

THE  
STUDENTS' MONTHLY.

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THE KNIGHTS OF MAPLE WOOD.

CHAPTER IX.

"How well Horatius kept the bridge."

LORD MACAULAY.

"The members of the Guild of S. Basil request the attendance of Edward Ellis, at a meeting to be held this evening at seven." Such were the contents of a note which Edward found awaiting him on his return home. It was not the regular day of meeting, so Ned had little doubt but that some reference was intended to the event of the day—nor was he deceived—all the members were assembled, and when Edward entered the room where they met—it was the Warden's lecture room—Tremaine came forward and shook him by the hand.—"It is on a matter which very nearly concerns Ellis that I have called this meeting," he said. "It strikes me that an occasion like this, is just the time when we, with our organization, standing as we do between the boys and the masters, may do some good. We all know the circumstance which has happened in Major Ellis' home with regard to this bracelet. I think I may take it on myself to say that no one here suspects or has for a moment suspected Edward Ellis. But I think it might be well if Ellis will give us his confidence as fully as he can on this occasion; he may be able to put us in a position to assert his entire freedom from suspicion, nay perhaps to lay our wits together so as to discover the guilty person. What say you, Ellis?"

"It is just what I have been wishing for. I can trust you all with what I would not tell to any one else outside my own family. I can not, as you will see, even tell it to them. I was in the room with my father when the alarm of the theft was given—we all went with him to search the house—with the exception of the servants, who were with mamma in the kitchen; well the first room he came to was my cousin Edith's room. On the toilet table lay the cross concealed under a pincushion which covered it, but so awkwardly that part of the peculiar red colored gold could be seen. As soon as I saw it, I made up my mind. I knew it had been put there by some enemy of hers, and I knew who that enemy was." It was a person who has no principle whatever—and who will never rest till she

does Edith some injury. I hid the cross, and being anxious to get rid of it, sent it to Mrs. Cadgett by Figgs. I quite forgot that I should be called on to account for the way it came into my possession. Now, this is all that I know of it, and I tell it to you fellows in strict confidence; I know those of you who have sisters of your own, will do all you can to help me with your advice.

"We will," the boys cried, as they passed round him. "You suspect some one?" said Tremaine, "I think we all suspect the same person, but we will mention no names at present." Farther discussion was prevented by the loud notes of a bugle call, sounding from the bridge. "It is the call to arms of the College Company," Tremaine cried, "something must have happened—all you that belong to the College Corps go straight to the armoury and get your rifles—don't wait to put on uniform—if it is what I suspect, the 'Knights' must not be last in the field." They hurried to the armoury, where a number of the students and elder boys were already busy. On arriving at the bridge, they found the Warden, and most of the students surrounding a trooper, whose smoking horse showed that he had ridden hard and fast.

This took place in the last of those days, when it was thought that a Fenian raid on any part of Canada was a mere chimera. The Fenians themselves, it was said, would never have recourse to so impracticable a method of aiding Ireland. And if they did, the great Republic, with whom Canada was on the most friendly terms, would never permit herself to be disgraced by allowing a band of robbers and marauders to march through their territory unchecked, upon a peaceful neighbour. Fenianism was mere talk, no more. Volunteering was but an expensive amusement, whereby idle apprentices and office clerks wasted their employers' time. So municipal bodies and government officials pooh poohed the volunteer movement, and business men grumbled at the hardly-extorted permission to attend drill. Among those latter, however, were not the authorities of St. Basil College. By them military drill was regarded as an essential part of the education of every loyal man's son; not only were the young boys regularly drilled, but the elder ones and the students were encouraged to take pride in the company they had raised. A good fife band was maintained at the University expense, and when a volunteer ball was given from time to time, by the Matchbrook battalion, the use of their great hall, and every hospitable aid was given by the College potentates.

"News has come," said the Warden, as the boys joined the group, "that a body of Fenians has marched for Matchbrook, and a detached party is on its way hither, in order to plunder the district bank and post office—and the visitors whom we may expect are not far distant. I would ask Captain Lyster what he thinks our best means of defence, for I know there is not one here, not glad of the chance to show that he knows the meaning of 'pro aris et pro focis.'" As he spoke the Warden pointed to the gilded cross which shone in the moonlight, on the east end of the College chapel upon the hill above them. A cheer from the company, now formed in line upon the bridge, answered him; again and again

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it reverberated from the woods and along the river, it must have reached the ears of a long, loosely formed body of men, who were just in view on the road, over the hills, a mile or so on the far side of the bridge.

"Steady, men!" said the captain, as he raised his object glass in the direction of the enemy: "it seems to me that our best plan will be to gain time until reinforcements arrive per rail. We might hold the bridge against them, it is true, but I think it would be best to cut down the bridge itself; we can then command the other side pretty easily from this—the river is flooded and so rapid, that they could not cross under fire, even if they could get boats."

"I quite approve your plan, and I will be answerable for the loss of College property in the bridge. Your tactics remind me of Horatius Cocles," said the Warden, unable to resist even then, a classical allusion.

A rush was made for axes, and some strong armed farm laborers lent aid, with that loyal zeal which is ever seen among the humblest class of French Canadians, at hewing away the plank work of the bridge; these rested on two central stone piers, which of course, could not be destroyed, but the planking which connected these was soon cleared off, and under Captain Lyster's directions carried to the College side of the river. All this time Tremaine had been working hard, he was the strongest boy at S. Basil, and had developed his strength by every kind of exercise, (some even said he used to cut holes in the ice in order to bathe when out hunting with his father,) came up to the captain, and asked him to make a suggestion. "Certainly, Tree," said captain Lyster, now "Tree" was the S. Basil's rendering of "Tremaine." "Well, I was thinking when the Warden compared your plan to that of, what's his name—Horatius in the Roman History, that there was one thing Horatius might have done that he did not do. He *did* prevent Porsena and his army getting across the bridge, did't he, sir?"

"Exactly, Tree. Allow me to congratulate you on the advanced state of your knowledge of Roman History, a study to which I was never before aware you were partial. But Horatius gained his point did't he, he checked Lars Porsena at the river, just as we want to do in the case of the Fenians."

"He checked Porsena, but, sir, he might have caught him." "You mystify me, Tree, over much study of Liddell's Rome has spoiled your naturally clear intellect."

"He might have given Porsena a *cold bath*," said sergeant Tremaine, his countenance beaming as with the enjoyment of an excellent joke. "Instead of cutting down the bridge, as these stupid old Romans did, they might have made a trap with a few of the timbers, and managed so as to get Mr. Porsena, Esquire, to walk on it and so fall through. Will you let me try whether a few Canadian boys can do better than these old fogies they are never tired of torturing us to read about?"

"Aye, Tree, try if you will, but you have not many minutes, choose your own volunteers." Tremaine saluted and walked over to the company.

"Members of the Guild of S. Basil, fall out from the ranks," he said, and

Edward and five others stepped out two paces to the front—in a few words Tremaine explained his plan—"Let us replace the timbers as they were before, resting them not on the piers in the centre, but on cross supports weak enough to snap under the pressure of a man's weight—we will go to the enemies' side of the bridge, firing as they come in view, and retreating before them—we will leave one single plank sufficiently supported to bear the light weight of one of us—along this we must be careful to step—they will think the place is only held by boys, and will run in at a charge."

Silently and quickly his orders were obeyed; several laths were laid from one side to the other of the covered bridge, near the piers, on these, so as to rest solely on them for support, the bridge planks were laid—in the centre a single plank was left secure. And now from the other side of the rising ground could be heard the trampling of feet and the murmurs of strange voices. Tremaine and his party took up their position with fixed bayonets in front of the far entrance of the bridge, and in the clear light of the beautiful Canadian winter moonlight, on the top of the hill close by Major Ellis's garden rails, the Fenians came in sight!

Ladies and gentlemen who live at home in ease in England, do not think that this is exaggeration, or an attempt at "sensation." It may seem strange no doubt to you, that a peaceful village, which to all appearance might be in one of the country districts of Lancashire or Cumberland, should be suddenly scared by the appearance of an armed banditti, come to pillage its farm houses, stores and bank. But of Canadian villages near the boundary line of the United States, this is the actual position of things in the present year, as it was in the last one. Equally true is it, that on such an emergency the sole immediate defence is the loyal volunteer force. A Fenian raid here does not mean what it does in Ireland, where property and loyalty are protected by an overwhelming military force. Irish interests are close at hand, and are defended at any cost to the empire. And in stating that boys and young men are foremost among those who form the national army of Canada, we only keep to what was seen to be the case last year. It was the Trinity College Company that was foremost among those who fought and bled at Ridgeway.

The Fenians were in sight, but as they marched along the cover of the maple wood behind Mr. Ellis's house, it was not easy to tell how they would appear in the "open." At length they made their way through the garden into the space before the house, where a halt seemed to be called. They were out of range as yet, but it was now possible to see their movements distinctly, and even to hear the orders of a tall man in a blue uniform frock of the American army, who seemed to be their leader, and who was certainly able to maintain some sort of order and discipline among them. As far as Ned and Tremaine could judge, the number in view was about two hundred; none of them had any kind of uniform except their captain, but almost all were armed, some with rifles, some with fowling pieces, muskets and revolvers. In dress they were ragged as Falstaff's recruits, and yet their was something more unpicturesque in the savage-looking group bivouaced

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on the terrace in front of Maplewood house—in contrast with them, were the dark green uniforms and steady ranks of the Canadian riflemen, and farther down the river the excited knots of people hurrying from the village, and nearer armed with scythes, pitchforks, and sticks, these brave fellows the *habitants*, who never forgot that they are the compatriots of De Salaberry, and who were determined to do something in that evening's fighting by the side of "Messieurs les étudiants."

No general movement seemed to be made by the enemy; a few men under the captain's orders had entered the house and returned with a certain amount of property evidently intended for booty. Still there was no general pillage, and the ruffians seemed to be kept well in hand by their leader, who moved among them, shouting his commands in a harsh nasal tone; he held a revolver in his hand, and more than once Ned remarked that he pointed it at a tardy or mutinous follower. Presently a movement was made, the rude mass was formed into a kind of column, presently they began to advance towards the road, and the boys could see that at the head of the column were marched the women of Maplewood! As they approached nearer he was relieved to see that neither Edith nor his step-mother were among the number. On the first alarm being given, the cook, a motherly old Frenchwoman, who knew how to act under such circumstances, tapped at Edith's door. "Hush," she said, "dear infant, it arrives that there is danger—they come, the brigands, and it is necessary that we fly—so get yourself clothes of the warmest, and haste, always haste." Seeing from Angelique's manner that something serious was the matter, Edith obeyed, and in a few moments found herself safe with Angelique and the two other servants safe in a little shanty far enough in the woods, to be out of danger—thither Angelique had conveyed Mrs. Ellis—who was of course in hysterics—a quantity of fire wood, and a huge veal pie to serve as provisions. Edith noticed the absence of the Cadgetts, and would fain have gone back to the house to warn them, had not Angelique interposed and even Mrs. Ellis forbidden it. "Leave them tranquil, it is fit society for them the Feniennes." The Cadgetts were not loved by the servants, and this it was that accounted for the fact that to the boys' bewilderment Mrs. Cadgett and her daughter came in view marching at the head of the Fenian column.

Major Ellis was absent at Matchbrook.

"I see their plan is to put the women against our fire—well! for the present, we must fall back," said Tremaine as he gave the word, "retire with me to the near end of the bridge and wait till we watch the success of our measures."

"A sound ducking will do the Cadgetts no harm and we will look after their safety," said Edward. "Do so, I want to single out the Fenians—the current sets strongly to this side."

The Fenian column were now close at hand, a yell was raised rather than a cheer from their side as they approached and seeing the bridge as they thought

clear before them they came on headed by their leader who held Mrs. Cadgett by the arm.

"Steady men," said Captain Lyster and prepare to fire when I give the word."

"Come on, come on, false Sextus

Here lies the road to Rome,"

Ned could not help quoting despite of the excitement of the situation.

For a moment the tramp of feet resounded on the bridge, then came a crash and a cry, a chasm of ten yards lay between the combatants, the Fenian chief and several of the front rank had disappeared in the waters beneath them. "Milia murder the General's dhrowneded," was the cry. "Divil a dhrown, sure the Canagians have tuke him; run boys, run for yer lives." But now above the tumult was heard the volunteer Captain's word of command, and presently sharp and clear rose the volley of fifty rifles; in the dust and confusion there had been little opportunity for aim, and the number of disabled enemies when the smoke cleared away was but small in comparison with what might have been expected. In the meantime the S. Basil's boys had plunged into the river and with slight delay Mrs. Cadgett and her daughter were brought safely to land and escorted to comfortable quarters in the excellent Douglassville Hotel. Long ere this Tremaine emerged from the river gripping as in an iron vice the collar of the Fenian leader. Bewildered at what had happened he had made scarce any resistance in the water, he was at once secured and handcuffed.

To pursue the fugitive Fenians was impossible. And all danger being over the Warden in his capacity of Magistrate proceeded to examine the captured Fenians. Various articles of property were found on them, among others *the missing bracelet*.

On enquiry, and on the offer being made of a free pardon to the man with whom it was found, it was proved by the clearest evidence that the Fenian in question, Jim Murphy, private in the service of the Irish Republic, had discovered the said bracelet in a box in the room of the old lady who had fallen into the river; that the said old lady had refused his offer of a thousand dollars in Fenian bonds for it, that she had resisted in a manner forcibly if not respectfully described by that enemy of Queen Victoria, when he proceeded to "annex" it.

Next day the prisoners were sent under escort to Montreal, with the exception of Mr. Murphy, who was liberated on his own recognisances to remain at Major Ellis's in possession of free quarters and liberally bestowed wages till such time as he could give his evidence of Mrs. Cadgett's forcible fraudulent possession of the stolen bracelet.

That lady did not wait for any such result. Next day she and her daughter left Douglassville; they have not returned to it since, nor does any one wish them to do so.

#### CHAPTER X.

On the Feast of All Saints, 186— at S. Basil's College Chapel, Douglassville, by the Rev. the Warden, the Rev. Cyril Ellis, B. A., to Edith, daughter of the late Dycroft Sorrel, Esq., of Gray's Inn, London, England. No cards.

#### CONCLUSION.

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## SONGS OF A YOUNG MAN'S LIFE.

2.

## RETURNED FROM SEA.

Awake, awake my bonny Kate,  
 And once again be blythe and gay,  
 I'm waiting by your garden gate,  
 As in the years long past away.

Awake! there is so much to tell  
 Since last we two have talked together,  
 So many a tale of what befel  
 In wreck, and fight, and stormy weather.

An English girl will care to hear  
 A sailor's life—at best and worst—  
 I've dreamed of this for many a year,  
 But scarce knew what to tell you first.

Then waken quick my own sweet Kate,  
 Upon this happy morn in May.  
 These roses by your garden gate  
 Make years past seem like yesterday.

Far—far away—'mid groves of balm  
 I've watched the giant stream glide by.  
 There floats the lotus grandly calm—  
 There towers the stately palm on high.

Soft breathes the wind from that blue heaven,  
 Still droop rich blooms of fruit and flower  
 And there, through many a lonely even,  
 I've dreamed of home and this glad hour.

Then come to me my sweetheart Kate,  
 No sorrow shall be ours to-day.  
 The good God sends at last, though late,  
 The happy hours for which we pray.

The happy hours! How well I know  
 That she whose name I call in vain,  
 Within that house, a year ago,  
 Has sung her last light hearted strain.

The song—the walk—the holiday—  
 The talk—long since have past from mind,  
 Yet back upon my heart come they,  
 Lost voices on the mournful wind.

Yet build I dreams of vain delight,  
 And for her presence idly yearn—  
 Who passed that gate—once—robed in white,  
 Through which she will no more return.

3.

## A COLLEGE IDYL.

So through the fields he came that happy eve in  
 the summer,  
 The sunshine aslant on the boughs had checkered  
 the light on his pathway—  
 And from the shrubbery round, and the border,  
 ing trees of her garden,  
 Heard the humming of bees and the bird's blythe  
 chirp in the hedges—  
 So that his heart beat quick, and he leaned on the  
 gate for a moment.  
 Leaned on the well known gate they had passed  
 so often together.

There, by the porch she sat, and above her the  
 clambering roses  
 Clustered their flowers around her dark brown  
 hair like a halo,  
 And as he gazed he thought that the blessed even-  
 ing sunshine  
 Ne'er shone on ought so fair, so perfect in youth-  
 hood and beauty,  
 Marvelling if one such as her, a goddess in satins  
 and muslin,  
 Yet could by chance become his. And, as he en-  
 tered the garden,  
 Calm and smiling she rose and said she was happy  
 to see him;

Was he not tired with his walk? had he come by  
 the road or the meadow?  
 Yes! 'twas a pretty place, with a charming view  
 from the windows—  
 Her book? oh yes, 'twas the last new volume of  
 poems,  
 Songs of a feverish band who doubts both Love  
 and Religion.

All most morbid and wild' and yet they somehow  
 amused her.

This, and more, poor fellow, full many a night he  
 has told me,  
 In the old time, as we talked by the fire in College  
 together,  
 Each with his flagon and pipe, cloud-wrapt in rich  
 Latakia.

C. P. M.

## H. M. JOHNSON, POETESS.

The oft-quoted dictum of the Roman lyricist: "The Poet is born, not made," is most abundantly verified in the history of English literature. Facility of graceful expression, aptness in the conception of idea, refinement and delicacy of perception, power of fit and appropriate union and combination, which constitute the foundation and essential elements of success in poetry, must be the native inherent qualification of the poet. These qualities are, of course, naturally intensified by education: but where they are wanting in the natural formation of the mind, they can never, by any process, be attained. In support of the position that the gifts of poetic composition are natural, and not evolved by education, reference need be made only to Shakspeare or to one whose name and literary fame are second only to the universally conceded first—the Bard of Ayrshire. Both Shakspeare and Burns are the products of natural genius, not the results of artificial process. The world is but little indebted to education in either of these priests of human nature. The work of the teacher, the influence of association with books, men, and places, is formative, not creative.

Without these, but possessing the talents and inspiration of nature, many great and efficient writers have been. Without nature, learning is pedantry, and all attempted expression of thought affectation and cant.

This theory of the native origin of all that constitutes character in any poetry is aptly illustrated in the works of the lamented lady whose name will, we trust, attract the eye of the reader to these remarks. Miss Helen M. Johnson, the sweet and swan-like songstress of the Eastern Townships, and by far the best of all contributors to the poetic gallery of the Exhibition of Canadian Literature, already somewhat extensive and auspiciously increasing, has established in her published works a just claim for high rank in the poetry of the English language. She has been for some time favorably known to the reading public of Canada, especially to this section of our County, and we trust that the circle of her admirers and readers will yet be very largely increased.

Many of our readers will like to hear some of the incidents connected with the "story of her birth." The "short and simple annals" of one who has charmed by the beauty and *loveliness* of her compositions cannot surely fail to be attractive; and, although we are not aiming at biographical interest solely, but rather wishing, as Miss Johnson's admirer and reviewer, to call attention to some of those salient beauties in her poems which have pleased those who may have read her works, and which may yet afford the same pleasure to some whose attention may not have been before called to them, yet we cannot better do so than by first introducing a few facts of personal interest. Born on the famed and romantic shores of Lake Memphremagog, in what was at that time (about 1830) a most un-literary and secluded corner of a young and comparatively unknown Province, her educational facilities were necessarily restricted. The

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educational agencies of our country, still immature and imperfect, but of whose future expansion and usefulness we have the most perfect confidence, if they can be protected from the aspiring hand of fanaticism, were at that time hardly in existence. Of course, we do not mean to imply that our fluent poetess was left, by defect of education, in an illiterate condition. Far from that—her reading and cultivation, evinced in her works, show the contrary. But, only the common rudiments of learning were to be obtained in the public schools; all additional culture must have been gained from personal reading and study of her favorite authors, Pope, Ossian, Mrs. Hemans, Byron (in his Hebrew Melodies) and Tennyson. It is evident, from the sublimity of her thoughts, and the unusual harmony and beauty of her versification, that these were studied to good effect. But still Miss Johnson was precluded, by the circumstances of the time and place of her birth, from contact with the learning of schools and schoolmasters, or from the ceaseless tide of thought and idea in the world around her. She was debarred from that intercourse with great minds, and acquaintance with scenes of interest, historical or modern, which commonly arouses the poetic inspiration of the muses. Her cultivation and reading were only sufficient to make her conscious of her power; they scarcely availed to enhance or to shape them. She is most completely the exhibitor of only her natural gift. She was descended from a family of United Empire Loyalists—a stock which has always been the bone and sinew of the Township of Lower Canada. Uniting the enterprise and personal independence of the American to the stability and veneration of the British character, these U. E. L's., as by familiar abbreviation they are generally called, possessed the best possible combination of character for the settlement of this section of Canada, which, unrocked in its youth in the cradle of Revolutionary Democracy, is now, in its manhood, building on a better foundation than the shifting sands of Republicanism. To this circumstance may possibly be attributed the strong loyal attachment to British principles everywhere expressed in her writings. Her family was preeminently religious. Many "A Cotter's Saturday Night" was undoubtedly witnessed by our Poetess in her infantile and youthful days underneath the roof of that happy home.

This early direction of her mind to the "High and Holy One who inhabiteth Eternity," coupled with a remarkable plasticity and serenity of temperament, caused her to see in everything the Divine hand. Religion appeared in her as spontaneous as her poetry. Although identified in her religious confession with a sect which makes much of the evidences of *conversion* (that which derives its name from the special prominence which it gives to the one article of the "Catholic Faith," which teaches the second coming of our Lord in the flesh), she never dated her new birth from any moment of time, nor remembered when she did not believe herself "the child of God." Under these circumstances, there was formed that trustful, beautiful, romantic tone of mind which produced, in the short life of about a quarter of a century, in spite of abiding bodily weakness and pain which always seriously impaired her comfort, and eventually occa-

sioned her untimely death—in spite of the necessary defects of culture and deprivation of those influences which have sometimes brought more *eminence* to less *talent*, so much that is charming and elevating, as is to be found in her published works

“ Along the cool sequestered vale of life  
She kept the noiseless tenor of her way.”

and, while acquiring an enviable reputation in literature, has cherished the heart of many a “pilgrim faint and weary.” The effect of natural scenery in producing romance and sublimity in the mind, has often been pointed out; and who does not remember the genial “Wizard of the North” apostrophizing his native land as

“ Caledonia, stern and wild,  
Fit nurse for a poetic child?”

Who shall say how much of the beauty and sublimity of this unrivalled Canadian Poetess is traceable to the grand and beautiful scenery of her home by that matchless mirror of water which is at once the Constance and the Como of Canada, or, as we should more correctly say, of the Province of Quebec. How much of her exquisite, Claude-like power of describing natural scenery, as shown in her “Surrender of Quebec,” in “Twilight Musings,” and in several of her minor poems, may have been the effect produced on her tender impressible nature by a daily contemplation of the fair bosom of that “silvery lake” with its placid surface and its enchanting borders of the loveliness of the green land gradually melting away, and imperceptibly blending with the blue water?

How many a frequent view of the noble and lofty Mount Orford and its sister peaks have stirred within the ardent lover of nature some of those really sublime thoughts so well expressed in the lines introductory to the “Promises,” or in “The Incomprehensibility of God,” or “Behold, He Cometh?”

Be these speculations as to the source of her inspiration received for what they are worth, Miss Johnson has proved herself to be possessed largely of the genuine traits of the poet, and in her published works has left behind her much to gratify the lover of poetic grandeur and elevation; and to the lover of meek, unostentatious piety, an unfailling flavour of truth and love to God, permeating all her works: to the patriotic admirers of our country, she gives the delight of a firm and constant attachment to the land of her birth. The first and longest poem to be found in her volume, published in 1855, which we hope soon to see supplemented by the publication of other pieces, which have seen the light as yet only in the ephemeral issues of the press, is “The Promises.” This, as its name implies, is a tableau of all the promises of the Almighty to the fallen race of man. It is a vigorously written history of the covenant of grace with its changing signs and seals, and its progressive development from the promise of the “Seed of the woman” given to man down to the setting up of the Christian dispensation,

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with a prophetic forecast of the future history of the "Holy Church throughout all the world," into which, according to the author, all the elect shall be brought, ending with the general judgment, and a sight of the eternal felicity of the saved in the rest that remaineth for the people of God. The poem contains some three or four thousand lines, all of them, with the exception of the introduction, in uniform deka-syllabic metre, and suitably divided into fourteen cantos or parts. It is possible that an objection might lie from the Catholic reader against some of the peculiar theological views to be found in it, such as personal election and the application of the gracious promises of God individually rather than corporately, yet the work is so faithful as a narrative, and sufficiently Catholic as to be free from any serious exception. We must remember that her views are the views of the system in which she had found peace and the love of God. And albeit that we may choose the cup from which she drank, yet can we not deny that she drank the vine of the Gospel.

To those who love mercy and walk humbly, mercy supplies the defect of a legitimate connection with the "Vino." And *saving*, if not Christian, is found outside of the ordinary channels. Let us quote some of the majestic words from the introduction to this poem :

"Thou uncreated One ! who wast from everlasting God,  
 Who makest time, space and eternity, thine own abode ;  
 Thou all creating One ! who out of chaos' deepest night  
 Called suns, and worlds on worlds, and from the blackest darkness, light ;  
 Who uttereth thine awful voice, and all creation quakes ;  
 Who stretcheth forth thy mighty arm, and every atom shakes  
 That forms the universe, while planets are on planets hurled  
 At the omnipotent command, and world dashes with world ;

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Thou King of Kings, Almighty One ! bend unto me the ear  
 That listens to the music of every rolling sphere,  
 And guide, O guide my feeble hand to strike my slumbering lyre  
 To strains harmonious and divine, and every thought inspire.  
 Withdraw the clouds that shade my mortal sight, and let me sing  
 In tones not jarring to an angel's ear, and let me bring  
 Unto thy name, Almighty God, no unmeet offering."

In this quotation culled here and there from the invocation, for want of space to give the whole, who is not awakened by the beautiful and sublime contrast exhibited in the natural fear of omnipotent, and in the holy confidence of God's adopted children ?

Throughout the whole, the style is elevated and well sustained, rising at times into uncommon grandeur, as in the opening lines of the second canto, in which the call of Abraham is described, occurs the following passage :

"Age never dims God's everlasting brow ;  
 Creation's dawn found him the same as now ;  
 Eternity, through its eternal reign,  
 Will look for changes in that God in vain.

The famous prophecy of Israel which temporarily localizes Messiah's first advent is thus versified :

O, favored Judah ! at a future day  
The nations of the earth shall own thy sway ;  
Thy father's sons before thy face shall bow  
With reverent air and with a humble brow.  
From Judah's house a mighty branch shall start  
The sceptre from that house shall ne'er depart ;  
A legislator there shall still remain,  
Till Shiloh come, whose right it is to reign ;  
And unto him shall all the nations flee,  
To him the gathering of the people be."

We would like to quote several of her renderings of the prophecies of David, Isaiah, Daniel, concerning the character and person of the Lord Jesus, but must content ourselves with this one :

"A victim comes, to cruel slaughter led ;  
The curse of God is resting on his head ;  
Silent he stands before the judgment seat,  
No eye to pity, and no friend to meet ;  
Oppressed and tortured, while the world despise,  
Behold, behold the guiltless victim dies !  
He suffers with the wicked and the slave,  
And with the rich he finds a quiet grave."

The human life of the Saviour is fully and faithfully given, with allusions appropriately introduced to his miracles, sufferings and death. The following passage selected from the eighth canto, and speaking of the resurrection of Lazarus, will please many :

"O, King of terrors ! now hold well thine own ;  
No human force breathes in that thrilling tone.  
He comes to seize thy prey ; O, death ! beware !  
For 'tis no common foe that meets thee there !  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The Saviour speaks, the silent one awakes ;  
He leaves the tomb obedient to his rod,  
And in the Nazarene beholds his God."

We cannot refrain from making one other quotation from the same part of the poem, wherein the Holy Saviour of the world on "that dark, that doleful night," the eve of his sacred passion, instituting the Holy Eucharistic sacrifice which was, to the end of the world, solemnly to signify the perpetuation of his death, thus addressed his disciples, and through them all future members of his body :

"While ye are wanderers in a desert land,  
Let love unite each trusting heart and hand ;  
Let peace and unity for ever reign  
Within your midst, nor burst those bands in twain ;  
Those sacred bands that make you all as one  
With God the Father, and with God the Son."

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Alas ! that this sacred, yearning prayer of the Head has been so cruelly unheeded by the members.

If the sensitive heart of our authoress was often saddened at beholding the remorseless dissensions of Christians, it has been compensated gloriously by the enjoyment of the repose and unity of the blessed Saints in the Church triumphant, with angels,

" Chanting in their homes above  
The wonders of eternal love."

She has found " Consolation," whose works beneficently united with " Religion," she has so nicely described in the poem bearing their names ; which, however, we pass by, together with the " Brothers," in which earthly ambition and " good report" of an approving conscience are contrasted and represented, to give more notice to her master piece, " The Surrender of Quebec." For this poem (written in her eighteenth year) Miss Johnson received an honorable medal from the Quebec Literary and Historical Society. It is worthy of all the commendation that has been bestowed on it. We hesitate not to say that for its admirable, concise unity, for its chastened beauty of expression it holds a *high place* among the compositions of like character in the whole range of the English language. The historic interest of Old Quebec, with its sieges and changes, makes in itself a " piquant" subject for a poem.

Under the spell of the authoress's pen, we see the steep banks of the river ; the painful ascent up the height ; the dimness of the night facilitating the movements of Wolfe, as really as though we had been eye-witnesses of the whole scene. Full justice is done to the bravery and skill both of the defenders and of the assailants. It is one of its chief beauties, as a Canadian poem, that it is free from disparagement of the honor of either race, whose descendants make our present population. In everything but success, the French are shown equal to the English. The dying scenes of Wolfe, in the arms of victory, and of Montcalm, le pieux chevalier, who having faithfully done his duty so stoically and nobly, yielded to inexorable fate, are admirably depicted. The whole poem is a " monumentum aere perennius" of both heroes.

" From cliff to cliff the gallant army spring,  
Nor envy now the eagle's soaring wing ;  
They view their labors o'er ; their object gain,  
And proudly stand upon the lovely plain,  
Gaze down upon the awful scenes they've passed,  
Rejoicing that they've reached the heights at last."

The din of conflict is thus well described :

" Louder and louder still the awful roar  
Pealed from the heights and shook the frightened shore.  
Thick clouds of smoke enveloped friend and foe ;  
The volleyed thunder shook the depths below ;

Mountain and echoing forest joined the cry,  
 And distant hills gave back the same reply.  
 With animating voice, and waving hand,  
 The British leader cheered his gallant band,  
 Pressed firmly forward where an endless tide  
 Of woe and carnage reigned on every side  
 Where streams of blood in crimson torrents rolled  
 Where death smote down alike the young and old ;  
 And where the thickest poured the deadly shot,  
 The gallant Wolfe with daring valor fought."

But, alas ! we soon read,

The laurel wreath entwines that brow in vain,  
 For lo the hero lies among the slain.

Truly "the path of glory leads but to the grave," and though we are told by an American poet that "to the hero when his sword is free," death is "welcome as the grasp of brother in a foreign land," yet we deplore his death which seems to our limited view, *untimely*.

"Thy country mourns her warriors true and brave  
 And yearning love weeps o'er thy lonely grave."

Besides those which we have mentioned, there are several other poems, shorter but hardly less beautiful. "The Crucified of Galilee," is a lyric of great beauty and power, a beatific vision,—

Memory's guiding star,  
 To cheer the night and point a way  
 Unto an everlasting day,  
 When I with unveiled eye shall see  
 "The Crucified of Galilee."

"Death," "Passing away," "The Mother's Lament," and several others, are pieces of chastened sadness, and answering trust in God. In them, as in all her poems, the authoress teaches faithfully the great lesson of so passing "through things temporal as to attain to things eternal."

We will venture upon the attention of the reader one more quotation from "The servant not above his master,"

Lonely pilgrim, art thou sinking  
 'Neath the weight of grief and care ?  
 Bitter dregs of sorrow drinking  
 From the cup of dark despair ?  
 Mourn not, for thy master's footsteps  
 The same gloomy paths have trod ;  
 He has drained the cup of anguish,  
 He, the mighty Son of God.

We have alluded to some unbound writings of Miss Johnson's. We remember particularly the "Address to the Prince of Wales," and an address to England,

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during the late expostulation against the suspicious sympathies of a section of the English people. We trust some kindly hand will shortly gather up these scattered remains, and give them to the public, with a new edition of her first published volume, which is sadly needed, the old edition being long since sold out. Such an enterprise would be financially an abundant success, and would confer a favor upon Canadian literature, of which Miss Johnson was so brilliant an ornament, and of whose future greatness she gave such happy auguries.

In the spring of 1863, Miss Helen Johnson was gently released from earth, while still in the flower of youth, by the termination of lingering constitutional maladies. Her remains are interred in the grave-yard of her native village, which has a commanding aspect of her much loved lake, the first object that will greet the enraptured eyes of her glorified body on the morning of the resurrection.

"O t'were merry to the grave to go  
If one were sure to be buried so."

NEMO.

## WHICH OF THE TWO ?

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE KER IN THE MOUNTAIN.

Gomez de Manchez was strangely affected by the appearance of the fair señora whom he was pursuing on the stony heath.

There was something sufficiently startling in the quick, terrified glance she cast upon him, when her horse turned from the high-way, as to cause him to forget all in the world besides—all else, save the fact that he was pursuing a young lady who must be saved by him alone or perish.

The plain was illuminated in the far distance, by a white, misty light, appearing from the highland, not unlike a spectral winding sheet, streaming in pale sickly folds through the valley below;—but here the heath was in shadow, and being thickly covered with rocks and brush-wood, the knight found it no easy matter to keep his charger from stumbling.

Onward they sped, over the dark, dry heath. A life was in jeopardy; it was a ride for life;—a life to save or to slay.

Onward they went, galloping, floundering, almost flying. Faster and faster clattered the ringing hoofs: quicker and quicker grew the breath of both the pursuer and the pursued: fiercer and fiercer gleamed the fire in each eye: still the riders seemed firm as Death.

They were near each other. The pursuer madly urged his animal forward,—speeding like the very wind, exerting every muscle to its utmost, straining every nerve.

He made a daring attempt to seize the bridle, but the strange animal seemed to renew his strength, and in an instant he left the cavalier far behind.

The war horse shook his head in rage, and with increased speed, throwing the foam from his nostrils, and setting his teeth together as a vice, he dashed forward.

The sun had long been sunken. His last rays of light had disappeared from the western sky, and pale Venus had long been shedding her dim reflected light upon the land. Darkness had laid his claim to rule, and night was seated on her throne, adorned with her few, faint lamps, burning forever in their sad eternal glory.

The moon had slowly ascended into the sky, gilding the soil with mournful beauty.

Higher and higher she sailed, lighting the summits of the bare Moors, away to the north and eastward, transforming the dull and almost monotonous teeth-like crags, from their deep gray color to a dark purple hue in the shadows, rendered more dense by the bright Naples Yellow lights, jutting up into the dark starry vault overhead.—Still two horsemen galloped toward the mountains.

Again the cavalier made a fruitless dash to secure the reins of the enraged animal. His own horse stumbled, struggled for an instant, then fell headlong—fell within fifty yards of a yawning abyss, toward which the unknown lady was being borne, her frightened steed seeming but too impatient to meet the sure destruction awaiting him.

The knight gasped for breath.

There was a struggle as between the soul and body—a convulsive shudder as though the physical powers were reproved by the spiritual for inaction, then the Spanish pique, slung to the saddle, was brought to his shoulder.

There was a flash and a report.

Its echoes resounded sharp and clear among the distant crags, and when the smoke cleared away, his horse, attempting to rise, besides himself, was the only living object in sight.

He leaped forward. A horrid precipice was there. Full half a thousand feet of ragged rock was underneath him—even to the uttermost tops of the few pine trees that grew on the plain below. There, with his head hanging over the cliff, lay the strange animal—dead.

He had run his last race.

The cavalier staggered backward; he almost stumbled upon some object that was not stone, as he reeled back from the edge of the abyss like a drunken man.

He looked down. The moonlight disclosed a pale upturned face, white as marble.

The eyelids and mouth were firmly closed, and the long lashes, in death-like repose, bespoke her beauty.

Gomez de Manchez raised the maiden in his arms and bore her into the full moon-light. She had fallen upon a bed of mountain mosses, but he feared no human power could recall the life which seemed to have fled.

He knelt beside her; her forehead was yet warm. A faint hope was kindled in his breast, by this circumstance, that she might be in a swoon. Fortunately

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he bore a flask of wine. He pressed it to her pale lips and a few drops forced their way into her delicate mouth.

He looked eagerly about him, for a short time. They were, at least, two leagues from the town. Their horses had run a circuitous route; they had dashed about the rocks and glades for hours; they had been leagues to the westward, and were now nearer to Cordova than they had been before.

He pressed his hand thoughtfully upon his brow, then coming to a sudden conclusion he raised the unconscious lady in his arms, and motioning to his faithful horse to follow, commenced the descent of the mountain.

When he was but a boy, he had lost his way while strolling in the same vicinity, and he here recognized the very place where he had laid himself down, almost famished and quite unable to proceed. He was discovered however, by an old gipsy woman, who kindly took him to her lodge, and when she had placed a great quantity of provisions before him, which he commenced to devour with much the same mien that a hungry wolf assumes when beginning a repast,—with her keen eyes fixed upon him, she began questioning him in the crabbed *Gitáno*, not a word of which he then understood. He soon found out that the Zineali woman spoke Spanish and French, and was also skilled in *holkewar baro* or the *great trick*, which she claimed to have discovered when she was among the Moors.

It was, indeed, by this adventure that he gained his gipsy servant, Vallandano, who had followed him for years, and who was perhaps the most shrewd and cunning adviser he had known, since the cold earth had closed over his old guardian, Don Cardania de Angulio, some six years before.

By following the land-marks he remembered among the rocks about him, he soon emerged into an open space, surrounded by bleak cliffs on the one hand, and a forest of cork trees on the other.

Climbing up through a narrow path between two rocks of trap formation, he stood upon what appeared to be an abrupt terminus of the passage. He examined the dark walls for a moment, then, dislodging a wedge-shaped stone, which, in the moonlight, appeared immovable—a portion of rock swung backward, without a sound, disclosing a dark passage before him.

Don Gomez stooped low as he entered this place. The door of the cave swung as easily into its place again, as before it had opened for them, and they were in total darkness, enclosed on every side by solid rock, and possessing no means by which to obtain a light.

Peering through the gloom, the cavalier detected a few pencils of light streaming through some crevices, not many feet distant, and going quickly forward he rapped upon the wall with the hilt of his knife.

"Caramba!" was the surprised exclamation that broke from some one in the interior.

A sigh of relief fell from the young man as he heard this expression of the well-known Errate tongue, telling him, plainly as words can inform, that the

inmates of the cave were not brigands, but Spanish gypsies. He tore away a rough curtain that ingeniously covered the opening of the grotto, and stood confronting an aged woman, whose terrified expression bespoke both surprise and alarm.

"Ola, mother Corahani, dont fear me. I am alone, no Busné is following. Have you forgotten the boy of the Xeres de la Frontera, whom you saved from starving? I return, and bear a lady who fell from her horse. Look at her, good mother, and oh, tell me she is not dead! Save her, ask as much gold as you like, only save her! only say she is alive!"

The old woman drew a comfortable sofa from a dark corner, and motioned him to place her upon it, which he did, and the gypsy commenced her task. The Calli was a skillful nurse. She did many things to restore her; she surely exhausted her medical knowledge; for she even wore an alarmed expression as one means after another failed.

"Sese! there is warmth at the heart, she is now reviving, and lest she be frightened at these ugly walls and my uglier Caloré face, move the *charipé* (bed) into my little *ker*.

Another blanket was removed, and another apartment was presented. This room was of a circular form, and not far from twenty feet in diameter. The ceiling and walls were draped with snowy linen, effectually concealing every vestige of rock. The very curtain, before mentioned, was also lined with the same material. An oriental carpet lay upon the uneven floor of the room;—several massive forms stood about the apartment; a small bronze chandelier hung from the ceiling; and the entrance from the first to this part of the cave seemed like a transit from prison into freedom. The insensible senora was moved into the place, and when the wax candles were lighted, they retired to the outer room, preferring her to waken with none near her, whose appearance might give her a shock at beholding for the first time.

The Calli placed a small silver whistle to her lips, and blew a low shrill note, as she took a small white robe and a wreath of seemingly white roses from a box.

A little girl of five or six years came tripping into the apartment, at this summons.

She stopped and appeared much frightened at seeing a stranger in their home, and would have withdrawn, had not her grandmother motioned her to advance to her, which she did, throwing her arms about her neck and hiding her face in her bosom.

The wreath of white roses was placed upon her forehead, and the old woman whispered something in her ears, which, at first, seemed to startle her,—then, when the robe rested gracefully upon her, she drew the dark curtain and disappeared.

(To be continued.)

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## DEVENISH.

## I.

'Twas years since I had heard the name,  
When, seen in print, before my eyes,  
The old Round Tower seemed to rise,  
With silent scorn of noisy fame.

## II.

Our little boat, like water bird  
Touches the still lake, breast to breast;  
No sound disturbs the solemn rest  
Save kiss of dar and whispered word.

## III.

All nature wears a placid smile  
Of gold, and blue, and tender green,  
And in the setting of the scene  
Lies, like a gem, the Holy Isle.

## IV.

Hushed is the music of the oar,  
A little hand is placed in mine;

My blood runs wildly, as with wine—  
We stand together on the shore.

## V.

O boyish days! O boyish heart!  
In vain I wish you back again!  
O boyish fancy's first, sweet pain,  
How glorious, after all, thou art!

## VI.

The old Round Tower, the ruined walls,  
Where mould'ring bones our self in prayer,  
The Latin legend, winding stair,  
These any "tourist's book" recalls.

## VII.

But oh! the love, the wild delight,  
The sweet romance of long-ago,  
All these have vanished, as the glow  
Of even flame dies out at night.

JOHN READE.

## ESSAYS ON MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

## No. 2.—BROWNING.

Every generation has its representative poet—a poet that is, who may or may not be the greatest of his age, but who certainly more than any other, represents the leading sympathies, aims and modes of thought of his own time. Dryden not Milton was on the whole the poet who represented society in the time of Charles II. And what Byron was to the last generation, Tennyson is to ours. Of such a poet, it is difficult for the men of his own age to form a dispassionate estimate. Our fathers were not able to see Byron's position as a poet, or his relation to other great writers, as we can. And as Byronic poetry represented the passionate and turbulent effervescence which marked the rise of the Romantic School in European literature after the first wave of the French revolution, so the Tennysonian poetry is adapted to the Victorian era; to a time of great material prosperity, of gigantic industrial progress, of peace, and steadily though calmly advancing liberalism. He is the poet of "the steamship and the railway, and the thoughts that shake mankind." He so fully represents the sympathies of our age, his writings reflect so nearly our own aspirations and energies, that we are apt for that reason to take a disproportionate view of his greatness as a poet. The whole tide of English verse writing has settled as steadily in the Tennysonian direction, as it once did in the Byronic. Even "poets of much original power are affected by it." Alexander Smith, Matthew Arnold and Owen Meredith, all have the peculiar mannerism. In the structure of their verses, no less than in the expression and tone of thought, there is always a something, not exactly borrowed, but which we feel would not have been, had not Locksley Ha

or the Idyls been written. From all trace of this mannerism, one great poet of our own day is free. Robert Browning is, indeed, original, so original as to startle and scare those whose taste has been formed on the popular literary pabulum.

In both the choice and treatment of his subjects, in his philosophy, in his humour, as in his diction and lyrical machinery, Robert Browning stands alone and reminds us of no other writer. Sometimes the problems to be solved are the same that have been attempted by the more daring metaphysical speculators of the German schools, but Browning's treatment of them is essentially English, straightforward and non-mystical, as that of Bishop Butler himself, a writer of whose power of grasping comprehensively the whole of a difficult position we are often reminded in reading such poems as "Easter Day." Browning is an essentially non-popular poet. His poems are to the readers of popular poetry now, what *Comus* and the *Lyrical Ballads* were to the general use of educated people of their day. He is obscure, he chooses repulsive subjects, his characters are all exceptional, and he does not, like Tennyson, celebrate English life (especially respectable middle class domestic life, so dear to our age and its laureates) but rather is Italian or Cosmopolitan. Such we take it is a fair statement of what is to be said against our position, that Browning's place in literature, is among the greatest of those who rank near the throne where Shakespeare sits supreme.

That some of Browning's poems are difficult to understand, we allow, but this arises from no obscurity of expression, or want of precision in the thoughts. Poems wherein the sad questions that perplex us all, when we look out on this world of warring creeds, and apparently dominant evil, are searchingly handed, must be to a certain extent, difficult reading, if they are worth reading at all. "Christmas Eve," Bloughram's "Apology" and "Protus," are difficult reading, just as Butler's sermons are, that is, they require a sustained effort of attention in order that the sequence of the reasoning may be followed. But the great majority of Browning's lyrics are dramatic rather than philosophical in their character—these are as clear and easily realized as any in the language. Of Browning's lyrics (for our space forbids us the contemplation of the dramas, or of his great psychological epic, *Sordello*,) the earliest published were the "Dramatic lyrics." This name conveys one striking peculiarity of these poems. They are all psychological studies, in each of which the personality of the character assumed is so intensely carried out that we quite lose sight of the author, and are at times at a loss to discover how far his sympathies go with what is written before us. The three Cavalier's tunes, with which this volume opens, are among the best known of Browning's songs.

"Kentish Sir Byng, stood for the king,  
Bidding the crop-headed parliament swing,  
And pressing a troop unable to stoop  
And see the rogues flourish and honest men droop,  
Marched them along, fifty score strong,  
Great hearted gentlemen, singing this song."

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In this case it is plain that the poet's sympathies are not, as indeed how could they be, with the enemies of the Church, of learning and of art. These songs are not only good poetry, but they have smack of the Great Rebellion times which is wanting to the regulation "historical ballads" of the Aytown-Macaulay School. "My last Dutchess" and "Count Gismund" are studies from Mediæval Italian Chivalric life. In the former, a Duke of Ferrara is showing the envoy of an Italian noble (whose daughter he is about to wed,) his picture gallery, and notably the portrait veiled to other visitors, of his late Dutchess, who was put to death he hints rather than tells us, for infidelity. The mixture of pride and Italian jealousy with the art dilettantism of the renaissance, is striking. In Count Gismund is a noble picture of a high souled warm hearted lady.

The next scene is from the wars of Napoleon, and which of the songs of Béranger have placed before us so striking a pose of the French military idol ?

" You know the French stormed Ratisbon  
A mile or two away ;  
On a green mound Napoleon  
Stood on our storming day.  
With neck out thrust, you fancy how,  
Legs wide, arms locked behind,  
As if to balance the prone brow  
Oppressive with its mind."

Again a new atmosphere in the poem which follows this ! We are introduced to the garden of a Spanish convent, and the soliloquy of one of the monks reveals to us the full ugliness of his hatred, the hatred of a strong coarse nature, intensified by solitude, against one of the brethren. We seem to recognize the obnoxious brother as we read ; a pedantic man, of formal methodical habits, he will have his cup " raised like something sacrificial ;" he will talk his small nothings at the daily meal ;

" At the meal we sit together,  
" *Salve tibi,*" I must hear  
Wise talk of the kind of weather,  
Sort of season, time of year ;  
" Not a plenteous cork crop" ; " scarcely  
Dare we hope oak galls, I doubt" ;  
" What's the Latin name for parsley,  
*What the Greek name for Swine's suout.*

" In a Gondola," is a purely Italian scene—a youth is stabbed by order of the three, while talking to his love. "Artemis' Prologizes," is a poem which by those who would make Browning a kind of secondary Tennyson, may not disadvantageously be compared with the *Ænone*. It has not so much elaboration, but we think more of Greek vigour. Artemis speaks a prologue to the Hippolytus. If this poem reminded us of any English writer, it would be of one who above

all others had drank in the spirit of Greek poetry ; the late Walter Savage Landor. He has given us nothing approaching the Artemis, but in some of his later poems a classical subjects he wrote with a strength and purity of expression, reminding us of Browning no less than of the Greek models. Want of space prevents us from analysing "Waring," or "Cristina," the latter containing the thought that love is the bliss and end of *this* life, whatever deeper blisses and ends there may be in another life, an idea rather more Platonic than Pauline. But remarkable as showing Browning's power of intensifying to a white heat, any given phase of faith or thought, are the poems entitled "Mad house Cells." Here with the faculty of reasoning correctly from wrong premises which Locke attributes to one kind of insanity, Johannes Agricola pursues the logical results of his theological system. Secure that he was chosen out from among mankind for salvation, before "God fashioned star or sun," secure in his predestined salvation even were he to "blend all hideous sins," in his own life, he contemplates the condition of those predestined to be lost, in spite of all their efforts to do good.

When life on earth aspired to be  
The altar smoke, so pure—to win  
If not love like God, love for me,  
At least to keep his anger in,  
And all their striving turned to sin  
Priest, doctor, hermit, monk, grown white  
With prayer, the broken-hearted nun,  
The martyr, the wan acolyte,  
The incense swinging child—*undone*  
*Before God fashioned star or sun*

"Porphyria" is a "sensation scene" of the wildest kind. With Porphyria's lover, love has reached the point of happiness beyond which it cannot go. He feels that she worships him :

"That moment she was mine, mine fair,  
Perfectly pure and good ; I found  
A thing to do at last. Her hair  
In one long yellow string I wound  
Three times her little throat around,  
And strangled her. No pain felt she.  
I am quite sure she felt no pain ;  
As a shut bud that holds a bee,  
I warily oped her lids, again  
Laughed the blue eyes without a stain.

And thus we sit together now,  
And all night long we have not stirr'd,  
And yet God has not said a word !"

It is a fitting *reductio ad absurdum* of the modern Manichæism.

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"As I ride" is an adaptation of the Arabian gazelle or Monorhymed poem. What a stirring ring there is in the stages :

"As I ride, as I ride,  
To our Chief and his allied,  
Who dares chide my heart's pride ?  
As I ride, as I ride,  
We are witnesses denied ;  
Through the desert waste and wide  
Do I glide unespied,  
As I ride, as I ride !"

We pass over the remaining lyrics of this volume, wishing that space permitted our giving extracts from that marvelous idyl of Italian country life, "The Englishman in Italy," or from the laboratory where Madame de Brinvilliers stands at work in her glass mask. One little poem—we must quote it—refutes the assertion that Browning has become so much fascinated by his Italian life to feel quite like an Englishman :

## HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA.

"Nobly, nobly, Cape St. Vincent, to the North-West died away ;  
Sunset ran our glorious blood red reeking into Cadiz Bay,  
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay ;  
In the dimmest North-East distance dawned Gibraltar grand and gay—  
'Here and here did England help me ; how can I help England ?' Say  
Who so turns as I this evening turn to God to praise and pray,  
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa."

The other volume of lyrics, "Men and Women," opens with some poems which are like none that we have yet met with for the depth and tenderness with which they speak of Love—not love of the immature sentimental kind, but that truer feeling which is the growth of a life time. Take, for example, "A Woman's Last Word," or "Any Wife to any Husband." It also contains some minutely painted Italian scenes—an elegy chaunted by his scholars at the funeral of one of the early reviewers of classical learning—a eulogy of patient devotion to knowledge for its own sake, with no hope of reward or fame. But the most remarkable in the volume are the philosophical poems, and one lyric of singular beauty, which unites in a higher degree than any other all Browning's poetical excellencies, and to which we would therefore call our readers' special attention. Of the philosophical poems, is "Karshish, the Arab Physician," who has met an epileptic who has been healed, or, as he will have it himself, restored to life by some learned leech. The patient's name is Lazarus, and he seems to have, with his recovery or resuscitation, regained the innocence and lovingness of a little child. He regards his healer :

This man so cured regards the curer then  
As—God forgive me—Who but God Himself,  
Creator and Sustainer of the World,  
That came and dwelt in flesh awhile ?

Hear the Arab sages' comment on this :

The very God ! think, Abilbost thou think ?  
 So the All-Great were the All-Loving, too—  
 So through the thunder comes a human voice,  
 Saying, ' O heart, I made a heart beat here ;  
 Thou hast no power, nor mayest conceive of mine  
 But love I gave thee, with Myself to love :  
 And thou must love Me, who have died for thee ! ' "

Cleon is another phase of the same study of Christianity from the Pagan point of view. The Philosopher, he is a contemporary of St. Paul, writes to his friend many speculations as to a future life, and a hereafter of reward and punishments. This would, indeed, be a reasonable belief :

" But, no,  
 Zeus has not yet revealed it ; and, alas !  
 He must have done so, were it possible."

The Philosopher has heard of the name of one Christus, and of Paulins, a barbarian Jew, but knows no more of them. Compare with this poem Bishop Butler's account of the necessity of Christianity as a *confirmation* of Natural Religion.

In Saul the daring attempt is made to re-sing the psalm by which David exorcised the evil spirit from the erring, yet noble-hearted king, whose history we cannot read without sympathising with the Prophet as he mourned for him. Saul sits in his tent apathetic and despairing. At first David sings of the sheep in their green pasture, of the home life in all its scenes, the marriage-feast, the burial :

—" the chorus intoned

When the Levites go up to the Altar in glory enthroned."

But the first part of the pastoral psalm is so perfect that we will give it to our readers :

" Then I tuned my harp, took off the lilies we twine round its chords,  
 When they snap 'neath the stress of the noon tide—those sunbeams like swords ;  
 And I first played the tune all our sheep know, as one after one  
 So docile they come to the pen door, till folding be done.  
 They are white and untorn by the bushes ; for lo ! they have fed  
 On the long grasses stifle the water within the stream's bed ;  
 And now, one after one, seeks its lodging, as star follows star,  
 Into eve and the blue far above us, so blue and so far."

He then passes on to the mere physical joy of life, and the pleasures which God has given therein :

" Oh, the wild joys of living, the leaping from rock up to rock,  
 The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the cool silver shock  
 Of the plunge in the pool's living water, the hunt of the bear,  
 Or the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair,  
 And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over with gold dust divine,  
 And the locust's flesh steeped in the pitcher, the full draught of wine,  
 And the sleep in the dried river channel, when bullrushes tell  
 That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well."

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So, through ambition and victory, winning the weal of the people, which shall eternize the name of the King; yet David is not satisfied, and yearns to find some higher comfort :

“ O Thou, my shield and my sword

In that Act where my soul was Thy servant, Thy word was my word,  
Still be with me, who then at the summit of human endeavour,  
And scaling the highest man's thought could, gazed hopeless as ever  
On the new stretch of Heaven above me, till mighty to save,  
Just one lift of Thy hand cleared that distance—God's throne, from man's grave!

In his own love for the King, in his willingness to sacrifice his own life for Saul's, is revealed to David a foreshadow of the Mystery of Atonement :

“ Oh, speak through me now—

Would I suffer for him that I love ? So wilt Thou—so wilt Thou—  
So shall crown Thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown,  
And Thy love fill infinitude wholly: nor leave up nor down  
One spot for the creature to stand in.”

We lay down the book almost with reverence, feeling that we have read no nobler uninspired religious poem.

C. P. M.

## MAY.

### I.

Had you but seen her pass away  
You would have thought it sweet to die,—  
To wait the budding of the May,  
And dreaming 'neath the blossoms lie.

### II.

Yet one small flower was streaked with blood  
That might have fallen from my heart;  
Our vine was withered in the wood  
With leaves and tendrils torn apart.

### III.

And had she then but passed thereby  
A sudden pulse had stirred the vine;  
And the blossom withered and dry  
Had opened wide with life divine.

### IV.

O, wild impulse to lead that way!  
And I plucked the dreariest flower,  
And twined it with the withered spray,—  
The tender spray that bloomed an hour.

### V.

And in the vale where down she lay  
I crossed them saint-wise o'er her head,—  
Grieving that I should see the May,  
And she lie motionless and dead.

### VI.

Had you but seen her pass away  
You would have thought her death divine;—  
But O, the life that ceased in May,  
The blood-streaked flower and withered vine!

VYVYAN JOYEUSE.

## CHURCH INTELLIGENCE.

It appears that the Pan-Anglican Synod is to be composed of Bishops only. It will certainly thus more closely resemble the early and ancient Synods of the Church.—The Archbishop of Canterbury has announced in Parliament that the Bishops have abandoned the idea of introducing a Bill dealing with the Ritual innovations, the Government having consented to appoint a Royal Commission on the subject. From the "Guide to the Churches of London and its Suburbs for 1867," it appears that in an area of twelve miles round the London General Post Office, there are 560 churches; and that out of these, there are only twelve where the "Eucharistic vestments" are used; six with incense, and three where colored stoles are worn by the clergy. Since our last, we have received the Report of the meeting of the Convocation at York, at which the following resolution was adopted unanimously by the Bishops, and nearly so by the Lower House:—"Whereas certain vestments and Ritual observances have recently been introduced into the services of the Church of England, this house desires to place on record its deliberate opinion that these innovations are to be deprecated, as tending to favor errors rejected by that Church, and as being repugnant to the feelings of a large number both of the laity and clergy. And this house is further of opinion, that it is desirable that the minister, in public prayer, and the administration of the Sacraments and other rites of the Church, should continue to use the surplice, academical hood, or tippet, for non-graduates, and the scarf or stole, these having received the sanction of long-continued usage."

It is a serious loss to Churchpeople that they are not better acquainted with the Missionary work—the many great and truly apostolic labours and successes of the Missionaries of their own Church, among the heathen. One of the most interesting is the *Pongas* Mission, especially interesting because it was planted and is supported by a *Colonial* Church—that of the West Indies. This fact, when contrasted with our utter deadness to any care for the heathen, may well bring a blush of shame to the cheek of every Canadian Churchman. The Mission was planted at Falangia, at the mouth of the Pongas river, in West Africa, by a West Indian clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Leacock, in 1855. He soon fell a martyr to his zeal; but not before he had well and solidly laid the foundation of a lasting work. His assistant, a colored clergyman, the Rev. J. H. A. Dupont, has successfully continued the Mission, having under him at present one catechist, one schoolmaster, and two schoolmistresses. The number of baptisms during the past year was 106, the number of communicants, 50. Total baptisms since the commencement of the Mission in 1855, is 590. There are two stations, Falangia and Domingia (and the site of a third at Fotoba, on the Iles de Los, on which the S. P. G. is about to commence operations), with their respective churches, schools, and Mission houses. This Mission is the offspring and care more especially of Codrington College, Barbadoes, from which two students

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—men of colour—specially trained for Mission work, have lately gone out to Domingia. The vessel conveying these men to Sierra Leone was to return to Barbadoes with two youths, hitherto educated by Mr. Dupont in the Falangia school, to be trained in Codrington College, in order that they might eventually go back as ordained Missionaries to their own countrymen. The influence of the Mission is evidently extending. Reported applications have been received from the Chief and people of Kissin, a pure Susu town, about twelve miles from Domingia, for the establishment of a station there. They offer site for schools and Mission premises, and help in the building. The West Indian Church, especially in Barbadoes, is doing its part nobly. Last year, besides supporting the Missionary department of Codrington College, it remitted \$3000 to the S. P. G. for the Pongas Mission Fund. When will Canada go and do likewise?—To turn to another portion of the Missionary field—a few months ago, at Bombay, the Hon. Mr. Justice Gibbs read a paper on Missions, parts of which are so evidently valuable and sensible; and, *mutatis mutandis*, applicable to ourselves, that our readers will thank us for the opportunity of reading them. After dwelling upon the comparative failure of our East Indian Missions, the learned Judge proceeded to say:—“The societies at home should organize a scheme for Indian Missions somewhat of the following nature: Candidates should be chosen, not for the general Missionary work, but for the special purposes of the conversion either of the Hindoo, Mahometan, or Parsee. The choice once made, three years should be passed at home in the peculiar training required. Take the Hindoo, for example. Sanskrit must be studied, not only as the base of the languages to be acquired hereafter, but as the language of the religious books and the learned of that faith, and without an intimate knowledge of which neither can the dogmas of the religion itself be understood, nor the teacher explain those of his own creed to the people. The candidate should also study the Hindoo system itself, find out the basis on which it rests, trace it to the time of its greatest purity, and mark the various corruptions which have crept in and reduced what was once pure monotheism to perhaps the most corrupt system of polytheism and idolatry the world has seen. The Vedanta Nyana, and Sankhya philosophies must be thoroughly studied and understood ere any thought of refutation can be entertained. Then turn to the Mahometan. Arabic must be acquired; not only must the Koran be studied, but also the works of the commentators thereon, especially those of the six great fathers, who reduced into writing the traditions of Mahomet about the third century of Hirzee. Let the embryo Missionary learn to sift the wheat from the chaff, and trace where the Jewish and Christian Scriptures have been brought in and made part of the Mahometan code of religion and law. For the Parsee, a different course seems to me to be required. We know, perhaps, less of the religion of this sect than of either the Hindoo or the Mahometan. Save the work of Dr. Wilson, I have met with no book elucidating its mysteries. A knowledge of the Zend language should be acquired, and the Zend Avesta studied; but from the peculiar feelings and opposition of this race, I think the candidates should be

selected of a type not necessary for the Hindoo or Mahometan. Men possessed of what is usually known as a knowledge of the world—men of genial temperaments and engaging manners—seem to be more required. I now come to another point on which I would lay great stress. Let each man *man study carefully what portion of the religion which he seeks to oppose, he can accept and agree with.* It is, I think, a mistake of the most fatal kind to commence the attack, continue the attack, and never cease the attack. I feel sure, *where there is common ground to stand on*, be the spot ever so small, that is the place whereon to meet the adversary hand to hand at the commencement, and thence to suggest and point out the better road. St. Paul accepted a portion of the theology of the Greeks when he pointed out the altar to the Unknown God, and owned that He it was to whom he owed allegiance. The Hindoo owns the one Great Supreme Being who is over all things; he understands the the nature of incarnations of Him: he knows something of a Trinity; while the Mahometan has much more in common with us—the one true God, the Prophets of the Old Testament. Even Jesus is acknowledged as a prophet. Thus much on what should be the studies at home. On arrival in this country the candidates should be received into some central college or institution—the centre of a large native Christian community, if practicable—where they might learn from the most experienced Missionaries the more practical portion of their work, obtain an insight into the manners, customs, and feelings of the natives, as well as a knowledge of the language in which they will have to carry on their disputations. These disputations they should commence with the English-speaking natives, and thus learn by degrees to make use of the store of learning they acquired at home, great care being taken that they do no harm, as was the fear expressed by an Indian Bishop some years ago, that all Missionaries were liable to do during the first few years of their residence." These were the leading feature of the Hon. Judge Gibbs' scheme, and they are evidently replete with wisdom and good sense. Could none in Canada learn a lesson from them?

P. S.—*The monthly article on Church Intelligence in this Magazine will for the future be compiled by another hand. The writer, in taking leave of the "Students' Monthly," wishes it all good success.*

#### CURRENT LITERATURE.

We have received from Messrs Dawson of Montreal the cheap American reprint by Harper of Mr. Yates new novel "Black Sheep" \* which is concluded in the last monthly part of All The Year Round. Mr. Yates is well known in London as the author of the papers of literary gossip which appear in every monday's "Star" signed "Flaneur." These papers are sensibly written and tolerably free from the constant straining after comic effect which is the besetting sin of such literary loafers as G. A. Sala and his imitators. Several of Mr. Yates' works have been

\* "Black Sheep" a novel by Edmund Yates, Dawson Bros., Montreal.

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well-received, "Land at Last" having had the advantage of appearing in the same volume of Temple Bar with two of the most popular novels of Miss Braddon and Mr. G. W. Wills. As a story "Black Sheep" strikes us as being a great improvement on its predecessors. The plot has the interest derivable from a murder scene of some originality—rather a rarity in these days when even the murderers of real life are so wanting in new ideas. The interest of the plot turns on the way in which the murder evidence is thrown upon the really guiltless hero, one George Dallas, who living over "fastly" has got into gambling debts to his disreputable friends Mr. and Mrs. Routh, and into disgrace and stoppage of allowance with his mamma and step-father. Mr. George Dallas is the ordinary type of young men about town in London, with which modern novels of London life have made us very familiar, too indolent to work with any settled aim at a profession, much given to amusement and dissipation, and easily decoyed by the fair Mrs. Routh's influence. Mrs. Routh and her husband belong to a class of dramatic personæ who have indeed done good service in the novels of a generation past, but are scarcely possible in a state of society where gambling as a temptation has ceased to exist. Routh has an enemy whom he wishes to get out of the way; he murders this man (the murder being of course duly witnessed by a London street boy, who will turn up at the proper moment in evidence), and Mrs. Routh manages to put the diamonds stolen from the murdered man in the place of some diamonds given by George Dallas's mother to supply his necessities, and persuades him to go abroad to sell them. Whereon George Dallas goes to Amsterdam, and we have an amusing description of the quaint old Dutch City, and some capital broken English from a Dutch diamond merchant quite in the best manner of the "Flaneur." Meantime the Rouths prosper and appear as occupants of a house at the West end,—Mrs. Routh occupying herself in drawing the meshes of suspicion most closely around George Dallas. On Dallas' return to England he too rises in the world, obtaining a good position as a writer for the press in London, and being beloved by a young lady with large estates and a *penchant* for literary men. But on a sudden the novel London detective of the Inspector Bucket type appears on the scene, and of course fixing suspicion on the wrong track, arrests George Dallas for murder. Just then Mrs. Routh's husband, who has committed as she knows, having been his confidante, all sorts of atrocities, murder included, without at all alienating her affection, commits the one unpardonable sin of admiring another lady. They quarrel—and meanwhile Nemesis, that is the irrepressible London street boy, comes forward to declare the guilt of Routh. Both Rouths commit suicide, and virtue in the person of the very uninteresting Mr. George Dallas is triumphant.

The scenes from London Bohemian life are well drawn, but the character most elaborately described and for which the reader's sympathy is chiefly sought from first to last, that of Stewart Routh's wife, we hold to be an impossible one. Having under some strangely exceptional circumstances nursed Routh when

dangerously ill, and being in consequence sent adrift by the family with whom she lived as governess, Routh relieves her from this false position by marrying her. Henceforward she becomes his accomplice, his decoy, his ready instrument—choosing sin and loving it, because she loves him; in forgery, lying murder, and the more cruel murder of dooming an innocent young man to infamy as well as death, she follows his steps. We are then asked to believe that such a woman retains through all this moral pollution, a pure and unselfish love for her husband. Now we do not hold it possible that a general deterioration of character can co-exist with the retention of any high and pure affection. To a supposition that this can be the case, which is what we take to be meant by the complaint of Mrs. Routh's dying words: "There is no God, if there were, such women as I am could not exist," we reply, "Negatur." Such women do not exist, except in Mr. Yates' very amusing pages.

The Village on the Cliff recalls the peculiar charm of Miss Thackeray's earliest novel "The story of Elizabeth." The plot is a simple one, having neither sensationalism, improbable incident or abnormal character, to recommend it. A lonely little governess amidst the dreary monotony of her school life gets some glimpse of the goings on of a certain very amusing specimen of a Law student, whose Bohemian life in the temple is admirably described—what Miss Thackeray gives us in this line by the way is much fresher and better than the usual regulation rechauffé of drinking, slang, smoking and the demi monde. She allows herself to fall in love with an ideal law student got up in her imagination to represent the actual one. They are repaired, and years after she marries without thinking sufficiently whether she has quite forgotten all about her early fancies. Of course the Bohemian reappears—she struggles bravely to do her duty with her whole heart, and is able at last to shake hands with the old love, feeling that there is a sufficient gulph between them.

Mr. Alpheus Todd's book on Parliamentary Government—at least the first volume of it, has reached us. The importance of the subject, and the elaborate manner in which Mr. Todd discusses it, demand a fuller consideration than we can give at present. In a future number we hope to lay before our readers some account of the view which Mr. Todd takes of matters which the changes in the constitution of our country make of increasing importance.

In belles lettres Mr. Palgrave's \* "Essays on Art" contain some excellent criticism on the last Academy exhibition, chiefly reprinted from the Saturday Review. Remembering the Cœur de Lion Statue in front of Westminster Palace, we think Baron Marochetti is hardly dealt with. To those of our readers who may think of visiting London we recommend the articles on the Exhibition as giving a good account of some of the best works of Millais, and others of the great modern English school. We were glad to read Mr. Palgrave's condemnation of that unearthly looking ideality labelled Helen of Troy in the exhibition

\* Palgrave's Essays on Art: for sale by C. Hill, Montreal.

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\* Ecce De

of 1865, and still more so, of that very popular and very degraded type of art represented in the "Royal Marriage" of the same year.

\* "Ecce Deus;" in print, in binding, in the title and arrangement of the chapters is got up to look like Ecce Homo, on a sort of Sheep in Wolf's clothing principle, to attract those who were misled by the famous heretical work into reading a confutation of it. Ecce Deus is very orthodox, but there was we fancied a charm somewhere about Ecce Homo beyond the power of his imitator to assimilate. The mutton is excellent no doubt, but oh for the lupine vigour and originality. We have also received from Mr. Hill a volume of Devotions by Alford of the Greek Testament; like that work it is an excellent compilation. We are glad to be able to recommend to those of our readers who still take interest in Greek, a little volume containing, with some excellent notes, the text of a tract of Plutarch on the Delay of the Deity in punishing the Wicked, by Professors Hacket and Tyler. We have not before met with any edition of a previously unedited Greek Text emanating from an American University which we would so willingly see in the hands of our students. Such a book as this of Messrs. Hacket and Tyler is a vast improvement on the more pretentious and less original works of such compilers as Anthon.

## The Medley.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

I.  
1. In England a city of name.  
2. Its offspring, who win it its fame.  
In crow-land my first you will hear.  
My next—near "auld Reekie" his seat.  
My third to all infants most dear.  
My fourth sends you crackers to eat.  
My fifth all who wed must provide.  
My sixth I pray thou may'st not be.  
For then I'd sit near thy bedside.  
Nor count me my seventh, for thee!—  
My eighth in the farm-yard is seen.  
My last where'er fire has been.

II.  
1. In ye rush, and ye rage of a mighty wind,  
My first, under tropical skies, you'll find.

2. My next, ye elixir of life to all  
Who live and breathe on this earthly ball.  
3. My third, a painter whose works display  
The clear—obscure of ye fading day.  
4. A Canadian river, whose name has long  
Lived, and shall live, in ye poet's song.  
5. My fifth what all of us are to each other  
Tho' we may not be father, son, or brother.  
6. A lovely isle of the Southern sea,  
Yet ye scene of bloody treachery,  
7. A song of ladies fair, and gallant men  
Writ by a famed Italian pen.  
From the initials may be quickly guessed,  
A fair young city thron'd in ye west.  
The finals show a lake, and both are claimed  
By Canada, our Kingdom, lately named  
G. M.

### CIPHER.

A "ladye faire," instead of sending her knight  
to the wars, to test his love for her, gave him the  
following puzzle to solve, with the promise to be

his "help-meet" when he should send her its  
solution:—  
5r J5B FB73RF 65VF P5C5R2 F5N77 4R ZL XAVT5G.

SALAN SHROUWER.

### CHARADES.

I.  
Behold those great ships how nobly they swim—  
See those miners go down to their mine—  
My first you will find up aloft, neat and trim,  
Or far down below it will shine.

The river! the river! my darling old river!  
O what a delight 'tis to me,  
When they pull till I see the stout oars bend and  
quiver,  
My next on the river or sea.

I walk in my garden to look for my whole:  
I carry him crumbs in my hand.  
There he sits—yes, I see him—on top of the pole,  
Down he flies now, and picks on the sand.

II.  
My first is a name known by every school boy,  
My second is the name of a letter found in all  
Grecian writings.  
My third is a noun of praise.  
My fourth was the "eye sore of Athens."  
My fifth is a wood found in tropical climates.

\* Ecce Deus: Roberts Brothers, Boston, 1867. For sale by C. Hill, Montreal.

## ENIGMAS.

I am a word of eleven letters.  
 My 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 is what monkeys perform.  
 My 5, 11, 9, 3, 18, 10 is a sauce for pancakes.  
 My 1, 2, 3, 55, 9, 10 is what magpies are taught to do.  
 My 8, 3, 5, 9, 4, 5, 2, 10, 3, 5 is one of the properties of steam.

My 1, 2, 9, 3, 5 is an epithet for a dishonest trader.  
 My 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 9 is without design.  
 My 5, 2, 9, 3, 5, 11, 6, 7, 38 is an adjective extremely applicable to the Therapsian habits of our young people. And my whole is called a model

Box &amp; Cox.

## RIDDLE.

My first, is part of all ephemeral things.  
 My second, from each earliest essay springs.  
 My third, the pronoun known the best, to all.  
 My fourth, with Nations, has its rise and fall.  
 And these four parts, most carefully combined,  
 Form the great whole, which has to be defined.  
 A thousand wonders in its silence rise,  
 From classic lore or modern enterprise.  
 It tracks the arrow of the darkening cloud;  
 With its keen prophecy it sees the shroud  
 With which our star king, is to hide the rays  
 Of his own satellites from earthly gaze.  
 It counts the rolling of the mighty waves  
 Thrown on the shore of Time. It tends the graves  
 Of Fame's illustrious dead. The lowliest flower  
 Unfolds in beauty for its magic power.

The slow winged lightnings of rare diamonds gleam  
 Beneath its tread. The marble's sculptured theme  
 Long hidden in the lava's burnished flow—  
 Veiled in Volcanic ashes, long ago,  
 Unscals its mystic wards. The steps, first traced  
 Upon the earth, uprising from the waste  
 Of boundless waters, and the distant Isles  
 Are found, alike beneath its fostering smiles.  
 It rules in every language far above  
 The crown and sceptre—gold, and even love.  
 May be forgotten in its gathering tide,  
 Though thought may claim it for a changeless  
 bride,  
 And from the past, each full orb'd poet soul  
 Writes living glory on its regal scroll.

M. ETHELIND KITTSOX.

## SQUARE WORDS.

My first is a supernatural being.  
 My second is to move with speed.  
 My third is a specie of Willow.

My fourth is a dense evaporation.  
 My fifth signifies conditions.

K. IS.

## ANSWERS TO LOGAGRAM, CHARADES, &amp; C., IN NO. 4 OF "STUDENTS' MONTHLY."

1. Logagram:—N a P.  
 I c E.  
 ArabiA.  
 GraphiC.  
 AsapiI.  
 ReveriE.  
 AsheS.

(Correctly solved by Sapiens.)

2. Charades:—(1) Flagon.  
 (1) Grand sire.  
 (3) Drit wood.

(Correct answers received from K. D., Sapiens and Hal.)

3. Square Words:—

(1) YEAST (2) MINK (3) BULB (4) ROSE  
 ELSIE IDEA UMEA OAKS  
 ASPEN NEAT LEAR SKIP  
 SIEGE KATE BARK ESPY  
 TENET

4. Enigmas:—(1) Double Three.

(2) The Farmers.

(4) Medical Student.

(Solutions received from A. C. and K. D.)

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## REV. HENRY ROE, B.A.

On the occasion of the Rev. Mr. Roe's departure from Lennoxville, an address was presented to him by the Students of the University, conveying to the Rev. gentleman their hearty thanks for the interest which he had at all times taken in their studies, and expressing their regret that circumstances had rendered it necessary for him to bring to a close his labours as Prof. of Divinity.

## REV. CHARLES THORP.\*

We rejoice to learn that Mr. Thorp, lately a Divinity Student of the Quebec Diocese, has recently received ordination at the hands of the Right Reverend the Assistant Bishop of Wisconsin.

During Mr. Thorp's residence at Lennoxville, he was conspicuous amongst the students for the zeal and energy which he displayed in missionary work in the vicinity of the College.

We were exceedingly sorry, at the time, that Mr. Thorp should be constrained, through lack of a place in his own Diocese,

to seek a mission elsewhere, and by so doing occasion the Diocese the loss of a sincere and effectual labourer.

We have also to express our regret that the Rev. Mr. Rawson, the present College Deacon, is about to leave us for the Diocese of Ontario.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the names of twenty-two new subscribers from J. H. Wadleigh, Esq., of Danville, C. E. Mr. Wadleigh has already procured for the "Student's Monthly" forty subscribers, refusing at the same time any compensation for his valuable assistance. Mr. Wadleigh has our most sincere thanks. Thanks are also due the Rev. G. W. Lyster, of Cape Cove, Gaspé, for nine subscribers; to Rev. Rollitt for six; to Rev. Neabitt for eight; and to E. W. Thomas, Esq., of Ottawa, for nine.

We are happy to say that, through the exertions of our friends, the circulation of our magazine is rapidly increasing.