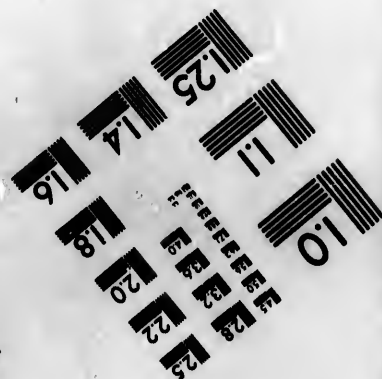
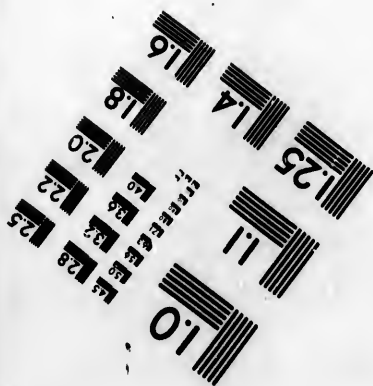
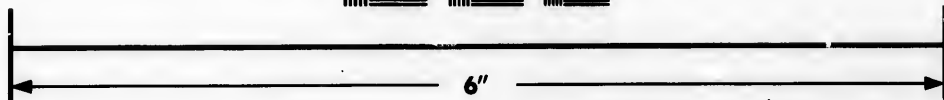
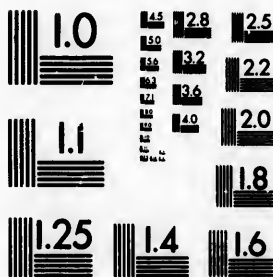


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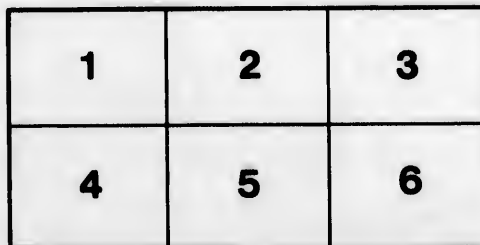
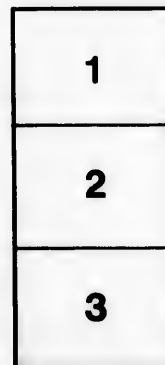
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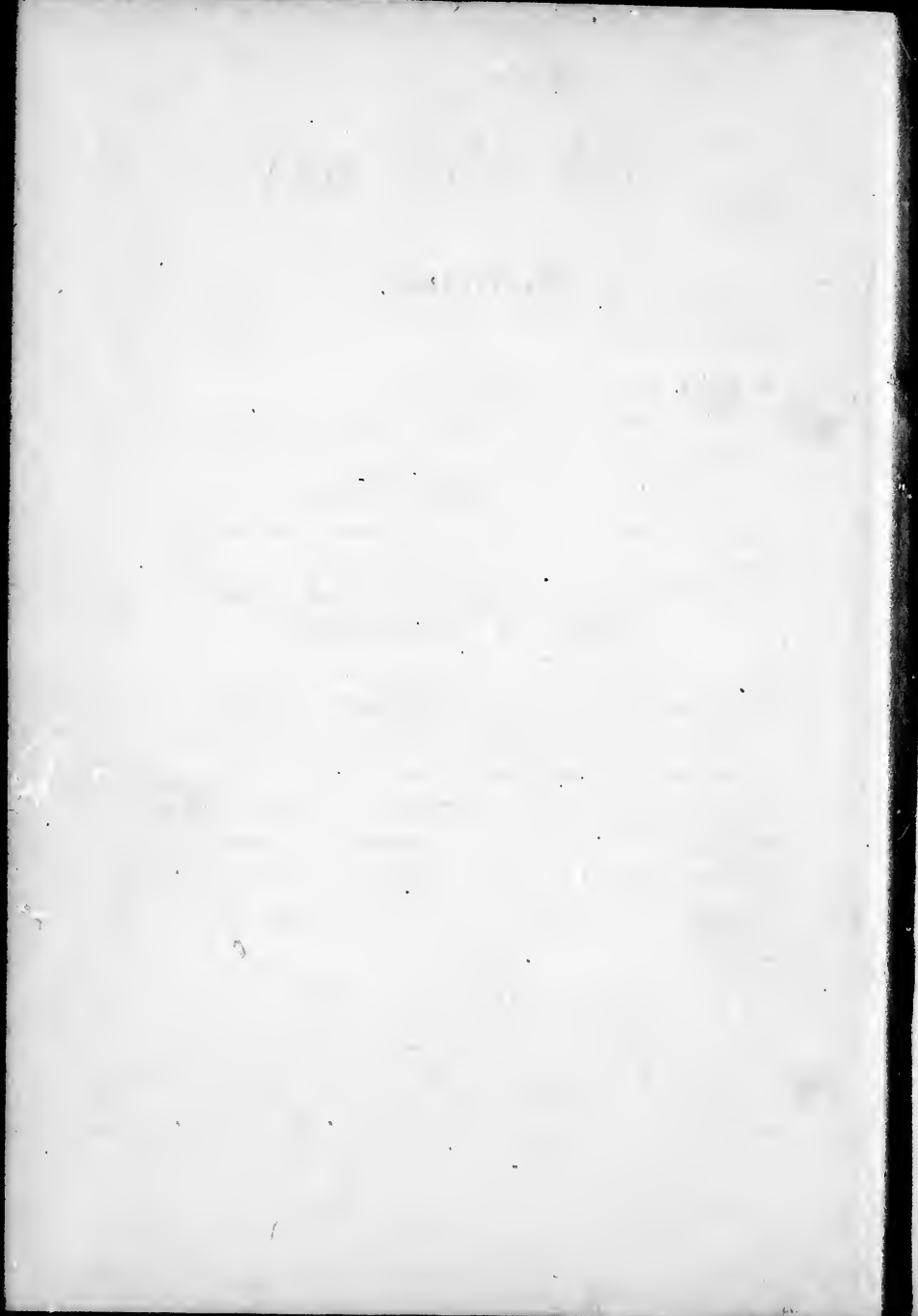
## Dedication.

W. and J. DUFFIELD, London, Ontario :

*My dear friends*--This unpretending volume is mainly dedicated to you.

Still, little as it may be esteemed, it would not be given, if your only merit consisted in ample coffers, even though to amass a fortune honorably in opposition to so much successful chicanery as exists in trade at the present time appears to require as great an amount of energy and ability as is necessary in taking a city or to write an epic, and, in the estimation of some, deserves proportionate appreciation.

More honor, however, seems due where monetary triumph is not attended by its usual niggardly disregard of the fine arts or mental excellence. Looking at your dispositions in this light less hesitation arises in offering the present production, whatever its faults, believing it will be kindly received by you, if only as a remembrancer of other days.



# ONE QUIET DAY,

A BOOK OF PROSE AND POETRY,

*By*

J. R. RAMSAY,

*Author of*

"THE CANADIAN LYRE," "WI-NON-AH," "CHRON-  
ICLES OF A CANADIAN FAMILY,"

*etc., etc.*

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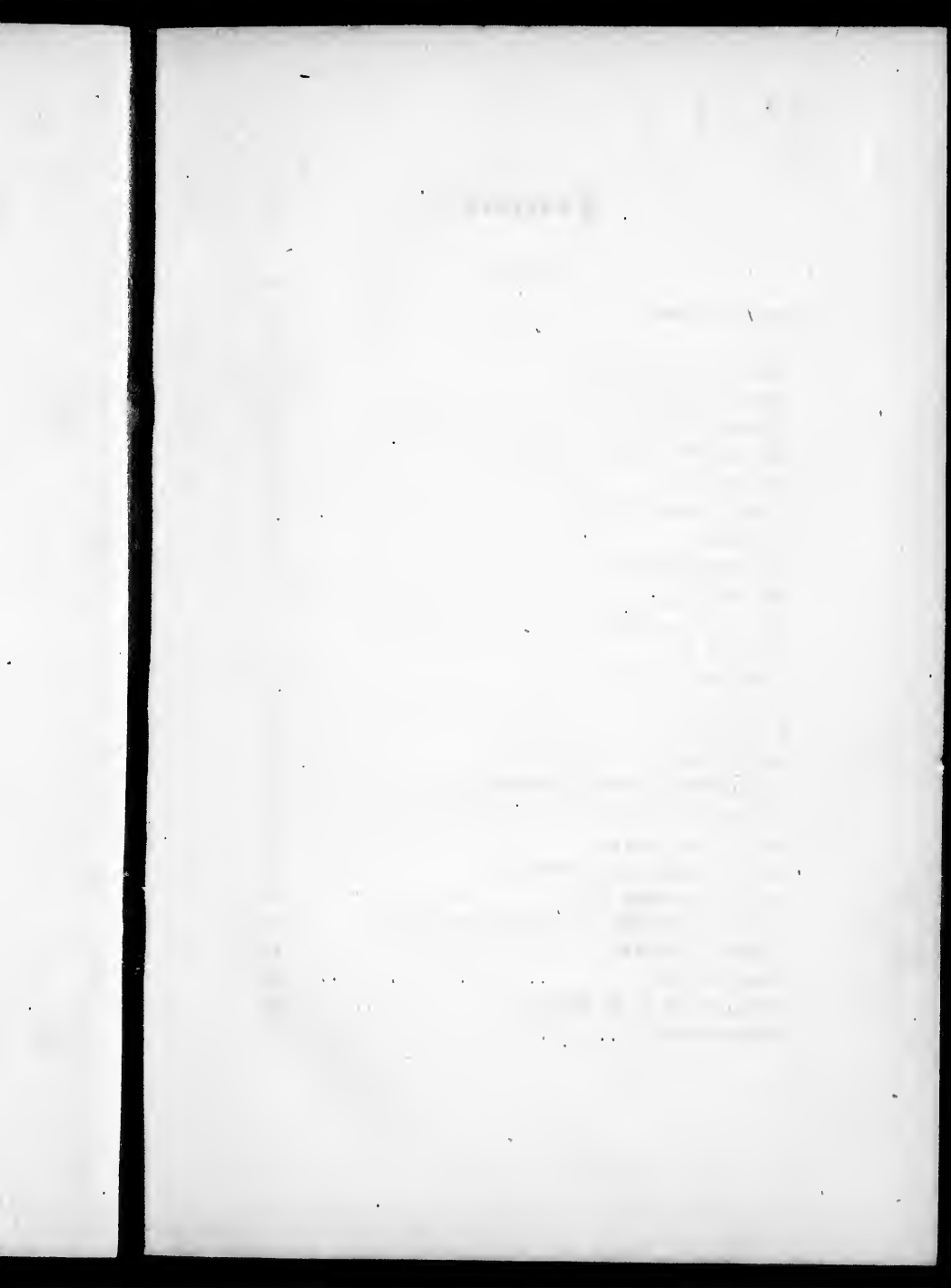
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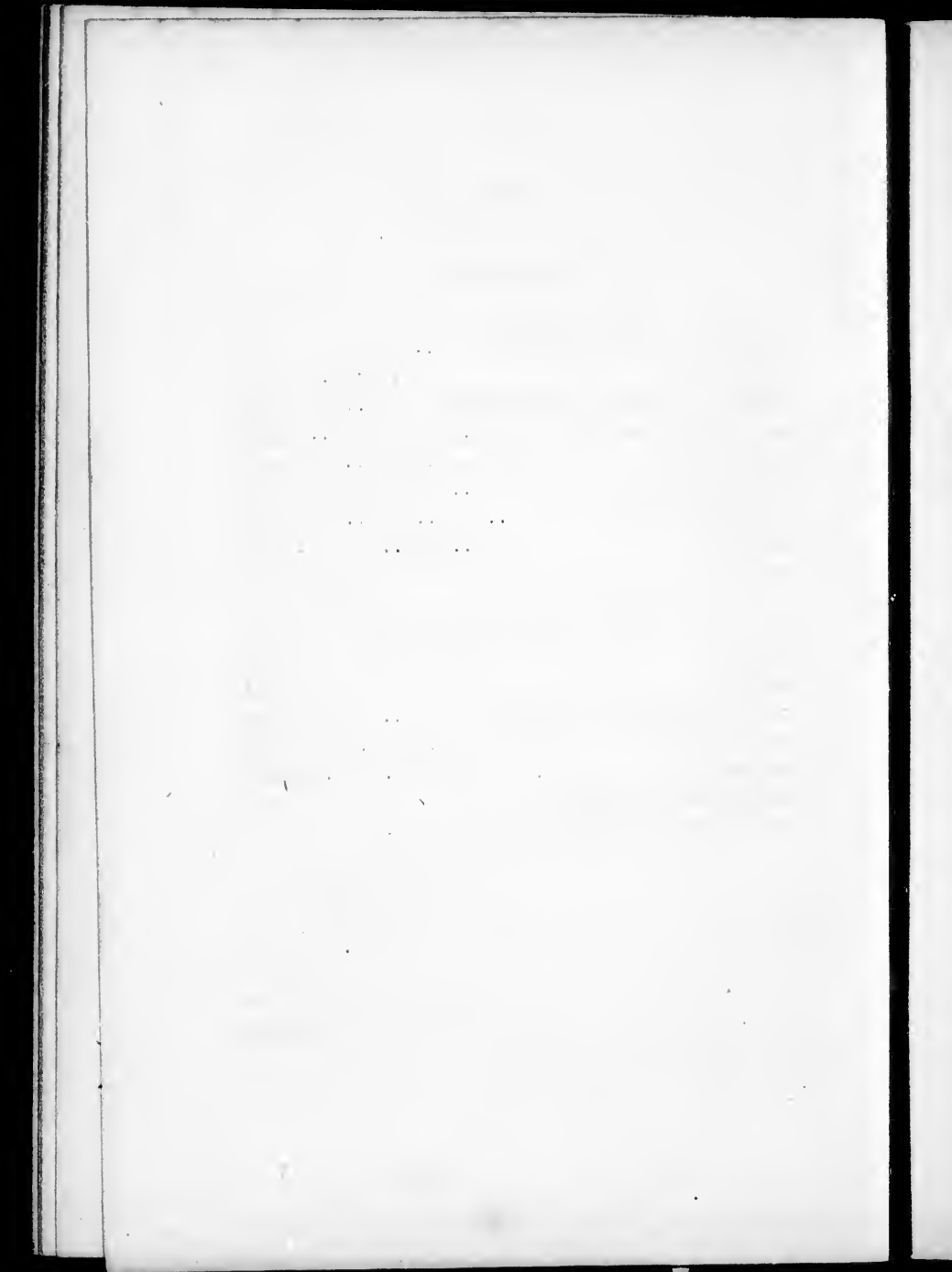


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## ONE QUIET DAY.

"Beauty is all our wisdom,  
We painters demand no more."

—R. BUCHANAN.

"The Germans have a phrase which would enrich any language that should adopt it. They say 'Orient yourself.' When a traveller arrives at a strange city, or is overtaken by a storm, he takes out his compass and learns which way is the Orient. Forthwith he is in no danger of seeking for his home, or the pole star in a wrong quarter of the heavens. He orients himself."

Suppose we do likewise. Let us who have wandered afar "arise and go" back to our old homestead once more, if we have one to return to ; if not, then in remembrance revisit some homestead of the heart. Let the time be in October—most oriental season of all the western world. Lie down to rest under one of those ancient hillside pines, and look from shade to sunshine eastward towards Eden. A goodly morning. Night has departed,—

"A shadow like an angel with bright hair  
Dabbled in blood,"

having sprinkled Autumn's lintels with the passover's sanguine symbols. Some red drops fall on the patriotic maple, making it a cardinal flower, five cubits high. Lo, he lords it redundantly, triumphant, but not vain, crowned with a tiara of opal, flashing in early air. With florid hues the landscape is wonderfully glorious, save where purple pools veil their blushing faces in a crimson mist, which arises as from

---

unseen censers held by cherubim. All the atmosphere is full of colors that have faded from summer flowers. Huge oaks generously offer their brown manna to the tax-gathering winds. From afar off comes the sound of our village school bell. It was dreadful to answer that summons when our tasks had been neglected. As for the teacher, he shall be dismissed from these vagrant reveries far more summarily than we thought he discharged us from his august presence. Aptly the melancholy Byron's description of Satan disputing with Michael at the celestial gate about their respective claims to a soul, applies to him as he came into the school :

"And where he gazed, a gloom pervaded space."

Ah, well, he is enjoying his vacation now, and we will enjoy ours. *Vale, vale, salve eternum.*

There is a latent goodness in humanity which is not fostered much by mingling too freely among our fellows. With few exceptions, the spirit receives its keenest misery from its own kin. As for nature, she enhances our value ; consequently one is led to believe, and this scene at once suggests and proves the idea, that more can be done by her in excellence than is hinted here, glorious as it is.

But nature is reticent of her claims for fear of rendering us forgetful of purer prospects—a forgetfulness to which we are prone. Yet one almost wishes that the majority of months in the green fields of Eden will be October ; a long Indian summer's Sabbath afternoon in Paradise ; an eternity of this strangely stained twilight of the year.—ALLELU.

It is important that these hazy ponderings may not be perused by any strenuously pious person ; if so, misunderstandings would ensue. Such may object that this style of "orienting" savors of loafing. There will be readers plenty,

however, if our vagaries are only tolerated by the reprobate, or those who believe as I do. When asked for an interpretation of that belief, I cannot give it. The question is so boundless it startles me. Once, when a small urchin, I was in a fruit orchard—as it might be, like this one. I was there by mistake. A man—I have often since thought, for he spake quite high, that he had a more absorbing interest in those apples than in my personal comfort—that man requested me to state precisely what my business was there. I did not presume to waste his valuable time by arguing with him, though it is diverting sometimes, when safe, to get up a dispute—an excitement of rage, so to say—in order to discover by force just what others opine concerning my shortcomings. Yet such opinions are overdrawn; they have too much warmth of color, artistically speaking, to be reliable. But when questioned regarding our wayfaring in that other orchard—the wide vineyard of life—an answer will be rendered according to the motives which formed our conduct therein, and our fealty to conscience, that great questioner.

Some geniuses answer any interrogation glibly, and give advice gratuitously at all times and on every subject. They remind us of an Indian pony that could canter all day on an acre of ground. To you, however, who must be of a good turn of mind, or you would not have endured with me thus far, to you let me state in trust that I believe I am, as it were, a sort of Berserker. I am not sure just what that is, and may be that's why I'm it. If it means vagabond, or bard, these I am—the one by nature, the other by grace, and both by choice. It is easy to believe in whatever one knows nothing about. Is not faith founded on finity? In fact, humanity requires greater capacity for gullibility to doubt than is requisite to entertain a spiritual solution,



which we call faith, in all that we fail to understand. We are compelled so to do anyway, and it looks better to accept the conditions gracefully. Our minds resemble lanterns of various sizes, carried by an unseen hand; and, notwithstanding many unfortunate misinterpretations thereof, one can easily believe in the Bible, yea, and out of it, too. And this morning preaches well. Peace is plainly written by the right hand of angels on everything under this azure arch.

“Enter, its grandeur overwhelms thee not!”

Those memorial windows are the flashing dawns, and every portion of this miraculous structure is suggestive of something more *infinite* than itself. Ages were consumed before it was sufficiently finished for our reception. Here faith and not fashion prevails. The members are cheerful, but innocently so. The service is exultant, but natural, redundant with the harmony of beauty, and the ceiling is the empyrean. An orchestra composed of birds, flocks, and

“The wind, that grand old harper, smites  
His thunder-harp of pines.”

Also, in order that the quiet of sunshine may be appreciated, at intervals the storm and lightning of thunder.

Let us arise and sing. Be ye lifted up, ye gates of the morning, that the beautiful may be magnified; be exalted also, ye doors of the excellent sun, for a goodly thing hath come upon the maple trees, and a marvelous upon the valleys. Likewise respect hath been paid to the husbandman; neither hath the wild raven perished for lack of food, Selah. The cedar tree withholdeth not his fragrance, nor the vine his luscious clusters. I said, as for a man, what

portion of strength hath he to perform this glory? The lily, he destroyeth it; it returneth upon his dust: he envieth also the eagle and horse—yea, the young eagle uttereth his anthem. “Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? This that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength. Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-vat?”

If forced to choose some mode of barbarous oblation, it should be fire-worship. Who would not accept a “life sitting” as high priest in the magnificent porphyry temple of Mexico, dedicated to the sun?—Not to offer up human sacrifices: that portion of their ceremonies does not differ greatly from our social rites, excepting that the heathen are far more expeditious in finishing—not in furnishing—victims: he must have a stonier heart than they who could rebuke them for bowing to the shadow of God on such a day as this—a day as unassuming as mercy,—a day when every thought is a flower, and every flower a portion of God’s smile.

The Celestials have a proverb which says, “If you take an idle day, take an idle day.” The great trouble with our way of society is that we do too much unnecessary work. Two-thirds of time are frittered away pandering to vitiated tastes and the unnatural requirements of luxurious living; hence those whose normal sympathies are goaded with stimuli cannot enjoy innocent rest, nor allow to others that precious privilege. But to thoroughly appreciate one quiet day requires a predisposition for it, as well as freedom from the thrall of evil. Very few men possess the strength of mind necessary to evolve that nameless condition which the slaves of habit—“the restless wanderers after rest”—denominate idleness, all day. Yet as a fine art, very beautiful it is to loaf in the

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oriental style once or twice a year. Shame to say, such an exaltation seldom happens even to the wisest oftener than once in a lifetime. As it is, because society is miscon-structed, the pure are overworked to supply the impure with the means of ruin—or be called names. The nine hours movement is in the right direction; but if men eschewed luxury, six hours would be better. Every hour over that time is consumed by the unremunerative taxation of vice, or goes to support the “constitutionally tired.” Lovely, therefore, is the disposition that is qualified to emancipate itself from human want one complete day, to dream and bathe the spirit in supernal light. Whole troops of ideas—gorgeous imaginings—hurtle through the universe from the four corners of the heavens, to be initiated into the brain. Try it: let the mind keep open house for one day. I am aware of an unostentatious individual who partook of just such a diurnal orientalizing once, and was enabled thereby to see farther into the “burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world” than ever before. Millions of visitors arrived and, folding their pure white wings, waited to be entertained. Visions hovered in the vivid opaline air. From the storehouse of the past came hopes, unrealized, but still how exceedingly lovely even in imaginary fruition. As they should have been they were.

Nature is womanly. She reserves her choicest smiles for the one who appreciates her. Flowers instinctively recognize the presence of a bard, and radiate themselves accordingly for him. Only a finely organized damsel or poet can feel the burning glory of a rose and the symbol therein.

If you have a desire to go and be likewise, do not take any books with you. Ideas and dreams arrive out of space more speedily than you can read. The purple mists on

your native hills are lovelier than literature. Lean back against a tree. Let the muse extend wide wings. Predates the millennium.

"Free the chiseled marble of your dream."

Vindicate elysium. Feel safe; it is all right. No debt for one day,—no duns!

Do not take any wine, but be healthy. There is no wine like health. Honor the cricket in the grass; behold the gold-cloud metropolitan. Live while it is yet now, for soon this nebulous lustre called Autumn, resembling a superhuman Hannibal's beacon fires on Italian hills,

"Will fold its tents like the Arab,  
And as silently steal away."

Do not regret that nameless thousands are going down in ships to death's dark sea; it is so ordered for the best; besides ambition, unless for good, is verily only foam on that same dim sea.

But the proper benefit of a vagrant day—if you can snatch one from close-fisted fate without a dereliction of duty—is in its soothing remembrance. It will remain under the tongue of your cogitations as a sweet morsel forever. Its sustaining influence equals that of a goodly conscience. You will feel in possession of an especial gift, as of prophecy. Only the unutterable recollection of your first celestial flame, which "Prometheus filched for us from heaven," is similar and superior.

A noble disposition is necessary, as well as a powerful brain (are they not the same?) to loaf alone with any degree of spiritual profit. Still, it is not advisable to get caught at it. The great, cruel, melancholy, wise world, which exacts so much from others, and so enormously little

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from itself, will marvel why you are not at work. Work is well enough in its place, though as our friend, A. T. Freed, said, it is not a law of nature, but only a by-law. However that may be, one oriental rest will enable you to accomplish more on the three hundred and sixty-four, and please retrospectively when they are all forgotten.

Certainly, no mortal deserves to be, or indeed can be, wise, or rich, or great without work, and plenty of it, too. All that is said or sung in praise of requisite toil is sensible ; but the surplus amount of labor with which men tax themselves and their patient, forgivable wives, in order to enjoy (?) the luxury of tobacco, etc., is what seems objectionable. Yet the first to cry out against any elevating labor are those who spend so much of their time and hardly-earned wages on such foolishness as stultifies and unfits them to judge of what is necessary for themselves, or the lofty cravings which occupy the souls of others. The quality of work also depends on the condition of the worker. Therefore whatever degrades a man essentially deteriorates that which he was sent on earth to do.

It is a strange spectacle to witness the inestimable amount of misdirected human power. If one-half of man's energy was expended judiciously, well and continuously concentrated, the world, which has been so long "suckled in creeds outworn," would sooner become the receptacle of universal brotherhood. But such may be the waiting result. The millennium is not a myth. To survey such scenery as is here, one is led to believe that earth is Eden-worthy even now if we are. It does not seem consistent with the surrounding excellence, nor the rest of creation, to suppose that our aspirations after all that is high, pure and true are only twits. Still the whole fabric of this material world would require reconstruction before we could be happy here.

The world is correct in the main, but it is frequently reprehensibly wrong in its opinions—just where one would naturally expect something wise—about men who dare, as we do, to differ from its prejudices. If you or I go according to the light of an educated conscience, we are certain to imbibe trouble. Society is a huge tyrant. Few care to face the great bugbear, and that is why so many follow opinion or fashion instead of principle. But if nature has not been lavish with you ; if you are not gifted with beauty and power sufficient to enable you to shake the hampering, dusty city's commotion from your mind for one quiet diurnal dream, then orient yourself with a ramble in the dim bush,

"Or where the brook runs o'er the stones, and smoothes  
Their green locks with its current's crystal comb."

Go forth at dawn, if in spring ; at evening, if in autumn, and croon the following as you go :

"Rest is not quitting  
This busy career ;  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion  
Fleeing from strife,  
Seeking the ocean  
After its life.

'Tis loving and serving  
The highest and best,—  
'Tis onward unswerving,  
And that is true rest."

If you deem some book essential, take "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye," "Reveries of a Bachelor," "Beulah," or "Dreamthorp," which contains (without being personal) a genial essay on vagabonds. If you are thoroughly acquainted with such, take, as did Delilah's lord, "The Gates Ajar." A

Tennyson is choice, but his scenery is not so "native and to the manner born" with us as "Longfellow's Evangeline." "The Onyx Ring," of Stirling, will reconcile you to your lot; so also that "List of Shipwrecks," the Rev. Geo. Gilfillan's "Literary Portrait Gallery." If you have not perused Mrs. Moodie's works, there is yet a treat in store, especially her poem "Fame." It will disenchant you of that folly, "for splendid talents often lead astray." Arcadian Hawthorne's books are exquisitely useful. If they are not congenial, take "Jephthah's Daughter"—not the beautiful Hebrew maiden's self—but the poem, by Heavyside. Do not take a fair friend with you, or your happiness may be too celestial to be remembered without regret; but go alone if you wish to loaf thoroughly. Women do not believe in it; they wish, and deserve, to monopolize museland and the like. You cannot see any other wonder if a woman is near. If you desire to make it a fine art, go free. We all agree with Leigh Hunt that the happiest human lot is

"A lovely woman in a rural spot."

But it is so ordained from the first that intense happiness does not invariably produce the sweetest remembrance. We should foster that form of serene enjoyment which will not be liable to curdle into a bitter cud of regret for after years to ruminate.

Talk is not necessary on such occasions. Images increase as words diminish. The native Indians enjoy fewer words and an ampler supply of poetical metaphors than any other nation.

Your circumstances will not allow you to do so? That may be; but adverse conditions, my dear sir, do not obviate the requirements of the spirit, which distinctively are

that you should orient yourself. But there are other ways by which the soul can vindicate its immortality. Some form naturally suggests itself to an enfranchised conscience. Goethe's advice is to repeat some fine thought, see a beautiful picture, or hear a gentle song once a day at least. The German Shakespeare's doctrine is another proof of his profound insight into the requirements of humanity's great thirsty heart, and in following his fine thesis, we may be excused for quoting a little lilt. It is unusual to find poetry about an old woman, however deserving; but it is still stranger to obtain such by an aged husband. It was first seen years ago in a newspaper, the loss of which compells me to quote from memory.

## WESTWARD, HO!

Nay, do not sit thee down and sigh,  
 My girl, whose forehead pale appears,—  
 A fane whose eyes look royally,  
 Backward and forward o'er the years,—

The long, long realms of conquered time—  
 The possible years unwon—which slope  
 Before us in the grey sublime  
 Of lives which have more faith than hope.

We should not sit us down and dream  
 Fond dreams as idle children do;  
 Thy brow is marked with many a seam,  
 And tears have worn their channels through

These poor thin cheeks, which now I take  
 'Twixt my two hands caressing, dear,—  
 A little sunshine for my sake,  
 Although 'tis far on in the year.



---

Though all our violets, sweet, are dead ;  
The promise gone from fields we knew ;  
Who knows what harvests may be spread  
For reapers brave, like me and you ?

Who knows what bright October suns  
May light up unseen valleys wild,  
Where we, such happy children, once  
Felt joy come to us like a child ?

A child that at the gateway stands  
To kiss the laborers' weary brows,  
And lead them through the twilight lands,  
Up, softly, to her father's house.

Then sit not down and sigh, my dear,  
But keep right on, serene and bold,  
To where the sun sets calm and clear,  
Westward, behind the hills of gold.

## "LO!"

One morning not long ago, "alone, withouten any company," I took a quiet ramble in the old forest, which is always a land of dreams. One cannot well settle accounts with conscience in public, nor see visions there, for the inhabitants of imagination's airy regions are like happiness, exceedingly seclusive in the choice of associates. Consequently it is good to loiter alone sometimes in those fairy realms where spirits most do congregate. It was hazy Indian summer time. The woods were glowing with autumnal fire; but whether I was allured thither, as a child might be, by those fascinating leagues of crimson foliage, or urged on by some demon of discontent, I cannot now remember, nor does it signify.

After wandering for hours by an old Indian trail over a forest floor carpeted with scarlet leaves, beautifully variegated, and rendered fragrant by tufts of tall grass, spikenard and fern, over fallen trees, deserted river beds and creeks, whose waters and banks resembled the burning bush of Israel's leader, at last my path emerged near the foot of a long row of hills.\* These hills are ranged east and westward. They rise two or three hundred feet above the surrounding wilderness, and are about twenty-five miles from Burlington Bay. Being partly cultivated, every time the plough turns the brown furrows it discloses another litter of grim,

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\* By that same stream, but nearer its outlet, in the days of other years, when a pine canoe was my perfect happiness, it was a subject of endless wonder where the water came from, and where it drifted to. In after life we found its emergence by the Hamilton cemetery, and its source near those tumuli.

bygone humanity. Bits of decrepit gods, human teeth, here and yonder a piece of broken skull—probably the only peace said skull ever enjoyed—as if the owners had been amusing themselves at a Donnybrook fair; kettles full of colored beads, and skeletons doubled up; wampum belts, tomahawks with their edges bent or broken—evidently served so for a purpose, as guns are spiked to render them worthless in the hands of a foe; strangely shaped stones, resembling ladies' tating shuttles, supposed formerly to have been used by Mexican net-weavers; arrow-heads, wedges, curiously carved pipes and images are found in and around these ancient Indian graves, for to such purposes these hills were applied in times out of mind. And, was it a guardian spirit? from the pale blue ether came a lonesome cry out of a shape as of a wild hawk.

It was a beautiful day—as lovely as was ever let out of heaven—and being somewhat weary, I concluded to enjoy a short rest with those who rested here.

"Stop! for thy tread is on an empire's dust!"

"And Harold stands upon the place of skulls!"

and would be pleased to hold a few words of parley with those who have trod "the road to dusty death," if only to ask: Brother, below there, what of the night? or, is there any below and above? or are they like astronomical names, merely relative? and how has it fared with you since you entered those dim doors, which we feel to be secretly swinging ajar for others, and what have you found therein?

"Fear not thou to loose thy tongue,  
Set thy hoary fancies free."

Still silent all. Is this silence owing to a misunderstanding of our tongue? And have you no ghostly interpreter? We

were taught to believe the language of that bourn universal ; if so, we may mercifully translate such reticence as being the reserve of a sublime pity for the dark doom awaiting us, or a quiet scorn for our seeming impertinent familiarity.

"O, that some courteous ghost would blab it out."

But if it is contrary to the regulations of the place, vain for us to urge an untimely disclosure. Nevertheless, is it not astonishing that out of the countless hosts of drafted, volunteers, regular and honorable members, who have gone to compose your company for such an immeasurable multitude of centuries, none ever turned Morgan ?

"I'll ask no more :  
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine  
Enlightens but yourselves. Well, 'tis no matter ;  
A very little time will clear up all,  
And make us wise as you are, and as close:"

Silence sits there and holds the portals wide for us to enter at all hours ; but out of that house—that huge mute morgue—no spirit ever ventures. Those doors act as valves, they open only one way. There are no thoroughfares ; there are no return tickets, nor are they transferable. We are not in a position to prove the experiment, but take for granted that not all the flashing diamonds of Golconda could bribe a Cimmerian to come forth, or to admit an uninvited mortal before the ebony-winged angel saw fit to unclasp the everlasting sesame and bow the sedate stranger in. Perhaps such questions as we importune the dead with will never be answered ; yet it is possible, because we ask, that in the unfinished future of even this world something may arise to open our eyes eterne.

Of one thing we can be certain: the mundane destiny of those who repose here resembled ours. We "eat, drink, toil, tremble, laugh, weep, sleep and die." Such being the required conditions of universal humanity, hence the brotherhood. And on this forsaken stage history could have been erected centuries before its repetition of ruin marred the marble streets of Rome, or the red rain laid the ghostly dust of war in breezy Troy.

Prof. Agassiz asserts that this continent is older than the "Old World," and remnants of nations and cities from Superior to Peru, as well as geological proofs, attest the accuracy of his conclusions; consequently it may not be wrong to infer that empires, even memories of them, have gone by and left no more record than the flight of disturbed birds leaves on the vague air of night. Certainly these graves are as enigmatical as any that loom "from out the drear eclipse of the long Theban years."\*

So when Jonah winded his horn of warning around the walls of proud Nineveh, possibly the teocallis resounded through the halls of Montezuma. An empire is menaced; the gods must be invoked, for power is in the hands of the

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\* NOTE.—The modern Indians, in their legends and chants, often allude to the expulsion of an earlier and more civilized race of people from the north, portions of whom the Aztecs and Mexicans are supposed to be. The thrifty manner in which the copper mines of Lake Superior were worked leads us to infer they were not conducted by the present aborigines. The extent of those mining operations presupposes considerable skill, and corresponding demand; while the condition in which the ore was left—as if "the shadows of evening told the long forgotten owners that the labors of the day were at an end, but to which they never returned"—goes far to prove that the miners were surprised at work and fled, leaving copper slabs, tools, etc., in the mines. According to Williamson and MacIntosh, the traditions of many Indian tribes affirm they originally came from Asia by Behring's Straits, and drove the ancient Americans southward. Dr. L. Wilson graphically alludes to this interesting subject. See also "Ancient America," by Prof. John D. Baldwin, M. A.

priests, who interpret the mystic oracles according to their own lustful cupidity or fear. An awed nation is hushed, waiting for some favorable omen. Mutely they look and listen while human sacrifices smoke and shriek on the great green stone altars. The majestic porphyry fane of the sun must receive aromatic gums in golden censers, and reek with propitiatory youthful blood. But the gods are stone; they refuse to hear or help. The looms are abandoned for the armorer's hammer, and mill-wheels remain still. Miners hasten from the mountains to guard their homes in the ancient city against a northern foe. The foe—suddenly they come! and the canals are filled with a human bridge, over which barbarous hords enter to sack and render the city a shambles, full of unsung Iliads. Thus nations pass away in gore, like red leaves in an autumnal gale, and lovely vineyards of prosperity are changed by the twinkling of war's red brand into Shanandoahs of desolation. And over all these Borodinos of woe, this building, replenishing and decay of empires, over feats of valor, fame, beauty—whatever constitutes a state—hang the fogs and litchens of relentless oblivion, whose wrecks have not even the meagre consolation of a dirge. "I passed by the walls of Balclutha, and they were desolate."

Very likely the grandiloquent orators of those days pointed back to past iniquity, and thanked their gods that they were not as the hypocrite, while with the other hand they fostered similar sins; weeping pure tears over anti-quarian suffering, and leaving the innocent orphans without any present help. If so, if their learned theologians worried the world with disputations concerning the origin of obsolete words, and left the widows to wail at their varnished portals, while they hold farcical contentions about the punctuation of their prayers, then are they different from the wise of our days?

Will posterity ever become as superior to the present as we overpar what we know of the past? Will some complacent philosopher of futurity—some "truthful James"—ever take a moral delight in shying stoves at our hydra-headed delinquencies when we become the past? charging us with our gin-palaces, gambling hells, equivocal buildings, etc., or that we "went for the heathen"? As we treat the merits of traditionary ages after the manner in which young mothers regard unwedded fair friends—with feelings of condescension—so the future may look down upon us.

"Lo God's likeness; the ground plan,  
Neither painted, glazed or framed!  
Buss thee, thou rough sketch of man,  
Far too naked to be shamed!"

These skeletons, empty quivers now, that once contained the sharp arrows of love, fear, rage, ambition, pain and hope, are all that remain of thee, and these shattered stone gods are just what exists of thy piety. Thy great dread of omens, at which we, in our presumptuous scientific lore, dare to laugh; thy scorn of those things which we fear. And now, what lessons are we to learn from these broken cisterns? None. We have more warnings already, printed in the blood of the red man and the pale faced Christian, than we ever apply to our good. Thy wars are a portion of thy dim divinity; ours are diametrically opposed to our mercy-saving creeds; consequently, if "revenge, red ruin, and the breaking up of laws" are ever right, they are so with thee.

We are educated above all such heathen rites as revenge. We send missionaries to every available portion of the green earth. We trundle wheel-barrows full of Bibles through the traditionary streets of Rome. We, the enlightened, have steam presses, electricity, science, lectures, teachers by the

million. We rejoice in thousands of years of prophecy fulfilled by eighteen hundred years of the words of ineftable peace, to draw inspiring examples from. We have four thousand years of history and, probably, six misty cycles or æons of geology, to ponder on. What need have *we* to abuse our idea of peace, by contemplating these petrified waves of time's immeasurable "drift period," peopled by war, while we have brought to our doors, per Atlantic cable, refreshing daily accounts of the most enlightened, successful and honorable sanguinary strife that ever rubricated a European map of war, got up on the most efficient Prussian plans? No. We want no lessons from the cruel, cruel heathen. They do not cheat fair. This is an age of progress; and it is not reasonable for the ghosts who once animated these bleaching bones, to expect us to exorcise them with reverential sympathy for their past ruins, since they fail to furnish proof that they even knew of present improved systems of government contract with the mitrailleuses, monitors or Armstrongs.

Governments smilingly place their mailed hands on the strong shoulders of the red heathen and say, Peace; while the agents are safely appropriating spoils. If the fraud is resented, peace is forced by the bayonet. Peace, says the missionary, and four years of such human bloodshed as has made a winepress from centre to sea of the finest portions of this glowing globe sets the example. Peace! and a thousand breweries opulently exude the very essence of strife, quietly called by Rev. Robert Hall "liquid hell-fire, and distilled damnation." Peace, we say, and the mildest practical application of civilized nations' feelings heretofore shown towards the Indian is kill, burn, destroy. Peace! he may reply,



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"I have sought it where it should be found,  
In love, with love, too, which perhaps deserved it,  
And in its place a heaviness of heart,  
A weariness of spirit, listless days  
And nights inexorable to sweet sleep  
Have come upon me! Peace, what peace?  
The calm of desolation, and the stillness of  
The untrodden forest, only broken by  
The sighing tempest in its groaning boughs."

But actions speak more palpably than words. We teach them the *precepts* of the Bible and the *practice* of the rifle. It is easy to arouse a spirit of retaliation in the minds of those with whom it is a religion, whenever such a spirit is necessary as an excuse to justify the seizure of more spoils. When an excuse is required, the waters of the fabled stream will run in any required direction. Looking over our dealings with the savages in the light of truth, which side exhibits the greater degree of consistency? Too frequently our progress in one art is purchased with a corresponding loss of some excellence on the other hand. It is frequently lamented that our scientific prosperity generates materialism; while others aver that much of conventional spirituality is little more than superstition in a fashionable form, and many of the highly approved theories of so-called civilized society are merely diluted doses of death. The doctrine of predestination and the doctrine of free will—the latter seems like a life lease to us of a portion of the spirit world—seem both to be sufficiently established, by nature and by grace; yet, year after year, what time-wasting controversies are launched sheer over the sleepy heads of fashionable congregations. Whole shiploads of the prodigal's husks are vaguely drifting across the mental ocean of this creed-weary world. We despise the stupid stone gods of the heathen, and erect creed-gods instead. Images will not save us, though they be carved out of the jasper of the great white throne; and

that we may find to our detriment, when the roll-call of ruin is read at the final tribunal. There the beamless eyes of the soul may see that, with all the pride and vanity of boasted progress, we make many successful pilgrimages back to barbarity. It may then be obvious, also, that the distance from the nineteenth century back to heathendom is much shorter than forward to civilization, and that sectarianism has no more to do with genuine piety than the color of the church with prayers.

Let us, however, not be misunderstood in this. Sects, we believe, do not err simply because they enjoy different forms of one worship. It is natural that every pilgrim should prefer that side of the great temple of truth which first broke upon his longing gaze and made his heart glad. Even controversies may be well enough (as an attrition process by which both sides of the diamond are brightened at once) as long as they are conducted in a spirit of mutual forbearance. To condemn wholesale because some err is a modern sample of Herod's legislation—equivalent to barricading all roads because they are sometimes bad. "Such a course is like that of a man who destroys the steps of a ladder by which he proposes to climb."\*

We only denounce bigotry, intolerance and whatever arouses bitter feeling between denominations, for such courses are not only evil in themselves, but they give room for skeptics to sneer, who try to make others believe that because sects differ they are all to be despised.

But our principal reason for despising the heathen is, because they cannot sin on such a magnificent scale as becomes our liberal views of social advancement. They have not the ability, nor the moral education, requisite to fit

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\* Rev. David Inglis.

them for it. For instance: it entered the silly pate of a French Empress to fabricate a hairy absurdity on the summit of her florid cranium, and soon the lovely outlines of female Christendom were disfigured. Her husband promised to sustain Garibaldi in the liberation of Italy, but she did not see fit to disturb the infallibility of his Holiness the Pope, consequently "the land of lost gods and god-like men" was abandoned to groan and grovel in bondage. What would have been the advice of Queen Pocahontas under similar circumstances?

He, this French Emperor, persuaded his friend Maximilian to establish a throne in Mexico, but in time of need, when the Mexicans arose in rebellion, he abandoned his friend to be butchered by a foreign foe and turned coldly from the supplications of Princess Carlotta on behalf of her young lord, because it did not suit his or his consort's "idea" to keep his word. Would Tecumseh have done so? Subsequently this same despot, who, according to Victor Hugo, gained his throne by forcing seventy-five millions of votes in his favor, because he was not allowed to place whom he pleased on the throne of Spain, seemingly without compunction deluged his own kingdom with the blood of millions, as a holocaust to his exorbitant ambition.

"For France got drunk with blood to vomit crime,  
And fatal hath her Saturnalia been."

It would scarcely be just to infer that the heathen are better than ourselves, but sometimes we think they are not quite so bad. Yet this state of self-made sin is likely to continue with society for centuries. It requires no Hebraist to translate such a conclusion. Even the pure waters of truth, when filtered through the sieve of public opinion, are apt to become tintured by the rust of prejudice. There is no improving systems of divine ethics self-emanating, apart

from the decalogue; not one in a thousand lives a life so exalted as to fill the requirements of laws taught even by the Jews, while degradation increases by compound multiplication ratio. Hence numberless human hecatombs may yet be sacrificed before evil is eradicated, unless the Almighty out of pity sees fit to snatch the reins of government from the hands of free will altogether. Iniquity and morality go hand in hand, and the former is frequently the lovelier. "O Pleasure, you're indeed a pleasant thing;" and men, yea, and some women too—with reverence be it spoken—prefer beautiful, gay evil to the unmerciful visage some moralists assume. As it is, if advice were of any benefit, we would recommend worse guilt and better good. The two extremes, instead of meeting as they frequently do, should be so different that youth could not be deceived. If the drunkard will drink, let him go his gait conspicuously and advertise his folly by his fumes. Thus he may be a warning to all who are so unfortunate as to come in contact with his contagion. Imbibe bale. Speed the health-consuming carouse. Gulp the stifling atmosphere of gin-mills of midnight iniquity. Rejoice in riot, be abounding in sin, fire the brain with alcohol, warn the wicked by wickedness, please Tophet with profanity and finish such a life's infernal orgie with the howls of delirium,

"Like a man's laughter heard in hell,  
Far down."

And the good could be better. But we will not disparage. It has been my fortune to find many excellent men and some angels of women. I believe with Bishop Hall who said, "If I ever get to Heaven, I expect to find ten women to one man there." "As thy faith so be it unto thee." Surely there are some remaining in this world whose feet are

beautiful upon the hills. Though we are often forced to sympathize with our mother Eve, when, on looking back towards Eden, longing, lovingly, tearfully, tenderly, she saw the creaking gates of paradise close upon her gaze forever; yet there can be no harm in believing that some of the crimson-pinioned seraphim flashed forth through the pearly portals to follow her and hers. Of a surety no one would find it easy to disbelieve in sin, both "original and select," but those who rejoice in that terrible doctrine, total depravity, must be totally depraved, and, as they judge by themselves, they have a very appropriate sample to misjudge from. But some spirit of evil often hinders us from seeing goodness until it is too late. Our experience in this is like that of a river voyage. For instance:

When sailing down the Hudson in hazy October, every few roods the vessel advances the whole vast panorama of stream, mountain and heavenly scenery changes. The magnificent scene varies also as fast as the sun declines. His western light "gilds the green wave and trembles as it glows," tinting the far off mountain tops with soft hues as of velvet roses—as if the celestial scavengers of the pearly city had lifted up its great gates and with their breezy wings wafted the superfluous flowers of Eden through. And they fell—clouds of roses, mountains of them, islands of verbenas, rivers of violets—and the moon blends her mystery therewith, and at dawn bands of angels variegate the diurnal glory. It is the same with the St. Lawrence, "the great melancholy river, grand only in its grandeur, solitary, unapproachable, cut off from the companionship and the interests of life by its rocks and rapids; yet calm and conscious, working its work in silent state." When we are drifted down either of these wonders of waters, we are apt to mar our exquisite enjoyment of their beauties by regretting that it is

all so soon to pass departed. So, when wafted down the stream of life, we are too prone to allow some passing spray of disappointment to dampen our perception of a thousand acts of goodness in our fellow beings, which, if properly appreciated, would render remembrance as lovely as the lake of a thousand isles.

It should be appreciated as a great boon, moreover, that we have no ancient history of this continent, for we are inclined to the opinion entertained by Lord Byron, that history is a great liar. Allowing his lordship to be correct in this, how exceeding thankful we should feel about our "plentiful lack" of knowledge concerning ancient folly. Suppose, for instance, we were forced to wade through all the useless lumber-drift of mouldy antiquity, trying to trace out the transmitted line and Divine right (?) of illegitimate kings, from regions and dynasties as remote as may have been reigned over here, down through a limitless succession of hereditary bondsmen, the majority of whom seem gendered solely for the purpose of muddling the memory of the student of truth; political intrigue, court scandal, self-aggrandizement, ambition gratified by national bloodshed, effeminating satiety, death; but here we have escaped whole battalions of bewilderment. Ponder the wisdom of it. Let us be still and meditate, thanking our stars, or Oblivion's alluring river for having wafted away all such riraf.

"The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their joys and fears,  
Are hastening downward with the flood  
And lost in following years."

One would naturally think a record of human institutions more entertaining than any other study, but, of all the boundless and constantly accumulating sources of research, history is the most depressing. From India to Iceland,

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from Cain to Booth, there is little secular history calculated to elevate our failing faith in humanity, or redeem the wantonness of the world's rulers; for men of the most selfish and degenerating propensities generally flourish at the expense of the worthy. Geology is profoundly instructive, astronomy elevates; how eminently useful is chemistry, and it is destined to emancipate the ignorant yet more; agriculture awakens thought, theology arouses the divinity of faith, commerce binds the nations in universal brotherhood; poetry and her "rainbow sister" refine and strengthen the student; but we cannot give history much credit except for indirectly attesting, that evil, which has flooded the world for so long, has failed to wholly extinguish the spark of divine fire called conscience.

If any proof is required to substantiate the belief in providential interpositions, it is here, in this: If it were not for such an agency, men would have ruined this world irrevocably by the broken laws of nature alone, to say nothing of the neglected laws of grace. Six thousand years—maybe more?—of hereditary ruin, besides the addition of individual vice, were enough to have expunged morality centuries ago, but for some counteracting cause, just as the disintegrating principle would have worn away all land to a sea level but for the upheaving of internal fires.

It is also well that there are no tombstones here, for they too are unreliable. "At Florence the genius of Michael Angelo was taxed to manufacture a gorgeous tomb for the Medici family. The lords of Verona prepared for themselves massive sarcophagi beneath gothic canopies of elaborate fretwork, and there they lie entombed." The gate-keeper of Greenwood cemetery told me once, that men sometimes spend a fortune to decorate a grave, during the first outburst of grief, when, afterwards, owing to some

reversive wrench of fortune's wheel, their subsequent offspring suffered for want of bread and education.

It is well to render the last resting place lovely, for it is the wisest course to make everything connected with parting or loss as cheerful as is consistent with sorrow. But are those after-death displays performed to satisfy a craving for beauty, or to salve remorse for past neglect of the dead, or are they built up by ambition to outshine some other dust? If so, far better as it is here! Here "the lords" are unknown—are those known at Verona? Here "the gothic canopies of elaborate fretwork" are the ever varying heavens, and the "massive sarcophagus" is the venerable wilderness. Here the lofty pinnacles are the storm-tanned pines, lightning-blighted, thunder-splintered, piercing the clear evening air, as remorse may probe a Christian's conscience, and here the architectural Michael Angelo is the Almighty.

The world is a vast battlefield, the Waterloo of the spirit, where thousands are yearly overwhelmed by ignorance and for want of the bread that perisheth. Better make haste to help the living than to decorate the dead.

The world is also an extensive graveyard, yet we have no proof that even Solomon, or any Persian king "in waste Persepolis," or any embalmed Cheops rests better than these chiefs.

"Take them, O great eternity!  
Our little life is but a gust  
That bends the branches of thy tree,  
And trails its blossoms into dust."



## SOME CANADIAN BOOKS.

It is pleasing to learn that Canadian literature is assuming its merited position and coming into demand. A nation's patriotism is generally in proportion to its literature. Without a strong feeling of loyalty inspires to duty there can be but little reliance placed on internal defence. The inference is therefore plain, that the assistance of literature in building up and sustaining a nation against its adversaries is greater than some politicians would have us believe. In this way a short, patriotic war ode has done more than a fort. When an exquisite song has rendered a locality notorious, the inhabitants thereof look upon that place in the light of personal property. The Scotch might possibly change some way-mark endeared to them by Burns, but no foreign nation could do so. It would not be healthy to try it, nor conducive to peace and length of days. All pandemonium would be aroused at an attempted invasion of that "Mecca of the mind."

Nor could Feniandom—that political door-mat on which Jonathan wipes his official feet—prevail against Brock's monument.

Men respect men in proportion to the power which they wield over the world generally for good, as women appreciate their lords according to their influence over others—other lords, not ladies. So it frequently happens that a people venerate their native land in proportion as it is appreciated by other empires for valor, industry and intelligence. The Bible, literature, work and wealth are the four corner-stones of Britain's power.

The literature of Prussia, which is said to be the best read country, has elevated the Fatherland to a position unattained by any other empire unassisted by commerce. The rise and fall of learning have an equal influence on the prosperity or decline of states with the growth and decline of trade. The idea that mental excellence is purchased by physical deterioration is not entertained any more, except by such as are too feeble to enquire into such subjects. The cultivation of the mind produces bodily power, because it is the natural condition. If science is not the back bone of civilization, it is certainly a rib, or handmaid of religion; and, so far from poetry and song being effeminating (that's an objectionable word, for women are as strong as men in influence), they have flourished more healthily at the beginning of some great dynasties, when physical endurance was most in requisition, than when the same nations were cultivated or enervated by luxury. Often in battles poets have been in the very brunt.

The truth is that *truly* enlightened humanity is more powerful in body and brain than the heathen, simply because civilized people obey more laws, organic and moral, than the heathen know how to obey or ever heard tell of, and also because of the physical sustenance of faith. If it were not so, Christian communities would not excel. More than half that we take praise for is only a question of obedience, whether the obedience is accidental, which we fear is too frequently the case—humanly speaking—or intentional. Mental excellence may be a divine gift, but, for the good of those who, under that impression, would prefer to *wait* instead of *work* for such gifts, we believe it is as safe, from the standpoint of reason, to call them cause and effect—labor and light.

It has been remarked, on reading Mrs. Moodie's works, or those of E. H. Dewart, McLachlan, C. Sangster and Dr. Clark, that the scenery of Canada, being on such an extensive scale, is apt to elicit a more general description than the scenes individually interesting, and more prominent localities of older and less ample realms. Consequently, Canada is liable to awaken less patriotism through those writers, though their intrinsic merits are as great as those of many foreign works which may be more extensively known. Other causes why our productions have not heretofore grown in greater demand were very ably explained by a gentleman in connection with the publishing firm of Adam, Stevenson & Co., Toronto. Large publishing houses in other countries, having had a monopoly of the trade before Canadian firms began, were in possession of greater facilities not only for *supplying* but for *causing* a demand, which the Americans succeeded in doing even in this country to its detriment; for the great obstacle in this, as in other enterprises, is to compete with an established commodity. The New York *Ledger* militated as much against the success of our efforts as its influence could do to elevate us. I was told by a gentleman\* of London, Ont., that for nine years he was forced to sell at the one-third value the same brand of Canadian kerosene, in order to introduce it in Canada where the Pennsylvania petroleum was previously sold. Such up-hill work being necessary in establishing a staple necessity, much more is it required when the demand has to be *created*, as is too frequently the case with mental pabulum.

But it is not likely that even Burns could have obtained a hearing in this country in its earliest days—though there

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\* W. Duffield.

is no genius in it or out of it capable of proving the experiment. Such a condition may partly be accounted for, because the first settlers brought no extra luxuries, refinements or sentiments with them. Muscle was the standard of excellence. It was important to "clear a spot" and "put up" a house. No time to get homesick. They worked until too weary to think, slept, and then worked again. A school-house was a tradition. If any remembrance of fine art remained, it was considered of no use. Except to hunt stray cattle, or trap musk-wash, or keep the hair on when the Indians were around, no art was necessary. Learning then meant the use of herbs. Such a state of affairs continued for nearly three generations. When parents do not appreciate any thing, the offspring are not likely to do so; for whatever may be said about the Divine afflatus of genius, probably it is plainly a transmission of parental characteristics under other very favorable circumstances. When we add to this the truth that ignorance is hereditary, and moreover that whatever the "home-made" supply may be, there is considerable "imported ignorance" to be educated in this country—for the samples of immigration which we gladly receive are not the most polished which their respective nations can furnish—and the wonder is that we are so nearly abreast of those who have long had a start. Then again, there are such high standards of literature in the older lands. England does not consider how long she had to wait for a Shakespeare, nor does Sandie speer about the number of centuries that rolled along through space before that Scotch angel called Burns lit on a misty scraggy island, on his way to Canada. Gœthe doubted if he would have had the heart to attempt literature if his country had such precedent works as Hamlet. How then is it with us? On the one hand is the unextinguishable sun, on the other

> the cloud of comparison which *always* has a shadow. "I can't get out, said the starling," and the critics instead of helping out fasten the cage with wire-drawn definitions of "high art"—so high that you cannot see (being among the cloud-mists) a single flower below nor star above.

We sometimes think it would be as well if the critics would let authors alone for the ensuing three or four hundred years. Then the timid would have a gorgeous time, for it often happens that the profoundest thinkers are the most diffident. For the untimely extinction of how many such are the critics responsible? The only definite conclusion that they come to is, to confound each other's pet theories or schools. "I sometimes think we have too much preaching," said H. W. Beecher. Men are apt to become bewildered by reason of too many guides, as did Mark Twain in Palestine. But there are some starlings who *can* "get out" even here.

I am led to these observations because a reviewer advised Mr. C. Heavysege to omit the scene from "Saul" where Malzah, "the evil spirit from the Lord," shirks his work. His spiritual bowels, as it were, yearned towards the unhappy king with compassion. There may have been a fellow-feeling between them—anyway Malzah plays hookie, as school boys call it, by hiding in Saul's wine cellar, where he was discovered sitting astride the wine bags, singing earthly songs and making remarks about humanity; in a condition which would not receive the approbation of Mr. J. B. Gough, who would likely object to the hypercritical expurgation of that scene. What more consistent condition could an evil spirit be in? Is not inebriety their legitimate business? As far as personal experience and observation extend, evil spirits have monopolized the liquor traffic for some time. However, not every one is gifted with a moral

perception of the universal fitness of even sin. There are those who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. That omission may have been done, however, with the consent of the author. With him I took a quiet walk one Sabbath evening up the mountain side from Montreal. We came upon a road leading southerly by the Jesuits' college—an immense building, facing the east, from the centre projection of which emanated such music as I never expected to hear this side of the New Jerusalem.

"Ave Maria! blessed be the hour,  
The time, the clime, the spot where I so oft  
Have felt that moment in its fullest power  
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft;  
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,  
Or the faint, dying day-hymn stole aloft;  
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,  
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer."

To the left was the city, beyond it the Victoria Bridge, and, glinting in the evening sun, the mighty St. Lawrence.

"Far off his coming shone."

Broad, bright, beautiful! The great, melancholy river—unfathomable. A monopoly of majesty, cotinuing forever to seethe and surge, to boil and foam, to rush and roll.

The conversation, as can be imagined, was chiefly of poetry, but ranged through an infinity of themes, he having the power

"To point the inconclusive page  
Full on the eye,"

As one would readily infer after reading "Saul," a work which we have no hesitation in placing first among Canadian productions. Original and alone in style; untrammled in imagination; and bold as Byron's "Cain," without Cain's

blasphemy and deepening gloom of doubt. Its very faults have the unusual excellency which the critics of "Jane Eyre" called "the economy of art." A reserve of power, as if the winged steed had to be reined in—an easy grace—nature's choicest gift. It imparts the idea that the mental fountain whence it came is exhaustless. Some portions of Lord Byron's genius, as described by Pollok, apply to Saul.—"As some vast river of unfailing source," etc. Malzah, the evil spirit, is my favorite character in the book. Some who have read the work, and some who have not read it, will not marvel at this. Though a good-hearted sprite, he is frequently in trouble, not only of his own making, but he gives his employers no rest.

#### DEMON.

"Look, who therefrom now cometh towards us sad,  
 Peyona, Malzah's lover. Thou knowest Malzah?  
 Him, the facetious spirit, who with mirth  
 Infectious doth at times provoke half Hell.  
 I will accost her. Malzah's lately grown—  
 And here's the fruit of that forbidden tree  
 Which we first tasted in the carnal world—  
 Groundlessly jealous of her; for sure never  
 More constant creature than herself ever fell  
 From light,—indeed from thence she did not fall,  
 But wandered freely to our gloomy pit,  
 After her lover, whom to seek was ruin.

Lo, where yon demon with increasing speed  
 Makes his dim way across the night-hung flood,  
 Due to the Hebrew king, with onward heed,  
 Like to a hound that sniffs the scent of blood."

Hear him parting from Peyona, his mistress, who is on a visit from Tophet to Ramah, seeking Malzah;

“ My Peyona,  
The scents of heaven yet hover round thy lips,  
That are a garden of well watered sweets ;  
Which I must leave now for the arid desert  
Of vexing Saul.

And I'll expire  
Till quickened i' the resurrection of thy countenance.  
*Exeunt both.*

MESSENGER ANGEL.

Whitner art thou descending, sweet Zelehtha ?

ZELEHTHA.

To earth, whereon to seek a certain spirit,  
Who has been trespassing on Heaven's light—  
One of the troop of the notorious Zaph.

MESSENGER ANGEL.

Hath he a roguish look ?

ZELEHTHA.

He hath.

MESSENGER ANGEL.

Then I,  
Even now, as I was leaving earth, have met him,  
Down towards Lebanon flying. Steer thou by  
Yon orient cloud. Farewell. [*Disappears ascending.*]

ZELEHTHA.

'Tis Nardial,

The ever journeying angel of the Lord.  
What an auroral hue and morning tinge  
The constant-fanning ether gives his form !  
*Exit descending.*

ZAPH, CHIEF OF EVIL SPIRITS.

The Jewish king now walks at large and sound,  
Yet of our emissary Malzah hear we nothing ;  
Go now, sweet spirit, and, if need be, seek  
The world all over for him ;—find him out,



Be he within the bounds of earth or Hell.  
He is a most erratic spirit, so  
May give thee trouble (as I give thee time)  
To find him, for he may be now diminished,  
And at the bottom of some silken flower,  
Wherein, I know he loves, when evening comes,  
To creep, and lie all night, encanopied  
Beneath the manifold and scented petals;  
Fancying, he says, he bids the world adieu,  
And is again a slumberer in heaven:  
Or, in some other vein, perchance thou'lt find him  
Within the walls or dens of some famed city.  
Give thou a general search, in open day,  
I' the town and country's ample field; and next  
Seek him in dusky cave, and in dim grot;  
And in the shadow of the precipice,  
Prone or supine extended motionless;  
Or, in the twilight of o'erhanging leaves,  
Swung at the nodding arm of some vast beech.  
By moonlight seek him on the mount, at noon  
In the translucent waters salt or fresh;  
Or near the dank-marged fountain, or clear well,  
Watching the tadpole thrive on suck of venom;  
Or where the brook runs o'er the stones and smoothes  
Their green locks with its current's crystal comb.  
Seek him in rising vapors and in clouds  
Crimson or dun; and often on the edge  
Of the gray morning and of tawny eve:  
Search in the rocky alcove and woody bower;  
And in the crow's nest look, and into every  
Pilgrim-crowd-drawing Idol, wherein he  
Is wont to sit in darkness and be worshipped.  
If thou should'st find him not in these, search for him  
By the lone melancholy tarns of bitterns;  
And in the embosomed dells, whereunto maidens  
Resort to bathe into the tepid pool.  
Look specially there, and, if thou seest peeping  
Satyr or faun, give chase and call out 'Malzah!'  
For he shall know thy voice and his own name."

Mark Malzah's influence on Saul;—

“ Ay, I am filled with evil whilst my fit  
Continues, and do scores of murders then,  
In fancy, and in my excited hour,  
Abominations work for which there is  
No name in the vocabulary, whose worst  
Expressions seem soft terms of innocence,  
Compared with the big syllables required  
To express me fully, when, in cruelty  
And guile, the very soul of Moloch and  
The machinations of the cunningest fiends  
That walk the bottomless pit, and therein ply  
Their fruitful fancies to deceive the world,  
Move me midst black temptation. O, I breathe  
Then the live coals of hell, and all my heart  
Glow's ruddier than Tophet's angry noon,  
So bloody is my soul, and wrapped in sable.”

After having partaken of David's musical medicine Saul exclaims :—

“ O Music, thou art a magician ! strange,  
Most strange, we did not sooner think of thee,  
And charm us with thy gentle sorcery.”

It is not possible to take one or two diamonds from a complete circlet, and call them a sample of the finished necklace. Such a proceeding resembles felling an orchard tree for the fruit.

- ▷ The poem, “ Jephthah's Daughter,” is also a gem, reminding
- ▷ one of Sir Walter Scott's beautiful Jewess in *Ivanhoe*.
- ▷ Other works by the same author should be better known.

The poem “ Saul ” has been frequently and favorably reviewed on both sides of the Atlantic. It was analyzed with discrimination by the “ North British Review,” a portion of which is as follows :

“ In this poem, for the first time, spirits have been represented in a manner which fully justifies the boldness

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involved in representing them at all. Malzah is a living character, as true to supernatural as Hamlet or Falstaff are to nature; and, by this continuation, as it were, of humanity into new circumstances and another world, we are taught to look upon humanity itself from a fresh point of view, and we seem to obtain new and startling impressions of the awful character of the influences by which we are beset. Seldom has art so well performed the office of handmaiden to religion as in this embodiment of the soul of the faithless, sophistical, brave and generously disposed king of Israel, and a most impressive, practical exposition of the awful truth, that he who is not wholly for God is against Him. For proof of our opinion we can only refer the reader to the entire work, of which a few separate passages are no test whatever."

The subject of "Canadian Poetry" was ably treated in "Pure Gold" for May 17th, 1872, showing our partiality for foreign literature to the neglect of our own "McLachlan, Heavysege, Sangster and a dozen such."

But we must forego the pleasure of a quotation therefrom because it might be misinterpreted. There is a little dose of consolation in the axiom that "favorites are ever unfortunate." However, there appears no reason to be disheartened. Better times for Canadian books are dawning, judging from the reception accorded to the truly worthy "Canadian Monthly,"\* and also as inferred from the extensive catalogue of Hunter, Rose & Co., publishers, Toronto.

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\* See article in the May number, headed "International Courtesies."

## TRANSFIGURATION.

WRITTEN AT NIAGARA FALLS.

A thirsty wanderer o'er an arid desert  
When first he looks on water, even so  
There comes a change o'er every human spirit  
When first it looks on Beauty, and that hour  
Is to the soul as rain to thirsty soil,  
As flowers to June, or radiance from that star  
That moved before the Magi gloriously,  
Baptizing with illimitable light.  
It gleameth upon all, but to a few  
Imparts a doubly swift significance—  
Yea, it awakened superhuman visions  
In one when first he stood in that quick presence  
Ineffable, immutable, unknown.  
O strange beginning of life's endlessness!—  
Not any Arab in realms oriental,  
Not those of Mexico who made the morn,  
Or the morn's god, a worship marvellous,  
When, standing on their native solar fanes,  
Dark devotees of dawn, enrapt, regarding  
Their god make glad the kindling earth and heavens—  
Flashing his far off flames upon the high  
Old crimson-crested mountains, making each  
An occidental Sinai,—e'er felt  
A swifter adoration than his spirit  
When first he saw th' unuttered loveliness,  
Predestined never more to pass away.  
*This* is the Horeb of the heart, whose dower  
Is in the terrible tables, and whose charge

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Is to transcribe them to a scornful world.  
And this responsible transfiguration  
Is dowered with disenchantment and with pain,  
As is the sun with shadows ; therefore, thou,  
Burn not thine incense lavishly, O bard !  
Behold ! a time may come when thou canst see  
Before thee no shekinah in the night.  
Then shalt thou use thine innate inspirations,  
The soothing sustenance of Song, when friends,  
By calumny estranged, cry, " Crucify."  
Like Israel's sackclothed monarch may'st thou lie,  
Forced to thank foes for thine own offspring's death ;  
Or proudly driven to the lone heathen art,  
To bind up thine own wounds in thine own blood ;  
For few can understand unselfishness.  
But, as the oak is by the storm sustained,  
So thou hast learned that a grand soul grows strong  
In just proportion as woe's waves roll high,  
Inducted thus in mighty scenes like these ;  
A glorious hint of that which is to come,  
A rapture rendering the full spirit dumb.

## FRENCH CHAOS.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO DR. VERNON.

Affable friend,—Once in my hearing you expressed sentiments to the effect that you were “fond of this sort of thing.” Permit me, therefore, to present to you the following. If you read it, be kind enough to draw a pencil through those ideas which are unseemly. Spare not. Criticism is beneficial in proportion to its honesty. Delay your verdict, however, if you are laboring in a fit of indigestion. Your acumen is caustic enough naturally. At best, you may call it by its title, Chaos—very well, we will suppose you to be a judge of such, for the same faculties that appreciate excellence capacitate their possessor to expound the opposite extreme.

The ensuing lines—I hesitate to call them poetry—are, as it were, a sort of literary lava, ejected during a convulsion on one of the few green isles in life’s unpacific ocean.

Some time previously, having listened to the advice of a flinty utilitarian, I embarked in money-brewing speculations, and lost—three several ventures, gold, time, health and a “bosom friend, dearer than all.” To keep the mind from following its losses, I allowed it to imbibe homœopathic doses of imaginary bale. So fancy flitted away with fear and trembling into a woful hereafter, in order to escape from a worse *here*. Yet it is a sleezy respite, striving to express some consolation from the hard, acidulated rinds of wretchedness, and may add another to the innumerable instances, whereby misery wins more to Heaven’s antipodes than it saves. If this cimmerician monstrosity survives its incubation, I may gratify a taste for evil with some remaining

acts; if not, you will spare me the disagreeable task of copying. To compose is delightful; it soothes "the aching void the world can never fill;" but to re-write is exquisite wretchedness.

In these lines—as well as in the lines of life—it has not seemed important to persist in locating Tophet afar off; for it is the opinion of some who speak from much personal experience, and whose lives substantiate their conclusions, that humanity, by a perversion of free will, or otherwise, is quite capable of creating such a state of circumstances as they feelingly denominate "a perfect hell upon earth."

It is not easy to imagine eternity apart from time, yet no time has been observed, excepting that, at the production of events and characters herein interviewed, there is supposed to be a cessation of hostilities in "yon lowin' haugh." Otherwise, the unities have been strictly adhered to—even in the instance of Napoleon's acrimonious initiation. If censured for predating his advent thitherward, our precipitance cannot be said to apply to his intentions. In any case he has labored assiduously to render his calling and election sure, and should not be blamed because his carcass, like Cowper's "tempest, itself lags behind."

Some objections you may also moot about the apparent inconsistency of humane sentiments emanating out of the mouths of Furies and Demons. My experience in this may be exceptional, and, for the credit of humanity, I hope it is not the rule; but the loftiest ideas of millennial perfectibility have been uttered in my hearing by such as are not likely to swell the host of martyrs by dying at the stake for piety. I have heard soothing words for misfortunes, and sensible advice for the unsuccessful, proclaimed by some, the obverse side of whose dispositions was full of an inveterate propensity to render themselves, and all who might be so

unfortunate as to approach them on that "off side," causelessly unhappy. So truly extremes meet. So truly are we all symbols of the other world. Moreover, it may be said there is no description of the world to come, even by the most creative imagination, but has its counterpart in earthly possibility.

Nor is it unfair to suppose an "evil spirit from the Lord" wholly unaware of the justice of her infernal mission. One more liberty of the muse may be deemed necessary: Milton and Pollok allude to Chaos and Tophet as being separate regions. Apart from the presumption of mentioning great names in this connection, permit the remark; "the divinity that doth hedge a king" may have hindered those geniuses from gaining such an efficient knowledge of low places as comes natural to bards of lesser note—a knowledge I sincerely hope no gentle reader will, under any stress of circumstances, be forced to obtain.

It is scarcely fair to burden you with a catalogue of shortcomings, but such as have a craving "for something afar from the sphere of their sorrow" will comprehend how frequently the literary traveller, Imagination, grows disheartened, when, at arriving on the top of some eve-tinted hill of his longing—his visual nerve being purged by the "euphrasy and rue" of inspiration—he beholds the immeasurable distance yet extending between him and his ideal glorious Temple of Perfection.

"I stretch a hand  
To you who know, who understand."

Some eminent writer has said—what *is* there of any importance to say that some eminent person has *not* said?—that every author makes an offering to Oblivion. It will please me if this is my only oblation. Probably the shortest



way by which to despatch the whole conception to that final depot of all things mundane would be to state that the writer is a Canadian—by that same token no other confession could more clearly establish his carelessness regarding success or fame. Once it was not so. Power was desired so as to be worthy of friends and country. I hold to the obsolete sentiment that patriotism is preferable to riches as a test of manhood; and my heart makes itself manifest in the usual way at the mention of our native land, but hope of doing it good in literature is gone.

So much by way of explanation, not of apology. To adverse criticism no reply will be made. It will seem more modest, while acknowledging their profounder insight into "things evil," to be still and meditate.

FRENCH CHAOS.

BEINGS REPRESENTED.

CELENO, an executrix of wrath, sometimes in shape  
of a very comely woman.

ALECTO, another beautiful minister of vengeance.

LUCIFER, once the morning star—the “star” of a  
different company now.

NAPOLEON Third and EUGENIE.

A BARD.

TERMINUS, a lawyer and civil engineer in hell.

ÆACUS, judge of Europeans in do.

FAMILIAR DEMON of the BARD.

JUNO, queen of heaven.

HEBE, JUNO'S daughter, exceedingly lovely.

IRIS, their maid of honor, and others.

TO ONE WHO CAN UNDERSTAND IT.

“A green isle in a sea, love,  
A fountain and a shrine.”—*Poe*.

“Farewell! a sad word easy said  
And easy sung, I think, by some....  
...I clutched my hands and turned my head  
In my endeavor, and was dumb;  
And when I should have said, Farewell,  
I only murmured ‘This is hell.’”—*Joaquin Miller*.

“A hideous throng rush out forever,  
They laugh—but smile no more.”

SCENE I.

*A pale green lawn in a land of shade.* CELENO and AL-  
LECTO, *greeting*.

*Celeno.* Heard you that Europe had another war?  
’Twas fought in France, the nearest port Hell has.

*Alecto.* The moons grow gibbous on strange dates in  
France,

Gendering European euroclydons  
And most unseemly revolutions there.

*Celeno.* The Press—our enemy assiduous—  
Say swifter butchering hath never been  
In any sanguine strife from Cain to Booth,  
So fast France fell from proud red Prussian spears.  
We thought those Fenians who hither came  
Were first-class fools, also the Shenandoans—  
Their creed is dubious, want of faith in kings  
Begets a want of it in loftier things—  
But this Niagara of humanity  
Will shortly burst upon us unredeemed.  
What news from Venus?

*Alecto.* Nothing out of tune—  
Also, by last advice, was Mercury.

*Celeno.* Alecto, I do think it may be said  
Earth is nigh on the eve of some huge change.  
There seems to be a culmination there,  
That puts my thought in recollection of  
A dropsied cloud, ere by the lightning cupped.  
We may get respite then a thousand years,  
A thousand years, Alecto, think of it!  
'Tis an idea worth being amplified.  
After great Armageddon's war with Christ,  
Or previously, I have forgotten which,  
And there's no Bible here for reference.  
I'd question Paine, but he's not accurate.  
It *may* transpire; the promise is for sure,  
Fore-spoken by Jehovah; Lucifer  
Seems lenient even; see him pensive there,  
Prone by the hydra-guarded tribute porch,  
Lonesome from unrestricted majesty.  
A dreadful demon he, the very shade

That half conceals his presence quakes with dread !  
 There's not, in all the worlds, one capable  
 To be his friend, therefore he is alone ;  
 For where's the angel who would dare explore  
 The awful secrets of his soul of yore ?  
 But Hell's throned ignorance and cruel pride  
 Will crumble in the fullness of those times.  
 This sty will not remain un-Herculesed  
 Forever, nor God's countenance eclipsed.  
 To be hedged out by Heaven's high unconcern  
 Is the last lesson Satan has to learn.

*Alecto.* I fear, Celeno, it is figurative,—  
 A thousand times too glorious to be true !  
 Nay, buoy me not with hope, I supplicate ;  
 My only hope is, that I'll hope no more !  
 My soul has lost the very shape of it.  
 For disappointment to a fervent spirit  
 Is terrible as fire or love, that first  
 Just shows us where we are ; the golden smoke  
 Makes drowsy with a nectarine delight,  
 Which laps us in " elysian reverie,  
 A momentary dream ;"—then, suddenly  
 Awaked,—behold, a city full of flame !  
 Whose vast spires thunder down, whose sacred fanes  
 Spoil with their smoke the splendors of a sky  
 Of flame-eclipsing hurricanes and shade,  
 Till dawn but shows the havoc they have made ;  
 So strong souls feel for hopes that are undone,  
 As waves are warm long after set of sun.

*Exit ALECTO singing :*

O I would buy a recipe,  
 And millions more than I,

How to dispose of memory,  
As night shuts out day's sky.

*Celeno, solus* : I've more compunction for humanity  
Than all the Hinnomites that hither come,  
Even from more favored worlds ; man's lot is hard  
And woman's harsher, being more sensitive.  
That taxed inheritance which they call life  
Is doled to them, strained through a seive of pain,  
And from that moment till they colonize  
In death is one fierce struggle and defeat.  
Yet some of them endure their agony  
With a strange grandeur ; even Alecto once  
Was human, but long years of torturing  
O'erstrained her high strung soul. As honey makes  
The purest acid, so fine minds best fiends—  
'Tis one of those unfathomable quirks,  
Which the Almighty weaves into his works.

*Re-enter ALECTO.*

I would not phrase, Alecto, after all,  
If earth should be the place of peace foretold—  
Of course it costs Jehovah little toil  
To will new worlds, or throne immensities.

*Alecto.* One fiat of His word immaculate,  
And lo, illimitable worlds caroom  
All scintillant in azurous inane.

*Celeno.* But, 'tis humanity's dependency  
Makes me believe something will come of it ;  
With misery, else, man would not be so cursed,  
But be left vagrant as the groveling brutes,  
And not for *nothing* be accountable.  
Nay, man must have millenniums of life,  
If he will walk according to the law ;

Else his crushed being is creation's blot.  
 'Twill *come*, the light, in spite of spurious kings,  
 Priests, and their craft's presumptuous dignity  
 Of my lords bishops!—gods, it genders bile  
 To see mankind so supple in the knee  
 To error, and rheumatic to the truth!  
 What chore, Alecto, have you to perform?

*Alecto.* None, but I think I'll to Urania go.  
 My lungs require some change of spiritual air.

*Celeno.* Sweet sister, wing thy flight by way of Mars.  
 (His occultation is in apogee)  
 Urge the mailed god immediately to me.

*Having entered on the opposite side of the promontory,  
 unobserved by Celeno, MARS sings:*

Serene was the weather and azure the sky,  
 We wandered together, my chosen and I;  
 The place was secluded, low in a green dell,  
 Where eglantines brooded, of exquisite smell.

The dreams that we cherished, like roses were **they**,  
 Too suddenly perished, too pure to delay;  
 Now changed is the weather and gloomy the sky;  
 We go not together, my chosen and I.

Like morn to the water remembrance returns,  
 The day when I brought her among the green ferns;  
 Like night to the ocean and wrecks to the main,  
 My spirit's devotion was darkened to pain.

The music is ended, the flower is dead,  
 Its fragrance ascended forever and fled.  
 Henceforth by the river no roses entwined,  
 Thy pathway forever is parted from mine.

*Celeno.* I know that song, 'twas chanted first for me  
 One spring in Greece, before he was a god.  
 It half inclines me to relax my heart,  
 For of all gods Mars is most amorous—  
 Hence war and woman may be similar—  
 His constancy as well as courage wins.  
 Were I but sure my loss thy peace destroyed,  
 I could no more renounce thee, nor avoid.

*Sings :*

O that those parting times were o'er  
 And thou at rest with me!  
 The future has no joy in store,  
 Dear friend, like meeting thee.

*MARS listening, solus :*

Music and thou are mine especial joy.  
 O, if the heavenly seraphim love song  
 And glorify the beautiful, then thou  
 Couldst charm the very cherubim from heaven.

*(observes her.)*

Lo, there's the essence of my misery!  
 I love that supple beauty, O ye gods,  
 I could reconquer worlds undreamed of by  
 That druling imbecile of Macedon  
 More easily than lose my lady love!

*(approaches.)*

Celeno, had I but known 'twas thou didst send,  
 With airless friction had I warped my wings  
 Sooner to lave me in such loveliness;  
 But, to shun earth—that tomb of my dead hopes—  
 I timidly prolonged my spheral way.  
 Yea, though a god, superior to death,  
 Still hesitate I to withstand those smiles.

*Celso.* You say not so when dure Bellona's by,  
Or Ops, gay goddess of the glebe, beneath  
The spotted beechen groves Idalian. *Exeunt together.*

## SCENE II.

*Where the stream of time pays tribute to the Stygian waters, in Ceres, which corresponds to our August. Enter TERMINUS and ÆACUS with plans and specifications for the immediate erection of a new and gigantic Inquisition, rendered requisite by the late American and Franco-Prussian wars.*

*Term.* How hot this marl! Only a shower of souls  
Can cool these waiting purgatorial coals.

*Æacus.* Good Terminus, I hope thou'lt not defer;  
I'm densely wedged for wharfage even now,  
So fast the nations rain their ruins here.  
There's scarcely room for torture adequate  
For the requirements of infuriate France,  
And there are other empires in arrears.

## SCENE III.

*Near that portion of Tophet represented in the last scene. A terrible whirlwind arises, filled with phantoms bewailing their doom. When the storm subsides the whole cheerless scene is changed. A forest of blazing bohon-upas, cypress and yew presents itself. Its charred branches creak in the retreating storm. A raven is seen to alight on a burning palm tree, and presently follows the tempest, "moaning and calling out of other lands." Lucifer is seen alone, musing and looking up at the battlements of Heaven, "edged with intolerable radiancy."*

*Lucifer.* This is the hour when on the hills of Heaven,  
Upon the vales and gardens 'round the throne,  
On all the leafy blessings of the groves  
By angels tenanted, and on the wings  
Of gorgeous cherubim, careering home  
From sacred errands of the will of God,



The dewy incense of refreshment falls—  
Cooling the drouth which is not, till the draught  
Which is presented makes it—while my soul  
Creaks like a bark by storms of sand impelled  
Through Hell's Sahara, darkly waiting doom,  
The dreadful future which will never come.

*He is interrupted by a band of redeemed soaring from earth to Heaven, and singing :*

We came from painful journeying  
Where our triumphant Saviour trod,  
Up to the heavenly realms to sing  
O hallelujah, great Lord God !

Behold His mercy-kindled face  
For all who passed beneath the rod,  
Translated through eternal grace  
O holy, holy, great Lord God !

Sin and his Death have passed away,  
Obedient to a dark abode ;  
But Christ hath rest eternally.  
O hallelujah, great Lord God !

We too will interpose for man,  
To save from Ruin's fiery flood ;  
But Christ shall vanquish Satan's plan,  
O holy, holy, great Lord God !

*Angels are seen descending to meet the sanctified singers,  
" harping on their harps."*

*Lucifer.* Be hushed, hounds of all happiness, Remorse,  
Hell-generated hydrophobia, be still !—  
Symbol of legions, thou shalt be appeased,

But how can I appease thee? even now  
 Thou art rebellious; how then wilt thou be  
 In the millennium? how shall I bear  
 This cancer through eternity, and see  
 Millions who have no majesty like mine  
 Made sluggish with much joy? O thou, Remorse!  
 No Pompeian sanult or scrip cuneiform  
 Are requisite to teach me what thou art.  
 And I but live to soothe thee, not with love,  
 As a young bride her lord, but out of fear.  
 Though foiled, to wear the placid brow of peace  
 Exacts a tension of the soul more fierce  
 Than tempests pent in Tophet—lurid storms  
 Tossed on the fiery lightning's crimson prongs.  
 This shoreless wind, unchained and chartless, finds  
 Far less of pauseless change than I of pain,  
 For I have crushed creation through revenge.  
 "I have not borne me wisely in Thy world,  
 Thou great all-judging God," nor worshipful.  
 Me no repenting saves—  
 The anguish of this hour would make eterne  
 The period called a day in human date,  
 Such fearful scope hath pain to lengthen fate!

*Enter FAMILIAR DEMON.*

*Fam.* 'Tis well I caught thee musing; I would probe  
 Thy judgment with a query: Let me know  
 The fates of twain late seen beyond the Styx.  
 One—O, she is a nursling of the dawn,  
 A mortal with a sweetly blushing soul,  
 Who dwells 'midst her own charms and fairy dreams,  
 Like Eve in Eden's first luxurious June.  
 Her arms are full of beauty, and her brow  
 Appears to bless whatever she beholds.

As shining folds of sacramental fumes,  
 Her hair seems incense on an ivory shrine  
 Whereto men bow who never bowed before.  
 As for those timid eyes, what shall be said ?  
 Or motion's music rendered visible  
 Where peaceful mornings part the shadows for  
 The white feet of her faultless loveliness,  
 O I would sell my soul to keep hers pure !

*Luc.* Cease thy terrestrial transports ; she may die.  
 Clang not thy tongue like some lost Celeno  
 Disturbed by Nox out of Hell's moonless lake.

*Fam.* Well, he, who bows before her among men,  
 Hath musings superhuman, thoughts unbound.  
 His life hath been misjudged, because his soul  
 Is greater than the circumstance of life,  
 Even of her glorious presence—though her form,  
 The very essence of supreme delight,  
 Shapely as hers who tempted thee, is pure.  
 Grant me a pious answer—what shall be  
 Their portion, happiness or misery ?

*Luc.* Get back to thine appointments, I may choose  
 This love-lorn eagle for immediate use.

*Exeunt together.*

SCENE.

*The same. Enter FAMILIAR DEMON and two other Demons.*

*Dem.* What structure's yon just reared in Acheron ?

*Fam.* 'Tis said that Satan hath prepared a plan  
 To ruin God's whole universe at once,  
 Therefore that vast St. Peter's of our realm  
 Is their infernal tribunal to be.

*Dem.* How were those Alpine pillars reared so high ?

*Fam.* Nimrod was loosed for that a transient space.  
 He, with some gods—Cyclops and Hercules,—

Smote up the beams with earthquakes of much force,  
 And piled the majesty portentous there ;  
 Big domes like midnights fired with lightnings,  
 A smith from Lemnos forged the bossy doors  
 But Satan's self's the agony within.

See the red blasts of torment, where the walls  
 Are thunder-rent with tones of great distress,  
 Answering the keen demands of austere death.  
 So Hell hath summoned all her demons home  
 From every region, Gauls and goddesses,  
 'To make a different programme presently ;  
 I'll choose for me a dame whose sire's at Rome,  
 Superbly clothed in optional delight.

*Dem.* And *I* may probably inspect the stock  
 From yonder where divorces do abound ;  
 Let us haste thither and behold them come,  
 And, as we go, an incident I'll tell,  
 Which did transpire on earth—the place you know.  
 There was an Emperor who desired a throne,  
 And when 'twas given him to save a realm,  
 He sat him down imperiously happy  
 Nor saw the coming storm. He mused not on  
 Man's curious apparition-life, man's fall,  
 What men are most addicted to, and all  
 We might have been *sans* sin. His lovely queen—

*Fam.* Oust the remembrance of th' obdurate sex,  
 For love for aye eventuates to vex.  
 Pardon my contradictory reply,  
 All men lose faith in women ere they die ;  
 Experience is like science, it lays bare  
 Those moons our early fancy thought *so* fair.

*Dem.* Such foul conclusions prove experience foul,  
 For love itself can bridge eternity.

Hence, be thou shamed—I apprehend 'tis gold  
That doth exclude salvation from men's minds.

*Fam.* And so do I, but 'tis the want of it.  
Gold is the missionary's staff and scrip ;  
There is no eloquence like gold, no power.  
Here priests perceive grim poverty sends ten  
To Tophet to one by affliction saved.

*Dem.* Can gold make purchase of the gates of death  
And liberate the lost ?

*Fam.* Yea, ere they come,  
And subsequently—frequently it doth.

*Dem.* Could you bribe nature to grow golden figs  
On tartish crabs, it were a bastard stock.

*Fam.* Still, if 'twere gold, gold turns all crabs to plums,  
And makes all bastards legal.

*Dem.* But the worm,  
The worm that never dies, what of the worm ?

*Fam.* That, like most such, is nurtured by defect ;  
It propagates not in prosperity.

*Dem.* Just Job was wealthy, was *he* prosperous ?

*Fam.* Job did not use his funds judiciously,  
Being a bard ; *they* never bow to gold,  
Which is one wherefore they are miserable,  
As one we wot of, our familiar friend.  
But bards have never yet been understood,  
Save by a few pure women, perfectly.

*Dem.* Gold makes no *cause* after earth's final pale !

*Fam.* Well, Earth's the seed of 'Time's eternal tree,  
And all men's acts are branches.

There is no bliss that gold refrains to buy  
Nor misery but its want can multiply.

*Dem.* Is not the world's work by its wants performed ?  
Focal Necessity's concentrant power

Goads Slavery on to Freedom.

*Fam.* Freedom ! yea,  
 Freedom to deluge with profoundest guilt  
 Themselves, and broadcast ruin's germs for bale.  
 I've studied all conceptions of despair,  
 I knew Gehenna's worst conditions well  
 Ere I came here, being cursed by poverty  
 In youth's dark days ; from me she held a hand  
 That might have saved ; imagination then  
 Some respite gained, by conjuring prosperous worlds  
 For one who could have formed a Heaven for both  
 With paradises unconditional,  
 Whose only clouds were ministering angels' wings,  
 Where vales of palms produced carbuncles gay  
 And all their dews dropped diamonds—showering pearls  
 On grasses alchymized to emeralds  
 June after June, till even Misfortune laughed  
 To see lush fruits fall in Starvation's lap,  
 By azure rivers rolled o'er golden sands,  
 And there we trysted, wandering hands in hands,  
 Through amethystine dawns and purple noons,  
 And every eve was opal.

*Dem.* Thou'st forgot  
 Th' excess of that whose want doth make its worth  
 Would mar what good was in it ; furthermore—

*Fam.* Nay, but those gifts did not continue long ;  
 They scarce sufficed to soothe my misery.

*Dem.* *Such* good would spoil Heaven's plan for *work-*  
*ing* good.

*2nd Dem.* 'Tis slighting priests when fiends begin to  
 preach.

*Dem.* Still, as statistics show, war's ranks are filled  
 With disappointed love—so, haply, woe's.

We'll prove it by recruits from recreant Gaul,  
Who must be near her advent hitherward.

*Fam.* Now thou art short of logic, list to me;  
This Earth, like that bright snake that saddened Eve,  
Will cast her leprous scales of mammon in  
Bethesda's bath millennial and be free.

*Dem.* Which is the direst evil men invent?

*Fam.* Bad human stock, wrong bearing and worse  
rearing.

*Dem.* I thought the tears because of drunkenness,  
In exhalations from the graveyard world,  
Would stain the jasper of Heaven's great white throne.  
Why not announce it to our bard, to chime  
For love of his own kind?

*Fam.* He did so oft  
'To save us from the toil of torturing souls.  
Men deem such laws material, unrefined,  
Therefore they forge and hug the chains that bind.

*2nd Dem.* Lo, yonder's Lucifer, let us disperse,  
Lest he compel us to apply Gaul's curse.

*Exeunt all.*

SCENE IV.

*Space east of the sun. JUNO, HEBE, and IRIS wafting  
their airy journey towards Flora, one of the Asteroids.*

Vast worlds on worlds, inhabited and high,  
Songful, surrounded them, fast wheeling by.

*Iris.* What globe is yon, just yearning o'er Hell's verge?  
It looks as if forsaken of the Lord.

*Juno.* Lo, 'tis our Earth; how innocent it seems,  
Seeing 'tis the world to which three bans are tagged,  
Like Encke's strange comet with the triune tails.  
Lone as a drifting wreck o'er dreadful seas

By pirates boarded, who no knowledge have  
 Of compass, keel, or sun, or whither bound,  
 It is infested with a curious crew !  
 So beautiful the gods have wept for-it,  
 Predestined for great things, yet so perverse.  
 But it is chartered by Omnipotence  
 To orb the azure ocean of the air  
 Till he will guide it into port in time.

*Hebe.* Urge thou more westward, I would see that world.  
 Its clouds are glorious as the vivid silk  
 Of some huge god's abandoned war-torn tent,  
 With numerous tints as an October day,  
 When to the south's a brilliant noontide sun  
 And to the north a sable thunder-storm.

*Juno.* A beaming diamond on Diana's breast,  
 Behold the Bay of Naples ! yonder's Rome,  
 In hoary desolation of old days ;  
 Northward observe Jerusalem decayed,  
 To be rebuilt when the kingdom comes—  
 The mournful city where men crucified  
 The Son of God, who came to save His foes !  
 It was an impious deed—heart-rending death.

*Hebe.* What is that superhuman phantom, Death ?

*Juno.* *There* all, except the Deity, are dumb,  
 Being left dim for mercy and for faith.  
 But thither, like an occidental dawn,  
 A new dominion from oblivion comes.  
 I mention this, remembering you were born  
 In that mild star that hath a different map.

*Hebe.* Your boundless knowledge burdens words with  
 thanks.

Those regions I've heard tell of in our orb  
 Chancewise, but nothing definite till now,



Saving of Eden and Jerusalem.

Meantime inform me of those clouds of smoke  
Rising as from red holocausts—they shriek !

*Juno.* Such as they seem they are, from vales once  
Gaul's.

*Hebe.* Why are they with infernal fury scourged ?

*Juno.* I know not why, such lore is limited:

It may be so to cure the culpable

By dread ordeals, this nation thus may warn

Others that Reason is not God, and save

High worlds that have not sinned ; at once make pure

Themselves and teach celestial cause for praise.

We will return to this unhappy world

After a thousand years or so, and see

How prophecy hath changed geography ;

For truth, like dawn just filtering through yon clouds,

Will burn away abomination's shades,

And, on some future Waterloo, decide

Once and forever human destiny.

But yonder's Tophet's tainted atmosphere,

Lit by volcanoes barking to the moon.

SCENE III. *again.*

*Enter BARD alone.*

*Bard.* This dim immitigable den is full  
Of scowling ghosts on errands of despair,  
Foul-languaged, but of destiny afraid ;  
And this the burden of their baleful songs :  
O for some power to kill th' immortal soul,  
Some memory-murdering nostrum lethean !

I stood upon the verge of fate,  
Where fiends and angels congregate ;  
I waited there to hear my doom

Of future happiness or gloom ;  
 But holy hopes are always crossed  
 By those whom we esteem the most.  
 So bring Oblivion's listless wine,  
 A wrecked eternity is mine.  
 Now what shall I do with my soul? O say  
 How shall I dispose of eternity?

*2nd Ghost.* I wonder why that shudder came  
 And shook thy bosom ; was it blame,  
 When last in thy fond presence I  
 Stood, willing yet for thee to die?  
 For thou art loved as poets love,  
 Whose full souls feel the heavens all move  
 With sympathizing symbols rare,  
 To show thy glorious eyes and hair.

*Fam.* No more, no more each echoing spirit cries,  
 Can thy lost-soul exalt desiring eyes ;  
 Reversed Bethesda, here we would away,  
 There they crept in to cure their leprosy.

*2nd Ghost.* In every direction  
 Was excellence there,  
 But not thy perfection,  
 My beautiful fair.  
 'Tis vain to endeavor  
 The sea to pass by  
 That severs forever  
 My chosen and I.

*Bard.* Strange the supremest peace on earth we knew  
 Should terminate in torture.

*Fam.* Even so  
 My patron, but why murmur? 'tis in vain.  
 Come and behold a baptism of strange fire,  
 The acrimonious initiation  
 Of hither-hastening Gaul—haply thou mayst  
 See some similitudes exceeding far  
 Your soul's regretful loss.

*Bard.* I cannot go ;  
 Their wails would make mine own exceed their woe.

*Fam.* Then I must hasten to those games alone,  
 Else they'll be damned before I am begone.

*Exit, soliloquizing on his way :*  
 His song was good, but I'll not tell him so,  
 The better to discourage dreariness ;  
 For nothing—even women, wine or war,  
 Can sap vitality so fast as care.  
 A poet's mission is to teach grand hopes,  
 How to sustain misfortune with due force,  
 And never groan, though seldom minus cause,  
 For they're reformers, and all Hell hates such.  
 This path is rough, being paved with good intentions—  
*I hate this life.* pity I ever came ;  
 But thought ere now to be acclimated—  
 O for one smell of green grass bent with dew !  
 For there's no company worth having here ;  
 That Bard was once a better chum ; of late  
 He's grown immoral, else he is be-mooned  
 By the bright memory of some earthly dame—  
*I know how 'tis—O they are apt in ruin !*  
 It took me years—it costs me more than all,  
 My heart to disentangle from her thrall.  
 I'll skip a jig to keep her charms at bay,  
 Soon as I move those skulls from out my way.

(dances.)

Left and right, limber-light, etc.

Yes, sadness is a symbol of great minds,  
 With wit narcotic spiced consistently.  
 I have been told on good authority  
 Hell has more gayety than even Heaven ;  
 Perhaps so, of a superficial sort.  
 But majesty as well as Beauty's sad ;  
 The gods lugubrious are, even mighty Mars ;  
 Who though too partial to the goddesses,  
 Still proves it may be writ a standard rule  
 That all high minds are predisposed to gloom.  
 Great gifts enable us to see great faults  
 Both in ourselves and Heaven's vexed universe—  
 For wheels slip cogs elsewhere as well as here—  
 Hence Rousseaux, Lucifer, Lord Byron, Cain.\*  
 The odds 'twixt all their hungry hearts desired,  
 And grim reality's assiduous wrong  
 Spread o'er Imagination a dark glow,  
 Like a volcano's glare in Paradise ;  
 So when the blast of desolation comes—  
 And as our talents will our torment be—  
 Faint souls, like flexile reeds, bend and are saved ;  
 But let it smite the oak, and every bough  
 Resists it fiercely, till o'erwhelmed for aye.  
 So grand souls tremble when their treasure's gone,  
 As the bough quivers whence the bird's just flown.

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\* NOTE.—Some bards may object to the above company, but one glance into their spiritual pedigree will settle the question ; A genius is one possessed of geni, i. e., demons. Lucifer being their prince, of demons I mean not of poets, is consequently of the same guild. Moreover, "The Devil was the first reformer," said Dr. Johnson.

*(sings.)*

I sometimes sigh, what shall I do  
 To keep my heart from breaking,  
 For every tie that once I knew  
 Still haunts me with its aching.  
 I curse the day I was begot,  
 And bless the hour when buried—  
 The offspring of a merry sot  
 And maiden never married.—

Which, like our poet's last, is much too sad.  
 Imagination marvels why he came  
 Into this unregenerative cave?  
 Haply because of an unhappy home,—  
 That frequent synonym for shuddering,—  
 A poet's day with an unhappy morn!  
 Poor dreary wretch, he'd better ne'er been born,  
 Or Atropos should sheer from memory  
 Life's crimson threads of sin inlaid by woe.

I had the hugest heart on earth,  
 And most sagacious reason,  
 But Satan manufactures mirth  
 From every hope I seize on.  
 A rosebud that I loved to watch,  
 Because it knew no evil,  
 Was crushed by an inhuman wretch,  
 A dreadful sensual devil.

I'll chant another distich, sweet with change  
 Of air, but ah! no change of sentiment.

When I exclaim, "Away, fond dream;  
 Thou shalt not linger longer,

Then, like a dam in some swift stream,  
It stops but to grow stronger."

Time was, my darling, when your face  
Was all worth living for, I deemed ;  
Nor beautiful nor time nor place  
Where you were not, yea, so it seemed.

That suits me better, for the theme's still dear ;  
Yea, so it seemed !—and who presumes to blame ?  
Not I, in truth I did renounce the Heavens  
For smiles whose memory is Tophet's sun.  
'To death's pale kingdom for her sake I came,  
Because existence blasted Paradise.  
'There lives no mightier deed a man may do,  
Though small it is, than properly to woo ;  
Nor can we rest much faith in that frail soul  
Who did not, during his brief stay on earth,  
Prefer some dame to his extrinsic worth.—  
O, I have *wrenched* myself immortally !—  
And must inspect this sprained tendon Achilles,  
Wryed on some slaggy Hell-proof miser's heart,—  
A fossil I would send to Agassiz,  
Were such not commoner up there than here.  
How dark ! I scarce can see my wounding way.  
Egyptian shadows throng the sighful sky,  
Filled with an elfish animalculæ,  
Or mist of midges on a moonlit stream,  
And sounds resembling flocks of storks befogged  
Once witnessed, egged by storms through earth's pale air.  
More furious these ! how they increase on high,  
*Sans* precedent, except preceding death,  
They come ! innumerable as clouds of sand

From some huge hill driven down upon the main,  
 Howling and trundling through eternity,  
 Like thunder-tempests seaward hurtled on.  
 Here's tribute for grim Charon and the dogs  
 That, sleepless, guard the ghost-worn gates of gloom!—  
 I hear the Marseillaise—lo, 'tis the French.

Lord of Gehenna, save some souls,  
 Ere cruel Hell is crammed;  
 Or Lucifer will fail for coals  
 Or pains to purge the damned!

## SCENE V.

*Near the entrance of Tophet and not far from Malebolge. The hall of Nemesis, a gothic temple in the desert gorge of a mountain whose yellow armlike promontories dandle moaning Avernus in their melancholy embrace.*

*Present—the Dii Majorum Gentium, including JANUS, ÆACUS, LUCIFER, DEMONS and FURIES, etc., at the trial of Americans and French. LUCIFER addressing ÆACUS, RHADAMANTHUS, MINOS, MORS, etc.*

*Luc.* We miss an Emperor from Sedan, but he  
 Is coming by infallibility,  
 That craft which brings blaspheming legions down  
 Damnation's most prolific tributary.

*Enter LOUIS NAPOLEON in disguise, in charge of PLUTO.*

*Fam.* Mention his Majesty and lo, he comes!  
 A Berlin, vive le roi, comme il faut, hail!  
 Quote me ambition's stocks in Prussia now,  
 Thy chances for the throne Iberian.

*Luc.* Free would have been our ferry for thy works—  
 Not that we have much present need of aid—  
 But all thy life proved that thy will was ours;

Therefore no need to smuggle thyself *here*,  
As once an Emperor did in pious Gaul.

*Nap.* As once a Fiend seductively in bliss !

*After a trial* NAPOLEON is given in charge of the FURIES  
and DEMONS, who take him away.

*Fam.* Haste thither to the region Malebolge.

*Nap.* What clime is that ?

*Fam.* A land of festal light,  
"The valley of the many-colored grass,"  
Sumptuous of flowers, streams and perpetual song,  
And fruits abundant of all flavors known.  
It hath mild airs hygeian, Mexican,  
And has for ages been resort of kings  
Who cannot live without such luxury.  
Among the vast investment in its bliss  
Are damsels for thine aid till th' Empress comes—  
Bead-counting beauties musical and coy.  
And they will bind thy crownless brow with balm,  
And bathe the feet of misery in milk,  
And to thy pillow let no nightmares come,  
Horrent of reptiles boring conscious flesh.  
The Phantom with the scythe shall never scare  
Nor shriek distressful marring chansoned morn,  
Nor Bismarck with thy sceptre interfere.  
But thou shalt dwell in tents of tenderness,  
With maids excessively acceptable,  
Whose white hands, full of charms, thy feast shall spread  
With pomegranates, crimson as their lips,  
And viands delectable as Israel's kid,  
So savory to soothe an Emperor ;  
Quinces, sweet citrons, pulpy nectarines,  
Most recent honey out of hybla-hives,



Translucent sherbets cooled by boreal beams,  
 Tinctured with spice Ceylonian, and creams,  
 And saliva-exciting elixirs  
 To form an appetite for future feasts,  
 In costly plate and ware of precious stones.  
 Above thee, waving graceful, eastern palms,  
 Beneath thy feet the lilies of the vale,  
 Around thee airs from isles salubrious,  
 Full of the music of the minstrel spheres,  
 For dancing damsels on the rosy sward ;  
 Where thou shalt dream such dreams as poets dream  
 Whose ladies love inveterately dear,  
 As did Carlotta, lost by fatal love—  
 This is the lake—behold, the abyss baptismal !  
 Whoso betrays a friend is trebly cursed,  
 Whoso a realm embroils, as thou didst three,  
 Is lowlier than pence-loving Judas damned.

*Enter Shade of MAXIMILIAN.*

Allow me, gentle ghosts, be introduced :  
 Prince Maximilian, from Mexico ;  
 His *Highness*, Emperor of France, thy *friend*.

*Max.* Avaunt ! I scorn to greet thee perjured, I  
 Could blast thee from this ghost-grooved shore, fast  
 clinging

As to thy throne rebellious, falsely got  
 From miscreant millions, sycophants and slaves.  
 For thou didst cumber Italy—the land  
 Of Angelo—in bondage unto *France*,  
 That shambles and monopoly of shame  
 Whose quit-claim to corruption ne'er was served,  
 Because she took Jehovah for a jest  
 And made of sophistry and lust a god.

Ah! by crushed hearts (and hers eclipsed whose name  
 These flues may never echo) which were lost,  
 Imploring thy sworn aid, repulsed, thou'lt plead  
 For help now and forevermore in vain.  
 Thou reticent grasper after stolen thrones!  
 Ho! Furies, force Gaul's foe profounder still,  
 And pile her maledictions on his soul  
 Ere ours are seared—as thine on earth, beloved—  
 O heavenliest daughter of undone mankind!

## SCENE VI.

*Purgatory—Enter a Shade resembling the Empress EUGENIE and the FAMILIAR.*

*Fam.* Yea, Madame, yea, we meet in Tartarus,  
 But I can make thy peace with Lucifer,  
 For I would be thy joy, to nurture thee  
 In this dull realm of dinnful solitude,  
 And crown thee with more gems than thou didst leave  
 On the gay threshold of thy frittered world,  
 Before bald-headed Death did interfere  
 With his grim rending of thy fashion, where  
 There *was* a chance to save—here all are nude,  
 We sport no style in Hades—this is Death,  
 There is no future Hell.

*Shade.* Hear me, lost Heaven!

*Fam.* Prayer should be offered from thy prior world;  
 Or were thy virgin *Aves* rendered vain,  
 Because Italia baffled their success  
 And hindered Mary's hearing? If thy vows  
 Reached not the mercy seat when nearer Heaven,  
 They hardly will from here—so be thou mine,  
 To my pure purpose let thyself incline,

And thou shalt reign in Ruin with a court  
Of which thy previous one shall fall far short.

*Exeunt together.*

SCENE II. *again.*

*Enter BARD alone.*

*Bard.* I hear the blasphemics of Malebolge,  
Which rouse the hydra-howling sentinels  
Of Death's eternally impending Night.  
Poor limpid fools, by giving way to folly  
We make ourselves a Hell to which we hie,  
Then upbraid God ; from life to blighted life  
Easy we sail with unmolested Sin  
To unrestricted Ruin ; but one act,  
One innocent, feeble, orphan act of good,  
Can raise rebellious Tophet in both worlds.  
So generations propagate disease,  
Which blooms as wormwood blooms in bitterness,  
And, though unfostered, still goes festering on,  
Long after its flesh channels are in dust.  
O that those cries could reach th' incautious ears  
Of sin-swerved spirits in that world of snares !  
Yet, though one from this ruined realm arose,  
They would not hear for planning funerals  
And disemboguing mammonites in Bale.  
I do not hate my fellows, but I hate  
The actuating selfishness of man.  
They bind their beings,—millions of them do—  
As publishers produce cheap works for *sale*.  
They prey upon each other ; they despise  
The little good the poor attempt to do,  
Their precious days, that never dawn but once,  
Are squandered rendering misery ripe for death.

Instead of helping Heaven to cure pain's cause—  
*Pain*, which is ill's alarum bell—they look  
Upon it as a child on medicine,  
A bitterness to be endured—as 'twere  
A *Providence*—therefore mankind prefer  
Nerveless delusions to eternal day.  
Yea, man—whose reason is a shoreless wreck,  
Whose judgment is lewd inclination's bride  
Whose piety, the portion that is left,  
Is right by chance ; whose love of Truth is lost  
In the vile echo of some idiot's laugh,  
Whose courts corrupt are curing licensed wrong—  
Had man but hearkened to the pleading truth,  
'Then would the world, long ere this aching hour,  
Instead of being o'erwhelmed by wine and war,  
Reeling beneath a weight of its own woes,  
Misled by error, to false pride bowed down,  
Be held in intercourse with heavenly spheres,  
Chief depot of vast trains of cherubim,  
Whose errands are to purer worlds—yea, be  
A session-station for high hierarchs  
In consecrated commerce with the skies.  
As Venice to the east, as Rome to earth,  
So Earth could be the capital of stars,  
'Stead of a hindrance to itself and *Hell*—  
Which would be purged but for replenished sin  
Conceived there and hurled hither by despair.  
But men—my cruel, craving fellow men—  
Who might have saved Earth, sold it, and prefer  
To be sold slaves themselves unto themselves—  
Sky-squandering, Tophet-hoarding infidels.  
In spite of science, reason and God's will,  
They barter birthrights and are Esau still.

The numerous levers lent to raise the race,  
 They leave to rust or lend to venom'd wrong ;  
 Religion, lo, men fight for a false faith ;  
 Beauty, behold, it saved not sunny Greece ;  
 Love, by Heaven sent to make us more than gods,  
 Lures to the self-same life that withers it.  
 Corruption's the worm'd core of human creeds,  
 And goodness is rewarded by a sneer.  
 O that my birth had been with cherubim !  
 I'm not at home with Hell's inhabitants,  
 Being in bondage to humanity,  
 I *hate* this race for gain—O for a force  
 To break all bonds between us and be free !  
 For there is in my soul—and 'tis not pride—  
 A likeness to immortals—yea, to gods !

*Enter JUNO.*

*Juno.* Thy pardon for intruding unannounced.

*Bard.* Juno, it is my joy that thou art near ;  
 I was just meditating on the gods,  
 Hence, let us converse of the Beautiful,  
 Whose best solution I through thee obtain,  
 For I am pained because of human pain.

*Juno.* Thou and thy brethren prove how true it is  
 That the imaginative drink more life,  
 And deeper draughts of love's delirious lore  
 Than common mortals, therefore bards excel.  
 I knew thou wert immortal when on Earth ;  
 Thy faults were only from discouragements  
 Which men *will* heap across the rill of good,  
 A stream that breaks its bondage, well we know,  
 Destroys alike the good and bad below.  
 How didst thou cogitate, give me some cue.

*Bard.* Thy kindness will excuse my questioning  
In this, for no solution comes to me :  
Strange that when Moses stood upon the verge,  
Jehovah's spirit moving on the flood  
Divulged creation, and unto his gaze  
Gave huge leviathans and diving bulks  
Of winged brutes, dragons, sea-Adullamites,  
And rock-uprooting, forest-felling herds  
Of Mesozoic monarchs, Miocene—  
A vast synopsis of Oblivion !  
And epochs Pleocene, conspicuous,  
Yet gave no hint even of the key of Hell ?  
Or, if so, Moses must, being merciful,  
Have hidden it from us in Time's far fount.  
And where the later of these symbols seven  
Which the Creator hinted to His seer,  
When each starved soul should, like the prodigal,  
Come home to his inheritance and rest ?

*Juno.* Haply thy questions, as most questions do,  
Hold indirectly their own answers' clue,  
Hence life eterne a greater boon may be  
Than all that thou canst ask or dream or see.  
But I must hence ; a winged excursion leaves,  
Some worlds beyond Orion and the dawn,  
For the extreme of boundlessness. Farewell.

*Bard.* Nay, Juno, with thee let me journey there.  
A bard is not a common mortal, Juno.  
I'm so devoid of joy—O I could crave  
The unused echoes of creation's songs.  
Wed thou with me—none other could be given  
So worship-worthy as the Queen of Heaven.  
O Juno, 'tis presumption to love thee,  
But who, with genius gifted to adore

All that is glorious in the Earth and Heavens,  
Could help his adoration though 'twere death,  
Nor long for immortality, O Queen?  
I charge thy charms with all my misery.  
Thou owest me something for my ruined years.  
Come then, celestial, make dreams true, be mine  
Eternally, unabdicated Queen !

*Juno.* I feel thy bardic fervor, and the odds  
Are in thy favor when compared with gods,  
Hence thou mayst have a coronal on high ;  
Extend thy pinions, let us to the sky.

*Exeunt together ascending.*

## ON THE SOFT SIDE OF HUMANITY.

It is my intention some bright day to write a very learned essay on "The ignorance of knowledge." Probably no other person is better qualified by nature to illuminate such a theme.

Not only by natural inclination does the subject suit me ; I have another and more powerful advantage, which arises out of the strange, I may say very strange, manner in which some of my numerous friends comport themselves, as often as my circumstances go astray.

The title of that intended essay is conspicuous in their conversation, when the aforesaid friends, through kindness, condescend to *give* advice—but more especially so, when I find it impossible to avail myself of their superior wisdom. (It must be a "distressful stroke" to a high-toned, self-poised man, who has always been above want, to offer his advice and have it neglected.)

Though the subject, ignorance of knowledge, resembles the world when it was without form and void, with darkness upon the face of the deep, still it will differ from other profound themes in keeping close to the text—partly through sympathy with it, but mostly by necessity compelled.

Yet there is always a drawback or so to every man's excellence—which fact is a source of exquisite satisfaction to the bad. That disadvantage amounts to a sort of balance wheel to pride in every being's mental machinery. It may be so ordained, "Lest he o'er proud and high should turn, 'cause he's sae gifted." The obstacle to be overcome by the writer of that article will be the charge of *personal*



allusion, preferred against him not only by his advisers but by politicians also ; consequently, the most intensely striking illustrations of my text, furnished gratuitously by men who stand conspicuous representatives of our public affairs, will thereby be rendered of none effect. Still another stumbling block will be Prejudice. But, in that essay the author—thoroughly imbued with the genial spirit of toleration, liberality and compromise—will not abate one iota of duty out of consideration for feelings of bigotry, political bias or party whim. He is, or will, if need be, be prepared for the cause of truth to go

“Sounding on his dim and perilous way,”

alone.

In that essay it shall be seen how easily a “little child” can confound the profoundest philosopher ; that those whom the superficial denominate the strong minded do not always march in the van of human improvement ; that the rulers of society are not implicitly to be relied on ; that the genuine reformers of all ages have been enthusiasts ; that “nations may be wrong in opinions, but never in sentiment ;” that the majority of misery is the effect of chronic ignorance ; and that, though sin (so we are told) entered the world first, yet disease has been abreast of sin ever since—and a long race they have had of it for the ebony goal of Death.

However, the writer will not attempt, in his modest way, to dissect human frailty for fun, or thorough wantonness ; but for a wise and merciful purpose—to hurt in order to heal ; for the only useful information that

“The burden and the mystery  
Of all this unintelligible world”

can teach is, to learn *how* to learn.

It will also be observed in the order of nature, that good predominates among men; but, owing to a want of knowledge of each other's intentions, or fearing to be misunderstood or not appreciated, we overlook its good, we hide the excellence, we quench refinement, we dare not display our preferences for those persons or high principles, which we appreciate most, as a Jew does not display his costliest pearl, flashing rubies or the beamy chrysostras to a public thoroughfare of Chatham street roughs.

Goodness is a sensitive plant which shuts up when roughly handled.

Hence much more misery, human and superhuman, than the world is willing to endure frequently arises from a misinterpretation of the motives of those unsuccessful members of society, whose minds are above the common groove and whose circumstances therefore often compel them to act diametrically opposed to their own high ideas, or Divine intentions.

A friend, seeing me at fault, will place his or *her*—for kindness is more frequently feminine than masculine—hand upon my shoulder in warning; but, how delicately must it be done, or vanity will “erase the impression divine,” and likely reward the adviser with a “What is that to you?” Consequently, in order to encourage the gentle, even the sentimental, it will appear that they are considerably more respected even by iron-clan Utilitarianism, than the stubbornness of Prejudice will allow these same metal men to acknowledge.

The wicked—there is experience in this—are forced to work pretty diligently in striving to sustain self-respect; for the way of the transgressor is hard. The little self-esteem remaining with him is assumed as a shield to ward off the

arrows of remorse from wounding him to death. Moreover and above all this the absolute necessity of sustaining some neglected conditions of humanity—neglected because they are not extraordinary for some virtue of success, such as wealth or position—shall be maintained; for the highest style of human reason—though reason is not our highest talent—when applied to its grandest use, effects its object, which is enlightenment, by knowing how to invest in the unappraised stock of sentiments. No reformer, no warrior, no statesman, no moralist, no apostle, no orator ever succeeded in making much of an individual or of a nation, who did not make a large allowance for the inner life.

Napoleon the First forgot or neglected such provision during the latter part of his career, and paid for his carelessness with the loss of his empire.

Probably he never knew why his subjects forsook him; but his subjects knew. He sacrificed a loving heart on the altar of Fame—which he called France—but France did not want any such sacrifice. The frogs did not love to have a stork for a king. Holding Josephine, the flames of Moscow and the fierce frosts of Russia in remembrance, they did not feel safe with a ruler who cared *so much* for his country, hence they “yielded him up to the foe.” The most noticeable weakness in his calibre was a want of the poetical faculties.

Had he been gifted with a proportionate share of these, they would have saved their possessor by showing him his faults; for such is a portion of their business in the brain, as well as to observe the beauty and fitness of things—they would have spared him the folly of the Russian campaign—and thereby he would have been on the safe side. So, also, France spued this other incubus; and for

the selfsame cause ; additional proof that two-thirds of our evils can be traced to human error, even by human intelligence.

There is a profitableness, therefore, as well as usefulness in beauty, in a worldly as well as a spiritual point of view, which has been strangely overlooked by those who follow the profession of utilitarianism ; for fineness is not incompatible with power. A small hickory is stronger than a large basswood. The diamond is far finer than steel, yet by concussion it has been made to burst asunder the heaviest cast steel sledge hammers, and still flash on unharmed. No one would advise less strength of constitution, however, for there are in every life circumstances, to overcome which requires a mind and body made, figuratively, of steel and whalebone ; but as steel is best when tempered with silver, so a strong man is none the less powerful when tempered with the silver veins of considerateness, chivalry and refinement. Only the strong can be tender. Many like Mrs. Stowe and Charlotte Bronte, have answered all the requirements of the most stringent domestic duties and have enriched the world's literature at the same time. Sometimes a small shoot of a tree will start to grow through a little hole in a huge rock. In a few years the hole is full of tree. But it must grow—and how? The captive's sap, by freezing, bursts asunder its strong prison. So words of kindness in the frosts of adversity, like sunshine and storms, mutually help to build up a tree of shade and shelter below and a resting place for the birds of heaven above.

Contrary to the general superficial belief poets, though they are dreamers, have ever been the most progressive as well as practical of men. Hugh Miller, though both a poet and grand theorist, and possessed of a mind as tangible as a stone pavement, remarked : When it comes to guessing of

consequences poets are generally correct. Dante was before Newton in the discovery of centripetal and centrifugal forces. Homer taught the immortality of the soul. Dr. Workman, of Toronto, read a translation from a Norwegian poet, who described the discovery of electricity hundreds of years before science. Shakespeare makes Puck girdle the earth in forty minutes; and in this connection we may give a quotation from Alexander Smith in "Dreamthorp:"—"Look at a certain silent Emperor for instance; a hundred years hence *his* pearl will be handed about; will be curiously scrutinized and valued; will be set in its place in the world's cabinet. I confess I should like to see the completion of that filmy orb. Will it be pure in color? Will its purity be marred by an ominous bloody streak? Of this I am certain, that in the cabinet in which the world keeps these peculiar treasures, no one will be looked at more frequently or will provoke a greater variety of opinions as to its intrinsic worth." It did not require one hundred years for the Prussian "cabinet" to prove that this was pretty shrewd guessing, for that "filmy orb" was found to contain a "bloody streak."

And poets have also been prophets even of scientific discoveries, from David—who was a warrior, bard, statesman, king and seer—to Shakespeare; it may be summed up thus: those men who make and retain the most powerful impression on the world are endowed with a variety of talents, especially three great gifts;—strong practical common sense, which is the rail-track to the car, or ballast to the ship; enthusiasm, or sentiment, the fire or motive force; and imagination, the light. These command profound respect, when coupled with good health, and seem almost supernatural in their intuitiveness, because they so closely resemble and repeat *some* portion of every other mind. All

useful innovations have been bravely battled for and every reform been introduced into the world by these. They awake others to usefulness; they vivify biography; they render science human; they give life to history; they continually tend to elevate; they have breathed the life of truth into the dry bones of superstition, and they have placed the glorious torch of wisdom into the barricading abominations of priestcraft. From Luther to Chalmers, in theology; from King David to Burns, in literature; from Tubal-Cain to George Stephenson, in mechanism; from Job to Newton, in astronomy, and from Solomon's days to ours the world, progressively, has been ruled by practical enthusiasm and common sense. And, in proportion as men are not so constituted, they become mere cogs in Time's wheels, urged round by the motive power of warm-hearted, large-souled, humanity-loving thinkers and workers, whom the cogs referred to, in the blindness of conceit, are unable to appreciate.

Nor, in that comprehensive essay, will the writer forget to contradict the fallacy that refinement is feebleness. The coarse are not the strong; and those who are too vulgar, or lazy, to cultivate a taste for excellence in themselves shall no longer be allowed to "lay that flattering unction to their souls," nor screen their callousness by believing that rudeness is robustness. Most women rule, or mightily influence, influential men, and a little child shall lead them.

When that truly great man, George Stephenson, was asked "which is the strongest motive power," he replied: a woman's eyes; they have been known to draw wanderers back to them from earth's remotest nations.

When Christopher Columbus was nineteen years of age, he went from Genoa to visit a lovely cousin in a neighboring

city. This damsel chanced—was it chance?—to be exceedingly fond of geography; and during his stay at her father's the lad imbibed such a taste for the science as has enlarged the map of the world ever since, and made room for millions of new homes with all their enlarging influences.

But children—of all sizes—are apt to imagine that iron, stone, earth, wood and such are the Alpha and Omega of material power, until taught, figuratively, by adversity, that they all can be shivered or melted by such invisible agencies as lightning and heat. Much nonsense has been uttered by the superficial against that strange influence which seems to be a beautiful species of social electricity or attraction, but it speaks well for humanity, in this age of rushing, that there is a reaction going on in its favor; for all biographical history avers that “the thunder-shod shakers of the Grecian stage”—and of every other stage—were enthusiasts. Even the founders of Christianity and their Leader were full of sentiment. “His frequent allusions to nature's loveliness prove how closely He had observed it—and it refers itself to none but the profound in feeling. He loved everybody, but He had His particular friends, so they sent to Him this touching message, ‘Behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick.’ There was no need to mention the name.”

But the importance of this question is proven by its responsibilities. There is a great tax on tenderness. The danger of enthusiasm is like that of the steam-engine, in proportion to its excellence. It requires the true guide.

Knowing how averse some reverend worthies are to receive advice, none will be hinted here; but in the essay on ignorance of knowledge it shall be observed, that a practical understanding and application of Nature's great, guiding rules are nearly, if not quite, as necessary to theological

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advancement, humanly thinking, as the laws of grace alone.\* Those organic guides are surely hints of higher ones. They are the corner stones of every human lot and possibly of the great farm, Futurity, on, or for, which we must work, and they may be names of streets in the New Jerusalem.

Therefore, it is safe to say that the largest share of sin has its origin in physical suffering, and that a like proportion of "tribulation" has its fountain in that universal reprobation of natural conditions, a knowledge of which many, who ought to be wiser, call materialism. The press should reiterate it, as also that modern Sinai, the pulpit, that as much sin, or disease, is caused by disobedience to the divine injunctions contained in the organic laws, as in disobeying the inspired injunctions uttered amid flame and thunder on Sinai of old; for the laws of both were framed by the same mind, and are frequently alike in result.

"To him no high, no low, no great, no small,  
He fills, he bounds, connects and equals all."

But this, we fear, is delicate ground for any except a saint to tread. The cry of materialism is easily raised by those who hold only to the spiritual side of God's creation, those who show the weakness of their faith, as did the over-zealous Uzzah by rushing to sustain the Ark, when Jehovah was conducting it aright.

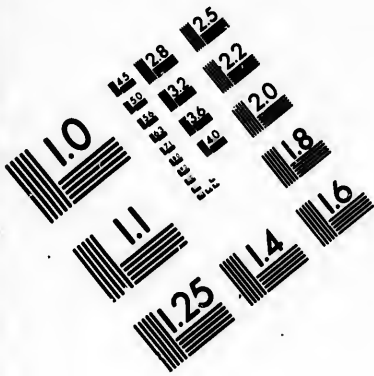
There are some, however, who force themselves to rigidity so tightly into the collar of what they consider creed, that it gives them a sort of moral sweeney. Their stiff necks are galled with their yokes. They use their

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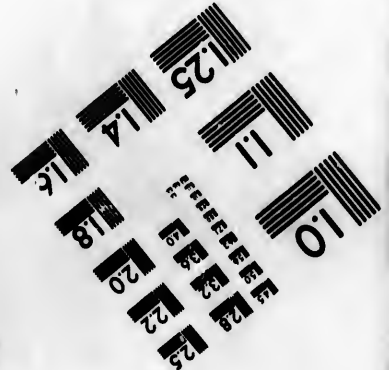
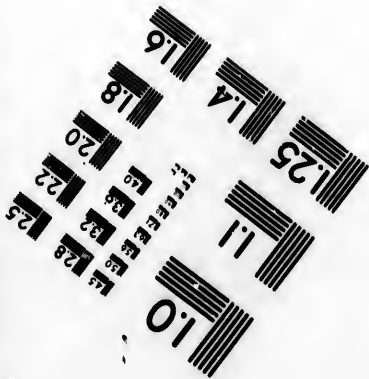
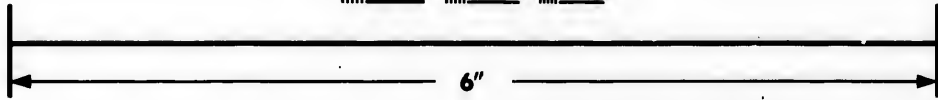
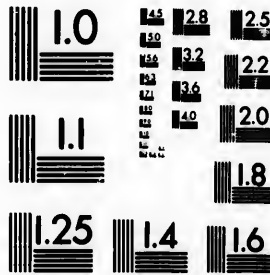
\*The statement has been made on reliable authority that one half of the human race die before the age of one year, and one quarter of the whole number born, before seven years. We fail to interpret such a horrible holocaust as the Divine intention.







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opinion as an iron ramrod is used to drive down the leaden load of some especial sect. They roll their self-inflicted "tribulation" under their tongue as a sweet morsel. Instead of haggling the body, as the heathen do, they scarify the starved soul, to get into Heaven. God forbid that we should say a hurtful word to any "little one;" but, when we see one who neglects his home ties, a member of some soulless creed, who passes for a Christian, foam at the mouth every time a sinner laughs, we suspect him.

Help us, Wisdom, to dissipate those dreary theories regarding life, with thy divine rays, as the sun of heaven undermines and lifts the impending glaciers into beautiful clouds, to shade the thirsty wanderer from noonday heat, and to drop fatness on the land. Should thy benign intentions, as is too frequently the case, be frozen by neglect, as the genial moisture of the tropical zones is frozen by the poles; still as an iceberg return and grind down on thy wide way the hidden rocks which wreck so many moral navigators. Cool the Saharas of theological disputations with reflections of Divine Truth; for that only is safe. Some men seem like a haunted house, half ruined by its *late* tenants, Dissipation, Fashion and Want; (for want oftener dwells with Fashion than with Poverty) waiting for its next occupant, Death. Sometimes, therefore, it is a great relief to disembody one's self into an empty tenement; and it is often a relaxation to associate with a thoroughly unconventional man or woman. Ignorance, except of evil, never was bliss. Far different; nor is knowledge happiness, but an ignorant genius is fascinating. He has all the freshness of youth, which is the most powerful indication of genius. Studious men often eradicate, by reading, all original freshness from their dispositions, as a gardener is

forced to destroy the beautiful natural flowers in his mistress's garden, to make room for the transplantation of foreign fashionable weeds,

“Fair, but O how frail!”

There are a few, however, who do not brush the down from the peach, and such are generally found at the front of duty—for, though a very sensitive man *may* not be understood, and consequently his fine considerateness is overlooked; though he may not make a first-class business man, any more than a diamond will do for a mill-stone, yet he is in possession of more information about other men and the broad world, than those are who fail to understand him.

We have elsewhere hinted that ignorance of our material conditions levies an overwhelming taxation on mankind, in the forms of disease or *sin* (for they are the same,) and inability to meet the causes of calamity. See, for instance, a whole nation, press and all, standing with a stupid gaze fixed on the potato bug. For nine years the farmer's cradle was left to rust in the shed, for the midge performed two-thirds of the harvesting during that time. No one to throw David's pebble of truth from the sling of science at the head and front of this offending. The same may be said of intemperance. Pious men abuse science, in retaliation, because the French infidels *mis-used* it, and consequently ignorance of nature's laws has been visited by scourges which we should be ashamed of. Religion itself, apart from science, is apt to fade like a vine in a cellar. The sun of truth *will* shine by necessity, however; and, but for that supernal fact humanity would have annihilated itself by brutal ignorance long ago from the face of the earth.

Moreover, men who are wholly practical and utilitarian—let the stars be thanked there are no women of this sort,—who receive the name of “strong minded,” are more frequently *used* by theoretical enthusiasts than the reverse.

All this will be written in such “goodly ornature of well appareled style” that those who rush may read, and some who are diametrically opposed to the truth, formerly, will exclaim with considerable enthusiasm : “These are the very sentiments that I have contended for for years and years.”

But that which entirely empties us of knowledge, which most completely obliterates the last vestige of self-conceit, is questioning. How uncomfortable a little urchin can make a learned company. There has been a supposed answer to most learned queries ; and the professors of philosophy fall into the pit themselves have made by the habit of thinking that such and such are the true explanations, as twice two are four ; but let some shrewd, ignorant individual put the question from his own isolated, semi-heathenish standpoint, and its oddity startles—the very density of the darkness surrounding the questioner, like the flint around its own fire, will utterly preclude the possibility of an explanation from the ablest metaphysician. In fact answers and questions, if they come at all from the ignorant, come more readily than from the knowing. Ask a farmer which is his corner stone and his emphatic foot goes down decidedly on the spot ; but ask the same question of the surveyor and he takes two or three days before he gives his learned opinion about the place where that stone should be. “I took up a little child one evening,” said W. Ormiston, D. D., “and in my bungling way was trying to explain the distance of the stars, when the little prattler asked : But what is there beyond where there's nothing?” We can lumber along pretty well in our own way with such a guide as the groove of habit

affords ; but few of us like to be questioned *by that ignorant person*. Of course I do not wish to be misunderstood. These conditions do not apply to the reader.

There is another position of annoyance to me, and to any other equally liberal meditator, and one which often serves as an effectual mental blockade to improvement. It is this : Some men seem to take pride in having *made up their minds* on every earthly and unearthly subject. If any new phase of their padlocked and stereotyped opinions is advanced, they immediately resent it, as the venerable Scottish matron berated the inventor of the fanning mill for "gettin' up a gale in the face of the Lord." A great number of decided opinions end in effect as would a university which concluded to close up, and stone up, its doors, just as soon as the small quota of students which it could accommodate obtained admission within its square drab sides ; or, as an extinguished lighthouse, which is likely to wreck those whom it was erected to warn.

Would it not be as well to make up our minds that we will *not* make up our minds on *some* subjects, especially on the infinite ? Let us leave the gates ajar, that the angels of truth—for they are numerous, and although their pinions are not always lovely they are always broad—may enter at their own sweet ways, and of their own sweet wills.

That the Son of God should say, Lead us not into temptation, reveals a condition which no plummet of human reason can fathom. Is it not safer, therefore, and more becoming to let faith *sail over* such vast seas of speculation ?

After all that they have done in the way of removing superstition and establishing civilization, the sciences are often very tantalizing. They are the knowledge most worth having, yet

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Knowledge is not happiness, and science  
Is an exchange of ignorance for that  
Which is another kind of ignorance.

So said the wayward bard, as A. Somerville called Byron. The eagle eyes of genius can see a little farther than the majority, but even they are only lanterns busy in the dark. Once I had immense faith in the immutability of Nature's laws, and am still under Mrs. Stowe's impression that they "are more inexorably exacting than the laws of grace." But we find that the organic rules are not forever sure. The stars do not occupy one exact orbit in the sky. Some of them have failed to appear. One of the Pleiades has gone out of heaven. Creation is not finished. The scaffolding with which the universe was built, says the Rev. Geo. Gilfillan, has not yet been removed.

Integration and disintegration are the celestial as well as terrestrial conditions. Suppose some great, unholy collision should happen in the sidereal heavens, and worlds on worlds, inhabited and high, from all the immeasurable bounds of space, be heaved over the dreadful abyss of eternity, like bubbles over Niagara! Fiends, angels, ghosts, cherubim, universes, all huddled together, and hurtled, a celestial Armada to ruin; or as vast herds of wild beasts, all rushing before a prairie on fire. Who shall say it will not be?

"Not changed is Heaven's purpose,  
I will not fear."

In conclusion, I hope that essay which has never been written, or this review of it, which may never be read, will not be received as the little boy was, who found a glittering crimson pebble in a stream. Running to show it to his big brother, his heart glad and his face all aglow, he was told,



"go away with your noise ; *what use is it ?*" That question is a finer display of the ignorance of knowledge than many essays ; yet it is the general reception which iron-mongering utilitarianism accords to Art. Far better the reply of a mother to her little girl's first drawing : "O how beautiful ! is it a cow or a rose ?"

The cheerful mind of childhood looks forward to its parents for an explanation of the wonders which arise ; but parents are just as apt to disappoint the expectations of children as *vice versa*. Youth looks to manhood as the time to be initiated into the mysteries of life's strange requirements, but manhood has to buy and sell, so he looks to age for more time to investigate the "tenebrific scene," but soon "Death's dark house hauds a' the three."

An article in an Eclectic magazine, entitled "What knowledge is of most worth ?" points out our own conclusions on the subject in such a comprehensive manner, that we cannot resist the desire to enliven our final page with a quotation from it. "Observe next that a great superiority of science over language as a means of discipline is, that it cultivates the judgment. As, in a lecture on mental education, delivered at the Royal Institution, Professor Faraday well remarks, the most common intellectual fault is deficiency of judgment.

He contends that 'society, speaking generally, is not only ignorant as respects education of the judgment, but is also ignorant of its ignorance.' And the cause to which he ascribes this state is want of scientific culture. The truth of his conclusion is obvious. Correct judgment with regard to all surrounding things, events and consequences becomes possible only through knowledge of the way in which surrounding phenomena depend on each other, or an exact acquaintanceship with the meaning of correct inferences respect-

ing causes and effects. The constant habit of drawing conclusions by observation and experiment can alone give the power of judging correctly. And that it necessitates this habit is one of the immense advantages of science.

Thus, to the question with which we set out—What knowledge is of most worth—the uniform reply is—Science. This is the verdict on all the counts. For direct self-preservation, or the maintenance of life and health, the all important knowledge is—Science.

For that indirect self-preservation, which we call gaining a livelihood, the knowledge of greatest value is—Science. For the due discharge of parental functions the proper guidance is to be found only in—Science. For that interpretation of national life, past and present, without which the citizen can not rightly regulate his conduct, the indispensable key is—Science. Alike for the most perfect and highest enjoyment of art in all its forms, the needful preparation is still—Science. And for purposes of discipline—intellectual, moral, religious—the most efficient study is, once more, Science.

Paraphrasing an Eastern fable we may say that, in the family of knowledges, Science is the household drudge, who in obscurity hides unrecognized perfections. To her has been committed all the work; by her skill, intelligence and devotion have all the conveniences and gratifications been obtained; and, while ceaselessly occupied in ministering to the rest, she has been kept in the background, that her haughty sisters might flaunt their fripperies in the eyes of the world. The parallel holds yet further. For we are fast coming to the *denouement*, when the positions will be changed; and these haughty sisters sink into the merited neglect. Science, proclaimed as highest alike in worth and beauty, will reign supreme.

The professor might have pointed especially to "clerical and lay" ignorance of the science of ventilation. Pure air and pure religion are so closely allied, the wonder is why those which God has seen fit to join man should be allowed to put asunder. But the majority of every community, when told of the evils of separation, make haste to seal the divorce.

## BORN IN THE PURPLE.

"I ask no more from mortals  
Than your beautiful face implies."

FAIR FRIEND,—Once I promised to write you a book. The idea must have emanated from inexperience, and, therefore, did not thrive. To show that the promise is not forgotten, however,—though the ability to perform it is—be patient enough to peruse the following collection of prose and verse, or "prose and worse," as Jerrold called something similar.

You will soon perceive that the enclosed was written for one who is "delicately pure and marvelously fair."

If a foreigner, learning our language, were to ask me the meaning of our word "beautiful," I would—if he was fine enough to appreciate it—allow him to look at her likeness, or advise him to bow to the original for an interpretation thereof. She was—the third person and past tense are preferable for a reason—philosophical as well as fair, which is unusual, for wisdom does not invariably inhabit a beautiful tabernacle. Nor was the poetical temperament wanting, with its accompanying immortal hair, dreamy gaze and quiet, considerate manner, whose very footsteps seemed a compliment. We met by chance, the usual way, high on the evening hill; read the same authors and admired the same styles of excellence—not excepting each other—for she had exquisite taste. However the toolish may gibe, when the disenchanting rod of disappointment turns hopes to "the dust we all have trod," though spirits, like fabled birds of

flame, soar upward into regions of eventual victory, still such circumstances are apt to leave an autumnal tone of shade whose hues are in proportion to the vitality of foliage arrested by adverse frosts. And even suppose there should be some crooning of dolorous ditties on such occasions? When a merchant loses his argosies at sea, his friends commiserate; when death demits a worthy statesman, the *papers* mourn; and over the inflammation of Chicago the world condoles to the extent of millions; but when that incomprehensible craft called the soul, with all its superhuman cargo, is driven "out beyond the harbor bar," its possessor is expected to go on his indifferent way rejoicing. Among many strange characters one could be mentioned, whose circumstances at starting in life were very hopeful. His health was above par, and his abilities of the *enduring* kind, which are more apt to succeed than faculties of greater brilliance. He was among the few who are prudent also; but, after years of severe, unseen labor, there came an underdrift of adversity from a source that no human reason could have foreseen, and overwhelmed him. Such scathings were suffered in silence, however, for the world despises the unfortunate. Society, like a wolf, devours its own mutilated; and an unsuccessful person stands about equal chances with a rogue or a fool. Even parents are not over partial to those who fail to represent their strength. So when a strong man, standing in the shade of some post of duty, even supposing such duty self-imposed, sees his chosen sample of mundane excellence led away by an unappreciative rival, the act is not calculated to render him perfectly happy. In the words of Mrs. Zervia Myrtle, "it is depressing."

"As a wind that shrills  
All night in a waste land, where no man comes  
Nor hath come since the making of the world."

Did not such baleful experiences embitter and intensify the spirited author of *Manfred*? It would pose the world to produce a more passionate devotee before the shrine of excellence than he was, through his transient, glittering and gloomy career. His whole large, loving, human heart was thrillingly alive to every fashion of human and superhuman Beauty. As such fancy him, Lord Byron, maimed, limping around the altar of Loveliness—offering his awkward oblations and meeting repulsion. Could any arrow in the vast quiver of Fate be tipped with a more maddening caustic for him?

“Through that window look  
Into the ruined house.”

Surely it is sufficient to account for his abnormal gloom, and not sin. There are some coarse specimens of humanity who can make capital out of mutilation; but, to a proud, honorable man such an outlook is as abhorrent as the terrified face and twisted hair of a corpse who is found to have been buried alive.

But in some quiet way Pain rewards the pure. The storm sustains the summer that it obscures, as he, after a while, arose victorious. There is another university beside that which has stone walls, a library and a faculty.

It is out of such that the triumphant come. The graduates of grief's huge college, if powerful enough to endure the ordeal at all—the wear and breaking of the mental gymnasium—obtain the scholarship of self control, which is superior to all other lore. It is greater than the eloquence of Demosthenes and profounder than the learning of Pythagoras. It is the soul's Australitz, and they who acquire such an education know no earthly superior. Henceforth they can enjoy without fear. They have

received their credentials of ability directly from the mailed hand of Victory. By abnegation are they in the purple. The remainder of life resembles sunshine on a prairie, when "the time of the singing of birds has come." Shibolet— they can pronounce the "pass"-word that enables its possessor to essay the stream of Time, cheered by "the light that never was on sea or land"—Vates forever.

The laudatory acclaim of underlings cannot elate, nor the inhuman sneer of the envious depress. It is the Happy Valley, whither we may return after having seen the world's folly, "at which we clutch with a vain-grasping hand." It is the Hall of Eblis, shorn of its horrors. Vathek is there, purified, and able to repeat the Bissmillah. Soliman ben Doud has heard the torturing cataract cease to flow, and the fire has gone out of his heart forever.

So nations, as well as individuals, arise from barbarity to influential positions, principally by strength developed through opposing forces. So Scotland and Switzerland acquired a right to receive recognition from, and in turn have left their mental mark upon, the world's history.

Has not Hugh Miller transformed geology into an angel of light, who has rolled the stone of ignorance away from the narrow door of Truth? Has not Newton, "From voyaging on strange seas of thought alone," returned victorious? And Dante, also? Galileo is no longer overborne by the millstones of priestcraft, and who dares imprison a Tasso now? Yet those men were as powerful in sentiment as in sense or science. When Columbus stood, or knelt, on the deck of his little craft, in sight of a new world, was he not triumphant? Were Micah's gods, Rachel's children, or Esau's birthright dearer to them than that intense hour to him, or to the world? Looking at the quality of victory in its right light, the purple of Martin Luther's robe is superior

to Napoleon's. Sir Philip Sydney, Wilberforce, Florence Nightingale, John Brown and a host who are nameless, are more truly deserving of a crown than many who are more extensively eulogized by history's partial pen.

From all this we may safely assert that there is no costless victory. Circumstances frequently occur to prove that these only were born to the purple, who obtained it through such triumph as duty well done. Without some incentive of patriotism or benevolence, all work will flag, for a mere desire for fame is the puniest of broken reeds on which to lean. It is to be lamented that there is so much misunderstanding regarding success—in a good cause—is there any success in a bad one? Superficial persons, seeing the winnings of others, without the striving by which the race was won, foolishly conclude that there was no striving; when truly the whole flinty pathway of the past could be retraced by soul-scarring struggles in comparison to which death is a plaything. The self-distrustings—when the siren voice of temptation is most alluringly seductive—the depression that *will* come to a high mind, capable of seeing the insurmountable contrast between its exalted aims and conceptions of the glory to be, and the

"Little all we here can find  
With Death's dark, mystic sphere behind;"

Between the little we can do, and the amount to be done—the scoffing endured for a poverty produced by a disposition to assist in ameliorating the degrading condition of those who scoff; the blame which follows failure, and ten thousand wordless difficulties to be overcome or silently endured.

Such are *some* of the conditions of victory, yet those who yield to the enervating beguilements by the way blame fate for partiality, or their own ill luck. Bad luck is generally



manufactured by its owner—it is “home made,” and is often produced by imprudence and mismanagement. Genuine undeserved ruin seldom knocks at any human door. Weaklings, with a self-complacency very consoling to its possessor, often quiet their wounding consciences by attributing their deficiencies of judgment to destiny. Hence you frequently observe that those, who have risen to rewards by years of mental work and stoical abnegation, receive no credit for their toil except to be called lucky or geniuses. Genius has greater working obligations than ordinary ability. The finest diamond requires most polishing. So it is that eminent writers have been abused as idlers until success crowned them with the imperial purple.

It would be unfair, though, to deny that there is an undercurrent of adversity in the universe. For some inscrutable purpose a portion are allowed Job's experience.

It is another specimen of spurious philosophy to suppose the performance of duty will invariably render one happy here. Frequently the reverse. A person who dares to oppose cant, hypocrisy, superstition, or any shape of evil—which is always in the majority—will meet with a like majority of foes. Teachers sometimes mislead mouldable minds by picturing the flowery paths of virtue. They, or the paths that ultimately lead to peace, are oftener flinty. The disappointment arising from the discovery of their true condition—seeing the hills of Difficulty directly in Wisdom's narrow way—often causes the faint-hearted to falter. However, happiness is *not* “our being's end and aim,”

“But to live that each to-morrow  
Finds us farther than to-day.”

It follows that the only true wealth of a nation is mental wealth; and its chief triumphs in the number of voters who have instructed consciences for guides.

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Had I but known that this essay was to be a sermon, I would have provided a text. If it not too near the weary termination, here are some for you to select from :

"We always may be what we might have been."

"For care and trouble set your thought."

"Men sometimes have been masters of their fate.  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

"Our wishes are premonitions of our capabilities."

"*That*," says Carlyle, "is a noble saying of deep import ; applicable to our wishes and efforts in regard to reading as well as other things.

"Among the objects that look wonderful or beautiful to you, follow with fresh hope that which looks wonderfulest, beautifulest."

However, the writer is not laboring under the supposition that his opinions will please you. Every human being looks at the universe in a variety of lights—so much so, that thereby we might figuratively add some new worlds to our present system. Suspend this planet as seen by a Goethe beside the same orb as beheld by a soggy Terra del Fuegan. To the imaginative there wheels onward an interminable panorama of the heavens, illuminated with ever-varying scenery of the seasons, cheerful at dawn, active by day, pensive in the night.

Beyond, an extensive storehouse of infinite worlds, some of whose lights and glories have not yet found us out, though they flash on through the immeasurable boundlessness of space with a velocity of a million miles per minute across the lonely highways of astronomy. Perhaps when those lights

all reach us, there will be no more night. But who can cast the plummet line of conjecture far enough to sound the ocean of Truth?

Knowing your distaste for such subjects, however, I will conclude by mentioning the near completion of a novel which possibly may please you. One chapter contains a description of your old homestead and the surrounding scenery. Vines upon the house-side fir-trees, full of grapes, as they first took my youthful imagination—and one who was sometimes under their fragrant festoons. The winter parties, music, mirth and dancing; and, more than that, the friends of whom we hear so little now, and see less.

Let them go—regret is not triumph; the royal toga is not hereditary. Those only are born in the purple who *win* it worthily—those who can utilize the *quiet* enjoyments of life judiciously, who can read fiction and still retain a taste for science, history and their daily duties; who can be pleased with a social dance without being led to late hours, a sacrifice of time and health; who can endure disappointments and not become reckless; who can enjoy society, grave or gay, or to be alone; who believe in the sacred admonitions of the Bible and also in the sacred ordinances of Nature; whose tempers are unruffled, excepting when subjected to the aggressiveness of immorality on holy ground; whose lives and precepts are *one*: and whose minds resemble the white Temple of Beauty, lit from within by remembrances of duty well done—all the walls being adorned with choice subjects of memory and imagination.

## MY LIBRARY.

As evening closes with a north-eastern snow-storm too severe for our usual twilight stroll in the fields, we may as well return to my library, let down the blinds and read, for the next best thing to nature is a book.

Wheel around that sofa, which has "velvet, violet lining," opposite; and, as light from an ancient fireplace alternately chances to illumine photographs and volumes of our gifted favorites, we will follow the inviting hint and, with their permission, renew acquaintance with a few "fair women and brave men."

But first, those who believe in democracy can have this fact in favor of their faith, that the world's greatest geniuses cannot choose their readers. Persons whom a Chesterfield, Walpole or Byron would have scorned to associate with—"hating to be such"—now make free with the proudest, most exclusive and most cherished sentiments of the disembodied dead, and also in turn sneer at each silent sufferer's choicest predilections. And hosts, who would not recognize genius, while in the flesh it was toiling by their side for the bread that perisheth, are indebted to those same neglected ones for the only plank that saves their memory from utter oblivion. So it seems that the Manitou, or great spirit of compromise, as well as many other spirits, chiefly lives beyond the grave.

The revived light shows a picture of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, in the language of John Ross Dix "still gloriously beautiful"—one of the many talented forbears of our Governor, Earl Dufferin. On a par with hers is a portrait

of the poet Cowper's mother, deserving his feeling tribute to it, serenely reflecting a pensive refinement of countenance "which of itself shows immortality," and which others might do well to imitate by cultivating a like disposition to hers. Nearer still—but beyond my reach—is one of nameless loveliness, dearer than all

That ever held a heart in thrall—  
Surely the years those chains have tried,  
Yet did not any link divide.

A considerable portion of light has also fallen on the photograph of H. W. Beecher, and a still larger share of fire on the original, singular propounder of Divinity and domesticity. "Methodists are good," said he, "but all Metho. lists would not be good. When you mix your bread, you pitch in *some* salt to make it good, but bread *all* salt would not be good."

The light fails to reach the upper shelf of my library, and it may be as well, for the subjects treated of in those dim volumes are not superlatively interesting to "the general reader," being mostly works *about* piety—"Robert's dozen Lectures," for instance. Probably there is but one man in this ambitious city whose mental light is of sufficiently altitudinous comprehensibility to expound their spiritual somnambulism, whose ideas of eternal rest are eternal rust. Ah, well—the keen edge of reproaching ignorance is somewhat blunted by the fact that piety is not popular.

Yonder reposes an effigy of "the deepest thinker on the continent of America,"—so it is written—to wit: R. W. Emerson. But, as sensible people are not always acceptable company, we will soon dispose of him. In his tirade on "Works and Days" complaint is laid before us, that "men do not live enough in the present." The statement proves

that at least the author is happy; if he were not in comparatively easy circumstances, he would pretty soon find out for himself why so many try by every means to get out of the present. A sentence in "Friends in Council" hints at unhappiness as the cause,—“while smoking you cease to live wholly in the future, which miserable men for the most part do.” Even so. A meditative sinner's self—and who at times is not meditative?—is scarcely the most satisfactory subject of contemplation that our catalogue of superhuman themes can furnish. Depend upon it, Ralph, some sly little domestic foxes among the vines are the most numerous causes of this system of morally “dining out.”

An Indian hunter laughs to see a pale-face follow a deer all day, knowing that by crossing the deer's invariable circle of flight he can be easily reached at once. So Emerson sometimes wanders after a thought which follows him closely in his reader's mind.

“He *can* talk sense,” said a critic once. Very true, but who is willing to listen? Sense, strictly interpreted, means something beneficial for humanity to act upon. But just think around you and strive to recall fifty really sensible persons or books that you have read with interest. Verily, the demand forms the quality of supply in literature as well as in physical commerce, and *vice versa*; and that quality nameless authors must furnish or starve in their profession. For instance again, a small ray reveals the title of a neglected book on health by Catherine Beecher. This valuable book has recently been re-issued in a work entitled “The American Woman's Home, or Domestic Sciences,” by C. E. Beecher and H. B. Stowe, with additional moral and scientific information strikingly interesting as well as useful. But talk in the most refined style to any number of intelligent young mothers concerning the responsibilities of

health devolving upon and clothing them with a mantle of immortal influences, as is represented in this book, and, with a sigh of relief at your departure, they will likely exclaim, while drawing some stay-lace one quarter of an inch tighter, "Did you ever? I wonder at his presumption!"

There occurs to every generous individual at one or another time of his life a desire to try to educate those who suffer through ignorance up to something truly noble and worthy of manhood and womanhood. At the very first turn of the flinty way, behold it is barricaded by hordes, as sea sands for multitudes, around one or another of mammon's before-mentioned shrines. Sense! Who does not acknowledge that health is better than fashion? yet the former is left to shirk for itself. Who believes that sickness should be punished and held in contempt like drunkenness, as a warning against weaknesses that eventuate in criminality, in all instances where it does not arise from accident or circumstances beyond its present proprietor's control? Who denies that nations cannot be considered safe, until they have instituted systems of jurisprudence whereby to punish sins of omission as definitely as of more palpable derelictions. Seriously speaking, nature never condescends to sue or call a Geneva Tribunal, when she squares accounts with a nation for "consequential or unsequential damages," caused by plagues arising from culpable neglect of immutable laws; but individuals so sinning should be interfered with for the sake of their personal comfort; and in the name of mercy and political economy on the part of the State; and Legislature ought to pardon many acts *called* crimes, and prosecute a new set which pass for "Providences." Yet the oversight is strange on the part of humanity—strange because it involves irreparable losses—that we are so neglectful of causes. We have heard enough

about the "web of fate," but, in reality it more nearly resembles a rag carpet over which we go tripping along, generation after generation, mending *effects*, regardless of the philosophy that "one ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," or that "if parents eat sour grapes the children's teeth will be on edge," and of all there comes a conclusion which no amount of reason can fathom, viz: something that would strengthen our faith in providential interpositions, if we could comprehend our numberless narrow escapes from accidents that never happened.

For some time, if not longer, the present writer has entertained an impression that Government should empower a competent physician to visit every domicile where a wedding is liable to happen, and question "the parties," under penalty, concerning their ability, not only to maintain, but to raise and educate a family properly and prosperously. This useful and highly important agent could easily be paid—all wages should be in the hands of Government—from the extra revenue accruing out of this excellent mode of moral, physical and monetary success; for, as we have elsewhere intimated, sickness—or its synonym, sin—is the heaviest taxation an empire is called upon, by itself, to endure. If Government rewarded every subject according to his or her usefulness to the state, there would not only be fewer lawsuits for the recovery of wages, but the nine hours strikes would be settled at once, especially if Sir John were to the fore. Yet who would have heart to say to the sick "arise, and go ye to our national asylum; abide there till cured and, thereafter, remunerate state costs for recovery and lost time, by a thorough course of such hygienic training as will at once teach thee how to avoid all disobedience of self-evident laws and, at the same time, re-imburse the exchequer."



The moon peers over a dark cloud's purple curtain and, falling on, lights up the bust of majestic old Mozart—prototype of many fair followers, not the least among whom is our talented citizen Miss Wollung, inimitable in music. Can there be a refinement more celestial on earth than song? One almost hopes not, for excessive happiness arising from "music yearning like a god in pain," is closely allied to a feeling of suffering, consequently greater joy than music can give would awaken sentiments resembling anguish. Painting and sculpture awaken similar wordless devotion; and every poet's memory or imagination is lighted from on high by at least one faith-sustaining face, revealing possible heights to which happiness may ultimately attain. Pity the æsthetic realms of silence are so often desecrated and marred by discords called music.

Here is Dante's "Inferno," and a work closely allied thereto, Ovid's "Art of Love," anent which the query arises: Will this material, cast-iron, nineteenth-century world ever be able to take the census of affections? The true conditions are, the affections often take the senses of the world.

The world sometimes conceits itself wise by laughing at love at first sight; but laughter cannot alter a law. People—and sometimes women—are prone to consider the fiats of "society" final. Nature, however, takes another way, consequently there is a continual strife between them, as evinced by general adversity. But the immortality of poets' loves proves that the right chord was touched once and forever by

An act of free will on the part of fate.

Hence Ruth is still gleaning, not only from the patriarchal vales of the long past, but from the "very present" fields of

our affections. Raphael's Fornarina, Highland Mary, Hawthorne's Hilda and a host of others are embalmed by a sentiment of deathless light whose spiritual purity is not likely to vanish from literature or from life.

No doubt these pictures are crowned in their several conjurers' paradises as a sort of beautiful compromise in order to cheer their otherwise incomprehensibly dreary journeys. Another accidental moonbeam—how like to fame!—falls on an obscure photograph in one corner of my mental work-shop. Raine is the name, one who figures gracefully and musically in the "Canadian Monthly."

Near him, but of another colored temperament, quintessence of mischief, lies the jocose Wray, author of "My Niagara Campaign"—verily a Canadian Twain. On the same shelf is a framed similitude of a solitary wilderness. A Canadian forest is a whole literature in itself, but, by its very majesty and boundlessness, depressing, because it continually hints of human ignorance; surely, above all things except astronomy, a forest is gifted to teach us how little we know.

Every tree is a registry and some ancient boles contain weather symbols of a thousand years. To the initiated in bush-craft every thin section ring testifies of a summer's drouth or winter's severity; and every thick ring means a genial year. The wig of moss on this stone cannot conceal its age, for it was venerable centuries prior to creation's earlier deluges. Now every Indian uses it as a guide, for the moss grows thickest on the north side of trees and of those boulders—those universal, undeciphered tablets and tombstones of dead centuries. Marvel of Hugh Miller—full of unrevealed ages of lore: "I sat on a boulder stone on the brow of southern pastures, looking down on sugar groves. Poets and historians of the future may sit upon

these boulders, as I did, loitering on the brow of the declivity, studious or rapturous on the progressive industries and vicissitudes of humanity, or on the flocks and herds, and rural beauty of wide rolling hills, luxuriant in summer, their greenness fading into grey with distance and merging into blue of the mountains.

“River of youth, vivacity, beauty, exquisite in dalliance at the foot of the hills—the cultured or forest clothed, whose foliage of richest greenness is in this ripe October a garment of gorgeous colors, charming all day and, in glowing afternoons, enchanting.”\*

What a terrific abrasive process they must have gone through in order to reach their present smoothness and positions—long after earth’s face was “pitted” by volcanic eruptions—strewn by slowly drifting or swiftly driven fields of ice to and fro on their lonely world of waters, and now lodged here in this mossy solitude hoary with snow.

I do remember one dark morn when I had lost my way,  
So deep the midnight snow-storm lodged on every branch and spray;  
All things were bowed in worship of a white, ethereal shade;  
Cedar and pine and hemlock, each a mute obeisance made.

Long time I wandered up and down, nor could distinctly find  
The spot whereon was pitched the tent; nor could I bring to mind  
The oak beneath whose sheltering arms we slept through many a gale;  
All was obscure as that wild sea where Pharaoh came to fall.

At length it seemed like some church aisle of devotees at prayer,  
Till from the east transfiguring light in answer entered there,  
Then slow the burdens dropped away as mercy melteth sin,  
And up they rose as spring birds sang a jubilee of din.

The chickadee plained tenderly the many-tinted jay;  
There’s not much sentiment in him, but he sang well that day,  
Chasing the melancholy owl back to his thicket dim—  
Because there is no mirth in owls the jays make mirth of him.

\* Alexander Somerville, “the Whistler at the Plough.”

But are they birds? and those pale forms that are around us rolled,  
Were they not rather symbols which the future will unfold,  
When their interpreter sees fit to trust us with the key  
Which will make all things manifest and set each meaning free?

'Twas thus the path appeared again, less beauteous but secure,  
And soon the spring itself came forth the scars of frost to cure;  
And summer was in all that land, a type of many more  
Such as the meritorious gain on some celestial shore.

I wish Shakespeare and Burns had seen Niagara and a Canadian forest in storms. When in the midst of such awful scenes one instinctively longs for some spirit capable of appreciating them. Yet the probability is, those bards who could make a daisy or mouse immortal would be awed into silence when in presence of subjects comparatively high. Burns was wordless before historical scenery in Scotland's grandest glens. Such souls become, as it were, tangled with infinitudes. They differ from theologians by climbing to some height of faith to look over, when they fail to see through each peak

"That lifts its storm-scarred brow to God  
And worships in the sky alone."

Next, "with dirges due in sad array," half in shade, appears Lord Byron, with Lucifer "dim pinnacled in the intense inane."

"Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,  
And each separate, dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor,"

when the writer first "glowered" through those weird halls of Manfred—the myriad-minded "gentle William's" unhappy brother. Near at hand, and nearer at heart, sits Burns, Scotland's best assurance of "a new heaven and a new earth." But this intellectual triune must be dismissed.

"Away! ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses,"

or thy fascinating and eerie spells will rob other bards of their just merits, one of whom is brought to mind by the title of a very fine unpublished poem, "The Dark Huntsman."

In the opinion of a utilitarian the writing of poetry in this country appears a most insane proceeding. In any country when a man, urged by some doubly impelling power from within and without, produces poetry, by that act he is immediately placed apart from his fellows—sometimes above them, oftener beneath. This is done, not "with their mutual consent," for bards are proverbially brotherly, but by the "gentle public."

Henceforth he is not recognized as a business man. He, in turn, feels their low estimate of his power in commercial transactions, and there are always numerous confirmations of adverse opinions, for doubt justifies itself as frequently as faith. He is therefore driven to occupy the disadvantageous position wherein prejudicial opinions place him. Such are the conditions of poetical reception in countries where it is most appreciated, but his bardship's mischances are doubled in a new country. Such adverse circumstances, however, are just so many proofs of genuineness of the faculty divine in those gifted ones, who have not only sung patriotic and imaginative strains sweetly and vigorously, but who have eventually triumphed over numberless disadvantages.

Probably the same "Divinity within" warned them that to shirk their duty would surely entail a still harder lot, for, above all men, a true bard or artist has least to do with the choice of their pursuits. Others may change their occupation—can sell their birthright for a mess of pottage—but the bard, be he in Canada or in Canaan, in the frozen halls of

Odin, or among the dreamy and dreary majesty of the Sierras; the burning sands of Hafiz, or in the muse's more frequent poetical homestead—"the deep, heaving sea"—each bard is forced to wind a horn of warning on the walls of his native Nineveh, or be cast into still profounder deeps. The sound of the hammer is not heard in the temple of song, nor is his patriotism, like a politician's, measured by office; but his country must be reflected from the deep, calm mountain lake of his muse; from the smallest flower on shore to the farthest star in the heavens, or otherwise whole configurations of existence would be abnormal. Courage, brothers. Lock not for rewards, except from within. Other lofty callings are as frequently unrecompensed as yours. Gird up your loins, sisters and sons of arts and letters, whom I look up to, let us not wait long.

Here is one that has answered our exorcism, and from his mental ocean Cornelius Donovan has produced a complete rosary of "Irish Pearls," a book of which not only all Irishmen of Canada, to whom it is dedicated, should be proud, but men of many lands. It is hard to imagine what Professor Froude would say about it; yet he could not but own that the writer has sufficient proofs of Erin's eloquence and poetry from the days of the marauding Dane, Sitrick, to Thomas Moore, whose song of O'Ruark we are glad to find in this neat volume.

That other is "The Sciences," a much worn school book of dear old Chambers, which caused some heavy flagellations, and "The Miscellany" series, by the same firm, and contains an article read with avidity long ago by a firelight of pine knots, when the old folks were off to the sugar bush, an article called "The Story of Peter Williamson." He was kidnapped at Aberdeen when twelve years old, brought to America, sold to a colonist, married the colonist's daughter,

was stolen by the Indians, lived with them twenty years, made his escape in a wonderful manner, found his beautiful wife had died of grief, returned to Aberdeen, found all his relatives and friends had dispersed or died, published his story, was scouted at as an imposter, returned to America, and finished his broken-hearted days after having written the best book on the North American Indians ever published. A spicy fiction, full of fashionable lies, might have made his fortune. The value of his book is that it is by it and such influences we are enjoying peaceful intercourse with the red men.\*

The last book on the shelf is "Selections from Canadian Poets, by the Rev. E. H. Dewart." The industrious com-

\* This question has been broached lately by the able pen of Mr. D. McCulloch, in the *Hamilton Spectator*, as follows, "The *Manitoba* calls attention to a subject that appears to be more interesting than attractive to the people of this country, namely, the possibility of Indian disturbances in our North-west territory. The time has arrived when that splendid country must be opened up for settlement. In no other way can we continue in possession of it, and without it the future of Canada is not a pleasant thing to contemplate. The wave of immigration, which is sweeping over the prairies of the Western States, will not be kept back by the imaginary line which separates our territory from that of our neighbors. There is something in western life which develops a roving and adventurous spirit; indeed, the very fact of an immigrant breaking up his old home, separating all ties of kindred, and seeking his fortunes there, is a proof of such a spirit. To a large class of Westerners the discovery of a gold or silver mine makes the spot a point of irresistible attraction. Now, it is beyond doubt that our North-western territory is rich in metallic wealth, and the discovery of "diggings" of exceptional excellence might at any time cause an irruption of bold and lawless spirits accustomed to rely upon the bowie knife and the revolver for protection. To these men the Indian is but a cumberer of the earth, and an enemy to be shot down without pity. Hitherto our success in dealing with the Indian has been conspicuous, and is the envy of the United States." The eloquent writer concludes by observing that though there exists no immediate cause for alarm, still, on the principle that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, the Legislature should prepare for an amicable adjustment of possible contingencies.

pier deserves praise, inasmuch as he has saved from oblivion some rare gems. Here is one by W. Wye Smith, beginning

" I looked upon Lake Erie  
 Before I looked on thee,  
 And I'll not leave it for thy gold  
 That lies beyind the sea ;—  
 Its waves came leaping to my hand  
 As if they feared I'd go—  
 I look upon Lake Erie  
 And my heart gives answer no."

And while in the patriotic mood we trust our modest friend will excuse us for quoting the following :

#### DREAMS.

Dreams of the past stand silently before me,  
 And old days come again,  
 And night with all her stars is bending o'er me,  
 As glorious now as when,  
 With pallid lips and heart all wild and stormy,  
 I knelt in Norwood Glen.

I see it all ; even the withered flowers  
 That lay upon her grave.  
 I see the stars, as then, through weary hours,  
 And the lake's slumbering wave,  
 And the unruffled night, with tyrant powers,  
 And silence for its slave.

I see a cot beside Ontario's tide,  
 Beneath the summer sky ;  
 Beyond the meadows, stretching far and wide,  
 I see the waters lie ;  
 And through the tall trees on the mountain side  
 I hear the soft wind sigh.

The swallows, slumbering underneath the eaves,  
 Are murmuring in their dreams.  
 The moonlight, falling on the trembling leaves,  
 And on the silver streams,  
 And on the uncut grain, and on the sheaves,  
 A living glory seems.



The summer time is fair, and bright, and golden,  
 And many glories rest  
 Upon it, like the marvelous beauties olden,  
 That once made Eden blest,  
 But in its wide and warm embrace is holden  
 For me no more of rest.

So night comes from her silent habitation  
 At the bright day's retreating;  
 So, too, the elder night makes visitation,  
 Stilling the pulse's beating;  
 And, through her sorrow and her desolation,  
 Night unto night gives greeting.\*

And also our Canadian proclivities must be responsible for

"A SONG, A SONG FOR CANADA.

*Respectfully dedicated to the Loyal Canadian Society of Grimsby, by*

A. H. WINGFIELD, *Hamilton.*

A song, a song for Canada,  
 The brightest and the best  
 Of all the lands that lie within  
 The borders of the West.  
 There Nature spreads her choicest gifts  
 Throughout her wide domain—  
 Then sing the praise of Canada,  
 Again and yet again.

A song, a song for Canada—  
 The star of empire gleams  
 On that proud land of forests grand,  
 Of valleys, lakes and streams.

Her boundless realms stretch far and wide,  
 And reach from sea to sea;  
 Her fields are filled with waving grain,  
 Her woods with melody  
 Her sons are brave, her daughters pure  
 Her honor bears no stain—  
 Then sing the praise of Canada,  
 Again and yet again.

\* A. T. FARRD, in "Lakeside Magazine."

Though Britain's bards with one accord  
Old England's praises swell,  
Give me the land where gallant Brock  
And brave Tecumseh fell;  
For freedom dwells within its dells,  
And there it will remain—  
Then sing the praise of Canada,  
Again and yet again."

"MRS. STREET'S PLACE."

Some apology is due for the seemingly over-familiar use of the name in a portion of the above title.

If the verses are considered blame-worthy, however, the country custom of selecting conspicuous residences for waymarks—descriptive of distances to strangers and such—must endure it, and not the writer, who challenges competition in respect for the estimable family referred to in these lines.

Once more the muse delights to trace  
The vanished mornings of this place ;  
Like dawns returned those scenes revive,  
And one by one, behold, arrive  
Young dancers with sweet music there  
And all who joined the festive fare.

I see the antlers in the hall,  
I see the old clock on the wall,  
The books, the pictures and the air  
Of nameless fineness everywhere  
In all that courteous household, and  
The welcome of each vanished hand.

There were two maidens in this home,  
Gracing its bygone lustrous bloom.  
One's hair was shadowy and one  
A shadow brightened by the sun.  
Some did that one prefer, some this  
Averred was yet a lovelier Miss ;  
And so those maidens did remain

The wonder of each wounded swain.  
I knew, as by the sympathy  
Of genius natural to me  
To settle all such doubts as rose  
About the excellence of those,  
But never told—I never told  
The perfect fact to young or old,  
E'en at the time when golden shade  
June's flowery twilight long delayed,  
Or when a blushing dark-haired dame  
To pay reluctant forfeits came,  
When winter's shadows denser grew  
I knew it—ah! too well I knew;  
Therefore remembrance, constant still  
Through all life's intervening ill,  
When musing on lost pleasure, longs  
For the strong grace of Homer's songs,  
So to perpetuate for aye  
The glory that will pass away.  
Here Ned and Joseph often came,  
Obedient to a friendly flame—  
Appreciative of the view  
From this old porch—and often, too,  
Their wandering feet were prone to trace  
The rural road to "Ramsay's Place."  
That road was rendered classic ground  
When thither lovely feet were found  
To cross the portals, welcome wide,  
Of one who beauty deified,  
Who frequent thought—such thoughts arise!  
That fewer storms had filled his skies  
If—but 'tis out of order now  
dream of happiness, or vow.

---

This garden in its vernal time  
Was gay—here fragrant vines did climb  
Transversely in the piney boughs,  
Forming an airy summer-house.  
Each branch bent low with luscious fruit,  
Making our admiration mute.  
This lovely place is in decay  
And those who graced it gone away.  
This evening's blush is not bestowed  
On one whose beauty brighter glowed,  
Beneath the half averted gaze  
Of silent worship in those days.  
Eut since the constant heart will cast  
A glamour o'er the golden past,  
When sunset retrospection sighs,  
As one by one lost hopes arise,  
Still will you wear a lovelier hue  
Than aught remembrance can renew.

TO EMMA.

O that thy nose had crooked been,  
Or eyes were squint as some I've seen,

I would not feel so bad !

Unsociable perfection, say,  
Has Beauty any kindness? nay,

I often wish you had.

In mercy cultivate a squint,  
Or some defection, for a splint  
To bind my broken heart.

Try cruel measures for my sake,  
And, like the death of hope, such make  
Of me, or of this smart.

If you were fashioned any way  
Without so much perfection—say,

A limp, or voice to bawl—

'Twould help to let me down, beloved ;  
But from hope's pinnacle I'm shoved  
And nothing breaks my fall.

Yet others have been shaped as well,

Surely to them the wild'ring spell

Was wanting or withstood,

Which from the day I saw you first

Has been the brightest, and the worst,

Of all misfortune's brood.

Say something bitter ; O be mean ;

Put on repulsive styles, and wean

Or warn me from the wave !

Nay—'tis too late ; there is a light

That, though withdrawn, can baffle night

And gleam beyond the grave.

## THE THOUSAND ISLES.

'Tis evening tide, the mottled sky  
Is glorious in the sinking sun ;  
Now Heaven's serene immensity  
Seems flashing forth the words, well done !  
And sacred, superhuman hues  
Adorn the dim declivity,  
And shape the intermingling views  
As fair as Eden's landscapes be.  
Our bark, like fate's strange shuttle through  
The azure web, threads onward where  
Green islands fleck the liquid blue,  
As low clouds fleck the living air.

Which is an isle, and which can be  
A cloud is half a mystery ;  
Both are of a supernal growth  
And Sol's last radiance sets on both  
In one fond blush of pensive hues  
(They softly flash and interfuse)  
As if to beckon us away  
Beyond the precincts of decay.  
And we would follow him in high  
Immeasurable majesty,  
By one oblivious plunge to be  
From human solitude set free,  
But fear the night, so soon to cast  
This glory by, may ever last.

Some isles are rocky bastions old,  
Shaped when the ancient ages rolled  
Around their thunder-rendered forms  
Earthquakes and unremembered storms.  
But some are exquisitely planned

By Beauty's spiritual hand  
For purposes of peace, and still  
They have no part in human ill.

Each hour a deeper ray emits,  
That o'er the wand'ring water flits,  
Like sanguine leaves when they forsake  
The lofty branches for the lake ;  
Such colors tinge the beams that pass  
Yon cloud's ensanguined chrysoptas.  
Lo, every bird for joy is still  
In river, vale, or island hill ;  
And, past the purple mounts of pine,  
Lulling the winds with wands divine,  
Th' imperial monarch of the day  
Wheels his irrevocable way  
Far off, through clouds whose living flames  
Would woo the world to wiser aims ;  
Sweet seraphs, blushing for the sin  
Of some originally kin—  
Alas, how beautiful ! they seem  
Through countless centuries to dream,  
Calm as the peace that comes from care,  
Pure as a child's face flushed with prayer,  
Soft as a transient velvet rose,  
Still as the waves when winds repose,  
Lone as this solitude of green,  
Dim as those purple depths unseen,  
Vast as the visions angels spread  
Around a bard's or prophet's bed,  
As round the seer of Patmos shone  
The sea of glass and crystal throne,  
The city's glorious streets, and all  
That held his poet soul in thrall.



---

O gorgeous dream, to view the bloom  
Blending its ever-varying grace !  
How shall I leave it ? and for whom,  
Save for a yet more favored face ?  
Alas ! but we are severed far  
As this lone stream from eve's *one* star.

O star, forever fondly mourned,  
The soul's lost Pleiad unreturned !  
Whose solitary radiance lives  
And glows through all the gloom it gives,  
And casts around the gay or proud  
The shadow of a gilded cloud  
Whose memory, beaming in the wave,  
Would woo us to the waiting grave ;  
But, looking on the living glow  
Of light above and lake below,  
Such parting pathos fills the air,  
The full soul feels it should not dare,  
Till freed, to break the unseen chain  
That binds with beauty and with pain,  
So fades the day star far from sight  
In one vast, lonely vale of light  
Celestial, delicately fair.  
Believe me, it is vision there,  
By angels thronged, for every ray  
Quivers with immortality,  
The flash of their cherubic wings,  
Who dream unutterable things,  
And so illuminate the high,  
Serene, illimitable sky—  
With hints emitted from that clime  
Of something unfulfilled by time.

## BRIGHT LEAVES.

TO THE SAME.

These grand old forest aisles of pine,  
Filled full of morn, effulgent shine,  
Like light from painted panes  
Of old cathedrals' sainted glass ;  
But here ten thousand Sabbaths pass,  
Uncheered by sacred strains.

Those strains so few can understand,  
That happiness is near at hand  
And to the humble clings ;  
The ways of wisdom are not war,  
And peace is preferable far  
To all Ambition brings.

From boughs like flaming clouds, the leaves,  
With their own lustre tinged, and eve's,  
Low to the valleys come.  
Some eddy, slanting slow in air,  
As loth to leave a realm so fair—  
Resembling hope—and some

Have formed a crimson carpet o'er  
The fragrant forest's vernal floor,  
Round herbs and tufts of grass.  
In paths 'tis worn completely through,  
Where cattle to the liquid blue  
To quench their thirstings pass.

This blushing month, as beautiful  
As a disrobing bride, lets fall  
Her exquisite array ;  
While Sol, her bridegroom from the sky,

Kindles the blushing charms, we sigh,  
O stay, sweet vision, stay.

Some dew upon the feathery ferns  
Remains till eventide returns,  
Enflamed like diamond stone.  
The songs of all the birds, that sing  
The thoughtless gladness of the Spring,  
Now take a farewell tone.

It all resembles the regret  
Of one whose duty would not let  
His heart its hopes obtain ;  
To whom the gods have been unkind,  
But who by innate power of mind  
Hath baffled them, and pain.

For, though each beauteous thing seems blest  
And every bud hath done its best  
To cheer from hill to shore,  
Why is there, in the midst of this,  
A something which we seem to miss,  
A song we hear no more ?

Is it that thou art far away  
Who art, as to this scene, the day,  
A light whereby we see  
A life above the life we live,  
A life which peace alone can give,  
A life with such as thee ?

It would be wrong to let the muse  
Be mute o'er these celestial views,  
If it had power to praise ;  
But those who are inspired must tell  
The excellence ineffable  
Of thee and of these days.

MY NATIVE LAND.

O for a harp like his whose song  
Is Troy—heroic still, and strong,  
    Though modern millions die—  
Then thou, and other lovely themes,  
The shadows of oblivion's streams  
    Forever should'st defy.

I owe thee much, for many a time  
I know whose spirit soared sublime,  
    Just musing on such blooms ;  
No forced affection lives for thee,  
It comes, as to the shore the sea  
    In wordless wonder comes.

I. O. G. T.

THE TEMPLE.

At Greenville I remember an old building,  
Just where the Brock Road joins an eastward street ;  
Of paint 'tis innocent, and eke of gilding,  
Excepting by Canadian sun and sleet.

It stands upon the margin of a river  
Which no one venerates except myself,—  
At Mr. Webster's Falls it rolls forever  
Sheer over ninety feet of rocky shelf.\*—

That is, the stream leaps over, not the dwelling,  
Which was a temple in the days of yore—  
O days, like fountains through Time's sands upswelling,  
The fading stream of time that is no more !

Therein we met to do despite to Bacchus—  
There was my bashful aid—I see her now,  
And McElroy, a curious genius Mc. is,  
Broad in the smiling face and friendly brow.

There Chief McArtney, aiding moral measures,  
Encouraging the beardless Ciceros ;  
But the majority convened for pleasures  
On benches full of damsels waiting beaux.

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\* The romantic grandeur of this Fall, and the smaller but loftier Lynn near it, deserves a more extended description. It is to be desired that "The Whistler at the Plough" may take a stroll in the vicinity of Mr. Webster's Falls.

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And there was one—none are so clearly present,  
Long lashes o'er blue eyes—a stately belle !  
Antony bartered Rome for smiles less pleasant—  
A spirit capable of loving well.

She stood upon the dais of the temple,  
Reading an essay against alcohol,  
Her white arms wafting eloquence, a sample  
Outdazzling airy Juno, wings and all.

Thereat I said—I still think that opinion—  
“ Though some winged Greeks had talents in their time,  
This beauty who disputed wine's dominion,  
This maid is worthier of Homer's rhyme,

Than any Hebe past that ever handled  
Th' invidious cup of Bacchus to her shame,  
Though they on Fame's triumphant wings are dandled,  
And this Canadian Juno hath no name.

My native friend, I look on thee and wonder,  
Wishing there was some Burns to sing of thee ;  
But such may be in future ; long the grandeur  
Of Scotia waited for the plow-boy's glee.

My native land ! my spirit sees thee muster  
Millions for freedom ; in thy strong right hand  
Banners of light ; about thy crown a lustre  
Alluring hosts from each less favored land.

May no midge trouble thee, nor greedy weevil  
Girdle thy harvests ; may no Fenian fry  
Force us upon fierce plans to stop the evil,  
With butchery and blood to make them die.

I saw a gem in Mr. Eastwood's lately,  
 (Or, if I'm wrong, it was with Joseph Lyght)  
 Painted by Pauling, perfect—how sedately  
 It brought to mind my worship at first sight.

There is another Fane where Recollection  
 Her pinions folds like Noah's dove, sometimes  
 When Ruin's floods recede, and an affection  
 For shoreless wrecks of spirit turns to rhymes.

That Fane o'erlooks Ontario's peaceful waters,  
 Ontario the beautiful, whose streams  
 Are fitting mirrors for Canadian daughters  
 To dwell beside and bathe within their beams.

And there came Louie K., the beatific,  
 Her laugh recalled the music of lost Springs,  
 Her sister sleeps in Death's embrace pacific,  
 That silent rival of successful kings.

But where is she, the delicate McDougal?  
 Too late we found our preference was true;  
 And Retrospection's, like herself, too frugal  
 To lose such happy thoughts, for they are few.  
 Taylor was there—he who did overcome us  
 With laughter frequently, often with tears,  
 Immutable in music! Mr. Thomas

Taylor, of Guelph—long may he pose his peers.  
 Ah Tom, although our days are somewhat shorter,  
 I know whose heart will ever be the same,  
 "And so does Mrs. Johnson"—may each quarter  
 Of all thy moons fill hemispheres of fame.  
 Friend Matheson is a successful mortal,  
 And beauty-loving Cathcart spends his days  
 In some far region of the sunset portal;  
 Long shall he cultivate the diamond's blaze.

The ingenuity of precious metal—  
He did outdo' all others in such works ;  
I'm sorry that he went so far to settle,  
But geniuses are full of curious quirks.  
A necklace and a ring of pearl and sardon  
He made his bride, a brooch of beryl and gold,  
Such as was brought by Sheba over Jordan  
When interviewing Solomon of old.  
Those days were gay with happiness and ditties,  
Seductive smiles and eyes alluring shone.  
Why are they winged? It is ten thousand pities  
We know not they are good till they are gone.



## TIME WAS.

Time was, my Annie, years ago,  
    (Ah me, what weariness since then !)  
When shone with fairer light the sun,  
    And my first love for thee was green ;  
Not that e'en now I love thee less,  
No time can dim thy loveliness ;  
But oh, the world and years have made  
A change that makes the heart afraid !

Time was, my Annie, when your face  
    Was all worth living for, I deemed,  
Nor beautiful nor time nor place  
    Where you were not,—yea, so it seemed.

Time was, my Annie, when your voice  
    Was my sole music of the spheres,  
It left my memory no choice  
    But just to follow all these years.

Time was, my Annie,—Ah ! I ween  
    That time thou, too, rememberest well—  
And though an ocean rolls between,  
    Yet do I feel thy beauty's spell.

Time was, my Annie, when I thought  
    My poor heart ne'er could part from thee,  
But time has passed and it has taught  
    Me e'en to bear that misery.

Time was, my Annie,—but no more !—  
    Why to mine eye upstarts the tear ?  
Has time forgot that it before  
    Taught me my solitude to bear ?

TO——.

The amethystine morning  
That brightens all the air  
Hath not a charmed adorning  
Like her immortal hair.

Go, search the summer meadows  
From dawn till purple night,  
The violets are but shadows  
Beneath her eyes of light.

As for the "spicy breezes,"  
Or gifts the isles confer,  
Or aught that fancy pleases,  
They fail compared to her.

Imagination never  
Beheld a form so fair ;  
No ivory from Nile river,  
Nor marble can compare.

He is to blame for gazing  
On such intrinsic worth,  
Who thanks not Heaven with praising  
For lending her to earth.

His feet should not encumber  
This mundane sphere at all  
Who would not choose death's slumber  
To save her heart from gall.

---

I hear her white feet tinkle  
Before they do appear,  
As Israel heard the sprinkle  
Of manna, glad to hear.

Not vainly is the essence  
Unto the red rose given,  
My spirit for her presence  
Hath better hopes of heaven.

It were a sweeter story  
Than any famous song's,  
Just to translate the glory  
That to her eyes belongs.

But cold must be the spirit,  
And full of evil ways,  
Not to perceive such merit  
Must supersede all praise.

## A DROP OF DEW.

One morning in the season nearly over  
All through a lonely valley forest rolled  
Strange shapes of mist above the fading clover,  
And all the air held voices unconsolated.

The farewell anthem of the cricket sounded  
Regretfully from out the fragrant grass,  
In hazy azure dreamy hues abounded,  
But through it all the dawning came to pass.

Thereby I saw a little dew-drop glimmer,  
More scintillant than any ever seen ;  
'Twas but one flash in millions, yet its shimmer  
Contained the light of every June that's been.

To find the focus of its living splendor  
I turned back frequently ; alas, in vain,  
The gem was gone !—no earthly monarch's grandeur  
Could give its glory to that drop again.

'Tis ever so, I said, the light excessive  
Flashes a transient gleam and, lo, 'tis gone ;  
And year by year this lesson so impressive  
In some shape leaves each loving heart more lone.

And yet our irksome, solitary duty  
Is strengthened by discouragements unseen ;  
And we may find, while looking for lost beauty,  
A faith in what will be from what has been.

## CHATTERTON.

"I AM DYING, EGYPT."

Beyond the green fields, on the bank of a river,  
The home of my childhood in beauty is there ;  
Remembrance returns, but, alas, I can never  
Revisit that scene or its happiness share.

Alone I must enter the land of the stranger,  
Alone I am passing the portals of pain ;  
Yon sun that awoke me to hunger and danger  
Shall never arouse me to suffer again.

My mother, the tears of thy kindness no longer  
Shall trouble the clay that can make no return ;  
I yield to oblivious Death, who is stronger  
Than any fond tie that the living may learn.

Farewell to thee, Fame, and thy visions supernal,  
Lone realm which the demors of Hope and Despair  
In turn ruled triumphant !—O has the Eternal  
For ruin no recompense hither or *there* ?

For this I have drudged through adversity vainly,  
Abandoned by truth, which a poet's soul craves,  
Forced back my fierce heart from its worship insanely,  
And wakened to find all forever the grave's !

Unroll your grand anthems, ye angels of heaven,  
O starve not my soul in this struggle with Death !  
Be parted, ye shadows that veil the forgiven,  
And brighten this terrible blackness beneath !

Life fades ! O life fades like a blast wafted thither—  
A blast o'er the bloom of a desolate lake—  
Farewell, fond delusions of hope that would wither,  
And the fame I am forced by dumb death to forsake.

TO THE MEMORY OF M. BURKHOLDER.

“MY FRIEND IS DEAD.”—KEATS.

One more into the wave,  
One more departed to the dreary deep,  
O Death ! thou dost consult us not, nor save  
The loved for whom we weep.

Thou art so cold, O Death !  
How shall we look upon the cherished dead ?  
The hand is cold, the lips devoid of breath,  
The soul forever fled.

Out from the eastern skies  
The bright moon came, and the regardless stars,  
Careless that Death had cut such sacred ties  
With his eternal bars.

The crimson morn returns,  
The birds rejoice, the buds in beauty bloom,  
Yet thou, for whom our anguished spirit yearns,  
Canst never quit the tomb.

So the cold world moves round,  
And all, excepting this, appears the same ;  
Yet pity o'er the immedicable wound  
Is torture worse than blame.

The hand we lately held,—  
Alas, that we must feel its clasp no more !  
Why are the happy to the grave impelled,  
The wretched left on shore ?

---

Yet death is not the worst  
Of ills that come to those whom we hold dear ;  
'Tis oft the refuge from some pain accursed,  
Which haunts so many here.

Far better such release,  
Tho' the hurt heart seems in the graveyard too,  
Than that our hopes eternally should cease  
By evils which undo.

O loss which makes us cling  
To the fond faith that we shall meet again,  
Beyond the parting and the torturing  
Of this tumultuous pain !

STANZA.

The stars of night which set at dawn  
Will rise on night's dark river,  
But some fine light from earth hath gone,  
Hath gone from earth forever.

The very rose seems incomplete,  
Such pensive thoughts enfold it,  
When memory shows the vision sweet  
That can no more behold it.

In forests lone some little well  
Through every winter gushes,  
So one fond tone from memory's shell  
Through all the future rushes.

The tender word in kindness said  
By lips of living splendor,—  
O scenes preferred, too long delayed!  
Ye wake remembrance tender.

When I exclaim, Away, thou dream,  
Thou shalt not linger longer!  
Then, like a dam o'er some swift stream.  
It stops,—but to grow stronger.

'Tis vain to strive our hopes to save,  
For this supernal yearning,  
When we arrive beyond the grave,  
May find some peace returning.



## EARTH AND DEATH.

O Earth, with thine unearthly bloom,  
Why dost thou to our presence come  
    To taunt us with thy mirth?  
To mock us with the mystery  
Of all that was or is to be;  
    Why dost thou do it, Earth?

Long menaced by his lifted lance,  
Like culprits bound, who *must* advance  
    Through disadvantage dire,  
We go to Death.—O who can cope  
With Death? His dusky portals ope  
    And thither we retire.

## ONE HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

WRITTEN AT THE "MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE," HAMILTON.

I stood upon the mountain edge that overlooks the bay,  
Ontario glittering in the east, empurpled far away ;  
And out of all the glorious scene arose the question, how  
Will this vast panorama be one hundred years from now ?

O change ! but let us meditate before we thus exclaim,  
That not one bird, or tree, or hope, or soul will be the same ;  
That not one living heart will throb, or one aspiring brow,  
Of all the thither-hastening host one hundred years from now.

Behold yon home ! 'Tis possible, when those strange years  
have flown,  
That mansion may appear the same in architectural stone,  
Yet not one living occupant will that elapse allow  
To thrill returning tenderness one hundred years from now.

Then the caged culprit shall be free, by nature's legal course,  
Then the unhappy pair obtain their long delayed divorce—  
O bliss ! without remark, or blame, or any broken vow,  
Yea, such as long for *any* change one hundred years from  
now.

The few who may have hated, and the chosen who are dear,  
Charms which might make Death hesitate and break his  
hideous spear,  
Gifts that may bless or bring a blush upon a nation's brow,  
All will alike be wasted hence one hundred years from now,

The envy and the bickering, which fuel Resentment burns,  
 Delay embittering joy's sparse space, and life that ne'er re-  
 turns ;

The statesman's curse, to be belied when at an empire's prow,  
 He will not hear the rabble hiss one hundred years from now.

The evil—those who never heed for any human woes—  
 Will be placed side by side beneath Death's little hilly rows  
 With politicians vile, to whom vast hosts in bondage bow,  
 And all oblivionated be one hundred years from now.

This sun—these broad, free beams from heaven, will look  
 around and see  
 No record to remain that day, dear friend, of you and me ;  
 Yet one great consolation comes, that desolation's plough  
 Will terminate life's transient lease one hundred years from  
 now.

Millions go down to dust by means of too much woe to  
 care—  
 Swept off to dumb oblivion by desolate despair,  
 Such as the world knows little of, whom genius did endow,  
 Blest with one hope at least—to sleep one hundred years  
 from now.

One half the world live by the grief the other half endure,  
 And fine professions fatten on the crimes they cannot cure,  
 Such harvests of unhappiness Death's sickle comes to mow,  
 And all who in such vineyards work one hundred years from  
 now.

But here's a thought we sinners feel, yet seldom on it dwell ;  
 If our few bitter days will end in happiness or hell—

With friends, or pitted with rude fiends in one eternal row?  
Yet every creed will be explained one hundred years from  
now.

This and much more will be revealed—yea, dreams we  
dream not of!

And those may meet most recompense who met misfor-  
tune's scoff;

So duty be well done ere we to ebon Azrael bow,  
We may at least obtain repose one hundred years from now.

## AN UNKNOWN BARD.

I once knew a bard, a most intimate stranger,  
Familiar yet distant ; he frequently seemed  
Acquainted with all things ; the old Jewish ranger  
Beheld not such wonderful sights as he dreamed.

His love was not love, but a glance into glory  
Which lifted him up, as the prophet of old  
Was lured out of Patmos to Heaven—a story  
Of holiness, never on earth to be told.

I would not a friend whom I loved should inherit  
His dower of demons, which often would be  
Caught up, as if whirlwinds infested his spirit,  
Or cast to the deepest cimmerian sea.

I thought of that monarch appointed by Heaven  
To warn other kings from the cause of despair,  
Himself the example to all, being driven  
By ruin through many a pitfall and snare.

His nerves were so keen, a diminutive briar  
Could pain ere it pierced his quick spirit at all ;  
But the contrast between those grand themes that inspire  
And dull daily life were as honey to gall.

Yet strength filled his soul with immortal endurance  
And faith that men's feet would from evil depart,  
And all the inspiring, supernal assurance  
That beauty or music bequeaths to the heart.

His idol was beauty—no flower or vision  
Of dawning on river, or exquisite sky,

But suddenly lifted him into elysian,  
And what he saw swiftly was never to die.

Through lone fields of science, with keen intuition,  
He wandered enchanted, devoted to truth,  
And saw, when in Pain's dreadful valley of vision,  
That Life, even here, is eternal in youth.

His love for his fellows resembled a beacon,  
By which he was known—if he ever was known—  
But envy loves martyrs its venom to wreak on,  
And so wracks each bard for his musical groan.

Yet little he cared for the world's admiration ;  
The lily in winter is sure of its fate ;  
The rose, when in bloom, receives much adulation,  
Yet that bloom is the cause of its death, and the date.

## VERSES

IN ANSWER TO A FINE POEM CALLED "HONOR THE DEAD,"  
BY A. WINGFIELD, IN THE "EVENING TIMES," HAMILTON.

"There is no word of comfort with men dead."—SWINBURNE.

Your song, dear sir, is excellent, but surely  
Those who have gone out to the other side  
May find such *honor* recompense them poorly  
For all the slights endured before they died.

Better bequeath respect unto the living,  
(Some word of comfort even sinners crave ;  
We know it by experience) than giving  
Alms to the greedy, solitary grave.

Earth's troubles will be over when we leave it ;  
There is no proof that spirits weep or sigh ;  
"Honor the dead," but how can they receive it,  
Unless we honor them before they die ?

At times all feel some silent desolation,  
The craving for one sympathetic word  
Which, though we own it not, may be salvation,  
If fitly uttered by a friend preferred ;

But if it comes not, then, when o'er death's ocean  
The spirit wings its solitary way,  
Give not to dust thy long delayed devotion ;  
Dust cannot feel, nor any dear loved clay.

There may be some neglected, patient spouses  
By no respect rewarded year by year,

Some in whose hearts their daily duty rouses  
No hope, no peace, except beyond the bier.

Go to them, or their orphans, ere they vanish  
Out in the dark, and honor them and bless—  
Grand monuments o'er empires dead astonish  
The angels less than human tenderness.

There is a secret which defies revealing—  
Worse than death's desecration are the arts  
Of those false friends who make a sport of stealing  
The flowers of hope from loving human hearts.

Steal blossoms from my grave, for they will wither,  
Steal marble—if there should be any there—  
'Twill be the same soon as the soul flits thither ;  
But, faith in every goodness, *that*, O spare !



TO A FANCY PICTURE.

When the glowing west awakens  
Thought congenial to that hour ;  
When the trembling spirit quickens  
With its æsthetic power ;

When the bosom is elated  
With strange phantoms floating by,  
Then it was thou wert created  
With too little earth to die.

He who painted thee perchance has  
Passed along life's waves away ;  
Still thou art, though time advances,  
Still thou art the same to-day.

## DEAD LEAVES.

(THE GIFT OF A DEAR FRIEND.)

These withered leaves are lovelier  
Than June's most vernal glories are.  
Not so because they, aying hope,  
Can never more their blossoms ope ;  
Nor are they prized in that they grew  
From Grecian vales, or Hermon's dew ;  
But there is round these leaves a gleam,  
The fulgence of an angel's dream  
When heavens yet higher rejoice his sight  
With most insufferable light,  
Because they are the gift of one,  
Purest of souls beneath the sun.  
Therefore these leaves are lovelier far  
Than aught save nature's lilies are.  
The rose rejoices human sight  
Half hid in dewy, dawning light ;  
Fragrant the violet tints ingrain,  
The lily, also, hath no stain,  
But there is in her eyes a glow  
Of kindness they can never know.  
It is not that these leaves can bring  
Sweet songs from a remembered Spring,  
For there is in her voice a power  
Unknown to Spring's most tuneful hour.  
These buds, like all beneath the sky,  
Can fade, but kindness cannot die.  
The mystic magic which they yield !

Is not from fragrant sky or field,  
But from the giver—fairer far  
Than famed Engedi's clusters are.  
The light of laurels fills her brow,  
Her lips are living roses now,  
And such a form to her is given  
As haunts our holiest hopes of heaven.  
When purple-handed sickness came  
To fill my plunging pulse with flame,  
As to eternity days flew  
Like frightened birds the long night through,  
And Fever's phantom-shapes and Pain  
Walked the weird chambers of my brain,  
While Hope stood at the gate of Death  
And all, save care, was placed beneath,  
She, who these leaves so kindly gave,  
Brought back my blossoms from the grave,  
Placed her white hand on Sorrow's brow,  
And Peace is not a stranger now,  
So were the Furies sent away,  
And day seemed something more than day.  
Hence these dim buds, (*thy* choice) O June,  
I hail as an especial boon.  
So the sweet gladness they instil  
Is not from Hermon's dewy hill,  
But from the giver; and the gift  
Is welcome as a dawn at sea  
When from the midnight wreck adrift  
The sinking sailor is set free.

## SYMBOLS.

TO A. N. RAMSAY.

Rapt in reflections which from symbols shone,  
The Bard began—soliloquizing lone :—  
A leaning tree, an ancient pair of shoes—  
The wearer still—a house which none can use ;  
A sachem slaughtered in a far off camp,  
A howling wolf, an owl in some dense swamp,  
A silent crane in eve's cerulean blue,  
Remembered joys, a note unpaid though due,  
An empty ball-room, vacant of its light  
And music, moonshine on a mountain height,  
The keenah of an Irishman in grief,  
A poet's life, a lawyer minus brief,  
A mighty lion dying in his lair,  
A star alone in all the autumn air,  
An empty purse, a lover minus hope,  
An avalanche shot from a lofty slope,  
A skeleton dug from an Indian mound,  
A shattered harp from which the patriot sound  
Has passed forever, uncongenial minds  
In one small cot, whom matrimony binds,  
A sinking boat at sea, a corpse on shore,  
A fair young form we may behold no more,  
A cripple, or mute listeners to a tale  
By Superstition told to childhood pale,  
The Chinese wall, an ancient Roman road,  
A moonstone, an old dumb Egyptian god—  
A stupid, staring stone, not revered much,

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Save that vast worlds ago they worshiped such—  
(And many a modern sectary contains  
As much as that old granite god of brains,  
A pyramid of Thebes, or the Nile,  
Or Ganges life-receiving, or a phial  
Such as did empty Chatterton of breath,  
Whose pensive spirit fell in love with death ;  
A dry canal, or whatsoe'er you please—  
This life is filled with lonesome similes,

ON SEEING THE TEETH OF AN ICTHYOSAURUS,  
IN BARNUM'S, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Perhaps thou hast strayed where the Mastodon neighed,  
With lordly Leviathans lone ;  
Or gave war to the snake in the slime-oozing brake,  
By heat-heaving mountains of stone.

When the morning scarce broke through Cimmerian smoke,  
And Chaos unclaimed saw no sun,  
That vast epoch of old, ere the star-choir extolled  
The uncursed creation "well done."

Alas, that thy fate from oblivion's swift strait  
Has been washed by the torrent of time,  
For by that we might know why earth welters in woe,  
With its hells of unharvested crime.

O could the dark cloud of mortality's shroud  
Be wafted forever away,  
Then our vision might count all that was since the fount  
Of the light we denominate day.

When the moon had no power, nor the sun, for one hour,  
The dense gloom of the globe to relieve,  
(From the ages of night) with her mantle of light,  
Or his beautiful glory of eve.

No green forests waved there, not a bird in the air  
Hailed red dawn, or bade evening adieu ;  
Not one beautiful star in the firmament far  
Transpierced the cerulean blue.

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Before Time did upraise out of Chaos the days,  
 Before man was created in care,  
 When all nature was bound in a shadow profound,  
 And the world's seething surface was bare.

But it came—that great year, when each cherub and sphere  
 Were rejoiced with the delicate light ;  
 The grim shadows made room for a world full of bloom,  
 As a Samson receiving his sight.

How supernally grand with an angel to stand  
 And behold earth upheaved from its lair !  
 Like a swan on its nest with the dawn on its breast,  
 Or an eagle careering in air.

### THE MASTER.

He came from the land of the thistle,  
I think 'twas 'twixt Maid kirk and Groats,  
Where they live upon garlies and gristle  
And a meal that is made out of oats.

He taught two high schools—one a garret,  
And, subsequent, one on a hill ;  
Some strangers believed he had merit—  
His Christian cognomen was Bill.

His temper was *high*, and yet many  
Fell low 'neath its furious demands ;  
For his faith, if he ever had any,  
Consisted in laying on hands.

For twenty odd years he succeeded  
In thrashing the wits from the weans ;  
Ah, no one could do it as he did,  
With a taste like for beef-steak and greens.

This anthem may prove the assertion,  
And therefore I give you the song  
And hope that *your* spirit's perversion  
Was *somewhat* neglected when young.



## TOOTHACHE.

LINES WRITTEN IN SHEER GRATITUDE TO MR. JAMES BASTEDO,  
SURGEON DENTIST, HAMILTON.

*Air*,—"My auld auntie Katie."

I had fixed on the notion to jump in the ocean,  
Because my emotion of anguish was such ;  
But my brother said "sure it is wrong to endure it,  
For Bastedo can cure it ; his charge is not much."

I replied to my brother "I will have no more bother,"—  
Then I passed every other and rushed for his stair.  
Said he, "Sir, take a seat—here's a rest for your feet—  
We will do it up neat." So I sat in his chair.

And he did it so neatly, the pain quit completely  
In no time—so fleetly, no time to get scared.—  
So, if pained, friend, or widow, do thou just as I did do,  
And rush off to Bastedo and get them repaired.

## WHAT FOR?

The question often comes too late,  
If all that we are doing  
For thirst of things that satiate  
Is really worth the wooing?  
We know most wants unblest have been  
Since earth was sin-disordered,  
And Pleasure is by Pain hemmed in,  
Like gardens thorny bordered.

But we rush on through pathways worn,  
Where every turn discloses  
How many hearts and hands are torn  
While searching for the roses  
That grow so gay at early morn,  
When dewy daylight glitters;  
But many a bosom-piercing thorn  
The hopeless search embitters.

The politician must invent  
*Some* office to get fat in;  
The merchant grasps his cent. per cent.,  
His wife exhibits satin;  
And, good or guilty, all must have  
From Mammon gold or paper;  
The farce is finished when the grave  
Snuffs out the transient taper.

But work for wisdom—it may be  
At *any* honest labor—  
To keep the restless spirit free  
From sin's self-gashing sabre;

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For nothing good beneath the sun,  
In frigid zone or broiling,  
Was ever e'en by genius done  
Without continual toiling.

And never, never cramp the range  
Of honor's boundless nature  
For all wealth offers in exchange  
To tempt a needy creature ;  
For, though the great, by means of gold,  
*May* purchase earthly quiet,  
They're oft but fools in Satan's fold,  
For poorer fools to sigh at.

'Tis best to bear, through every shade  
And shape of desolation,  
The tasks for some strange reason laid  
Upon us at creation ;  
So that for duty rightly done—  
Though famed for nothing clever—  
We may feel safer when the sun  
Of sorrow sets forever.

## EPITHALAMIUM.

ADDRESSED TO ELLIE VANEVERY.

One day when some demons were making  
A home in my spirit for pain,  
And hope appeared bent upon taking  
His flight to return not again,  
There came to my presence a vision  
Who spake such kind words of concern,  
Those demons withdrew their derision,  
And hope had a mind to return.

As one, who goes down to the ocean  
To view a gay vessel retreat,  
With a heart full of tender devotion  
For one he may never more meet,  
Returns on his journey dejected,  
Till waked from his desolate dream  
By seeing her come unexpected,  
So came she, my exquisite theme.

As splendors of evening adorning  
A cloud when the daylight is done,  
As night is enlivened by morning,  
Such is she, this beautiful one.  
Her lips, like cleft pomegranates, sweetly,  
Her tresses the mist of night skies ;  
But that which amazed me completely  
Was the wonderful light of her eyes.

Review every verdurous valley  
By rivulets golden and blue,  
Where star-beams with daisy buds dally,  
Or dawning makes diamonds of dew.  
There's not one fine tint of their beauty  
That is not surpassed by her share  
Who deemed it her delicate duty  
To feel for a sinner in care.

I would not depress a fair spirit  
By hinting of hoping in vain—  
But troubles do come, even merit  
Oft groans on a pillow of pain—  
Then may you rely on there being  
Another on whom to depend,  
No butterfly flatterer fleeing  
From storms, but forever a friend.

Rare wines of sweet fragrance and flavor,  
Rich gems of a delicate tint,  
Tinct syrups of orient savor,  
Sweet spikenard and spices of mint,  
With honey on purpose delected  
From rainbows of roseate June,  
And music by angels deflected  
For dancing to, under the moon.

Her dancing resembles devotion,  
A sermon to such as condemn,  
Like white clouds in zephyry motion,  
Or lilies to lovers of them.  
Of mignonette and of roses  
I think when I'm thinking of her,

And straightway her presence discloses  
Such feelings as anthems confer.

From looms of the east should her dresses  
Be woven, of Tyrian stain,  
Or shell-tinted satin ; her tresses  
Looped up with a diamonded chain.  
A zone for her waist, which is fairer  
Than Parian statues of Greece ;  
And these may the gods to the wearer  
Be frequently pleased to increase.

## THE BEAUTIFUL BATHER.

'Twas June ; and I, as usual, at even  
Was loitering round on nature's loveliness,  
About the hour when stars dilate in heaven,  
And birds are still, pained with a sweet excess.

Dreamful, reposing on a bank obscurely,  
I did not notice till too late to leave ;  
To say that she was beautiful would poorly  
Explain the vision which I did perceive.

Slowly to her white knees her robes fell round her,  
Radiant from crown to sole with tints divine ;  
The very tendrils of the herbs enwound her,  
Whereat I also longed to be a vine.

Demurely in the willing waves she waded,  
Whereat I also wished to be a wave,  
For similar my spirit was invaded—  
The luxury such loveliness to lave !

The sandals from my feet I loosed, believing  
The vale was sacred as the burning bush  
Of Ethiop's exile—silently receiving  
Her, breathlessly, the river seemed to blush.

Lowly she knelt among the lilies pearly,  
Whose sentient waters to her fashion yield,  
So that each modest curve by ringlets curly  
Was hidden—also by dim waves concealed.

Pure innocence involved her in a vesture  
Of glory—the sole robe angels have worn,—  
A heavenly halo hung around each gesture  
And crowned her as no diamonds could adorn.

A faith in angels' visits some may censure,  
But underneath those purple clouds of hair,  
I said, while pondering homeward, peradventure  
Wings may have been—I have no doubt they were.



## THE SECRET.

We all have thoughts which we have never spoken,  
A burden on the heart no song can ease,  
A feeling which no language can foretoken,  
Our friends know not this secret, nor its keys.

We sometimes hint in symbols of its presence,  
Or say what it is *like*, not what it *was* ;  
But who from an apothecary's essence  
Can form a rose, or tell its tender cause?

So live we, like the Arab mad for water ;  
He saw the gleaming mirage spread abroad,  
Only to find it sand grown fiercely hotter,  
And die exclaiming, Alla, God, O God !

Strange phantoms flit among life's shimmering vapors—  
Long lines of speechless people speed away  
To lands of quiet graves—hope's little tapers  
Grow dim at the beginning of the day.

Some sit among vast ruins, singing sweetly  
Glib songs of other days, each mournful jest  
Being echoed by a tomb, while others fleetly  
Pursue those pleasures which produce no rest.

Some, gay with flow'ry wreaths of Bacchus reeling,  
Go nimbly down to ruin ; still this ghost  
Not so is exorcised, but, hither stealing,  
Resumes within the aching heart his post.

So evil comes, not to the evil only ;  
The innocent have many a weary hour ;  
The beautiful are also often lonely,  
And purity is in temptation's power.

Yet who shall say but this uncoffined spectre,  
Whose only language is a lonely sigh,  
Is to our spirits sent as a protector,  
As clouds are sent to bless and beautify ?

When earth's vast armies shall be done with moving  
Back to th' illimitable God who gave,  
Our disappointments may be found more loving  
Than such enjoyments as we fiercely crave.

Is it not nobler, then, to bear depression,  
Nor murmur tho' our duty be our doom ?  
The contrast when we quit time's swift procession  
'Twixt it and rest may add to heaven's own bloom.

## THE GLADE.

For some sweet reason a choice verdure grows  
    In this green glade,  
Beside the brook whose azure water flows  
    Where we delayed  
Our stolen interview among the boughs  
    In twilight shade.

Where yonder willow branches slowly trail  
    The ground's dark green,  
Behind the bending alders of the swale,  
    Which formed a screen,  
All accidentally, and without fail  
    She came—the queen.

It was a lovely and a peaceful place,  
    Secure from sight ;  
The sun was finishing his royal race,  
    Far off in light ;  
And every elm bowed its poetic grace  
    To one so bright.

A grove of pine waved in the crimson air  
    Close to our left,  
Like angels guarding with a kindred care  
    Our holy theft,  
As once they did ere men of Eden were  
    By sin bereft.

That June hath gone ; a moonlight, strangely still,  
    Hangs o'er this dell ;

Fall's swift magnificence the air doth fill,  
    Too fair to tell ;  
But where is she whose presence did instil  
    A mightier spell ?

Where now, O where are fancy's prophecies  
    And promised fame,  
Which young ambition built among the skies  
    For thy fond name ?  
Alas ! how soon each dear delusion dies,  
    Like unfanned flame.

Empires have changed since then, and we have seen  
    Places and days ;  
But all the vanished years that intervene,  
    Of fame or praise,  
Gladly would give to be as we have been  
    In this same place.

## LINES TO THE GRAND RIVER.

AS SEEN AT EVENING FROM THE IRON BRIDGE AT BRANTFORD

(DEFERENTIALLY DEDICATED TO DR. DIGBY.)

Once more the white sun out of heaven descending  
From valley and summit has gathered his beams  
Of crimson and silver and cinnabar blending,  
Yet leaves them to lave in this wonder of streams.

As bright as the Hudson at evening and morning,  
And when the pale moonlight o'ersilvers the scene  
With something resembling supernal adorning,  
A river of azure round islands of green.

Wind soft by thy homesteads in summers of splendor,  
To symbol our country's prosperity, speed ;  
Sing low, as thy maidens with sentiments tender  
Sing low to their thoughts as their labors proceed.

To such every favor of nature is granted ;  
What exquisite charm could be added to thine ?  
Then why art thou left with thy glory unchanted,  
While thousands remember the praise of the Rhine ?

How long must we wait some famed minstrel to mention  
The wonderful beauty appointed to thee ?  
While others less worthy enchain the attention  
Of bards who are famous o'er mountain and sea.

Yet, though no great bard by thy waters has wandered,  
With anthems rehearsing thy glory of old,  
No Burns by thy braes on his misery pondered,  
Thy shores will be sought and thy story be told.

A poet will come from the swift-coming ages,  
His advent resembling a dawning of flame,  
With thee this sweet singer will brighten his pages,  
And set thy fair waves to the music of fame.

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## FAME.

### TO MY MOTHER.

" I turn to thee as some lone afternoon  
Turns towards sunset, and is lothe to go."

I, Fame, was once a god in Athens great ;  
I also was a god in many worlds.  
Save some few followers of Jehovah I  
Was universally acknowledged god.  
Yea, strong men came from far to worship me.  
But there was one whom men name Nazarene,  
Who did indifferently pass me by  
And others taught to shun me utterly.  
And many famed who bowed to me before,  
Whom, envy-stung, I sent upbraiding Him,  
Were with His superhuman majesty  
Melted and willing to bow low to Him.  
Therefore I cried, all sceptreless and pale,  
" Who is this Christ? Who is this mighty Christ  
Who melteth souls by millions by his love,  
Casting out devils, making blindness see,  
The sick whole, dead to live, and lameness dance?  
He keepeth this high way, heeding me not,  
And all his followers revere me not."  
Thus envy grew within me and despair.  
Thereat the cause of my calamity  
I meditated deep and constantly  
To fathom this disparager of ame,  
Who used me as a stepping stone to grace,  
Aware if such hosts followed Him that I

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Would soon be trodden under foot and die.  
'Twas then I diligently set myself  
To force a path athwart this difficulty,  
Searching among the conquerors of old,  
Among the crowned, my devotees, in vain.  
Then in the humbleness of unsuccess  
I bowed my head low, kneeling in a cave,  
Tired of myself, all sceptreless and pale.  
Then from the shadow of a rock arose  
A man of speechless meekness—lo ! his eyes,  
His still, all-seeing eyes upon me looked;  
Soon as he came out from the shadow cool,  
Where he had waited by a water-course  
Which went through moss-green pastures by green trees  
Low-shining in the sunset of that land,  
Like his all-pondering eyes, which looked at me,  
Which seemed to say, as slow his accents said :  
“ Believe on me and have eternal peace.”  
Thereat my soul yearned strange, believingly ;  
But not until I saw him on the cross  
Did I bow down and say “ Behold the Lamb ! ”



## FORGIVE.

He would not have thee blame him now,  
Since he so soon must go.  
Cain's brand seems burning on his brow  
And in his heart of woe.

If Cain, who killed but flesh, such doom  
Received, what door can ope  
To mitigate *his* dreadful gloom  
Who kills eternal hope?

His plea is sorrow borne *so long*,  
Despair has made him weak ;  
Not his the faith which makes thee strong,  
The glory of the meek.

Therefore forgive, nor blame him now  
For crimes produced by woe ;  
'Twill cool the brand upon his brow  
And give him strength to go.

## LINES,

### ON READING "WOMEN'S RIGHTS," A POEM WRITTEN AGAINST WOMEN VOTING.

And why not let them vote? Have they not won  
A right to do so from a world undone  
By man's mismanagement? Should they not have  
A vote their drunken reprobates to save,  
Their offspring and their brethren, who have tried  
For centuries to cast "the cup" aside?  
But having tried alone still weakly dote  
On that same cup 'gainst which they vainly vote.

As for "the fashions," well may women say  
That men have formed the fashions "all for pay;"  
And men praise styles of folly for mere gain,  
Regardless of all consequence of pain.  
And that man's whims descend to greater length,  
Proportioned to his lordship's ampler strength.

Who made the vice of smoking, nauseous, vile,  
Disgusting, poison? Who defends that style?  
Who sells his manhood for a ten-cent weed,  
And snubs the orphan starved in very deed?  
The street's poor, blue, thin outcast of that coarse,  
Weak habit from which few obtain divorce.  
Who pays the rent of every "whiskey mill,"  
Licensed to sell damnation by the gill?  
In mercy, women, do not answer who,  
But sigh because of sins thy rulers do.

If we are "pushed from power," 'tis that the hand,  
Gifted with love to help us (not command),  
Has bartered been, as Esau's birthright was—  
Yea, half our ills come from that self-same cause.  
My friend, since man has toiled so long in vain,  
Since strength so oftēn rivets ruin's chain,  
Since we all ask some maiden's yea or nay  
In more important things, why not, we say,  
Try women's votes a century or so,  
Seeing they have an equal share in woe?

## Poems from Former Publications.

MRS. ZIMMERMAN,  
of Kalamazoo :

FAIR FRIEND,—

Without having first obtained your permission, the following poem was originally dedicated to you, but, because of an impression of its unworthiness, not so addressed when previously published. Since then it has been so kindly received by those who are not only excellent judges of such, but who are too noble to flatter—though still aware how far short of its beautiful patron's merits the poem is, and must necessarily be, by whomsoever sung—it is herewith hesitatingly presented, my dear cousin, to you.

"And partly that great name's will honor song."

Trusting to your forgiveness--and therefore not in vain—to overlook defects, I desire to remain your friend.

P. S. Fearing you may object to the title, and in order to avert the charge of superstition, allow me to add, that only the muses believe it to be

### THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

"A jolly place in times of old,  
But something ails it now."

The neighbors say, when first these fields were settled,  
A man came from a land beyond the sea  
To this blue stream. Proud was this man, and titled,  
With riches, learning, and a pedigree.

He had an only daughter, says tradition,  
 All beautiful, as only daughters are,  
 (In fiction) with the sweetest disposition  
 That ever mused beneath an evening star.

O she was fair and full of fond affection ;  
 The skies have scarce produced a purer love  
 Than heaved her snowy Losom's warm perfection,  
 Filled her large eyes, or urged her feet to rove.

Her cheeks were like the light through rose leaves sifted,  
 Expression pure, with hyacinthine hair ;  
 But O, her eyes ! even Raphael, the gifted,  
 Would fail to fix the feeling living there.

Fond was she of a walk, and those reflections  
 Which came to lonely hearts by bush or shore ;  
 Thee conscience seizes life's minute transactions,  
 And daily promises to sin no more.

Not that she sinned, but it is beneficial  
 To meditate betimes, and muse alone.  
 Church-prayers are pious, if not prejudicial,  
 But thoughts are pure when near great nature's throne—

Which teaches that the atheist, contending  
 With Christian faith, has strewn vain whims abroad,  
 Forgetful that we're all forever blending  
 Their unfathomed facts of nature and of God.

Though reason, with the amplest information  
 Earth gives, can scarcely prove what is to be  
 Beyond the awful verge of revelation,  
 Which faith or death may shortly let us see.

So she turned rover by this moving river,  
Having few friends, and those illiterate ;  
But here's a proof of fate, her guardian never  
Opposed her wand'ring from his garden gate.

Now, who is this upon the moonlit water,  
Whose supple strength impels the swift canoe ?  
'Tis he from whom her father vainly brought her—  
Th' accepted one—O early love and true !

'Twas in that season when the vales are vernal ;  
A rainbow shower had left the crimson skies  
As glorious as the gates of the eternal,  
The pearly entrance into Paradise ;

When there—O scene of bliss !—she ventured sweetly  
To view the majesty by nature made ;  
And from such instants, though they pass so fleetly,  
We can see sunshine in the midst of shade.

Full was her beauty of that mystic power  
Which makes two hearts together beat, or break ;  
Finding they could not live apart one hour,  
They formed a faction for each other's sake.

So she went far with one who was her chosen,  
Her heart was breaking both to stay and leave ;  
It is so hard to have the feelings frozen  
Between two foes, to both of whom we cleave.

She left a note upon a rural table ;  
Over her father dark misgivings came  
Soon as he saw it. First he was not able  
To break the seal—who has not been the same ?

Who has not stood deprived of strength to rally  
To read "her answer" upon whom we dote?  
'Tis not unusual thus for me to dally  
With destiny enveloped in a note.

This her sire read till reason almost left his  
Mind, too long torn by trouble heretofore ;  
As an aged tree, by lightning lately cleft, is  
Found to have been long blighted at the core.

After some trying days of forest travel,  
Those lovers reached their lowly island home—  
Time rolling on as usual to unravel  
Joy's few frail threads from grief's eternal loom.

And musing on the melancholy kindness  
Of those young hearts which were so glad to meet,  
Suffuses vision with a liquid kindness,  
Because their happiness was incomplete.

Poor lived they, and unpardoned, for position  
Makes parents often mar their offspring's fate ;  
Years after this the bride obtained permission  
To find her father ; but, alas, too late !

Gone was he, gone the father ; and her lover  
When she returned—all, save her ghost, are gone :  
It sometimes comes the graves to murmur over,  
Of the unfriendly father and the son.

By vague tradition, vagrant ghosts have haunted  
This house for years—its only owners now ;  
And many men have heard at midnight chanted  
Most plaintive songs, and mournful, uttered low. }

'Tis said, by sceptics, that the sound increases  
When rude winds rub the branches of a tree  
Against the shingles—such a foolish thesis  
Has no foundation—ghosts the neighbors see.

I put much stress on many eerie story,  
And relish every superstitious tale ;  
'Tis awful to receive a ghost from glory,  
Or friend beloved, it may be, out of bale !

Once too I had great faith in *human* nature—  
*Dreams*—which th' unfinished future did dispel ;  
But, though we shun an unconfiding creature,  
A creed *will* change --for why? 'tis wrong to tell !

Because such themes involve a long digression,  
And leave the mind depressed with boding dread ;  
'Tis best to shun the most remote expression  
Of aught would make a genial spirit sad.

It is not wise to be too sentimental,  
Though 'tis a fault that time will file away ;  
Our feelings are a sort of spiritual rental—  
A tax on talent which we all must play.

But viewing man's estranged and false relation,  
The mental wealth we daily worse than waste,  
Pains a full spirit for our crushed creation,  
Good yet, though by us all so oft defaced.

O, fiends might weep whene'er they fall to thinking  
Of all we could be, and of what we are !  
Instead of soaring, we are suffering, sinking,  
Caught up in passion's whirlwinds—drifted far.



Ah well, lest you perceive this theme's becoming  
 Discursive, let us back into the trail—  
 My vagrant fancy is forever humming  
 From theme to whim, as bees on flowers regale.

I often wander at the twilight hour  
 Near this dim nook, but never stay at night—  
 They may not care to meet me in their bower,  
 And hence I leave, through reverence, not through fright.

'Tis gloaming now—great Sol quits heaven's expansion,  
 Uncertain shades move eerie o'er the dell ;  
 A pre-engagement urges my attention,  
 So, for a little season, fare thee well.

TO THE SAME.

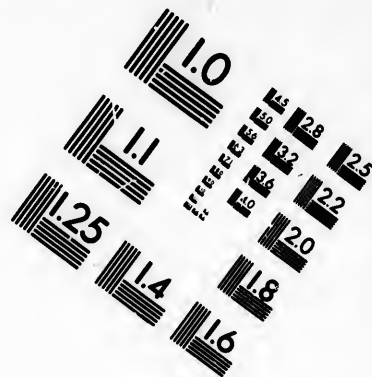
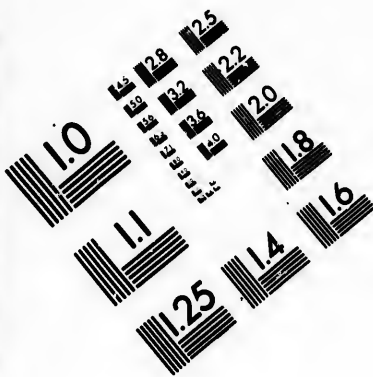
My pathway led me to an ancient mansion,  
 Deserted, wherefore few remain to tell.  
 A river bounds this valley's green expansion  
 Of loveliness, and sorrow here did dwell.

A massive pile by all, save years forsaken ;  
 Like living eyes, lit by departing day,  
 The panes look when by winds the blinds are shaken,  
 With sounds that warn the wanderer away:

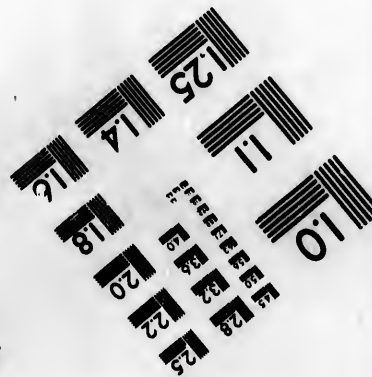
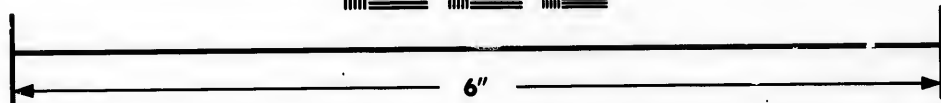
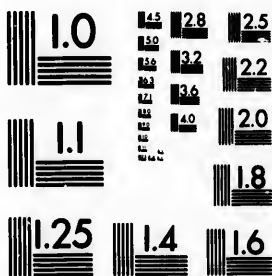
'Twas built with tiers of stone in upward ranges,  
 Embrowned and battered by the blasts of old—  
 Seeming to muse upon the many changes  
 Within itself, where owls their pinions fold.

The cricket sings his ditty unmolested  
 Where lusty dancers held loud revelry ;  
 The oxen of their yokes have been divested,  
 And all the harvesters have gone away.





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But they have left their long unused utensils  
Beside a gate, just where the work was done.  
'Tis thus a peasant's plough, a painter's pencils,  
An actor's robes survive the fame they won.

The mullein and wild burdock fill the garden,  
Their growth the gard'ner comes no more to mar ;  
They look like orphans who have lost their warden,  
Blooming unblamed, for their sole neighbors are :

A pair of antlers in an archway standing,  
A seat for rest at twilight on the lea,  
A broken boat below a reedy landing,  
A rusty scythe upon an apple tree.

With this worn scythe some vanished hand did sever  
The purple clover from these fields of green ;  
Another reaper gave him rest forever,  
And many summers o'er his bed have been.

Perchance he held his curious speculation  
Political, how empires rise and fall ;  
Perhaps ambition filled his admiration,  
Or learning lured him to her heavenly hall.

Or having—who has not?—dismissed for duty  
Some chosen inclination, with a sigh  
Oft mused upon the evanescent beauty—  
Hope's symbol—fading in the evening sky.

Here whirled the spinning wheel, that pleasant hummer,  
And graceful girls, in youthful beauty fair,  
Came down yon pathway to the stream in summer  
To e pick berries, or meet some one there.

On this old beech, half wasted by the weather,  
Two names are carved by some enamored youth,  
Sighing the while he fashioned them together  
And dreamed of endless tenderness and truth.

(What happened them?—what comes of all the living  
In whose fond hearts Joy strives with Pain?—two foes  
Like two fierce angels, one of whom is giving  
Sweet solace; one a demon dealing woes,

Who, being stern and sturdy in his essence,  
Soon baffles all the blessings of the best;  
And, though young love stands longest in his presence,  
Love, too, will vanish—vanquished like the rest.)

With "harvest home" this hall was often lighted,  
Dancing and music, and the ample board  
Made Autumn cheerful; travelers benighted  
Found welcome here and went away restored.

Now mournful winds among abandoned chambers  
Resound the anthem of departed days  
Whose nights have come, like soot upon the embers  
By the old hearth that never more will blaze.

The dancers are dispersed, the music ended,  
The laughter silent and the lovers gone,  
With their sweet schemes on which so much depended,  
And we are following after, one by one.

Yea, we are following, smiling as we suffer,  
Taking an active part in our own pain;  
While far around us all the waves grow rougher,  
We fondly hope next morn will lull the main.

We crush the craving cry of the heart's famine,  
We hush the hurricane whose wreck is years,  
We hide the corpse which pains us to examine,  
We close the tomb on hope whose empty biers

Move on like phantom clouds among the azure,  
Darkening life's pleasant morning in its glade ;  
They baffle all our arts to seize or measure  
Their mournful depths of loveliness in shade.

First they are tinted with the hues of heaven,  
But, like our hopes, their transient tints decay ;  
As we o'er life, they o'er the earth are driven ;  
Our prospects die, their lustres pass away,

Leaving Remembrance like a raven sitting  
High on a dying yew-tree's loftiest limb,  
Whose withered leaves upon the tempest fitting  
Bestrew those graves whereon our eyes grow dim.

For who, of all predestined to inherit  
Life's dreary dower, ever did obtain  
The peace, the holy longing of the spirit,  
Or even partly conquer human pain ?

For, though untold, that which the spirit pities,  
Because it went too swiftly to its tomb,  
Is no less mournful than the mighty cities,  
Pompeii, Herculaneum, or Rome.

Ah well, in every life a shadow lingers,  
And long ere Death can raise his hand to count  
Our blasted years upon his bony fingers,  
Hope's golden bowl lies broken at the fount.

---

Though swift and sure our early aims expire,  
As if 'twere fate's first purpose to destroy,  
It may be by such crushings we acquire  
The wine of wisdom which comes not through joy.

So Time to all repeats the painful story ;  
The farewell sun reflects the heavenliest hues ;  
From nights of frost the forests gather glory,  
A glory that the suns to May refuse,

E'en to this mild Canadian scene and season,  
Whose vales voluptuous dreamily repose  
In ever-varying robes ; for which sweet reason  
We love this land, when Autumn beauty glows

Through all the forest avenues to saunter,  
Dream on the hills, and trace each winding shore  
Familiar to the footsteps of the hunter,  
The silent tribes who visit them no more.

And, when the gorgeous verdure is decaying,  
Serene September, by the hills and swamps,  
Reminds me of an Indian maid delaying,  
Last of her race, among deserted camps.

Beyond the distance of a westward river  
Her friends have gone forever past recall,  
Death put their days like arrows in his quiver,  
As fast as showers of sanguine foliage fall

From blushing boughs that smile in silent slumber,  
Tinged like a cloud at rest on twilight air,  
Or a great golden harp whose heavenliest number  
Is hushed, because the harper is at prayer.



FAREWELL.

Farewell, a word that late or soon  
Will come, as comes a frost in June,  
Or discord in a sacred tune.

I'll muse on thee, as on some word  
In kindness said by lips preferred,  
Which ever after can be heard.

The sweetest song in memory  
As listened to at dawning day  
By a wrecked sailor near a bay.

And if we never meet again,  
Remembrance shall the past retain  
Like music on a moonlit main.

A SIGH.

'Tis strange whatever makes us blest  
Can mar the bliss it gives,  
By planting in the tender breast  
The thorn that never leaves.

'Tis strange what gives us most delight  
Can its own hope destroy,  
And hurl the spirit from the height  
Of its unfinished joy.

Why has the bosom so much room  
For bliss and grief? Ah! why  
Do joys, like fragile flowers, bloom  
To dazzle and to die?

## THE BLUE LAKES OF DUMFRIES.

How often when weary with labor,  
The duty of man unto man,  
We open the gates of remembrance,  
Where infancy's rivulets ran.  
Even now, while the sun over Huron  
Gives evening a lovelier hue,  
The spirit of nature reminds me  
Of the glade where the dandelions grew.

One beautiful morning in May-time,  
When birds were preparing for June,  
Some red willows waved in the breezes,  
That rippled a little lagoon.  
The sky was embellished with azure,  
With flowers the landscape, and dew ;  
We chose our companions and wandered  
To the glade where the dandelions grew.

The scene was celestially favored,  
It baffled art's exquisite touch—  
Ye scarcely could fancy how Eden  
Surpassed it in loveliness much ;  
The ferns and the pearl-tinted lilies  
Bowed low by the waters of blue,  
When she gave me her beauty forever  
In the glade where the dandelions grew.

Though pain after pain has distorted  
The heart that was happiest then,  
I remember our mirth when we sported  
At hide and go seek in the glen ;

The beautiful twilight of heaven  
Bade nature a blushing adieu,  
Ere we came from the lake in the valley,  
The glade where the dandelions grew.

The cloud which arose on that eve  
Was the spray from adversity's wave,  
But her tenderness made me believe  
In a heaven this side of the grave ;  
And so few are life's scenes of rejoicing,  
That fancy delights to review  
The first of the fields that were fragrant—  
The glade where the dandelions grew.

I never returned to that valley ;  
I never can go there again ;  
The change that came over the real  
Would make the remembrance a pain ;  
But often look back to its beauty,  
And sigh o'er the sweetness we knew  
As we sat by the blackberry bushes,  
In the glade where the dandelions grew.

And you who have much speculation,  
Who struggle for bread or for gain,  
Till the beautiful love of your boyhood  
Has almost forsaken your brain—  
Even you have your moments romantic  
In the crowd and the counting-house too,  
Some scene that is lovelier than lucre,  
Some glade where the dandelions grew.

THOMAS SCOTT

What evil did he do,  
He who, though bound, was brave?  
So coldly shot by that foul crew,  
And taunted to his grave!

Did he some vow belie?  
Did he oppose the right?  
Did he turn traitor, and defy  
The throne, or Justice smite?

Nay! but the brutes who dashed  
The snow with his heart's red,  
Because he did not, him they lashed,  
And forth to slaughter led.

Who calls for peace to spare  
Those ruthless rebels now?  
Our brother's blood is oozing there  
From mangled breast and brow.

If no man dared to say  
Those words for which he died,  
Where were our liberties to-day?  
The good in which we pride?

Canadians, is it best  
That mercy should be shown,  
When fiends of Justice make a just,  
Or treason saps a throne?

Mercy is never vain  
And much should be forgiven,  
But to excuse such crimes would stain  
The great white throne of Heaven.

Such cannot be ; the hour  
Of recompense is nigh,  
The triumph of rebellious power  
Must, like its victim, die ;  
If not, then will our recreant graves  
Be jeered—the resting place of slaves.

My native soil shall quaff  
These veins, to nature dear,  
Before that outlawed despot's laugh  
Shall grate the patriot's ear  
Who fought and smote the invading train  
Upon the field of Lundy's Lane.

Yea, better die afar  
A murdered martyr lone,  
Than reign, where reckless rebels are,  
Upon a sanguine throne.  
Not on revenge, but Right we lean,  
Our anthem still, God save the' Queen.

## AWAKE.

Awake to work, and do not shirk  
What duty bids to do;  
'The strength of life is in the strife,  
Tho' dreadful storms ensue.

Improve the mind, and be resigned  
To what you cannot mend,  
For time misspent brings discontent  
And shapes a dreadful end.

The insects sing upon the wing  
An hour, then disappear;  
They do their share; not any are  
In vain by God sent here.

The little flower, the sunny hour,  
The storms that blacken heaven,  
The hopes that bless, or bring distress,  
Are all in kindness given.

How many a year this mundane sphere  
Has waited for your lot;  
One life on earth will stamp your worth,  
So disappoint it not.

Then guide, although fate's sullen foe  
Drives fierce against hope's prow,  
A time of bloom will surely come  
If we but labor now.

---

There is no state, nor low nor great,  
From which we cannot rise,  
If we but feel that human weal  
Is sacred to our eyes.

The strongest mind that moves mankind  
Might some weak idiot be,  
But for the power the present hour  
Confers on you and me.

Be great, if thou wouldst preach or plough ;  
A day's work is a prayer ;  
Receive to give, and thou'lt receive  
A more abundant share.

Paul says there's more, when life is o'er,  
Of wages coming due,  
If we will brave temptation's wave,  
To win the good and true.



## OLD STEPHEN, A DIRGE.

TO H. BURKHOLDER, B. A.

Let labor lay by till we sing of old Stephen,  
A song he deserves and a spell at the muse,  
The faults of his life may you never believe in,  
Nor his who recounts them—but do as you choose.

Old Stephen believed it was wrong to be sober—  
Alas! 'tis the creed of too many we know—  
His heart was not hard like the clod in October,  
He often got high to keep memory low.

I knew of his orchard, wherein, a mere urchin,  
I often delayed with my satchel, until  
The school-master taught me the weight of his birch, in  
The school-house that stood by the tree on the hill.

That school, where I dreaded to go as to prison,  
With tasks still unlearned when the bell did recall  
Our steps to the class and the taws and the lesson,  
Some picture maps hung on the pencil-marked wall.

'Though fame, like an eagle o'er lofty Ben Lomond,  
(A thing quite unlikely) in future should rise,  
I'll mind where I carved his young daughter's cognomen,  
Beneath the blue light of her beautiful eyes.

His portrait resembled the picture of Pluto,  
Which hung by the door of my grandfather's hall;  
His head was an orange tinge, countenance ditto,  
But good was the heart that beat under it all.

---

So peaceful was he that you could not excite him,  
So learned that starvation oft stood at his door,  
So honest that all men delighted to cheat him ;  
The consequence was, he died perfectly poor.

In the desolate bone-yard they buried his body—  
The spirit had left it some evenings before.  
He died in his rocking-chair, sipping hot toddy ;  
The toddy got spilled on the dining-room floor.

No more will the dinner-horn call him to supper,  
No more will the barn floor resound to his flail,  
No more ride his horse with a grist to the hopper,  
Nor tend to the sugar-bush over the swale.

Regret is not great for the loss of the lowly ;  
The poor are expected to give up their breath ;  
He paid unto nature the debt of his folly,  
And took a receipt from the angel of death.

Yet fate makes us ponder, for once he was pure ;  
His childhood, dear reader, was cherished like thine.  
We all can sail down immortality's sewer,  
Or sing with the seraphs forever divine.

### THE WARM HEARTED GRASP.

'Mid changes and partings 'tis pleasant to find  
The friends we most value still constant and kind ;  
Oh ! sweet the reception that beauty can give  
With the soul-thrilling pressure that bids hope to live,  
But the noblest reception that nature has planned  
Is the warm hearted grasp of a workingman's hand.

There is beauty in light, as the rainbow can prove ;  
There is glory in labor and rapture in love ;  
There is valor in peace and experience in years ;  
There is power in joy and a magic in tears ;  
There is greatness in toil that too few understand,  
And the warm hearted grasp of a workingman's hand.

Oh ! how piteous that those who do labor's least share  
Are caressed by earth's fools and preferred by the fair ;  
And life after life is to vanity wrecked,  
That reason would save if allowed to reflect ;  
But the holiest alliance by love ever planned  
Is the warm hearted grasp of a workingman's hand.

## APPENDIX AND ERRATA.

In the poem honored with Mrs. Zimmerman's address, on page 170, the last lines of verse fifth should be read :

Our feelings are a sort of spitual rental,

A tax on talent which we all must *pay*.

It will be seen by the note addressed to Dr. Vernon, on page 41, prefacing "French Chaos," that it was written before the death of Napoleon III.

The lines to Thomas Scott ought to have been inscribed to my genial father, one of the few remaining veterans of 1812. To a true patriot, however, no filial esteem, sincere though it be, can add any honor.

A PURELY CANADIAN BOOK.

---

## ONE QUIET DAY,

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BY

*J. R. RAMSAY,*

Author of "Canadian Lyre," "Chronicles of a Canadian Family," "Wi-non-ah," etc., etc.

---

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"I have been for some time acquainted with Mr. Ramsay's poems, and I have recently read a number of his prose MSS., which I understand are to be shortly published. . . . Mr. Ramsay wields the pen of a ready writer, he observes nature with a poet's eye, and throws around his descriptions of natural scenery a romantic interest which I have no doubt will render them highly popular."—REV. DAVID INGLIS.

"I desire to be a subscriber to Mr. Ramsay's volume. . . I have none of his poems at hand to be read or referred to; nor does memory reproduce them in formal shape. But pleasing impressions are retained which, dormant a minute ago, take vitality and become stanzas in the poets' corner of the journals, printed with the name J. R. Ramsay. . . . Memory is true! I catch the music of the Ramsay stanza, I am wandering in woodland dells among flowers and sunlight; shadows of the deeper solitudes; thoughts by turns lighten and darken; beauty and fragrance, making a mistake, come sweetening me, inducing delusions that I am the poet J. R. Ramsay. . . . I feel that I am roaming on the banks of a little river, the waters in their music inviting me to be companion; to glide along, run along, leap along, at foot of the ravine, over the lynn, and meet the poet thoughtful and solitary; the tender in sentiment, fervent worshiper of nature's truth and beauty—the Canadian poet Ramsay. . . . From which recollections now revived, I desire the inference to be accepted, if you choose, that this aspiring son of thought, whom I first saw at ease setting types a few years back, is still unsatisfied with what he has attained to—as the self-impelled must ever be. And that his flight will yet be higher, on wider fields. In token of esteem, please add, as a purchasing subscriber, the name of ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE."—*THE WHISTLER AT THE PLOUGH, Montreal.*

"There's many a line of thine that seems  
Like smiling after troubled dreams,  
Before the dreamer can forget  
Visions that made his pillow wet."

"The unfolding future of our beloved country is very much like one of her own maples, with leaves half opened in the greening Spring—not yet fully aware of the glories of sunshine with which it

will be so exquisitely braided. And if, as is said, eyes are being turned towards the literature of Canada, there is, I am confident, a leaf on the topmost branch of that self-same maple which will have inscribed upon it the name of J. R. Ramsay. There is a depth of spirit, vividness of imagination, warmth of coloring, purity and pathos in those writings, that are like an electric chain, binding the author to the reader. No one who reads but must feel the writer has a warm sympathy for humanity, and from grey-bearded grandsire, dreaming of his youth, to the curly-headed chernio taking his first steps in the path of life, all feel as for a friend they can safely trust."

"This volume ('Wi-non-ah') possesses rare poetic merit and constitutes a valuable addition to the highest order of Canadian Literature."—HAMILTON "EVENING TIMES."

"In perusing the volume I have found much fine thought and feeling. The 'Haunted House' contains some charming bits of description, so full of truth, and abounding in powerful yet delicate touches that it is hard to believe they have not been drawn from the life... The poem breathes forth sad reminiscences of the past, and in it the gaunt figure of decay is draped so gracefully in the robes of poetic fancy that 'the House' becomes more interesting in its pathetic desolation, when

'The dancers are dispersed, the music ended,'

Than ever it was in the days of its gay hospitalities. . . Forewarnings' has something solemn and spectral about it, and the reader seems to catch a glimpse of coming evils behind the half-undrawn veil that covers human destiny. They 'cast their shadows before' them, and therein 'pall' the soul as well as *appall* it. The greater part of the poem 'October' is correctly picturesque. The scene reflects itself in the soul of the reader, as the shores of a lake are reflected in its own waters. 'The Old Pine Canoe' is one of the most beautiful and finished poems in the volume. It is almost as sad as Campbell's 'Exile of Erin,' and, in some parts as musical. The execution of the 'Haunted House' is so good in portions, and the general conception so truthful and complete, that I regret to see it so slovenly in many places, and encumbered with redundant verses. It is as a diamond that has been cut up carelessly by the spade of the miner and awaits to be carefully and skilfully cut into due facets and polished by the lapidary."—CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

The above advice has since been followed as closely as is possible to approach the high conceptions of the author of "Saul."

"Full of pathos, humor or sentiment as the subject demands."

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“ ‘The Canadian Lyre,’ a small volume of poems, by J. R. Ramsay, a young Provincial Bard of great powers and promise. This neat volume contains many pieces of great merit and beauty, and furnishes ample evidence that the young author possesses powers of song which, under proper culture, will procure for him a high place among the early poets of our rising country, and earn for him a name not soon to die. In style, simple and chaste; in versification, smooth and musical; in imagery, both national and national; in sentiment, pure and elevating—these poems cannot fail at once to please and profit. . . . . We gratefully accept them as an earnest of something still nobler, to follow, and cordially commend them to all true lovers of poetry and patriotic patrons of Canadian literature.”—Rev. W. ORRISTON, D. D.

“His contributions have invariably been rhythmical and smooth in composition—pure and poetic in sentiment. For instance, here is a beautiful little lilt:

I SHALL NOT TELL

‘I shall not tell thee why the land  
With so much glory glows;  
There is but one in all the world  
My sacred secret knows.’

‘O, she is fairer than the flowers  
Of rosy June or May—  
When every bird is singing near  
And every blossom gay.’

‘I asked her eyes to let their beams  
Make life supremely grand;  
Their answer, like a flood of light,  
Flushed all the flowery land.’

The sunbeams glanced among the grass,  
Warm-waving in the breeze;  
A new life gladdened every bloom—  
More vivid grew the trees.’

‘I shall not tell thee why the land  
With so much glory glows;  
There is but one in all the world  
My sacred secret knows.’—

HAMILTON “SPECTATOR.”

“I think it is a happy thing for Canada that we have young men among us who devote this highest of mental gifts—poetry—to the service of their country; for it is serving our country, by teaching us



OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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to love her, her people and her scenery, as much as though in arms in her behalf..... Had I the public ear at command, I should certainly have a 'proclamation poetic' made in his favor..... His muse sometimes rises to a height in eloquence which the novice cannot hope to attain, as witness the following where he speaks of Hope as a Seraph :

'To his own happy occupation singing  
A song begun in Heaven before he left  
The host of holy worshippers.'—

WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

"His language is generally bold; eloquent and musical; he is imaginative and sentimental, and gives evidence of genuine genius.— We are glad this volume has been published, as it is certainly a great addition to the meagre literature of this Province.—HAMILTON "BANNER."

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"These poems furnish evidence of powers which, under due culture, would not fail of achieving a high place in our country's early literature."—"CANADA EVANGELIST."

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