place entire confidence in the new President, or that the step has been taken too late. Sacerdotal influence goes over, bag and baggage, to the side of the Opposition, and the effect of this will be made more manifest at the first decisive opportunity. M. Langevin might, perhaps, be won over ; and he wears the insignia of St. Gregory, bestowed upon him by the Grand Lama at Rome ; yet we doubt how far he could serve the discredited *Rouges*. Bishops do not see very readily ; but when once they are able to take a notion in, it is difficult to dislodge it. Of course, the new member for Charlevoix dirtied his fingers with the Pacific business ; still, that was not quite so bad as the Beauport Asylum job, and the one may be as easily condoned as the other has been. At all events the experiment is worth trying ; for it is the last card the Government can play in Quebec. Mr. Huntington seems to have forgotten a little of our recent political history. He mounts the Protestant horse under the hallucination that he has been riding him all along, and only put him in the stable last night. He appears to forget that the redoubtable steed has been out at grass, preying on vile Conservative herbage of the common, and ridden by Tom, Dick and Harry these three years past. It is even possible that his property in the beast may be contested, and in that case he has no redress, save an action of trover. When Mr. Huntington makes a point against Mr. Thos. White, by showing that Conservatism is now the creed of the Ultramontane party, the retort is obvious, and it may take the Irish form of a question : Who have been the trusted allies of the hierarchy since the promulgation of the Vatican decrees ? Who would still continue to be on the best of

terms with the Bishops, if they could? Mr. Huntington's party unquestionably. The Catholic League of Ontario was a failure, because the Grits refused to keep the compact. In East Toronto, and in North Renfrew only the other day, even Government pressure could not induce the party to keep faith with their allies. In a not very dissimilar way, the unnatural connection of Rouge and Ultramontane has come to grief in Quebec. Any politician, with half an eye, could have foreseen that this would certainly happen sooner or later. The fallacy which has in turn possessed both parties is the notion that they have wit enough to make an instrument of the Roman Catholic Church. No more fatal mistake could be committed. The ecclesiastical power, which now wields a more powerful weapon than ever, has lost none of its ancient "cunning," and is not likely to lose it at a time when it has secured a new lease of life. It is perfectly indifferent about political parties except so far as they affect to support the Church. Its cardinal maxim has ever been to use—not to be used. Its favours are not eleemosynary gifts, for which it expects nothing again. On the contrary, the *quid pro quo* is inexorably demanded, and it always takes care, in case of default on payday, to carry its wares to a new market. Mr. White is a Conservative; yet he was rejected because he was a Freemason, and fell, in consequence, a victim to the Syllabus. Sir Geo. Cartier was a Conservative, and a faithful son of the Church into the bargain, and yet when he ventured to disregard the behests of the Church, sacerdotalism turned its back upon him, and threw itself into the arms of *l'Institut Canadien*.

We agree with Mr. Huntington that the influence of Ultramontaniam "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." Yet how are the talons of this eagle to be clipped, so long as parties persist in coquetting with him? If the Postmaster-General really means to show fight to the hierarchy, let him insist upon the passage of a Bill to punish clerical interference at elections either by pastoral or address from the altar. It is notorious that the clergy in Quebec work the electoral system in the interests of the Church, and pronounce ecclesiastical pains and penalties upon any one who dares to vote for a candidate whom the Church has excluded from her lists. The Chambly and Charlevoix elections are proofs, not of a Con-

servative reaction, but of the undue influence and intimidation employed by the clergy. Mr. Huntington speaks of "British principles"; he had better procure the application of at least one, which was laid down by the judges who tried the Galway election. As it is, the zeal of our new Protestant champion has a fox-and-the-grapes aspect, which goes far to deprive it of any value from a national point of view. After all, the novel pretensions of Ultramontaniam may have their good side, and if one unforeseen result of them be a thorough *exposé* of the hollowness of party politics, no one need complain. The hierarchy may assert the subordination of State to Church, or any other anachronism, as long as it pleases; mankind will not be convinced, and thank Heaven, the State has the power to curb extravagant pretensions the moment they conflict with the common good. But that power will never be exerted effectually until parties cease to outbid each other for sacerdotal support. Ultramontane assumptions may end in the breaking up of parties, and then, but not till then, will the Roman Catholic Church occupy its proper place in a land of religious and political freedom. It is amusing to observe the squirming of party organs under this new element of perplexity introduced from Quebec. The *Globe* and the *Mail* are both harking-back to their old starting-points, ready to go out on a new scent. The one is terribly afraid that it has gone too far in patronizing Archbishop Lynch and the League, and tries to escape in a cloud of unmeaning verbiage about religious equality, prefatory to a new crusade against priests and nuns. The other evidently regrets that it was ever led to pat Orangeism on the back, and breaks up the fallow ground in an attack on those who have sufficient knowledge of ecclesiastical history to distinguish between Ultramontaniam and the Roman Catholic religion. The strength of sacerdotalism lies in a maintenance of the party-system, with its puny policy of grasping at any support which promises to uphold it in power and to bargain for that support at any price. Then, as the instalments fall due, like an Irish tenant whose allotment has been knocked down to him at treble its value, the partisan, on a threat of ejection, turns upon his patron, heaps the vilest abuse upon him, and shoots him, metaphorically, from behind the editorial hedge. So long as factions, se-

parated by no clear division-line of principle, and dignified by the name of parties, exist, so long will Roman Catholics, Orangemen and Prohibitionists, be angled for by each of them in turn, to be deceived and betrayed by both. The only plan of government which is worthy of the name, the only one which will stand wear and tear in the future, the only one which can fulfil its promises to all classes and denominations, is one founded upon the needs of the Dominion, irrespective of party, creed or nationality. Under its guidance no Church would need to fear that its rights, sanctioned by treaty, law or the spirit of Christian tolerance, might ever be put in jeopardy. No Ultramontanist is more zealous for the prescriptive privileges of his Church than a National statesman would be; and yet the former would meet no sturdier antagonist if he attempted to realize in practice pretensions which are harmless only whilst they remain theoretical.

The Dominion Parliament will meet in a few days, and, for several reasons, the Session will probably be the liveliest since November, 1873. There are no very exciting topics to engage attention; yet there is that feeling of political unrest abroad which usually serves as the prelude to a storm. Of all the subjects mooted in the press, there is, perhaps, only one which can be said to be of the first rank. We refer, of course, to the Pacific Railway, and the attitude of British Columbia towards the Dominion. When Mr. Macaulay's *New Zealander* has completed his little bit of sketching in London, and perhaps exhibited it at some Maori Royal Academy Exhibition, if any Maoris survive at so distant a point in the future, he would do well, supposing him to be of a literary turn, to direct his attention to the history of the Canadian Pacific Railway. From what we already know, there will be abundance of material for romantic or farcical pens. The inception of the scheme, the profuse liberality and easy-going *étourderie* which marked its progress; the advent of Sir Hugh Allan as a *deus ex machinâ*; the humours of the Scandal; the appearance, disappearance, and re-appearance of the redoubtable Mr. McMullen, a capitalist without capital, who can be serviceable to any Minister, Conservative or Reform, to Allan or to Foster; the burning of the Survey papers; the haggling of

our rulers with their brethren on the Pacific slope, who have a perverse incapacity for seeing themselves as others see them who live nearer the rising sun: all these and many other features in this "strange eventful history," not yet fully developed, will yield materials of the highest dramatic interest. As the matter stands at present, the situation is simply admirable. Last year the Senate, in a fit of independence, threw out the Esquimaux and Nanaimo Railway Bill. That venerable body was impelled to this step by a desire to show Mr. Mills and his friends that it could do something if it liked. The Supreme Court Act was saved for M. Fournier, by a double vote of Mr. Speaker, and it was obviously necessary to make it manifest that the grannies of the Upper Chamber were a power in the State. If an elected Legislative Council could temporarily stop the supplies as they did, under the inspiration of Mr. Brown, with how much greater reason should a venerable body, on the eve of being blown up by the Bothwell Guy Fawkes, make a last expiring effort to stand on its dignity. Hence the Vancouver Railway was sacrificed to appease the wrath of the Olympians. The organs cried *n'importe*, and proved, to their own satisfaction, that the Premier was under no obligation to submit his plan to the Legislature at all. They informed Mr. Mackenzie that he might go on with his plan as soon as he pleased. The Minister, on reflection, was of a different opinion, however, for he proceeded to offer the recalcitrant British Columbians \$750,000 as a soothing potion. They refused to take the soporific from our Ottawa Mrs. Winslow, or to go quietly to sleep without it, and have been afflicting everybody with their provoking *insomnia* ever since. The *Globe* very justly remarks that the sum of \$750,000 would have been equivalent to a bonus of \$10,000 a mile to the proposed railway; but the *Globe* never can tell the whole truth about anything. It forgets altogether the real bone of contention, in the shape of a condition attached to the grant:—"The compensation to be given by Canada for any delays which may take place in the construction of the Pacific Railway, shall be in the form of a cash bonus." That is where the British Columbian shoe pinches; for the Provincials are astute enough to understand that, by accepting the bribe, they are in danger of being

choused out of the trans-continental railway altogether. So they refuse the potion much as a sick man would do if the doctor approached him with laudanum or morphia, and then announced his intention of keeping him awake all night with pins and needles.

Mr. Mackenzie's Pacific Railway policy was, we believe, the best possible under the circumstances. No practical statesman in the Premier's position is called upon to undertake impossibilities. He was in the position of an executor who, finding himself hampered by obligations it is impossible to fulfil, feels compelled to seek relief in equity under perplexing circumstances. The Premier came into court with clean hands, and is entitled, therefore, to ask for a charitable construction of his motives and intentions. Still it is most unfortunate that the suspicion should have been infused into the British Columbian mind that only Punic faith is to be expected from Ottawa. There must have been something clumsy and bungling somewhere, either on the part of Lord Carnarvon or the Dominion Government, before misapprehensions like the present could have arisen. The Opposition theory, which taxes Mr. Mackenzie with disingenuousness, may be an easy clue to the labyrinth, but it is one which is too slightly supported by evidence to be accepted. The defeat of the Walkem Government, at Victoria, if we read the brief telegram aright, has been caused by a strong anti-Dominion sentiment, and if so the Ottawa Cabinet had better look to itself, and set its house in order while there is yet time. Perhaps Ministers will take heed of a warning, which may hereafter be pressed upon them by more unfriendly critics, that any Government which forces British Columbia out of the Confederation, or trifles with Pacific Railway construction, seals its own fate by so doing. The situation is more critical than most people seem to suppose, and can only be met by rulers who approach it in a spirit of wise conciliation. The people of British Columbia require to be satisfied that the Dominion is in earnest about the great enterprise on which they have set their hearts; and when confidence has once been firmly established at Victoria, inevitable delays in the accomplishment of the work will be accounted for in a patient and reasonable way.

The meeting of the Dominion Board of Trade is an event of increasing importance every year. One question alone, to which an entire sitting was devoted, requires more extended consideration than our limited space will permit. If the reform of our fiscal system is to be conducted on an intelligent basis, it can only be done by discarding all *doctrinaire* speculation, and looking at things as they are. It is a singular proof of the incapability of existing parties to initiate a national policy, that neither of them is able to draft a tariff which will satisfy even its own friends. The *Globe* seems to regard this as a proof of the efficiency of the existing system, instead of being, as it is, a confession of weakness. Traditionally, but rather from accident than otherwise, Liberals are supposed to favour free trade, and Conservatives are presumed Protectionists. Visions of 1845 appear to have blinded our politicians to the actual problem before us. In point of fact there is no theoretical objection to the most ardent disciple of the prevailing school of political economy assuming a Protectionist mask, if he chooses. There is all the difference in the world between the war of the Anti-Corn Law League against a system which taxed the people's bread, and a policy which, if it be persisted in much longer, will strangle our nascent manufactures. Theories are seldom, if ever, of universal application, and whether a man be, in theory, a Free-trader or not, he is bound to take into account the exigencies of circumstance. Mr. Mackenzie and Sir Alexander Galt are both Cobdenites in principle, and yet they have nous enough to see that the Free-trade theory cannot be applied in Canada, for some time to come, without injury to national interests. It is, in fact, a national and not a party question which is now taking so prominent a position in Dominion politics. Mr. John Macdonald, Mr. Workman and Mr. Howland are Liberals, and Mr. Thomas White is a Conservative, and yet there is no dissidence between them on this question. The entire commercial community is agreed that the tariff ought to be and must be adjusted in the interest of the merchant and the manufacturer immediately, and of the whole country in the long run. A great deal of nonsense is talked and penned about the greed of the classes immediately concerned, and about the burden Protection, in a re-

stricted sense, would impose upon the consumer. It is not a question of class at all, or of party, but one upon the decision of which depends the national progress of Canada. Journalists with an economical craze in their heads will, of course, cast ridicule upon a movement which threatens to disturb any nicely squared theory instilled into them thirty or forty years ago. That is to be expected; but, on the other hand, we have a right to anticipate that those who call themselves statesmen will rise above the pettiness of theory into the clearer air of practical common sense.

The Ontario Legislature has, on the whole, done some creditable work during the session now drawing to a close. Mr. Mowat, whatever other faults may be imputed to him, can hardly be accused of idleness. He is certainly a painstaking Minister, and conscientious also, as party politicians go. The number of Bills he has introduced, and will probably force through, would make a respectable volume of statutes by themselves. Most of them are not of the kind to make a noise in the world; but they have, generally speaking, that useful quality good laws always possess, of making their presence less palpable than the want of them would have proved. Mr. Mowat's works are better than his defence of them, and we are not quite sure that his apology for introducing important measures late in the Session will hold water. It may, of course, be desirable to consult people outside before finally framing Government bills; still, considering the length of the vacation, and the facility of postal communication, there were surely time and opportunities sufficient to have accomplished this six months ago. It must be remembered that Ontario has only one Legislative Chamber, and that the chief reason assigned for dispensing with an Upper Chamber was the abundance of time for discussion afforded in the ordinary course of legislation. If the Assembly is to be forced to deliberate upon the most important measures in the last ten days of the session, with two sittings daily, the Province would be the better of a Legislative Council, even if it only served as a drag when legislators are going downhill to the terminus. Not a year passes without the enactment of laws passed to remedy previous blunders, and this must inevitably

continue to be the chief defect of Ontario legislation until the Government alters its ways.

The Opposition has made an inglorious figure in the proceedings of the Session. Whether it is badly led or too much led, it is not for us to say; certainly the best was not made of its slender opportunities. The Crown Land bombshell went up like a rocket and came down an empty cartridge and a stick. Mr. Cameron is nothing as a politician, and Mr. Macdougall is too much a politician to be of practical service. It would be very difficult to see what gain would accrue to the Province by a change of men. Mr. Lauder is always with us, it is true; but we sadly miss the sprightliness of Mr. Rykert and the sonorous bathos of Mr. Boulton. The heavy man and the light comedian have both left the company, and what can be expected but dulness?

Mr. Hodgins introduced a Bill before the Christmas recess, having for its object the fusion of law and equity. Coming from a Chancery lawyer, the measure was exceptionally worthy of attention; but, notwithstanding the pleading of its author, it has taken the appointed place in *limbo infantum*. The pains taken by Mr. Hodgins in this and other legislative essays deserve recognition, but we think that any step either in the way of law reform or consolidation should be based upon careful inquiry, and initiated by the Government. The English Judicature Acts have been in operation only a few months, and although they appear likely to work well, it is too soon to initiate a complete revolution in our own system. The experiment of conferring equity jurisdiction upon our County Courts was an admitted failure, and the House should at least have more information at its command than it possesses at present, before it commits itself to radical legislation on the subject. Mr. Bethune's Bill to render voting compulsory is sure to be enacted some day, but as it has little or no chance in the hurry of a last sessional week, we need not refer to it particularly for the present. The Attorney-General's Bill, declaratory of the powers possessed by the Assembly, seems a work of supererogation, unless some of its provisions are unconstitutional, in which case it will probably receive its quietus from the Supreme Court. One clause, if it should stand the test, will make an end of Mr. Mills'

mare's-nest in Mr. Macdougall's case. A more absurd contention than that advanced by the member for Bothwell it would be difficult to imagine. Mr. Macdougall holds no office of profit or emolument under the Crown, and therefore is not within the purview of the Imperial Act. The very fact that such a construction of the Statute would virtually disqualify an ex-Privy Councillor for life is a *reductio ad absurdum* of this fanciful notion. Another Government measure, which we may venture to call an Amnesty Bill, is decidedly objectionable for more reasons than one. To begin with, the Bill is to be retroactive; but even that feature of it might be passed over uncensured if the Government had stopped there. The "Party of Purity," by introducing it, makes the confession that the root-and-branch weapon which it vainly imagined would work entirely on the Reform side, has cut both ways. Ministers are therefore anxious to undo their work so far as they can venture upon it with any regard for decency; and the Opposition organs are quite as eager for the change as the Government, because under it they will save Messrs. Scott and Stock from the extreme penalty of disqualification. If this were all the Act proposes to effect, there might be no serious ground of complaint, since the results will please both parties. But it does not stop there; on the contrary, it proceeds to lay down principles and open up loopholes which will go far to render our "pure" Election Law nugatory. It is a fundamental maxim in our jurisprudence that while ignorance of fact may be alleged as an excuse, ignorance of law cannot be pleaded even in extenuation. The new Bill drives a coach and six through this principle, and talks, with Chancery vagueness, of "an ignorance which was involuntary and excusable." Henceforward, a candidate has only to tell the public that he "honestly desires" and "in good faith will endeavour, as far as he can," to have an election conducted according to law, and he is permitted to file a plea which would be scouted by a police magistrate if urged on behalf of a day-labourer. The very men who thrust themselves forward as proper persons to take part in framing laws are the only ones to be excused for knowing nothing about those already on the statute-book. Nor is this all; for the thirty-fifth section, which could only have emanated from the brain of an equity lawyer, virtually

abrogates the existing law altogether. In future, agents may bribe as extensively as they choose without voiding an election, if they contrive to do it "without the knowledge or consent of the candidate;" the proof of which is necessarily difficult, and in most cases impossible. In future the maxim will be, "not to leave undone, but to keep unknown," so far as candidates are concerned. Moreover, provided the "result" is not affected by the cases of corruption actually proved in court, bribery may go on to any extent without so much as unseating the member. If he has been returned by a majority of sixty, and only fifty clear instances of bribery are brought home to him, he will retain his seat; whereas if he should only be forty in advance of his opponent, he is to be turned out. No candidate or agent ever resorts to illegal acts without intending to "affect the result;" and surely it is the *animus* which the law ought to take cognizance of, not the practical effect of any act or acts. It is the inclination to corrupt strategy which Parliament should desire to "stamp out," not the actual profit accruing from it. It appears to us a monstrous proposition that a man who has ecclesiastical or official influence, for example, in his favour, may supplement them with bribery, if he chooses, so long as he keeps his corruption within sufficiently narrow limits. This measure, in short, prepares a new sort of "elevation" for the standard, after trailing it in the mud till its motto is undecipherable.

The annual pother about Orange Incorporation was again raised during the Session. The question at issue lies in a nutshell, and further discussion of it is a wanton waste of time. The hallucination which seems to possess Mr. Fraser and his friends, if it infused itself into private legislation generally, would go far to render the difficulties in the way of incorporation almost insuperable. Let it be once understood that the Legislature is prepared to pass no private Bill, the religious, charitable or economical principles of which are open to controversy, and our statute-book will be much less bulky than it usually is. If, by incorporating the Orangemen of Ontario, the House were presumably "endorsing" Orangeism, any Bill to that end ought to receive the six months' hoist at the first opportunity. To give special sanction to the turbulent and pernicious organization

would be a blunder, if not a crime. But that is not the position of matters by any means. Even Messrs. Crooks and Fraser admitted the Orange demand, when they referred Mr. Merrick and his friends to the general Act passed last Session. The vexed question, therefore, can no longer arise, since the Government, with a laudable desire to remove a pestilent nuisance, has conceded the point. Theoretical issues must therefore be abandoned, and the practical inquiry alone remains:—"Does the general Act cover the Orange case?" Mr. Mowat replies in the affirmative, Mr. Merrick in the negative, and the latter is surely in the best position to know whether it does or not. Subordinate lodges doubtless may take advantage of the Act; but the complaint is that it makes no provision for the organization as a whole, and thus all unity and discipline would be fatally impaired. The Grand Lodge, in fact, bears some analogy to the General Assembly of the consolidated Presbyterian Church; and Mr. Jethune would certainly have objected to any substitute for the Bills he introduced, having in view, not incorporation of the united body, but of congregations as individual units. In a similar way, if Mr. Merrick's account of the matter be correct, the general Act is of no use except in the case of subordinate lodges. If this be the fact, then, as the Government is estopped, on its own showing, from disputing the claim of the Orangemen, it should in justice have passed Mr. Merrick's Bill, and got rid of the troublesome question for ever. If, on the other hand, the annual introduction of the measure is merely a periodical display of perverse obstinacy, having no other purpose than that of riding roughshod over the Legislature, it ought to be frowned upon by the Government and the House. In either case, the question was exceedingly narrow, and might have been decided on common sense grounds, without entailing a repetition of political "buncombe" in its most hateful form.

Mr. Crooks' Education Bill is a good one, in so far as it does away with the existing *impertium in imperio*, and transfers all responsibility to the shoulders of a Minister of the Crown. It may even appear, without much exaggeration, to be the final completion of Responsible Government, under which the old *régime* was a standing, and

sometimes startling, anomaly. Its good points, however, ought not to exempt the Bill from searching criticism, and it is decidedly weak in many respects—of that forcible-feeble stamp, in fact, always impressed on their measures by legislators who have not made up their minds, or perhaps have no minds to make up. Contrary to "well-understood Reform principles," the independence of Parliament is seriously menaced, and Ministers boldly avow that they are taking a leap in the dark, and desire to run at it unweighted by any statutory burdens. The Treasurer has wisely abandoned his fiction of a Committee of Council—an absurd notion apparently borrowed from English practice. The idea of selecting a Committee from a Cabinet of five was puerile in the extreme, unless Mr. Crooks imagined that he could escape Parliamentary criticism by a false division of the responsibility. His Bill, even as it at present stands, is extremely vague and unsatisfactory. Mr. Crooks, in addition to the sufficiently onerous duties of the Treasury Department, is also to be Minister of Education, provided the Government cannot do better by a new shuffle of the cards. Provincial interests are to yield, as they always do, to the exigencies of party; and so laxly is the measure drawn that Ministers may perpetrate any number of "shuffles," double or single, they see fit. Moreover, if the proposed "experiment" be practically tried, both the Treasury and Education Departments will suffer by the amalgamation, with this result in all probability, that the latter will fall into old and practised hands, and the new system will be a second edition of the old one—"writ large." No seer is needed to predict that this hasty and ill-devised scheme will require revision next year from the first clause to the last.

So much has been said and written of late on Temperance legislation, that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon the subject now, especially as it is sure to be discussed during the approaching session at Ottawa. Of Mr. Crooks' Bill, as a whole, we decidedly approve, although it is characteristically slipshod in its provisions. There is no doubt that whatever can be properly and effectually accomplished by law towards checking intemperance should be enacted without delay. On that point the vast ma-

majority of the people are fully agreed. The difficulty is, that a large section of that majority views any such legislation, not as a finality even provisionally, but as the stepping stone to something more radical and thorough-going. Prohibitionists and practical legislators are thus working at cross-purposes. The former regard any restraints upon the traffic as futile, and look forward to its entire destruction. Thus, while Ministers desire to make the law as stringent as public opinion will warrant, the total abstainers have a direct purpose in making the law as unpopular and unworkable as they can. Their attitude towards any Government measure is a constant source of embarrassment whenever legislation is attempted. Prohibition may have justice and propriety on its side, but the question is as to its practicability. Those who jump at conclusions in a spasm are always ready with theoretical short-cuts to perfectibility. Their motives may entitle them to respect, and that is all that can be said in their favour; practical results must be governed by practical common sense, not by philanthropic fervour, however earnest and unselfish it may be. We believe it to be certain that the temptation to excess keeps pace with increases in the number of licensed houses, and hence the obvious conclusion that they should not be multiplied *ad libitum*. If municipal officers abuse their powers—and we think they do—they ought to be deprived of them. For these reasons Mr. Crooks' Bill seems deserving of support in its general provisions. It does not seem an undue restriction upon either the vendor or purchaser of liquor to confine the issue of licenses to one for every two hundred and fifty inhabitants in a municipality. At the same time, it must be borne in mind that one comprehensive provision is not likely to be adapted to all sections of the country. The actual needs of municipalities can be gauged by no hard and uniform system of measurement. Cities and county towns, for example, should be placed on a different footing from rural constituencies, and in both cases still further distinctions will be obvious when we come to compare one city or town with another, or one township with a not very distant neighbour. The Village of Yorkville, for instance, will be entitled to eleven taverns under the new Bill, whilst four are found sufficient at pre-

sent. It is true that the municipality is not bound to issue licenses up to the maximum, but in other municipalities the prescribed minimum may err as widely on the other side. Take a place like Clifton, for example, and will anybody pretend that a license system based on population will be satisfactory? Still, on the whole, the new Crooks' Act is a step in the right direction, and we should like to see it fairly tried—an impossibility, we take it, to be shown by next year's renewed tinkering at the subject. The most objectionable feature in the measure is the enormous increase of patronage it throws into the hands of a Government exceptionally greedy of it. Centralization, unnecessarily monopolizing, and a profuse multiplication of offices, are new "planks" in the Reform "platform," devised since the party secured office. Municipal jurisdiction in the matter of liquor licenses has been grossly abused, but that is no reason at all for the wholesale grasping at political influence attempted in this Bill. We may go further, and point to the obvious conclusion that neither this Bill nor the Hospital Trust Bill would have been introduced in their present shape if the Treasurer had been returned for East Toronto. The policy may seem shrewd which consolidates all power in the hands of a despotic Executive, and visits private pique at the same time upon a constituency which has given offence to a Minister; but such a system is rank Bonapartism, and it is scarcely likely that *les Idées Napoleonnnes* will gain any permanent footing in Ontario.

The last Session of an American Congress before the quadrennial contest is not usually a fruitful one. Both parties are too anxious to put the right foot forward before the people, and too busy in preliminary thimble-rigging for honest and earnest work. In a few months the Conventions will meet to determine upon platforms and candidates, and names are beginning to be mentioned on one side or the other. If we may trust Senator Conkling and ex-Governor Morgan, General Grant has at last abandoned his hope of nomination for a third term. The President has certainly not avowed it in public, and may possibly take advantage of his reticence when the Republican Convention assembles in June. If, by official engineering, he can be manoeuvred into the

front rank, there is no doubt he will take advantage of the opportunity. Should the prospect be hopeless, he will wrap himself up in his dignity and point to private letters he would have been quite ready to repudiate on occasion. The Democrats seem to be at sixes and sevens just now, owing to a very common want among parties—the want of a policy. Repudiation came to grief in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and there is great disorganization in the rank and file everywhere. The only prominent candidates on that side are Gov. Tilden and the new Speaker of the House of Representatives. The Republicans are enfeebled by other causes. The military despotism at the South, the fearful corruption and demoralization in official quarters, and the dogged persistence with which Grant has hung on to the hope of a third term, are all sources of weakness. Of the aspirants at present named, ex-Speaker Blaine, Senator Morton and Governors Hartrauf and Dix are the most prominent. It is impossible to forecast with any approach to certainty the result of the June Convention; but at present Senator Morton is, in betting parlance, the favourite.

Mr. Blaine made a powerful bid for party support, and at the same time sprang a mine upon the Democracy, when he proposed to exclude Jeff. Davis from the Amnesty Bill. There was no principle at stake in the move, for the Republican Congressmen do not care a pin whether the ex-Confederate's name remains there or is left out. All they cared for was, if possible, to place their opponents in an odious position before the people. Mr. Randall, the introducer of the Amnesty Bill, was compelled by the force of Southern pressure to do justice to his allies, especially in a Democratic House; and Mr. Blaine, who has an eye to the Presidency, was equally bound to take advantage of the opening. Whether, after all, the latter has made much by his bid against Senator Morton, may be doubted. As an intelligent American journalist remarks, the event may prove that he has done neither himself nor his party any good. It is hardly worth while to devote much attention to these party stratagems at present, for we shall have enough and to spare of them for some months to come.

The Centennial was to be a last and successful attempt "to bridge the bloody

chasm," and therefore it has disappointed Pennsylvanians sorely to find that on the very eve of their promulgation of a great peace evangel, with the eyes of the world upon them, the old passions have been aroused by Mr. Randall's persistence and Mr. Blaine's personal and party strategy. It is not at all certain yet that the House will vote the expected contribution of a million and a half to the fund, and therefore Philadelphia is up in arms against the parsimony of Washington politicians. Meanwhile the Khedive is the first contributor on the Exhibition grounds. Probably he desires his agents to have some leisure for an examination of Kelly and Allen's inflation theories; for in spite of the Suez Canal purchase he is sadly at a loss for some "new way to pay old debts."

The month's budget of European news contains matter for apprehension rather than for intelligent comment. Prince Bismarck is ill again, and Germany is quiescent—two events which generally synchronize. The elections for the Spanish Cortes have, of course, resulted in favour of the King, and probably against the Vatican. Castelar has managed to secure a seat for Barcelona—the Marseilles of the Peninsula—and will take two or three Republican colleagues with him into the Assembly. If all the officials acted as one alcalde is reported to have done, when he threatened a candidate with death if he refused to retire, the majority secured by the powers that be is not astonishing. In England, people appear to be puzzled as to the real nature of the conjuring feat accomplished by Mr. Disraeli. Lord Derby's speech has taken the gloss off the Suez Canal bargain, and the consequence is—general disappointment. Everybody supposed that the Premier had performed one of his choicest Oriental surprises, especially when the trumpet sounded and word was brought that the Khedive had been instructed to draw "at sight" for the party four millions sterling. The oracle has yet to be heard, however, and he may succeed in convincing a delighted nation that a great *coup d'état* was intentionally made and has been crowned with success. Of course it will be easy to aver that Lord Derby did not know what he was talking about at Edinburgh. How was he to divine secrets

locked up in the stony breast of the Sphinx? Of extra-parliamentary utterances there has been abundance. Sir Wm. Harcourt has completed what has happily been termed his Oxford "trilogy" of melodramatic speeches. In the last, success was mainly achieved by rhetorical blue-fire. Comparing the Premier to Hannibal, and himself to Fabius Cunctator, "who saved his country by delaying," he warns the Liberal party against the example. Varro, who was driven to defeat at Cannæ—Varro cannot be identified with certainty, but it must be either Gladstone, Bright or Leatham. Sir William is a very brilliant man in his way, but, like Polonius, he uses too much art, and will never succeed in securing popular favour, charm he never so wisely. People admired the impetuosity of the late Lord Derby, the tedious Whiggery of Lord John Russell, and went into ecstasies over the *bonhomme* of Lord Palmerston. They can still admire the fervid earnestness of Gladstone, and the plain and manly straightforwardness of Bright. Even Mr. Disraeli's government by conundrums is not distasteful, because it sets the nation guessing and "giving it up," until people are amused and satisfied with themselves and their entertainer. Sir William arouses no feeling of pleasure or enthusiasm in any one, and may as well be counted out of the running. The appointment of Lord Lytton as Viceroy of India may be incidentally mentioned as the Premier's latest "change of programme" in that series of sleight-of-hand entertainments for which, in showman language, he is justly celebrated.

It is difficult to give any exact account of how matters stand in France; yet it may be safely affirmed that the Left have had the best of it in the last Senatorial elections, as they had in the former ones. The only thing certain is that the Republic will be firmly established, so far as the Second

Chamber is concerned. What ulterior dissensions, intrigues and negotiations may do it is impossible to say, but this is a most important fact to begin with. Should the electorate follow suit and choose a Republican Assembly, thoroughly committed to an earnest support of the Constitution as it is, the existing state of things may last until 1880 at all events. The new Chamber, if in accord with the Senate majority, will not be speedily dissolved, because the President cannot turn the former out of doors without the consent of the latter. We shall see how the new machinery works in a month or so.

From Eastern Europe the news continues to be exciting and by no means reassuring. The Montenegrins have been threatened by the Porte, and are said to have been assured of support from Russia if they will bide their time. Servia threatens to send Prince Milan about his business because he does not directly espouse the insurgent cause, and it is said that Crete is again in commotion. The news from Herzegovina is so conflicting that one does not know what to believe. The Cretans are evidently not the only liars at present under the Sultan's rule; and one thing only seems clear, and that is that the insurrection is not only obstinate, but hydra-headed. Meanwhile Count Andrassy's circular has obtained a more or less emphatic approval from the Powers, and, if we may trust the telegrams, almost as emphatic rejection from the Grand Vizier. What service it can be of to the Slavs, even if accepted by the Porte, it is difficult to see. The Sultan could not carry out the proposed reforms if he would, and would not if he could. Perhaps, after all, the object is to amuse all parties until the opening of spring, and then the Count's master will probably make a more intelligible and decisive move.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE *Contemporary Review* opens with a short paper on "Public School Education," by Sir John Lubbock. Its object is to arouse parents and the public generally to the perfunctory manner in which science is taught in the public and endowed schools, notwithstanding the reports of successive Commissions on the subject. The writer contends that a sufficient groundwork in natural science would not necessarily exclude satisfactory training in classics or modern languages. "It will, no doubt," he observes, "be said by some that it is better to know few subjects well, than to have a smattering of many. This is no doubt true, but no one wishes that boys should have a smattering of anything." At present, "boys may obtain University certificates, while they know nothing of history, nothing of geography, nothing of any modern language, or of any branch of science." Mr. Llewelyn Davies continues his essay on "Wesleyan Methodism, in Wesley's lifetime and after." It is written from a Broad Church standpoint, and of course is intended to prove to Wesleyans that they ought to have remained in the Established Church, and that, if they were wise, they would return to it as soon as possible. In the first instalment of the paper, Mr. Davies traced the life and character of John Wesley, and laid particular stress upon his high sacerdotal and sacramental views, and it is plain throughout that the writer is not at all loth to indicate the weak and superstitious traits in the great founder's character. He assails—and we think successfully, the traditional notion that Wesley was "driven from the Church," and gives prominence to what was admittedly one secret of his success—his autocratic and overbearing temper. At the same time, we fail to see how the great and eminently good work he accomplished could have been rendered effective otherwise than by indomitable power of will, reinforced as Wesley believed—and this must not be lost sight of—by the direct influence of the Divine Spirit. Mr. Davies enumerates the distinctive features of Methodism as: (1.) Field-preaching; (2.) Itinerancy; (3.) Perfectionism—a doctrine made familiar by the preaching of Mr. Varley and Mr. and Mrs. Pearsall Smith—which is defined to be not merely aiming at perfection, but the new dogma "that perfection is attainable in this life," and was actually given instantaneously to many members of his societies;

(4.) Hostility to Calvinism; (5.) Bodily asceticism, including early rising and fast ing; (6.) Attendance on ordinances, including preaching at 5 a. m.; (7.) Simplicity in dress and expenditure; (8.) Society meetings; (9.) Absolute government in the societies; (10.) Adhesion to the Church of England. Of course, it is not difficult to show that Methodism is not now what John Wesley intended it to be, and further, that although the Church has no iron creed or confession, its ministers are pledged to preach the doctrine contained in the founder's "Notes on the New Testament," and his four volumes of sermons, which they do, in a certain qualified sense. After all, Methodism remains a wonderful power in the religious world, and is hardly to be snuffed out under the courteous method of extinction proposed by Mr. Davies. It is courteous and charitable, as becomes a Broad Churchman, but by no means sympathetic. Still the information, chiefly derived from Tyerman, regarding the development of modern Methodism, and the sketch of its present organization, are both interesting and instructive.

Mr. Andrew Hamilton's paper on "Goethe and Minna Herzlieb," touches upon a controverted point in literary history. According to some Goethe and Minna represent, under somewhat reversed conditions, the semi-mythical Swift and Stella, or Cadenus and Vanessa, now in course of explosion under Mr. Forster's manipulation. The young lady was an adopted daughter of Herr Frommann, the publisher of Jena, whose wife by the way seems to have been the very flower of maternity, Goethe appears to have cherished a very strong passion for the girl; not so strong, however, as to overpower his self-restraint. Whether she was the Otilie of "The Elective Affinities" or not, seems still unsettled; even if she was, Mr. Hamilton clearly demonstrates that it could only be as a lay-figure, in which Goethe laid his mind-spectre, and had done with it forever. The Rev. H. N. Oxenham—not of course to be confounded with the author of the "Letter" to Mr. Gladstone—discusses "Eternal Perdition and Universalism, from a Roman Catholic point of view." It is a defence of the Latin Church view, with a dash of Lord Bacon in it. Some of the arguments adduced would suit Orthodox Protestants well enough, but the divergence is soon evident. The first assault

affects only some shades of opinion, Calvinism notably. "Calvin speaks," we are told, "in perfect consistency with his horrible theology, of babes a span long crawling about the floor of hell." But no such monstrosity is in the Catholic doctrine. We fail to see the force of the latter assertion, for what Calvinists predicate of non-lect infants, Roman Catholicism certainly asserts of those dying without baptism. The latter "are indeed 'damned' in the sense that they cannot attain to the Beatific Vision," &c. In other words, they suffer the *pœna damni*, but then he somewhat paradoxically asserts that the loss though "most momentous," is really nothing, because "it is not a conscious loss to them." Protestants have themselves, according to Mr. Oxenham, been the cause of all the heresies about future punishment, by travestying the Catholic doctrine of justification by faith, and rejecting Purgatory, for which we have a brief *resumé* of Scriptural and traditional arguments. The paper is well worth perusal, and suggests some general reflections which would be out of place here.

Dr. Bastian's question, "Why have Animals a Nervous System?" is hardly answered by him, unless the answer be that they have it because they need it. The scientific information contained in the article, especially that portion which relates to the dubious boundary-line between the animal and vegetable kingdoms is valuable; but what are we to say of a theory which traces the beginnings of intellectual action to the Drosera, or Sun-dew, and the Venus Fly-trap? We can only stand aghast and sigh for the days of Lord Monboddoo. This "fundamental mode of intellectual action" is lost again, it appears, in the lowest animals, and we are expressly cautioned against attributing their mechanical actions to "a rudimentary, yet conscious discrimination and power of willing." Mr. Harvey's "Pauper Abroad," is a noticeable contribution to comparative Sociology. Like all recent literature on the subject, it levies war upon the English system. The writer's ideal appears to be the Elberfeld system, as expounded to English readers by Miss Octavia Hill—the chief merit of which lies in its efforts to save the poor from falling into the pauper condition, and to raise them as soon as possible out of it—to teach them by degrees, in Miss Hill's words, to be "above the degrading need of charitable or poor-law relief, to be energetic, provident and industrious."

Dr. Carpenter appears in a new rôle in his paper "On the Fallacies of Testimony in Relation to the Supernatural." The title sufficiently indicates the drift of its writer. He had been induced some years ago to investigate the matter in connection with the phenomena of mesmerism, spiritualism and allied forms of delusion, when imposture was certainly absent. His conclusion is that the miracles of the New Testament must be sub-

mitted to similar tests, and he scarcely conceals his opinion that they will not emerge unscathed from the fire. One sentence will show the tendency in this direction:—"Science has been progressively, and in various ways, undermining the old 'bases of belief'; and men in almost every religious denomination, animated by no spirit but that of reverent loyalty to truth, are now seriously asking themselves whether the whole fabric of what is commonly regarded as authoritative Revelation must not be carefully re-examined under the searching light of modern criticism, in order that what is sound may be preserved and strengthened, and that the insecurity of some parts may not destroy the stability of the whole." Dr. Littlefield's paper on "Ultramontane Popular Literature" is a fitting pendant to Dr. Carpenter's. Its purpose is to show, from such works as the Pilgrims' Almanac (*Almanach du Pèlerin*) and the Abbé Curicque's "Prophetic Voices, or Modern Signs, Apparitions and Predictions," the materializing and degrading tendency of Ultramontaniam. The whole story of Lourdes and other shrines is told at length, and the apotheosis of the reigning Pontiff exposed under the suggestive title of "Grand Lamaism." Dr. Littlefield is of opinion that, as the *cultus* of the Virgin superseded the worship of the Trinity, so the Thibetan system now in vogue is fast substituting Pius IX. for the Madonna.

The *Fortnightly Review*, as a whole, is rather dull this month. Still, there are one or two valuable contributions in it. Mr. Zincke, the author of a recent work on Switzerland, aids the cause of the land reformers by a paper on "The Channel Islands and Land Tenure." The writer is strongly impressed in favour of peasant proprietary; at the same time he repudiates anything like the revolutionary proposal to break up large English estates. He advocates simply the abolition of the law of settlement, and if we understand him aright, the prohibition of any of the prevailing methods of tying up the land. "I have not," he remarks, "said anything with the view of promoting a compulsory *morcellement* of the land, or for limiting, or in any way interfering with our existing liberty of devising our land to our immediate successors; indeed I should be glad to see this liberty so complete as to allow to every holder of land in the United Kingdom, power of leaving it absolutely to whom, and in what proportions he pleased." It is clear, however, that the owners of large estates, especially those of the aristocracy, would take care to provide against any disruption of their property, if the liberty of bequest were left them. Mr. Zincke's description of the Channel Islands is of the roseate kind, and he compares their inhabitants and condition of land culture with those of the Isle of Wight, much to the disadvantage of the latter.

Mr. Swinburne, having sent to press his noble

dramatic poem, *Erechtheus*, proceeds with his "Three Stages of Shakespeare." Our modern poet's division of the plays is founded upon what he regards as the marks of progress in Shakespeare's genius, from his first essay in polishing other men's work, until its maturity in the loftiest tragedy ever written, at any rate in modern times. The first stage has its "highest point in the domain of comedy and romance, and belongs as much to lyric as to dramatic poetry; its sovereign quality being that of sweetness and spring-tide of fairy fancy, crossed with light laughter and light trouble that ends in perfect music." The second stage, upon which Mr. Swinburne enters in this portion of his essay, is the period of perfection in comic and historic style. The final heights and depths of tragedy, with all its reach of thought and pulse of passion, are yet to be scaled and sounded. The writer does full justice to Marlowe, "the father of English tragedy," whom it has been the fashion lately to underrate, and Fletcher receives cordial recognition. The style of the essay is of Mr. Swinburne's best; its fervid eloquence, glowing enthusiasm and clearness of diction carry the reader away in spite of himself.

Sir Rutherford Alcock's paper on "The Relations of Western Poems to the East," is one of considerable value, both ethnologically and politically. He regards the "Eastern question," or rather questions, for there are three, in the writer's opinion, as all closely connected in the supreme problem of the time. English apprehension of Russian encroachments, he thinks groundless in the main; but he insists that in the main Russian desires must be resisted—her attempt to advance to the Himalayan slopes is one point, and her attempt to monopolize the trade of Central Asia, the other. Sir Rutherford's views on China come with the authority of one who knows whereof he speaks. Mr. Macdonell's "German Railways, a Comparison," is a plea for a more intimate connection between the State and the Railways. He is not in favour of State ownership or of private companies pure and simple, but prefers the mixed system of Prussia. Mr.

Pater commences a paper on "The Myth of Demeter and Persephone"—Ceres and Proserpina they used to be called in the times of innocence. Its most valuable feature is a condensed translation of the beautiful Homeric poem on the subject. Mr. Bridge's account of the Korea will fall upon dull ears at present, but it is worth perusing. When we noticed "Courage and Death," by Mr. Tolle-mache in the table of contents, we expected something like a rejection of the *brochure*. "Why should an Atheist fear to die?" The writer does not greatly indulge in polemics, and he has collected a number of very interesting anecdotes of dying scenes and speeches. Comparing ancient and modern instances, he thinks that the physical terrors of death are constant, the moral terrors variable. He is very severe upon the Orthodox belief in hell and its torments. Mr. Edward Dacey's views on the "Copyright Question" are interesting. He utterly rejects Mr. Charles Reade's view of the abstract right of authors, contending, on the contrary, that no such right exists. He believes that the right is merely a creation of law, and that it would not be of advantage to the community that authors should have "the same unlimited ownership of their books as shoemakers have of their shoes." He repudiates the words "pirate" and "swindler," as applied to foreign publishers, and illustrates his meaning by the case of pheasants, protected while they remain in the preserve, but not outside of it. "A State," he says, "is under no legal obligation whatever to a foreign author." Mr. Dacey's views are generally liberal and enlightened, although he tells what we fear must be called a disagreeable truth, when he says, "No doubt it would be an immense advantage to Australian and Canadian authors, to have the absolute command of the English market, *if there were any such authors to profit by the boon.*" But the Colonies are not—and for many years to come are not likely to be—the birthplace of indigeneal literature." We believe that the London prophet will, at no distant time, be corrected by the event.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

WHEN we went to press last month the lovers of the drama at the Grand Opera House were enjoying a Dickens' revival in the representation of Halliday's version of "Nicholas Nickleby," and in the announcement of "Dombey and Son" as in active preparation. A dramatic representation of *Dotheboys Hall*, with its attendant incidents, pathetic and ludicrous, was a happy idea, as well as proving a fortunate financial hit for holiday attraction. The cheery, soul-enlarging creations of Dickens could not be more fittingly represented than at a season when the heart of humanity is being actively stirred by the claims of charity, kindness, love, peace and good-will. Besides the appropriateness of "Nicholas Nickleby" as a holiday play, the piece served also to recall to students of literature the annual "Christmas Story," or carol, which used to be one of the regular and welcome visitants of the holiday season, and seemed always to be struck off at the white-heat point of Dickens' genius.

To the juniors of the large audiences which the play attracted nothing could be more satisfying than the realistic effect produced by the management in getting up the piece. The first introduction to the rascally Yorkshire schoolmaster, Mr. Wackford Squeers—him "who had but one eye, though the popular prejudice runs in favour of two"—was one that excited the house to the greatest hilarity and enthusiasm. The famous Saracen's Head scene, the leave-taking of Nicholas Nickleby, the marshalling of the new pupils by the pedagogue, their tantalizing meal and hurried departure from the inn in a veritable coach-and-four, with all the flourish and circumstance that pertained to stage travel at the period, were vividly depicted and minutely portrayed. The subsequent introduction to the Hall—to Mrs. Squeers and its other inmates—the glimpse of the domestic economy and rare educational advantages of the institution, offered further scenes of lively entertainment and interest. The induction of the young usher to his duties, the examination of "the first class in English spelling and philosophy," the administration of the "brimstone and treacle," the social reunion of Miss Squeers, Tilda Price, and John Browdie with Nicholas, and the latter's interest in the forlorn Smike, formed additional scenes for amusing and exciting representation. Then followed the successive events of Smike's es-

cape and capture, the attempted chastisement and its terrible *dénouement*, the subsequent and successful flight of Smike and Nickleby, the encounter with Browdie on the highway, the final arrival in London and *rencontre* with the latter and his bride, with the introduction to Newman Noggs and Ralph Nickleby at the latter's office—each a scene enjoyed equally by anticipation as by reality. The home found for Smike, and the sad and final end of his career, then brought the representation to a close—a close witnessed amid hushed silence that spoke more eloquently than the most tumultuous applause. We have seen few plays at the Grand Opera House that have been more satisfactorily presented than this, and none that have seemed more to fit the dramatic aptitude of the company, and that called forth their best mimetic powers.

The leading parts taken by the *corps* were these:—*Mr. Squeers*—Mr. Spackman; *Nicholas Nickleby*—Mr. Roberts; *John Browdie*—Mr. Sambrook; *Ralph Nickleby*—Mr. Farwell; *Brooker*—Mr. Davis; *Snawley*—Mr. Humphreys; *Newman Noggs*—Mr. Curtis; *Smike*—Miss Davenport; *Mrs. Squeers*—Miss Carr; *Miss Squeers*—Mrs. Marlowe; *Tilda Price*—Miss Delmar; *Mrs. Nickleby*—Mrs. Vernon; and *Kate Nickleby*—Miss Davis. The acting of Miss Davenport as *Smike* was a revelation of new powers in this painstaking actress, and a vivid manifestation of the character Dickens has delineated. With a voice subdued by timidity and a broken spirit, and an appearance made wretched by want and ill-treatment, Miss Davenport's *Smike* was a visible and audible embodiment that touched the heart-strings of every beholder, and won for it the highest praise. The death scene was exceedingly creditable to dramatic art in our midst, and an artistic pleasure which enhanced the literary art already given us by the author. The personation of *Mr. Squeers* by Mr. Spackman was a capital one, and successfully individualized the compound of cruelty, villainy and humbug which the Master Humourist of his age intended to depict in the character. The scene which gives the opportunity to Nickleby and the school to avenge the accumulated wrongs of many days, and to repay with interest the flagellations he had meted out to his victims, was one of the keenest delight to the audience, and provocative of much

laughter. Miss Carr's efficient aid as the helpmeet of *Squeers*, and the twin-corrector with him of the morals and undue appetites of the pupils at the Hall, was characteristic of that lady's thoroughness and correct apprehension of the part assigned to her. The *Nickleby* of Mr. Roberts was, considering his youth and limited professional experience, an exceedingly creditable performance. The *John Browdie* of Mr. Sambrook was an admirable personation of the burly corn-factor. The *Newman Noggs* and *Ralph Nickleby* of Mr. Curtis and Mr. Farwell, respectively, gave the highest satisfaction; and the *Miss Squeers* of Mrs. Marlowe capably realized the gushing coquetry and amusing prudery of the pedagogue's daughter. The play, as we have said, was throughout excellent, the characters were admirably personated, and the piece was mounted with a regard for the author's ideal which won golden opinions for the management.

In the engagement of Miss Agnes Booth, which ensued, the patrons of the Grand Opera House had the delight of witnessing the artistic performances of one of the most able delineators of the American stage. Possessed of many graces of person, a cultivated mind, and histrionic gifts of a high order, her successive appearances were hailed with lively satisfaction. In the attractiveness of stage presence, in the method of her acting, and in the pleasure-giving effect of voice and delivery, she more nearly resembles Miss Neilson than any other actress we have seen.

This may seem extravagant praise to those who do not rate so highly as we do the prerequisites of flexibility, expressiveness and purity of voice in an actress. It is true we do not look for these gifts, as we rarely find them on this side the Atlantic, but nevertheless they are the most attractive features in an actor's or an actress's presence on the stage. It is this, in great measure, that constitutes the charm of the lyric drama, for the vocal attainments can never be great if the speaking voice is not pleasing. And no merely physical endowments, however attractive, can compensate for their absence; and nothing more quickly disillusion an audience than to find an artist lacking in this first essential of feminine grace—a pleasing and cultivated voice. It is true that some of the greatest tragedians were men of wooden visage, uncompact limbs, and rugged voice, but these defects rapidly disappeared in the solvent of genius. But lacking this, the public will demand, and continue to demand, from those who would seek its favour, those other qualities, less rare in their manifestation, but equally important to the possessor—quickness of perception, sensibility of ear, mobility of feature, and the other and general requisites of an acceptable actor—the bearing, manner and voice of a gentleman.

It may be that we seem to harp upon the re-

quisites referred to of those whose proclivities, or other circumstances, have led them stage-ward. There would be little excuse for our doing so did we not find that they are little regarded as the indispensable qualifications to success in the dramatic profession. In a crowded and cultured field, such as there is in England, the importance of the possession or non-possession of these qualifications is more readily seen and admitted. Here in Canada it is otherwise, as there is either not the educated critical taste to exact the higher standard of excellence, or the means of readily supplying the want, where it is called for, is lacking. There is much hope that the "star" system, however otherwise objectionable, may bring about a change in this respect, in the educating effect both upon our players and play-goers, of their presence and representations; and the visit of such an artiste as Miss Booth cannot but be helpful in furnishing the models—dramatic and histrionic—by which we may gauge and direct the progress of the mimic art in our midst, as well as in providing an artistic entertainment of an order to which we may be incited, in some degree, to approach. In the plays of Shakespeare the artiste has a specially fine field for histrionic display; and indeed no one can successfully attempt Shakespearian delineation without being the possessor of rare elocutionary gifts. In the wondrous range of character met with in Shakespearian literature—in history, comedy and tragedy—every gift of utterance and every artifice of rhetoric are called into play. The rarest declamation is often inadequate to do it justice. The fire of action, the glow of passion, the working of emotion, the play of humour—all may be under contribution; and yet the grandeur, the beauty, the force and the subtlety of the dramatist's text may neither be scaled nor plumbed. It is only a measure of success that can be attained: for one feature caught a thousand escape—for one page illumined a hundred are left in gloom.

The Shakespearian expositions Miss Booth favoured us with during her visit were such as must have satisfied the most critical taste. Each impersonation—the *Juliet*, the *Rosalind*, the *Beatrice* and the *Constance*—were rare examples of studied and artistic acting. Every character had its own distinctive charm, and was personated with a degree of finish very pleasing in its effect. The benefit night, and the closing evening of her engagement, were given up to the representation of "King John," which, having been put on the boards for the first time in Canada, and having been the subject of considerable effort on the part of the management and the company to produce, we shall more particularly refer to. Though the play is one of the less frequently acted historical studies of Shakespeare, its general plot and leading incidents are well known to the student. The

characters, though mainly drawn from history, may be said to be among the best individualized of the poetic creations of the dramatist. The *Lady Constance* is a marvellous bit of portraiture, and exhibits the feminine character in one of the most touching and impressive features capable of presentation—that of maternal solicitude and affection. With quiet dignity and the *finesse* of true art, Miss Booth unfolded the character of *Constance* in a series of representations which did full justice to the beauty of the creation. The rapid mental transitions that follow upon the development of the play were admirably brought out, and the passages that gave expression to the ever-increasing anxiety and interest in the boy *Arthur*, which advances to anguish and the frenzy of despair, were powerfully and feelingly rendered. The effect of the representation was much enhanced by the interest attaching to the child *Arthur*, who was personated by the youthful Miss Virginia Marlowe with an intelligence and artlessness that won the sympathy of the audience. Mr. Grismer took the part of *Faulconbridge*, and very finely realized the fidelity, the intrepidity and the *brusquerie* of the character; though, perhaps, dignity was too much sacrificed to force and restlessness in his personation of the part. The *Hubert* of Mr. Farwell was a highly satisfactory personation, as the part gave scope for the exercise of such powers as Mr. Farwell possesses in marked degree. The scene in which the usurper of the English throne breaks to *Hubert* his foul designs upon *Arthur*, and the subsequent one in which *Hubert* tries to put them in execution were finely acted. So realistic was the latter scene, that the audience hailed with a keen sense of relief the victory of the *Chamberlain's* better nature in abandoning his fenshish purposes upon *Arthur*—an incident that conveyed its own compliment to the illustration of the scene.

The part of the title *rôle* was taken by Mr. J. B. Booth, a brother of the celebrated actor, Edwin, who strengthened the *caste* for the occasion, in company with the artiste who played the *Lady Constance*. *Philip* of France was personated by Mr. Davis; the *Cardinal Randolph* by Mr. Spackman; the *Earls of Pembroke and Salisbury* by Messrs. Sambrook and Stokes; and the *Queen Elinor* by Mrs. Vernon—making up an effective dramatic *ensemble* rarely witnessed in Canada. The management may fairly plume itself upon the success of the piece, which was mounted with fidelity to historic reality and splendour, and an attention to scenery, appointments and accessories, that would have done credit to the London or New York stage.

We must speak briefly of the engagement of Miss A. L. Dargon, which followed upon that of Miss Booth, as we have about exhausted the space devoted to the dramatic department.

The re-appearance of this lady at the Grand Opera House was due, we take it, to the interest the literary public took in Mr. Tennyson's recent drama of *Queen Mary*, a stage version of which had been adapted for Miss Dargon, and which Mrs. Morrison desired to give her patrons the opportunity of witnessing. However laudable and enterprising the design of the management, the result proved *Queen Mary* to be a failure, and the piece was withdrawn after a few nights' run. In our August number of last year we reviewed Mr. Tennyson's work, and gave expression to doubts of the suitability of *Queen Mary* for dramatic representation. The adaptation of the work to the stage, in the version made use of by Miss Dargon, has not increased its effectiveness in this respect; indeed, for acting purposes, the text has been shorn of much, in incident and description, that would have been better retained. Certainly, in the stir and effect of street pageant, in the dialogues of the local gossips, and the out-of-door colloquies upon national affairs, the piece would have gained in interest and excitement had these been incorporated in the acted version. The Cranmer scene was entirely omitted, a surrender to religious amity which, perhaps, should not be taken exception to. The drama itself, however, is lacking in the element of interest, or rather the interest there is in the play is misplaced—*Queen Mary* being made the prominent figure for sympathy and interest, which she fails to attract, while the *Princess Elizabeth*, around whom, at the period, hang the garlands of romance, is made the subordinate personage in the drama. For these faults of construction Miss Dargon, of course, is not responsible. She has had to contend against them; and, bearing this in mind, the measure of success attained in the representation of the play was attained in spite of these defects.

But deficient as the drama is in the power of attracting interest for its central character, we doubt if Miss Dargon is quite the artiste to atone for the shortcomings of the play. Though apparently a zealous student of her profession, and a careful and painstaking actress, she lacks the attractiveness of presence and manner that wins, nay commands, success on the stage. She has no grace of deportment, and her elocution is precise and formal, with an occasional *souçon* of brogue that falls harshly upon the emphasized words and destroys the effect of delivery. With these drawbacks, her representation was otherwise satisfactory, and her acting was characterised by intelligence and naturalness. The *Princess Elizabeth* of Miss Davenport was a relieving feature in the play, and was personated with a degree of grace and subdued coquetry quite charming. Mr. Farwell's *Renard*, and Mr. Grismer's *Philip* were effective and meritorious performances, as were Mr. Sambrook's *Courtenay*,

and Mr. Spackman's *Bishop Gardiner*. Mr. Curtis assumed the character of *Sir Thomas Whit*, Mr. Davis that of *Sir Thomas Wyatt*, and Mr. Humphreys that of *Sir Ralph Bagenhall*. Mrs. Vernon's *Lady Clarence*, and Mrs.

Marlowe's *Alice* completed the historical picture. Miss Dargon concluded her engagement by playing *Camille*, and *East Lynne*, in which she received the support of the company.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. Dawson Bros., of Montreal, have issued, by arrangement, a Canadian edition of a new work by Mr. Jenkins, M.P., and author of "Ginx's Baby," bearing the title of "The Devil's Chain." The purpose of the work is to illustrate in a series of pictures, which seem to be lacking both in taste and in probability, the evils of intemperance. It is doubtful if this out-Talmaging Talmage, in intemperance of language and description, will serve any good end.

We understand that the above-named publishers are to introduce George Eliot's new novel, "Daniel Deronda," to Canadian readers. It will be issued in similar form to that of the English edition—in eight successive instalments.

The Congregational Publishing Society of Boston have published in collected form, under the title of "The Prayer Gauge Debate," the series of Essays on the Prayer question issued recently by the scientists and theologians of England. Both sides are represented—the advanced thinkers and the orthodox writers.

The third volume of the re-issue of "The Encyclopædia Britannica" is now to hand. The fourth volume, we understand, will contain two articles from the pen of Professor Daniel Wilson, of University College—one on "Canada," and the other on "Chatterton."

Messrs. Scribner, of New York, announce a reprint of Mr. George Smith's supplemental volume to his recently-issued work on "Assyrian Discoveries," on the subject of "The Chaldean Account of Genesis." The work will contain many illustrations of Cuneiform Inscriptions. The same firm are about to re-issue the fourth volume of Prof. Max Muller's "Chips from a German Workshop."

Messrs. Osgood & Co. reprint Mr. Matthew Arnold's work reviewing the objections advanced by his critics to "Literature and Dogma." The book is entitled "God and the Bible."

A reprint of the Annual Summaries which have appeared in the *Times* during the last twenty-five years has just been published by

the proprietors of that journal. It forms a small but handy volume of about 600 pages, and is sold in England for a shilling.

Mr. Whittaker, Editor of the London *Bookseller*, has just started a "Weekly Journal of Amusing and Instructive Literature" as an antidote to the "penny dreadfuls" that issue from the English press. Mr. Whittaker's large experience and close observation of the literary wants of the community should win for the new enterprise a complete success.

"The Nature of Light, with a General Account of Physical Optics," is the subject of the new volume of the International Scientific Series. The work has just been issued by Messrs. Appleton, who have also just reprinted the important work of Prof. Ernest Haeckel, on the "History of the Creation," treating of the development of the earth and its inhabitants according to the theories of Kant, Laplace, Lamarck and Darwin.

Messrs. Harper have just published an interesting description of Travel in Oceanica, Australasia and India, by Frank Vincent, jun., under the title of "Through and Through the Tropics."

Justin McCarthy's new novel, "Dear Lady Disdain," is about to appear from the firm of Messrs. Sheldon & Co. A novel of some merit, entitled "Owen Gwynne's Great Work," has just been received from Messrs. Harper. Mrs. Oliphant's "An Odd Couple," and Mr. Payn's "Married Beneath Him," will shortly appear. An unfinished novel by the late Lord Lytton, entitled "Pausanias, the Spartan," is announced for early publication.

"The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," edited by his nephew, G. O. Trevelyan, M.P., will be among the most notable of forthcoming publications.

The new issues of Messrs. Holt's *Leisure Hour* series are Mrs. Alexander's novel, "Her Dearest Foe," and a collection of *Vers de Société*, culled from the lighter contributions of Præd, Landor, Thackeray, Calverley and others.

or to reserve such as he may think fit for the signification of His Majesty's pleasure thereon. Section thirty-one requires copies of all bills which have been assented to to be forwarded to the Secretary of State, and authorizes the disallowance of any such bills at any time within two years after receipt by the Secretary of State. The next section provides that reserved bills shall have no force until the King's assent had been communicated to the Governor. Section thirty-three continues in force all laws, ordinances, or statutes, except so far as they may be repealed or varied by this Act. Section thirty-four continues existing Courts of civil jurisdiction. Sections thirty-five to forty-two, inclusive, relate to the provision made and to be made for the support of the clergy, both Catholic and Protestant. Section forty-three enacts that all lands to be thereafter granted in Upper Canada were to be in free and common soccage, and so also in Lower Canada, when the grantee required it. The two following sections relate to the issue of fresh grants on surrender of existing titles. Section forty-six declares that this Act shall not prevent the operation of any Act of Parliament establishing prohibitions or imposing duties for the regulation of navigation and commerce; such duties were, however, as provided by the next section, to be applied to the use of the respective provinces. By section forty-eight it is provided that His Majesty, in Council, is to fix a date, not later than the 31st of December, 1791, for the commencement of this Act. Section forty-nine provides that writs of summons and election shall issue not later than the 31st of December, 1792. The fiftieth and concluding section authorizes the making of temporary laws pending the first meeting of the Legislative Council and

Assembly.—March 10th. A numerous signed petition was presented to Lord Dorchester, by the seigniors of the Province of Quebec, against the introduction of free and common soccage.—Prince Edward arrived at Quebec on the 11th August, from Gibraltar, with the 7th Regiment of Royal Fusiliers, which he commanded. His arrival was hailed with great satisfaction by the citizens of Quebec, who presented him with an address on the 18th of August.—The Governor-General, Lord Dorchester, sailed from Quebec on the 17th August, in His Majesty's Ship *Alligator*. On the 25th August Major-General Almed Clarke, Lieutenant-Governor and Major-General commanding the forces in America, issued a proclamation assuming the government during the absence on leave of the Governor.—Lieutenant-General Sir F. Haldimand, K.C.B., (formerly Governor of Canada), died at Yverdon, Switzerland, in June, in the 76th year of his age.—By a proclamation dated at the Castle of St. Louis, Quebec, 18th November, 1791, of the Lieutenant-Governor, Major-General Almed Clarke, it was declared that the Act dividing the Province into two Provinces should commence within Upper and Lower Canada respectively on 26th December, 1791. The line dividing the two Provinces was to commence at a stone boundary on the north bank of Lake St. Francis, at the cove west of the *Point-au-Baudet*, in the limit between the township of Lancaster and the seigniori of New Longueuil, running along the said limit in the direction of north thirty-four degrees west to the uttermost angle of the said seigniori of New Longueuil, thence along the north-west boundary of the seigniories of Vaudreuil, running north twenty-five degrees east until it strikes the Ottawa River; to ascend the said river into

Lake Temiscamingua; and from the head of the said lake by a line drawn due north until it strikes the boundary line of Hudson's Bay, including all the territory to the westward and southward of the said line, to the utmost extent of the country commonly known by the name of Canada.—The 26th of December was celebrated in Quebec by a public dinner, an illumination in the evening, and other demonstrations of joy.—John Graves Simcoe, Esquire, who had been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, arrived at Quebec on Friday, November 11th, in His Majesty's Ship *Triton*.—A violent shock of earthquake was felt in Quebec on 6th December.

1792. January 15th.—Fifteen vessels sailed from Halifax, Nova Scotia, for Sierra Leone, conveying thither upwards of twelve hundred coloured persons. The expense of transport, amounting to nearly £4,000, was borne by the British Government.—John Wentworth, Esquire, who had been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, arrived at Halifax in His Majesty's Ship *Hussar*, on the 12th of May. Mr. Wentworth had, previous to the revolution, been Governor of New Hampshire, of which province he was a native. Governor Wentworth was sworn into office on Monday, 14th May, with the ceremonies usual on such occasions.—The seventh session of the Sixth General Assembly of Nova Scotia was opened by Governor Wentworth on the 6th of June, and prorogued on the 11th July.—The *Halifax Gazette* of September 11th contained the following notice respecting the impeachment of the Judges (Deschamps and Brenton): "The Committee of Her Majesty's Privy Council, before whom the charges exhibited by the House of Assembly against the

assistant Judges of the Supreme Court have been heard, have reported to His Majesty that, after a mature consideration of the subject, they cannot find any cause of censure against those gentlemen, and consequently have fully acquitted them, which report His Majesty has been pleased to confirm."—Colonel His Royal Highness Prince Edward was installed Grand Master of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Freemasons, at Quebec, on the 22nd of June.—On the 9th July Letters Patent were issued by Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe dividing the Province of Upper Canada into Counties, and apportioning the representation thereof. The Counties in Upper Canada were: Glengarry, Stormont, Dundas, Grenville, Leeds, Frontenac, Ontario, Addington, Prince Edward, Lennox, Hastings, Northumberland, Durham, York, Lincoln, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Kent.—On the 7th of February proclamations were issued by the Lieutenant-Governors of Upper and Lower Canada, giving at length the terms upon which the Crown Lands in their respective Provinces would be granted to intending settlers. On the 7th May the division of Lower Canada into Electoral Districts was announced by a proclamation of the Lieutenant-Governor, who at the same time fixed the number of representatives to be elected for each district; this proclamation was followed by a second, dated 14th May, ordering the issue of writs for the election of members of the Legislative Assembly, such writs to be dated 24th of May, and to be returnable on 10th July. The Counties into which Lower Canada was at this time divided were as follows:—Bedford, Buckinghamshire, Cornwallis, Devon, Dorchester, Effingham, Gaspé, Hampshire, Hertford, Huntingdon, Kent, Leinster, Montreal, Northumberland, Orleans, Quebec, Richelieu, St.

Maurice, Surrey, and Warwick.—The Legislative Council and General Assembly of the new Province of Upper Canada met for the first time at Newark (now Niagara) on 17th September. The session was opened by John Graves Simcoe, Lieutenant-Governor, and the members lost no time in proceeding to business, for by the 15th October, when the session closed, seven Acts had been passed—the most important of which were those providing for the introduction of English Civil Law, the establishment of trial by jury, and the building of gaols and court-houses.—On the 3rd of December Mr. Abel Learned and Mr. Ward Bailey arrived at Quebec, having travelled on horseback over the road then just completed from the Province Line on the Connecticut River to the old road on the Chaudière, by which it was claimed that the distance between Quebec and Boston had been shortened two hundred miles.—December 17th. The Legislative Assembly and Legislative Council of the Province of Quebec met for the first time. The Hon. William Smith was appointed Speaker of the Legislative Council, and Mr. J. A. Panet was, on the following day, elected by a majority of ten, and after considerable discussion, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. On Thursday, the 20th, Major-General Almed Clarke, Lieutenant-Governor, (in the absence of Lord Dorchester,) opened the session with a speech.—December 20th. A notice, signed by Hugh Finlay, Deputy Postmaster-General, appeared in the *Quebec Gazette*, that a regular conveyance once every fourteen days, had been established for transmission of mails between Montreal and Burlington, in the State of Vermont.

1793. January 14th. A General Court-Martial assembled at Quebec, of which Colonel Walker, R.A., was presi-

dent, to try some soldiers of the Royal Fusiliers, (7th regiment,) on a charge of mutiny. The finding of the Court was published on the 25th March, when private Joseph Draper was sentenced to death, William Rose to five hundred lashes, Timothy Kennedy to seven hundred lashes, Sergeant Thomas Wigton to five hundred lashes and to be reduced to the ranks, James Laudrigan was acquitted, the evidence being insufficient to convict him. On Tuesday, 9th April, private Draper, whose execution had been respited to that day, was brought out from the barracks and made to walk behind his coffin to the place of execution, the troops marching with music suited to the solemn occasion. Just as the execution was about to take place, His Royal Highness Prince Edward announced that Draper had been pardoned, an announcement which was received with the most lively satisfaction by the large number of persons who had assembled to witness the execution.—24th April. Major-General Clarke issued a Proclamation stating that France had declared war against Great Britain, on the 1st February, and adding that Letters of Marque would be issued in the usual manner.—25th April. General Clarke sent a message to the House of Assembly recommending a revision of the laws regulating the Militia.—May 1st. An Address from the House of Assembly to General Clarke, assuring His Excellency of their readiness to co-operate with him in all measures necessary for the defence of the country.—May 9th. The General Assembly of the Province of Lower Canada was prorogued by General Clarke. The first Act passed by the Legislature of Lower Canada was an Act to regulate the landing of gunpowder at Montreal; of the remaining Acts of this session, those relating to

the importation of wampum from the United States, and providing for the imposition of duties; to establish a fund for payment of salaries of officers of the Legislature, and contingent expenses of the same.—A proclamation, dated 22nd April, by General Washington, President of the United States, enjoining the inhabitants of the United States to observe a strict neutrality during the war between France and the other European Powers, was published in the *Quebec Gazette*.—May 14. The French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, were captured by the British forces, and the French troops in garrison were sent to Halifax, Nova Scotia.—Dr. Jacob Mountain was appointed the first protestant Bishop of Quebec.—September 14th. His Excellency Lord Dorchester, Governor-General, and his family, arrived at Quebec in H. M. S. *Severn*, from London.—November 11th. The second session of the Legislature of Lower Canada was opened by His Excellency Lord Dorchester, who, in his opening speech, especially commended to the careful attention of the Members the establishment of a Financial System, and of Courts of Justice, and the enactment of a Militia Law.—November 14th. The House of Assembly of Lower Canada presented His Royal Highness Prince Edward with an address, thanking him for the zeal and activity he had displayed for the protection of the property of the citizens, and for the defence of the country.—The Hon. William Smith, Speaker of the Legislative Council, and Chief Justice of the Province of Lower Canada, died at Quebec, on Friday 6th December.—The Second Session of the first Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada was opened at Newark, on 31st May, and was prorogued on 9th July. The principal Acts passed during this Session were for the regulation of the

Militia; the appointment of parish and town officers; to provide for the solemnization of marriage; to prevent the further introduction of slaves, and to establish a Court of Probate.—The General Assembly of Nova Scotia was dissolved by Lieutenant-Governor Wentworth on the 22nd January, and writs, returnable on the 5th March, were issued for a new election.—The Assembly meet on 20th March, and Thomas Barclay was chosen Speaker. On 13th April the Council of Nova Scotia directed the Sheriffs of each county to make proclamation of the war with France.—20th June. Major-General Ogilvie arrived at Halifax in H. M. S. *Alligator*, having on board the French Governor, M. Dauseville, and the troops captured at St. Pierre.—23rd July. Lieutenant-Governor Wentworth reports that, in case of invasion, 1,500 Militia could be assembled for the defence of Halifax in a few hours; and that Militia force available for defence of the whole Province, would exceed 4,000 men.

1794. Two companies of Provincial Militia were raised in the Island of St. John, (P. E. Island,) for purposes of defence.—The Third Session of the first Parliament of Upper Canada was opened by Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe, at Newark, on 2nd June; this session terminated on the 7th July. The Acts passed related principally to the constitution of the law courts, forms of procedure, and to the imposition of duties upon spirits.—The building of the town of York, (now the City of Toronto,) was commenced early in the spring of 1794, under the personal supervision of Governor Simcoe, who selected, as the site of his own residence, a spot on the high ground overlooking the valley of the Don.—An address was presented at Quebec,