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ROSE-BELFORD'S
CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND

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EDITED BY G. MERCER ADAM.

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CONTENTS.

ARTICLES.

| | PAGE. |
|---|--------------------------------|
| A Forgotten Hero. Jacques Cartier. By Annie Walker | 88 |
| A Ghost Story. By Agnes E. Wetherald, Fenwick | 499 |
| Agricultural Experimental Stations. By James Cheesman, Montreal | 62 |
| Alcohol and the Vital Principle. By Isaiah Ryder, M.D., Toronto | 625 |
| Biennial Legislation. By the Hon. Mr. Speaker Clarke, Elora | 340 |
| Black Robe, The. By Wilkie Collins, London, Eng. 15, 135, 235, 342, 467, 588 | 588 |
| Book Reviews. | 97, 214, 320, 439, 544 & 654 |
| Bric-à-brac | 105, 218, 330, 553 & 661 |
| Canadian Laureate, The. L. H. Frechette. By J. Howard Hunter, M.A. | 54 |
| Canon Farrar's Life of Christ, &c. By L. D. | 73 |
| Carlyle, Thomas. By 'Fidelis,' Kingston. | 316 |
| — and Comte. By W. D. Le Sueur, B.A., Ottawa | 639 |
| Criminal of Creation, The. By Lewis Ray | 182 |
| Desdemona. By D. Fowler, Emerald | 643 |
| Diogenes on Bric-à-brac. By Sara Duncan, Brantford | 636 |
| Dream of Social Revolution, A | 629 |
| Education and National Sentiment. By Mrs. K. S. Maclean, Kingston | 190 |
| Future of Canada, The. By Nicholas Flood Davin | 490 |
| George Eliot. In Memoriam. By the Editor | 203 |
| — as a Novelist. By J. M. Buchan, M.A., Hamilton | 255 |
| George Fox and Quakerism. By W. R. G. Mellen | 400 |
| Great Speeches. By Nicholas Flood Davin | 270 |
| German Socialists and the Reichstag. By James W. Bell. | 37 |
| Idylls of the King, The: their Growth and Meaning. By R. W. Boodle, B.A. | 379 |
| Intellectual Development of the Canadian People, The. By Jno. Geo. Bourinot, B.A., Ottawa | 2, 108, 219 |
| Intellectual Tendencies and Training. By D. Tucker, M.D., Pickering. | 161 |
| Lobster Spearing at Halifax. By F. Blake Crofton, B.A., Truro, N.S. | 48 |
| Literary Notes, | 103, 217, 329, 442, 552, & 660 |
| Machiavelli and Machiavellism. By Mrs. C. R. Corson, Ithaca, N.Y. | 126 |
| Mademoiselle de Carabas. By Blanche L. Macdonell, Montreal. | 456 |
| Mr. Malloch: a Retrospect. By R. W. Boodle, B.A., Montreal | 195 |
| My Life. By 'Esperance,' Yorkville | 171 |
| Modern Canoeing. By Robert Tyson, Toronto | 533 |
| Modern Theology and Modern Thought. By 'Fidelis,' Kingston | 297 |
| North Land, The. By Sydney Reid, Toronto | 622 |
| Notes on Endymion. By Lord Houghton. | 205 |
| Ontario Fifty Years ago and now. By Cunniff Haight, Toronto. | 443, 556 |
| Ophelia and Portia. By D. Fowler, Emerald | 504 |
| Parliament of Ontario, The. By S. J. Watson, Toronto | 331 |
| Paston's (John) Funeral. By Rev. J. S. Stone, B.D., Toronto | 424 |
| Poet's Great Work, The. By Agnes E. Wetherald, Fenwick | 306 |
| Political Parties in Canada. By William Norris, Ingersoll | 614 |
| 'Progress and Poverty' and the Doctrine of Evolution. By W. D. Le Sueur, B.A., Ottawa | 287 |

| | PAGE. |
|--|------------------------------|
| Praise. By F. W. R., London | 578 |
| Physiology in Thought, Conduct and Belief. By Daniel Clarke, M.D., | 363 |
| Prospects of the Liberal Party, The. By a Liberal | 429 |
| Positivism v. Christianity. By 'Fidelis,' Kingston | 518 |
| Round the Table | 95, 211, 318, 438, 542 & 652 |
| Toronto Girl's Coterie, The. By Agnes E. Wetherald, Fenwick | 69 |

POETRY.

| | |
|--|----------|
| A Spring Song. By Hilary Bygrave, Toronto | 540 |
| A Presage. By 'Fidelis,' Kingston | 503 |
| A Christmas Carol. By 'Fidelis,' Kingston. | 59 |
| After the Storm. By C. P. M., Toronto | 399 |
| Canadian Idylls. The Queen's Birthday. By W. Kirby, Niagara. 414 & 511 | |
| Celt and Saxon. By 'Machaon' | 489 |
| Cupid's Missive. By Temple | 254 |
| Fame. By —, Brantford | 532 |
| Fifty Years Ago. By E. C. K. | 428 |
| Forgiveness, a Sonnet. By John Reade, Montreal | 296 |
| George Eliot, a Sonnet. By Gowan Lea, Montreal | 362 |
| Good Night. By Tristram Templeton | 305 |
| Hapless Mother, The. By Rose | 181 |
| Inconstancy. By —, Brantford, | 642 |
| In Church. By M. W. | 587 |
| In Memoriam : Thomas Moss. By 'Fidelis,' Kingston. | 107 |
| — George Eliot. By Gowan Lea, Montreal | 362 |
| — Edward Irving. By C. P. Mulvany, M.A., Toronto | 204 |
| — Thomas Carlyle. By Garet Noel, Toronto | 433 |
| June. By Mrs. A. MacGillis, Barrie | 555 |
| Life. By 'Esperance,' Yorkville | 124 |
| Magdalen Tower. By Prof. Grant Allen | 33 |
| Memor et Fidelis. By G. F. D. Peters, Windsor, N.S. | 46 |
| Morning. By J. A. Ritchie, Port Hope | 621 |
| Ode to Midnight. By J. R. Newell, Woodstock | 341 |
| Off Pelorus. By Chas. G. D. Roberts, B.A., Chatham, N.B. | 377 |
| Old Year and the New, The. By Mrs. A. MacGillis, Barrie. | 1 |
| Peacemaker, The. <i>From the German.</i> By Alice Horton | 623 |
| Petrarch. By John Reade, Montreal | 577 |
| Poet's Hour, The. By Gowan Lea, Montreal | 170 |
| Praise of Spring. <i>From the German of Uhland</i> | 413 |
| Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont. By F. R., Barrie | 435 |
| Slumber Song. <i>From the German.</i> G. L. M. | 613 |
| Spring. By M. J. Kelly, M.D., Brantford | 498 |
| Sonnet. By J. R. Newell, Woodstock | 160 |
| — —. By C. E. M., Montreal | 68 |
| — —. By Barry Dane, Montreal | 72 |
| — —. By Gowan Lea, Montreal | 87 & 624 |
| The Weary Watcher. By D. J. MacMurchy, Toronto | 194 |
| The Two Ships. By Hilary Bygrave, Toronto | 634 |
| To Nature. By Gowan Lea, Montreal | 269 |
| Tower Woods, Halifax. By J. A. Bell, Halifax | 52 |
| Unrest. By 'Colonel,' Woodstock | 14 |
| Womanhood. By 'Esperance,' Yorkville | 454 |
| When Death Creeps O'er, &c. By Geo. Gerrard, Montreal | 651 |

ROSE-BELFORD'S
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AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1881.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

BY MRS. A. MAC GILLIS, BARRIE, ONT.

GOD-BYE, Old Year, we cannot let thee go
Without a farewell tribute ; thou hast been
A faithful friend since first thy face was seen,
Smiling and fair, with youth and hope aglow.

Now thou art hoar with age, thy form is bent,
Snowy thy locks, and dim thy sunken eyes ;
Poor dying friend, thou wilt not see arise
Another sun in Heaven's clear firmament.

The winds are wailing with a doleful sound
A requiem for thy burial ; go in peace,
Thou art o'er-wearied now, 'tis time to cease
From all thy toils, and seek a rest profound.

But, ere thou art quite gone, let us review
The past, and see what blessings thou hast given,
And think if we in gratitude have striven
To live a life pure, earnest, brave and true.

A year of plenteous harvest ; lo ! our land
Teems with the riches of the bounteous earth,
And ' smiling plenty sits around each hearth,'
And joy and peace abound on every hand.

Within the year no fell disease has come
To strike a terror to the people's heart,
And scatter death, with every poisoned dart,
Leaving sad blanks in many a happy home.

A year of peace, the olive branch has waved
 Its guardian shadow over our fair land ;
 Our laws and liberties inviolate stand ;
 Our shores no treacherous foe has dared invade.

Oh ! dying year, I would that thou couldst take
 With thee on thy dread journey, never to return,
 The wrong and misery that makes our earth to mourn —
 The fetters that we *would* but *cannot* break.

How long shall chains of 'faithless coldness' bind ?
 How long shall narrow aims and low desires
 Still keep us down to earth, and quench the fires
 Of purest love, and stunt the growth of mind ?

Alas ! alas ! that still New Years should dawn
 On a dark world, or one so dimly lit
 That we but grope to find the Truth, and hit
 Our stumbling feet on many a rugged stone.

But yet, we hope 'twill not be always so,—
 That the dark corners of the earth shall be
 Enlightened, and the 'Truth which maketh free'
 Be known, and felt, and loved by all below.

We know, indeed, the time will surely come
 When wrong and violence in the earth shall cease,
 When wars shall be no more, and peace
 And love make all the world one home.

New Year ! we greet thee both with smiles and tears,
 We cannot make our welcome only glad,
 For thinking of the hearts that have grown sad
 And wearily await the coming years.

Hearts that were wont to bound as thou approached,
 While faces wreathed with smiles and eyes grew bright,
 Alas ! those eyes have lost their beaming light
 Through weeping for the loved whom death hath touched.

Oh ! sweet New Year, thou canst not dry their tears,
 Or give the lost ones to their fond embrace,
 But thou canst bring them hopes of brighter days,
 When Sorrow's night hath waned and Morning's light appears

New Year ! thy face is strange though young and fair ;
 We do not know thee yet, but as a friend
 Would greet thee, trusting thee to send
 A goodly store of blessings to our share.

But not to us alone, to all, be given
 God's grace and benediction ; on our Queen
 Thy love and favour rest with rays serene,
 Dear to her people's hearts and blest of Heaven.

THE INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE CANADIAN PEOPLE.

AN HISTORICAL REVIEW.

BY J. G. BOURINOT, B.A.

The Clerk of the House of Commons, Canada.

CHAPTER II.

EDUCATION.

THE great educational advantages that the people of Canada now enjoy, and more especially in the premier Province of Ontario—as the splendid exhibit recently made at Paris and Philadelphia has proved to the world—are the results of the legislation of a very few years. A review of the first two periods of the political history affords abundant evidence that there existed in Canada as in Europe much indifference in all matters affecting the general education of the country. Whatever was accomplished during these early times was owing, in a great measure, to the meritorious efforts of ecclesiastical bodies or private individuals. As long as France governed Canada, education was entirely in the hands of the Roman Catholic Church. The Jesuits, Franciscans, and other religious male and female Orders, at an early date, commenced the establishment of those colleges and seminaries, which have always had so important a share in the education of Lower Canada. The first school in that province was opened in 1616 at Three Rivers by Brother Pacifique Duplessis, a Franciscan. The Jesuits founded a College at Quebec in 1831, or three years before the establishment of Har-

vard; and the Ursulines opened their convent in the same city four years later. Sister Bourgeoys, of Troyes, founded at Montreal in 1659, the Congregation de Notre Dame for the education of girls of humble rank, the commencement of an institution which has now its buildings in many parts of Canada. In the latter part of the seventeenth century Mgr. Francois Xavier de Laval-Montmorency, a member of one of the proudest families in Europe, carried out the project of providing education for Canadian priests drawn from the people of the country. Consequently, in addition to the Great Seminary at Quebec, there was the Lesser Seminary where boys were taught in the hope that they would one day take orders. In this project the Indians were included, and several attended when the school was opened during 1668 in the humble dwelling owned by Mme. Couillard, though it was not long before they showed their impatience of scholastic bondage. It is also interesting to learn that, in the inception of education, the French endeavoured in more than one of their institutions to combine industrial pursuits with the ordinary branches of an elementary education. For instance, attached to the Seminary was a sort of farm-school, established in the parish of St. Joachim, below Quebec, the object of which was to train the humbler class of pupils in agricultural as

well as certain mechanical pursuits. The manual arts were also taught in the institutions under the charge of the Ursulines and Congregation. We find, for example, a French King giving a thousand francs to a sisterhood of Montreal to buy wool, and the same sum to teach young girls to knit. We also read of the same Sovereign maintaining a teacher of navigation and surveying at Quebec on the modest salary of four hundred francs a-year. But all accounts of the days of the French régime go to show that, despite the zealous efforts of the religious bodies to improve the education of the colonists, secular instruction was at a very low ebb. One writer tells us that 'even the children of officers and gentlemen scarcely knew how to read and write; they were ignorant of the first elements of geography and history.' These were, in fact, days of darkness everywhere, so far as the masses were concerned. Neither England nor France had a system of popular education. Yet it is undoubted that on the whole the inhabitants of Canada had far superior moral and educational advantages than were enjoyed during those times by the mass of people in England and France. Even in the days of Walpole and Hannah More the ignorance of the English peasantry was only equalled by their poverty and moral depravity.* Sensuality was not encouraged in Canada by the leaders of Society, as was notoriously the case in the best circles of England and of France. Dull and devoid of intellectual

* Green in his 'History of the English People' says:—Purity and fidelity to the marriage vow were sneered out of fashion; and Lord Chesterfield, in his letters to his son, instructed him in the art of seduction as part of a polite education. At the other end of the social scale lay the masses of the poor. They were ignorant and brutal to a degree which it is hard to conceive, for the vast increase of population which followed on the growth of towns and the development of manufactures had been met by no effort for religious or educational improvement. Not a new parish had been created. Hardly a single new church had been built. Schools

light as was the life of the Canadian, he had his places of worship, where he had a moral training which elevated him immeasurably above the peasantry of England as well as of his old home. The clergy of Lower Canada confessedly did their best to relieve the ignorance of the people, but they were naturally unable to accomplish, by themselves, a task which properly devolved on the governing class. But under the French régime in Canada, the civil authorities were as little anxious to enlighten the people by the establishment of schools, as they were to give them a voice in the government of the country. In remarkable contrast with the conduct of the French Government in this particular, were the efforts of the Puritan pioneers then engaged in the work of civilization among the rocks of New England. Learning, after religion and social order, was the object nearest to the hearts of the New England fathers; or rather it may be said that they were convinced that social order and a religious character could not subsist in the absence of mental culture. As early as 1647, Governor Winthrop sanctioned a measure* which was the first school law ever passed in America,

there were none save the grammar schools of Edward and Elizabeth. The rural peasantry who were fast being reduced to pauperism by the poor-laws, were left without moral or religious training of any sort. 'We saw but one bible in the parish of Chedda,' said Hannah More, at a far later time, and that was used to prop a flower pot."

Parkman also admits that 'towards the end of the French Régime the Canadian habitant was probably better taught, so far as concerned religion, than the mass of French peasants.'—*The Old Régime in Canada*.

* This measure provided that 'every township in this jurisdiction, after the Lord has increased them to the number of 50 householders, shall then forthwith appoint one within their town, to teach all such children as shall resort to him, to write and read, whose wages shall be paid, either by the parents or masters of such children, or by the inhabitants in general, by way of supply.' And it was further ordered that 'when any town shall increase to the number of one hundred families, or householders, they shall set up a grammar school, the master thereof being able to instruct youth so far as they may be fitted for the University.'

and outlined just such a system as we now enjoy on an extended scale in Canada. Wise men those stern Puritans of the early colonial times! It is not surprising that intellectual food, so early provided for all classes, should have nurtured at last an Emerson, an Everett, a Hawthorne, a Wendell Philipps, a Longfellow, a Lowell, a Howells, and a Parkman.

After the Conquest the education of the people made but little progress in Lower Canada. Education was confined for the most part to the Quebec Seminary, and a few other institutions under the control of religious communities, permitted to remain in the country. Lord Dorchester appointed a Commission in 1787, to enquire into the whole subject, but no practical results followed the step. In 1792 the Duke de Rochefoucauld wrote, that 'the Canadian who could read was regarded as a phenomenon.' The attempt of the 'Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning,' to establish schools was comparatively a failure; for after an existence of twenty years it had only 37 schools, attended by 1,048 pupils altogether. The British Government, at no time, after it came into possession of the province, ever attempted anything for the promotion of general education. Indeed, the only matter in which it appeared in connection with education, was one by no means creditable to it; for it applied the Jesuits' Estates, which were destined for education, to a species of fund for secret service, and for a number of years maintained an obstinate struggle with the assembly, in order to continue this misappropriation. No doubt the existing antagonism of races, then so great an evil in Lower Canada, prevented anything like co-operation in this matter; but added to this was, probably, a doubt among the ruling class in Canada, as in England, as to the wisdom of educating the masses. An educational report of 1824, informs us that 'generally not above one-fourth of the entire population

could read, and not above one tenth of them could write even imperfectly.' In the presentments of the grand juries, and in the petitions on public grievances so frequently presented to Parliament, the majority of the signers were obliged to make their marks. During the year 1824, the Fabrique Act was passed with the view of relieving the public ignorance, but unhappily the political difficulties that prevailed from that time prevented any effective measures being carried out for the establishment of public schools throughout the province.

Nor was education in the western province in a much better state during the first period of Parliamentary Government, that is from 1792 to 1840. It is noteworthy, however, that high schools for the education of the wealthier classes were established at a very early date in the province. The first classical school was opened in the old town of Kingston by the Rev. Dr. Stuart. In 1807 the first Education Act was passed, establishing grammar schools in each of the eight districts in which the Province was divided, and endowing them with an annual stipend of one hundred pounds each. In 1816 the first steps were taken by the Legislature in the direction of common schools—as they were then, and for some time afterwards, designated—but the Acts that were then and subsequently passed up to the time of the Union were very inadequate to accomplish the object aimed at. No general system existed; the masters were very inferior and ill-paid. A very considerable portion of the province was without schools as well as churches. Of the lands which were generally appropriated to the support of the former by far the most valuable portion was diverted to the endowment of King's College. In 1838 there were 24,000 children in the common schools out of a population of 450,000, leaving probably some 50,000 destitute of the means of education. The well-to-do classes, however, es-

pecially those living in the large towns, had good opportunities of acquiring a sound education. Toronto was well supplied with establishments, supported by large endowments: Upper Canada College, the Home District Grammar School, besides some well-conducted seminaries for young ladies. For years Cornwall Grammar School, under the superintendence of the energetic Dr. Strachan, was the resort of the provincial aristocracy. Among the men who received their early education in that famous establishment were Robert Baldwin, H. J. Boulton, J. B. Macaulay, Allan McNab, John Beverley Robinson, Dean Bethune, Clark Gamble, and many others afterwards famous in politics, in law and in the church. Dr. Strachan was not only a sound scholar, but an astute man of the world, admirably fitted to develop the talents of his pupils and prepare them for the active duties of life in those young days of Canada. 'In conducting your education,' said he on one occasion, 'one of my principal duties has always been to fit you for discharging with credit the duties of any office to which you may hereafter be called. To accomplish this it was necessary for you to be accustomed frequently to depend upon and think for yourselves. Accordingly, I have always encouraged this disposition, which, when preserved within due bounds, is one of the greatest benefits that can possibly be acquired. To enable you to think with advantage, I not only regulated your task in such a manner as to exercise your judgment, but extended them for you beyond the mechanical routine of study usually adopted in schools.* None of the masters of the high schools of the present day could do as much under the very scientific system which limits their freedom of action in the educational training of their scholars. But whilst the wealthier classes in the larger centres of popu-

lation could avail themselves of the services of such able teachers as the late Bishop of Toronto, the mass of people were left in a state of ignorance. The good schools were controlled by clergymen of the different denominations; in fact, the Church of England was nearly dominant in such matters in those early times, and it must be admitted that there was a spirit abroad in the province which discredited all attempts to place the education of the masses on a more liberal basis.

The Union of 1840 and the extension of the political rights of the people gave a new impulse to useful and practical legislation in a country whose population commenced from that time to increase very rapidly. In 1841, 1843, and 1844, measures were passed for the improvement of the school system of both provinces. In 1846, the system of compulsory taxation for the support of public schools was, for the first time, embodied in the law, and education at last made steady progress. According as experience showed the necessity of changes, the Legislature improved the educational system of both provinces—these changes having been continued to be made since Confederation. In Lower Canada, the names of two men will always be honourably associated with the working out of the School Law, and these are Dr. Meilleur and Hon. Mr. Chauveau, the latter of whom succeeded in establishing Normal Schools at Montreal and Quebec. In the Province of Ontario, Egerton Ryerson has perpetuated his name from one end of the country to the other, where the young are being educated in large, comfortable school houses by a class of teachers whose qualifications, on the whole, are of a high order.

Great as has been the progress of education in Quebec, yet it must be admitted that it is in some respects behind that of Ontario. The buildings are inferior, the teachers less efficient, and insufficiently paid in many

* Scadding's 'Toronto of Old,' 161.

cases—and efficiency, no doubt, depends in a great measure on the remuneration. The ratio of children who are ignorant of the elements of knowledge is greater than in the Province of Ontario, where, it must be remembered, there is more wealth and, perhaps, more ambition among the people generally. Still the tendency in Quebec is in the direction of progress, and as the people become better off, they will doubtless be induced to work out their system, on the whole so admirable, with greater zeal and energy.

In the Province of Ontario every child can receive a free education, and can pass from the Public School to the High School or Collegiate Institute, and thence to the University, where the fees are small and many scholarships are offered to the industrious student. The principles which lie at the basis of the system are local assessment to supplement State aid; thorough inspection of all schools; ensuring the best teachers by means of Normal Schools and competitive examinations, complete equipment, graded examinations, and separate schools. The State recognizes its obligation to the child, not only by contributing pecuniary aid, but by exercising a general supervision, by means of a Superintendent in Quebec and by a Minister of the Crown in Ontario. The system of Ontario, which has been the prototype for the legislation of all the smaller provinces, is eclectic, for it is the result of a careful examination of the systems that prevail in the United States, Prussia, and Ireland.

As in the larger provinces, much apathy was shown in Nova Scotia for many years on the subject of the education of the people. Unhappily this apathy lasted much longer; for the census of 1861 proved that out of a population of 284,000 persons over five years of age, no less than 81,469 could not read a printed page, and 114,877 could not write their names. It was

not till 1864 that Sir Charles Tupper, then Premier, brought in a comprehensive measure containing the best features of the Ontario system; and the result has been a remarkable development in the education of the province. In New Brunswick, where the public schools were long in a very inferior state—though parish schools had been established as early as 1823—the system was remodelled in 1871. on that of Ontario, though no provision was made for Separate Schools—an omission which has created much bitterness in the province, as the political history of Canada for the subsequent years abundantly testifies. In Prince Edward Island the first free schools were established in 1852, and further improvements have been made of recent years. In British Columbia, the Legislature has adopted substantially the Ontario School Law with such modifications as are essential to the different circumstances of a sparse population. In the North-west, before the formation of the Province of Manitoba, education was in a much better condition than the isolation and scattered state of the population would have led one to expect. In 1857 there were seventeen schools in the settlements, generally under the supervision of the clergy of the Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, and Presbyterian bodies. In the Collegiate School, managed by the Church of England, and supported, like all other institutions in the country, by contributions from abroad, *Æschylus*, *Herodotus*, *Thucydides* and *Livy* were read with other classics besides mathematics. In 1871 a school law of a liberal character was passed, provision being made for Protestant and Roman Catholic schools separately.

The higher branches of education have been taught from a very early date in the history of all the provinces. In the Jesuit College, the Quebec Seminary, and other Roman Catholic institutions founded in Montreal, St. Hyacinthe, Three Rivers, and Nico-

let, young men could always be educated for the priesthood, or receive such higher education as was considered necessary in those early times. The Quebec Seminary always occupied a foremost position as an educational institution of the higher order, and did much to foster a love for learning among those classes who were able to enjoy the advantages it offered them.* It has already been noticed that a Grammar School system was established in the years of the first settlement of Ontario. Governor Simcoe first suggested the idea of a Provincial University, and valuable lands were granted by George III., in 1798, for that purpose. The University of Toronto, or King's College, as it was first called, was established originally under the auspices of the Church of England, and was endowed in 1828, but it was not inaugurated and opened until 1843. Upper Canada College, intended as a feeder to the University, dates back as far as the same time, when it opened with a powerful array of teachers, drawn for the most part from Cambridge. In 1834, the Wesleyan Methodists laid the foundation of Victoria College, at Cobourg, and it was incorporated in 1841, as a University, with the well-known Rev. Dr. Ryerson as its first President. The Kirk of Scotland established Queen's College, at Kingston, in 1841, and the Presbyterian Church of Canada, Knox's College, at Toronto, in 1844, The Roman Catholics founded Regiopolis, at Kingston, in 1846; St. Joseph's College, at Ottawa, in 1846; St. Michael's, at Toronto, in 1852. Trinity College, under the auspices of the Church of England, was the issue

of the successful effort that was made in 1849, to throw King's College open to all denominations. Bishop Strachan determined never to lend his countenance to what he called 'a Godless University,' and succeeded in founding an institution which has always occupied a creditable position among the higher educational establishments of the country. The Baptists established the Woodstock Literary Institute in 1857. The Episcopal Methodists, Albert College, at Belleville, in 1866; and the Evangelical section of the Church of England, in 1878, obtained a charter for Huron College, under the name of the Western University of London.

But the great province of Ontario cannot lay claim to the honour of having established the first Colleges with University powers in British North America. King's College at Windsor, in Nova Scotia—the old home of 'Sam Slick'—was the first institution of a high order founded in the provinces, its history as an academy going as far back as 1788, when Upper Canada had no government of its own. This institution has always remained under the control of the Church of England, and continues to hold a respectable position among educational institutions. Dalhousie College was established at Halifax in 1820, chiefly through the efforts of the Presbyterian Church. In 1831 the Baptists founded Acadia in Horton, and in 1843 the Wesleyans an Academy at Sackville, N.B.—a neutral ground as it were—which was afterwards elevated to the dignity of the University. The Catholics founded St. Mary's at Halifax in 1840, and St. Francois Xavier at Antigonishe in 1855. In 1876 the experiment was commenced, at Halifax, of a University to hold examinations in arts, law, and medicine, and to confer degrees. In New Brunswick, King's College was established at Fredericton in 1828 under the control of the Church of England, but in 1858 it was made non-sectarian

* Mr. Buller, in his Educational Report to Lord Durham, says: 'I spent some hours in the experimental lecture-room of the eminent Professor M. Casault, and I think that I saw there the best and most extensive set of philosophic apparatus, which is yet to be found in the Colonies of British North America. The buildings are extensive, and its chambers airy and clean; it has a valuable library, and a host of professors and masters. It secures to the student an extensive course of education.'

under the designation of the University of New Brunswick. Even the little Provinces of Prince Edward Island and Manitoba have aspirations in the same way, for the University of Manitoba was established a year or two ago, and the Prince of Wales' College followed the visit of His Royal Highness to Charlottetown in 1860.

The establishment of Laval University was an important event in the annals of the education of the Province of Quebec. Bishop Bourget of Montreal first suggested the idea of interesting the Quebec Seminary in the project. The result was the visit of the Principal, M. Louis Casault, to Europe, where he obtained a Royal charter, and studied the best university systems. The charter was signed in 1852, and the Pope approved the scheme, and authorized the erection of chairs of theology and conferring of degrees. The University of McGill is an older institution than Laval. The noble bequest to which it owes its origin was for many years a source of expensive litigation, and it was not till 1821 that it received a charter, and only in 1829 was it able to commence operations. In fact, it cannot be said to have made any substantial progress till 1854, when it was re-organized with a distinguished Nova Scotian scientist as its Principal—Dr. J. W. Dawson—to whom his native Province previously owed much for his efforts to improve education at a time when it was in a very low state, owing to the apathy of the Legislature. Bishop's College at Lennoxville was established in 1844, for the education of members of the Church of England, through the exertions of Bishop Mountain, but it was not till 1853 that it was erected into a University. Besides these institutions, the Roman Catholics and other denominations have various colleges and academies at different important points—such as St. Hyacinthe, Montreal, Masson and

L'Assomption Colleges. The Government of the Dominion have also established, at Kingston, an institution where young men may receive a training to fit them for the military profession—an institution something on the model of West Point—the practical benefits of which, however, are not as yet appreciable in a country like this, which has no regular army, and cannot afford employment suitable for the peculiar studies necessarily followed in the Academy. The Ontario Government are also trying the experiment, on an expensive scale, of teaching young men agriculture, practically and scientifically—a repetition, under more favourable circumstances, of what was tried centuries ago by the religious communities of Quebec. Nor, in reviewing the means of mental equipment in Canada, must we forget the many establishments which are now provided for the education of young women outside of the Public and High Schools, the most notable being the Roman Catholic Convents of Notre Dame and Sacré Cœur, Ottawa Ladies' College, Wesleyan Ladies' College at Hamilton, Bishop Strachan School at Toronto, Helmuth Ladies' College at London, Albert College, and Woodstock Literary Institute, besides many minor institutions of more or less merit. Several of our universities have also shown a liberal progressive spirit in acknowledging the right of women to participate in the higher education, hitherto confined to men in this country—an illustration in itself of the intellectual development that is now going on among us.

When we proceed to review the statistics of educational progress, they present very gratifying results. The following table, carefully prepared, to the latest date, from the voluminous official returns annually presented to the different Legislatures of the Provinces of Canada, will be quite sufficient for the purposes of this paper :

| | |
|---|--------|
| Total number of public educational institutions in the Dominion.... | 13,800 |
|---|--------|

| | |
|--|--------------|
| Number of pupils in attendance throughout the year..... | 925,000 |
| Amount now annually contributed by the State and People..... | \$6,700,000 |
| Number of Colleges and Universities..... | 21 |
| Number of Undergraduates in Arts, Law, Medicine, Theology, about.... | 2,200 |
| Number of Superior and High Schools, including Academies and Collegiate Institutes..... | 443 |
| Aggregate attendance in same..... | 141,000 |
| Number of Normal Schools..... | 8 |
| Number of students in same..... | 1,400 |
| Amount expended in Ontario alone during 30 years (from 1850 to 1880,)* for erection and repairs of School-houses, fuel and contingencies, about..... | \$15,000,000 |
| Total amount expended in same province, for all educational purposes during same period, upwards of..... | \$50,000,000 |
| Total amount (approximate), available for public school purposes, in all Canada, since Confederation, i. e. in 12 years..... | \$64,000,000 |

These statistics prove conclusively, that Canada occupies a foremost position among communities for its zeal in developing the education of the people, irrespective of class. The progress that has been made within forty years may be also illustrated by the fact that, in 1839, there were in all the public and private schools of British North America only some 92,000 young people, out of a total population of 1,440,000, or about one in fifteen, whilst now the proportion may be given at one in four, if we include the students in all educational institutions. But it must be admitted, that it is to Ontario we must look for illustrations of the most perfect educational system. There, from the very commencement, the admirable municipal system which was one of the best results of the Union of 1840, enabled the people to prove their public spirit by carrying out with great energy the different measures passed by the Legislature for the promotion of Public Schools. 'By

* The educational statistics preceding 1850 are not easily ascertained, and in any case are small. I have not been able to obtain similar figures for other provinces, in fact, in some cases, they are not to be ascertained with any degree of accuracy.

their constitution, the municipal and school corporations are reflections of the sentiments and feelings of the people within their respective circles of jurisdiction, their powers are adequate to meet all the economic exigencies of each municipality, whether of schools or roads, of the diffusion of knowledge, or the development of wealth.* As a result of such public spirit, we find in Ontario the finest specimens of school architecture, and the most perfect school apparatus and appliances of every kind, calculated to assist the teacher and pupil, and bring into play their best mental faculties. But there can be no doubt that the success of the system rests in a very great measure on the effort that has been made to improve the status of the teacher. The schoolmaster is no longer a man who resorts to education because everything else has failed. He is no longer one of that class of 'adventurers, many of them persons of the lowest grade,' who, we are told, infested the rural districts of Upper Canada in old times, 'wheresoever they found the field unoccupied; pursuing their speculation with pecuniary profit to themselves, but with certainly little advantage to the moral discipline of their youthful pupils.† The fact that such men could be instructors of youth, half a century ago, is of itself a forcible illustration of the public indifference on the question of popular education. All the legislation in Ontario, and in the other provinces as well, has been framed with the object of elevating the moral and intellectual standing of a class on whose efforts so much of the future happiness and prosperity of this country depends. On the whole, the object has been successfully achieved, and the schoolmasters of Ontario are,

* Hon. Adam Crooks, Minister of Education, Report on Educational Institutions of Ontario, for Philadelphia Exhibition, p. 45.

† Preston's Three Years in Canada (1837-39), p. 110, Vol. ii.

as a rule, a superior class of men. Yet it must be admitted that much can still be done to improve his position. Education, we all know, does not necessarily bring with it refinement; that can only come by constant communication with a cultured society, which is not always, in Canada, ready to admit the teacher on equal terms. It may also be urged that the teacher, under the system as now perfected, is far too much of an automaton—a mere machine, wound up to proceed so far and no farther. He is not allowed sufficient of that free volition which would enable him to develop the best qualities of his pupils, and to elevate their general tone. Polite manners among the pupils are just as valuable as orderly habits. Teachers cannot strive too much to check all rudeness among the youth, many of whom have few opportunities to cultivate those social amenities which make life so pleasant, and also do so much to soften the difficulties of one's journey through life.* Such discipline cannot be too rigidly followed in a country of a Saxon race, whose brusquerie of manner and speech is a natural heritage, just as a spirit of courtesy seems innate in the humblest habitants who have not yet forgotten, among the rude conditions of their

*Since the above was written, I find the following remarks by Mr. Adam, editor of the *Canada Educational Monthly*, to the same purport: 'The tone of the Schools might be largely raised, and the tender and plastic nature of the young minds under training be directed into sympathy with the noble and the elevating. Relieved of much of the red-tapism which hampers the work of the High-School teacher, the masters of the Public Schools have more opportunity to make individuality tell in the conduct of the school, and of encircling the sphere of their work with a bright zone of cultivation and refinement. But the Public School teacher will accomplish much if, reverently and sympathetically, he endeavours to preserve the freshness and ingenuousness of childhood and, by the influence of his own example, while leading the pupil up the golden ladder of mental acquisition, he encourages the cultivation of those graces of life which are the best adornments of youth.'—Feb. 1879.

American life, that prominent characteristic of a Gallic people.†

It is quite probable that the Public School system of this country is still defective in certain respects, which can only be satisfactorily improved with the progress of experience. The remarks of a writer in a recent number of a popular American magazine, *Scribner's Monthly*, may have some application to ourselves, when he says that there is now-a-days 'too decided an aim to train everybody to pass an examination in everything;' that the present system 'encourages two virtues—to forgive and forget, in time to forgive the examiner, and to forget the subject of the examination.' The present writer does not wish—in fact, it is rather beyond the limit he has marked out for this review—to go into any lengthy discussion of matters which are worthy, however, of consideration by all those interested in perfecting the details of the educational system in Ontario; but he may refer, *en passant*, to the somewhat remarkable multiplication of text-books, many of which are carelessly got up, simply to gratify the vanity and fill the purse of some educationist, anxious to get into print. Grammar also appears to be a lost art in the public schools, where the students are perplexed by books, not simple, but most complex in their teachings, calculated to bewilder persons of mature analytical minds, and to make one appreciate more highly than ever the intelligible lessons of Lennie's homely little volume, which was the favourite in those times when education was not quite so much reduced to a science. But these are, after all, only among the details which can be best treated by

† More than forty years ago, Mr. Buller, in his report to Lord Durham on the State of Education in Lower Canada, pays this tribute to the peasantry: 'Withal this is a people eminently qualified to reap advantages from education; they are shrewd and intelligent, never morose, most amiable in their domestic relations, and most graceful in their manners.'

teachers themselves, in those little parliaments which have grown up of recent years, and where educationists have admirable opportunities of comparing their experiences, and suggesting such improvements as may assist in the intellectual development of the youth, and at the same time elevate their own social standing in this country. On the whole, Canada has has much reason for congratulation in possessing a system which brings education in every province within the reach of all, and enables a lad to cultivate his intellectual faculties to a point, sufficient to place him in the years of his mature manhood in the highest position that his country offers to its sons. As to the objection, not unfrequently urged, that the tendency of the public school education of this country is to withdraw the youth from the industrial avocations of life, it may be forcibly met by the fact, that it is to the New England States we look for the best evidences of industrial, as well as intellectual, development. The looms of Massachusetts and Connecticut are not less busy—the inventive genius of those States is not less fertile, because their public schools are teeming with their youth. But it is not necessary to go to the neighbouring States to give additional force to these remarks; for in no part of the Dominion, is there so much industrial energy as in the Province of Ontario, where the school system is the best. An English gentleman, who has devoted more attention than the majority of his countrymen to the study of colonial subjects, has well observed on this point: 'A key to one of the principal causes of their successful progress in the development of industrial art, is probably to be found in their excellent and superior educational system.'*

A review of the University system of this country, on the perfection of

* Address of Mr. Frederick Young on the Paris Exhibition, before the Royal Colonial Institute, 1878-9.

which depends the higher culture of the people, shows us that the tendency continues to be in the direction of strengthening the denominational institutions. The Universities of Toronto and McGill are the principal non-sectarian institutions of a higher class, which appear to be on a popular and substantial basis. It is natural enough that each denomination should rally around a college, which rests on a religious basis. Parents seem in not a few cases to appreciate very highly the moral security that the denominational system appears to afford to their sons—a moral security which they believe to be wanting in the case of non-sectarian institutions. Even those colleges which do not shut their doors to young men of any particular creed continue to be more or less supported by the denominations under whose auspices they were first established. No doubt, these colleges, sufficiently numerous for a sparsely country like Canada, are doing a valuable work in developing the intellectual faculties of the youth of the several provinces. It is a question, however, if the perpetuation of a system which multiplies colleges with University powers in each province, will tend to produce the soundest scholarship in the end. What we want even now are not so many 'Admirable Crichtons' with a smattering of all sorts of knowledge, but men recognized for their proficiency in special branches of knowledge. Where there is much competition, there must be sooner or later an inclination to lower the standard, and degrade the value of the diplomas issued at the close of a college course. Theoretically, it seems preferable that in a great province like Ontario, the diplomas should emanate from one Central University authority rather than from a number of colleges, each pursuing its own curriculum. No doubt it is also quite possible to improve our higher system of education so as to make it more in conformity

with the practical necessities of the country. An earnest discussion has been going on for some time in the United States as to the inferiority of the American University System compared with that of Germany.* Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Michigan University, and Cornell University, are illustrations of the desire to enlarge the sphere of the education of the people. If we had the German system in this country, men could pursue classics or mathematics, or science, or literature, or law, or medicine, in a national University with a sole view to their future avocations in life. It is true, in the case of law and medicine Laval, Toronto, McGill and other Universities in the provinces have organized professional courses; and there is no doubt a desire on the part of the educational authorities in these institutions to ensure proficiency so far as the comparatively limited means at their command permit them. It is

* An article in the July number of *Harper's* for 1880, by so distinguished an authority as Professor Draper, is well worthy of perusal by those who wish to pursue this subject at greater length. Among other things he says (pp. 253-4): "There is therefore in America a want of a school offering opportunities to large and constantly increasing classes of men for pursuing professional studies—a want which is deeply felt, and which sends every year many students and millions of dollars out of the country. Where in the United States can a young man prepare himself thoroughly to become a teacher of the ancient classics. A simple college course is not enough. The Germans require that their teachers of Latin and Greek should pursue the classics as a specialty for three years at a University after having completed the gymnasium which, as a classical school, would be universally admitted to rank with our colleges.

... If an American (or a Canadian) wishes to pursue a special course in history, politics and political economy, mathematics, philosophy, or in any one of many other studies lying outside of the three professions, law, medicine, and theology, he must go to Europe. Again, whoever desires even in theology, law and medicine to select from one branch as a specialty, must go to Europe to do so." Hon. Mr. Blake, in his last address as Chancellor of Toronto University, also dwelt very forcibly on the necessity of *post graduate* courses of study in special subjects.
—*Canada Educational Monthly*, Oct. 1880.

certainly a noteworthy fact—lately pointed out by Mr. Blake—that during the last five years only one fourth of the entrants into Osgoode Hall were graduates of any University, and three-fourths were men who had taken no degree, and yet there is no profession which demands a higher mental training than the Bar. In medical education there is certainly less laxity than in the United States; all the efforts of medical men being laudably directed to lengthen the course and develop the professional knowledge of the students. Still, not a few of our young men show their appreciation of the need of even a wider knowledge and experience than is afforded in the necessarily limited field of Canadian study, by spending some time in the great schools and hospitals of Europe. Of course, in a new country, where there is a general desire to get to the practical work of life with as little delay as possible, the tendency to be carefully guarded against is the giving too large facilities to enter professions where life and property are at stake every day. It is satisfactory, however, to know that the tendency in Canada is rather in the other direction, and that an institution like McGill College, which is a Medical College of high reputation, is doing its best with the materials at command, to perfect the medical knowledge of those who seek its generous aid. No doubt the time is fast approaching when the State will be obliged to give greater assistance to Toronto University so as to enable it to enter on a broader and more liberal system of culture, commensurate with the development of science and literature. Unless the State makes a liberal effort in this direction, we are afraid it will be some time before University College will be in a position to imitate the praiseworthy example set us by Columbia College, which, from its situation in the great commercial metropolis, and the large means at its command, seems likely to be the great American

University of the future. It must be remembered that the intellectual requirements of the Dominion must continue to increase with great rapidity, since there is greater wealth accumulating, and a praiseworthy ambition for higher culture. The legislature and the public service are making very heavy requisitions on the intellect of this very much governed country, with its numerous Parliaments and Cabinets and large body of officials, very many of whom are entrusted with the most responsible duties, demanding no ordinary mental qualifications.*

The public schools, collegiate institutes, and universities, apart from the learned professions, must also every year make larger demands on the intellectual funds of the Dominion,

* It is a fact worthy of mention in this connection, that in the English House of Commons dissolved in 1880, 236 or more than a third out of 658 members were Oxford or Cambridge men, while about 180 were 'public school men,'—the 'public schools' being Eton and such high class institutions. In a previous English Cabinet, the majority were Honor men; Mr. Gladstone is a double first of Christ Church, Oxford.

and as the remuneration of the masters and professors in the educational institutions of this country should in the nature of things improve in the future, our young men must be necessarily stimulated to consider such positions as more worthy of a life's devotion. Under such circumstances, it should be the great object of all true friends of the sound intellectual development of Canada, to place our system of higher education on a basis equal to the exigencies of a practical, prescient age, and no longer cling to worn out ideas of the past. In order to do this, let the people of Ontario determine to establish a national University which will be worthy of their great province and of the whole Dominion. Toronto University seems to have in some measure around it that aroma of learning, that dignity of age, and that prestige of historic association which are necessary to the successful establishment of a national seat of learning, and which will give the fullest scope to Canadian talent.

(To be continued.)

UNREST.

BY COLONEL, WOODSTOCK.

O H that the mind were pliant to desire,—
 That deep desire for sweet forgetfulness ;
 Nor thus keep wakeful vigils o'er the press
 Of cumbrous thoughts which surge and never tire.
 Ah ! weary life, thy dull Promethean fire
 In silence waxes dim and motionless,
 A lurid flame that dwindles less and less,
 To leave but ashes and a funeral pyre.
 And is this living ? No, this is *not* life :
 Life moves, and breathes, and feels at least the force
 Of joy or sorrow ;—but this slumb'rous gloom
 Is more than death, and speaks immortal strife
 In him who seeks for Truth from whate'er source,
 And would anticipate, yet dread the tomb !

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THE BLACK ROBE

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PRIEST OR THE WOMAN.

LORD Loring hurried away to his dressing-room. 'I won't be more than ten minutes,' he said—and left Romayne and Stella together.

She was attired with her customary love of simplicity. White lace was the only ornament on her dress of delicate silvery grey. Her magnificent hair was left to plead its own merits, without adornment of any sort. Even the brooch which fastened her lace pelérine was of plain gold only. Conscious that she was showing her beauty to the greatest advantage, in the eyes of a man of taste, she betrayed a little of the embarrassment which Romayne had already noticed, at the moment when she gave him her hand. They were alone, and it was the first time she had seen him in evening dress.

It may be that women have no positive appreciation of what is beautiful in form and colour—or it may be that that they have no opinions of their own when the laws of fashion have spoken. This at least is certain, that not one of them in a thousand sees anything objectionable in the gloomy and hideous evening costume of a gentleman in the nineteenth century. A handsome man is, to their eyes, more seductive than ever in the contemptible black coat and the stiff white cravat which he wears in common with the servant who waits on him at table. After a stolen glance at Ro-

mayne, Stella lost all confidence in herself—she begun turning over the photographs on the table.

The momentary silence which followed their first greeting became intolerable to her. Rather than let it continue, she impulsively confessed the uppermost idea in her mind when she entered the room.

'I thought I heard my name when I came in,' she said. 'Were you and Lord Loring speaking of me?'

Romayne owned without hesitation that they had been speaking of her.

She smiled, and turned over another photograph. But when did sun-pictures ever act as a restraint on a woman's curiosity. The words passed her lips in spite of her. 'I suppose I musn't ask what you were saying?'

It was impossible to answer this plainly without entering into explanations from which Romayne shrank. He hesitated.

She turned over another photograph. 'I understand,' she said, 'You were talking of my faults.' She paused, and stole another look at him. 'I will try to correct my faults, if you will tell me what they are.'

Romayne felt that he had no alternative but to tell the truth—under certain reserves. 'Indeed you are wrong,' he said. 'We were talking of the influence of a tone, or a look, on a sensitive person.'

'The influence on Me?' she asked.

'No. The influence which you might exercise on another person.'

She knew perfectly well that he

was speaking of himself. But she was determined to feel the pleasure of making him own it.

'If I have any such influence as you describe,' she began, 'I hope it is for good?'

'Certainly for good.'

'You speak positively, Mr. Romayne. Almost as positively—only that can hardly be—as if you were speaking from experience.'

He might still have evaded a direct reply, if she had been content with merely saying this. But she looked at him while she spoke. He answered the look.

'Shall I own that you are right?' he said. 'I was thinking of my own experience yesterday.'

She returned to the photographs. 'It sounds impossible,' she rejoined softly. There was a pause. 'Was it anything I said?' she asked.

'No. It was only when you looked at me. But for that look, I don't think I should have been here to-day.'

She shut up the photographs on a sudden, and drew her chair a little away from him.

'I hope,' she said, 'you have not so poor an opinion of me as to think I like to be flattered?'

Romayne answered with an earnestness that instantly satisfied her.

'I should think it an act of insolence to flatter you,' he said. 'If you knew the true reason why I hesitated to accept Lady Loring's invitation—if I could own to you the new hope for myself that has brought me here—you would feel as I feel, that I have been only speaking the truth. I daren't say yet that I owe you a debt of gratitude, for such a little thing as a look. I must wait till time puts certain strange fancies of mine to the proof.'

'Fancies about me, Mr. Romayne?'

Before he could answer, the dinner bell rang. Lord and Lady Loring entered the library together.

The dinner having pursued its ap-

pointed course (always excepting the case of the omelette), the head servant who had waited at table was graciously invited to rest, after his labours, in the housekeeper's room. Having additionally conciliated him by means of a glass of rare liqueur, Miss Notman, still feeling her grievance as acutely as ever, ventured to inquire in the first place, if the gentlefolks upstairs had enjoyed their dinner. So far, the report was, on the whole, favourable. But the conversation was described as occasionally flagging. The burden of the talk had been mainly borne by my lord and my lady: Mr. Romayne and Miss Eyrecourt contributing but little to the social enjoyment of the evening. Receiving this information without much appearance of interest, the housekeeper put another question, to which, judging by her manner, she attached a certain importance. She wished to know if the oyster-omelette (accompanying the cheese) had been received as a welcome dish, and treated with a just recognition of its merits. The answer to this was decidedly in the negative. Mr. Romayne and Miss Eyrecourt had declined to taste it. My Lord had tried it, and had left it on his plate. My Lady alone had really eaten her share of the misplaced dish. Having stated this apparently trivial circumstance, the head servant was surprised by the effect which it produced on the housekeeper. She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes, with an appearance of unutterable enjoyment. That night there was one supremely happy woman in London. And her name was Miss Notman.

Ascending from the housekeeper's room to the drawing room, it is to be further reported that music was tried, as a means of getting through the time, in the absence of general conversation.

Lady Loring sat down at the piano, and played as admirably as usual. At the other end of the room Romayne and Stella sat together, listening to

the music. Lord Loring walking backwards and forwards, with a restlessness which was far from being characteristic of him in his after-dinner hours, was stopped when he reached the neighbourhood of the piano by a private signal from his wife.

'What are you walking about for?' Lady Loring asked in a whisper, without interrupting her musical performance.

'I'm not quite easy, my dear.'

'Turn over the music. Indigestion?'

'Good heavens, Adelaide, what a question.'

'Well, what is it then?'

Lord Loring looked towards Stella and her companion. 'They don't seem to get on together as well as I had hoped,' he said.

'I should think not—when you are walking about and disturbing them! Sit down there behind me.'

'What am I to do?'

'Am I not playing? Listen to me.'

'My dear, I don't understand modern German music.'

'Then read the evening paper.'

The evening paper had its attractions. Lord Loring took his wife's advice.

Left entirely by themselves, at the other end of the room, Romaine and Stella justified Lady Loring's belief in the result of reducing her husband to a state of repose. Stella ventured to speak first, in a discreet undertone.

'Do you pass most of your evenings alone, Mr. Romaine?'

'Not quite alone. I have the company of my books.'

'Are your books the companions that you like best?'

'I have been true to those companions, Miss Eyrecourt, for many years. If the doctors are to be believed, my books have not treated me very well in return. They have broken down my health, and have made me, I am afraid, a very unsocial man.' He seemed about to say more, and suddenly checked the impulse. 'Why am I talking of myself?' he resumed

with a smile. 'I never do it at other times. Is this another result of your influence over me?'

He put the question with an assumed gaiety. Stella made no effort, on her side, to answer him in the same tone.

'I almost wish I really had some influence over you,' she said gravely and sadly.

'Why?'

'I should try to induce you to shut up your books, and choose some living companion who might restore you to your happier self.'

'It is already done,' said Romaine; 'I have a new companion in Mr. Penrose.'

'Penrose?' she repeated. 'He is the friend—is he not—of the priest here, whom they call Father Benwell?'

'Yes.'

'I don't like Father Benwell.'

'Is that a reason for disliking Mr. Penrose?'

'Yes,' she said boldly, 'because he is Father Benwell's friend.'

'Indeed you are mistaken, Miss Eyrecourt. Mr. Penrose only entered yesterday on his duties as my secretary; and I have already had reason to think highly of him. Many men, after *that* experience of me,' he added, speaking more to himself than to her, 'might have asked me to find another secretary.'

Stella heard those last words, and looked at him in astonishment. 'Were you angry with Mr. Penrose?' she asked innocently. 'Is it possible that *you* could speak harshly to any person in your employment?'

Romaine smiled. 'It was not what I said,' he answered. 'I am subject to attacks—to sudden attacks of illness. I am sorry I alarmed Mr. Penrose by letting him see me, under those circumstances.'

She looked at him; hesitated; and looked away again. 'Would you be angry with me if I confessed something?' she said timidly.

'It is impossible I can be angry with you!'

'Mr. Romaine, I think I have seen what your secretary saw. I know how you suffer, and how patiently you bear it.'

'You!' he exclaimed.

'I saw you with your friend, when you came on board the steamboat at Boulogne. Oh, no, you never noticed me! You never knew how I pitied you. And afterwards, when you moved away by yourself, and stood by the place in which the engines work—you are sure you won't think the worse of me, if I tell it?'

'No! no!'

'Your face frightened me—I can't describe it—I went to your friend, and took it on myself to say that you wanted him. It was an impulse—I meant well.'

'I am sure you meant well.' As he spoke, his face darkened a little, betraying a momentary feeling of distrust. Had she put indiscreet questions to his travelling companion; and had the Major, under the persuasive influence of her beauty, been weak enough to answer them. 'Did you speak to my friend?' he asked.

'Only when I told him that he had better go to you. And I think I said afterwards I was afraid you were very ill. We were in the confusion of arriving at Folkestone—and, even if I had thought it right to say more, there was no opportunity.'

Romaine felt ashamed of the suspicion by which he had wronged her. 'You have a generous nature,' he said earnestly. 'Among the few people whom I know, how many would feel the interest in me that you felt?'

'Don't say that Mr. Romaine! You could have had no kinder friend than the gentleman who took care of you on your journey. Is he with you now, in London?'

'No.'

'I am sorry to hear it. You ought to have some devoted friend always near you.'

She spoke very earnestly. Romaine shrank, with a strange shyness, from letting her see how her sympathy affected him. He answered lightly. 'You go almost as far as my good friend there reading the newspaper,' he said. 'Lord Loring doesn't scruple to tell me that I ought to marry. I know he speaks with a sincere interest in my welfare. He little thinks how he distresses me.'

'Why should he distress you?'

'He reminds me—live as long as I may—that I must live alone. Can I ask a woman to share such a dreary life as mine? It would be selfish, it would be cruel; I should deservedly pay the penalty of allowing my wife to sacrifice herself. The time would come when she would repent having married me.'

Stella rose. Her eyes rested on him, with a look of gentle remonstrance. 'I think you hardly do women justice,' she said softly. 'Perhaps some day a woman may induce you to change your opinion.' She crossed the room to the piano. 'You must be tired of playing, Adelaide,' she said, putting her hand caressingly on Lady Loring's shoulder.

'Will you sing, Stella?'

She sighed and turned away. 'Not to-night,' she answered.

Romaine took his leave rather hurriedly. He seemed to be out of spirits and eager to get away. Lord Loring accompanied his guest to the door. 'You look sad and care-worn,' he said. 'Do you regret having left your books to pass an evening with us?'

Romaine looked up absently, and answered, 'I don't know yet.'

Returning to report this extraordinary reply to his wife and Stella, Lord Loring found the drawing-room empty. Eager for a little private conversation, the two ladies had gone upstairs.

'Well?' said Lady Loring, as they sat together over the fire, 'What did he say?'

Stella only repeated what he had said before she rose and left him.

'What is there in Mr. Romayne's life,' she asked, 'which made him say that he would be selfish and cruel if he expected a woman to marry him? It must be something more than mere illness. If he had committed a crime, he could not have spoken more strongly. Do you know what it is?'

Lady Loring looked uneasy. 'I promised my husband to keep it a secret from everybody,' she said.

'It is nothing degrading, Adelaide—I am sure of that.'

'And you are right, my dear. I can understand that he has surprised and disappointed you; but if you knew his motives——' she stopped, and looked earnestly at Stella. 'They say,' she went on, 'the love that lasts longest is the love of slowest growth. This feeling of yours for Romayne is of sudden growth. Are you very sure that your whole heart is given to a man—the best, the noblest of men—but still a man of whom you know little?'

'I know that I love him,' said Stella, simply.

'Even though he doesn't seem, as yet, to love you?' Lady Loring asked.

'All the more *because* he doesn't. I should be ashamed to make the confession to anyone but you. It is useless to say any more. Good night.'

Lady Loring allowed her to get as far as the door, and then suddenly called her back. Stella returned unwillingly and wearily. 'My head aches and my heart aches,' she said. 'Let me go away to my bed.'

'I don't like you to go away, wronging Romayne perhaps in your thoughts,' said Lady Loring. 'And, more than that, for the sake of your own happiness, you ought to judge for yourself if this devoted love of yours may ever hope to win its reward. It is time, and more than time, that you should decide whether it is good for you to see Romayne again. Are you strong enough to do that?'

'Yes, if I am convinced that it ought to be done.'

'Nothing would make *me* so happy,' Lady Loring resumed, 'as to know that you were one day, my dear, to be his wife. But I am not a prudent person—I can never look, as you can, to consequences. You won't betray me, Stella? If I am doing wrong in telling a secret which has been trusted to me, it is my fondness for you that misleads me. Sit down again. You shall know what the misery of Romayne's life really is.'

'With those words, she told the terrible story of the duel, and of all that had followed it.

'It is for you to say,' she concluded, 'whether Romayne is right. Can any woman hope to release him from the torment that he suffers, with nothing to help her but love? Determine for yourself.'

Stella answered instantly:

'I determine to be his wife!'

With the same pure enthusiasm, Penrose had declared that he too devoted himself to the deliverance of Romayne. The loving woman was not more resolved to give her whole life to him, than the fanatical man was resolved to convert him. On the same common battle-ground the two were now to meet, in unconscious antagonism. Would the priest or the woman win the day?

CHAPTER IX.

THE PUBLIC AND THE PICTURES.

ON the memorable Monday, when the picture-gallery was opened to the public for the first time, Lord Loring and Father Benwell met in the library.

'Judging by the number of carriages already at the door,' said Father Benwell, 'your lordship's kindness is largely appreciated by the lovers of Art.'

'All the tickets were disposed of in three hours,' Lord Loring answered. 'Everybody (the librarian told me) is

eager to see the pictures. Have you looked in yet ?'

'Not yet. I thought I would get on first with my work here.'

'I have just come from the gallery,' Lord Loring continued. 'And here I am driven out of it again by the remarks of some of the visitors. You know my beautiful copies of Raphael's Cupid and Psyche designs ? The general impression, especially among the ladies, is that they are disgusting and indecent. That was enough for me. If you happen to meet Lady Loring and Stella, kindly tell them that I have gone to the club.'

'Do the ladies propose paying a visit to the gallery ?'

'Of course, to see the people ! I have recommended them to wait, until they are ready to go out for their drive. In their in-door costume, they might become the objects of general observation, as the ladies of the house. I shall be anxious to hear, Father, if you can discover the civilizing influences of Art among my guests in the gallery. Good morning.'

Father Benwell rang the bell when Lord Loring had left him.

'Do the ladies drive out to-day at their usual hour ?' he inquired, when the servant appeared. The man answered in the affirmative. The carriage was ordered at three o'clock.

At half-past two, Father Benwell slipped quietly into the gallery. He posted himself midway between the library door and the grand entrance : on the watch, not for the civilising influences of Art, but for the appearance of Lady Loring and Stella. He was still of opinion that Stella's 'frivolous' mother might be turned into a source of valuable information, on the subject of her daughter's earlier life. The first step towards attaining this object was to discover Mrs. Eyrecourt's present address. Stella would certainly know it—and Father Benwell felt a just confidence in his capacity to make the young lady serviceable, in this re-

spect, to the pecuniary interests of the Church.

After an interval of a quarter of an hour, Lady Loring and Stella entered the gallery by the library-door. Father Benwell at once advanced to pay his respects.

For some little time he discreetly refrained from making any attempt to lead the conversation to the topic that he had in view. He was too well acquainted with the insatiable interest of women in looking at other women to force himself into notice. The ladies made their remarks on the pretensions to beauty and to taste in dress, among the throng of visitors—and Father Benwell waited by them, and listened, with the resignation of a modest young man. Patience, like virtue, is sometimes its own reward. Two gentlemen, evidently interested in the pictures, approached the priest. He drew back, with his ready politeness, to let them see the picture before which he happened to be standing. The movement disturbed Stella. She turned sharply—noticed one of the gentlemen, the taller of the two—became deadly pale—and instantly quitted the gallery. Lady Loring, looking where Stella had looked, frowned angrily, and followed Miss Eyrecourt into the library. Wise Father Benwell let them go, and concentrated his attention on the person who had been the object of this startling recognition.

Unquestionably a gentleman—with light hair and complexion—with a bright benevolent face, and keen intelligent blue eyes—apparently still in the prime of life. Such was Father Benwell's first impression of the stranger. He had evidently seen Miss Eyrecourt, at the moment when she first noticed him ; and he too showed signs of serious agitation. His face flushed deeply, and his eyes expressed, not merely surprise, but distress. He turned to his friend. 'This place is hot,' he said ; 'let us get out of it !'

'My dear Winterfield !' the friend

remonstrated, 'we havn't seen half the pictures yet.'

'Excuse me if I leave you,' the other replied, 'I am used to the free air of the country. Let us meet again this evening. Come and dine with me. The same address as usual—Derwent's Hotel.'

With those words he hurried out, making his way without ceremony, through the crowd in the picture-gallery.

Father Benwell returned to the library. It was quite needless to trouble himself further about Mrs. Eyrecourt or her address. 'Thanks to Lord Loring's picture-gallery,' he thought, 'I have found the man!'

He took up his pen, and made a little memorandum, 'Winterfield, Derwent's Hotel.'

CHAPTER X.

FATHER BENWELL'S CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

TO MR. BITRAKE. Private and Confidential. Sir,—I understand that your connection with the law does not exclude your occasional superintendence of confidential inquiries, which are not of a nature to injure your professional position. The enclosed letter of introduction will satisfy you that I am incapable of employing your experience in a manner unbecoming to you, or to myself.

The inquiry that I propose to you, relates to a gentleman named Winterfield. He is now staying in London, at Derwent's Hotel, and is expected to remain there for a week from the present date. His place of residence is on the North Devonshire coast, and is well known in that locality by the name of Beaupark House.

The range of my proposed inquiry dates back over the last four or five years—certainly not more. My object is to ascertain, as positively as may be, whether, within this limit of time,

events in Mr. Winterfield's life have connected him with a young lady, named Miss Stella Eyrecourt. If this proves to be the case, it is essential that I should be made acquainted with the whole of the circumstances.

I have now informed you of all that I want to know. Whatever the information may be, it is most important that it shall be information which I can implicitly trust. Please address to me, when you write, under cover to the friend whose letter I enclose.

I beg your acceptance—as time is of importance—of a cheque for preliminary expenses, and remain, sir, your faithful servant,

AMBROSE BENWELL.

II.

To the Secretary. Society of Jesus. Rome.

I enclose a receipt for the remittance which your last letter confides to my care. Some of the money has been already used in prosecuting inquiries, the result of which will, as I hope and believe, enable me to effectually protect Romayne from the advances of the woman who is bent on marrying him.

You tell me that our Reverend Fathers, lately sitting in council on the Vange Abbey affair, are anxious to hear if any positive steps have yet been taken towards the conversion of Romayne. I am happily able to gratify their wishes, as you shall now see.

Yesterday, I called at Romayne's hotel to pay one of those occasional visits which help to keep our acquaintance. He was out, and Penrose (for whom I asked next) was with him. Most fortunately, as the event proved, I had not seen Penrose, or heard from him, for some little time; and I thought it desirable to judge for myself of the progress that he was making in the confidence of his employer. I said I would wait. The hotel servant knows me by sight. I was shown into the waiting-room.

'This room is so small as to be a mere cupboard. It is lit by a glass fanlight over the door which opens from the passage, and is supplied with air (in the absence of a fireplace) by a ventilator in a second door, which communicates with Romayne's study. Looking about me, so far, I crossed to the other end of the study, and discovered a dining-room and two bedrooms beyond—the set of apartments being secluded, by means of a door at the end of the passage, from the other parts of the hotel. I trouble you with these details, in order that you may understand the events that followed.

'I returned to the waiting room, not forgetting of course to close the door of communication.

'Nearly an hour must have passed before I heard footsteps in the passage. The study door was opened, and the voices of the persons entering the room reached me through the ventilator. I recognized Romayne, Penrose—and Lord Loring.

'The first words exchanged among them informed me that Romayne and his secretary had overtaken Lord Loring in the street, as he was approaching the hotel door. The three had entered the house together—at a time, probably, when the servant who had admitted me was out of the way. However it may have happened, there I was, forgotten in the waiting-room!

'Could I intrude myself (on a private conversation perhaps)—as an unannounced and unwelcome visitor? And could I help it, if the talk found its way to me through the ventilator, along with the air that I breathed? If our Reverend Fathers think I was to blame, I bow to any reproof which their strict sense of propriety may inflict on me. In the meantime I beg to repeat the interesting passages in the conversation, as nearly word for word as I can remember them.

'His lordship, as the principal personage in social rank, shall be reported first. He said, "More than a week has passed, Romayne, and we have

neither seen you nor heard from you. Why have you neglected us?"

'Here, judging by certain sounds that followed, Penrose got up discreetly, and left the room. Lord Loring went on.

'He said to Romayne, "Now we are alone. I may speak to you more freely. You and Stella seemed to get on together admirably, that evening when you dined with us. Have you forgotten what you told me of her influence over you? or have you altered your opinion—and is that the reason why you keep away from us?"

'Romayne answered, "My opinion remains unchanged. All that I said to you of Miss Eyrecourt, I believe as firmly as ever."

'His lordship remonstrated, naturally enough. "Then why remain away from the good influence? Why—if it really *can* be controlled—risk another return of that dreadful nervous delusion?"

"I have had another return."

"Which, as you yourself believe, might have been prevented! Romayne, you astonish me."

'There was a time of silence, before Romayne answered this. He was a little mysterious when he did reply. "You know the old saying, my good friend—of two evils, choose the least. I bear my sufferings as one of two evils, and the least of the two."

'Lord Loring appeared to feel the necessity of touching a delicate subject with a light hand. He said in his pleasant way, "Stella isn't the other evil, I suppose?"

"Most assuredly not!"

"Then what is it?"

'Romayne answered, almost passionately, "My own weakness and selfishness! Faults which I must resist, or become a mean and heartless man. For me, the worst of the two evils is there. I respect and admire Miss Eyrecourt—I believe her to be a woman in a thousand—don't ask me to see her again! Where is Penrose? Let us talk of something else."

‘Whether this wild way of speaking offended Lord Loring, or only discouraged him, I cannot say. I heard him take his leave in these words:—“You have disappointed me, Romayne. We will talk of something else the next time we meet.” The study door was opened and closed. Romayne was left by himself.

‘Solitude was apparently not to his taste just then. I heard him call to Penrose. I heard Penrose ask, ‘Do you want me?’

‘Romayne answered, “God knows I want a friend—and I have no friend near me but you! Major Hynd is away, and Lord Loring is offended with me.”

‘Penrose asked why.

‘Romayne, thereupon, entered on the necessary explanation. As a priest, writing to priests, I pass over details utterly uninteresting to *us*. The substance of what he said amounted to this:—Miss Eyrecourt had produced an impression on him, which was new to him in his experience of women. If he saw more of her, it might end—I ask your pardon for repeating the ridiculous expression—in his “falling in love with her.” In this condition of mind or body, whichever it may be, he would probably be incapable of the self-control which he had hitherto practised. If she consented to devote her life to him, he might accept the cruel sacrifice. Rather than do this, he would keep away from her, for her dear sake—no matter what he might suffer, or whom he might offend.

‘Imagine any human being, out of a lunatic asylum, talking in this way. Shall I own to you, my reverend colleague, how this curious self-exposure struck me? As I listened to Romayne, I felt grateful to the famous Council, which definitely forbade the priests of the Catholic Church to marry. *We* might otherwise have been morally enervated by the weakness which degrades Romayne—and

priests might have become instruments in the hands of women.

‘But you will be anxious to hear what Penrose did under the circumstances. For the moment, I can tell you this, he startled me.

‘Instead of seizing the opportunity, and directing Romayne’s mind to the consolations of religion, Penrose actually encouraged him to reconsider his decision. All the weakness of my poor little Arthur’s character showed itself in his next words.

‘He said to Romayne, “It may be wrong in me to speak to you as freely as I wish to speak. But you have so generously admitted me to your confidence—you have been so considerate and so kind towards me—that I feel an interest in your happiness, which perhaps makes me over bold. Are you very sure that some such entire change in your life, as your marriage, might not end in delivering you from your burden? If such a thing could be, is it wrong to suppose that your wife’s good influence over you might be the means of making your marriage a happy one? I must not presume to offer an opinion on such a subject. It is only my gratitude, my true attachment to you, that ventures to put the question. Are you conscious of having given this matter—so serious a matter for you—sufficient thought?”

‘Make your mind easy, reverend sir! Romayne’s answer set everything right.’

‘He said, “I have thought of it till I could think no longer. I still believe that sweet woman might control the torment of the voice. But could she deliver me from the remorse perpetually gnawing at my heart? I feel as murderers feel. In taking another man’s life—a man who has not even injured me!—I have committed the one unatonable and unpardonable sin. Can any human creature’s influence make me forget that? No more of it—no more. Come! Let us take refuge in our books.”

'Those words touched Penrose in the right place. Now, as I understand his scruples, he felt that he might honourably speak out. His zeal more than balanced his weakness, as you will presently see.

'He was loud, he was positive, when I heard him next.' "No!" he burst out, "your refuge is not in books, and not in the barren religious forms which call themselves Protestant. Dear master, the peace of mind which you believe you have lost for ever, you will find again in the divine wisdom and compassion of the holy Catholic Church. There is the remedy for all that you suffer! There is the new life that will yet make you a happy man!"

'I repeat what he said, so far, merely to satisfy you that we can trust his enthusiasm, when it is once roused. Nothing will discourage, nothing will defeat him now. He spoke with all the eloquence of conviction—using the necessary arguments with a force and feeling which I have rarely heard equalled. Romaine's silence vouched for the effect on him. He is not the man to listen patiently to reasoning which he thinks he can overthrow.

'Having heard enough to satisfy me that Penrose had really begun the good work, I quietly slipped out of the waiting room, and left the hotel.'

'To-day being Sunday, I shall not lose a post if I keep my letter open until to-morrow. I have already sent a note to Penrose, asking him to call on me, at his earliest convenience. There may be more news for you before post time.'

'Monday, 10, a.m.'

'There is more news. Penrose has just left me.

'His first proceeding, of course, was to tell me what I had already discovered for myself. He is modest, as usual, about the prospect of success which awaits him. But he has induced Romaine to suspend his historical studies for a few days, and to devote

his attention to the books which we are accustomed to recommend for perusal, in such cases as his. This is unquestionably a great gain at starting.'

'But my news is not at an end yet. Romaine is actually playing our game—he has resolved definitely to withdraw himself from the influence of Miss Eyrecourt! In another hour, he and Penrose will have left London. Their destination is kept a profound secret. All letters addressed to Romaine are to be sent to his bankers.'

'The motive for this sudden resolution is directly traceable to Lady Loring.'

'Her ladyship called at the hotel yesterday evening and had a private interview with Romaine. Her object, no doubt, was to shake his resolution, and to make him submit himself again to Miss Eyrecourt's fascinations. What means of persuasion she used to effect this purpose is of course unknown to us. Penrose saw Romaine after her ladyship's departure, and describes him as violently agitated. I can quite understand it. His resolution to take refuge in secret flight (it is really nothing less) speaks for itself as to the impression produced on him, and the danger from which, for the time at least, we have escaped.'

'Yes!' I say 'for the time at least.' Don't let our reverend fathers suppose that the money expended on my private inquiries has been money thrown away. Where these miserable love affairs are concerned, women are daunted by no adverse circumstances and warned by no defeat. Romaine has left London in dread of his own weakness—we must not forget that. The day may yet come when nothing will interpose between us and failure but my knowledge of events in Miss Eyrecourt's life.

'For the present, there is no more to be said!'

CHAPTER XI.

STELLA ASSERTS HERSELF.

TWO days after Father Benwell had posted his letter to Rome, Lady Loring entered her husband's study, and asked eagerly if he had heard any news of Romayne.

Lord Loring shook his head. 'As I told you yesterday,' he said, 'the proprietor of the hotel can give me no information. I went myself this morning to the bankers, and saw the head partner. He offered to forward letters, but he could do no more. Until further notice, he was positively enjoined not to disclose Romayne's address to anybody. How does Stella bear it?'

'In the worst possible way,' Lady Loring answered. 'In silence.'

'Not a word even to you?'

'Not a word.'

At that reply, the servant interrupted them, by announcing the arrival of a visitor, and presenting his card. Lord Loring started, and handed it to his wife. The card bore the name of 'Major Hynd,' and this line was added in pencil—'On business connected with Mr. Romayne.'

'Show him in directly!' cried Lady Loring.

Lord Loring remonstrated. 'My dear? perhaps I had better see this gentleman alone?'

'Certainly not—unless you wish to drive me into committing an act of the most revolting meanness! If you send me away, I shall listen at the door.'

Major Hynd was shown in, and was duly presented to Lady Loring. After making the customary apologies, he said, 'I returned to London last night, expressly to see Romayne on a matter of importance. Failing to discover his present address at the hotel, I had the hope that your lordship might be able to direct me to our friend.'

'I am sorry to say I know no more than you do,' Lord Loring replied. 'Romayne's present address is a secret confided to his bankers, and to no one else. I will give you their names, if you wish to write to him.'

Major Hynd hesitated. 'I am not quite sure that it would be discreet to write to him, under the circumstances.'

Lady Loring could no longer keep silence. 'Is it possible, Major Hynd, to tell us what the circumstances are?' she asked. 'I am almost as old a friend of Romayne as my husband—and I am very anxious about him.'

The Major looked embarrassed. 'I can hardly answer your ladyship,' he said 'without reviving painful recollections—'

Lady Loring's impatience interrupted the Major's apologies. 'Do you mean the duel?' she inquired.

Lord Loring interposed. 'I should tell you, Major Hynd, that Lady Loring is as well informed as I am of what happened at Boulogne, and of the deplorable result, as far as Romayne is concerned. If you still wish to speak to me privately, I will ask you to accompany me into the next room.'

Major Hynd's embarrassment vanished. 'After what you tell me,' he said, 'I hope to be favoured with Lady Loring's advice. You both know that Romayne fought the fatal duel with a son of the French General who had challenged him. When he returned to England, we heard that the General and his family had been driven away from Boulogne by pecuniary difficulties. Romayne, against my advice, wrote to the surgeon, who had been present at the duel, desiring that the General's place of retreat might be discovered, and expressing his wish to assist the family anonymously, as their Unknown Friend. The motive, of course, was in his own words, "to make some little atonement to the poor people whom he had wronged." I thought it a rash proceeding at the time; and I am con-

firmed in my opinion by a letter from the surgeon, received yesterday. Will you kindly read it to Lady Loring?’

He handed the letter to Lord Loring. Translated from the French it ran as follows:—

‘Sir,—I am at last able to answer Mr. Romaine’s letter definitely; with the courteous assistance of the French Consul in London, to whom I applied, when other means of investigation had produced no result.

‘A week since, the General died. Circumstances connected with the burial expenses informed the Consul that he had taken refuge from his creditors, not in France as we supposed, but in London. The address is, number 10, Camp’s Hill, Islington. I should also add, that the General, for obvious reasons, lived in London under the assumed name of Marillac. It will be necessary, therefore, to inquire for his widow, by the name of Madame Marillac.

‘You will perhaps be surprised to find that I address these lines to you, instead of to Mr. Romaine. The reason is soon told.

‘I was acquainted with the late General—as you know—at a time when I was not aware of the company that he kept, or of the deplorable errors into which his love of gambling had betrayed him. Of his widow and his children, I know absolutely nothing. Whether they have resisted the contaminating influence of the head of the household—or whether poverty and bad example combined have hopelessly degraded them—I cannot say. There is at least a doubt whether they are worthy of Mr. Romaine’s benevolent intentions towards them. As an honest man, I cannot feel this doubt, and reconcile it to my conscience to be the means, however indirectly, of introducing them to Mr. Romaine. To your discretion, I leave it to act for the best, after this warning.’

Lord Loring returned the letter to Major Hynd. ‘I agree with you,’ he

said. ‘It is more than doubtful whether you would do right to communicate this information to Romaine.’

Lady Loring was not quite of her husband’s opinion. ‘While there is a doubt about these people,’ she said, ‘it seems only just to find out what sort of character they bear in the neighbourhood. In your place, Major Hynd, I should apply to the person in whose house they live, or to the tradespeople whom they have employed.’

‘I am obliged to leave London again to-day, the Major replied; but on my return, I will certainly follow your ladyship’s advice.’

‘And you will let us know the result?’

‘With the greatest pleasure.’

Major Hynd took his leave. ‘I think you will be responsible for wasting the Major’s time,’ said Lord Loring, when the visitor had retired.

‘I think not,’ said Lady Loring.

She rose to leave the room. ‘Are you going out?’ her husband asked.

‘No. I am going upstairs to Stella.’

Lady Loring found Miss Eyrecourt in her own room. The little portrait of Romaine which she had drawn from recollection lay on the table before her. She was examining it with the closest attention.

‘Well, Stella, and what does the portrait tell you?’

‘What I knew before, Adelaide. There is nothing false and nothing cruel in that face.’

‘And does the discovery satisfy you? For my part, I despise Romaine for hiding himself from us. Can you excuse him?’

Stella locked up the portrait in her writing case. ‘I can wait,’ she said quietly.

This assertion of patience seemed to irritate Lady Loring. ‘What is the matter with you this morning,’ she asked. ‘You are more reserved than ever?’

‘No; I am only out of spirits, Adelaide. I can’t help of thinking of that meeting with Winterfield.—I feel

as if some misfortune was hanging over my head.'

'Don't speak of that hateful man!' her ladyship exclaimed. 'I have something to tell you about Romayne. Are you completely absorbed in your pre-sentiments of evil? or do you think you can listen to me?'

Stella's face answered for her. Lady Loring described the interview with Major Hynd in the minutest detail—including, by way of illustration, the Major's manners and personal appearance. 'He and Lord Loring,' she added, 'both think that Romayne will never hear the last of it, if he allows these foreigners to look for money. Until something more is known about them, the letter is not to be forwarded.'

'I wish I had the letter!' cried Stella.

'Would you send it to the bankers?'

'Instantly! Does it matter whether these poor French people are worthy of Romayne's generosity? If it restores his tranquillity to help them, who cares whether they deserve the help? They are not even to know who it is that assists them—Romayne is to be their unknown friend. It is he, not they, whom we have to think of—his peace of mind is everything; their merit is nothing. I say it's cruel to him to keep him in ignorance of what has happened. Why didn't you take the letter away from Major Hynd?'

'Gently, Stella! The Major is going to make inquiries about the widow and children, when he returns to London.'

'When he returns!' Stella repeated indignantly. 'Who knows what the poor wretches may be suffering in the interval, and what Romayne may feel if he ever hears of it? Tell me the address again—it was somewhere in Islington, you said.'

'Why do you want to know it?' Lady Loring asked. 'You are not going to write to Romayne yourself?'

'I am going to think before I do

anything. If you can't trust my discretion, Adelaide, you have only to say so!'

It was spoken sharply. Lady Loring's reply betrayed a certain loss of temper on her side. 'Manage your own affairs, Stella—I have done meddling with them.' Her unlucky visit to Romayne at the hotel had been a subject of dispute between the two friends—and this referred to it. 'You shall have the address,' my lady added in her grandest manner. She wrote it on a piece of paper, and left the room.

Easily irritated, Lady Loring had the merit of being easily appeased. That meanest of all vices, the vice of sulkiness, had no existence in her nature. In five minutes she regretted her little outburst of irritability. For five minutes more she waited, on the chance that Stella might be the first to seek a reconciliation. The interval passed and nothing happened. 'Have I really offended her?' Lady Loring asked herself. The next moment, she was on her way back to Stella. The room was empty. She rang the bell for the maid.

'Where is Miss Eyrecourt?'

'Gone out, my lady.'

'Did she leave no message?'

'No, my lady. She went away in a great hurry.'

Lady Loring at once drew the conclusion that Stella had rashly taken the affair of the General's family into her own hands. Was it possible to say how this most imprudent proceeding might end? After hesitating and reflecting, and hesitating again, Lady Loring's anxiety got beyond her control. She not only decided on following Stella, but, in the excess of her nervous apprehension, she took one of the men-servants with her, in case of emergency!

CHAPTER XII.

THE GENERAL'S FAMILY.

NOT always remarkable for arriving at just conclusions, Lady Loring had drawn the right inference this time. Stella had stopped the first cab that passed her, and had directed the driver to Camp's Hill, Islington.

The aspect of the miserable little street, closed at one end, and swarming with dirty children quarrelling over their play, daunted her for the moment. Even the cabman, drawing up at the entrance to the street, expressed his opinion that it was a queer sort of place for a young lady to venture in alone. Stella thought of Romney. Her firm persuasion that she was helping him to perform an act of mercy, which was (to his mind) an act of atonement as well, roused her courage. She boldly approached the open door of No. 10, and knocked on it with her parasol.

The tangled grey hair and grimy face of a hideous old woman showed themselves slowly, at the end of the passage, rising from the strong-smelling obscurity of the kitchen regions. 'What do you want?' said the half-seen witch of the London slums. 'Does Madame Marillac live here?' Stella asked. 'Do you mean the foreigner?' 'Yes.' 'Second floor.' With those instructions the upper half of the witch sank and vanished. Stella gathered her skirts together, and ascended a filthy flight of stairs for the first time in her life.

Coarse voices, shameless language, gross laughter, behind the closed doors of the first floor, hurried her on her way to the rooms on the higher flight. Here there was a change for the better—here, at least, there was silence. She knocked at the door on the landing of the second floor. A gentle voice answered, in French, 'Entrez'—then quickly substituted the Eng-

lish equivalent, 'Come in.' Stella opened the door.

The wretchedly furnished room was scrupulously clean. Above the truckle-bed, a cheap little image of the Virgin was fastened to the wall, with some faded, artificial flowers arranged above it in the form of a wreath. Two women, in dresses of coarse black stuff, sat at a small round table, working at the same piece of embroidery. The elder of the two rose when the visitor entered the room. Her worn and weary face still showed the remains of beauty, in its finely-proportioned parts—her dim eyes rested on Stella with an expression of piteous entreaty. 'Have you come for the work, madam?' she asked, in English, spoken with a strong foreign accent. 'Pray forgive me; I have not finished it yet.'

The second of the two workwomen suddenly looked up.

She, too, was wan and frail; but her eyes were bright; her movements still preserved the elasticity of youth. Her likeness to the elder woman proclaimed their relationship, even before she spoke. 'Ah! it's my fault!' she burst out passionately in French. 'I was hungry and tired, and I slept hours longer than I ought. My mother was too kind to wake me, and set me to work. I am a selfish wretch—and my mother is an angel!' She dashed away the tears gathering in her eyes, and proudly, fiercely, resumed her work.

Stella hastened to reassure them, the moment she could make herself heard. 'Indeed I have nothing to do with the work,' she said, speaking in French, so that they might the more readily understand her. 'I came here, Madame Marillac—if you will not be offended with me, for plainly owning it—to offer you some little help.'

'Charity!' asked the daughter, looking up again sternly from her needle.

'Sympathy,' Stella answered gently.

The girl resumed her work. 'I beg your pardon,' she said; 'I shall

learn to submit to my lot in time.

The quiet long-suffering mother placed a chair for Stella. 'You have a kind beautiful face, Miss,' she said; 'and I am sure you will make allowance for my poor girl. I remember the time I was as quick to feel as she is. May I ask how you came to hear of us?'

'I hope you will excuse me;' Stella replied. 'I am not at liberty to answer that question.'

The mother said nothing. The daughter asked sharply, 'Why not?'

Stella addressed the answer to the mother. 'I come from a person who desires to 'be of service to you as an unknown friend,' she said.

The wan face of the widow suddenly brightened. 'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'has my brother heard of the General's death? and has he forgiven me my marriage at last?'

'No, no!' Stella interposed; 'I must not mislead you. The person whom I represent is no relation of yours.'

Even in spite of this positive assertion, the poor woman held desperately to the hope that had been roused in her. 'The name by which you know me may mislead you,' she suggested anxiously. 'My late husband assumed the name in his exile here. Perhaps, if I told you——'

The daughter stopped her there. 'My dear mother, leave this to me.' The widow sighed resignedly, and resumed her work. 'Madame Marillac will do very well as a name,' the girl continued, turning to Stella, 'until we know something more of each other. I suppose you are well acquainted with the person whom you represent?'

'Certainly, or I should not be here.'

'You know the person's family connections, in that case? and you can say for certain whether they are French connections or not?'

'I can say for certain,' Stella answered, 'that they are English connections. I represent a friend who

feels kindly towards Madame Marillac; nothing more.'

'You see, mother, you were mistaken. Bear it as bravely, dear, as you have borne other trials.' Saying this very tenderly, she addressed herself once more to Stella, without attempting to conceal the accompanying change in her manner to coldness and distrust. 'One of us must speak plainly,' she said. 'Our few friends are nearly as poor as we are, and they are all French. I tell you positively that we have no English friends. How has this anonymous benefactor been informed of our poverty? You are a stranger to us—you cannot have given the information?'

Stella's eyes were now opened to the awkward position in which she had placed herself. She met the difficulty boldly, still upheld by the conviction that she was serving a purpose cherished by Romayne. 'You had good reasons, no doubt, mademoiselle, when you advised your mother to conceal her true name,' she rejoined. 'Be just enough to believe that your "anonymous benefactor" has good reasons for concealment too.'

It was well said; and it encouraged Madame Marillac to take Stella's part. 'My dear Blanche, you speak rather harshly to this good young lady,' she said to her daughter. 'You have only to look at her, and to see that she means well.'

Blanche took up her needle again, with dogged submission. 'If we *are* to accept charity, mother, I should like to know the hand that gives it,' she answered. 'I will say no more.'

'When you are as old as I am, my dear,' rejoined Madame Marillac, 'you will not think quite so positively as you think now. I have learnt some hard lessons,' she proceeded, turning to Stella, 'and I hope I am the better for them. My life has not been a happy one——'

'Your life has been a martyrdom!' said the girl, breaking out again, in spite of herself. 'Oh, my father! my

father !' She pushed aside the work, and hid her face in her hands.

The gentle mother spoke severely for the first time. 'Respect your father's memory !' she said. Blanche trembled, and kept silence. 'I have no false pride,' Madame Marillac continued. 'I own that we are miserably poor ; and I thank you, my dear young lady, for your kind intentions towards us, without embarrassing you by any inquiries. We manage to live. While my eyes last, our work helps to support us. My good eldest daughter has some employment as a teacher of music, and contributes her little share to assist our poor household. I don't distrust you—I only say, let us try a little longer if we cannot help ourselves.'

She had barely pronounced the last words, when a startling interruption led to consequences which the persons present had not foreseen. A shrill wailing voice suddenly pierced through the flimsy partition which divided the front room and the back room. 'Bread !' cried the voice ; 'I'm hungry. Bread ! bread !'

The daughter started to her feet. 'Think of his betraying us at this moment !' she exclaimed indignantly. The mother rose in silence, and opened a cupboard. Its position was opposite to the place in which Stella was sitting. She saw two or three knives and forks, some cups and saucers and plates, and a folded table cloth. Nothing else appeared on the shelves ; not even the stray crust of bread for which the poor woman had been looking. 'Go, my dear, and quiet your brother,' she said—and closed the cupboard door again as patiently as ever.

Blanche left them. Stella opened her pocket-book as the door closed. 'For God's sake, take something !' she cried. 'I offer it with the sincerest respect—I offer it as a loan !'

Madame Marillac gently signed to Stella to close the pocket-book again. 'That kind heart of yours must not be distressed about trifles,' she said. 'The baker will trust us, until we get the

money for our work—and my daughter knows it. If you can tell me nothing else, my dear, will you tell me your Christian name ? It is painful to me to speak to you, quite as a stranger.'

Stella at once complied with the request. Madame Marillac smiled as she repeated the name.

'There is almost another tie between us,' she said. 'We have your name in France—it speaks with a familiar sound to me in this strange place. Dear Miss Stella, when my poor boy startled you by that cry for food, he recalled to me the saddest of all my anxieties. When I think of *him*, I should be tempted if my better sense did not restrain me—No ! no ! put back the pocket book. I am incapable of the shameless audacity of borrowing a sum of money which I could never repay. Let me tell you what my trouble is, and you will understand that I am in earnest. I had two sons, Miss Stella. The elder—the most lovable, the most affectionate of my children—was killed in a duel.'

The sudden disclosure drew a cry of sympathy from Stella, which she was not mistress enough of herself to repress. Now for the first time, she understood the remorse that tortured Romaine, as she had not understood it when Lady Loring had told her the terrible story of the duel. Attributing the effect produced on her to the sensitive nature of a young woman, Madame Marillac innocently added to Stella's distress by making excuses.

'I am sorry to have frightened you, my dear,' she said. 'In your happy country such a dreadful death as my son's is unknown. I am obliged to mention it, or you might not understand what I have still to say. Perhaps I had better not go on ?'

Stella roused himself. 'Yes ! yes !' she answered eagerly. 'Pray go on !'

'My son in the next room,' the widow resumed, 'is only fourteen years old. It has pleased God sorely to afflict a harmless creature. He has

not been in his right mind since—since the miserable day when he followed the duellists, and saw his brother's death.—Oh! you are turning pale! How thoughtless, how cruel of me! I ought to have remembered that such horrors as these have never overshadowed your happy life!

Struggling to recover her self-control, Stella tried to re-assure Madame Marillac by a gesture. She had heard the voice which haunted Romayne—the conviction of it shook her with superstitious terror from head to foot. Not the words that had pleaded hunger and called for bread—but those other words, 'Assassin! assassin! where are you?'—rang in her ears. She entreated Madame Marillac to break the unendurable interval of silence. The widow's calm voice had a soothing influence which she was eager to feel. 'Go on!' she repeated. 'Pray go on!'

'I ought not to lay all the blame of my boy's affliction on the duel,' said Madame Marillac. 'In childhood, his mind never grew with his bodily growth. His brother's death may have only hurried the result which was sooner or later but too sure to come. You need feel no fear of him. He is never violent—and he is the most beautiful of all my children. Would you like to see him?'

'No! I would rather hear you speak of him. Is he not conscious of his own misfortune?'

'For weeks together, Stella—I am sure I may call you Stella?—he is quite calm; you would see no difference, outwardly, between him and other boys. Unhappily, it is just at those times, that a spirit of impatience seems to possess him. He watches his opportunity, and, however careful we may be, he is cunning enough to escape our vigilance.'

'Do you mean that he leaves you and his sisters?'

'Yes, that is what I mean. For nearly two months past he has been away from us. Yesterday only, his

return relieved us from a state of suspense which I cannot attempt to describe. We don't know where he has been, or in the company of what persons he has passed the time of his absence. No persuasion will induce him to speak to us on the subject. This morning, we listened while he was talking to himself.'

Stella felt the thrill of sudden fear. Was it part of the boy's madness to repeat the words which still echoed in Romayne's ears? 'Does he ever speak of the duel?' she asked.

'Never! He seems to have lost all memory of it. We only heard, this morning, one or two unconnected words—something about a woman, and then more that appeared to allude to some person's death. Last night, I was with him when he went to bed; and I found that he had something to conceal from me. He let me fold all his clothes, as usual, except his waistcoat—and that he snatched away from me, and put it under his pillow. We have no hope of being able to examine the waistcoat, without his knowledge. His sleep is like the sleep of a dog; if you only approach him, he wakes instantly. Forgive me for troubling you with these trifling details, only interesting to ourselves. You will at least understand the constant anxiety that we suffer.'

'In your unhappy position,' said Stella, 'I should try to resign myself to parting with him—I mean to place him under medical care.'

The mother's face saddened. 'I have enquired about it,' she answered. 'He must pass a night in the workhouse, before he can be received as a pauper lunatic, in a public asylum. Oh, my dear, I am afraid there is some pride still left in me! He is my only son now; his father was a General in the French army; I was brought up among people of good blood and breeding—I can't take my own boy to the workhouse!'

Stella took her hand. 'I feel for you with all my heart,' she said.

‘Place him privately, dear Madame Marillac, under skilful and kind control—and let me, do let me open the pocket-book again!’

The widow steadily refused even to look at the pocket-book. ‘Perhaps,’ Stella persisted, ‘you don’t know of a private asylum that would satisfy you?’

‘My dear, I do know of such a place. The good doctor who attended my husband in his last illness told me of it. A friend of his receives a certain number of poor people into his house, and charges no more than the cost of maintaining them. An unattainable sum to me. There is the temptation that I spoke of. The help of a few pounds I might accept, if I fall ill, because I might afterwards pay it back. But a larger sum—never!’

She rose, as if to end the interview. Stella tried every means of persuasion that she could think of, and tried in vain. The friendly dispute between them might have been prolonged, if they had not been silenced by another interruption from the next room.

This time, it was not only endurable, it was even welcome. The poor boy was playing the air of a French vaudeville, on a pipe or flageolet. ‘Now he is happy!’ said the mother. ‘He is a born musician; do come and see him!’ An idea struck Stella. She overcame the inveterate reluctance in her to see the boy so fatally associated with the misery of Romayne’s life. As Madame Marillac led the way to the door of communication between the rooms, she quickly took from her pocket-book the bank notes with which she had provided herself, and folded them so that they could be easily concealed in her hand.

She followed the widow into the little room.

The boy was sitting on his bed. He laid down his flageolet and bowed to Stella. His long silky hair flowed to his shoulders. But one betrayal of a deranged mind presented itself in his delicate face—his large soft eyes had

the glassy vacant look which it is impossible to mistake. ‘Do you like music, mademoiselle?’ he asked gently. Stella asked him to play his little vaudeville air again. He proudly complied with the request. His sister seemed to resent the presence of a stranger. ‘The work is at a standstill,’ she said—and passed into the front room. Her mother followed her as far as the door to give her some necessary directions. Stella seized her opportunity. She put the bank-notes into the pocket of the boy’s jacket—and whispered to him, ‘Give them to your mother when I have gone away.’ Under those circumstances, she felt sure that Madame Marillac would yield to the temptation. She could resist much—but she could not resist her son.

The boy nodded, to show that he understood her. The moment after, he laid down his flageolet with an expression of surprise.

‘You are trembling!’ he said. ‘Are you frightened?’

She was frightened. The mere sense of touching him made her shudder. Did she feel a vague presentment of some evil to come from that momentary association with him? Madame Marillac, turning away again from her daughter, noticed Stella’s agitation. ‘Surely, my poor boy doesn’t alarm you?’ she said. Before Stella could answer, some one outside knocked at the door. Lady Loring’s servant appeared, charged with a carefully-worded message. ‘If you please, Miss, a friend is waiting for you below.’ Any excuse for departure was welcome to Stella at that moment. She promised to call at the house again in a few days. Madame Marillac kissed her on the forehead as she took leave. Her nerves were still shaken by that momentary contact with the boy. Descending the stairs, she trembled so that she was obliged to hold by the servant’s arm. She was not naturally timid. What did it mean?

(To be continued.)

MAGDALEN TOWER.*

BY GRANT ALLEN.

MY brain is weary and my eyes are aching,
 With poring over-long on Plato's text,
 I'll make this stillest hour my own, forsaking
 The buried lore with which my brain is vexed.
 The air without is cool and fresh and moister,
 I'll fling the narrow window open wide,
 That looks athwart the silent court and cloister,
 To view the world outside.

Each dome and spire from north to south arises,
 An island from a rolling sea of mist,
 That fills with shadowy waves the vale of Isis,
 All but the imperial city's queenly crest :
 Above, the chilly moonbeams of October
 Wrap round her sleeping form a gilded shroud :
 Below the fleecy sheets of vapour robe her
 In folds of silver cloud.

The blood-red creeper on the pale grey turret
 Shows purple in the dim recess of night,
 Save when the short-lived autumn breezes stir it,
 Flashing a gleam of crimson in my sight ;
 And drooping ivy sprays that twist and dangle
 Around the gloomy gurgyle's mouldering mass,
 Shed ghostly shadows on the dark quadrangle
 Across the moonlit grass.

Hard by, the clear-cut pinnacles of Merton
 Rise black against the wan abyss on high :
 The far Cathedral steeple looms uncertain
 Through intervening depths of bazy sky :
 High in the tapering belfry of St. Mary's
 The solemn clock knells out the stroke of three.
 And fills with floating sound and weird vagaries
 The misty middle sea.

* This poem—that of a young, immature mind putting out its feelers on all sides in quest of the true and the tangible, and trying to solve for itself the mystery of the universe—has been in my possession for several years, having been written when its author was a student at Oxford.
 J. A. A., Kingston.

These dreamy reveries of Plato mingle
 With shapeless cloud and voices of vague bells,
 To bid each vein through all my body tingle,
 And stir my brain through all its throbbing cells.
 The city's form melts like the changeful vapour ;
 And these, her solid walls of massive stone,
 Unreal as the fleecy robes that drape her,
 Fade, and I stand alone.

I know not if she be or if she be not ;
 I only know I *am*, and nought beside :
 I gaze abroad with timid eyes and see not
 Beyond the mists by which my sight is tied.
 The things I see and hear and feel around me
 Merge in the single consciousness of thought :
 Yet like an iron chain their limits bound me
 With bands myself have wrought.

Is sentient life—set passive in the middle
 Of fleeting sights and sounds, of joy and pain,
 Yearning yet motionless, an awful riddle
 Whose hidden aim we seek to read in vain ;—
 Is life, so strangely shaped, a wanton creature
 Of calm design, that heeds not human cares ;
 Or bastard offspring of unconscious nature
 Begotten unawares ?

When chaos slowly set to sun or planet,
 And molten masses hardened into earth ;
 When primal force wrought out on sea and granite
 The wondrous miracle of living birth ;
 Did mightier mind, in clouds of glory hidden,
 Breathe power through all its limbs to feel and know ;
 Or sentience spring, spontaneous and unbidden,
 With feeble steps and slow ?

Are sense and thought but parasites of being ?
 Did nature mould our limbs to act and move ;
 By some strange chance endow our eyes with seeing,
 Our nerves with feeling, and our hearts with Love ?
 Since all alone we stand, alone discerning
 Sorrow from joy, self from the things without,
 While blind fate tramples on our spirit's yearning,
 And fills our souls with doubt.

This very tree, whose life is as our sister,
 We know not if the ichor in her veins
 Trill with fierce joy when April dews have kissed her,
 Or shrink in anguish from November rains.
 We search the mighty world above and under,
 Yet nowhere find the soul we fain would find—
 Speech in the hollow rumbling of the thunder,
 Words in the whispering wind.

We yearn for brotherhood with lake and mountain,
 Our conscious soul seeks conscious sympathy,
 Nymphs in the coppice, Naiads in the fountain,
 Gods in the craggy heights and roaring sea,
 Yet find but soulless sequences of matter,
 Fact linked to fact by adamantine rods,
 Eternal bonds of former sense and latter,
 Dead laws for living gods.

They care not any whit for pain or pleasure,
 That seems to mar the sum and end of all :
 Dumb force and barren number are their measure,
 What can be shall be, though the great world fall.
 They take no heed of man or man's deserving,
 Reck not what happy lives they make or mar,
 Work out their fatal will, unswerving,
 And know not that they are.

Can lifeless law beget on senseless matter
 The fuller life of self reflecting thought ?
 Or does the pregnant soul itself but scatter
 These myriad fancies through a world of naught ?
 Are all these outer shapes a vain illusion
 (As in deep tones our clearest prophet sings),
 And mind alone, set free from vague confusion,
 The inmost core of things ?

The city lies below me, wrapped in slumber ;
 Silent and mute in all her streets she lies ;
 'Mid rapid thoughts that crowd me without number
 Flashes the shadow of an old surmise :
 Her hopes and fears and griefs are all suspended,
 The myriad souls throughout her precincts take
 Sleep, in whose bosom life and death are blended,
 And I alone awake.

And I alone the solitary centre
 Of all the seeming universe around,
 With mocking senses through whose portals enter
 Unmeaning phantasies of sight and sound !
 Are all the countless minds wherewith I people
 The empty forms that float before my eyes—
 Vain as the clouds that gird the distant steeple
 With snowy canopies ?

Yet though the world be but myself unfolded,
 Soul bent again on soul in mystic play,
 No less each sense and thought and act is moulded
 By dead necessities I may not sway.
 Some mightier power against my will shall move me,
 Some potent nothing force and overawe,
 Though I be all that is, I feel above me
 The godhead of blind law.

I seem a passive consciousness of passion,
 Poised in the boundless vault of empty space,
 A mirror for strange shapes of alien fashion,
 That come and go before my lonely face :
 My soul that reigns the mistress of creation,
 That grasps within herself the sum of things,
 Wears round her feet the gyves of limitation,
 And fetters bind her wings.

The sense I fain would feel I cannot summon,
 The sense I fain would shirk I cannot shun ;
 I know the measured sequence that they come in,
 I may not change the grooves wherein they run.
 I know not if they be but phantom faces,
 Whose being is but seeming, seen awry ;
 They pass, I know not how, and leave no traces ;
 They come, I know not why.

My inmost hope, my deepest aspiration,
 Each quiver of my brain, each breath I draw,
 Fear curdling up the blood, love's wild pulsation,
 Work surely out the inevitable law :
 The will herself that pants for freedom, flouting
 Its soulless despotism, yet works it out :
 Aye, even though I doubt, my very doubting
 Fulfils the law I doubt.

So, dimly cloaked in infinite disguises,
 The hopes I seem to grasp again dissolve,
 And through their vacant images arises
 The central problem that I may not solve ;
 Till like this faded creeper's blighted blossom,
 My life, too, fade before some wintry breath,
 And sink at last upon the peaceful bosom
 Of all-embracing death.

But now that far and wide the pale horizon,—
 Faint grey to eastward, darker on the west,—
 Lights up the misty sphere its border lies on,
 My weary brain has need of gentle rest :
 The growing haze of sunrise gives me warning
 To check these wayward thoughts that dive too deep.
 Perchance a little light will come with morning ;
 Perchance I shall but sleep.

THE GERMAN SOCIALISTS AND THE LAST REICHSTAG.

BY JAMES W. BELL.

BEFORE proceeding to discuss any Socialist question, we must first settle how the term is to be understood in the following pages. Those who have read books on the subject will have noticed how various the meanings of it are, according as it is used by writers on Political Economy, by moralists, or by politicians. The Socialism spoken of here, however, is chiefly the practical Socialism so much dreaded by the German statesmen, which has got beyond the stage of mere theorizing, and has become crystallized into a political creed, professed by over 500,000 enthusiastic voters of a young and vigorous party still in its teens. 'Theoretically, at least, it (Socialism) is nothing more than an ideal, very possibly impracticable, but sufficiently attractive to have recommended itself to philosophers and reformers of all ages, from Plato down to Rousseau and St. Simon. Practically, it is often but the passionate and inarticulate cry of the discontented for a new order of things, in which the wealth of the world shall be, to their thinking, more evenly, and therefore more equitably, distributed.* Even a superficial sketch of the economic, social and religious systems proposed by the widely different Socialist thinkers of Germany alone, and expanded and modified by their respective followers, would be impossible here. Voluminous works of various degrees of merit, have been written on these questions since Rodbertus, Marx and Lassalle opened them afresh; and it is by no means certain

that the last word has been heard upon them yet, though the milder inquisition of the nineteenth century has decided that they shall be regarded as closed.

The present seems an appropriate time for looking more closely into the movement. The anti-socialist law, which has now been in force for a year and a-half, has so commended itself to the Reichstag that, in the session just closed, it has been prolonged till 1884. This gave a chance, and the only one during these six years, to the Socialists to give public expression to their views. They did so; and the following is an attempt to give in epitome the spirit and substance of their complaints, as gathered from these speeches, from pamphlets and books written about or by Socialists, and from conversation with men holding these opinions.

It has been remarked that almost all great law-givers, from the earliest times, have striven to lay down principles tending to hinder the formation of a too powerful plutocracy with its counterpart of a numerous and slavish pauper class. Thus in Moses and Lycurgus, in the struggles of the Gracchi, in the theories of many of the Greek philosophers, and perhaps more especially in the scholastics and churchmen of the middle ages, Socialism, in many of its protean forms, was as clearly taught as in the present day. R. Meyer says: 'Socialism was practically inculcated twice in antiquity by the establishment of new religions, and to the present day it preserves a religious background. In the sixth century B. C., Buddha taught

* *Times*, April 30, 1880.

the nothingness of the hereditary privileges of caste, the evil of private property, and the preferableness of a social, communistic life. But Socialism, in our sense of the term, dates only from Christ. Christ was the first internationalist Socialist, and till to-day, also, the greatest.* And again: 'but strike off the husks which fanatical men have laid around social theories, and you come upon a thoroughly Christian kernel.' Without referring to the community of goods among the early Christians, one need only think of the large tincture of Socialism in the cloister among the various religious orders, and the numerous Socialist sects of the Reformation period, to see the truth of this.

As to its historical development, however, it is sufficient for our purpose to remember that, in its present shape at least, it was little known or dreaded in Germany twenty years ago. But during the last fifteen years, the lower classes have been brought into a sudden prominence. Baden and the Rheinland had long been the home of popular institutions; contact with France since the Revolution had been favourable to the new ideas of freedom. Prussia and Austria were rivals for South Germany. Sadowa decided the dispute. Manhood suffrage was naturally attached to manhood military service. The sons of the men who had formerly been sold as mercenary troops to foreign governments, and whose life was little better than serfdom, began to feel that they too had rights. Political power they now possessed, and men arose to teach them how to use it. All that was wanted, to do away with the lingering remnants of feudalism, was, that effective remedy against all petty tyranny and class privilege, agitation. And this came. Lassalle, Marx and others had prepared the ground. The platform and the press

were brought into a use previously unknown in Germany, and, thanks to a good common school education, everybody could read. The military operations of '66 and especially of '70, aided the movement. The pick of German youth had not been at school in France for nothing. The men who had repeatedly been told by the highest authorities that they had saved Germany, were now emboldened to assert their say in its government. What was manhood suffrage for, if not to be used, and how could it be used effectively unless by free discussion on political matters? A flood of new literature of a decided democratic tendency, appeared after the Franco-Prussian war. The over-production and unnatural commercial activity, stimulated by the French milliards, aiding in bringing about, or at least intensifying, the depression that succeeded in '74. Meanwhile the unexpected prosperity of France, after her crushing defeat, made her an object of attention, not to say anxiety, at Berlin. The milliards were gone, yet the army had to be kept up. Meanwhile, taxes, at no time fairly arranged, had been growing and pressing harder on an impoverished people. All this played into the hands of the party eager for agitation and reform. It had been increasing in numbers and in influence. Bismarck, who is taunted with having coquetted with Lassalle and his party, now began to fear them, or at least to feign so. The excitement attending the attempts of Hödel and Nobeling, gave a pretext that could be turned to advantage, and the Prince seized the double opportunity of humbling this movement, and increasing the power of Absolutism. A Reichstag not sufficiently docile, was dissolved; and under the theatrical appeals of the Chancellor, a new and more obedient one was returned, and this now historical *Ausnahmegesetz* was passed October 19, 1878, and three days later put into force.

* *Der Emancipationskampf des Vierten Standes in Deutschland.* Kap. I.

With this begins a new phase in the history of German Socialism. Hitherto, whatever absurd or 'dangerous' doctrines it may have promulgated among the masses, it, at all events, worked openly and above-board. The means it used, public meetings, *Vereine*, newspapers, pamphlets and the like, were free to everybody. The Socialists appealed boldly to public opinion; they invited free discussion. If they had grievances, or suffered injustice, they had, with certain very large restrictions, the right of ventilating and discussing them. As might be expected the new doctrines spread rapidly, especially in what Bismarck, perhaps, has good reasons for regarding as hotbeds of mischief, the towns, cities, and large manufacturing districts. So the Chancellor resolved to stamp out the agitation that thus disturbed the 'peace and safety'* of the *Vaterland*. From this time forth they were no longer legally recognised as a party. Change of name even could not save from the clutches of a law that forbade all papers, societies, or unions, that had 'in view the subversion of the existing order of State and society.' With this ample margin for the zeal of a proverbially officious police, the 'pig-sticking,' as Bismarck himself is said to have called it, went on vigorously. Upwards of forty societies immediately dissolved themselves, and during the first month 270 executions were put into effect, suppressing 135 '*Vereine*,' 35 regular newspapers, and 100 non-periodical prints. Among these *Vereine* or unions, were 21 workmen's, 55 election, 36 singing, 4 theatre, 10 educational, 2 newspaper, 6 mutual-helps,

and I co-operative or *Consumverein*.* Franz Mehring, no friend of the Socialists—if he had been, indeed, it may be safely assumed his book on '*Deutsche Social Demokratie*' would never have seen a third edition—remarks that 'in its dissolution Socialism showed itself greater, stronger and more wide-spread than it had ever appeared during its existence.' Up to October 21st, 1879, exactly a year from the time the law came into force, there were suppressed, according to *Vossische Zeitung*, 244 *Vereine*, 307 non-periodical prints, and 184 newspapers and periodicals. The number of persons banished from Berlin and vicinity up to the end of March, 1880, as in the judgment of the police dangerous, amounted to 105, according to the Minister of the Interior. And still that everlasting mandate *Verboten*, almost the first word that strikes a foreigner in Germany, has kept on, and, not content with suppressing free speech in politics whenever it crops out in the German tongue, it has forbidden works in English and French—artistic merit is out of the question here—like '*The Comedy of Europe*,' for example. But after all I suppose we may, under the circumstances, be thankful that foreign papers and reviews do not come to us with the 'dangerous' parts carefully rubbed over with printer's ink, as is the case to the east of us.

So much for the law in general, as far as figures can show its effects. But a few examples in detail are needed to complete an imperfect picture. They must be few, short, and as typical as possible, and I may say at once that they are not a few favourable ones, hunted out on purpose, but picked up at random during the last two years. This, of course, will not be taken to imply that all the

* Herr Kayser, the Socialist, referring to this, said, at the second reading of the Bill, April 19th, 'the party of old rights and privileges had always justified its persecutions and oppressions in the name of peace and safety.' It reminded him of a line in Götz von Berlichingen: "*Ruhe und Frieden wünscht jeder Raubvogel um seine Beute in Ruhe und Frieden zu verzehren.*"

| Were suppressed, 1st month. | <i>Vereine</i> . | Newspapers. | Non-periodical prints. |
|-----------------------------|------------------|-------------|------------------------|
| 1st | 135 | 35 | 100 |
| 2nd | 39 | 9 | 57 |
| 3rd | 12 | 10 | 67 |
| 4th | 5 | 10 | 14 |

articles written in the heat of passion against what was believed to be a piece of injustice, are models of moderation. But I do feel convinced that this law was received with a meekness and respect that one might look for in vain, under similar circumstances, in any land where the English language is spoken. Moreover, it may be candidly confessed at once that this, as indeed, almost all attempts at reformation that history tells us of, is followed by a herd of vagabonds that would injure and disgrace any party by their allegiance. When some Bismarckian points to individual socialists of this type as a justification of the way they are being treated, I always feel inclined to retort, 'what cause has not been injured by its professors in the extreme left who have a zeal not according to knowledge!' Socialism undoubtedly includes among its members, not only men of sincere conviction and honest, though perhaps often mistaken, purpose, but also those who would join any party or creed that is likely to further their own selfish ends. But what honest man of any account, now-a-days, holds Christianity, for example, answerable for all the iniquities that have been perpetrated in its name, and by its unworthy followers? And further, while avoiding the real or apparent fatalism of a certain school of historians, I humbly think that this movement has a historical justification, that is too frequently overlooked. As the Socialist Hasenclaver remarked before the Reichstag, 'the whole social democracy is, after all, only a product of previous conditions; improve the conditions and Socialism would immediately cease.' Nor must we look for the same spirit of justice and fine sense of honour from wretched, miserable creatures, whose lives have been one long struggle with poverty and the tax-collector, who have all along been literally 'holding the wolf by the ears;' as we are taught to expect from their wealthy neighbours who enjoy the good things

of life, and pride themselves on their straightforward justice and chivalrous fair-play. 'Instead of wondering at the discontent of the suffering,' says a writer in the *Unitarian Review* for Oct. '78, 'and being surprised or indignant that they should seek to escape from discomfort and destitution by means which would threaten the foundations of society, we have rather wondered at the patience which has submitted to these things so long.' But even granted that the Socialists are as black as they are painted, does that justify the way they are now being treated?

Franz Duncker, an ex member of the Reichstag, was fined 200 marks for writing in the *Volks Zeitung* :—' It is revolting to us that Prussia, that Prince Bismarck, the regenerator of German unity, should stand up for such a bill, a bill that will destroy anything but Socialism. Certainly, the decision lies with the Reichstag. Still, the mere proposal is offensive to the German nation.' The *Berliner Zeitung* wrote 'a fine of 1500 marks, inflicted on us by the Berlin Municipal Council on the second of this month, has taught us that it is not wise to find anything laughable in bills which emanate from the Imperial Chancellor, from the Prussian Government.' * * * 'These examples are taken from the *Times* correspondence, and are written as may be seen, while the bill was still under discussion. Surely no one can say that the Government was at the mercy of an unscrupulous press, as long as it could punish in this fashion, and for such offences. But worse days for this press and for free speech were at hand. In the Chemnitz election for the Saxon Landtag, the Socialist candidate was put through a regular course of police treatment. A public meeting he was to have addressed was forbidden, and his postbills suppressed, which read thus: 'Electors! give your votes to-day, Tuesday, Sep. 9th, to Karl Julius Vahlteich, Reichstag Deputy for the

fifteenth Saxon electoral division Chemnitz, Sept. 9, 1879. (Signed) The Committee for National Elections.' The *Chemnitzner Nachrichten*, the only organ at his disposal, was suppressed; and all the sheets of the *Chemnitzner Tageblatt*, which contained the above 'dangerous' address to the electors were confiscated. Further, all the handbills and voting papers bearing his name were seized by the police, and the firm that published them had its right of printing cancelled. Upwards of 40 private houses were searched for forbidden prints, and in the words of the protest afterwards laid before the Landtag, 'terror was spread among the people' by the police. Twenty men in a tavern were arrested, and, on the suspicion that a forbidden meeting was being held, were strung together by means of a rope 'like a bundle of cigars,' and marched to the police office. To take a later and less comic example: a public meeting of the people was to be held in Munich, the 5th of last April, at which Herr Sonnemann, Progressist, was to speak on the new Military Bill. This was forbidden by the police on the ground that such a meeting (*Allgemeine Volkssammlung*) was contrary to the socialist law. A strictly party meeting, which was then called, though not forbidden, was dissolved a few minutes after it was opened by a police officer, with the remark that he observed socialists present. Commenting on this in the Reichstag, Bebel said that, if the presence of persons belonging to his party was enough to cause assemblies to be dissolved, care would be taken that no meeting if possible should be held without them, so that they—addressing the Liberals—would find that it was 'a mistake to put hundreds of thousands of citizens beyond the pale of the law.' This threat has since been carried into effect in Leipsic and elsewhere, the Socialists managing somehow to obtain tickets.

With reference to the election for

the second division of Hamburg, held April 27th, 1880, the *Hamburger Reform* spoke of the 'police measures that did the party (Socialists) more good than a legion of agitators; Schiller's saying held true here:—'*Zwang erbittert die Schwärmer nur, bekehrt sie nimmer.*' The prohibition on collecting money, the arrest of the election committee, the confiscation of the hand-bills—all contributed to inflame the fire smouldering under the ashes.' Bebel and Liebknecht, while trying before the Reichstag to show the injustice of the present 'State of Siege' in Berlin, mentioned persons who had been proceeded against with great severity. These persons have now been arrested for slandering the police, and Bebel and Liebknecht have been summoned as witnesses against them. They have taken refuge under Art. 30 of the Constitution, and possibly this is the last we may hear of the matter. But these examples—and they might be indefinitely multiplied—will show how irritating the law is, and how its influence has been extended even far beyond its legitimate bounds, by the fear of it, caused by the large discretionary power lodged in the hands of the police.

It has been truly said that a German 'is pretty sure not to resent interference which an Englishman would find intolerable. He is accustomed to be taken care of from the cradle to the grave by a paternal police, * * and he does not mind so much a little prying into the club which he frequents, or official warnings to the journal which he reads.*' Notwithstanding this general indifference in political matters, the intensity, at least, of the opposition to this law may be seen in the debates of the last Reichstag. The increase of bitterness during the year and a half is marked. On the second reading Bebel said: 'If you make it impossible for the people to make known their complaints in a legal

*Times, Oct. 31, 1878.

way, indifference is not the result, but intense bitterness. We come necessarily to the belief that nothing but force will help us.' Towards the end of this speech, he pointed to the fact that 'hitherto tumults have never arisen when our meetings were dissolved.' Whocan say whether this will now continue 'wer nicht hören will, muss fühlen.' Another Socialist, Kayser, declared that by this law 'every citizen who is not an acknowledged friend of the Government, has necessarily a feeling of uncertainty and danger. This kills out all opposition (the bitterest of course excepted). Look at the last election that took place in Berlin, and one is astonished that in the capital of the empire absolutely no agitation took place.' It will be remembered that in this election in which Prof. Virchow was returned, not even one-third of the duly qualified electors voted. The closing words of his speech were: 'Do you take us then for such ninnies, that we should cease to fight for our opinions? The birth-throes of the times are intensified instead of being lightened by these measures. Instead of the peaceful development of the national life, you wish to bring about the violent opposition of the weak and the oppressed.'

The 4th of May, the day of the third reading of the Bill, was the liveliest of a lively session. Liebknecht hoped nothing from the feeling of justice in the house, yet he would openly state the 'crying injustice' under which his party suffered. He denied that Hödel and Nobeling were Socialists, though Bismarck had encouraged this view, and used it well as political capital. 'The authors of revolutions are not those who outwardly cause them, so not the lower classes, but those who make revolutions necessary, *i.e.*, governments.' Notwithstanding some violent thrusts, wide of the mark, he often made keen hits. Is it any wonder that the Government should dislike discussions in which a common workman could tell them the following:

'But it is said that the terrorism that the Socialists are guilty of, must be put down! Now what terrorism have we practised on Eulenberg and Bismarck? These gentlemen must indeed have very sensitive nerves. Of course we have always spoken loudly and plainly, but you have the same example in England, only think of the exciting speeches that even ministerial candidates have made. And has the English Empire been thereby ruined? Nay, the contrary is the case, it is strengthened by this. You should learn a little from this; but you are too timorous even over mere speeches.' He ended his philippic with the words: 'The consequences of your doings will not fail; but we wash our hands in innocence. Our party will not give up the struggle; it will continue to fight, come what will, to victory.' The most violent speech of any was that of Haselmann who began by declaring himself a revolutionary socialist, and sat down amid uproar with these words: 'The time for parliamentary prattle is past, the time for action has begun.'

So much for the Socialists' view as to the advisability of prolonging the law. A number of more moderate men also, of course, opposed the measure. Dr. Günther, Progressist, might be taken as a representative of this class. He proposed (a) looking into the complaints of the social democrats, seeing whether they were justified or not, and remedying those that were; (b) meeting agitation by agitation and interesting the great mass of the people in the question, (c) meanwhile putting down all excesses. These laws would never crush out Socialism. *Gegen ideen lässt sich nicht mit Kanonen Kämpfen.*

The Government took little or no part in the discussion, Count Eulenberg, Minister of the Interior, merely said, in closing the debate, that the law 'was not directed against ideas, but against the utterance of these ideas,' and ended by asking the House to trust the Government

in this matter. So it was resolved by a majority of 97 that this law should remain in force till the 30th of September, 1884.

When Bishop Colenso's work on the Pentateuch appeared, and people were asking what was to be done, *Punch* suggested, 'answer him.' The German Government seem to have overlooked this way of dealing with the Socialists. To have looked into their complaints, and redressed flagrant evils—and such there undoubtedly were—would have weakened the whole movement and left it to a slow but inevitable death, or at most a harmless and sickly existence. Men, of course, would still have kept on discussing and even agitating, and for all we can see will continue to do so till doomsday, despite Bismarck and all the policemen in Europe; but any talk of overthrowing the constitution by violence would have been ridiculous. Men now-a-days do not seize the musket to fight for every whim, in countries where the ballot-box is open. *Pour la populace, ce n'est pas par envie d'attaquer qu'elle se soulève, mais par impatience de souffrir.*

Even if the whole thing had been left to itself and no official notice taken of it, years would have passed before the party could have gained power enough to have carried their measures in Berlin. And all the while it would have been subjected to a most salutary fire of criticism, both from without and from within, tending on the one hand to clear away the dross and increase and emphasise the divisions already existing among its heterogeneous members; and on the other, to give this young nation, just entering on a career of constitutional government, and wanting, above all things, public interest in the affairs of the empire, the best political schooling possible. Here was a small, divided, though exceedingly active, party doubting and questioning with the enthusiasm of youth, directing men's minds to this, that and the other principles of government

and asking everywhere the reason why. The older parties were obliged to stand on the defensive and to give reasons for their political faith. Of danger no one could talk but those who had political ends to serve; the downright apathy and deadness of political life,* every one who had the cause of constitutional government at heart, lamented. The Socialists, for the most part, enthusiastic and sincere in their convictions, could point to a long agitation, eminently free from violence and tumult, a characteristic of all Teutonic nations. They had to contend against a large, and, I might almost say, bigoted government party, powerful bureaucratic machinery and zealous officialism, great vested interests, and a tremendous mass of immobile and stolid indifference that in nine cases out of ten would have been turned against them when turned at all; thus putting down a movement believed to be dangerous, by the best of all methods, the force of public opinion. But the Government, on their own confession, feared the decision of the German nation on the question, and so like all powerful military states without a constitutional past, made short work of this new foe, by suppressing at one blow all attempts at establishing free speech and a free press, and turning to good account this opportunity of furthering the interests of Absolutism. With beautiful inconsistency it declared all socialist electioneering to be illegal, and yet, with a becoming chivalry, allowed socialists, who had been successful in this ordeal, to take their places in the highest court of the empire.

* Something like 30 to 50 per cent. of the voters refrain from voting altogether.

In Münster, of 100,905 voters only 55,292 voted in 1878.

In Waldeck, of 9,654 voters only 4,988 voted in 1878.

In Frankfort on O., of 217,080 voters only 105,009 voted in 1878.

| | Duly qualified Voters. | Actual Voters. |
|-----------------------|---------------------------|-------------------|
| In Potsdam, | 229,525 | 104,475 |
| " Magdeburg | 195,277 | 82,703 |
| " Berlin | 174,497 | 80,479 |

For procuring Socialism a greater measure of sympathy and respect among a people with any chivalrous sense of fair-play in them, and for keeping it from intestine dissensions—its weakness in prosperity—nothing could be better than these days of adversity and persecution. Liebknecht was not so far wrong when he said 'the worse the law the better for him and his party. Militarism, legal insecurity, the experimenting here and there, the violent disorganisation of state and society, as it is managed by those in authority—all this hastens the process of dissolution, so that we could not wish it better.' The *Times* also well said: 'To repress it is to confer on it at once the adventitious force which belongs to martyrdom in all its forms: suppressed Socialism is the virus which engenders revolutionary ferment; whereas in the healthy atmosphere of free debate and legitimate political action the Socialism of one age becomes the Liberalism of the next, and ranges itself in time among the ordinary forces of society.' And this is as clearly put in the German Reichstag as in England or anywhere else, only the majority are of a different opinion. We have seen how men of almost all parties acknowledged the injustice of a law, that tended 'to undermine the moral conscience of the nation,' as Dr. Windthorst was convinced 'had essentially inwardly strengthened social democracy,' and as was repeatedly said 'had left the ground of common equity.' Its injustice is keenly felt by the classes for which it is intended, who see that, assertions to the contrary notwithstanding, they have *not* equal privileges with the rest. We will pass over the unevenness of the taxes, &c., and the difference of the burdens on the poor man, whose son is obliged to spend three of his most valuable years in active service, and on the rich man whose son's duty is pleasantly filled by one year passed in the most congenial company, or put in while still pursu-

ing his education at the university. The upper classes can discuss as they like, in the press or elsewhere, all kinds of reactionary measures, plainly 'tending to subvert the existing order of State and society,' and no one raises a finger to molest them; if a few workmen on the other hand get up a meeting to talk over the increase of the army, or the new taxes, it is rudely dissolved by the police, and if they print a paper, it is immediately confiscated.

In this injustice and in the consciousness of it lies the danger of the law, and at the same time the hope for the future safety of the country. I heard a small tradesman, who by the way would not call himself a Socialist, address a group of mechanics and trades-people in this fashion: 'Every German citizen should have the right of uttering his opinions freely and fearlessly, as long as he did not transgress any of the fundamental laws of the State, and the majority has no right to shut his mouth or that of any party in the minority, by exceptional legislation, as these laws are acknowledged to be.'

The *Frankfurter Journal* in criticizing this, and a new law against usury passed this session, wrote:—'The one forbids certain unions, meetings, papers, &c., the other threatens certain acts with punishment; but the first does not define what it forbids, and the second defines what it threatens with punishment in such an obscure way that the most essential part of it is left to the individual opinion of the judge himself,' in other words, 'the official who is to apply the law must, in point of definition, supply at the same time the law giver, and so to speak be in a given case himself the lawgiver.'

The result of all this is to lessen the respect for law among a large proportion of a law-abiding people, and to increase the popular sympathy for a party so unfairly treated. It may possibly kill off luke-warm adherents, but it certainly intensifies and consolidates

the opposition that remains. As M. de Laveleye has said: 'This compression *a l'outrance* is a detestable policy, and offers no warrant for durability. It is out of all harmony with the spirit of the time.'

To some it may seem strange that Bismarck, who is not the simpleton some of his enemies seem to think, should persistently and wilfully pursue this 'detestable policy.' One reason, and I think the principal one, why he does so is simply this: His ideal state is a powerful military one that can strike strong, rapid, and unexpected blows when the occasion invites. It is almost a truism to say that, in order to do this, the power of the executive must be centralized and absolute. A strong military government likes to act first and then explain, if indeed it explain at all. Now, whatever the Socialism of the theorists may be, practical Socialism has been working dead against this. With its strongholds in Saxony and South Germany it has been decidedly separatist in tendency, and has opposed the accumulation of irresponsible power in the hands of the executive. It is for increasing the actual power of the people in the Reichstag—which at present is small, notwithstanding manhood suffrage, and of the Reichstag in the government of the nation. If this be kept in mind, the game the wily Chancellor has been playing becomes much more intelligible. Of course it was his interest to emphasize the 'dangerous tendencies' of the Socialists, who either failed to see that their extreme, impracticable views—by no means unanimously held—were their ruin, or disdained everything that would look like compromise. He seized a favourable opportunity to pass an exceedingly loose law * that could be turned to account

* The first paragraph of the Socialist law reads: '*Vereine, i. e.* Societies or unions which, through Social, Democratic, Socialistic or Communistic agitation (*Bestrebungen*) aim at the subversion of the existing order of State and society, are forbidden.' The power in

against all too liberal movements, and in any case act as a powerful deterrent.

England is passing, or rather has already passed, through changes still closed to free inquiry and discussion here. France seems more and more inclined to take the same position, and let the natural course of political and social development go on; while Germany, taking her cue doubtless from the East, has resorted to *Ausnahmssetze* to crush out distasteful opinions, or, as Count Eulenberg naively puts it, 'the utterance of them.'

J. S. Mill, years ago, wrote: 'The notion, for example, that a government should choose opinions for the people, and should not suffer any doctrines in politics, morals, law, or religion, but such as it approves, to be printed or publicly professed, may be said to be altogether abandoned as a general thesis.' * A few lines further on, however, he threw out a surmise that, as the reader may see, suits the present condition of Germany exactly. Although 'freedom, both of opinion and of discussion, is admitted as an axiom in all free countries, this apparent liberality and tolerance has acquired so little of the authority of a principle, that it is always ready to give way to the dread or horror inspired by some particular sort of opinions * * and it is probable that both the public and the government, at the first panic which arises on the subject of Chartism or Communism, will fly to similar means (imprisonment &c.) for checking the propagation of democratic or anti-property doctrines.'

People who understand the question at issue watch with peculiar interest the course events have taken in Germany. Bismarck is strong, but surely

the hands of the police officials here is, as may be seen, very great. Indeed, when the new edition of the May Laws is thought of, one cannot fail to think that this sort of law-making is pursued on principle. It, of course, strengthens the power of the executive.

* * 'Principles of Political Economy,' bk. v. ch. 10. s. 6.

the spirit of the time is stronger still. He or his successors must yet acknowledge as Bebel said '*dass Kulturbewegungen sich zeitweilig unterdrücken, nie beseitigen lassen.*' The cause of freedom

will undoubtedly conquer in the long run, but the struggle will certainly leave no light mark on German history.

MEMOR ET FIDELIS.

BY G. J. D. PETERS, WINDSOR, N. S.

I.

THE weary years creep sadly by,
The old hopes slowly mouldering die,
As stars fade in a cloudy sky.

No more, by mutual thought and word,
We feel our heart's deep currents stirred ;
The old songs never now are heard.

As some great one, the loved of all,
Is sorrowing borne from hearth and hall,
And the cold clods upon him fall,—

So come to pass our deepest fears,
And time, despite our pleading tears,
Flings o'er the past the mould of years.

II.

Still shines undimmed faith's cloudless eye,
The old tie bindeth steadfastly :
Love's holy flame can never die !

Their presence life with joy could fill,
Their touch a tender, mystic thrill
Could sweeten every direful ill.

They bade us joy at morning greet,
They cheered us through the noonday heat,
And made the eventide more sweet.

By deeper deaths of place and change,
 They died, and passed beyond our range ;
 We meet them now, and find them strange.

Yet, dearer far than gems or gold
 The heart's unchanged affections hold
 The memories, and gifts of old :—

Some trinket, laid in careful place,
 Or, wreathed with rare and tender grace,
 Some old, familiar pictured face.

III.

As on calm seas the moonbeams sleep,
 'Neath where the few, faint ripples creep,
 Roll on the currents strong and deep ;—

So, hidden by the outward show,
 So calm, and cold—you ne'er might know—
 The heart's warm pulses throb below.

IV.

'Mong kindred hearts, the nearest, best,
 Why do we still with causeless zest
 Deem one more dear than all the rest ?

Why do we value in our own
 Some glance, some sign, some subtle tone,
 A shade of something we have known ?

Why does some sudden strain of song
 That floats our careless hours among
 Bring sad-voiced ghosts in mournful throng ?

V.

' Mindful and faithful ! ' true and leal !
 Through shame and honour, woe and weal,
 Nor yet can death our treasure steal.

The rifted veil, the conquered tide,
 The ' why ' and ' wherefore ' shall decide,
 And then, ' we shall be satisfied.'

LOBSTER-SPEARING.

AN EPISODE OF SUMMER LIFE IN HALIFAX.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON.

‘DO lobsters bite hard?’ asked the Beauty, whose strong point was *naïveté*.

‘Bite, Miss!’ answered our talkative boatman, whose comrade, by the way, was the most silent of men.

‘I’ve seen ’em crack muscles as easy as a pipe-stem, through a navy boot.’

‘But they can’t climb up here,’ remarked Miss J——, the Beauty’s cousin, tapping the stern foot-board with her little foot.

‘Bless your ’art, Ma’am,’ said the oarsman, a cockney who had received his discharge from the Royal Navy at Halifax and settled there; ‘bless your ’art, them as wants to climb can climb.’

A musical though startled ‘Oh!’ was Miss J’s rejoinder to this encouraging remark.

Miss J—— had a habit of chiming into her cousin’s conversations. In conversation her soft tone, rhythmic articulation, and sympathetic manner gave her an advantage over the Beauty. But one blush of the latter, even at her own discomfiture, was usually enough to restore her lost ascendancy.

We were pushing off from the Engineers’ Wharf, and hardly had we cleared it when a cannon boomed from the Citadel above.

‘Very kind and civil indeed!’ exclaimed the ready Fizz, taking off his hat and bowing in the direction of the Citadel; ‘I wonder who told those fellows we were going out.’

The whole party smiled; the silent and the conversational boatman, the Beauty and her cousin, the Blonde and the chaperon, the banker, the soldier, the scribbler, and the unclassifiable Fizz himself. Fizz’s nonsense was always sudden and unexpected.

‘It must be the half-past nine o’clock gun,’ observed the Blonde.

‘Only that it happens not to be quite nine,’ retorted the banker, who managed to combine correctness with geniality.

The single gun proved to be the customary salute to a Royal Mail Steamer which had just entered the harbour, and which, making three or four miles to our one, nearly overtook us before we had reached its destination. There we lay to, until the steamer began to back slowly in towards Cunard’s wharf, when we rowed round her. Some of us expected acquaintances by her, and, besides, Lady M——, wife of the general commanding the forces, was a passenger, and aides-de-camp and other officers swelled the usual crowd of idlers on land. This circumstance, of course, made our halt more popular with the ladies. We ran so close under the steamship’s bows as to enable Miss J. to utter another ‘Oh!’ equally musical, but in a different key from the former one.

‘Give way, my men!’ commanded our host nautically, after we had exchanged some chaff with acquaintances on shore, for we were beneath

the notice of everybody on the big steamer. Another half mile of the long harbour brought us alongside 'The Northampton,' the new, white flag-ship of Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock, of Arctic renown. Just before we reached her we heard the last strains of the ship's band, which plays nightly for the benefit of the officers and the perhaps greater benefit of numerous pleasure-boats. But we were too self-satisfied a party to appreciate music just then. Besides, Fizz was passing round a box of 'Fruit Comfits,' which proved a strong counter-attraction with the ladies. The music was only sweet, but candied fruits in a Parisian box are an overpowering mixture of the æsthetic and the sensuous.

At the Yacht Club wharf, a little further on, we took in our sporting gear, to wit: a sack of small pitch-pine fagots and a circular iron grate with long handles, so as to project beyond the boat's bow. In this grate a bright fire must be constantly kept up, to illumine the bottom of the sea. The silent boatmen was assigned the task of feeding the flame. We also shipped four lobster spears, which are thin poles ending, not in sharp points, but in blunt wooden forks which grasp the lobster's back like a pair of fingers. The fork should be extensible enough to take in the largest lobster, and contractile enough to hold the captive tight. It expands and contracts by means of a spring. At the same time it is well to lose no time in landing a crustacean when you have speared one, and to turn him at once head upwards, in which position his claws prevent his slipping downwards through the fork. The Beauty lost one splendid fellow—which she seemed afraid of bringing into the boat—by giving him lots of time and the best of positions for wriggling off.

The ladies were all novices in the sport, and the shipping of these implements excited their curiosity.

'What is that for?' asked the Beauty, when she saw the grate and its long handles.

'To cage our lobsters,' said the soldier.

'To fish out ladies when they tumble overboard,' cried Fizz.

'And what is the kindling wood for?' asked Miss J.

We answered simultaneously:

'To burn signals of distress.'

'To boil the lobsters.'

'Our chaperon insisted on a light!'

'To make a funeral pyre, if we come to grief.'

But the ladies soon found out the real use of the articles, for a few more strokes brought us to the beginning of one of the Halifax lobster grounds. These are necessarily along shore and in shallow water, to enable one to see and spear. Low tide is the best time, and a bottom dotted with rocks the best place for the sport. While spearing is going on, the boat is slowly propelled by one of the spears, as oars would frighten the lobsters and, by creating a ripple, impair the view.

The rapid Fizz picked up three lobsters before the rest of us knew the game had commenced. Then the scribbler, being Irish, moved that the ladies should be spearmen. Carried unanimously, for the girls preferred the risk of standing on the rowing seats to having their feet on the same level with lobsters, although the latter might be six or seven feet away. The banker unguardedly offered to pole the boat. The other men chose the better part of directing the movements of the young ladies. They felt that the proper sphere of man is to support the tender sex.

And be it observed for the guidance of bachelors about to join lobster-spearing parties that girls engaged in this pastime do require support. Standing on the seats and leaning over, sometimes peering almost under the keel when a lobster is retreating that way, they are very liable to lose their

balance. Besides, the spasmodic movements of other spearmen will shake the largest row-boat, and then there are wicked men, like Fizz, who join the sect of Shakers for their own selfish purposes. We all realized the need of caution when the banker poled us, the ladies still standing, through a narrow belt of deep water which divided the spearing grounds. Even Fizz exhorted all hands to be steady there!

The Beauty's style of spearing was decidedly original, and she displayed her innocence and timidity in a most engaging way. A day or two before, at another boating party, she had been told to 'put the oar in deep and bring it out with a jerk,' and she did as she was told with infantile trust. Now she was directed in good faith by her *cavalier servente* to lower her spear slowly within a foot of the quarry and then strike rapidly. This injunction she reversed, advancing her spear swiftly and boldly until the threatened lobster showed signs of fight or flight, when she would start and pause. If the lobster extended a claw she would wait till he withdrew that appalling member. Then she would thrust once more, and once more the ungallant crustacean would hold out his claw. Meantime he would keep retreating as he fought. Just as he was vanishing behind a tuft of eel-grass, or a rock, or under the keel of the boat, his fair pursuer would wax excited in her rash endeavours to reach the fugitive. Whether by malice or accident, one of these runaways retired with the thumb of his claw derisively applied to his nose, after the manner of an impudent boy in an inaccessible position. The Beauty's various spasms of fright and ardour were a source of equal delight to her cavalier and terror to the Chaperon.

It is not for a coarser mortal to analyse the feelings of a belle, or to say precisely why our own Beauty should have been thus timid of shell-fish at the bottom of three or four feet of water.

Perhaps she exaggerated their jumping powers; perhaps she fancied they were allied to that shocking creature, the electric eel. Used to willing victims, she was perhaps disgusted at ugly things which actually objected to being sacrificed by her. Certainly they were selfish and unsocial and would not be caught, except one fellow; and he took a mean advantage of her gentleness and slipt off the hook after waiting barely a couple of minutes. At last she surrendered her spear to the garrulous boatman and seated herself beside the Chaperon with a sigh. She reminded me of an infant I once knew, who, hearing his mother praising 'roast chicken,' with childlike faith in his parent's infallibility, proceeded to seize a fowl and place it on the fire. Soon he went weeping to his mother.

'What's the matter my child?' she asked.

'The nasty chicken *won't* roast,' he sobbed.

The nasty lobster wouldn't wait to be caught! Poor Beauty!

Miss J. and the Blonde (perhaps Fizz would call *her* the Beauty) did better execution, at least upon the lobsters. The former landed three, the latter two. Altogether we got seventeen—not so bad a catch for about two hour's spearing, especially as no man held a spear more than five minutes, except the banker, and he was doing Charon. Indeed, had we only taken our seats and set our silent boatman to ply the pole, the unearthly glare of the blazing wood on his austere face, on the shore, the water and its green and yellow bottom, would have reminded any looker-on of the Stygian ferry-boat.

A slight shower of rain at half-past eleven suggested the advisability of internal moisture, and we all became homeopaths for the nonce. The boatmen resumed their oars and turned the boat homewards, while we handed the fair spearer aft. Against his urgent protests, the lazy scribbler was

appointed steward, and as such had to concoct a champagne cup under very adverse circumstances; but the popularity of the brew and the judicious flattery of the party rewarded him for his pains, and even lured him to mix a second edition. The girls' appetites were a source of shame to them and of admiration to their host.

The Beauty had finished one sandwich and three slices of fruit cake, and had cunningly asked for a fourth slice 'for her cousin,' when the Chaperon uttered a cry of alarm, and a large lobster was dimly visible, lifting himself up by his muscle to the raised foot-board. He was just beside the feet of the soldier, who sat on the sternmost bench, upon which he sprang with an agility which might make him foremost in a charge or a retreat. The unprincipled lobster went grimly on until the ladies, driven to bay, brought their sun-shades into action and repelled the intruder with sundry timid prods.

'Charge parasols!' cried Fizz, striking up the trumpet song from the 'Puritani.'

But the panic was still greater after supper, when the Blonde, while passing a provision basket aft, saw the papers in it moving and dropt the basket, from which a lobster emerged right among the feet of the ladies. In a moment every female foot was on the seat, except the Blonde's, for she sprang undesignedly into the arms of the ugliest man there.

Fizz here scored a great success with the ladies. Advancing dauntlessly against the interloper, which

had ensconced itself in a dark corner underneath the seat, he stooped down, grasped and hurled it far into the sea.

'How brave!' chorused the ladies.

Now it is quite possible someone had assisted that lobster into the basket with *malice prepense*. Some of us indeed perceived, as the valorous Fizz lifted the shell-fish, that he himself was winking, and that the lobster had no claws!

We got back to the Engineer's Wharf before 12.30, without having been once pumped out of small talk or driven to music. In fact, except Fizz's martial aria, not a man of us sang a song either going or coming—'because we were so disagreeable,' said the ladies; 'because they were so agreeable,' said we.

During the only lull in the conversation the talkative boatman told us a very tall tale about a devil-fish and, the silent boatman improved the occasion to lay in more than his due share of the remnants of the feast. The whole company enjoyed the sport, unless it was the lobsters and the banker, who had certainly occupied the least popular rôles therein.

Only one lobster was brought home, and this one merely to mollify the guardians of a young lady who had rashly promised to be back before twelve. It was carried in the straw cover of a champagne bottle, with its head and claws projecting. The unhappy man who volunteered to carry this trophy could not find a single girl willing to take his arm. If life consisted of lobster-spearings, selfishness would pay.

TOWER WOODS, HALIFAX, N.S.*

BY J. A. BELL.

THE old Pine Woods are dark and sere,
 And sighing winds around them sweep ;
 Over the tree-tops—out in the clear,
 Just as it has for many a year,
 Stands the Old Tower, crowning the steep.

Stands as of yore—the grey old Tower ;
 Massive and firm ; as doth belong
 To empires, and to world-wide power ;
 Strong to defend, should danger lower,
 Recalling times renowned in song.

Guarding the coast, around, beneath,
 Crouched each in green embankment trim,
 Lie messengers of woe and death ;
 Silent, yet fierce—holding their breath,
 The dogs of war, wide-mouthed and grim.

Long may they wait, these guards of ours,
 On distant perils, watchful, bent ;
 In mock engagements waste their powers,
 The ponderous toys of peaceful hours,
 Their roars in harmless thunder sent.

Be tuned my lay to gentler themes,
 Nor thought intrude of war's alarms ;
 Sacred these groves to holiest gleams
 Of friendship pure ; to lover's dreams,
 And commune sweet with Nature's charms.

Down the long past a glory shines,
 And like a lingering sunset dwells,
 Among the paths, O cone-tipped pines,
 Where crept through moss the tangled vines,
 We gathered in your odorous dells.

And still at touch of buoyant Spring,
 The welcome Mayflowers bud and blow ;
 With merry shouts the hollows ring,
 And trooping maidens, wreath-crowned, sing,
 Their cheeks the while with health aglow.

* The name 'Tower Woods' belongs to the southern end of the peninsula on which Halifax is built. The place has been a favourite resort of the inhabitants from time immemorial. The allusion to the 'Trilune,' in the sixteenth stanza, will be understood by readers in the Maritime Provinces. She was a British frigate wrecked on Thom Capéicals, at the mouth of Halifax Harbour, in November, 1757— with a loss of 250 men, besides women and children.

Musing I sit, this Autumn day,
 To outward eye, outspread, the shore,
 The cliffs, the islands, and the Bay ;
 To inward sight, a sad array ;
 Faces and forms that come no more.

And yet with sadness,—not with pain,
 Is tinged the record of the years ;
 In Life's mysterious round, the gain
 Transcends the loss ; its joys remain,
 And live in memory more than tears.

Hither in Summer's fervid prime,
 A noisy throng, we hied from school ;
 At ball or leap-frog passed the time,
 Drew molluscs from the weedy slime,
 Or gambolled in the surf-waves cool.

Then, boyhood left, and grown more grave,
 With friends of riper years we roved ;
 To earnest ends our converse gave,
 Talked much of men—the wise, the brave ;
 But chiefly, of the books we loved.

Or, hap'ly, on some knoll reclined,
 We watched the sea-birds' glancing play ;
 While annals, direful, rose to mind,
 How, in the storm-god's fury blind,
 Our home-bound ships were cast away.

Perchance, rehearsed the 'Tribune's' fate,
 When dashed on Thrum-Cap's treacherous shoals,
 In manhood's pride of strength elate,
 Went down, th' Archangel's trump to wait,
 Twelve score of gallant human souls.

Yet pausing oft, from harrowing tales
 We turned, to fix our loving gaze,
 On cloud-land's peaks and rifted vales ;
 The flashing main, white-flecked with sails ;
 The headlands wrapped in dreamy haze.

But times are changed, and while I sit,
 Come thoughts of present needs and cares ;
 Across the Bay the shadows flit,
 In Sherbrook Light the lamps are lit,
 For shrouding night the world prepares.

From ruthless axe, from fire, decay,
 Our old Pine Woods good angels keep !
 Adown these glades while soft winds play,
 Be green the paths where friends shall stray,
 The Old Grey Tower, still crown the steep.

THE CANADIAN LAUREATE.

BY PRINCIPAL J. HOWARD HUNTER, M.A., BRANTFORD.

TO try any foothold on the French Parnassus, now-a-days, argues a bold heart; but to extort the Montyon prize from the Forty Immortals of the Academy is fame already well in hand. Of the two grand prizes founded in the last century by the Count de Montyon, one is awarded for the highest personal qualities, the other for the highest literary merit. In M. Fréchette's new drama *Papineau*, when Sir James Hastings would say that kindness and benevolence have reached their noblest presentation, he exclaims 'Certes! mon cher ami, en France cela meritait le prix Montyon!' Verily words of good omen! Scarcely had the actor pronounced for the first time this line at Montreal, when news flashed through the literary salons of Europe, that the Academy's grand prize was for the first time awarded to a foreigner, to a French Canadian, to a certain Louis Honoré Fréchette. Seventeen years ago, M. Fréchette, then but twenty-three years old, adventured a little volume of lyrics, *Mes Loisirs*. It was launched at Quebec, and he is a native of Lévis, just across the St. Lawrence; but neither its merit nor his nativity conciliated local critics, for M. Fréchette is an outspoken liberal in religion as well as politics—*le rossignol de la démocratie*, as he is now called by his compatriots. In France, the *rossignol* is the nightingale; in French Canada, it is the delightful song-sparrow of the Saguenay;—so that in a double sense the name offers a graceful compliment to our Canadian lyricist. In Canadian history,

Papineau is his hero; in French politics, Gambetta is his idolatry. Well: M. Basile Routhier undertook the task of candid friend to the young poet; and, after general maceration, dealt this *coup de grâce*: 'c'est joli, c'est brillant, c'est mélodieux; mais le lecteur, tout en se laissant bercer par cette harmonie, s'étonne du plaisir qu'il prend à ne rien voir!'

This audacious criticism appeared in *Causeries du Dimanche*, a series of critical and philosophical papers contributed to the *Courier du Canada*. M. Fréchette's rejoinder to M. Basile Routhier was *Lettres à Basile*, published in *l'Événement* in which the critic received on his head a pellucid oily stream; but it proved to be oil of vitriol, highly concentrated, and altogether of frightful energy. Without this retribution, M. Fréchette may well have been satisfied, for he had won high encouragement from the great masters Lamartine and Victor Hugo. The *Tribune Lyrique* of Paris welcomed the rising of this young poet, for it recalled how French Literature had taken J. J. Rousseau from Geneva; that it owed the two de Maistre to Savoy, André Chenier to Constantinople, and Parny to the far-off Isle of Bourbon. M. Fréchette for some time studied jurisprudence, and he won his barrister's gown in 1864. A legal flirtation has often been followed by literary wedlock. Shakespeare was an attorney's clerk; in later days Chatterton, Walter Scott, the younger Pitt, Macaulay, Guizot, Disraeli, and a host of others, have hovered for a time between

law and literature. The fact that M. Fréchette published *Mes Loisirs* in the midst of his legal studies, speaks for itself. He has, however, himself taken us into his confidence and into his student's den, in a delightful epistle written from Chicago in 1868, and addressed to an old fellow-student. The descriptions of their quarters and financial straits strongly recall the correspondence of Champfleury with Murger, that king of Bohemians who affirms that Bohemia is 'the ante-room to the Academy or to the Morgue.' Literary weaklings :—

Ah ! je l'aime encore ce temps de bohème,
 Où chacun de nous par jour ébauchait
 Un roman boiteux, un chétif poème
 Où presque toujours le bon sens louchait.

Poetry and romance overmastered
 law and philosophy :—

Où, je l'aime encore ce temps de folie
 Où le vieux Cujas, vaincu par Musset,
 S'en allait cacher sa mélancolie
 Dans l'ombre où d'ennui Pothier moisissait.

Sur un vieux rayon tout blanc de poussière,
 Rabelais donnait le bras à Caton ;
 Pascal et Newton coudoyaient Molière
 Gérard de Nerval masquait Duranton.

Sad firelight musings over these
 old student days :—

Cependant, le soir, au feu qui pétille,
 Quand passe ma main sur mon front lassé,
 Parfois une larme à mon œil scintille ;
 Ah ! c'est que, vois-tu, j'aime le passé.

—*Reminiscor.*

In 1861, M. Fréchette was editing the *Journal de Québec*, while throwing off such lyrics as *La Dernière Iroquoise* ; *A un Peintre*. Four years later, as another newspaper venture, he launched the *Journal de Lévis*, and for some time remained at its helm. This city is the *vis-à-vis* and the rival of Quebec, though short years ago, its grassy slopes were the quiet retreat of picnickers from Quebec :—

J'aime à te contempler, o ma ville natale,
 Quand les premiers rayons de l'aube matinale
 Baignent ton front resplendissant ;
 Quand tes sapins touffus, quand tes pins
 gigantesques
 Font scintiller au loin leurs vertes arabesques,
 Comme en un cadre éblouissant ;

Quand tes milliers d'oiseaux en troupes se
 rassemblent,
 Et vont bâtir leurs nids sous les rameaux
 qui tremblent
 Aux flancs de tes âpres rochers ;
 Quand sur ton front hardi, que le couchant
 colore,
 Le crépuscule change en brillant météore
 La flèche de tes blancs rochers.

Lévis is named after the gallant Frenchman that defeated Murray at Ste Foye and well nigh undid Wolfe's success at Quebec. Hereafter Lévis may be better known as the birth-place of Fréchette than as the name-sake of the hero of Ste Foye.

M. Fréchette's journalism was more than occasionally marked by corrosive diction, and bitter antagonisms were inevitable. Politico-religious animosities are peculiarly acrid, and M. Fréchette probably consulted his peace of mind in seeking distant retirement.

Aux réalités il fallût se rendre,
 Quand un beau matin l'âge nous parla ;
 Il restait encor deux chemins à prendre :
 Je choisis l'exil, toi l'apostolat.

This he wrote from Chicago, the scene of his *exile* ! To M. Garneau, the son of our Canadian Historian, he wrote :

A bien des chocs cruels ma lyre s'est brisée
 A lutter sans espoir ma main s'est épuisée ;
 J'ai fui le sol mouvant qui manquait sous mon
 pié.

While in Chicago, M. Fréchette edited *l'Amérique*, and was an occasional contributor to the *Tribune*. For two years, while writing poetic epistles to his Canadian friends, he indited prosaic correspondence in the Land Bureau of the Illinois Central Railway. Chicago yielded to his muse an opera, a comedy, and a poem entitled *Les Fiancées de l'Outaouais*,—all three manuscripts doomed to add fuel to the great blaze in Chicago during the author's absence in Canada. *La Voix d'un Exilé* (Chicago, 1868) showed that, in the study of Victor Hugo, the *Châtiments* had not been overlooked. In a similar vein, M. Fréchette proclaimed himself the Nemesis of his detractors. For anything in English resembling these lines, we must betake us to Dean Swift, the

high priest of satire, whose knife was constantly reddened with political victims :—

Moi j'ai rempli ma tâche et ma main s'est
lassée.

Presque seul contre tous, la manche ré-
troussée,

J'ai cravaché ces gueux de notre honte épris ;
Et bousculant du pied cette meute hurlante,
J'ai, farouche vengeur, à leur face insolente,
Craché les flots de mon mépris !

Infructueux efforts ! Châtiments inutiles !
Sur leurs fronts aplatis comme ceux des rep-
tiles,

Mon bras a buriné le nom de leur forfait ;
Je les ai secoué comme l'onde une épave ;
Et j'ai tout ruisselant des éclats de leur boue
Cloué ces monstres au gibet !

La Voix d'un Exilé.

Like another political exile, Coriolanus, who also was famed for his acrid speech, though not for his love of democracy, M. Fréchette sometimes falters before the softening influence of his old home. While furiously leading on his numbers to the assault, he comes within view of his dear native streams and woods which, like a mother, gently plead with him ; and so, in the midst of a merciless lampoon, we meet with such exquisite lines as these :—

O ruisseau gazouillant, O brises parfumées,
Accords éoliens vibrant dans les ramées,
Soupirs mélodieux, sons suaves et doux,
Trémolos qui montez des frais nids de fau-
vettes,

Voluptueux accords qui bercez les poètes,
Chants et murmures, taisez-vous !

After four years' stay in Chicago, the poet returned to Canada. He once more launched his craft on the stormy waters of politics ; and, as usual, he steamed into the very eye of the tempest ! In 1871 he unsuccessfully contested Lévis for the Quebec House of Assembly, and a year later for the House of Commons. At the general election of 1874, he was elected by a good majority to represent his native city at Ottawa—and his position in the liberal party was recognised in the second session, by being chosen mover of the Address to the Crown. The connection of politics with lyric poetry is not, at first sight, intimate or impressive ; but

from the days of the old Lesbian minstrel, Alcaeus, down to these days of Victor Hugo, lyric poets have been at some time restless politicians. So, through all his political campaigns, M. Fréchette has carried a lute in his knapsack. But even at thirty-two we find the first flush of our rosy dreams fading away beyond recall :—

Soleil de mes blondes années,
Combien n'as-tu pas, dans ton cours,
Laisse de pauvres fleurs fanées
Sur la tombe de mes amours !

Beaux jours où l'âme en son ivresse
Cherche des plaisirs inconnus !

Rêves charmants de ma jeunesse,
Hélas ! qu'êtes vous devenus !

1871.

Rêves Envoleés.

More sombre hues arise : visions of isolation and failure haunt our reveries :—

Il avance pourtant ; mais la route s'allonge ;
Il sent à chaque pas son courage tarir ;
Un sombre désespoir l'envahit quand il songe
Qu'il va falloir bientôt se coucher pour mourir.
1875. *Seul.*

During his brief parliamentary career, M. Fréchette did some good public service. He gave the initiative in proposing the Winter Navigation of the St. Lawrence, an important question that must speedily be revived. In this and other public questions he showed minute acquaintance with the prosiest of prose literature,—Parliamentary blue books. At Montreal, shortly before his retirement from public life, there burst from the sheath of a little volume *Pêle-Mêle*, a rich cluster of "fantaisies et souvenirs,"—leaves, buds, and blossoms in graceful confusion. The merit of this publication strongly impressed the *littérateurs* of France, and proved the un wisdom of the Academy rule that excluded the outside world from the Montyon competition. The barrier was thrown down, and the arena was flung open to all comers. The Canadian poet re-arranged the lyrics that he had before scattered cornucopia-wise, now grouping them with artistic study of *nuances* and contrasts, adding also some of the freshest and most perfect

flowers of his fancy. He called this aspirant for the Academy's prize *Les Fleurs Boréales*. Nestling close among these *Northern Flowers*, and almost hidden by them are his *Snow-birds* (*Les Oiseaux de Neige*) as he prettily calls his light-winged sonnets which joyously visit, when the landscape is most cheerless, our fields and woods, lake-shores and river-banks. The French Academy, with loud acclaim, has crowned the Canadian poet. He may not now bewail himself as he did nine years ago :

Quand, le soir, contemplant la nature endormie,
Mon cœur des astres d'or voulait se rapprocher,
J'ai trouvé la distance, implacable ennemie,
Qui me défendit d'y toucher.

The subjects of Fréchette's latest as well as earliest muse, are Canadian. He delights to recount the triumphs of the chivalrous pioneers who were the sons of *La Nouvelle France* by birth or by adoption. The old folk-lore of the St. Lawrence is an attractive vein to either historian or poet. Parkman, in his delightful narratives, has brought back the historic past. M. Fréchette, and his poetic brethren of Lower Canada, Lemay and Cremazie, revel in the romantic past, which, in the presence of inspiring scenery, induces in them a wild ecstasy. The next place in the devotion of the Canadian historian or poet is given to the Mississippi. From the lower St. Lawrence it is a far cry to the lower Mississippi; but their head waters are not so far asunder. The Mississippi shares with the St. Lawrence the honour of being the theatre of French exploits and the theme of French romance. With the opening century, Chateaubriand, tapping for the first time the vein of Mississippi legend, set all the world weeping over the Christian maiden, *Atala*, and *Chactas* her Indian lover. In a similar vein followed the same author's *René*, a misanthrope of the philosophic sort, and then what, in

miners' phrase, would be called the 'tailings' of the ore,—'*Les Natchez*.'

When the simple French peasantry of Acadia (Nova Scotia) were, by the ruthless edict of George II., driven from their homes, some sought a refuge among friendly tribes on the Lower Mississippi. Of this Longfellow takes artistic advantage in his *Evangeline*, when he makes *Gabriel* in his exile wander to the Great River, and after him, following rumour, his devoted *Evangeline* turns her hopeless search. Longfellow's simple but most touching story of these hapless Acadians has deeply impressed the French Canadians, who since 1865 have been able to read the poem through a translation. M. Lemay has executed for his compatriots a graceful rendering, converting English hexameters into French alexandrines. Another French Canadian, M. Napoleon Bourassa, manifestly under the spell of Longfellow's genius, has drawn upon the same historic facts for his romance *Jacques et Marie*, though in his version the lovers are fortunately reunited. Longfellow has thus come to occupy a warm corner in the French Canadian heart. M. Fréchette addresses to '*le doux chanteur d'Evangeline*' a stirring ode on the occasion of the Cambridge poet's sailing for Europe.

The old Meche Sepe of the Indians or the Meschacébé of the voyageurs thus pulls strongly at our poet's heart-strings. Then the Mississippi was first explored by Jolliet, and M. Fréchette proudly remembers that Jolliet was a native of Quebec. When therefore the poet would hold up to Canadians the very impersonation of high hope and bold endeavour, with peculiar fitness he places Jolliet in the fore-front of *Les Fleurs Boréales*.

Evening reveries by the Mississippi:—

O grand Meschacébé! voyageur taciturne,
Bien des fois, au rayon d'étoile nocturne,
Sur tes bords endormis je suis venu m'asseoir
Et là, seul et rêveur, perdu sous les grands
ornes.

J'ai souvent du regard suivi d'étranges formes
 Glissant dans les brumes du soir.
 * * * * *

The poet falls under the spells of the enchanters Longfellow and Chateaubriand :—

Et puis, berçant mon âme aux rêves des poètes,

J'entrevois aussi de blanches silhouettes,
 Doux fantômes flottant dans le vague des nuits,

Atala, Gabriel, Chactas, Evangeline,
 Et l'ombre de René, debout sur la colline,
 Pleurant ses immortelles ennuis.

After an eloquent apostrophe to Jolliet and other adventurous pioneers, who after a sleep of two centuries rise before his inner sight, the poet tenderly remembers the hardy mother that brought forth him and them :

Et toi, de ces héros généreuse patrie
 Sol Canadien, que j'aime avec idolâtrie,—
 Dans l'accomplissement de tous ces grands travaux,

Quand je pèse la part que le ciel t'a donnée,
 Les yeux sur l'avenir, terre prédestinée,
 J'ai foi dans tes destins nouveaux !

The source of M. Fréchet's inspiration lies in the romantic legend and scenery of his own Province. His style retains a flavour of the days of Gouverneur Frontenac and the Grand Monarch; but it is mellowed and quickened by the literary spirit of our own day. For this transfusion of spirit without resemblance in poetic form, or even diction, compare M. Fréchet's *Au Bord du Lac* with Lamartine's celebrated *Le Lac*, and with Victor Hugo's *Au Bord de la Mer*. Thus we here find happily engrafted on a vigorous native genius the airy grace of the lyric and romantic school, the writers above mentioned and their kindred,—

'Murger et Musset, surtout Beranger.'

No long sustained flight has yet been attempted in his published works, but M. Fréchet has barely turned his fortieth year. Literature abounds in conspicuous examples where poets have reserved their full strength for later years. Scarcely one of Shakespere's great plays was published before his fortieth year. Goethe was forty-nine when he published *Faust*; when

Paradise Lost appeared, Milton was fifty-nine. We may reasonably hope that our North American literature will be enriched for many years to come with the ripe fruit of M. Fréchet's genius. The victory in the recent competition is like the victory of Coræbus in the famous foot-race at Olympia,—it is a date to count from. In our North American literature it is an event to have, under any circumstances, won the award of the highest Court of Letters, and the circumstances of this award are specially gratifying and full of encouragement. A grateful posterity, while counting their Olympiads from Coræbus, also loved to tell how he had bravely slain the demon Pœne that, through Apollo's wrath, had sorely wasted the land of the Argives. Apollo has surely sent a bane to our literature in the fatuous disparagement of native genius, and the extravagant adulation of everything exotic. Let us hope that M. Fréchet will earn the gratitude of posterity by dislodging and expelling this veritable demon. The phrase 'crowned by the French Academy' has introduced Souvestre and other French authors to the students in our schools and universities. It would now be a graceful act in the Universities of this Province to place *Les Fleurs Boréales* on their curriculum, both as a well-deserved recognition of Canadian talent, and as a worthy representation of the high literary work of our sister Province.

As I write these lines, the poet has returned home from France with the olive crown, and his compatriots are preparing to receive him with the welcome of an Olympic victor. By a happy substitution of Quebec for Plymouth, the lines which M. Fréchet addressed in 1869 to Longfellow, are, in 1880, being applied to himself :—

Hozanna ! ces rumeurs, ces chants mystérieux,
 C'est un monde hélant son barde glorieux :—

Car le flot dont tu t'envirannes,
 O vieux roc de Québec, berce encor ton enfant,
 Poète bien-aimé, qui revient triomphant,
 Le front tout chargé de couronnes !

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(Suggested by two poems of Matthew Arnold.)

BY FIDELIS.

NIGH nineteen hundred years ago,
The Christmas stars looked down
Upon a mother and her child
In David's ancient town ;

And with deep eyes of reverent love
Upon her babe she smiled,
While humble men, in simple faith,
Adored the wondrous child.

' Goodwill to men ! ' the angel's song,
Beneath that Syrian sky,
Woke music out of human hearts
That nevermore shall die.

' Goodwill to men ! '—the life that then
' Mid Syrian valleys grew
Bore balm for human sin and pain,
And made *all old things new*.

Old half-formed thoughts,—old yearning cries,
Old hopes, in sadness dumb,
Old myths,—unconscious prophecies
Of a bright day to come !—

Dreams of a God to earth come down
All evil to destroy,
A great Redeemer who should crown
The waiting world with joy ;—

All found in Him the truth they hid
Beneath a misty veil ;—
The gods of Hellas, at His feet,
Laid down their garlands pale :

Valhalla's glories faded fast
Before the conquering Child ;
Nor helm nor shield could long resist
That beauty undefiled !

To Him the pomp of court and hall
 Professed allegiance yield ;
 Before Him mailed cohorts fall
 As suppliants on the field ;

And gentle thoughts spring up like flowers
 Where'er He sets His feet ;
 In peasant huts and feudal towers
 Grow household graces sweet !

What though He treads the Syrian soil
 No more in human guise,
 To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
 And bid the dead arise ?

And some from Him have turned away,
 And say—'The Christ is dead ;'
 A myriad voices answer ' nay !
 He is *The Living Bread.*'

The sense of His dear love, to-day,
 Makes many an eye grow dim ;
 He walks abroad, where'er a heart
 Hath made a place for Him.

Still comes He to the poor man's door
 His scanty crust to bless ;
 The workhouse pauper knows Him near
 To cheer her loneliness !

The dying child still lays its hand
 In His, and smiles to go ;
 The strong man, trusting Him, in death,
 No chilling fear can know.

Alike to cottage and to throne
 He comes, where true hearts wait ;
 He blesseth joy, and stills the moan
 Of lives left desolate.

His love can cheer on arid plains
 Parched by the Simoom's breath ;
 The isles of the ocean know His power
 To bless the martyr's death.

His Cross still holds its ægis spread
 O'er earth's oppressed, to-day,
 Slaves raise to Him their suppliant hands,
 He casts their chains away !

Wherever suffering millions turn
 To Cradle or to Cross,
 His love makes glad the hearts that mourn,
 And turns to gain their loss.

Faith is *not* dead ;—her victories
Are fresh and living still,—
Mountains of error roll away
His promise to fulfil !

And though His Church hath kept but ill
The trust He left to her,
He comes, with life her veins to fill,—
New pulses wake and stir.

Nor only shines through storied panes
The radiance that we see,—
The common air has caught the light
That woke in Galilee !

The music of the angel's song
Earth's toiling masses know ;
Without it countless lives had borne
Unutterable woe !

And still when stars of Christmas glow
The Babe lifts loving hands,
Bringing fresh hopes of peace and joy
To all the waiting lands.

Still doth the rich man hear His call
The poor man's lot to bless,
At His behest, the happy cheer
The widow's sore distress ;

And every Christmas Day that comes
To break the weary year,
Bids longing millions listen still
The joyous song to hear,—

That presages the glorious day,
Creation waits in pain,
When He, who in the manger lay,
Shall come a King to reign !

AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENTAL STATIONS.

BY JAMES CHEESMAN, MONTREAL.

AS all Canadians will agree that Agriculture is the first and most extensive industry on this continent, no apology need be made for introducing it here under so special a title. Van Thaer, in his '*Principles of Agriculture*' says: 'These experiments, it is true, are not easy; still they are in the power of every thinking husbandman. He who accomplishes but one, of however limited application, and takes care to report it faithfully, advances the science, and, consequently, the practice of agriculture, and acquires thereby a right to the gratitude of his fellows and of those who come after. The first care of all societies, formed for the improvement of our science, should be to prepare the forms of such experiments, and to distribute the execution of these among their members.'

The extensive application of steam power to every variety of purpose; the wonderful improvements in all kinds of machinery which followed; the vast changes in the manufacture of iron and steel, and the discoveries of experimental scientists, rendered it imperative that agriculture should not lack either scientific knowledge, nor that spirited enterprise which has done such great things in other walks of commercial life. Accordingly, after the appearance of Liebig's work, '*Chemistry in its Relation to Agriculture and Physiology*,' the best men in Europe took action for the purpose of organizing a course of experiments, and from that time commences the ever-memorable scheme of the distinguished John Bennet Lawes, at Roth-

amsted, Herts, England. These experiments have shown that it is possible to grow wheat and barley successfully year after year on the same land for many years in succession, the exhaustion caused by the crops being compensated by manufactured fertilizers. The rupture of the time-honoured rule against taking two grain crops in succession, which has resulted from these experiments, has proved a great advantage in practice, and from their exact results has come the system of continuous grain-growing for profit, began by Mr. Prout, of Sawbridgeworth, Cambridgeshire, England; and Mr. Middleditch, of Blunsdon. Even now this practice is extending on soils not naturally adapted for growing roots. Another very important truth established by Mr. Lawes' investigations is, that they have given a method for calculating the value of the unexhausted residue of manures after one or more crops have been taken from the ground to which they have been applied. In connection with this discovery may be mentioned the great length of time during which some of the manures used continue to show marked effects, a plot under barley had nitrate of soda applied to one-half of it at the rate of 275 pounds per acre every year since 1853, to the other half nitrate of soda was applied at the rate of 550 pounds per acre in 1853, '4, '5, '6 and '7, and of only 275 pounds every year since. Nitrate of soda is the most soluble manure used, and during the twelve years 1864-75, the average annual produce of the

former half was $35\frac{3}{8}$ bushels per acre, and of the latter $39\frac{1}{8}$ bushels, and in 1875 eighteen years after the last application of the larger quantity, it was $28\frac{1}{2}$ and $35\frac{7}{8}$ bushels respectively. Such results from so soluble a manure are surprising. Other remarkable work has been done on the Rothamsted farm to determine the relative feeding power of different kinds of food for cattle, both in their simpler forms and also in the complex ones, and to determine the ultimate cost of each substance by ascertaining the relative value of their manurial residues.

Only those who know Mr. Lawes, his far-seeing mind, his love of scientific pursuits, and his patience and painstaking care in conducting the great work he set himself to accomplish in a climate so variable, inclement and utterly unreliable as that of England, can at all appreciate the immense consequences to agriculture of such services, and yet all this has been borne at his own expense. It is not too much to say that Mr. Lawes must have spent during his career millions of dollars. Such was the importance of one of these experiments, that in the Agricultural Holdings Act of the British Government, his method of calculating the value of unexhausted manures was made the basis of settlement for all claims arising out of the new law.

Strange to say, although so much had been done by private enterprise in England and Scotland to improve agricultural practice in all its branches, neither the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, nor the Royal Agricultural Society of England could be induced to commence systematic experimental work. A generation ago, about ten years after Mr. Lawes commenced his work, the first experimental station for scientific agriculture was established at Mockarn, in Saxony, since which there have grown and developed all over Germany sixty stations. Shortly after the publica-

tion of Liebig's book, Petzhold and Stockhardt began by lecturing before farmers on the physical, physiological and chemical processes involved in their agricultural practice. They and others petitioned the Saxony Legislature for the appointment of four chemists to lecture on Agricultural Chemistry, analyse soils and manures, and travel in one of the four provinces of the kingdom, to give advice to farmers. The petition was not regarded, but two years later, Stockhardt was appointed Professor of Agricultural Chemistry at Tharand, where he instituted valuable investigations in Forestry and Physiology. As chemists, Dr. Emil Wolff was engaged at Mockern, a farm of sixty acres near Leipsic, which belonged to the principal agricultural association of Saxony. Dr. Wolff has since spent about half his life at Hohenheim, in Wurtemberg, in making thousands of analyses of feeding stuffs and other articles; and his tables on the chemical and nutritive components of everything used for food are known and in use in all parts of the world. To his praise be it said, Crusius, a large farmer, paid most of the expenses out of his own pocket for nearly two years, but in 1852 the State helped. I am indebted to H. L. De Kleuze, Ph.D., M.A., Director of the Royal Bavarian Experimental Dairy Station, at Weihtenstephan, Bavaria, for the following particulars, which I have carefully abstracted from his ample report:— There are sixty stations in Germany maintained by the votes of the respective States in the Empire; of these Prussia has twenty-eight; Bavaria, eleven; Saxony, five; Wurtemberg, one; Baden, two; Hessen, one; Oldenburg, one; Brannechweig, one; Mechlenburg, two; Weimer, two; Meiningen, one; Anhalt, one; Elsass and Lotheringen, one; Bremen, two. The purposes for which these stations are used embrace every subject of interest to the farmer, and

some which do not come directly within his domain. Thus, botany, physiology, chemistry, technology, climate, soils, examination of seeds, analysis of artificial manures, distilling and brewing, feeding of animals, pathology of plants, dairying, beet sugar manufacture, chemistry of fermentation, meteorology, agricultural physics, scientific and practical researches on milk, butter and cheese, experiments in fertilizing; twenty-three stations carry on simultaneously experiments on different kinds of potatoes. All this, and much more, is accomplished with a marvellously small expenditure of money.

The sum total of the votes granted to these stations is about 550,000 marks, but in many of these the salaries are paid from other sources, and are, therefore, not included in the income mentioned; other stations have no settled income, but use as much as they want, so that the German people cannot spend less than \$150,000 per year on the Agricultural Stations. Although the number of these establishments would seem, to the outsider, ample, and their work purely scientific, such in reality is not the case. They supply only local wants, which are more directly commercial than scientific. By the accurate analyses which they have made, they were able to control the markets for artificial manures, feeding stuffs, and seeds. A reference to the table will indicate the large increase which has taken place, of late years, in the number of Stations for controlling seeds. Perhaps there is no subject of such great importance to the farmer as that of the purity and strength of seed. Next to this is the purity and strength of cattle-feeding stuffs, for while it is possible for a farmer to exercise some tests for ascertaining the quality of his manures, he is almost incapable of doing so with cattle foods. No less than thirty-three stations are engaged on analyses of manures, twenty-nine on seeds, and twenty-seven with feed-

ing stuffs. The larger seedsmen have now accepted the control of the Stations, and the farmers have been greatly benefited thereby.

I will now notice the scientific phase of the Station work, as stated by Professor Nobbe, of Tharand, Saxony.

I.—*Sources of Nourishment for the Plants.*

A, atmosphere; B, water; geological strata and the influence of the weather on them.

II.—*Arable Land.*

A, formation of soils; B, physical and chemical character of soils; C, analyses of soils; D, melioration.

III.—*Physiology of Plants.*

A, nourishment of the plants: *a*, mineral substances; *b*, compounds of the mineral substances as nourishments for the plants; *c*, the roots in their action on the soil, growing plants in solutions; *d*, the organs of the plants which are above ground in their relation to the atmosphere; *e*, movement of nourishing elements in the plants; *f*, genesis, metamorphoses, and characteristics of the organic products of the plants—*a*, germination (agricultural seeds, control of seeds); B, development of the organs; C, production of vegetable matter; *a*, reproduction. D, Diseases and malformations of the agricultural plants; destructive influences of parasites; destructive influences of fungi; destructive influences of animals. E, chemical composition of the plants; general questions; lichens; coniferæ; graminæ; palmæ; naïadacæ; cupulitacæ; moracæ; chenopodacæ; compositæ; labiatæ; solanacæ; umbelliferæ; papaveracæ; cruciferæ; ampelidæ; coryophyllacæ, &c.

IV.—*Manuring.*

Analyses of fertilizers: 1, stable manure, urine, compost; 2, manure from closets and sewers; 3, disinfectants; 4, guano and other nitrogenous manures; 5, offals from the industries; 6, phosphates; 7, gypsum, chalk, marl, mud from ponds and

rivers; 8, manure salts—*a*, potassic salts; *b*, other salts; *c*, other fertilisers in the market; control of fertilisers.

V.—*Field Experiments.*

A, on the effect of different fertilisers; B, utilising manure.

VI.—*Parts and secretions of the animal body.*

1, Albuminates; 2, blood; 3, flesh, &c.; 4, fats; 5, wool; 6, bones; 7, horns, &c.; 8, milk; 9, saliva; 10, urine and excrements.

VII.—*Animal Food and Digestion.*

A, components of the feeding stuff—*a*, cereals; *b*, vegetables; *c*, hay, grass, and fermented food; *d*, roots and tubers; *e*, offal from industries; *f*, residues from the fabrication of extract of meat; *g*, diverse food; control of the feeding stuffs. B, digestion and digestibility of food—general questions; hay, straw, &c.; green fodder *v. dry*; fermented hay, steamed fodder; offals of the industries. C, preparation and conservation of feeding stuffs. D, the different degrees of utilisation of the food—animal food; inorganic food.

VIII.—*Animal production in its relation to food and external circumstances.*

A, increase and expenditure of constituents—*a*, in general; *b*, respiration; *c*, experiments of nitrogen; *d*, formation of fat. B, nourishment diet, producing manuring. C, rearing and keeping of animals—*a*, cattle; *b*, sheep—difference of breed, conversion of food; *c*, pigs; *d*, horses; *e*, goats; *f*, rabbits; *g*, silkworms. D, diseases of domesticated animals.

IX.—*Conception and Breeding.*

X.—*Technology.*

Forestry; wine; distillery; beet-sugar; milk, cheese, butter; diverse.

XI.—*Analyses.*

Such is the comprehensive scope of the work done by the German Stations. Just now there is little of new work of a scientific character opening up to the German agriculturists, but the stations recently established for

the scientific investigations on milk, cream, butter, and cheese furnish a fund of interesting work for both scientists and farmers. Brewing, distilling and technology also supply useful work to the directors of the institutions and to the farmers who avail themselves of what the stations are ready to teach.

Having gone thus far into the details of the work of the German Experimental Stations, let us see to what extent the example is worthy of Canadian imitation. What is the present condition of agriculture in Canada? To all who look on as impartial observers of farming in Canada, the impression must be common that the country cannot go on forever, as at present, beggaring the soil by too exclusive cropping. However prolific nature may have been in her endowments, and however robust and hearty men may be who till land richly endowed, the present is an age when every economy effected by scientific processes must be utilised if an occupation is to be remunerative. Wheat crops have not been so good that we should not desire to improve them; cattle have not been too profitable to the feeder so that he should not desire improvements which may economise his food; our commercial success with cereals and cattle-raising has been encouraging and is growing, but with dairy produce we cannot be so self-satisfied, as a glance at our butter production will show. In cheese we hold a high position; but even in this article our production has been too much on one kind. What we need is less the improvement of the brands already made than the manufacture of a great variety of cheeses. In France there is no end to the varieties of cheese produced, and the butter is of such uniform character and of high general excellence as to secure a greater total income from its export than is obtained by any other country.

As Canada is destined to become the greatest wheat-growing country in the

world, and one of the most important sources of meat supply, it is fitting that something should be said of Meteorology. Rainfall, humidity, and temperature, in their associated character, and their influence on agriculture are, perhaps, least understood of any of the natural conditions which the farmer has to deal with. Scarcely had the disastrous year of 1879 closed ere Mr. Lawes came forth with a carefully-prepared statement, showing how great were the effects of the English climate on the wheat crop of that country. It has been shown in a hundred ways how climate may change, and how these changes may affect agriculture.

Hitherto no systematic experiments have been made on Canadian soils, with a view to the public instruction of the farmer. A second Station might, with advantage, be established for a series of experimental tests on soils of different localities, to ascertain their physical and chemical action on the plants raised thereon. Such a Station could direct drainage and reclamation works where they are found to be remunerative. At present, very little is known of the component parts of a soil which do actually constitute the food of plants grown upon it. Even of the soluble portions of a soil, but a small proportion is accessible to the plant. Dr. Anderson says: 'The most obvious inference to be drawn from known facts, no doubt, is that those substances which dissolve most readily should be in the most favourable position, but it is by no means clear that such is the case. If so, it would necessarily follow that those substances which dissolve readily in water should be most useful. But experience by no means confirms this opinion, for it is not found that plants grow readily in solutions of their essential constituents, though it is possible to make them do so with proper care and precaution. Moreover, soils bring the most essential elements of plants into

insoluble, or nearly insoluble, forms of combination, in which being attached to the clay and organic matter present in them by a feeble bond, they are kept there ready to supply the wants of the plants. It is far from improbable that the only constituents of the soil capable of passing into the vegetable organisms are those which exist in the particular state of combination in question, and which have either been introduced from without, or having been liberated by the action of external agents, such as air and moisture, on the minerals forming the basis of all soils, have been retained in that looser state of combination ready to supply the wants of vegetation.'

Third in the order of natural operations, I may place rotations of crops. Until recently Canadian, like American, farming ran too much on one thing. It was thought quite enough if, when a farm was available for cropping, the husbandman sowed wheat, corn, and a patch of potatoes here and there. Thanks to the dairy and cattle trades, this is changing, but too slowly, and in a manner which is not encouraging to the modern agriculturists. The want of suitable fodder crops is the great drawback to a system of soiling. Go where one may, he is continually met with the cry for green feed during the hot season. Although improvement of the fodder crops would be one of the greatest advantages arising out of a change, the economic results to agriculture of a systematic series of experiments on various soils would be of incalculable value. Great as have been the results of experimental works in Europe, it is by no means certain that a well planned course of crops here would not yield even more wonderful results.

Next comes the mechanical treatment for soil pulverisation, for which it could scarcely be advisable to have a separate Station. Stations could unite to exchange their experience

in this matter. The physical operations of character and the mechanical differences met with in soils would render a single Station comparatively valueless for the trial of implements. The size of farms, and the crops grown, all enter into the calculation of the cultivator so minutely as to render work on soils of small value.

A Station for the study of the physiology and pathology of plants might very fitly be included. Such an institution could devote a good portion of its time and means to the examination of samples of commercial seeds, and so check the impurities. Although I have no knowledge of the seed business as carried on in Canada, I have not the least doubt that the trade is irregular, that adulteration is practised, and the want of uniformity in the crops harvested is one of the strongest evidences of the fact. Here the season is short, farm work needs to be done with despatch, if not in haste, and there is little time for testing every parcel of seed that comes to the farm to be sown. The average Canadian farmer has yet to learn that *clean* seed of good stock is a source of profit. He has to be taught that the rubbish, weeds, and seeds of low vitality are dear, even though low-priced, when compared with the better article sold at a higher price. Besides settling questions of direct scientific interest, such a Station would indicate which varieties of seed were best adapted for the most economic yields of crops.

Fertilizing is fast becoming a question of paramount importance to Canada. The growth of more remunerative prices may oblige farmers to use manure somewhat earlier than would be the case under less favourable circumstances. At present there is no received theory of economic fertilization among us. It is probable that the commercial advantages which a manure experimental station would offer farmers, would be the most direct and soonest felt. Canada has

everything to win and nothing to risk from the establishment of a station for this purpose. Although liberal and frequent dressings of artificial manures have long been the practice in Europe, and particularly in England, their farmers do not consider they have reached the limit of their knowledge of the subject. The now famous experiments of the Aberdeenshire Association have at least made staunch advocates of the 'Soluble phosphate' theory pause. The results of those experiments (not to speak of others on the Continent) have been so encouraging that they are now to be repeated in England with modifications intended to show the result under least favourable circumstances, and those under most advantageous conditions. If a country which stands so high in agricultural practice, and has gained so much by her millions of outlay on manures, is now questioning her method of fertilizing, surely we ought to see it is worthy our notice. Very much of the land of old settled districts has run down for want of the element of plant nutrition. In the native *apalite* Canada has abundance of manurial material, but hitherto no method of reduction, either mechanical or chemical, has been successful in making it an economical product for farm use. Happily the necessities of an ingenious citizen of Uncle Sam's domains has given us a mode of mechanical reduction which bids fair to surpass in point of cost all other competitors. Newell's Universal Grinder Mills is now an institution of Montreal, and grinds our native *apalite* for shipment and home consumption to a degree of fineness unknown to any other process. It is impossible to speak too highly of such an invention because, if the experiments of the Aberdeenshire Association are to become the basis of future operations in fertilization, the man who has paved the way for us is the one who merits our highest praise. Certainly no time

should be lost in testing the relative values of the various substances made for manures.

Scarcely less than those already noticed Dairying is a subject which needs scientific attention. One of the most remarkable indications of agricultural progress in Europe during the last ten years has been the tendency towards dairy reform. It is well known and admitted that the work of the Dairy Stations, particularly those of Kiel and Weihtenstephan have stimulated the practice of the improved methods which have given Europe the finest brands of butter made. The limit of progress is far off yet, while the demand for higher qualities of butter is steadily improving. The improvements in practice among us are but importations of European methods. We can never obtain the advantage of being first in the market as long as we are content to follow.

Two more Stations may be added to the list already suggested, one for the study of the physiology and pathology

of animals, and the other for technical processes. Our position as an exporter of cattle is sufficient argument for the first, and the embryo state of many of our manufacturing processes renders laboured reasoning unnecessary for the second.

Fifty thousand dollars per annum would be but a moderate sum to spend on these Stations; more would not be necessary, and less would do the work only imperfectly. To a country spending money so freely as Canada does, the proposal is modest. The Grangers have the men, the power, and the money, whenever they are convinced of its necessity. These Stations could be allied to the school farms of Guelph, Richmond, St. Anne and L'Assomption, when the three latter have been made worthy of useful work. Let a beginning be made, and the fruit of the work (if it is genuine) will induce all the extensions for which money can be found, and consolidate agricultural progress in Canada.

SONNET.

BY C. E. M., MONTREAL.

THE voyager adown a troubled stream
 Doth love to linger on an islet fair
 And muse a quiet hour, free from care
 Of past or future, happy in his dream.
 To him the glory of the sunset gleam
 That gilds the dank depths of the rushy lair,
 And Nature's dædal fingers working rare
 Embroidery of flowers, Heaven seem.
 So we have in our weariness oft sighed
 For a kind haven of soul-soothing rest,
 In wonderment how long toil might abide
 As towards some pleasance in our haste we pressed—
 And it is near us; may this Christmas-tide
 With happiness and lasting peace be blessed.

THE TORONTO GIRLS' COTERIE.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SEVENTH AND FINAL MEETING, REPORTED BY SMARTY.

THE discerning reader will long ago have guessed that the title of *Smarty*, bestowed upon the present reporter by her associates, should be interpreted strictly in a satirical sense. The Judge is not invested with authority to determine criminal cases; the poet and Duchess wear their lofty names in full confidence that they will mislead nobody; while upon my sensitive, proud spirit, has fallen the withering supposition that I claim to be what my assumed and assuming name derisively implies. This secret sorrow of my heart I poured into the sympathetic ear of Grum, who comforted me with the sweet assurance that the world would never lay the crime of cleverness to my charge, so that illusion need affright me no more. Grum has—if I may be permitted a scrap of inoffensive slang—‘a good head,’ but as to her goodness of heart, I must be allowed to entertain a respectful doubt.

But what I intended to say was that it is no very enviable thing to win the undeserved reputation of railing or ‘making a scoff’ at whatever comes up in conversation. It has been held lightly in esteem from the time of the famous saying about the crackling of thorns under a pot, down to the date of an editorial in my favourite daily, which insists that ‘the witty man, the funny man, and the punning man, may be righteously denounced.’ Well, I believe I have been most unrighteously denounced by the Coterie ever since its beginning. They distinguished me, as the French say, and I will not assert that I did not occasionally enjoy the dis-

tingtion. Some of them complain that I take them up, and others that I try to take them down. Even Grum—even my own familiar friend in whom I trusted—seeks to ‘sit upon’—that is to say, snub me; which is a peculiarly aggravating offence in Grum, as she is, to use the impassioned phrase of the regulation lover, the only girl I ever loved. She knows well enough that I can’t get along without her, any better than a silver lining could survive the loss of a particularly black cloud, to show it off to good advantage.

But to our meeting, which took place at the residence of the Judge. As we approached the house, the bleak, desolate-looking bit of lawn surrounding it reminded our poet of a simple maiden who is no longer in her flower, but who has forlornly grown old and withered; and Doc expressed pleasure in the fact that she herself was rather an ordinary-looking blossom, so that when the November of her life had made her unlovely, the contrast would not be strong enough to move the observer to pity. Then the Duchess cast a dampness over her premature exultation by reminding her of the woman who was distinguished by her striking ugliness in her youth, but who became so much better looking in her old age, that she was considered then just a commonplace, homely person with nothing remarkable about her at all. By this time, we had reached the door, and Lily Cologne, pulling a small and highly polished knob, forced a bell in the other extremity of the house, after a moment of inhospitable reluctance, to

peal forth warning of our approach. This was followed by a scattering sound, as of feet hastening down a staircase, and the next moment the door was flung open by the Judge herself.

'Welcome! thrice welcome! most noble comrades,' she exclaimed. 'Come right into the red retiring room. There is nobody there but the Poet.'

The red retiring room is in the quietest part of the house, and separated from the parlour by red curtains. Hence its alliterative appellation. I once asked the Judge whether it was so called because when she was tired she frequently re(a)d dull books in that room, and thus re-tired herself; but this innocent question was fraught with so many evil consequences to the Duchess's elegant ease and serenity of mind, that I considerably allowed the subject to drop. Now, if any of the other girls had been reporting this fact, they would have made no mention of the consideration I showed. The impartial reader may draw his or her own inferences.

Coming in from the tingling air without, we felt disposed to rally the Poet, who was looking rather lethargic.

'What makes your eyes so heavy?' inquired the Duchess.

'Oh, because I got up late.'

'Well, what made you get up late?' asked Doc.

'I went to bed this morning.'

'And why didn't you go to bed till this morning?' pursued Lily.

'Studying,' replied the Poet.

'What makes you study!' I demanded.

The Poet laughed, and rocked herself lazily. 'It's a sort of brute instinct, I suppose,' said she.

'I see you have saucy answers ready for all those impertinent questions,' put in the Judge, 'but I should like to ask what it is you study?'

'At present, Adam Smith. "The Wealth of Nations," is not an inspiring work; it does not stimulate the

imagination, but it suits my mood just now. There is a bliss, beyond all that the school-marm has told, in the privilege enjoyed by those whose school days are over of studying just what they please, and when they please, and as long or as little as they please. It makes a book taste just as bad as a medicine to have to take it in regular-sized doses.'

'I can't agree with you there,' declared Doc, walking up and down the room, with her hands behind her. 'I like school methods, and I believe my powers of digestion, mentally speaking, are pretty good. I like to feel that I am getting over so much ground every day, and six times as much ground every week. Of course there are subjects that I hate, but I could never get through examination without them. You see my desire is to get over and get through—yours is just the reverse.'

'My greatest ambition and happiness is to live among my books and learn of them all the days of my life,' said the Poet.

'Well,' rejoined Doc, 'I want to close my school days just as I would a school book, with a great bang on graduation day, and then *do* something—I don't know exactly what, but—'

'*Do* what?' asked Grum, who had arrived just in time to catch the last words.

'The duty which lies nearest me, of course,' answered Doc austerely, 'and that, I need not inform you, is to demand an immediate explanation of this unprecedented tardiness on the part of the most punctual member of the Coterie.'

'Oh,' said Grum, 'it was the dress-maker. I had to stay and have my dress tried on. It was a very trying process in every sense.'

'Ah, Grum,' murmured the Poet, 'if you could only

"Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

'Talk about the figure you cut in

the eyes of the world,' pursued the Grumbler, who preferred to call attention to her sufferings rather than her lack of strength, 'it's nothing compared to the figure you *are* in the eyes of your dressmaker. This one makes nothing of mentioning your weak points to your face. She told me my shoulders were almost as square as my father's.'

'Don't let that trouble you,' I interposed. 'You will never be the man that your father is.'

'I have often thought,' said Lily, who has borrowed the Judge's little weakness of 'saying undisputed things with such a solemn air,' 'that the kind of speech which we are apt to consider piquant frankness in ourselves, seems like bald presumption in others.'

'Now, look here, Miss Cologne,' exclaimed Grum, irately; 'why can't you content yourself with being a butterfly? Don't try to change yourself into a wasp. It's very unbecoming to your style.'

'Oh!' sighed the Judge, 'if the Giftie had only gie us, not *some* power, but an unlimited amount of it, to see ourselves as others see us.'

'Is that the inmost wish of your heart?' asked the Duchess, with a smile. 'For my part, I was thinking that, after all, there might be a certain pleasure in systematically and conspicuously and persistently taking a shady view of things, like unto our friend here.'

'You, too!' said Grum, with reproachful eyes. 'Well, if the politest person in the Coterie can give voice to such a sentiment as that, I have nothing to say. Perhaps I had better go,' and she marched stiffly to the door, but here the united arms of all of us rose up against her, and she was forcibly detained, kissed, and made the recipient of profuse apologies, and ingloriously led back to a secure position, where 'Webster's Unabridged,' Liddell and Scott's 'Lexicon,' and the 'History of All Nations,' were piled

upon her lap, to keep herself and her angry passions from rising again.

After this thrilling episode, our talk took rather a melancholy tone, due to the fact that some of our number are going down south for the winter, and it is doubtful when or whether we shall all meet again. Listening to lugubrious words on the pangs of parting is not to my taste, so I withdrew to a quiet corner and a more congenial occupation. But unfortunately I was discovered.

'Guilty mortal, what have you there?' demanded the Judge, invading my retreat. 'What can you find to laugh at on this solemn occasion? Upon my faith, it's an almanac!'

'And an *old* almanac, too,' added Doc, in tones which completed my discomfiture. 'Fancy a girl solacing her heart with old jokes on the eve of a bitter separation.'

'Well, it may be bitter for the rest of you,' I rejoined, 'but you can't expect me to feel it in that way. Besides the jokes are some of them quite young, and the rest only middle-aged.'

'There is one thing I cannot understand,' said the Duchess, with the air of a person who means there is *only* one thing, 'and that is how you can derive so much enjoyment from the humorous paragraphs in papers and almanacs.'

'There is one person I cannot understand,' said I, 'and that is she who reminds me of an old coloured woman I once read about. This old woman was good and true, noble hearted and rheumatic, and rather matter-of-fact. She was once groaning over her numerous aches in the presence of a flippant young lady, who thereupon inquired, "Aunty, why are you like a window sash?" "Dunno, chile, dunno; can't noways tell you dat." "Why," said the girl, with a warm and radiant smile, "of course it is because you are both full of pains." The old woman started and then stood rooted to the spot, with pitying eyes fixed upon her friend.

"Oh, poor chile," said she, "somebody's been foolin' you. Dey's not de same kind of pains, honey, dey's a different kind of pains."

The effect of this true tale from humble life was not depressing. Then, as it was our last meeting, the Judge invited us all to remain to tea, and as it is out of the question to be melancholy at the table, we immediately cheered up and made a merry meal of it. There were a few sighs, and poetical quotations, and protestations of unchanging affection at parting, but it was soon over, and the Poet and I found ourselves separated from the rest, and walking in the direction

of our homes. I sternly quelled my longing inclination to chatter until the moon came out, when I could not resist the exclamation,—

'Oh, look there, Poesy! Isn't that a cute moon?'

'Smarty,' said my friend, 'I don't see how you can make such an unfeeling remark as that.'

That made another reproof. But we parted on the best of terms. It is the wish of all our number that the gentle reader who has borne with us so patiently will exercise mercy toward, rather than sit in judgment upon, the varied frivolities of the TORONTO GIRLS' COTERIE.

SONNET.

TO H. B.

GOOD night, although to linger I were fain,
 Here where thou seest not, 'neath a drifting cloud,
 Like bridal veil or sadly trailing shroud,
 As my mood changes with the varying strain
 Of music, laden rich with joy and pain,
 Borne from thy casement, where I see thee bowed,
 O'er the dead keys that answer thee aloud,
 As if, beneath, some fettered soul had lain
 In silent expectation of the kiss
 Of thy soul through the touch of finger-tips.
 To awake, as did that fair long-slumbering girl
 At the warm touch of soulful lips, to bliss.
 Methinks thy soul doth slip, not from thy lips,
 But from thy magic fingers, like a pearl.

MONTREAL.

BARRY DANE.

CANON FARRAR'S 'LIFE OF CHRIST.'—THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

THE following conversation is reported to the best of my power. It was done under some disadvantages. It could not, of course, be taken down at the time, so that I had to trust to recollection. And it was not continuous, but resumed from time to time as occasion served, by reason of which there was a great deal of repetition; this I had to leave out, and to piece together the disjointed parts as well as I could. From all this it has resulted, I fear, that it has, in a great degree, been transposed into my own language and my own form, which is very far from a gain. Doubtless, a good deal of the spirit of it has evaporated in the process, but possibly enough may remain to possess for the readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY some of the interest which it had for myself. The interlocutors were, it will be seen, mere tyros in theological discussion, and their objections will be all the more easily answered. The criticism on Canon Farrar's book is very free; but I know of no subject on which criticism should be more unshackled. A. was kind enough to lend me the book and the Archbishop's address, so that, with the Bible, I have been able to set myself right as to all quotations. Italics will be found where they are not in the original, but I thought that the emphasis of the speakers demanded them. Having made this acknowledgment, I have let them remain.

A. I have been reading Canon Farrar's 'Life of Christ.' I had a great curiosity to see how the subject would be treated. I am very much disappointed.

B. Indeed! You surpriseme. What do you object to?

A. To the style, to begin with.

B. I should have thought that that would be generally much admired.

A. It may be so, but, in my humble opinion, it is very bad nevertheless. It seems to me to be altogether below the dignity of the subject, very wordy, and much too florid and ornate. Such a theme could not be treated with too great simplicity. Take a few examples out of numberless instances: 'supercilious sentimentality and morbid egotism.' Canon Farrar condescends to acquit Jesus Christ of supercilious sentimentality and morbid egotism. 'One of the guests' (at an 'entertainment' at which Jesus was present) 'interposed a remark which was very little above the level of a vapid and misleading platitude. He poured upon the troubled waters a sort of general impersonal aphorism.' I have heard of pouring oil upon troubled waters, but never of general impersonal aphorisms.

B. Oh, come; any one might fall, once in a way, into such a mistake as that.

A. So he might; but you would hardly expect to find it here. But there is a far greater offence. Speaking of the crucifixion, he says: 'The gray dawn shuddered and the morning blushed upon that memorable day!' That seems to me to be as bad as bad can be. It has almost every fault. First and foremost, what impression must a man have of the horrors of that dreadful day, who can fall to playing such a game at words as this! One would suppose that all would be

hushed to the simplest possible utterance. Dawns and mornings are not generally understood to be prophetic of what will come to pass before sunset. We have never heard that the sun rose blood red on the morning of the battle of Waterloo. Reality is mixed with unreality; mornings do blush, but dawns do not shudder. Any one of ourselves might well shudder at such stupendous cruelty, and so, perhaps, might the dawn be said, by a poetical license, to shudder, when it might light the occasion, but such license has no place here. Suppose that a newspaper-writer, in describing the execution of a wretched criminal, which has its own shade of solemnity, were to talk of the dawn shuddering and the morning blushing, would there not be a full appreciation of the grievous sin against good taste and feeling. How much more here? Young ladies blush, and blush often very becomingly; but what should we think of one *blushing* at the crucifixion of Christ! Then what an anti-climax; shuddering, leading up to blushing! 'Memorable day,' is very far from an adequately chosen expression.

B. Well, I am afraid I must admit that you have made out a case against the style. What other objections have you to bring forward?

A. Canon Farrar, in my opinion, falls into a cardinal error. He mixes up the human and divine natures. He says, for instance, that 'Christ's divine humanity' made it more difficult for him to die. *It would have made it impossible.*

B. How can you separate the two natures? It seems to me that it cannot be done.

A. Then make no attempt to write the life of Christ, for, so surely as you pass the point of his humanity, you get out of your depth. Human nature can not explain or describe divine nature. But I do not agree with you. The life of Christ might be written, as the lives of other men are written. We might be told all about

Christ as a man, as he lived and died like other men. Even his supernatural power does not mark him as different from other men, for other men have had supernatural power. The life of Christ was human life. You cannot speak of *divine life*. Life and death are human, not divine. Now, let us come to the miracles. We must either accept them precisely as they are related, without alteration or diminution, or we are free to subject them to any examination that we may think proper. One or the other: Canon Farrar hesitates between them. He declares himself once and again, a firm 'believer;' yet he examines, discusses, doubts. A miracle is a miracle, and it is a miracle simply inasmuch as it is beyond human comprehension or explanation. Subject it to that, and it ceases to be a miracle. One miracle is not more wonderful and inexplicable than another. Canon Farrar says it is. He would shape the miracles to his own ends. The following are examples: Let us take the miracle of the devils and the swine. The narratives of both St. Mark and St. Luke are as distinct as possible. The devils, by their own entreaty and by Christ's permission, came out of the man, and went into the swine, and, by consequence, these all rushed down into the lake and there perished. Canon Farrar would have it that the devils did not go into the swine. He accounts for their mad rush by conjectures of his own. It is special pleading. But there is another point. Why does he pass over St. Mark and refer to St. Luke only? St. Mark says there were 'about two thousand of them.' Here there was an immense destruction of animal life and of private property. The value of such a vast herd of swine must have been very great, say, in our present money, about \$10,000. Canon Farrar is silent on this point, but he is awake to it, because, in the heading of the chapter, he speaks of 'the loss of the swine,' and, in the case of the 'curs-

ing' of the fig tree, he labours to explain away the 'right of the supposed owner of the tree.'

B. Canon Farrar has set us the example of discussing this miracle, and we will follow it. I confess it puzzles me in more ways than one. I need not say that, according to our present lights, we cannot accept the idea of demoniac possession by devils, personal or spiritual, who could be driven out of men into brutes. The days of witchcraft are not very remote, but they are past. Then, the devils *need* not have been driven into the swine, or permitted to enter into them; there *need* not have been any destruction or loss to any body; they might have been *simply cast out*, as in other cases. Nor can we lose sight of the dying agonies of so many unoffending but unfortunate creatures. Say what we may, these things are puzzling. Still there is the narrative, as you remark, as distinct as possible.

A. Yes. If Canon Farrar doubts whether the devils entered into the two thousand swine, why should he not also doubt whether the five thousand persons partook of the five loaves and the two fishes? At least, why is it not as lawful for any one else as Canon Farrar to doubt? We are not told the one miracle more positively than the other. But, to proceed. Canon Farrar has a good deal to say about the miracle of the fig tree, in striving to explain away the objections that have been, he says, frequently made to it. He professes to know more about the time of figs than St. Mark, who says 'the time of figs was not yet. He may not see, he does not say, that the moral of this miracle, as he explains it, is directly contrary to that of the parable of the fig tree, in which case the tree was, after three year's trial, to have a further grace granted to it before it should be pronounced barren, and should be cut down. Canon Farrar produces what he believes to be proof that the fig tree, in the

miracle, was barren for *two* years, 'and therefore, since it was but deceptive and useless, a barren cumberer of the ground, he made it the eternal warning against a life of hypocrisy continued until it is too late.' It would have been to better purpose if Canon Farrar had endeavoured to reconcile this with the parable of the fig tree. It is short and may be repeated here—'A certain man had a fig tree planted in his vineyard; and he came and sought fruit thereon, and found none. Then he said unto the dresser of the vineyard, behold, these three years I came seeking fruit on this fig tree, and find none; cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground? And he answering said unto him, Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it and dung it, and if it bear fruit *well*, and if not, *then* after that thou shalt cut it down.' Here there are two directly contrary teachings; in the one case sentence and instant execution, in the other, after *longer* unproductiveness, farther time allowed for amendment. With the exception of the longer barrenness, the circumstances are all strictly identical. Canon Farrar will not allow that the 'cursing' of the fig tree may be, as 'many argue, an untrue and mistaken story.' While, at the same time, he believes that the story of the swine *is* untrue and mistaken. On his own showing then, we may choose between the teachings to be derived from the one fig tree and from the other, and who can hesitate for a single moment as to which is most Christian, most Christ-like?

B. Aye, indeed who? There may be these inconsistencies or discrepancies, but who does not feel that the principles and precepts of Christianity, in their eternal and universal beauty, truth and holiness, are superior to and rise above these blots, if they be blots?

A. There I am all with you, heart and soul. We cannot all be theologians or Bible students, least of all

Bible scholars, but we can all make our humble attempt to be Christians. Let us now examine Canon Farrar's work from another point of view. He says, '*this book is almost wholly founded on an independent study of the four gospels side by side,*' and '*my main object has been to bring out and explain the scenes as they are described by the original witnesses.*' He is also fully sensible of the importance of a consensus of authority, as he says in one place '*of this we have no fewer than four accounts.*' He lays due stress on eye-witness; he speaks of '*St. John's emphatic appeal to the truth of his eye-witness.*' Let us try a few examples by these tests. Canon Farrar says, on the authority of St. Paul, that Christ *twice* uttered the words, '*do this in remembrance of me.*' In the first place, there is no authority for that to be found in the Gospels. In the second, why does Canon Farrar pass over all the four gospels in favour of one of the epistles of St. Paul? The words are to be found, as uttered *once* in the Gospel of St. Luke, and there only. St. Luke was not present, he was not an ear-witness. Two of the evangelists were present; neither of them says that Christ spoke those words. Nor does St. Mark. Now, this negative evidence is very strong indeed, when we consider the extreme novelty and singularity of Christ's actions and words, which must have aroused the curiosity and enchained the attention of all his disciples. It would appear scarcely possible that so solemn and important an injunction, directly laid upon them, could have been omitted by both the gospel writers who were eye and ear witnesses. It is almost equally difficult to account for its omission by St. Mark. In a matter of this moment every word, *uttered or not uttered by Christ*, is of the last importance. We have here no evidence of an ear-witness, no consensus of authorities. We have very strong negative evidence on the other side.

The authority of St. Paul is of course not direct, but derivative. Canon Farrar indeed tells us that St. Paul says that '*he had received it of the Lord.*' In what way would that be explained? Canon Farrar excludes divine inspiration, as is clearly seen from the quotations given above. Now, of all this he says not one word; he relates the utterance as if he had found it '*on an independent study of the four gospels, side by side,*' and as if on the authority of an ear-witness. He makes no distinction. As an example of his want of exact accuracy, he speaks of '*the brief description of St. Paul.*' In point of strict fact, it is less brief than either of the others.

Again, the speech of Christ to one of the thieves, '*this day shalt thou be with me in paradise,*' which Canon Farrar prints all in capital letters, rests on the authority of St. Luke, and of St. Luke only. St. Mark simply mentions the two thieves, and says no more. St. Matthew adds to this that they reviled Christ, and that is all. St. Luke says that one of them reviled Christ, but was rebuked by the other. It is not certain that there was any original witness, but, as St. John was present during part, if not all, of the time that Christ hung on the Cross, it may perhaps be fairly inferred that he would have been an eye-witness. He relates the events of the crucifixion more fully and circumstantially than the other gospel writers, but he says nothing of any such speech having been made by Christ. This negative evidence is again extremely strong. How is it to be accounted for that a speech of such supreme importance, as to be printed by Canon Farrar all in capital letters, should be omitted by three out of the four evangelists, and one of those St. John? Canon Farrar says nothing on the subject. For aught that appears, it might rest '*on an independent study of the four gospels side by side,*' and '*on the description of original witnesses.*'

B. Are you not too rigid in such a close examination; I would almost call it a dissection of the Gospels?

A. On the contrary, I am following exactly in the path marked out by Canon Farrar. I am making 'an independent study of the four gospels, side by side;' I am telling you what is, and what is not, contained in each of them; and I am claiming the ascendancy which is due to the direct testimony of 'eye-witnesses.'

In a work of such supreme importance as a Life of Christ, you would not surely have anything that would not stand the strictest investigation? Could you ask for anything better than Canon Farrar's own rules, although he himself departs from them?

B. No; I suppose not. And I must confess that there is a point which does not seem to have struck you—at least you have not mentioned it. Do you know how it is explained that we are taught that Christ was not himself in Paradise on that day; that he descended into hell, and did not rise again until the third day? I dare say it can be, and is, explained, but how I do not know.

A. I cannot tell you. I must leave that to Canon Farrar. Let us now turn to what he has to say about the Agony in the Garden. I will do my best to obey the admonition (which he certainly does not), 'tread lightly, this is holy ground.' St. Matthew and St. Mark relate Christ's mental agony and the prayer in which it found expression. St. Luke does the same, but with the addition (again it is St. Luke) of the angels and of the sweating drops of blood. St. John, who alone of the four was on the spot, and therefore the only 'original witness,' is silent as to any such agony having taken place. The scriptural narrative, as all know, is very simple. Christ went into the Garden of Gethsemane by night, and took with him three of his disciples. Being overcome by a crisis of mental agony, he retired apart to pray. The words of the prayer

differ little if at all. Mr. Thomas Hughes (the Tom Brown of the 'School Days'), than whom there live perhaps few more devout Christians, says in his work on the 'Manliness of Christ' that all Christians believe the words attributed to him on that occasion, but that they are taken on trust, as they were not heard. That can hardly be said positively: so far, however, as probability goes, we are led to infer that Christ desired to be in perfect privacy, so that there should be no witnesses of the crisis of mental agony through which he had to pass, and that he therefore retired out of sight and hearing. Moreover, each time that he returned to his disciples he found them sleeping. Now, how does Canon Farrar deal with this subject? There is, as always, the superabundance of words. The one word, Agony, is enough for Scripture. But he must have 'a grief beyond utterance, a struggle beyond endurance, a giddiness and stupefaction overmastering his soul, the sinking swoon of an anticipated death.' Also, 'a tumult of emotion.' There is not one word about any difference in the authorities, nor about who were present and were eye-witnesses. He does not tell us why we have not here St. John's 'emphatic appeal to the truthfulness of his eye-witness.' And his love for too much speaking leads him into sad confusion. First, he says 'the great drops of anguish look to them like heavy gout of blood.' Then '*under the dark shadow of the trees, amid the interrupted moonlight, it seems to them that there is an angel with him.*' Canon Farrar says, 'it was a tumult of emotion which none must see.' Presently he says, '*they saw him* sometimes on his knees—.' When Canon Farrar tells us that an angel could not be distinguished he can hardly mean us to understand that drops of blood could. All, according to him, must have been veiled in deep obscurity. Presently, however, he speaks positively; he says, 'which forced from

him the rare and intense phenomenon of a blood-stained sweat.' This is surely not the sort of guide that one would seek for anything like a correct or precise account of the life of Christ. Would it not have been much better for Canon Farrar to have satisfied himself with saying that St. Matthew and St. Mark do not mention it, and that St. John, who was present, says nothing about the agony at all, but that St. Luke, who was not present, says the agony of Christ was so great that he sweated drops of blood. We should then have had 'an independent study of the four Gospels, side by side,' and should have been told whether or not the 'scene was described by an original witness.' And here is another instance of the faultiness of Canon Farrar's style of writing. He feels the occasion to be solemn, and wishes to describe it with as much solemnity as he can. But he does not understand the sublimity of simplicity. He overlays it with words. He must needs have a 'mystery' and a 'halo' into which no 'footstep' may penetrate. Now, of course, the idea of a mystery or a halo into which you can set your foot strikes you as very absurd. It jars upon you, diverts your attention. You are half disposed to smile, and the impression is lost. A different part of the subject now demands our attention. Canon Farrar says 'it stood written in the eternal councils that Christ was to die, not by Jewish stoning or strangulation, but by that Roman form of execution which inspired the Jews with a nameless horror, even by crucifixion; that he was to deign from his cross to die by that most fearfully significant and typical of deaths—public, slow, conscious, accursed, agonizing—worse even than burning—the worst type of all possible deaths, and the worst result of that curse which he was to remove for ever;' a death which seems 'to include all that pain and death can have of horrible and ghastly—dizziness, cramp, thirst, starvation, sleep-

lessness, traumatic fever, tetanus, publicity of shame, long continuance of torment, horror of anticipation, mortification of untended wounds—all intensified just up to the point at which they can be endured at all, but all stopping just short of the point which would give to the sufferer the relief of unconsciousness. The unnatural position made every movement painful; the lacerated veins and crushed tendons throbbed with incessant anguish; the wounds inflamed by exposure, gradually gangrened; the arteries—especially of the head and stomach—became swollen and oppressed with surcharged blood; and while each variety of misery went on gradually increasing, there was added to them the intolerable pang of a burning and raging thirst; and all these physical complications caused an internal excitement and anxiety, which made the prospect of death itself, of death the awful unknown enemy, at whose approach man usually shudders most, bear the aspect of a delicious and exquisite release. I beg your pardon, B., for asking you to listen to this most appalling picture—in word-painting—that any artist in language has perhaps ever produced. It may be that you think with others, that such harrowing recitals are not in good taste, and answer no good end. It has been said so of a striking realistic picture of Christ on the Cross, painted by Bonnat, a French artist. It is true one sickens at such sights and thoughts; but I am of opinion that the whole truth should always be told—you shall speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—and that, if ever there was a case in which we should hear *all* that can be told, it is that of the life and death of Jesus Christ. It is from the truth alone that we can draw true conclusions.

B. Do I understand you that Canon Farrar says that *it stood written in the eternal councils* that a divine being, a being of a 'divine humanity,' should hang on a cross for six hours, enduring

for all that time those unutterable agonies? It is, indeed, an appalling picture; you may well say that. But I agree with you that it should all be told. We know that Christ suffered crucifixion, and, if that was crucifixion, it is right that we should be told that that was what it was.

A. Canon Farrar does say, that 'it stood written in the eternal councils.' You may well doubt how he came to know that. What can he know about eternal councils, when, where, for what purpose, with whom they were held? What does he know about eternity? We all fall into a lamentable error; we judge of God by ourselves. We measure the Deity by our own pitiful footrules. We know nothing but what is human, limited, finite, narrow; and we judge by what is human, limited, finite, narrow. Councils are a purely human institution. The queen holds councils, they befit her human, limited monarchy. Are we to suppose that the Lord God of heaven and earth holds councils? What do we know about omnipotence, omniscience, omnipresence? Shall we dare to speak of them even with bated breath? Shall we dare not only to *spe*ak of God's councils, but to *say what they were*? See to what it leads. Canon Farrar says, that 'it stood written in the eternal councils' that Christ should die by crucifixion, and that the crucifixion was 'the worst result of that curse, which he was to remove for ever.' But result is the same as effect, and the cause must go before the effect. Therefore the curse, of which the crucifixion was the result, must have gone before the crucifixion. That is to say, the curse must have 'stood written in the eternal councils,' in the remote ages of eternity, before the crucifixion 'stood written' there. In other words, mankind was created with the 'curse' hanging over their heads. If Canon Farrar by some super-human intelligence knows all this, we may fairly ask him whether he knows that all that led up to the curse 'stood written in the eternal councils,' the

creation, Adam and Eve, the garden of Eden, the forbidden fruit, the serpent, the temptation, the fall, the condemnation and 'curse.' We may fairly ask him whether he knows that if what led up to the crucifixion, 'stood written in the eternal councils,' the betrayal by Judas, the judgment by Pilate, insisted upon by the Jews, because, as Canon Farrar tells us, they could not themselves inflict the punishment of crucifixion, but only some other mode of execution which would have been less horribly merciless; whether Judas, the Jews and Pilate were only performing the part which 'stood written' for them 'in the eternal councils?' Will Canon Farrar tell us what 'stood written' there, and what did not. Of Pilate he says, 'in every creed of Christendom, is the unhappy name of the Roman procurator handed down to eternal execration.' Can he say that that is not unjust, unless he *knows* that the part which Pilate played was *not* 'written in the eternal councils.' Of Judas he says, 'after the sop Satan entered into him. As all the winds, on some night of storm, riot and howl through the rent walls of some desecrated shrine, so, through the ruined life of Judas, envy and avarice, and hatred and ingratitude, were rushing all at once. In that bewildering chaos of a soul spotted with mortal guilt, the satanic had triumphed over the human; in that dark heart earth and hell were thenceforth at one; in that lost soul sin had conceived and brought forth death.' This is a tremendous malediction, quite in the best Farrarian style. But can Canon Farrar say that it is not unjust, unless he *knows* that the part which Judas played did *not* 'stand written in the eternal councils.' Those of us, who do not know and do not profess to know what 'stood written—' those may, without any compunction, think and speak of Judas as a detestable traitor, as the arch-traitor of history, as one whose name has become a proverb for treachery.

B. All this has been said thousands

of times. These are mysteries which we can never hope to penetrate.

A. Be it so. If it has been said a thousand times, it has not once been answered. But then let not Canon Farrar, or any one else, profess to have penetrated these mysteries. Let him not presume to tell us that the agonies which Christ endured on the cross, through six long, lingering hours of tortures of diabolical invention, were 'written in the eternal councils;' let him not make those tortures themselves the central point of Christianity; let him not say, in the midst of his harrowing description, that 'he was to reign from his cross;' let him not make the actual agonies the price at which man's redemption was bought. In the *Contemporary Review* for August, 1879, page 20, will be found the following from the pen of the Rev. G. S. Drew, remarking upon the idea of the Atonement held by the Rev. Horace Bushnell, D. D., an eminent—apparently a very eminent—Presbyterian divine, for forty years, or thereabout, minister of a Presbyterian congregation at Hartford, in Connecticut: 'It will be gathered from these extracts that the entire work is a protest supplied by great principles, and uttered in a lofty spirit, against those ghastly theories of the Atonement, which, in effect, convert Him, "who, of his tender love for mankind," gave his son for man's redemption, into a sanguinary Moloch, who demanded so much blood and pain as a penalty equivalent to so much transgression.' This is strong, like Canon Farrar's style of writing. I give it, not as my own, but as the words and ideas of the Rev. G. S. Drew and the Rev. Dr. Horace Bushnell, published in the *Contemporary Review*.

But let us now see what Canon Farrar has to say about Christianity from another point of view. And here we can repeat every word with a warm sympathy, with a joyful acquiescence. 'It expelled cruelty; it curbed passion; it branded suicide; it punished and repressed an execrable infanticide; it

drove the shameless impurities of heathendom into a congenial darkness. There was hardly a class whose wrongs it did not remedy. It rescued the gladiator; it freed the slave; it protected the captive; it nursed the sick; it sheltered the orphan; it elevated the weman; it shrouded, as with a halo of sacred innocence, the tender years of the child; in every region of life its ameliorating influence was felt. It changed pity from a vice into a virtue. It elevated poverty from a curse into a beatitude. It ennobled labour from a vulgarity into a dignity and a duty. It sanctified marriage from little more than a burdensome convention into little less than a blessed sacrament. It revealed for the first time the angelic beauty of a purity of which men had despaired and of a weakness at which they had utterly scoffed. It created the very conception of charity, and broadened the limits of its obligations from the narrow circle of a neighbourhood to the widest region of the race. And while it thus evolved the idea of humanity as a common brotherhood,—even where its tidings were not believed—all over the world, wherever its tidings were believed, it cleansed the life and elevated the soul of each individual man. And in all lands, where it has moulded the characters of its true believers, it has created hearts so pure, and lives so peaceful, and homes so sweet, that it might seem as though those angels who had heralded its advent had also whispered to every depressed and despairing sufferer among the sons of men, "though ye have been among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove that is covered with silver wings and her feathers like gold." And again he calls it 'the sole religion of the world which holds the perfect balance between philosophy and popularity, between religion and morals, between meek submissiveness and the pride of freedom, between the ideal and the real, between the inward and the outward, between modest stillness and heroic energy—nay, between

the tenderest conservatism and the boldest plans of the world-wide reformation.' Would that this were indeed a picture drawn from the life, from the Christianity of to-day! Would that it were more than a dream born of Canon Farrar's plethora of words! a beautiful vision indeed, and one to have seen which in imagination does him credit, but can he lay his hand on his heart and say he does not wake from it? Christianity *ought* to have done all this, might have done it, if human nature had been other than it is; it has not done it. Does not Canon Farrar pray every week of his life, that Christians may be delivered 'from all evil and mischief; from sin; from the crafts and assaults of the devil; from thy wrath, and from everlasting damnation; from all blindness of heart; from pride, vain glory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness; from fornication and all other deadly sin; from battle and murder, and from sudden death; from all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion; from all false doctrine, heresy, and schism; from hardness of heart and contempt of thy word and commandment?' Must such a petition as this, for *deliverance* from all these things, be still put up after nearly nineteen hundred years of Christianity? How does all this contrast with what Canon Farrar tells us that Christianity has done? It would be hardly too much to say that mankind has rejected Christianity. It is not too much to say that mankind must be wholly regenerated, must be moved by wholly different springs of action and conduct before Christianity, true Christianity, such as Canon Farrar has so sweetly painted it, depicted it in such delicious harmonies, will be a possibility. Is 'cruelty expelled?' Is 'passion curbed?' Are 'shameless impurities' no longer seen in open daylight? Is 'poverty elevated from a curse into a beatitude?' (!) Is 'labour ennobled from a vulgarity into a dignity and a duty?' (!) Is 'woman elevated?' Is

the detestable traffic in prostitution swept away, that foul blot on humanity?*

Canon Farrar speaks of the '*divine revelations* which the *Christians* have so often and so grievously disgraced.' Is there an end to that? Whence this failure? With the people, or with the Church? Enough has surely been said about the people. Let us give a moment's consideration to the Church. May not, as I said before, the spirit have been lost in the letter, in an insistence upon dogmas which are incomprehensible to all, most unacceptable to many. Let us take the doctrine or dogma of the Atonement. It passes through many shades of opinion. It is called by many names, each of which is rejected in its turn—atonement, redemption, justification, propitiation, sacrifice, and, more recently, reconciliation, atonement. It was an ingenious discovery that the word lends itself to this dislocation, but who will say that it has ever, until lately, been used in this sense? All this shows an uneasy feeling about it, a craving to get rid of the dogma as hitherto understood. We have seen what the Rev. G. T. Drew says on the subject, but, after all, what is Redemption but a bringing back, '*redemptio*, purchasing or ransoming, buying off a thing.' Mr. Drew vigorously protests against 'so much blood and pain,' as the price paid, but what would he substitute for it? Canon Farrar cannot possibly, I think, be interpreted as meaning anything

* In an English newspaper of 2nd October last, I find the following:—'Mrs. Josephine Butler, the energetic champion of "Women's Rights," has just been on a visit to Brussels, where she had a long interview with the Burgomaster upon the subject of the immoral traffic in English girls, to which we have called attention. Of course the interview was strictly private, but we hope to find that Mrs. Butler's charitable mission has proved a success.' Now, it is well known that the Belgians return the compliment. A matter of international commerce! On which side may be the balance of trade? This is nineteenth century Christianity! And the saddest part of it all is that it is a traffic in which women largely participate.

else than that 'so much blood and pain' was the price paid. He says, as we have seen, that Christ's agonies on the cross were 'the worst result of that curse, which he was to remove for ever.' That an all-merciful God should demand, or even *accept*, such a payment, such a penalty, from his own son, appears to many, I know, utterly inexplicable. Again, there is the dogma of an eternity of torture in hell, about which we have heard not a little lately. Then take the case of the faggot and the flames. What was the course then pursued by the Church? It inflicted the extremity of punishment and torture, not for any treason against Christ, not for any breach of Christian precept or principle, not for any violation of the Commandments (which are surely Christian too), not for any disregard of the teaching, 'do unto others as you would that they should do unto you,' or, 'visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction, and keep yourself unspotted from the world'—not for any of these, but for the non-performance of a rite in the precise sense in which it was imposed upon them by their inquisitors. Has that spirit, to whatever extent ameliorated, wholly died out of the Church, out of any church? Let us pass, if you are not tired out already, to the examination of one or two more examples of Canon Farrar's 'independent study of the four Gospels side by side.' He says that Christ was offered, immediately before his execution, a draught of wine medicated with some powerful opiate, but that he would not take it. '*He would not deaden the force of one agonizing anticipation, or still the throbbing of one lacerated nerve.*' *The full tale of the utmost agony was to be endured.* Canon Farrar here breaks out into one of his ecstasies of words, into which we need not follow him. We do not require his guarantee of Christ's 'sublimest heroism.' We know that his whole life and death were heroic. But let us simply examine on what evidence it is

made to rest. We are told that it was the custom to offer such an opiate, and it is added that 'it was probably taken freely by the two malefactors.' Perhaps that inference can hardly be fairly drawn from their conduct afterward; but I think we need not concern ourselves about them with respect to that. St. Mark says, 'and they gave him to drink wine mingled with myrrh, but he received it not.' It is for chemists to say whether wine mingled with myrrh is equivalent to wine medicated with some powerful opiate. St. Matthew says, 'they gave him vinegar to drink mingled with gall, and when he had tasted thereof he would not drink.' St. Luke says, 'and the soldiers also mocked him, coming to him and offering him vinegar.' The evidence then amounts to this, St. Mark doubtful; St. Matthew and St. Luke against it; St. John silent. We cannot say whether St. John was present at that time, or not until later; if he was present, his silence on the point is of greater weight.

B. These things are not of the essentials of Christianity. As an historical fact in the Life of Christ, one would like to know what was the real nature of the drink which he was offered. But, if it must remain in uncertainty, it is only that that wish cannot be gratified. We have before us the tremendous fact of the crucifixion. In the presence of that this other question is not of supreme importance.

A. Certainly not. But it is supremely important from another point of view, and this is why I have led your attention to it. It is another proof how far Canon Farrar carries his doctrine of the salvation of mankind, consisting in the actual torments of the cross. It is this to which I desire most emphatically to draw your attention. He says—let me repeat it—'he would not deaden the force of one agonizing anticipation, or still the throbbing of one lacerated nerve.' So that, as I have said above, the full

tale of the utmost agony was to be endured. What those agonies were, Canon Farrar has done his very best to make us understand, or rather imagine, for that is the utmost to which we can reach. All description must fail. Nothing but actual endurance could give an adequate idea of all the torture which the hellish ingenuity of man could attain to, lengthened out for six long, lingering hours. The very beginning of it, the driving of large nails through the palms of the hands, and still more, through the highly sensitive insteps, tearing the nerves and crushing the close masonry of the bones as they go, must have produced the most excruciating agony. And this repeated four times! If it is ever wrong thus to strain your sympathies,—and I am not sure it is not—what must be said of those tortures in reality—and Canon Farrar leaves us in no doubt—from which not even ‘the throbbing of one lacerated nerve’ should be taken, having ‘stood written in the eternal councils.’ Has Canon Farrar given one thought to what he has in effect said? If, in pursuance of a custom, deriving its existence, as he tells us, from feminine compassion—and God bless it!—the opiate was really offered to Christ, there was, according to Canon Farrar, more mercy on earth than in heaven! Such are the lengths to which some men permit their speculations to carry them!

B. The torture was endured voluntarily.

A. No, not according to Canon Farrar. ‘It stood written in the eternal councils, that Christ was to die *not* by Jewish stoning or strangulation’ (even the first of which was probably infinitely less merciless), ‘*but by that Roman form of execution, which inspired the Jews with a nameless horror, even by crucifixion; that most fearfully significant and typical of deaths—worse even than burning—public, slow, conscious, accursed, agonizing, the worst type of all possible deaths.*’

It surely needs not half a word to say that all this is utterly opposed to the spirit of Christianity. As far as we can know God at all, we know and worship Him as all-merciful. We have names for inhumanity and cruelty, but they are purely, solely human; they are a part of debased human nature. To couple them with the name of God were a deadly blasphemy. We know that Christ was all endurance, forbearance, gentleness, kindness, love, all consideration for every woe, every pain, every privation. Is it not then an amazing thing that we should be told by Canon Farrar that protracted torture, of which the very agony of anticipation produced a sweat of blood, was the consummation of Christianity? That the wretches who drove the nails into the cross of Christ were merely agents carrying out a decree which had been pronounced from all eternity! Were there not two thieves crucified, one on either side of Christ? Crucified for theft! Do we not now know that to inflict such a death for such a crime, to inflict such a death at all, was a detestable perversion of all that is Christian? With what eyes may we suppose God to have looked upon it! With what eyes should we suppose God to look upon such a thing now! What then of that central horror? And we are to be told that it ‘stood written in the eternal councils!’ To what impious lengths—albeit not intentional—will the theological speculations of some men carry them! In another view altogether, Canon Farrar has himself given a description of Christianity. We have seen what it was. He adds to that ‘morally and physically, no less than spiritually, the Faith of Christ was the Palingenesia of the world. It came like the dawn of a new spring to nations, “effete with the drunkenness of crime.” The struggle was long and hard, but from the hour when Christ died’ (? from the first hour of his ministry) ‘began the death-knell to every satanic tyranny, and every tolerated abomination. From

that hourholiness became the universal ideal of all who name the name of Christ as their Lord, and the attainment of that ideal the common heritage of souls in which his spirit dwells.' Yes, the *true* spirit of Christianity, the Christianity of the good Samaritan; of he that is without sin, let him cast the first stone at her; of the sabbath made for deeds of mercy, and not for barren ritualistic ceremonial, which Christ so emphatically condemned. If there is one thing, which, more than all others, is flatly opposed to the spirit of Christianity—the *divine* Christianity which Christ came to teach—it is that a decree 'stood written in the eternal councils,' that 'so much blood and pain should be demanded as a penalty equivalent to so much transgression;' that Christ's mortal agonies on the cross—agonies which were a worthy outcome of human diabolism of 'satanic tyranny,'—should be the 'worst result of that curse which He was to remove for ever.'

B. Well, you have had pretty nearly all the talk to yourself. Are you satisfied?

A. Quite, if I have made myself intelligible.

B. Oh yes. I think you have done that, or you have been very earnest to little purpose. Indeed you have been so earnest that you have let a slip of Canon Farrar's pass unnoticed. We do not generally speak of the 'dawn' of a 'spring.'

A. Smiling. Oh, you observed that, did you? I must mind my own P's and Q's, I see, or you will be pulling me up next; no doubt I give you chances enough.

B. But, seriously, if the opinions of Canon Farrar are in some points so objectionable to you, what would you propose to give us in their place?

A. Ah, there you must excuse me. That is not my business. I have not undertaken to write a Life of Christ. My business is with Canon Farrar.

B. Well, perhaps we have no right to call upon you to do so. But, par-

don me, let me ask if there is not some audacity, on your part, in thus freely criticising this book. Consider that Canon Farrar is all that you have admitted you are not—a theological scholar, a recognised authority in divinity.

A. Quite true. But I have not presumed to meddle with theological scholarship. I have dealt with simple things which all can understand. If you except the miracles (which Canon Farrar can no more comprehend than you or I can), nothing could be more simple than the gospel narratives, as far as possible removed from his mode of treating the subject. In the originals we have a grand simplicity; his style seems to me to be a desecration.

B. The book has had a great popularity.

A. That is not to be wondered at. With the exception of the flowery style, which is not at everybody's command, and what I have particularly remarked upon, it is thoroughly commonplace; there is nothing that we have not all of us heard scores of times; and you must make full allowance for the mighty and all-conquering power of common-place.

B. (Laughing.) Come, that's rather good. But, now, can it be fairly said that Canon Farrar departs from his own rules as much as you seem to think? To compare various authorities one with another and to feel the full importance of original witnesses—those seem to me to be excellent rules.

A. They are excellent. They are, or ought to be, followed by every historian, by every writer of Lives. You must yourself judge how far I have shown that Canon Farrar has departed from them.

B. There, are you not a little too hard on small blemishes?

A. No doubt they are, comparatively very small, but they should not be there.

B. And then upon the style generally?

A. Am I? Take the case of Judas. We may surely be supposed to know what a traitor means and what is treachery. The name of Judas has become proverbial for detestable treason. It is enough. Verbiage only dilutes it and weakens it. What do we want with winds and storms, and rioting and howling; with rent walls and desecrated shrines; with a ruined life; with envy and avarice, and hatred and ingratitude; with a blundering chaos; with a spotted soul and mortal guilt; with the desire triumphing over man; with dark hearts and lost souls, and earth and hell; with sin conceiving and bringing forth death—

B. (Putting his hands to his ears.) Oh, for pity's sake, stop! Is there any more of it?

A. (Shaking his head.) No; that is all for the present.

B. You are too much for me.

A. Oh no, not I; Canon Farrar.

Conversation resumed at a subsequent time.

A. Since our talk, this morning, I have read the Primate's recent Visitation-speech at his own Cathedral of Canterbury. Singularly enough, as regards ourselves, he touches on the doctrine of the Atonement. The report is in the *London Times*.

B. That will be highly interesting just now. I shall be very curious to hear what His Grace has to say.

A. You shall hear. First, however, it must be stated that the speech is mainly directed towards explaining what the '*Church of the future*' will be, which, of course, intimates that it will not be the same as the *Church of the past*. Certain concessions must be made to the light which science has cast upon religion. There are certain things in which the Church will relax, others by which it will hold. It will cling to the Atonement. 'Captious discussions may be raised,' the Archbishop says, 'as to the exact meaning and logical definition of the Atonement,

and the Church in all ages has contained within its bosom men who have not thought exactly alike on this matter.' That at least is satisfactory. But I do not quite see why such discussions should be called 'captious.' If I may venture to differ from so high an authority, I should say that the desire to obtain 'the exact meaning and logical definition' was exactly the reverse of 'captious.' Otherwise, any close reasoner might be called captious. May I further venture to remind His Grace that there are occasions on which the Church does not consider 'exact meaning and logical definition' to be out of place, 'for the sacramental bread and wine remain still in their own natural substances, and therefore may not be adored (for that were idolatry to be abhorred of all faithful Christians.) And the natural Body and Blood of our Saviour Jesus Christ are in Heaven and not here, it being against the truth of Christ's natural Body to be at one time in more places than one.' Now that is surely as exact in meaning and logical in definition as any one need desire. The Archbishop, having called it 'Atonement,' changes the name to 'Sacrifice.' And, what seems to me most extraordinary, and will to you, I am confident, liken it—at whatever distance you please, *but still likens it*—to the '*strange rites of immolation*,' which have been found in all '*pagan and mere human systems*.'

B. Surely impossible!

A. The words are found in the same sentence and in adjoining lines, and *not by way of contrast, but of comparison*. The meaning appears to be this—the pagans in old times have been groping (so to speak) after the god or gods of their imagination, 'vainly striving to approach' him or them through their '*strange rites of immolation*' (this makes one think of Ashantee and Timbuctoo), and that the Christian moved by the same feeling, 'finds in the doctrine of this one great sacrifice a peace, and a sense of nearness to the

Everlasting Father,' which he seeks 'hopelessly elsewhere.'

B. You do astonish me indeed. Can you repeat the precise words used?

A. Certainly; here they are. 'But that the death of Christ upon the cross brought God and man together, that His blood washes away the stain of sin—in what mysterious way we know not—that the soul which feels itself by nature estranged from God, and which in all pagan and mere human systems is vainly striving to approach Him, and has been found striving to approach Him through some strange rites of immolation, finds in the doctrine of this one great sacrifice, a peace and a sense of nearness to the Everlasting Father, which it sought hopelessly elsewhere—this doctrine the Church will never part with, while the world contains sinners who have souls to be saved.'

B. I could not have believed it. According to the Archbishop, then, the source of belief in the doctrine of the Atonement, may be traced to a gratification or satisfaction of the feeling which induced pagans to indulge in 'strange rites of immolation.' How horrible some of those rites are need not be said. They are offered up to idols often as hideous in attributed characters as they are in visible semblance. They arise from a dread of wrath and of power, often malignant power. To me this is putting it, I must say, I cannot help saying, in a most repulsive form. Do we not look with horror upon all 'rites of immolation,'—horror intensified, when human beings are made the victims of purposely prolonged torment, such as Canon Farrar has described. Can there be any conceivable affinity between such hideous orgies as these and the 'sacrifice' of Christ on the cross? Surely of all the unfortunate attempts—and this one is quite new to me—that have ever been made to explain the doctrine of the Atonement, and to reconcile the agonies of the cross with Christianity, and the attributes of the

Deity—such as in our best ignorance we strive to imagine them—this is the most unfortunate of all. 'Rites of immolation' in one line, and 'the one great sacrifice' in the next (immolation and sacrifice, having, used in this sense, precisely the same meaning), and this for the purpose of connecting them together, and not of sundering them as far as the east is from the west.

A. I do not, indeed, wonder at your being so moved by it. A man like Dr. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, is entitled, of course, to every respectful consideration, and (if to speak of him at all in this way is not presumptuous), when we think of the grievous domestic affliction which he has undergone, to even tender consideration. But that is not the question. In this question all are alike, the humblest and the most distinguished. It is a question which theological learning, great attainments, high character and elevated station, all meeting in the Archbishop of Canterbury, cannot answer for us. The Archbishop says, 'in some mysterious way, how we know not.' We must answer it for ourselves, and I, for one, can never answer it, by supposing that there can be a shadow of affinity, in any way whatsoever, between 'pagan strange rites of immolation' and the death of Christ on the Cross. What say you, B?

B. To me the idea is as repugnant as it is to you. It seems to me, too, that the Archbishop falls into some confusion of terms. By sacrifice, he must mean, I suppose, propitiatory sacrifice. But he has also called it by the name of atonement. Now propitiation and atonement certainly do not mean the same thing, nor do sacrifice and atonement mean the same thing.

A. No. The Archbishop also tells us that the 'doctrine of the Fall' will be in the 'Church of the future.' In the Church of the past it would, I should say, have been called a *fact* and not a *doctrine*. It was an event cir-

circumstantially told. The fall was immediate, complete and total. It was once for all, subject to no variation, to no diminution or increase, afterwards. A penalty was incurred, from which there was but one possible means of escape, the atonement made by the death of Christ on the Cross. Now, what the Archbishop says is certainly not that. What he says is, 'a true estimate of human nature will ever point to some strange failure from a high original, as set forth in the doctrine of the Fall. No account of the degenerating tendencies of good example will be sufficient to explain this. There is something radically wrong, and that in a being who bears upon him plain marks of having been destined to achieve a high ideal. The doctrine of Original Sin will approve itself to the most careful examination of human nature as it is. We shall find it impossible to account otherwise for its tendency to a rapid degeneracy under unfavourable circumstances, and for the, perhaps, still more alarming fact that even under the most favourable circumstances evil desires and propensities are for ever cropping up in the mind even of the most self-re-

strained. And this doctrine of man's inherent weakness will ever point to the necessity of a prescient and sustaining grace, which, through the Holy Spirit's working, is mercifully sent to help and guide those who would otherwise be wandering.' Can you understand, B, what all this means. I confess I cannot.

B. Nor I, but it seems to me, if I may presume to use the Archbishop's own words, that he describes 'the doctrine of the Fall' 'in some mysterious way, how we know not.' At least, he does so without ever once mentioning the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve, the fruit of the forbidden tree, the serpent, the temptation of Eve, the yielding, and the eating of the forbidden fruit, the aprons of fig leaves, the condemnation, the expulsion from Paradise, the guilt, the punishment incurred, and the escape from that punishment by the atonement made by Christ on the Cross. Are we to suppose, may we ask, that this is, according to the Archbishop, to be one of the differences between the Church of the past and the Church of the future?

L. D.

SONNET.

BY GOWAN LEA.

THIS she that walks before us day by day
 Who wooed us in our early infancy,
 In shining robes rich-clad, as fair could be,
 Enchanting us with an harmonious lay.
 When later on we saw the alluring fay,
 Her voice resounded, if less merrily,
 With sweeter fir and truer melody,
 While no less beautiful was her array.
 Hope leadeth still; her path and ours are one;
 No nearer her we come, no farther go;
 Old age is fain to grasp her pure, white hand;
 For dimming eyes gaze wistfully—but lo!
 Just as our earthly pilgrimage is done,
 Her shadow falls upon the unknown land.

MONTREAL.

A FORGOTTEN HERO—JACQUES CARTIER.

BY ANNIE WALKER.

THE name of Jacques Cartier, first explorer of the St. Lawrence, remains to this day in Canada an honoured name and very little more—in France it is almost entirely forgotten—in England almost wholly unknown. Yet, born in a time of great possibilities and of great deeds, the man who bore that name was well worthy of remembrance, not only because he was in his own person a true hero, brave, honest, and God-fearing, but also because he gave to France a territory larger than all Europe, and laid for England the first foundation of a colony which is almost an empire.

Of a family long settled and well known in the busy town of St. Malo, Jacques Cartier was born at that place on December 31, 1494. Scarcely anything is known of his boyhood, but since the port was full of seafaring men his first recollections were, no doubt, associated with marvellous stories of the newly discovered Western India, and of the mysterious northern seas, ice-laden and fog-veiled, through which there must surely be somewhere the passage to Cathay. While he was still a child, fishermen from St. Malo had begun to go with those of Dieppe and other ports to fish for cod, sailing boldly out into the still almost unknown ocean in frail little barks built only for coasting voyages. As he grew up he joined some of these expeditions, and evidently prospered, for at twenty-five we find him a person of some consequence, master of a little Manoir of Lemoilou, and husband of the Demoiselle Catherine des Granches.

It was not, however, until 1534, when Cartier was forty years of age, that his first great enterprise was undertaken. At that time he boldly presented himself to Philippe de Chabot-Brion, Admiral of France, proposing to go and explore, in the King's name, and for his His Majesty's benefit, the shores of Terre-Neuve. This name seems to have been given, rather vaguely, to the coast of North America from Labrador to the south of Cape Breton, and Cartier thought that a coast so broken, and hitherto so little known, might perhaps conceal that passage to India, to discover which would be fame indeed. De Chabot was one of the King's oldest and most intimate friends; to obtain his patronage was almost to secure the permission needed. The time of the proposal, too, was fortunate. The Treaty of Cambrai had left Francis at leisure to think of the affairs of his kingdom, and by his defeat and imprisonment he was sufficiently exasperated against Spain to feel a lively jealousy of her achievements in the new world. He had already sent out one expedition under Verazano, but with no satisfactory results. He seems at once to have received the idea favourably, and agreed to furnish the Malouin captain with two ships and all that was necessary for his voyage.

On April 20, 1534, Cartier sailed from St. Malo. We cannot follow the course of his voyage here, though his own narrative, simple, direct, full of every kind of useful detail, and empty of all self-glorification, is exceedingly

tempting. He followed in the track of John Cabot, until on May 11 he reached Newfoundland (or Terre Neufve, as he writes it), and thence explored the coasts north and south of that island. So discouraging, however, was the result of this exploration that he writes in his journal: 'It ought not to be called a new *land*, but a mass of rocks and stones, terrible, and roughly piled together. . . . In fact, I am much inclined to think that this is the land God gave to Cain.' Still he could not consider his labour lost, since those inhospitable rocks might yet hide the wished-for Westward passage.

It was near the end of June when the two small ships discovered pleasanter regions and safe harbours. From that moment Cartier changed his opinion of the new country, and his pages are full of accounts of its beauty and fertility. He made the acquaintance of some friendly Indians, and persuaded them to entrust to him two boys (apparently of their chief's family) to be taken to France. He erected a great wooden cross with much solemnity on Cape Gaspé, and then, winter approaching, and the navigation again becoming difficult, he turned homeward, and reached St. Malo safe and well on September 5.

So well satisfied was King Francis with what had been done on this first voyage that he at once resolved to send out another expedition in the following year, and to place the command in the same capable hands. Cartier received the title of 'Capitaine Général et Pilote du Roy,' and was provided with three ships, each with its captain and crew, and permitted to take with him a number of volunteers, many of them young men of good family. The two Indian boys were also on board the ships, which sailed from St. Malo on May 19, 1535.

The expedition made its way directly and without special adventures (except the encountering some bad weather) to the coast of Labrador. Here,

apparently at Mingan (Cartier called it St. Nicolas), they set up a great wooden cross, the position of which is carefully described for the benefit of future voyagers. Leaving this place, they met with a terrible storm, from which they thankfully took refuge in a beautiful bay full of islands. To this place, and *not* to 'the great river of Canada,' Cartier gave the name of St. Laurent. It seems to have been at the mouth of the river St. John, Labrador; but it is impossible to say when or why the name, originally attached to this harbour of refuge, was applied to the whole magnificent stream and gulf which now bear it.

Carefully exploring the coasts as he went on, the captain, always anxiously mindful of that 'perfection'—the passage to Cathay—which more than all else would reward his toils, led his little fleet along the northern shores of the gulf, past the dangerous island of Anticosti, and the innumerable smaller ones lying higher up, until he reached 'the country of Saguenay' and the great river which still bears that name. Here he was not only pleased with the beauty of richly wooded and watered lands, and with the report of the Indians that copper was found in the neighbourhood, but also saw some creatures not more wonderful to his eyes than his description of them is to our ears. 'Here we saw,' he says, 'some fishes such as no man had seen or heard of. They were the size of porpoises, with heads like greyhounds, well made and white as snow, without spot. The Indians called them "adhothings," and said they were good to eat.'

Sailing on past Ile aux Cendres (which still retains the name he gave it), and other small islands, he anchored at last, one fair September evening, near the north shore at the lower end of the Ile d'Orléans. 'Here,' he says, 'began the land and Province of Canada,' and here he allowed his men to go ashore, and to accept freely

the presents of fruit, maize and fish brought to them by the Indians.

The boys, Taignoagny and Domagaya, who had been in France, were received with the greatest joy by their countrymen, and there seems to have been a tremendous uproar of welcome about the ships all that evening and night. Next day 'the lord of Canada, who was called Donacona by name, and Agouhanna as his title,' came in state to visit the strangers. Standing up in his canoe, he addressed the captain in 'une predication et preschement,' with gestures 'd'une merveilleuse sorte,' expressive of confidence and friendship, and was easily persuaded to taste the bread and wine presented to him.

The difference between the conventional Indian of romance and the real and perfectly unsophisticated Indian of this true narrative is very wonderful. Not only Donacona and his people, but all the other tribes whom Cartier met with, seem to have been simple, almost childish *sauvages*, wild men, friendly, hospitable, confiding; and cunning only in the clumsiest and most transparent fashion. Like children, they show themselves sometimes wilful and unreasonable; but the worst complaint Cartier makes of them is that they were 'marvellous thieves,' while they certainly seem to have been quite as ready to give as to take.

After a little delay, the ships left their anchorage and, passing below the beautiful fall of Montmorenci with its veil of silver mist, coasted the green north shore, drawing near with wonder to the grand cliffs that rose majestically, towering above the broad waters, as if nature had made her citadel there and bade the strangers stand back from her impregnable ramparts. At the foot of the rock fortress they again dropped their anchors; sheltering themselves at the mouth of a stream which flowed quietly into the great river from the north. To this smaller stream they gave the

name of Ste. Croix, which it retained for less than a hundred years, till in 1617 the Recollet Fathers of Quebec rechristened it the St. Charles.

In the whole of Cartier's story there is no trace of any origin for the name by which the place he had now reached is known to us. He calls it simply Stadacona, and it is evident that he never attempted to give it any other appellation. The story of his sailors crying out 'Quel bec!' and their exclamation being repeated until it came to be used as the name of the cliffs which caused it, is never hinted at. Indeed, after many attempts to find a Canadian origin for the name of Quebec, one is obliged to confess that the question remains as much unanswered as ever. Charlevoix says that the word is Algonquin. 'Les Abenaquis, dont la langue est une dialecte Algonquine, le nomment Quelibec, qui veut dire *ce qui est fermé*, parceque de l'entrée de la petite rivière de la Chaudière, par où ces sauvages venaient à Quebec, le port de Quebec ne paroît qu'une grande barge.' But, on the other hand, when we remember that Quebec is an old form of the word Caudebec, it seems probable that the French did really give the name, though after the time of Cartier. The Earl of Suffolk of Henry VI.'s reign bore the title of *Dominic de Hamburg et de Quelec*. He was a powerful seigneur in Normandy, and the same place may easily have given him his title and the gem of La Nouvelle France its name. In the time of Cartier, however, the Quebec of to-day was certainly called Stadacona, and was a populous and prosperous Indian town.

No sooner were his ships safely anchored, then the captain went on shore to return the visit he had received from the Indian chief. 'Near the river,' he says, 'there is a people of whom Donacona is chief, and their dwelling is called Stadacona, which is as beautiful a place as it is possible to see, and very fertile—full of fine trees

the same as in France, such as oaks, elms, ashes, walnuts, maples, vines, whitethorns which bear fruit as large as dimsons, and other trees; under which grows fine hemp as good as that of France, without any cultivation.' Kindly received by the Indians, and guided up steep pathways to the rugged heights where the citadel now stands, Cartier, first of Europeans, looked down upon one of the most magnificent landscapes in the world. That grand panorama is Nature's own, and must have been in its outlines the same to his eyes as it is to ours. At his feet the cliff, sharply cut by some long past convulsion, formed a precipitous wall 200 feet high, at whose base clung the narrow strip of beach, then green, and fertile but now covered by Champlain street, and the wharves and warehouses of the Lower Town. Beyond this line of beach stretched the glorious waters of 'the great river,' cradling the green Ile d'Orléans, with its abundant foliage, where perhaps the golden touches of autumn had already given their first splendour to the vines. On his right, parted from him by the broad current, rose the broken Point Levi shore, a wild wooded solitude, 'very fair,' but seemingly undisturbed by man. On his left the shallower stream of the Ste. Croix flowed peacefully out from a channel already far too wide for its waters, and there his ships, with the royal arms of France displayed, lay safely—a little stronghold of European power and civilization in the midst of the primitive region. Beyond the ships a grassy and level shore extended, until, rising gradually, it grew into those steep cliffs fringed with clinging bushes, over which, six miles off, the Montmorenci flung itself, marking its descent by a cloud of glimmering whiteness. Further on and further back from the river the land still rose, richly wooded and beautiful, but all solitary, where in later days Wolfe's little army was to have its encampment, and where now

scattered villages lie, stretching mile after mile past the place where the white house and glittering spire of Les Anges Gardiens nestle among the green slopes of the hills.

It must have been a day never to be forgotten when Cartier—surely for a moment unconscious that his voyage needed any other perfecting—climbed the heights of Stadacona, and looked down upon this picture. He was to grow familiar with it, to see it daily through times of difficulty, danger, and almost despair; but for all the suffering that might come to be associated with it, it would keep its place in his memory as something to be recalled in the peaceful years to come with all a lover's admiration and a discoverer's pride.

A short time was spent in exploring the neighbourhood of Stadacona and the Ile d'Orléans (on which, from its abundant vines, the name of Ile de Bacchus was bestowed) and in taking measures for the safety of the ships; but the captain's mind was now resolutely bent on a voyage up the great river, to visit an important Indian settlement of which reports had reached him. The chief and people of Stadacona were for some reason opposed to this expedition, and not only contrived causes of delay, but finally managed so that the French were obliged to do without the guides and interpreters on whose help they had counted. Cartier, however, was not to be discouraged; and on September 19 started up the river with the *Emerillon* the smallest of his three small vessels, and two boats. They stopped at a place called Ocheley, which seems to have been at or near Richelieu, and were hospitably received by the Indians there. When they reached Lake St Peter, their journey began to be troublesome and dangerous, and they were obliged to leave the *Emerillon* in charge of a small party, and only take on the boats, manned by twenty sailors, four gentlemen volunteers, and the two

masters Marc Jolabert and Guillaume le Breton. They had heard from so many quarters a report of the importance of Hochelaga, whither they were bound, that it must have been with no little eagerness that they pushed their way on through the islands at the head of the lake, and, at last, on October 2, came in sight of their destination.

The news of their approach had gone before them, and there was an excited crowd waiting as their boats drew up to the beach. More than a thousand persons, Cartier says, were assembled, dancing and singing tumultuously, and throwing cakes made of maize into their boats, in such abundance 'that you would have thought they were rained down from heaven.' As soon as the strangers landed, they found a great feast prepared for them, the whole town apparently constituting themselves their entertainers; but that day there was no state reception, nor did they visit the town itself, contenting themselves with making friends of the crowd, and especially of the women, who seem to have been everywhere most prominent in public demonstrations.

Next morning the captain and his company started, with a certain state and formality, for the town or 'bourgade,' as he calls it, of Hochelaga. They found the approach to it formed by a good and well-trodden road, which passed through a country of great natural beauty, well wooded, and evidently fertile. Oaks, maple, and other valuable trees grew abundantly, and as they proceeded, fields of Indian corn began to spread out around them. In the midst of these fields, surrounded on all sides by the ripening harvest, rose the walls of Hochelaga. Above the town a beautiful hill sloped up, sheltering it towards the north, and in front flowed the great river, an expanse of nearly two miles of swift blue water, contrasting with the green shore. As they drew near the town a chief, at-

tended by a number of people, came out to meet them, and invited them to sit down and rest in the place where they then were. When they had done so, the chief began the invariable oration, 'preschement' of welcome, of which little, if any, could have been intelligible; for, supposing, as seems evident, that the French had learned something of the language spoken at Stadacona, they would now find themselves in the region of a different (probably a Huron) dialect.

When the 'preschement' ended, Cartier presented to the chief gifts suitable to his rank—two hatchets, a pair of knives, and a cross, which he was instructed to kiss and to hang round his neck. Then the party went on through the fields, passing among the tall stems of Indian corn, with their graceful leaves and long tassels of golden-tinted floss, until they reached the gate of the town and entered it, much amazed at what they saw; for they found themselves within a circle of large extent, formed by wooden ramparts and broken by only a single entrance. These ramparts were triple, and most strongly and ingeniously built—very thick at the bottom and diminishing towards the top, the beams extremely well joined, and each rampart two spears' length in height. The gateway, the only passage through them, could be closed with bars against an enemy, and all round the town inside the ramparts ran galleries, where piles of stones were stored ready to be thrown on the heads of a besieging army. Within all these fortifications were about fifty houses arranged round a central square or place. Each house was about fifty feet long, cleverly roofed with sheets of bark, and containing one large hall with a fireplace, and several smaller rooms for the use of different members of the family. An upper storey served as the granary and storehouse; the supplies which it held consisted

of Indian corn (which was beaten into flour with wooden mallets), pease, large cucumbers, and fruits, with abundance of dried fish. Cartier tells us nothing as to the furnishing of these substantial dwellings, though their comfortable aspect seems to have much impressed him, except as to the beds, which were made of bark with plenty of furs for coverings.

The French were led by the chief, their conductor, into the great central square of the town, being joined by a crowd of the inhabitants, women as well as men. All these came round them without the least sign of fear or shyness, caressing them, the former bringing babies, whom they begged them to touch, as if they thought their doing so would procure the children some good fortune. At last, after the women had gratified their curiosity, they were all dismissed by the men, who seated themselves on the ground. Presently, however, some of the women came back bringing mats, which they arranged in the centre of the square, and invited the captain and his party to take their places upon them. They had no sooner obeyed than the Agouhanna, the great chief made his appearance, carried by nine or ten men, and placed himself on a deerskin beside that assigned to Cartier. He was a man of about fifty, no better dressed than his subjects, except that he wore as a crown a fillet of hedgehog's skin, dyed red; he was, however, a most pitiable object, being so palsied that all his limbs shook.

The scene that follows is so singular and so touching, that one stops to ask oneself what it was in the aspect of the strangers which thus inspired in a people, not altogether barbarous, a faith equally sudden and unclaimed? They had seen no proofs of their power. Even the firearms which had awed the people of Stadacona had not been used here to obtain for the French a prestige born of fear. They knew still less, one would think, of the dis-

position of the new-comers—whether they would show themselves gentle or cruel. Yet they evidently believed at once in their will as well in their capacity, to help. Was it one of those intuitions which we see sometimes in children, by which they comprehend character as it affects themselves with an almost unerring certainty?

The chief of Hochelaga only waited until the usual ceremonies of greeting and welcome were ended, and then immediately showed his disabled limbs to the captain, begging him to touch them. He did so, rubbing them gently with his hands, and the chief, apparently satisfied, took off the red fillet and presented it to him. As if this gift had been a signal expected and waited for, a strange stir instantly began, and there was carried into the square from all sides a crowd of sick, helpless, blind and deformed persons, who were laid down round Cartier, their friends praying him only to touch them—'tellement qu'il sembloit que Dieu feust là descendu pour les guerir.'

Never, surely, since the days when the lame, the halt, and the blind were brought to our Lord, was there a similar throng assembled, and it was well for the man who stood there with so many imploring eyes turned to him that he could feel, above his human weakness, the certainty of a Divine power and compassion. Deeply moved, he took, as it were, these ignorant prayers of the people and offered them to God. Standing in the midst, he recited the beginning of St. John's Gospel, and making the sign of the cross upon the sick, prayed that God would make himself known to them, and give them grace to receive Christianity and the holy rite of baptism. Then he took a Book of Hours, and read distinctly from it, word for word, the Passion of our Lord. While he thus read words which, though in an unknown tongue, they must have guessed to be in some way Divine, the people stood around him silent, looking up to heaven, and imitating rever-

ently the devout gestures of the French.

Did any miracle of healing follow? We know nothing more. Cartier's narrative goes back to common things, and tells us briefly of the rest of his hurried visit to Hochelaga. Yet it is hard to believe that such an hour left no trace. Even those who refuse belief, absolutely and without exception, to all modern miracles, may allow that among a people highly imaginative and full of faith, cures of nervous diseases were, under such circumstances, very possible; to those less sceptical it may be permitted to hope that even more than such cures took place. One thing can hardly be doubted. The recollection of that appeal and response—the cry of human misery answered by the message of Divine love—must have left an undying impression on the minds of those who saw and heard; and probably the recital of this scene was one of the first inducements to pious men and women in France to undertake the long and difficult task of evangelizing the people of Canada.

Cartier and his party explored the environs of Hochelaga, and climbed 'the mountain' to which later travellers gave the name of Mont Royal; but the season was advancing and they could make no long stay. Taking a warm and friendly farewell of their Indian hosts, they went on board their boats, and soon rejoining the *Emerillon*, returned to Stadacona by the middle of the month.

Much had to be done before winter set in, and strange must have been the feelings of the little colony when, shut up in the enclosure with which they had surrounded their ships, they saw the great river change into a plain of ice, and the green and fertile country shroud itself in its deep mantle of snow. They knew that for six months they must remain prisoners; but they did not know all the suffering those winter months were to bring. The captain's journal through the winter

is a story of simple heroism, full of interest, but for which we have no space here. A terrible illness broke out among the party, which proved fatal to twenty of them, and was so universal, that at one time there were but three men well out of the three crews. At the same time the friendship of Donacona and his people had so far cooled that Cartier felt it most imperative to conceal the helpless condition of his men, and was driven to all sorts of expedients for this purpose, while his heart was torn by the misery about him, and often, as De Joinville says of St. Louis, 'he had nothing but courage to maintain life.'

At last the time of suffering was over. A decoction of a plant called *annele*—perhaps the wild barberry—proved so efficacious that the sick began quickly to recover. One of the ships must indeed be abandoned, but the others were brought out of their enclosure and made ready for sea. Early in May all was prepared, but Cartier seems to have feared that Donacona and his people meant to hinder his departure. They had shown great distrust of the French for some time, and this is the only excuse for what certainly was a line of conduct entirely at variance with the Captain-General's character. Donacona was suddenly seized and, with several of his attendants, forcibly invited to pay a visit to the King of France. He was allowed to see and speak with his people, and to appoint a regent, but nevertheless there is no doubt that he was carried off against his will. On May 6, 1536, the two ships left their anchorage, and moved down the river, and on June 6 they came safely into the harbour of St. Malo, the joy of their prosperous home-coming clouded by the memory of twenty comrades who would never return.

Four years later Cartier once more sailed for 'La Nouvelle France.' The interval had been filled by public events of such importance as to distract King Francis' thoughts entirely,

from his 'newly-claimed territory, and had been marked also by the downfall of Admiral de Chabot, Cartier's friend and patron. At last, however, a fresh commission was issued (and this time expressly for purposes of colonization), in which unfortunately Cartier was hampered by the partnership of the Sieur de Roberval. De Roberval made so many delays that Cartier was at last ordered off alone and ill-provided. He reached the old anchorage at the Ste. Croix August 23, 1540, and though he had not brought Donacona or any of his attendants back, he was again well received by the Indians. He afterwards began preparations for a settlement at Charlebourg Royal (Cap Rouge) and built a fort, where he must have spent the winter and part of the following summer. All this time De Roberval was expected in vain, and when autumn approached, the patience of the adventurers seems to have been worn out. They left the great river for the last time, met De Roberval at St. John, but would not turn back, and before the end of October had been received with great rejoicings and honours in their own town. Only the first part of this voyage is related by the captain himself; his

journal breaks off abruptly at a moment when, just at the closing in of winter, he was putting his little fort in order to withstand an anticipated attack. If he finished it (which is almost certain), the last portion was entirely lost within a few years of his death, and Hakluyt, who tried anxiously, but in vain, to recover it, was able to pick up only the most fragmentary information as to later events.

For ten years 'the Captain seems to have enjoyed quiet and modest ease in his seaside Manoir of Lemoilou. The King gave him letters of nobility; but apparently little or nothing else; and after De Roberval's return to France there was even a question raised as to the expenditure of the sum granted to them jointly from the royal treasury. It was proved, however, that Cartier had spent more than he had received, and the Court gave sentence in his favour in June, 1544. This is the last public record of his life. In 1554, he died at the age of sixty, leaving no children and no wealth—nothing at all, indeed, except his well-deserved reputation as a skilful sailor, an excellent commander, and an honest man.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

ROUND THE TABLE.

IS CIVILIZATION DECLINING?

IT is not too much to say that there are few thoughtful persons to whom at odd times a doubt does not present itself as to whether modern civilization is developing 'in a right direction,' whether the movement of society is still an upward one; whether the forces of construction and organization are still gaining upon those that tend to disorganization and dissolution. As a recent writer has remarked, our sun might have pass-

ed its meridian and there might yet be abundant light and heat, and nothing to tell the story of his decline but the direction of the shadows. We live in the heart of what, in many respects, is a splendid civilization; and the youngest of us need hardly expect any very marked decadence in our day; but yet, dismiss as we may all personal apprehensions, we are constrained to ask from time to time the questions above suggested. It must be that we feel, or think we feel, some slackening in the

tide of moral progress. The facts, it seems to me, that come most distinctly into consciousness, in connection with such misgivings, are mainly these: (1) a decline in individuality; (2) a decline in enthusiasm; (3) a decline in sincerity. These things are all closely connected, but they strike us separately just according to the particular facts that arrest attention. The decline in individuality is seen most strikingly in the rising generation. Boys and girls are vastly more pampered now-a-days than their fathers and mothers ever were. They have illustrated books and papers full of everything that can contribute to their instruction or amusement; they travel more than their parents did; they have school pic-nics and Sunday-school pic-nics; and things generally are arranged to give them the maximum of enjoyment and the minimum of worry. The methods of instruction of the present day are supposed to be vastly superior to those of a generation ago. We are discarding those idle studies, Latin and Greek, and teaching instead the elements of science, which is understood to be an enormous improvement. And yet the boys and girls of to-day do not seem to have as much in them of original, spontaneous 'human nature' as the boys and girls of twenty-five or thirty years ago. They do not show as much either of invention or of energy in their sports, and altogether exhibit less self-reliance and native force. Individuality is missing. Then if we take the graduates of our universities, a picked class, we shall find—considering their opportunities—a great lack of intellectual distinction. A narrow ambition to succeed in some one profession, to make a fortune and build a fine house, seems to be as much as their minds can find room for. Not one in fifty takes vigorous hold of the great social or intellectual problems of the day, with the determination to aid in their solution. The prevailing—one might almost say the all-prevailing—disposition among these exceptionally-favoured young men is to take the world as they find it, to ask no awkward questions, but simply to extract for themselves as much solid advantage and comfort as possible from the existing conditions of life. We do not meet amongst them strongly-marked characters; and rarely do we discover so much as a distinct consciousness of what might be accomplished in the world

by the exercise of a vigorous will with high aims and clear insight.

As to enthusiasm, who now-a-days is enthusiastic about anything? A man needs only to look enthusiastic to be taken for a semi-lunatic. To be willing to spend and be spent in a cause, apart from all hope of personal gain, is folly only worthy of a Nihilist. To conceive the possibility of any great social changes, such as might perchance strike at the roots of crime and poverty, is a dangerous symptom for any man to show: *hunc tu, Romane caveto*. Men have ceased to believe in the possibility of great reforms: their whole interest in public affairs is confined to the pitch and toss of political parties; and as to the parties no one expects anything from them but gigantic efforts to keep office or to seize it. There are great expectations, on every side, of what 'science' will do in the future. We are waiting on Mr. Edison's experiments, and looking for further news of the photophone. That those who are now comfortable will hereafter be more comfortable still; that those who now live in luxury will hereafter live in still greater luxury—these things we have faith to believe; but that a true reign of social justice will dawn upon the world within any reasonable time only a few dangerous dreamers ever allow themselves to fancy. We do not see how 'science' is going to do that; and in moral forces our faith is nearly extinct.

The want of sincerity to which I have referred is seen less in any increase of positive falsehood than in the prevailing contentment with false modes of thought and the absence of any general demand for intellectual harmony and consistency. People can tell you what they *profess* to believe; but what they do believe is a secret even to themselves. Matthew Arnold's words in 'Empedocles on Etna' are very applicable here:

'The Gods laugh in their sleeve,
To watch man doubt and fear,
Who knows not what to believe
Since he sees nothing clear,
And dares stamp nothing false where
He finds nothing sure.'

Time was when a certain instinct of intellectual sincerity compelled men to seek for harmony in their intellectual conceptions; and in those days there was no hesitation in stamping as false that in which they did not believe. To-

day, on the contrary, nothing is supposed to be very true and nothing very false. Men are content to move about in a haze of half-thoughts and half convictions. As in Athens of old, there is a consuming desire to hear or tell of some new thing; but there is nothing in this of a passion for truth, no craving to know in any worthy sense, no hunger for the elements of mental growth, simply a nervous craving for distraction. Every day must have its sensation. If our papers do not show a great array of heavy column-headings, expressed in powerful phraseology cunningly alliterated, we feel as if life were at a standstill. The papers know this; and, however little significance the news of the day may possess, whatever type can do to make it look important is done. And thus thousands and millions rush through life, feeding on the trifles of the moment, but never asking any news of their own inert selves; and never knowing what it is to trust even for a moment to any profoundly-apprehended truth, to any comprehensive and unifying principle.

It is when these things come home to us with force that we are led to ask ourselves whether a hollow is not forming in the very heart of our civilization; whether the superficial lives of so vast a portion of the community can co-exist for any length of time with such an observance of social morality as is requisite to give cohesion to the fabric of society; whether a fatal blindness to all important facts may not be the accompaniment of our devouring eagerness for facts that are not important. Even now a boat-race can draw our thoughts wholly away from great national concerns; and what will it be in a few years, if 'sport' goes on—as there is every appearance that it will do—absorbing more and more of our attention, and throwing graver matters more and more into the shade? A revolution, a social earthquake, might be at hand, and the 'intellectual classes' might be as blind to all the signs of it as though, like the inhabitants of Nineveh, they knew not their right hands from their left.

W. D. LE S.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Endymion. By the Right Honorable the Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G., Canadian Copyright Edition. Montreal: DAWSON BROTHERS, 1880.

Endymion, the latest rage of the season, appeared in Toronto just as our December number was ready to be issued to the public, and we have accordingly been debarred from noticing it until the subject has become slightly hackneyed. After all the harpies of the press have settled upon it and befouled it, some with 'their cruel hate,' and others with 'their still more cruel love,' we do not propose to serve up to our readers a cold hash constructed from the mangled remains that are left to us. We

will presume that every one has a competent general knowledge of at least the outline of the plot and the most prominent characters that figure in it, and upon that basis we will make the few remarks that are yet left to us to make on this latest contribution to the library of fiction.

The first and perhaps the most important question which we shall consider is one of literary ethics;—how far is the Earl of Beaconsfield justified in mixing fact and fiction, as he has done in these pages? The old anathema 'Cursed be he who removeth his neighbour's landmark,' applies to the fields of history as well as to the marches of hostile proprie-

tors. Do not doubtful facts and erroneous statements already creep in among the records of our national progress with sufficient ease, and must we needs deliberately add to the confusion and difficulty by foisting them in by wholesale? Is it indeed an 'admirable fooling,' or even a permissible one, to mix up events, dates, ministries and individuals into one 'gruel, thick and slab,' and serve out the bewitching brewage to whosoever will partake? A comic history of England has always seemed to us a sufficiently dull piece of stupidity; but 'Endymion' rises above the domain of comicality. Its tone is too serious to cover a joke, the resemblance to actual events often too close to allow its author to class it among purely imaginary histories. To our mind it it appears a tragi-comic history, comic in its distortion of facts, tragic in the desecration which is implied in that distortion. Our feelings towards the book are similar to those we should undoubtedly entertain towards a clever travesty of Hamlet, in which Polonius, while retaining his natural character, should be called by some other name; where the madness and death of Ophelia should be made to precede Hamlet's voyage from Denmark, and Laertes be made the rival of the Prince in his affections to that sad fair maid. One recoils from the sacrilege implied in such a piece of business, and are the facts of history, in their sober earnestness, to be held less inviolate and sacred than the fancies of even the greatest genius? It may be said that 'Endymion' is an ephemeral production, and should not be judged by so severe a standard. In a literary sense it is, no doubt, as all of its author's novels have been, a creature of the day, a bright bubble blown into the air and glittering with a thousand colours which it owes to its own temerity. But from a historical point of view 'Endymion' is made of more lasting material. However justly we may disapprove of the general lines of policy and statecraft upon which the Earl of Beaconsfield's public life has been laid down, we cannot deny to him the prominent place he has achieved in the records of England. For good or for evil, his mark is there. The protagonist of Peel, of Palmerston and of Gladstone, —he will ever hold a most conspicuous position in the annals of the nineteenth century. And when such a man under-

takes whether in pasquinade, parody, poem, or novel of society to delineate the character and discover the foibles of those among whom he lived, and with whom he struggled for power, we may be sure that the historical student of the future will not allow the racy pen-sketches to lie forgotten upon his shelves. When the present generation has passed away, what opportunity for error, for misconception and misappreciation, will be found in the pages of the Earl of Beaconsfield's historical novels! The master of scathing satire and of poignant sarcasm, we almost fancy that we can detect the sardonic smile with which he now hands down to posterity the portraits of his adversaries, painted with sufficient life-like truth to ensure recognition, and adorned with just as much virtue as will cover the bitter sting of depreciation which forms the real motive of the delineation. How is the historian of the future to sift the truth from the fiction of this discordant mass? Will he discard it all, and thus lose the great aid which the noble author might have afforded him; or will he, in attempting to separate the grain from the chaff, introduce into his work, as facts, the busy creations of an irresponsible pen? Time will alone show this, and in the meantime we enter our protest against a system which appears to us to be radically vicious.

Among all the gay paradoxes to which we are treated in these pages, we are much struck by the undecided nature of the keynote sounded by their author. It was natural enough that Mr. Disraeli, when a young man, should affect the mysterious, don an air of reserve, indicate opinions without subscribing to, or refuting them, and generally speak in the tone of one who 'could, an' he would' enlighten the world on many points, but has resolved for the present to keep his light for his own use. But one would expect that the Earl of Beaconsfield, grown grey in harness, would have outlived this affectation of reserve, and that his views of things would have stiffened into some coherency of purpose. But it is not so. He still gives us a lively sketch of a set of opinions, — say of the fatalistic views of Prince Florestan as to his destiny. Does he scout these views, — Does he agree with them? The oracle is dumb. The fable is very complete, — but lacks its moral, the parable is all there except the appli-

ation, and so skilfully is the narrative told that we can defy anyone to divine whether Earl Beaconsfield is laughing at the Prince's fancies, or smiling in secret at our credulity in believing that he is doing so. It appears to us that, in his eventful life, the Earl has had to change opinions so often, and so suddenly, that even now he will not commit himself for or against any particular set of opinions, as never knowing at what moment he may not be compelled to use them as weapons of defence or of attack.

We have little to add to the numerous critiques that have already appeared on the style in which this novel is couched. The old love of a mouth-filling phrase erects the gentle slope of St. James' Street on the very first page into a 'celebrated eminence.' The phrase sometimes runs away with the phrase-monger, as witness the peculiar expression 'his *indigenous* repose.' The imperfect power of selection that always led the writer out of the range of pure English when he strove to be particularly impressive, still trepanns him into the use of such a sentence as, — her mother 'dis-serted on all the excellences of the chamber.' Occasionally we find a phrase that defies analysis such as this, — 'the platform, on which those who took a part in the proceedings, or who, by their comparatively influential presence, it was supposed, might assist the cause, was almost crowded.' A relic of the old feeling which sent the young Disraeli out into public life with curled ringlets, flowered vests and all the foppery of scarf and pin, appears to survive in the passage which tells us how Mr. Vigo nobly accoutred the hero of the tale in almost magically fashionable attire. 'Dress does not make a man; but it often makes a successful one.' There is a sentence that should appear in the notes to the next edition of the *Sartor Resartus*!

We have said nothing about the characters of the story, and do not propose to go over them at this late day. It appears to us that Endymion is slightly of the prig, priggish, — and that his sister Myra is a decidedly unpleasant person. Some of the minor characters of the book are touched off with more skill and success than the leading personages, but all except Endymion and Myra) are full of life and vigour, and we cannot help wondering with what face the noble satirist will meet in society the men and wo-

men with whose weaknesses and pettinesses he has been dealing so freely.

For the information of our readers, we subjoin the following

Key to the characters in the volume :

ENDYMION FERRARS—Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield.

MYRA FERRARS (his sister)—Eugenie, Empress of the French.

PRINCE FLORESTAN—Traits of Louis Napoleon, framed in an outline of the career of Alphonso, of Spain.

QUEEN AGRIPPINA—In the main, Queen Hortense, mother of Louis Napoleon, the name covering an allusion to Queen Isabella II.

ZENOBIA—A composite of Lady Jersey and Lady Holland.

BARON SERGIUS—Baron Brunnow, who effected the famous Quadruple Alliance of 1840, more probably, however, Baron Stockmar the intimate friend and counsellor, in the early years of their married life of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort.

NIGEL PENRUDDOCK—Cardinal Manning, with traits of Cardinal Wiseman.

JOB THORNBERRY—Richard Cobden.

SIDNEY WILTON—Sidney Herbert, Lord Herbert of Lea.

LORD ROEHAMPTON—Lord Palmerston.

LADY ROEHAMPTON—Lady Palmerston.

LORD MONTFORD—The Earl of Dudley, Lord Eglington and Lord Melbourne in one.

MR. NEUCHATEL—Baron L. Rothschild.

ADRIANA—Lady Roseberry, with suggestions of Lady Burdett-Coutts and Miss Alice Rothschild.

MR. BERTIE TREMAINE—Monckton Mills, Lord Houghton.

MR. ST. BARBE—W. M. Thackeray.

MR. GUSHY—Charles Dickens.

VIGO, THE TAILOR—Poole, the tailor, with suggestions of Hudson, the Railway King.

COUNT FERROLL—Prince Bismarck.

DR. COMELY—Bishop Wilberforce ("Soapy Sam").

The Dominion Annual Register and Review for 1879, edited by HENRY J.

MORGAN, Ottawa, assisted by a staff of writers. 1 Vol. 8vo, 470 pp. Ottawa : Maclean, Roger, & Co, 1880.

No work could well be more indicative of the material, political, and intellectual progress of Canada, than this invaluable

compilation, for which the public are indebted to the industry and public spirit of Mr. H. J. Morgan, Keeper of the Records, Ottawa. The present volume is the second year's issue of the work, and few, who will take the trouble to subject it, or its predecessor, to examination, will hesitate to say that Mr. Morgan has, in his 'Annual Register,' commenced a series of reference books of the highest value to the public men of Canada, and to all students of her commercial, literary, and political history. Such an undertaking as this is not only of supreme importance, looking to the necessities of the future historian and statistician, but is of the greatest service for current reference in the different departments under which the matter is classified. We regret that space will only permit our briefly indicating what these divisions are, without staying to comment at length, as we should have liked to have done, on some of the records of the year which are here garnered for present and future use.

First in order, is the chronicle of the Political History of the year which has evidently been prepared with intelligence and impartiality. It embraces all important legislation, territorial, railway, fiscal, and other matter appertaining to the Dominion and the several Provinces. This department is very complete, yet at the same time concise and well-digested. Secondly, we have a journal of Remarkable Occurrences, which is unusually full and interesting. Thirdly, comes a Review of Literature, Science and Art, which though not very extensive is carefully prepared, and manifests much sympathy with the intellectual life and the promotion of culture in our young country. The résumé under Science, and the introductory matter under Literature and Art, are particularly well done. The 4th, 5th and 6th divisions are devoted respectively to Education, Commerce, and the Militia, and are each useful epitomes of the year's progress in these important subjects. A list of Promotions and Appointments in the Public Service, an abstract of Remarkable Trials, and a bulky Obituary for the year, complete the contents of this exceedingly useful volume. We append the names of the gentlemen who have assisted the editor in preparing the matter for the book: these are Messrs. J. Geo. Hodgins, LL.D., A. McKinnon Burgess, Robert Bell, M.D., C.E., &c., J. Geo. Bourinot, B.A.,

F. A. Dixon, and Jno. Maclean. All who have had to do with the work may be complimented for their share in the labour, the combined product of which is the valuable work before us.

The Coming of the Princess and other Poems, by KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN, with an introduction by the Editor of *Canadian Monthly*. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1880.

Our magazine under the self-sacrificing and genial care of one of the truest friends of Canadian literature, has endeavoured, in reviewing the yearly harvest of native literary work, to abstain from the sin of puffing mediocre literature merely because it is Canadian. The highest praise we can give to a volume of true, sweet and noble lyrics is not to add a word of mere applause, but to endeavour to give our readers some idea of what has charmed us most in a work which we rank with the verse of Charles Dawson Shanly, of John Read, of Grant Allen, of A. M. Machar, and of Charles Roberts, as constituting Canada's claims to possess writers for whom we do not fear to assert that they deserve a place in the literature of the world beside the poet of *La Nouvelle France*, who owes the merit of his verse to himself, but the honour of being crowned by the great historic Academy of France, to the accident of birth. 'The Coming of the Princess' is a pretty title, but is inadequate to the book. The poem to which it refers is indeed no ephemeral production of the 'Professor Fanning' school of loyalty. It is the recognition by a daughter of the Republic, of the interest that personally and historically attaches to Victoria's daughter—whom no republican need scruple to honour himself by honouring. How different are the following lines from the flunkeyism of the Fanning and Jenkins type which has probably disgusted the Princess Louise with what little she was allowed to see of Canada:

And she who wears the crown of womanhood,
August, not less than that of Empress, reigns
The crowned Victoria of the world's domains!
North, South, East, West, O Princess fair, behold

In this New World, the daughter of the Old,
Where ribs of iron bar the Atlantic's breast,
Where sunset mountains slope into the west,
Unfathomed wildernesses, valleys sweet,
And tawny stubble lands of corn and wheat.

So much for 'The Coming of the Princess.' Other fairies more potent and charming, were present at the birth of these lyrics, and might we think, with better result, have been invited to the christening. The true message which it brings to our hearts is spoken in the next lyric—the author is like a song-bird who in the twilight rehearses the fuller strains of the singers of dawn, the coming great poet of Canada.

A little bird woke singing in the night,
Dreaming of coming day.
And piped, for very fulness of delight,
His little roundelay.

Dreaming he heard the wood lark's carol long,
Down calling to his mate,
Like silver rain out of a golden cloud,
At morning's radiant gate.

And all for joy of his embowering woods,
And dewy leaves he sung,—
The summer sunshine, and the summer floods
By forest flowers o'erhung.

Thou shalt not hear those wild and sylvan
notes
When morn's full chorus pours
Rejoicing from a thousand feathered throats,
And the lark sings and soars.

Oh, Poet of our glorious land so fair,
Whose foot is at the door:
Even so my song shall melt into the air,
And die and be no more.

But thou shalt live, part of the nation's life;
The world shall hear thy voice
Singing above the noise of war and strife,
And therefore I rejoice!

Mr. Adam's Introduction is in itself the best criticism on the volume. It is the work of one who for years, and amid many discouragements, has laboured to uphold that struggling native literature, which one, at least, of the two successful Party journals has done whatever lay in its power to discountenance by its studied neglect, or insult by its contemptuous patronage. Mr. Adam is sponsor for this book of poetry. Throughout Canada, among the journals of both political sides, there are many who, unlike the TWEEDLE DUM and TWEEDLE DEE of Toronto politics, are not above encouraging native literature. To their criticism, more generous and not without influence for good, I commend this book. It is, I presume to urge on them, their duty to Canadian Literature, to give an opinion on the merits of a book for which so much is claimed by a writer

so well entitled to attention as the author of this Introduction to Mrs. Maclean's Poems.

The lyrics that follow are in many rythms—some of the oldest (and the work of our newest and greatest Victorian lyricist has shown that the sweetness of those older measures is yet unexhausted), and some in the latest key, struck by such masters of song as SWINBURNE and ROSETTI. They tell the story of a life, pure, loving, and reverent. They tell of the daughter of a happy home, singing the golden wedding of her parents, and recalling old memories with a tenderness which cannot fail to win the reader's sympathy; they are the noble and native utterance of the daughter of the victorious Republic, whose heart throbs in sympathy with the struggle for the Southern slave. They tell of a life, observant, receptive, keenly alive to all sorrow and all sunshine, at one with Liberal Ideas and the battle against Reaction, yet deeply religious, and undemoralized by sect. With all influences of Nature which experience has brought close to her, she is *en rapport*, with the grandeur of Californian sierras, and the quiet village-life of Canada, with all that is most graceful in the customs and institutions of her adopted country, with the death of children, the eternity of Love, and the Hope of the World to Come.

C. P. M.

The History of the English People. By JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M.A. Volume IV. New York: Harper & Brothers; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

Mr. Green disdains many persons and many things, but chiefly 'the grubber among archives,' and the 'drum and trumpet history.' Yet, even in Mr. Green's brilliant narrative equally with what he calls 'common history,' there ought to be some historical proportion. As we approach our own day, the History of England becomes more and more the *History of the English People*, and therefore, according to the hypothesis, more and more deserving of our author's careful attention. The foreground of any picture is where we naturally look for elaboration and detail. In Mr. Green's picturesque narrative, Waterloo forms the bright foreground where Eng-

land and Europe, after many years of the deepest gloom, disable a ruthless tyrant; but, in this fourth volume, Waterloo occupies no more of the historian's canvas than Falkirk did in the first. Yet Falkirk concluded nothing; while Waterloo was followed by the thirty years' peace, and its residual effects will be felt for centuries to come. Even in the slight sketch of Waterloo, there are surprising inaccuracies. Accurate plans of the battle-field are now to be had in school-books. Mr. Green places the Chateau Hougoumont on the right, and La Haye Sainte on the left of the British line. We sincerely trust that Mr. Green will not proclaim an era of new topography as well as of 'new history.' At the risk of being called a 'grubber among archives,' we must really appeal from the historian to the Field Marshal. In his ever memorable despatch to Earl Bathurst, Wellington furnishes the topographical details with his usual clearness and precision. Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte were both in the centre,—the former standing in front of the right centre, the latter, in front of the left centre,—and the British line extended for miles away to the right and left. This age demands accuracy from even its novelists. Every recent visitor to Waterloo will remember the little hostelry where Victor Hugo spent many weeks intently studying the great field. We reverently enter the little upper room where the poet novelist caught his inspiration from his environment; and, as he gloomily brooded on the landscape, gave form to those wonderful chapters in *Les Misérables*, where he calls back the dead, and once more arrays them in strife at Waterloo.

Elsewhere, Mr. Green's topography is grossly at fault. Fort Niagara is (p. 173) placed on the St. Lawrence! By comparing pages 188, 189, 196 any Canadian will see that the historian misconceives the strategem that enabled Wolfe to win a landing at Quebec. The author frequently indulges in generalizations which are so erroneous that the reader finds the correction but a few pages forward. On page 65 the Treaty of Ryswick is characterized as the final and decisive defeat of Louis XIV.'s conspiracy. Eleven pages forward we have the death-bed scene where Louis promises our refugee king the recognition of his son's rights against William, thus tearing the treaty to shreds, and reopening the war. Again (p. 186), we read with surprise that

the 'Unity of Germany was created' by Frederick the Great at Rossback in 1757. This is, seven pages forward, so weakened by a counter-statement as to leave no resultant force whatever. Any one in our day is surely aware that the unity of Germany was not created in 1757 or during the Seven Years' War, but was really effected by the seven weeks' war of 1866. Then the battle of Rossback was not in any sense conclusive; it was neutralized by a succession of reverses, and, as Mr. Green himself afterwards informs us, Frederick's fortunes were reduced to the most desperate straits, and he was saved from destruction only by the opportune death of the Czarina Elizabeth. Finally, the Seven Years War lasted from 1756 to 1763, and not as Mr. Green seems to say on pages 193, 194, from 1760 to 1767. In our reading of the volume, we have observed many other symptoms of undue haste, but it seems ungracious to find fault where we have been generally so well entertained.

The *Short History* won for Mr. Green a numerous *clientèle* of admirers: it is rather disappointing to find him devoting time to a slight expansion of that work instead of reserving his strength for a close study of more recent history which has really become the History of the English People.

Political and Legal Remedies for War.

By SHELDON AMOS, M.A. New York: Harper Bros.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1830.

Of course this is doomed to be a disappointing book, and we feel despondent before opening it. Like that celebrated chapter in Von Troilke's History of Iceland, that De Quincey never wearied of quoting, which was headed 'On the Snakes of Iceland,' and contained the one short sentence 'There are no snakes in Iceland,'—Mr. Amos's work might be boiled down to the pithy remark 'There are no remedies for war.' There are some feeble methods of treatment that occasionally exert a deterrent effect and drive off a threatening attack; there are also some palliatives which are of use in relieving against inflammatory symptoms. But of downright remedies we know of none before taking up Mr. Amos's book, and we need hardly say we are in the same

condition now we have conscientiously, and with difficulty, waded through it. The political and legal medicine chest is empty, and Doctor Bismarck, that modern representative of the school of Dr. Sangrado, need not fear any quackish interference with his bold doctrines in favour of lowering a warlike patient's system by letting blood and "throwing in" iron.

It would be very bold to say that the influences working in favour of peace are acquiring the predominance to any marked extent over the causes that predispose towards war. Mr. Amos gives us what hope can be derived from growth of culture, from the familiarity bred by free commercial intercourse, and from the favourable results of the few experiments in International Arbitration that have yet been attempted. It is however to be regretted that Arbitration does not seem to have extended its field very much, and has been pretty well confined hitherto to its original clients, England and the United States. Nor were the subjects of dispute submitted to it by those powers of the most embittered description, but were limited to questions of amount and geographical boundary to the exclusion of the more illusory points of national honour or revenge. Unless a country is willing, at the outset, to face the chance of its being declared to be in the wrong, it is worse than useless to think of submitting the matters in difference to arbitration, and in most quarrels, which really threaten war, the parties will not tolerate the idea of an adverse decision for a moment.

Against the improved knowledge the nations have of one another may be set the ever-increasing risk from large standing armies. The better the tool the greater the inclination to use it, and the

more risk that the workman will even (if necessary), *make* an occasion for displaying his skill with it. There can be little doubt that Prussia made her own occasion with Austria in the campaign of Sadowa, and the fact that she succeeded by *finesse* in forcing Napoleon III to take the initiative in the war of 1870 does not materially alter the position of the parties, or affect the truth of the above law. In the present state of European tension we may well fear lest any one of the four great Continental powers which first feels or fancies that it has an adversary at a disadvantage, may not plunge into a contest.

One proposal our author makes which we do not remember having seen before. It is that general settlements should be negotiated 'in time of peace and not at the close of a war.' (p. 129). This seems to us remarkably unpractical. To broach such questions in time of peace would probably prove the best possible way of bringing on a state of war, and as there would be no incentive to earnestness the negotiations would be too apt to linger on like an ever-open sore, threatening unfavourable complications at any moment.

We have to notice a misprint at p. 94, which throws the causes of the Franco-Prussian war into confusion by substituting 'France' for 'Germany;' and also several instances of clumsy and ungrammatical construction. Such a sentence as this—'. . . the sort of quibbles 'and evasions which . . . may be and 'has been the faithful source of injustice;' or this—'an apology, often very 'much laboured and tortuous,' should not be allowed to creep into a work dealing with a serious and important subject, or (for the matter of that) into any book whatever its subject may be.

LITERARY NOTES.

! WE observe that our delightful local gossip, the Rev Dr. Scadding, of 'Toronto of Old' fame, has been honoured in the pages of *The Antiquary*, an English periodical devoted to antiquarian research, edited by Mr. Walford, formerly connected with *Notes and Queries*. A re-

cent number reproduces the learned doctor's paper, read before the York Pioneers, concerning the site of Fort Rouillé, the military post which figures in the early history of Toronto. The compliment is both pleasing and well deserved.

It is with pleasure that we notice that

Mr. Arthur J. Graham, of Toronto, a contributor to our pages, and a gentleman of varied talents and cultivated tastes, has been proffered and accepted the editorship of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, published at Montreal. Mr. Graham's literary experience, and ability as an artist, mark him out as specially fitted for the task he has undertaken. We shall look for much improvement, and a consequent prosperous future, for our illustrated native contemporary, under the regime of the gentleman who now assumes its management.

Messrs. Harper Bros., of New York, have recently issued some excellent books for the young, for holiday presentation, which are to be commended both for their attractive appearance and the delightfully instructive character of their reading matter. Mr. T. W. Knox's 'Boy Travellers in the Far East,' is among the best of these. It draws upon a number of books of travel for its literary material, and from a few of them for its admirable illustrations. Dealing with China and Japan, Vincent's 'Land of the White Elephant,' Col. Yule's 'Marco Polo,' and Edwin Arnold's 'Light of Asia,' are placed under contribution with pleasing results. The unique cloth cover of the book is ornamented by a very elaborate design emblematic of the countries dealt with. Messrs. James Campbell & Son, are the agents in Canada for the sale of the work.

From Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal, we are in receipt of their Canadian copyright edition of Mr. Tennyson's new volume of 'Ballads and other Poems,' a review of which we hope to give in our next issue. From the same firm we have a choice and covetable edition of Mr. Tennyson's noble poem 'In Memoriam,' the issue of which, in so elegant a pocket form for Canadian sale, speaks much for the cultured taste of our people and for that of the enterprising firm of Montreal publishers producing it.

In the numerous professional Magazines which have of late years appeared from the native press—periodicals representing medicine, sanitary science, education, as well as denominational and general literature,—it has been a matter of

surprise that Law has, so far, been content with a single organ in the Province, however good that publication has been. With the New Year, the announcement, however, is made that a new claimant for the favour and support of the legal profession is to make its appearance from the enterprising publishing firm of Messrs. Carswell & Co., of Toronto, and to be edited, with the assistance of a staff of writers, by Mr. E. D. Armour. The publication, which is to be a monthly one, is to bear the title of the *Canadian Law Times*, and to have for its aim the supplying to the profession of articles on legal topics, selections of decisions from the Courts, critical reviews of legal literature, and a summary of the month's events in connection with law and legal affairs. In the hands of its projectors, we doubt not, that the serial will be ably conducted, and prove a service to the profession.

The opening of the New Year brings to hand several publications apropos of the season, which are as acceptable as they are welcome.—(1) The *Canadian Almanac*, for 1881, from the publishing firm of Messrs. Copp, Clark & Co., Toronto, which is, as usual replete with just such information as every business man of Canada wants to have at call; (2) The *Canadian Office Journal and Diary*, for 1881, from the manufacturing house of Messrs. Brown Bros., Toronto, one of a series of useful and capably-prepared annuals, which the skill and enterprise of this firm of stationers steadily place on the market; and (3) *Grip's Almanac*, for 1881, published by Messrs. Bengough Bros., the well-known proprietors of our weekly comic contemporary. The latter will be greedily sought by all lovers of wit in the Dominion. It is clever, lively, and bright. Full of oddities, it yet, in its way, serves as a political and social record of the past year, while it is not without merit as a literary and artistic production. The parodies on Herbert Spencer, Tom Brown, Miss Braddon, and others, are capital imitations of the style of these writers, and there is much else of like attraction in the publication.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

WOMAN.

BY MOSES OATES.

Oh woman, woman, you're the source
Of nearly every earthly trouble,
And when you're not you're sure, of course,
To come and make our misery double.

* * * * *
Thus might I rail at womankind.
Were I, as crusty bachelors, who
The dross of human nature find
Because the gold they will not view.

But mine has been the happier lot
To leave the dusty, weed-grown highway,
And seek some rare sequestered spot
By a less trodden, lovely by-way,

Where fairest flowers, with sweet perfume,
Blow for the few who feel their beauty,
In such pure, radiant glory bloom,
That loving them becomes a duty.

Hence are my thoughts of womankind
Borne ever on a charmed air :
This truth is cherished in my mind—
'As a true woman nought's so fair.'

Since, as in earlier days, I dream
Of grace and beauty more than human,
And now, as then, they ever seem
To shape themselves into a woman.

And now, as then, I love to think
That woman's is the purer nature,
And serves man's grosser soul to link
To angel forms of noblest stature.

And when for higher things I long,
I place the virtues that I covet
In the ideal of my song,
And learn to imitate and love it.

THE MAJOR'S ESSAY.

This was a youthful effort of the
Major—for the prize in composition :

'THE GIRAFFE.'

'No wonder the toper in the play
sighed for a giraffe's neck, or that Mr.
Smith, when he saw the animal in the
park, should have exclaimed, "Imagine
two yards of sore throat!"
'The pains and pleasures of the came-

lopard are, indeed, intense beyond the
ordinary lot. When he reaches a spring
after a long pilgrimage in the desert, he
enjoys himself hugely. The water gur-
gles refreshingly down six feet of neck
hose, making a miniature cataract. He
has been seen to smile a minute or two
after swallowing a peculiarly nice plu-
tain, like a Scotchman laughing at a joke
five minutes after its utterance. The
pleasant morsel seems to grow sweeter as
it goes down, and when it comes to the
last few feet of windpipe, the animal's
keen enjoyment overcomes his sense of
decorum at meals, and he breaks into a
chuckle.

'On the other hand, when a disap-
pointed giraffe gulps down his bitterness
at the triumph of a favoured rival, the
convulsive spasm ripples painfully down
till it reaches the uttermost end of the
throat.

'The death-rattle in the throat of a
departing camelopard is like a whole or-
chestra out of tune.

'The song of the giraffe is seldom
heard, and never forgotten. It proba-
bly suggested to the poet the exquisite
idea of "linked sweetness long drawn
out."

'To see an unrepining giraffe swallow-
ing bitter almonds which he has mis-
taken for sweet ones, and attempting to
cover his distress, is a spectacle of pat-
ience and long-suffering, piteous as it is
sublime.

'In running matches a giraffe can al-
ways beat a horse of exactly equal speed.
At the winning-post he has merely to
stretch out his head a few yards and
win by a neck. A lion can get better
time out of a giraffe than the most skil-
ful jockey.

'The lazy and voluptuous monarch of
the Nevva-washees, who does not con-
ceal his dislike for uncooked Baptist
missionaries, fords the swollen Niger in
a palankeen suspended from the horns
of two domestic camelopards, and thus
preserves his sacred person from contact
with the stream. It has not yet been

settled by naturalists whether a giraffe, getting out of his depth, would swim with his neck as an eel, or with his legs like another quadruped. No giraffe has been seen out of his depth since the flood.

'It is not expensive to keep a tame camelopard. If you fence in a narrow walk for him around the boundaries of your property, he will graze upon the neighbour's trees and flowers. On a nutting expedition a well-trained giraffe is more useful than a crook. They have not yet been utilized as fire escapes in this country.

'A camelopard never bows to acquaintances. He thinks it would be lowering himself too much. A reader of character, judging from the expression of his neck, would say that he was also of a far-reaching disposition.

'But he is really an amiable beast, and lets infants call him "Neck-neck" without resenting the familiarity. It is well this is so, for a stiff-necked and unbending giraffe would be a sad infliction to any menagerie. He would necessitate new doors in every building and tent where he was exhibited. The innocent character of this animal has needlessly puzzled zoologists. His good morals are plainly owing to the fact that the rest of his body is more under control of the head than is the case with any other quadruped. Indeed, he is the only four-footed beast whose head has proper facilities for biting every rebellious member, and whose legislative department is backed by suitable executive power.'

* * * *

This essay the school examiners thought too fanciful, and so, on moral grounds, they gave the prize to another boy who had 'cribbed' his truthful composition from Buffon.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

When the Queen paid her first visit to Scotland, many years ago, the following conversation took place between two countrymen. Sandy: 'Well Jock, hae ye seen the Queen?' Jock: 'Ou, ay, I hae seen the Queen! But I wadna gang the length o' the street to see her again. She's just made like ony ither woman, an' they tellt me her arms were a lion an' a unicorn.'

Mr. Elliot Stock, the London publisher, announces that he has sold 400,000 of his 'Penny Testament,' which is a marvel of cheapness. The sale is expected to reach a million before the close of the year.

A Scotch firm have in press what is said to be the fullest Biography of the poet Tennyson, with a commentary on his works, a history of their reception, and a complete Tennysonian Bibliography, by a Mr. N. C. Wace.

TROUBLESOME CLIENTS.—A celebrated lawyer once said that the three most troublesome clients he ever had were a young lady who wanted to be married, a married woman who wanted a divorce, and an old maid who didn't know what she wanted.

FAST TIME.—Several men lately swam the Mississippi river above New Orleans on a wager. A reporter of the race says, 'None of them seemed to be putting forth much effort till it was discovered that an alligator had struck out from shore as a competitor; and then—well, every man did his best to keep the alligator from carrying off the stakes.'

A BACHELOR'S EXCUSE.—A clergyman past middle age, after having united a loving couple in the holy bond of matrimony, was asked by a person present at the marriage feast how he a bachelor, could consistently engage in such ceremonies. The good man's answer was significant—In a man's life there are but two periods when he is likely to marry—one when he is young and has no sense, the other when he is old and lost his sense. He was glad to inform them that he was past the one, and had not yet reached the other.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Is love contagious?—I don't know,
But this I am prepared to say,
That I have felt, for many a day,
A great desire to make it so.

Does she vouchsafe a thought to me?
Sometimes I think she does; and then
I'm forced to grope in doubt again,
Which seems my normal state to be.

Why don't I ask, and asking, know?—
I grant perhaps it might be wise;
But then I look into her eyes,
And hear her voice which thrills me so,

I think that on the whole I won't:
I'd rather doubt than know she don't.

—Scribner.