

THE
STUDENTS' MONTHLY.

WHICH OF THE TWO ?

CHAPTER VI.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

The two men gazed at each other for a moment in silence.

"He is well armed, señor," said Olibanzo, stroking his beard, still I think we can manage him."

They were both very unsteady in their movements, and the deed now in contemplation would probably have never been thought of were they not stimulated by an immoderate use of wine.

"But if he is not asleep?"

"Ah, no fear, these Dutch all sleep like swine, there is no waking them when once they are off. Are you ready?"

"Yes, lead on, but is he very strong do you think, my friend? He is quite stout, and if equally strong, I am afraid we will have some hard work before morning!"

Señor Olibanzo paced the room for a moment, "We must then make quick work of it."

"Yes; trust me for that—but, señor," he said suddenly in a low voice, grasping the back of a chair for support, "something is wrong with me, I can scarcely stand!"

Olibanzo sprang to his side.

"Here, here, my head, my head! I am ready to burst, I feel so strange, I fear the wench has not given us good wine!"

"The demon! and I, too, feel monstrous strange! My head swims like a block of wood in the river, and I can scarcely see.—Oh—oh!"

With a fall that shook the windows, Don Nunez sprawled upon the floor, and lay motionless, unable to move, although he cursed the hostess, in his bitterest terms. Señor Olibanzo succeeded in averting the fated fall for a few moments longer, but his human nature was unable to stand opposed by stronger agencies, and without a sound he measured his length over the body of his prostrate friend.

As he fell, the door of the inner apartment opened and the German entered the room. He stood for a moment, looking at the fallen men.

"Dogs, have ye ever heard of the cunning foxes outwitting themselves?" The men were at the mercy of the German, but that individual—gypsy like—simply

relieved them of their watches and rings, and left the apartment chuckling over his ill-gotten spoils.

CHAPTER VII.

AN APPARITION.

"Diabolo, madam: Diachilo, I had a strange dream this night."

"Ola, you may have yet another before the morning."

"San Josia! but I did dream I saw the man with the cloven foot, dressed in a blue coat with brass buttons and a Portuguese hat!"

"Aha, and I suppose that he seemed quite familiar to you, but who did he look like?"

"Oh, he seemed very ugly and old."

"But who did he look like?"

"Well, since you ask me, I must say that he bore a striking resemblance to you, my dear!"

"Ola, to me? but I will tell you who I would like to see. Do you know I would have my father come to me—my father who died in *ma belle France*."

"Yes; but why see him, what could he do for you?"

"Listen, before he died he buried a bag of gold somewhere in his vineyard, and to the day of his death he told no man where he had buried it."

"Are you sure that he knew himself?"

"Himself? Garcia, but all Southern France knew not such a fine character."

"Are you sure, my dear, that he buried it before he died? Geniuses you know are always doing strange things."

"Do you know, if I could see my father, I would boldly ask him where he hid it, and as I was his favourite child I am sure he would be only too glad of an opportunity of telling me its hiding place."

"Would you not be afraid of him?"

"Garcia, no! not I, indeed."

"But you never saw a ghost?"

"Ave Maria, no!" she crossed herself as she spoke.

"But I did once, and it was so awful that the very thought of it makes me tremble all over like, and almost makes me cry! I learned a dreadful lesson this once. Ah, mother, if a ghost should ever ask you for anything, give it if it lies in your power, else may Heaven have mercy upon you! But I will not tell you what I saw, it would drive you crazy!"

"Ave Maria! but I am trembling now!"

"They tell me that this Posada is haunted, that every fifty years strange sounds are heard in the cellar, and the rattle of a chain!"

"I have never heard it, and I don't believe one word of it." A deep groan from one corner of the apartment broke the silence which succeeded this avowal of disbelief. It might not have carried conviction with it, or it might have caused her liege lord to dismiss the unwelcome and hateful thought, were it not

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accompanied with that low groan, which was rendered more awful and ghost-like by the painful stillness of the midnight hour. For some time they remained motionless, without the power to speak; but as it did not approach nor again frighten them by a repetition, the man said in a cracked voice, which betrayed by its loud rattle the fright and stupor he evidently laboured under,

"That was *human*, mother, if ever I heard a voice." A pale blue light, at this juncture, described a circle upon the floor, disclosing a white figure, seemingly in the very air, hovering through the distant part of the room. All doubts were silenced by this spectacle. He had seen a ghost, he had heard a ghostly groan, he had seen a ghostly light; and with a bound he was in the centre of the room, hastening toward the open door, with his wife close upon his heels.

"I am the ghost of thy departed father; I rested sadly in my grave, and now come to disclose to you, my child, the place of my hidden gold! Advance to me, and let me but touch your keys, and my gold, by such magic, may be brought here to you, on this night—here to this very house!"

With a trembling step, the hostess, accompanied by her husband, approached the spectre. She mustered sufficient courage to hold her keys at arm's length towards the apparition, which were rudely snatched from her, instead of being merely touched. A fierce flame, blue and dreadful now lighted the room for several seconds. There was a figure clothed in white—its ashen face, and long hoary locks matted in gore, and its piercing eyes, set back and sunken in their ghastly sockets,—proved too much for them. Madam Diachilo seized her rosary and repeated prayers until morning, whilst her husband, half dead with fright, fell headlong near her.

Could she have possessed sufficient courage to have followed the apparition to the street door, she might have heard a low laugh as the door opened, and have seen that her midnight visitor was not supernatural, but real flesh and blood—as several linen articles were removed from the chest, and as his ghostship hurriedly away, she might have discerned the dark form of Valladano, the gypsy. But she was too much frightened for anything of this kind, and she consequently found when awakened by Don Nunez on the next morning, from her long devotion, that she had not only lost her keys, but that the German gentleman was gone, that her boarders were robbed during the preceding night, but what was worst of all, she was accused as being an accomplice of the outlaws.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN ATTACK.

"Caramba, the villains are trying to find us out! No, put away your carbine; it is useless here, and would only reveal our hiding place. Follow me, and I will tell you all that can be done."

The door or entrance through which Gomez de Manchez had entered the cave was the simplest mode of ingress or egress of any opening about the whole cave. It was consequently the weakest, and required protection either by stratagem or

by guarding it from within. It had not yet been attacked, and perhaps would not be, still it must be made secure.

The gypsy woman took a long rope, and asked Don Gomez to fasten it securely to a small rock, projecting over the top of the doorway. He did so, and she then ordered him to pull hard upon it, observing that she did not know where her fifty men were to come from to replace it; that it took even a much larger number to place it in its position forty years ago.

He pulled violently upon the rope, with all his strength, but he found himself unable to move it, until mother Corahani assisted him, then, as it gave way, a rock weighing probably many tons, lay before them, completely blocking up the passage.

"Now for the opening!" cried she, as she darted forward.

The youth advised her to be calm and to keep back, that if as she feared, any brigands were seeking to effect an entrance, he was better prepared to meet them than she.

"Ah, señor, I forgot one thing, I am now very old, and should I die on this day, will you see that my child, my *chabi*, is cared for?"

He assured her that he would, but considered her fears as useless; still he was willing to promise her what protection for her charge lay in his power.

"Swear it! No, no, there is no need! I have your word for it, señor, and will ask no more."

His horse, which he had brought into the cave, was much frightened at some object near him, and Don Gomez attempted to quiet him. It might have been some animal, or perhaps the Caloré woman darting past him that caused the charger to become so restless—he was quieted at last, however, and the young man dashed after the gypsy. He had scarcely left the stall when he heard a loud scream near a great opening, through which he could see the plain several hundred feet below. In an instant he was standing close to its mouth, where a strange spectacle was presented. A man had been lowered from above by means of a rope, and had gained a footing in the opening. The gypsy had flung herself upon him like a fury, burying her knife in his bosom. But he had clutched her wildly in his arms, and as he received the fatal blow, he reeled backwards and down over the dark cliff, full five hundred feet he fell headlong, dragging the unfortunate woman after him. Don Gomez was upon the scene just in time to catch the last expression of her face, which was that of triumph, and to see her long locks—white as the driven snow—float over the rocky edge of the opening; that was all, but he was unable to save her.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIRST LOVE.

During the afternoon of the day which succeeded the flight of Antonia from her faithless guardian and his nephew, Don Munez succeeded in sending a number of men to search for the young Señorita, lost in the mountains.

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He was unable, from the stupor into which Vallandano had placed him on the preceding night, to accompany the party himself, and probably had he been quite well, indolence alone would have caused him to give the charge of the men into another's hands. As it was, he saw a company of men, who from their features and forms he felt sure were national—although they were brigands from La Mancha—and from their strange attempt at uniform order, as they filed round the corner of the building, closely scrutinized by a band of royalists, he flattered himself that they were just the men to send on this expedition, and he even was disposed to look upon the whole affair as settled. He caused the keepers of the Pasoda to be imprisoned, and offered a reward of several pounds for the apprehension of Don Gomez, which was the cause of fastening many loyal eyes of Cordova upon his movements so closely, that he felt very uncomfortable, and ultimately caused him to retire to the villa of a friend, where he very impatiently awaited the return from the mountains.

This party of men discovered the dead animal, lying with his head hanging over the precipice; and the wound caused by the cavalier's bullet, informed the hirelings that the lady had received assistance from some one who had probably pursued her. They rolled the animal over the cliff, and to assure them themselves that the *Señorita* had not already shared the same fate, they lowered one of the party by the aid of some ropes, as it was impossible to ascend to the jutting rock from below.

We have seen how this attempt failed,—how it revealed to the descending person the mouth of a cave, and the sight of the gypsy woman,—how he effected a footing, and how it resulted in his own death, and in the loss of the *Calorè*.

The headlong descent of their companion, down the rocky abyss, dragging after him an old woman, whose long locks were white as the Autumnal frosts of our northern clime, was noticed by the band above, and a howl arose from them, as they saw him sink from their view among the rocks beneath.

In a few moments, however, another man was lowered. Don Gomez saw him descend, he might have clubbed him with his carbine, perhaps, as he came down, fearing lest a number be lowered in the same manner, had he been on the spot in time. But as he was not there soon enough to put this in execution, he knew the mastery must be decided either by cunning or by brute strength alone. There were great rocks, which he might easily have rolled down the passage, by simply removing wedges from beneath them—they having been placed there seemingly in view of an emergency of this nature—but he preferred deciding the affair by what he considered to be a more honourable method.

The man, thus lowered, shaded his eyes with his hand for a moment and peered cautiously into the opening, but as all appeared to be darkness within, he took a whistle from his pocket, and applying it to his lips blew a shrill blast, which was answered by loud yells from his companions, far above him. He without doubt saw Don Gomez, and supposing that personage to be alone, he loosed the rope from his body and sent it from the cave, and it was immediately raised again to the land above.

"Ola, señor, what do you wish?" demanded Don Gomez, stepping up to the new comer, "what do you wish?"

"You!" he said savagely, with an oath, "you, that is what I want!" bringing his bony fist into the youth's face, with such force, that had it been unexpected, would have felled any man to the earth; but the knight easily warded it off, at the same time dealing a staggering blow between the eyes, which caused the visitor to measure his length, rather unceremoniously upon the uneven floor.

"Well, friend, take what you desire, I am pleased that it lies in my power to gratify you!"

The man lay upon the floor without motion apparently, and Don Gomez was about to bind him when he noticed two more men untying the rope from their bodies, preparatory to enter the cave. He braced himself as they came up, and before he was noticed he dealt the foremost of the ruffians a blow that nearly sent them both tumbling backward down to the abyss. To recover themselves was the work of an instant, and before the knight was able to renew the attack they dashed upon him. But he was ready for the emergency. It was a battle of blows, and he must needs be a master boxer who will contend with such odds opposed to him.

The contest became frightful. His opponents were not unskilled in this mode of petty warfare, and their united blows were beginning to tell upon him, still he watched their every movement, and baffled many a stunning blow, at the same time dealing right and left, taking great care that no blow of his should fall without taking effect. By thus keeping the defence, and only making a thrust where it would count in his favor, Don Gomez began to revive. His success, thus far in buffeting them, inspired him with new courage, and he began looking upon himself as the victor, when the first man, whom he thought secure, bounded forward, from behind him, inflicting a dangerous cut on his forearm, as he flung himself upon him. But in his wild thirst for revenge, he had loosed out a wedge which held one of the rocks in its place, and had not Don Gomez seen it in time, as it came rolling down the passage, they must all have been crushed. He succeeded in flinging his adversary aside, and sprang into a small opening in the rock. The two men were close upon him, chuckling, probably over what they now considered their triumphant moment, when with a crash, the stone rolled from the cave and fell with a dull sound upon the rocks below, which echoed mournfully through the many rooms of the cave. Two of the combatants were crushed to atoms as it passed over them, and the third, who had unconsciously removed the wedge, was rewarded for his blindness, by losing both of his limbs. The blood was flowing freely from the youth's arm, and he too sank through loss of blood, and quite unable to maintain any other posture, even when he saw two more men emerge from the outer world, looking even more blood-thirsty than the two who had last preceded them. But he was unable to face them—he attempted to rise, but fell back upon the rocky floor. A strange sensation was coming over him which he had never experienced before. A dull weight seemed pressing upon his forehead, and a giddiness rushed over him, which seemed to

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send everything spinning about in circles around. He then closed his eyes thinking of the defenceless lady within, as the coarse shouts of the approaching men fell upon his ear. He fancied he saw the lady, as he lay upon the hard rocks, unable from exhaustion and from his wounds to rise, bending over him, with a pitying expression depicted on her pale face, binding up his bleeding arm.

He fancied he saw great demons in human forms approached him with knives in their hands. A multitude of the errors of his past life crowded upon his memory—many of which he had not thought of since he was a child. Then came a confused mass of strange ideas;—hundreds of old familiar faces seemed peering at him; then came one sweet, sad face he had not seen for ten whole years— one face white as the purest marble, with eyes as soft and blue as the deep azure of the unclouded heaven, and with a brow as clear as the fancied brows of celestial beings,—overshadowed by heavy masses of curls which gleamed in the sunlight like burnished gold.

He had just strength enough to cross himself, when he fell into a swoon and knew no more.

(To be continued.)

“THE TIME OF MY DEPARTURE IS AT HAND.”

II TIMOTHY IV. 6.

I.

I go with the angels of God to roam
Through the fields of light in yon mighty dome,—
To follow yon stars in their mystic ways,
And join in their song of endless praise
To him by whose power and will they move,
Who breathed on them first with the breath of love.

II.

I go where the spirits of just men reign,
Set free forever from sin and pain,
Whom the blood of the Lamb, that for sinners died,
Has from all impurity purified;
And the crowns that they wear are brighter far
Than the brightest sheen of the brightest star.

III.

I go to where Moses and David dwell,
And all the redeemed ones of Israel;
And the martyr-host that to death withstood,
By nought but the blood of Christ subdued.
To live for ever with these I go,—
Should I weep for aught that I leave below?

JOHN READE.

MRS. BROWNING'S POEMS.

A fair criticism by a man, upon a woman's work, is at all times likely to be an invidious task; and it is one which demands for its full performance a two-fold range of sympathy. It demands the union, in mutual balance, of the masculine and feminine temperaments. A true conception of what criticism really is, will make this at once apparent. Excellence and defect are both *relative* terms, and criticism is the *judgment of relations*. The mind of the critic must be able to compare the impressions of all the varying aspects which the object of his judgment may assume; it must be able to compare their relations to other similar and dissimilar objects; and, above all, it must be able to place itself in the stand point of the author, to realize for itself his relations to surrounding influences, and to discern how far these relations of life have advanced or retarded his course. We can now see whence arises this complexity of qualification. The eye sees, not that which is before it, but that which it brings with it the power to see. And when the works of a woman, who unites in a rare degree the manly with the womanly characteristics, are under criticism, the exercise of a two-fold discernment is all that makes a fair criticism possible.

Our first business then is to ascertain the influences under which Mrs. Browning lived, and the circumstances which served not only to mould the form, but also to some considerable extent, to suggest the matter of her poems. The outward facts of her life are few. A rough chart of her education and mental growth might be drawn out of sentences scattered through her poems. She was born in London in 1809. Ten years after she was a writer, and at the age of seventeen she published her first volume—an Essay on Mind. It was written in the style of Pope's Essay on Man. Though her after judgment led her to withdraw it from print, yet viewed as the production of a girl of seventeen, it was acknowledged to indicate remarkable power. Her education took place under the oversight of her father, and in several passages she alludes to its nature. She was taught in all the branches of a boy's studies, not in that trivial way, and in those trivial subjects, which fritter away from girls' minds, now-a-days, all that they might by gift of nature possess of either delicateness or strength. "Hector in the garden" begins thus.

"Nine years old! The first of any
Seem the happiest years that come,
Yet when I was nine, I said
No such word!—I thought instead
That the Greeks had used as many
In besieging Ilium."

Few boys have got to their Iliad at nine years. Many passages in Aurora Leigh are to some extent autobiographical. I believe the following to be so.

"I read much. What my father taught before
From many a volume, Love re-emphasised
Upon the self same pages: Theophrast
Grew tender with the memory of his eyes,

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And Ælian made mine wet. The trick of Greek
 And Latin, he had taught me, as he would
 Have taught me wrestling or the game of fives
 If such he had known,—most like a shipwrecked man
 Who heaps his single platter with goat's cheese
 And scarlet berries; or like any man
 Who loves but one, and so gives all at once
 Because he has it, rather than because
 He counts it worthy. Thus, my father gave;
 And thus as did the women formerly
 By young Achilles, when they pinned the veil
 Across the boy's audacious front, and swept
 With tuneful laughs the silver fretted rocks,
 He wrapped his little daughter in his large
 Man's doublet, careless did it fit or no."

"At last, because the time was ripe, she chanced upon the Poets." Her masculine breadth and power of thought may have been natural, but there can be no question that such an education procured its farthest development. Her next publication, in 1833, was a translation of the Prometheus Vincetus of Æschylus. This she afterwards withdrew—and the Prometheus now published with her poems, is "an entirely new version." It was followed shortly after by her "Drama of Exile," and "the Seraphim." About this time began a close friendship with Mary Russel Mitford, in whose "Recollections of a Literary Life" we find the following portrait of Miss Barret at twenty-seven: "A slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face—large, tender eyes, fringed with dark lashes—and a smile like a sunbeam." She goes on to speak of the extreme girlishness of her appearance. In the following year began a discipline of sorrow; Miss Barret had always been delicate, and now a blood vessel in the lungs burst. After a tedious illness she was ordered to the country for milder air than that of London. With a party of friends she spent the summer at Torbay. She was regaining strength, when on the morning before they were to return to London, her favorite brother, a young man every way worthy of being the favorite, in company with two friends, all good yachtsmen, set out for a sail. She was watching them from the balcony; and while she was watching them, the little vessel upset, and her brother and his friends were drowned in her sight. Thrown back to the verge of the grave, for months her recovery was rendered doubtful by the shock her mind had sustained. At last she was slowly removed to London, and for several years she was confined to a darkened room, on an invalid's sofa. Her relief from pain and brooding memory was the study of the classical authors. Her Plato she had bound like a novel so that her physician might not banish it from her room. The Hebrew prophets in their own tongue were among her favourite authors. From this room of curtains drawn close, and hushed footsteps, she sent to publication her Essays on the Greek Christian Poets: and many of her own poems show internal evidence of their production at this period. In the autumn of 1846, she left

this room in Wimpole street for one in Florence. Robert Browning, already well known as Poet—by his "Paracelsus," and his "Bells and Pomegranates" led her thither as his wife. They two were no longer to sing a solitary song. Henceforth that land of the beautiful was the external circumstance that surrounded her; and it was Italy chained in a long slavery, but reawakening anew to life. Her strength returns, and she speaks in her letters to England of rambles in the woods, and clambering up the sides of mountains. The passion of Italian strivings to be free found an echo and a voice in the English poetess. In the vividness of her sympathy she becomes altogether Italian, or shall I rather say—more entirely and catholically human. And the round of her experience of life was finished, and the wife became the mother. The women of Florence used to speak of her, not by her name; but as "the mother of the beautiful child." And so the years passed on, and in the week that Italian freedom was completed, she died, "half an hour after daybreak." She died exclaiming "It is beautiful."

I have given this sketch of her life because it helps to a better understanding of her poems, and indicates clearly enough the soil from which they grew, and gathered the richness of their growth. Her prevailing tone is a lofty melancholy, yet it is a melancholy lighted by hope and lofty visions. This, I think, was constitutional, but greatly increased by the intensity of her sufferings, physical and mental. Her favorite quotation was from Shelley:

"Poets learn in suffering
What they teach in song."

Her sufferings wrung from her, in "Sleeping and Watching" the sad words:

"And God knows who sees us twain,
Child at childish leisure,
I am near as tired of pain,
As you seem of pleasure."

And in her dedication to her father, she says: "You are a witness how if this art of poetry had been a less earnest object to me, it must have fallen from exhausted hands before this day." Some passages in *Aurora Leigh*, and other poems, in which she speaks of the mission of poets, are full of a sadness that is only half expressed.

"O sorrowful great gift
Conferred on poets, of a twofold life,
When one life has been found enough for pain!

* * * * *

But soft! a 'poet' is a word soon said."

"My Father! thou hast knowledge, only thou,
How dreary 'tis for women to sit still
On winter nights by solitary fires,
And hear the nations praising them far off."

"And since
We needs must hunger,—better, for man's love,
Than God's truth! better, for companion sweet,
Than great convictions."

And
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And that sad piece "The musical Instrument,"—which for the sake of the unutterable melancholy of the last stanza as well as for its great beauty I quote entire,

I.

"What was he doing, the Great God Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin, and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoof of a goat,
And breaking the golden lillies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river?"

II.

"He tore out a reed, the Great God Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river.
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lillies a dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

III.

"High on the shore sat the Great God Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and hewed as a Great God can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

IV.

"He cut it short, did the Great God Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
Then notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes as he sate by the river.

V.

"This is the way", laughed the Great God Pan,
(Laughed while he sate by the river)
'The only way since gods began
To make sweet music they could succeed.'
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

VI.

"Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O Great God Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die
And the lillies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

VII.

" Yet half a beast is the Great God Pan
 To laugh, as he sits by the river,
 Making a poet out of a man,
 The true Gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
 For the reed that grows never more again
 As a reed with the reeds in the river."

Her poetry was spiritualized and desensitized by her suffering. In a great sudden shock the outer wrappings of life fall off, and that which is within is revealed. Conventions are laid bare, and only that which is elementary and immutable is suffered to retain its place. And then no matter how or whence this unfolding comes, be it at once, in lightning shock, or be it with the slow dawning of morn, the spirit which is true to itself gravitates to the centre; and the mind which has left off its striving for the inner truth, and hovers only over surface flowers, is content to take its rest upon the external, until for it there is nothing else, and reality is a name, and all is vanity, and poetry becomes the dreary thing that Pope thought it was when he wrote that: "Poetry and criticism are only the affairs of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there," and that "All the advantages I can think of, accruing from a genius for poetry, are the agreeable power of self amusement, when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the best company, and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people without being so severely remarked on." Not so thought Mrs. Browning. And one of those traits which most strike a reader of her poems, is that earnestness and success with which she strives to pierce into the inside of things and feelings. And she herself tells from whence this power came.

" In my large joy of sight and touch
 Beyond what others count for such,
 I am content to suffer much.

" *I know*—is all the mourner saith,
 Knowledge by suffering entereth;
 And Life is perfected by Death."

As an example of her power of desensualizing, read her sonnet on Hiram Power's Greek Slave.

" They say ideal beauty cannot enter
 The house of anguish. On the threshold stands
 An alien image with ensnaked hands,
 Called the Greek Slave! as if the artist meant her
 (That passionless perfection which he lent her,
 Shadowed not darkened where the sill expands)
 To so confront man's crimes in different lands
 With man's ideal sense. Pierce in the centre,
 Arts fiery finger!—and break up ere long
 The serfdom of this world! appeal, fair stone,
 From God's pure heights of beauty against man's wrong!
 Catch up in thy divine face, not alone
 East griefs but west,—and strike and shame the strong,
 By thunders of white silence, overthrown."

(To be continued.)

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THE SPIRIT EMIGRANT.

I.

He saw from far along the tide the evening splendour thrown,—
It leads towards home, that westward path, with gold and purple strewn ;
He watched the colours fade and die while o'er the waters lone
Into the sudden deepening night the stately ship sailed on,
And his thoughts were carried back to the old familiar hill,
Where he whispered to his love in the summer evening still ;
And the moon like a white veiled angel came slowly up the hill.

II.

His eyes grew bright, what sudden change steals o'er him by degrees ?
Not fever now, not now the flush of pain and slow disease,
As he cried aloud, my darling, I can see you sitting there
In the golden setting sunlight—with the sunshine on your hair,—
You're like a saint my darling, with the sunshine on your hair.

III.

To feel your hand close clasped in mine, your kiss upon my brow,
To hear your voice but once again is all I ask for now ;
And when your last kind word was said your last fond blessing given
The music of that voice should be my angel guide to Heaven,—
That sorrowful sweet melody could have no home but Heaven.

IV.

The glory faded—as it died, his spirit passed away,
And soon committed to the deep far fathoms down he lay ;
But his spirit crossed the wave to the old familiar Hill
And whispered to his love in the summer evening still,—
Wild grew her eyes with sorrow in the summer evening still.

C. P. M.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE ABBEY OF ST. AUGUSTINE, AND ST. AUGUSTINE'S COLLEGE.

As dull as a Cathedral Town, is an old saying, the truth of which is nowhere better exemplified than at Canterbury; with its narrow dirty streets, badly paved, and worse lighted, and its old fashioned style of shops; and yet in nearly all those old cities dull as they are, there are generally one or two or more places of historical interest, that seem to carry one back in memory to the good old time of yore.

Now Canterbury has two buildings that are of great interest to those who care anything about English Ecclesiastical history: The noble old Cathedral that seems to tell a tale of its own about Thomas A-Becket, and his murder within her sacred walls: and also the ancient pile of buildings that was formerly known as St. Augustine's Abbey, and now in its revived and restored condition as the Missionary College of St. Augustine, serving as a connecting link between the past and the present; its present inmates being engaged in the same kind of work that its first inhabitants were near twelve hundred years ago, converting the heathen to the Gospel of Christ.

It is of this institution and the history attending it, that I should like to make a few remarks.

At the risk of being tedious I must ask you to carry your memory back to the sixth century, when the old Roman Empire was being broken, and fierce droves of savages were forming in all directions, scattering destruction all around them, England, or as it was then called Britain, being one of the countries that thus suffered.

Although a Christian Church was planted in Britain, at a very early period, some say from the days of the Apostle St. Paul, yet the fierce Saxons invading the Island at all points drove the inhabitants into Wales and Cornwall, and so almost extirpated Christianity out of the kingdom. It was about this time that Gregory who was afterwards Pope, heard that a cargo of slaves had just arrived at the slave market at Rome, and there he saw three young slaves, who were remarkable for their fair complexion and light hair. Gregory at once asked the name of their nation, and was told that they were Angles or English. It is not without a thrill of interest, that we hear of the proud name that is now heard with respect and awe from the rising to the setting sun, uttered for the first time in the Metropolis of the world, thus awaking for the first time a response in the Christian heart. "Well said," replied Gregory, "rightly are they called Angles, for they have the face of Angels and ought to be fellow heirs of the Angels in heaven." Next he asked the name of the province they came from, and was told from Deira, or the land of wild beasts or wild deer, a name given to the tract of country between the Tyne and the Humber, including Durham and Yorkshire. Well said again, answered Gregory, with a play on the words that can be best seen in Latin, rightly are they called Deirans, plucked as they are from God's

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ire (*de ira dei*), and called to the mercy of Christ; and being told that Ella was the name of the king of the province, replied alleluia, the praise of God their Creator shall be sung in those parts.

Gregory at once obtained permission to go and convert the Britains, and set out for that purpose; but so popular was he at Rome, that a mob attacked the Pope in St. Peter's Church, and demanded the recall of St. Gregory, who was immediately sent for and had to return.

Some seven or eight years passed away, and nothing was done, till Gregory being elected Pope at once proceeded to put his long cherished plans into execution, and sent Augustine and forty Missionaries with him to England, who landed in the Isle of Thanet A.D. 597, where they stayed, until they heard the pleasure of Ethelbert king of Kent, who was at that time a Pagan, but who had a Christian wife, Bertha, (daughter of Chaibert king of Paris): who on her marriage stipulated that she should be allowed the free exercise of her religion. Accordingly she made use of a Church first built by the Romans, while they had possession of Britain; this she dedicated to St. Martin of Tours, an eminent saint among the natives of her own country.

Probably through his wife's influence Ethelbert gave Augustine, who had previously been consecrated Archbishop of the English, a favourable reception, and allowed him to settle at Canterbury, and on the second of June, A.D. 597, Ethelbert himself was baptised in the Christian faith, and thus was the mind of Christianity in doubt quickened by the example and gest of the king as well as by the energy and earnestness of the Missionaries, that on Christmas day, in the same year, ten thousand Saxons were baptised into the Christian faith.

Ethelbert gave Augustine an old Pagan temple, midway between St. Martins Church and the City; this St. Augustine restored and beautified and dedicated to St. Pancras, a Roman boy of noble birth, who was martyred in the reign of Dioclesian at the age of fourteen, and was regarded as the Patron Saint of Children; so that any one can see the fitness and propriety of giving his name to a building, that was the first fruits of a nation, humanly speaking, converted to Christianity through the instrumentality of the three English boys in the slave market at Rome.

"The spot where the Church of St. Pancras stood, says Dean Stanley, is still indicated by a ruined arch of ancient brick, and by the fragment of a wall still showing the mark where according to the legend, the old demon, who according to the belief of that time, had hitherto reigned supreme, laid his claws to shake down the building, in which he first heard the celebration of Christian worship and felt that his rule was over."

Next to the Church of St. Pancras, Ethelbert granted to Augustine the ground on which was built the monastery, that afterwards grew up to be the Abbey of St. Augustine: and which continued to be for some time, one of the first, if not the first Abbey in the kingdom, and was continually being enriched by various donations and endowments.

Within the precincts of this Abbey were buried the remains of several of the Saxon kings, as well as of the Archbishops of Canterbury, until upon the death of Cuthbert, in the year, A.D. 758, the monks of the Cathedral Church being jealous of their neighbours at the Abbey, had recourse to the stratagem of burying the body of the Archbishop, almost as soon as the vital breath had departed out of it; so that the monks of St. Augustines, heard of the Archbishop's funeral, almost as soon as they heard of his death.

After this there continued to be open enmity between the monks of the two establishments: Those of the Abbey claiming exemption from the Archbishop's jurisdiction: while the Archbishop maintained that they were under his jurisdiction as much as any other Abbey in his diocese; this was always a fertile source of quarrelling, and in addition to that there was this, the Archbishop required the new Abbot to come to the Cathedral to receive his benediction, while the new Abbot claimed his right to receive the Archiepiscopal benediction in his own Chapel, and as neither of them would yield, the Abbots used sometimes to go to Rome for the Papal benediction, and sometimes they received it at the hands of the Bishop of London.

The building of the Abbey Church was completed about the middle of the eleventh century, together with the Tower called Ethelbert Tower. Part of the walls of this Church is still in existence, and the last remains of Ethelbert's Tower were pulled down a short time ago, being considered in too close proximity for safety to the Kent county Hospital.

In the year 1279, Edward I. was entertained at the Abbey by its inmates, and about the same time the fine old gateway which is still in good preservation, and is one of the main features of the present building, was erected.

In the year 1289, the king was again entertained by the Abbot and monks, when he commanded that the Archbishop should be included among the guests: to this the monks objected that the Archbishop would bring with him his great erosier which they would never allow to enter the Abbey, and having proved their right, to the Bishop of Ely, who was a sort of arbitrator in the matter, they thought that prudence was the better part of valour, and so yielded the point.

To give some idea of the vastness of the banquets at the installation of a new Abbot, and also the price of provisions at that time, when Ralph de Bourne was installed in the early part of the fourteenth century, the bill of fare is given, of which the following is a few of the items: eleven tuns of wine for £3. Thirty oxen, for £27. Thirty four swans, for £7. Five hundred Capons, for £6. One thousand geese, for £16. Two hundred sucking pigs, for £5. Nine thousand six hundred eggs, for £4.10. Seventeen rolls of bacon, for £3.5. The costs of the coal, for cooking £2.8. The pay of the cooks and their servants £6. The total expense being £287.5. For this sum, three thousand dishes were set before six thousand guests.

In the year 1392 Richard II. and his Queen made their abode at this monastery, accompanied by the nobility and prelates of the realm, and a multitude of the people.

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In the year 1400, Manuel, the Emperor of the East, was received at this Abbey on the occasion of his visit to England.

After this time little is known of the Abbey, till the time of its dissolution in the reign of Henry VIII. when the great Church, the refectory and other portions of the building were spoiled, and as much as could be, removed. The remainder, however, was converted into a Royal Palace; the facings of the wall of the fellows' garden, are supposed to be of this date.

In the second and third years of Queen Mary's reign, the site of the Abbey was granted to Cardinal Pole for his life, at whose death in the last years of that reign, it reverted to the crown.

In the reign of Elizabeth, it was bestowed upon Lord Cobham, during whose possession of it Queen Elizabeth held her court there, 1573. After that it was bestowed by James I. upon Cecil, Lord Salisbury. Charles I. celebrated his marriage with his Queen Henrietta in the ancient Abbey, in the year 1625. Upon the death of Lord Salisbury it passed to Edward, Lord Walton, and was the residence of his widow during the rebellion, when her house was plundered and the furniture of it destroyed by the order of the powers that were. Until quite recently the buildings retained the name of Lady Walton's Palace, and the small green before the principal gateway is still known as Lady Walton's Green. From the family of Walton, the Palace passed into that of Hales, and then fell into the hands of small proprietors, and the ruins became worse and worse until the year 1844, when they were sold by public auction, and purchased by A. J. B. Hope, Esq., M.P., and were placed by him at the disposal of the Archbishop of Canterbury, liberal donations being made for the establishment of a Missionary College, and the work of restoration immediately commenced.

At this time the desecration of the ancient building was truly lamentable, the great chapel, as well as the old Abbey church, was in ruins. The great hall was used as a brewery and public house of low character; the space underneath the great gateway was a dray house; the room over it, the state chamber of the Abbey and Palace, and at present the apartment of the Senior Fellow, served as a cooling vat; and inside was a tea garden and skittle ground.

Such was the state of the ruins of this most important Abbey when that eminent architect, Mr. Butterfield, was called in to restore, remodel and build, and so convert the old Abbey of St. Augustine into St. Augustine's Missionary College, and to show how closely connected the present is with the past, I may remark that the present hall is on the site of the ancient Guest's Hall of the Monastery, and that part of the timber in the roof is the old timber of the Guests' Hall. The chapel is upon the ancient site of the Guest's Chapel, and the tracing of the west window is the remains of the ancient chapel; while the library is on the site and as near as possible of the same dimensions as the ancient refectory of the monastery. St. Augustine's College was incorporated by Royal charter on the 28th of June, 1848, and the chapel was consecrated on the following day.

Such is the description of this ancient and interesting building, and to give some idea of the inner working of such an establishment, I will give a description of a week day and a Sunday at St. Augustine's College. The first from the St. Augustine College Tracts, No. 8, and the other from the *Penny Post*.

For the week day we read, "The laws of Order, which the Divine First Cause has stamped upon all creation, is held to be of paramount importance by every Augustinian. Order is one of our first laws, and in accordance with it we rise to duty with even more regularity than the sun itself. No sooner therefore does the college clock strike six, than the tolling bell reminds each slumbering student that the time has come for him, in imitation of the bright harbinger and ruler of the day, to commence afresh his wonted round of duties."

"You need not be told to whom the first fruits of each day ought to be dedicated, for surely the private duties of the closet demand our first care. But besides our individual needs, there are those which concern us as a church, a college, and a nation, and hence the next sound that breaks in upon our solemn stillness is the bell that calls us to the house of prayer. At all seasons, at the same hour, seven o'clock finds us bending our steps to the same holy place—chapel service ended, we have a spare half hour both before and after breakfast, which is generally occupied in preparation for the day's work."

"At eight o'clock, the sub-warden, fellows and students partake in common of the breakfast. At nine o'clock the lectures commence, each occupying one hour, and so contrived as to give the relief of variety both to lecturers and students, and embracing all the usual routine of college studies, but giving peculiar prominence to Theology and including Medical Science and Foreign Languages."

"Were you here at a quarter to one, you would see all the students diverging in groups of three or four each from the cloisters and flitting through the quadrangle in various directions, to the different departments of manual labor, or should it be on a Saturday, you might observe them all wending their steps towards the hall, where the Warden and Fellows assemble to hear the homilies and essays of three or four of the students, each having written a homily on either the collect, epistle or gospel of the previous Sunday, and an essay on some subject previously announced."

"On the remaining week days some are employed in giving life to thought, and expansion to language, by the black art of printing; others of the carpentering department are making the crypt resound with the noise of hammers, guns and planes. In the illuminating department, texts of Holy Scripture are being executed in different languages upon scrolls, through which we hope the beauty of many a simple and rude edifice of Christian worship may be increased; and by the word of life inscribed thereon many a worshipper's attention may be arrested and riveted for good. Perhaps some hymn tune, anthem, or engraving from our lithographic press falling in your way, may afford you an opportunity of criticising the works of our friends in that department. The remainder of the students are engaged in trenching, sowing, planting, and handling the spade, the hoe, or the rake as the case may be."

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"At two o'clock we are quite ready, as you may well suppose, the Warden sharing with us, to make full proof of the simple and wholesome fare to which we are bidden, and during the afternoon we take our rambling excursions in the neighbourhood, or enjoy some other healthy recreation, two afternoons in the week however, being devoted by senior students to the work of district visiting."

"At six we return to tea, and afterwards the Precentor assembles the students to a rehearsal for evening service, or on Wednesdays and Saturdays the singing master to general practice. An hour on one evening in each week is profitably occupied by the members of the Student's Devotional Society; on the other evenings we retire to our rooms till chapel time, or half-past nine, when we end each day as we begin it, by learning to refer everything to a higher power."

"Thus with spirits composed, elevated and chastened, we are warned by the curfew bell to put out our lights at half-past ten, and to betake ourselves to peaceful rest."

Such is the course of the every-day course of life of a student of St. Augustine's, and I doubt not but that in several respects, it may be similar to the rules and regulations of your valuable College at Lennoxville; of course, in some respects the discipline is almost peculiar to itself, *e. g.*, the manual labor part of the business, and each one being obliged to have his lights out at half-past ten o'clock, thus preventing that baneful habit of sitting up late, which all who are engaged in study are so apt to form, and which is so detrimental to the health of those who indulge in it. "Early to bed and early to rise," is put into practical use at St. Augustine's College.

We will now see what a Sunday at St. Augustine's is like. In the account in the *Penny Post*, the writer says: "I arrived at Canterbury on a Saturday afternoon, during the month of February, just when the day was beginning to decline, and perhaps my first impression can be best described in the words of a letter written to a friend, when they were fresh upon me."

"What a holy calm, what an air of reality there is in this place. When the massive gates shut upon me at entering, it seemed to shut out all the world, and one felt as if one had stepped back some hundreds of years, into all the solemn exclusions of religious life. The cloistered quadrangle, the terraced sward, the noble library, the unostentatious and yet conspicuous chapel, the substraains of an organ, or some similar instrument. Those were the first sounds I heard. The silvery chimes, the occasional call bell, the holy quietude, all made me forget that there is such a thing as a busy world."

"The warden received and entertained me, in the evening he took me to hear the men practice sacred music in the hall, under the direction of a lay Vicar from the cathedral, and at half-past nine o'clock evening service was celebrated in the chapel. All was most solemn in its effects, prayers were said by the warden and sub-warden, the lessons read by two of the students, the harmonium played by another, the canticles and psalms chanted antiphonably, the responses heartily made by the men in general, all so reverend, so earnest, so devout, produced an impression which I shall not easily forget."

" On Sunday morning, prayer and litany were performed at half-past ten. The warden preached, and the holy eucharist was celebrated. How very solemn was it to kneel before the altar, side by side with those young men, who, if spared, would in a few years be ministering at altars in far distant lands themselves. North and south, east and west, dispensing the same bread of life and the same cup of salvation, to souls gleaned from the great harvest field of the heathen, or to our fellow-countrymen under tropical suns or frozen zones. God go with them, and bless and prosper them every one of them, wheresoever their lot may be cast.

" At half-past one we dined in the hall. I with the warden, at the Fellow's table, but here was the same plain substantial fare as at the student's table; the grace both before and after dinner was reverently chanted in Latin."

" In the afternoon the college authorities undertake the service at one of the parish churches, St. Gregory the Great, the junior students forming the choir, the priests in their courses minister in the sanctuary, and the other students teach in Sunday schools. I accompanied the former to take part in the ministrations, and was delighted with the beautiful little church, and the homely congregation of poor folks there worshipping and hearing God's word.

" Sunday evening, from time to time, the tutors and students assemble together at eight o'clock in the college hall, and after uniting in prayer, read letters which have arrived in the interval, from late students and other missionaries. Prayers in the college chapel completed my day, and thus I was privileged to spend the vigil and festival of St. Matthias."

Since the time the college was opened, more than one hundred and twenty students have graduated here, and gone to the holy work in foreign countries, to almost every quarter of the globe; India, China, Borneo, Africa, North America, the West Indies, New Zealand, Australia, in fact nearly every diocese of the Colonial church has its quota of Augustinians, and from the universal demand that is being made for them from all quarters, we may rest assured that the hand of God is upon the undertaking, and that as far as the British dominions extend, and as long as our church continues to be the great centre of missionary operations throughout the world, so far and so long will be felt and acknowledged the blessed influence for good, which is being exercised in all quarters of the globe, by that high and time honored institution, the Missionary College of St. Augustine.

REV. THOMAS RICHARDSON.

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OH, WHAT WERE LIFE IF LOVE ?

I.

Oh, what were life if Love
 On viewless wings were flown ?
 A world devoid of suns above,
 A cloud in starless skies alone,—

II.

A tree with leaves all sere,
 A branch unbudded still,
 Meadows that Autumn sadness bear,
 And tardy Springs that blossom ill.

III.

The rapture and romance,
 The flame Time cannot quell,
 But spring from tender word and glance,
 But in love's tender trophies dwell.

IV.

And half the bliss we feel,
 And half the joys we know,
 Through bars of fringed eyelids steal,
 Through lips of rosy sweetness flow.

C.

A WORD OR TWO ABOUT WORDS.

Of the terms Bravery, Courage, Daring, Fortitude, and Intrepidity which we purpose to consider, let us examine first the signification and application of the two standing at the head of the list. Both bravery and courage express a quality similar, but of less degree to valour. The former is rather an instinctive,—the latter a mental virtue.

The one in the midst of excitement rages in the blood; the other abides ever in the heart, subject only to dictates of reason.

The one is like the mountain torrent swollen by the dissolving snows of Spring, a mighty, an all-consuming element for a season, then gone for ever; the other flows on forever undiminished in depth or power, a majestic and beautiful stream.

Bravery serves rather for the occasion ; courage for every emergency.

The one may exist distinct from the other : the most wretched coward may at times become supremely brave ; and he who would rush unhesitatingly into real danger, would perhaps turn pale at the thought of imaginary ill.

But the courageous man meets every danger in the same manner. He would not whistle should he chance to pass a graveyard in the night.

Who has not stored away in some recess of his mind those beautiful lines of Milton :—

..... " Care

Sat on his faded cheeks, but under brows

Of dauntless *courage*." ?

That the " Light Brigade " were all brave men is beyond a doubt ; that all were courageous may reasonably be questioned.

So Socrates, drinking the hemlock, and Plato, piercing his side with the dagger were possessed of remarkable courage ; but Achilles, the slayer of many men, was the bravest man of Grecian history.

Finally, bravery is of utility only in the excitement of the moment, while courage is ever available.

Courage is often accompanied by fortitude. As the courageous man calmly meets danger, so the man of fortitude patiently endures the result however grievous.

The Roman who defended, single-handed, the bridge against the united assault of an Etruscan army, displayed the highest degree of valour ; but he who, in the presence of the Etruscan chief, coolly suffered his right hand to be consumed by fire, exhibited a no less degree of fortitude.

Fortitude has by some one been considered to be that virtue of woman which corresponds to the courage of man. A visionary distinction, this, one would be inclined to say.

Nevertheless the idea was ingenious, and merits at least attention. For of the sexes, it would appear, that females have afforded the greater examples of endurance.

Nor was one of our sweetest English poets far wrong when he wrote :

" With *wonted* Fortitude she bore the smart,

" And not a groan confessed her burning heart."

Intrepidity expresses the quality of fearlessness carried to a high degree.

It is allied in quality to courage, but of a more temporary nature.

The intrepid man is calm and collected, perfectly comprehends the peril, and confronts it with composure.

Ancient history affords many beautiful illustrations of this quality.

We imagine that Byron crossing the Hellespont added another to the long list of intrepid men.

Daring is commonly a bad quality and chiefly denotes action.

It expresses provocation, and is generally said of persons.

The Greeks might praise the valor of Achilles, but they could not tolerate the daring of Paris.

Would that to day there were fewer Parises and more even who might boast the qualities of Achilles.

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THE FISHER MAIDEN.

From the German of Heine.

Thou fair young fisher-maiden,
Come steer thy boat to land,
And rest thee here beside me,—
We'll whisper hand in hand.

II.

Rest on my heart thy bosom,
And, fearless, trust in me,
Who, daily, thus unfearing,
Can'st trust the stormy sea.

III.

My heart is like that ocean,
With storm, and ebb, and flow ;
But brightest pearls are sleeping
In silent depths below.

C. P. M.

CHURCH INTELLIGENCE.

Four of our Canadian Synods have lately been held, that of the Diocese of Toronto met on the 13th of last month; the Bishop of Niagara delivered the annual address. The promised Canon on Vestments furnished a subject for quite a lengthy discussion, the result of which was the withdrawal of the Canon and the adopting of a memorial to the Provincial Synod, invoking its aid "to assist them in preserving the pure and simple service and worship in our churches, that have had the sanction of the Church for three hundred years." At the meeting of the Church Society held the day previous, it appeared from the report read by the Secretary, that the Society's income, for the past year, amounted to \$21,902, an increase over the preceding year of over \$1,000. The Synod of the Diocese of Montreal, was rendered peculiarly interesting, owing to the consecration of the Cathedral taking place on the day appointed for its meeting. There were present at the ceremony of the consecration eight Bishops, four American and four Canadian. The Bishop of Illinois preached the sermon, which is to be printed in pamphlet form for circulation. The day following the Synod met, and the Metropolitan delivered a long and able address, in the course of which he spoke at some length upon the new position the Canadian Church had lately acquired, expressed his satisfaction at the course pursued by the Toronto Synod,

in referring the question of Ritualism to the Provincial Synod. As regarded the celebration of marriages and the Holy Sacrament of Baptism, his Lordship wished to make it a matter of conscience with the clergy, that they should be performed in the house of God. In concluding, he alluded to the Great Council shortly to be assembled at Lambeth, and felt that every Bishop who could, ought to attend, especially the Bishops of the Canadian Church. At the Huron Synod which met on the same day as that of Montreal, the Bishop in the course of his address, did not speak very encouragingly of the Pan Anglican Synod. Yet, we are glad to see, his Lordship accepted to be present at the unanimous request of his Synod, which voted \$500 to defray the expenses. We have not yet seen any detailed report of the Quebec Synod, which assembled on the 2nd of this month. At a conference of Clergy and Lay delegates of the Diocese of Rupert's Land, the following important motion moved by Archdeacon McLean, was carried unanimously: "That this conference do hereby resolve itself into a Synod to be called the Synod of the Diocese of Rupert's Land." There are now 20 clergy in that Diocese.

A very fair commission on Ritual has been appointed, consisting of twenty-nine commissioners, any ten of whom form a *quorum*. They are empowered to make diligent inquiry into the "rules, orders and directions for regulating public worship," to have regard not only to said rules, &c., but also "to any other laws or customs relating to the matters aforesaid, to suggest any alterations, improvements, or amendments with respect to such matters." They are further authorized to revise the Calendar of Lessons. Of these commissions, fifteen are Laymen. A number of eminent clergymen, including Dr. Pusey, Archdeacon Denison, H. P. Seddon, and W. Butler. Bishop elect of Natal, have forwarded an address to the Archbishop of Canterbury, stating what they "believe to be the mind of our Lord touching the said doctrines, (viz., the real objective presence, the Eucharistic sacrifice and the adoration of Christ in the blessed sacrament) as expressed in Scripture, and as received by the Church of England." They state their reason for making such a declaration, to be on account of the imputations of disloyalty to the Church of England, cast on those who have been inculcating and defending the said doctrines.

The convention of Canterbury met for business on Tuesday, June 4th. In the Lower House, Chancellor Massingberd proposed a very important resolution, protesting against any change being made in the Book of Common Prayer or the rules thereof, without the representative body of the church being first consulted. The learned Chancellor supported his motion in a long and learned speech which was eventually carried by a large majority. The following was carried with only *one* dissentient voice. "That the right of voting for Proctors shall be granted to all persons in Priest's orders and holding the Bishop's license in the diocese, whether curates, chaplains or schoolmasters." This is a most important and just measure as the existing franchise leaves out the whole body of curates. The President of the Upper House was requested to place himself

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in communication with the Government, for the carrying out of the reform agreed to. A resolution also was carried, requesting that hereafter the Holy Communion be celebrated at the opening of convocation, and if possible, with a choral litany. The Bishop of Capetown is on his way to England, his visit having reference to the disturbed state of the Diocese of Natal. From the report of the President and Council of the English Church Union, which has lately been holding its annual meeting, the Union appears to be in a flourishing condition. During the past year the number of persons on the roll has been increased by 1470. Twenty-four local branches, and two district branches have been established since last year, and twenty-four branches are in course of formation.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

* MAURICE DE GUERIN had much indeed in common with the unfortunate Keats.

In both an intense intellectual and poetical temperament ceaselessly wasted away, and in the end destroyed, the physical organization, in both the brilliant blossoming of genius was but the fascinating prelude to an early dissolution.

But GUERIN had lived on victoriously through the times of doubting and fear, and had found at the last a sweetness in life,—not for life's self only, but for that substantial reward, for the gaining of which, life is the great field of labour.

And it is this very conquest over a torturing spirit of longing and diquietude, which invests the circumstance of his death with a more touching and melancholy interest.

He published nothing, believing all his life, which began almost with the nineteenth century, and terminated, saint-like, after a brief course of twenty-nine years, that "there is more power and beauty in the well kept secrets of one's self and one's thoughts, than in the display of a whole heaven that one may have inside one." But the writings, short and fragmentary as they are, which since his death have been given to the world, will make him live, a star of no small magnitude, amongst the glorious galaxy of planets which shine for ever.

He was a veritable priest of nature, and worthy of a seat at her right hand, as the truest interpreter of her manifold mysteries; was amply content to sit at her feet, revealing only to a few devoted friends the sources of her great eternal melody, the teachings of her sublime unceasing voice.

The little volume which lies on our table, contains besides the "*Journal*" of *Guerin*, a fragment of an essay by *Matthew Arnold*, which, notwithstanding its incompleteness, every one will read with profit and delight, and a memoir strikingly graphic and eloquent by *Sainte Beuve*.

*The *Journal* of Maurice de Guérin with an Essay by Matthew Arnold, and a Memoir by Sainte-Beuve. New York: Leypoldt & Holt, 1867. C. Hill, Montreal.

Thus beautifully *M. Sante-Beuve* alludes to the last moments of this lamented genius:

"This lovely young man borne dying to the South, expired in the summer of 1839, at the moment when he beheld again his native sky, and regained in it all the freshness of early tenderness and religion. The guardian angels of home watched prayerfully over his pillow and consoled his last look."

MR. MITCHELLS "RURAL STUDIES"*—Is one of the most charming books of the season. We can conceive of no country library complete without it.

Not only is it full to overflowing with that instruction which is most beneficial to country residents; but it is also the pleasantest of books to read on a summer afternoon, amidst the very scenes which it so admirably describes.

Its every page is redolent of a genial and sunny atmosphere; its style has all the vivacity and delightful variety of nature, and the freshness of morning dew.

We hardly know where to commence the reading of it; and we are loath to lay it down until we have read it entirely through.

From the opening chapter, an exquisite bit of writing, and moreover a fair sample, we believe, of the whole volume, we cannot refrain from quoting the following passage:

"Nothing to see? Lo, the play of light and shade over the distant hills, or the wind, making tossed and streaming wavelets of the rye. Nothing to hear? Wait a moment and you shall listen to the bursting melodious roundelay of the merriest singer upon earth—the black-and-white coated Bob-o-Lincoln,—as he rises on easy wing, floats in the sunshine, and overflows with song, then sinks, as if exhausted by his brilliant solo, to some swaying twig of the alder bushes. Nothing to hope? The maize leaves through all their close serried ranks are rustling with the promise of golden corn."

Who has not time and again experienced this same feeling in the ever beautiful, the ever wonderful country?

All that we would say of "*The Story of Jesus in Verse*"† the author himself has neatly and frankly expressed in his brief and admirable preface. The work, in a literal point of view, has no peculiar merit, and nowhere rises above mediocrity. But we heartily commend it for the sake of the "sweet story of old," to those, for whom its production has been to the sincere and zealous author a labour of love. Two or three of the illustrations are finely conceived, but the greater part are extremely commonplace. The face of our Lord, as represented on page 139, conveys little impression of the serenity, tenderness, and love, which glorified it during that time of agony and suspense. What must have been the expression upon that "Divine Countenance," when these words fell upon the ear of his astonished persecutors: "Father, forgive! they know not what they do!"

*Rural Studies, with hints for Country Places, by Donald G. Mitchell. N. Y., Scribner & Co., 1867. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

†The Story of Jesus in Verse, by Edwin Hodder. London: Jackson, Hodder & Co. 1867. C. Hill, Montreal.

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*The Florina I C. Hill, Montreal.

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The time is long past when readers cut the leaves of a fresh novel with the expectation of finding in it anything strikingly original. It is so much easier to follow on in the beaten paths of predecessors than to strike out independently for one's self, that the present school of novelists are content to glide smoothly along the accustomed route ringing innumerable changes upon the same old bells.

Thus, *Mr. Yates*, to use an appropriate expression, has "rung" himself up into something like popularity, without possessing any of those qualities which constitute a high class novelist.

Nothing could be more easy of conception than the plot of "*The Forlorn Hope*."*

A certain Dr. Wilmot marries, without having duly considered the sacred responsibility involved in such an act, a lady whom he really does not love. She, however, loves him with all the intensity of woman's nature; but, from a singularity of character, makes no demonstration of her passion, and suffers silently, as only woman can, all the pangs of unrequited affection.

Dr. Wilmot is suddenly summoned to attend a young lady, a Madeleine Kilsyth, whom he rescues from the perils of disease, and with whom he falls violently in love. All this comes in due time to the ears of his wife in London, who having in her own opinion, drained the cup of sorrow to its dregs, secretly destroys herself.

Dr. Wilmot is now free to follow up his later and deeper affection; but a brother of Miss Kilsyth's, a captain in profession and a puritan in principle, comes inconveniently in the way. The doctor goes abroad, a cure for such maladies often resorted to, and buries himself in obscurity upon the Continent. In course of time, he succeeds by the death of an old and eccentric patient, to a considerable fortune, and rekindles in his breast the old flame; but Miss Kilsyth has ere this been "disposed of," and his only source of relief is a relapse into the rounds of gaiety and indulgence.

Madeleine, however, speedily becomes a prey to consumption under the combined influence of a constitutional weakness and an uncongenial marriage; and Dr. Wilmot has at last the only solace which could be given, the pleasure of consulting her last moments, and of hearing from her lips an avowal of her love for him.

Much of the effect of the story lies in the details, which for the most part are cleverly enough worked out. By far the best drawn character is that of Dr. Wilmot; by degrees he wins our confidence and gains our admiration; and we leave him a grey-haired man full of sorrows, with the keenest regret.

Cleverer by far and infinitely more to our taste than the above is, "*Raymond's Heroine*."† The chief strength, for a wonder, lies in the dialogue, which must

* *The Forlorn Hope*, a novel, by Edmund Yates. Loring, publisher, Boston, 1867. C. Hill, Montreal.

† *Raymond's Heroine*, a novel. N. Y., Harper Bros., 1867. From Dawson Bros. Montreal.

ever be the true test of a novelist. The plot is highly original, and is worked out in a lively and attractive manner. We have read nothing for a long time with greater pleasure, and have derived from it real profit. It is a book which awakens our interest, kindles our sympathy, and leaves us at the end healthier in heart and wiser in mind than ever before. We regret that there are not more works of this class amongst our current writings, to put into the hands of younger readers.

We have here a very interesting manual of Athletic Sports and Recreations.* It appears to be unusually complete, containing full chapters on boating, swimming, angling, and the numerous other recreations which engage the attention of the "world," during the "Summer Holidays." We have also received from C. Hill, Montreal, two smaller manuals, the one devoted to archery, the other to gymnastics. We cheerfully recommend them to all lovers of manly sports.

BOOKS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

From Dawson Bros., Montreal :

Thackeray's Lectures; The English Humourist; and the Four Georges, complete in one volume; The Bankrupt Law, with orders and forms, a pamphlet.

From C. Hill, Montreal :

Monod's Farewell; Jesus Tempted in the Wilderness, by M. Monod.

CONVOCAATION.

The Annual Convocation was held at the College on Thursday, 27th June.

The proceedings of the day commenced with an early celebration of the Holy Communion in the College Chapel. At half-past ten Morning Prayer was said in the Parish Church: the Chapel being too limited in its accommodation to hold any considerable number of visitors. The sermon was preached by Archdeacon Leach, of Montreal, on Heb. xiii. 8, and was characterized by the usual well known earnest, emphatic, and impressive style of the preacher. The collection was appropriated to the fund for providing an instrument for the Chapel.

The principal guests of the day, amongst whom were included the Bishops of Montreal and Quebec, and the late President of the Confederate States of America, whose son is a pupil in the school, were entertained at luncheon by C. Rawson, Esq., a gentleman equally well known in these parts for his warm interest in the College and School, and for his general hospitalities.

At half-past two the Convocation was opened by the Chancellor, the Hon. E. Hale, taking his seat. The usual procession to the Convocation Hall was

* Athletic Sports for Boys; a Repository of Graceful Recreations for Youth. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. 1867. C. Hill, Montreal.

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dispensed with, on account of the unfavourable state of the weather. The Chancellor, in his opening address, after noticing the satisfactory condition of both departments of the institution, and alluding in feeling terms to the death of the late Rector of the School, expressed his confident anticipation of a highly successful career on the part of his successor, the Rev. R. H. Walker, and noticed in his usual felicitous manner, the presence of the Vice-Principal of McGill College, and of one of its Governors, C. Dunkin, Esq.

The Candidates for degrees were now presented. The Hon. A. T. Galt and Archdeacon Leach received the honorary degree of D.C.L., and Canon Street, Chaplain to the Bishop of Illinois, the degree of M.A., also *honoris causa*. Mr. Henry Slack, B.A. was then admitted M.A. in regular course, and Messrs. James Hepburn, John F. Carr, James King, George W. G. R. Zuhlché, and Henry Burges obtained the well merited distinction of B.A. The National Anthem was sung as usual, after the oath of allegiance was administered to the B.A.'s with the heartiness which distinguishes all public celebrations connected with the College; and, after its conclusion, five of the Vith. Form boys, Nevitt, Archibald, Anderson, Hobson and Nicolls were admitted members of the University.

The Chancellor now called upon Mr. Hepburn to deliver the "Valedictory" address. It was clearly and feelingly read, favourably received, and afterwards very generally spoken of in complimentary terms.

The Lord Bishop of Quebec in announcing to Mr. Hepburn the award made to him of the Prince of Wales' medal, took occasion to allude to the good promises with which he had commenced his school life in his own Rectorship, and the entire fulfilment of that promise in his college career.

The S. P. G. Jubilee scholarship was assigned to Mr. J. F. Carr.

The Chancellor then invited Mr. Henry Slack to read the exercise which he had written for the degree of M.A. The subject of it was Eloquence and Oratory. Although the paper was not written for public delivery, it was listened to throughout with great interest, and people felt that the subject was one which had fallen into proper hands to be treated of.

Addresses were then delivered at the invitation of the Chancellor, by Canon Balch, D.D. the Hon. A. T. Galt, and the Lord Bishop of Montreal.

The address of Dr. Balch was intended to impress upon the minds of his youthful hearers the greatness and importance of the work which may be done in quiet unpretending positions in life. The grass springing from the bosom of the earth, with the fruits and flowers, and the stars in their silent course proclaim God's glory. So His providence works sometimes among men. The establishment of the new "Dominion," and the Pan-Anglican Synod are instances, great and all important movements, made in like silence. The following beautiful passage speaks its own praise, "but a short time since, there grew over the Continent of Europe the darkest cloud of war that ever cast its lurid shadow across the continent, when the growl of the Prussian bear, the howl of the

Austrian wolf, and the scream of the Imperial eagle, gave note of warning that before long those plains often drenched in blood would once more be crimsoned with human gore. No roar of the British Lion was heard, but our Sovereign, with the grace of woman and the dignity of a Queen, stretched forth her sceptre, and *won the blessing of a peace maker.*"

Mr. Galt spoke, *inter alia*, of the advantage and importance of education, of the additional impulse which the Confederation of the Provinces would give to the progress of it, of the Englishman's proud idea of "duty" which he was sure the College was cultivating throughout all its classes, and forcibly urged upon his hearers the sentiment (on which his own life is a practical comment) that "work is the *true pleasure* of life."

The Metropolitan, amongst many other topics which he handled with his usual force, perspicuity, and good sense, spoke of the care which had been taken in the selection of the new Rector, of his distinguished attainments, and of the useful experience he had gained as a professor in the great English Military College, and the almost certainty of the school's prosperity under his hand. He spoke of the blessing the country enjoyed in good education, of the increasing importance which the Church of England and her institutions were daily gaining in the eyes of the world, and of the benefit which Mr. Galt had conferred on the community by his watchful care over and determination to uphold the educational interests of the Confederated Provinces.

The addresses were listened to with great interest, and elicited warm expressions of sympathy from the audience, which was more numerous than on any former similar occasion.

After the Convocation, the Metropolitan distributed the prizes to the heads of the several Forms of the School.

The *Conversazione* in the evening was attended by all the neighbourhood, and by many ladies and gentlemen who had come from a distance. The distribution of prizes to the successful competitors for the games and athletic sports was attended with many circumstances of interest—the music was brilliant, both vocal and instrumental—and there were some hearty glees, in which many of the boys joined, which seemed to give very general pleasure. The company broke up in time to avail themselves of the night train, and returned home in great good humour.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

Graduates and other friends of our Alma Mater will be glad to learn that an Alumni Association has been formed. They will, no doubt, be interested in knowing somewhat in detail *what* has been done. We believe Mr. Mayo first advocated the benefits of such a society, and first ventilated the subject amongst his college friends.

A meeting was held on the 6th June, when E. Towle, Esq., B.A., ably acted as chairman, and when two committees were appointed, one to sketch a constitution for the proposed Association, and the other to issue invitations to all ordinary graduates of B.C., and all holders of the certificate of L.T., to assemble at Lennoxville on 26th June, for the purpose of setting the society on good footing.

After breakfast at 8½ o'clock in the College Hall, the members who had assembled, retired to another room, to transact the business of the occasion.

On motion of W. Mayo, B.A., seconded by Rev. J. Foster, M.A., and unanimously carried, the Rev. J. Kemp, B.D., took the chair.

Mr. Mayo being called upon favoured the meeting with a kind of inaugurating address, that he was expected to deliver, after which it was moved by Rev. A. C. Scarth, L.T., seconded by Rev. Foster, that this meeting do now proceed to the formation of an Association of the Alumni of Bishop's College. Carried unanimously.

Moved by Rev. Gribble, L.T., seconded by Rev. L. Wurtele, B.A., that the constitution prepared by the committee appointed for that purpose be considered clause by clause.—Carried.

The following articles were adopted :

1. The *name* shall be the Alumni Association of the University of Bishop's College.
2. The *object* of the Association is to promote the interests of the University, 1st by

diffusing all useful information respecting her ; 2nd by keeping up a spirit of devotion and love for her amongst her alumni ; and 3rd by facilitating pleasant reunions of the graduates.

3. *Membership*—All holders of examination degrees of the University of Bishop's College, of the certificate of L.T., and all clergymen who resided two years in the University before she received her charter, shall be eligible for membership.

4. All persons included in the terms of article No. 3, shall become members of the Association by *signing the Constitution* at one of the annual meetings, and *paying the yearly fee* of one dollar.

5. Any obnoxious member may be expelled by a vote of a majority of the members present at any annual meeting.

6. *Officers*—There shall be a President, two Vice-Presidents and a Secretary-Treasurer, to be elected by ballot at a regular annual meeting.

7. *Meetings*—There shall be a meeting of members once a year, and special meetings as called by the President on requisition in writing of any six members.

8. The annual meeting shall be held as near as possible to the day of the University Convocation, at which meeting—after (if practicable) the celebration of the Holy Eucharist—the order of proceedings shall be, 1st, an address ; 2nd, an essay ; and 3rd, the business of the Association, including the consideration of any matters that may be arranged by a committee of management composed of the officers of the Association, and three members resident in the neighbourhood, appointed by the President at the previous annual meeting.

NOTE.—To allow more members to be present when the constitution was adopted and officers chosen, the meeting was adjourned till the evening, when the constitution was adopted without alteration, and the Rev. J. Kemp, B.D., was elected President, Rev. J. Foster, M.A., and G. B. Baker,

Esq., M.A., Vice-Presidents, and Ern. Aug. W. King, Esq., B.A., Secretary-Treasurer.

The President chose E. C. Towle, Esq., B.A., B. B. Smith, Esq., B.A., and H. Burges, Esq., B.A., resident members, to act with the officers as a committee of management. All present were requested to enroll themselves regular members of the Association, by signing the constitution and paying the fee for the current year.

Mr. Foster consented to prepare an address, and Mr. Mayo an essay, for the next annual meeting.

E. A. W. KING, B.A.,
Sec. Treas.

July 4th, 1867.

We regret to announce the death of the Hon. Wm. Sheppard, D.C.L., which took place suddenly at Three Rivers, on the 30th of June last. Mr. Sheppard has been for some time past, one of the trustees of the University of Bishop's College, and was returning to his home in Drummondville, from the Annual Convocation of this Institution, when the melancholy event occurred.

Mr. Sheppard was an earnest and devout Christian, and a useful and exemplary member of society.

Messrs. Mulvany and Morrison have resigned their situations as masters in the Grammar School of Bishop's College.

Mr. Mulvany goes to Niagara, as Principal of the High School in that place.

We cordially wish him all success in his new arena of labour.

At the late ordination held in Quebec by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, Mr. James Boydell, B.A., of Bishop's College, was admitted to Deacon's orders; and the Rev. Mr. Rawson, B.A., whose departure from Lennoxville we had occasion to mention a short time since, was priested.

Mr. Boydell goes to Hatley, a very pleasant village about fifteen miles north from Lennoxville, as master of the Academy there, and assistant to the Rev. Mr. Burrage, incumbent of the mission. We hope Mr. Boydell's time may pass as pleasantly as did our school days once upon a time in that same place.

We have great pleasure in announcing the marriage of the Rev. W. Ross Brown, L.T., to Miss Eliza Ballard, of Montreal.

Mr. Brown received the certificate of L.T., from the Divinity Faculty of Bishop's College in 1866, and has since served as a curate under the Rev. D. Lindsay, of Waterloo.

He is about to enter upon his duties as incumbent of the mission of Aylwin, Province of Ontario.

The late President of the Confederate States of America was present at the closing exercises of Bishop's College. He was received with a hearty welcome; and during his stay, which lasted a week, was cordially entertained.