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THE

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Vol. I.

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THE LENNOXVILLE MAGAZINE.

A LORD OF THE CREATION.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

IT was not generally supposed by his neighbours and friends that old Mr. Hesketh of Redwood had in his youth loved passionately and hopelessly. Nobody would have suspected it, looking on the grave and rather hard face, listening to the measured voice, and the dry, something matter-of-fact, opinions and observations he was in the habit of enunciating: yet such was the fact. Doubtless, we pass by a vast number of such covert romances in the crowd of life. It almost follows that the possession of more than usually strong feelings, and deep capacities both for enjoyment and suffering, entails that succession of mental and psychological phases which go to make poetry and romance in these days, when poetry and romance have their stronghold in the subjective portion of human affairs.

However, the more shrewd of the social critics in the neighbourhood of Redwood (so Mr. Hesketh's manorial property was called) surmised something near truth, when, one spring, his household acquired an additional inmate, in the person of a well-grown, frank-spoken, bright-faced little girl of nine or ten years of age. Miss Caroline Maturin was the daughter of an old friend of Mr. Hesketh's, it was announced; she was an orphan, and yet wore the black dress assumed at her mother's death. She had hitherto lived almost all her life in France; but her aspect was thoroughly English, and very pleasant. She would be handsome when she grew into a woman, Mr. Hesketh more than once said; and the child herself liked to tell that she was very like "poor mamma;" and by and by it became known that this poor mamma had been a very early friend of Mr. Hesketh's; that she had married a poor man for love, and had passed her subsequent life in much poverty and trial. Out of a numerous family this girl alone survived, and—such are the chances and changes of fate!—to be, after all, a sort of heiress. Some distant relative left her parents funded property to the amount of £10,000—an affluence which they only

lived to enjoy for a few months. The father died first, and it was during a visit to England—her first for many years—that the widow, meeting her old friend, entreated him to take on himself the guardianship of her child when she should be left motherless.

These facts creeping out, the feminine part of the community, at least, found little difficulty in imagining the rest. "Poor Mr. Hesketh!" they used to say, sometimes, and take great interest in observing the old man's growing fondness for his charge—how he liked to walk about the park with her—how his face lighted up into a keener life when she was with him, and what evident delight was afforded him by her soon-aroused and rapidly-increasing affection for himself.

"Mr. Vaughan Hesketh must look after himself," observed the lookers-on; "this newcomer bids fair to supersede him in his uncle's favour."

But they judged superficially, as lookers-on, even the acutest, usually do. They supposed that Mr. Hesketh, having no children to whom to leave his lands and his wealth, had deliberately and advisedly adopted one out of his brother's large family to be his heir. Natural as this surmise appeared, it was not altogether correct. The old gentleman had simply taken the charge of his nephew's education since he was a child. Now he was a boy of sixteen, and at a large public school, from whence he only came to Redwood during alternate vacations. People wondered what he would say to the new member of the family he was to find there.

He came. To all appearance he was far from disapproving of the change in affairs. He liked society, perhaps, and was too much of a man to repudiate the companionship even of a little girl—particularly as the little girl in question was vivacious, intelligent, active, and clever, and practically sympathized with him in all his pursuits, and pretty nearly all his sports likewise. Decidedly, Vaughan Hesketh's vacations gained greatly in interest from the date of Caroline Matarin's introduction to Redwood. It was impossible to believe that there was any disaffection, any jealousy, on the boy's part. But then, after all, he was but a boy, and youth is proverbially thoughtless and unsuspecting, the much-interested gossips said among themselves. And they continued to say it until they were tired, as, day after day, week after week, the good understanding between the young people evidently increased and waxed strong, till at length "a body could see with half an eye," Sally the dairymaid said to Stockes the groom, "that Master Vaughan and Miss Caroline were as fond of one another as could be—quite like brother and sister, sure-ly." Stockes gravely shook his head at this last assertion, and took leave to doubt the continuance of the species of relationship named; and really, he remarked, the circumstances of the case and the

age of the parties was so singularly suitable, that he could not see what possible objection there could be to a nearer and solemn alliance between 'em. Still, as the future bride was at this time scarcely ten years old, the speculation may be pronounced premature. And, meanwhile, all seemed settling itself comfortably and harmoniously. Vaughan, the tall, lithe schoolboy, and Caroline, the bright-faced, fleet-footed, cricket-playing, marble-loving little girl, who was yet a thorough girl, in spite of her boyish predilections—these two were great friends. Old Mr. Hesketh was much gladdened thereat, and, like a wise man, asked for and hinted at no more for the present.

* * * * *

"Come," said Vaughan, "put away that stupid book, and let us go out for a row on the lake."

Caroline was deep in the "Arabian Nights," and had ensconced herself in a corner of the sofa, in one of those queer and intensely-comfortable looking attitudes into which children seem to fall naturally under such circumstances. He spoke twice before she heard.

"I say, come along."

This, aided by a tap on her shoulder from the long switch he held in his hand, aroused the rapt little reader. She looked up; her large eyes all dazed and wondering, at this sudden summons back to real life.

"I'm going out on the lake. Come, I'll give you another rowing lesson."

"O—directly!" with a pathetic glance at the dear book, and a rapid turning over the leaves, to see how far it was to the end of Prince Ahmed's adventures.

Mr. Hesketh looked up from the secretaire at which he was writing; he peered at the boy and girl from over his spectacles. "Vaughan!" he called out rather sharply, "probably your cousin" (they called each other cousin, and the old man himself was "uncle" to Caroline, as well as to his veritable nephew)—"probably your cousin would prefer reading her book to going out on the lake. You would give a fellow-schoolboy the privilege of choice, I presume; you owe at least as much deference to a lady."

Vaughan coloured, bit his lips, and turned aside, swinging his switch with embarrassed vehemence.

As for the poor little "lady" in question, she sprang from her cosy corner, flung aside the engrossing volume, flushing up all the time till her face was like a red June rose, and her eyes shone through sudden dews; "I want to go, uncle. I asked Vaughan to teach me to row. I like it—of course I like to go with him. He would not have asked me, if he did not know that."

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 "Very well," muttered Mr. Hesketh, going back to his papers; "settle it your own way." He shrugged his shoulders, with a half-smile, nevertheless, curving his mouth, and a not displeased gleam lighting his eyes.

Vaughan strode out at the door into the corridor, in sublime silence. Caroline followed. He took down his cap from the peg where it hung, beside her own hat and garden tippet. Having pulled his cap well over his eyes, he put his hands in his pockets, and proceeded to whistle while slowly walking round the billiard-table which occupied the centre of the hall. At the door, however, he suffered himself to be arrested by the third repetition of Caroline's deprecating cry, "O Vaughan!"

"Well, what is it? I'm going out. I told you so."

"I know. Don't you want me to come with you?"

"Certainly not; you are otherwise occupied, I understood."

"You are cross; that's not right, It was not my fault that your uncle spoke to you."

"Do you think I mind his having spoken?"

"I know you do," she said quietly; "but you ought not to be angry with me because of that."

"Who said I was angry?"

"You are cross, sullen. I don't like you when you look as you do now. You may go out by yourself, if you choose it."

Her candour, her fearlessness, had something attractive in it to him, it would seem; for even while she spoke the look to which she objected disappeared from his face. A smile wavered across his features, the coldness of his glance melted into something more familiar, and very pleasant.

"O, come along; do come, Caroline; we'll have a famous afternoon. Here, I'll reach you your hat."

He reached it, put it on for her, and awkwardly tried to tie the strings, laughing down at her fresh, spirited face, now all glowing with glee.

They went out. It was early spring, and the sun was shining. The air seemed tingling with new and exquisite life. Caroline's step quickened to a run that was almost a dance; her upturned face looked as though it actually gathered in some of the sunshine. Presently her clear voice broke forth in a fragment of some French *chanson*—one of the few indications which yet remained of the child's early foreign experiences.

"Never mind that 'Ange de la prairie,'" cried Vaughan, impatiently; "if you must sing, sing 'Malbrook,' or 'Le cordon bleu'—something like tunes they are."

Caroline obeyed—her companion whistling an accompaniment with

great clearness and precision. In the very middle of a bar, however, the little girl stopped, and darted half-way up the steep bank beside which they were going.

"What in the world is the matter?"

"Primroses—just look!"

Two roots, side by side, nestling in a sort of cleft, as primroses best love to grow, with brave green leaves sheltering several timid little buds, that yet contrived to have a peep at the strange world they had crept into.

"Well, are you going to pick them? Can't you reach? Come down, and I'll get them for you."

"No; I don't want to gather them—only to look. Are n't they pretty, Vaughan?"

"O! all very well—yes, pretty, if you like."

"Don't you like them yourself?"

"Yes, of course—not as you do, though. Flowers are girls' things; I'm not a girl."

"Well, but——" began Caroline, meditatively. However, her objection remained unuttered.

Vaughan commenced whistling shrilly, and walked on at an increased pace. Presently Caroline resumed her song. Her careless trill sounded pleasantly and joyously on the quiet.

"'Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,'"

sang she, while Vaughan tried under his breath to imitate the pretty French accents which flowed so easily over her red lips.

"Caroline," he interrupted at length, "how is it you never talk French now? I suppose you can speak it just as well as English, can't you? When you first came to Redwood, you talked English with an accent, like a French child——"

"Did I?" said she, with a sudden sadness. The sunshine went out of her face; the ready tears gathered in the large, steady eyes. "I don't like," she faltered; "it hurts me—a little—talking French—because—mamma—before mamma died——"

And there her voice fell, and a very courageous effort was made to keep back more tears.

"O," Vaughan replied, with a clumsy endeavour at a consoling tone, "that's more than a year ago. Now, you know——" He stopped, feeling boyishly awkward, probably, for sympathy is very nearly the rarest of masculine characteristics, and even in the kindest soils seldom reaches the

height of manifestation in early life. "Well," he went on, "it's a pity you don't like talking French."

"Why is it a pity?"

"Because you 'll forget it, and it is always useful; and besides, we might have talked together, and it would have got me on famously."

"O, Vaughan! would it really?"

"Of course it would. Nothing would make it so easy as talking to you. We 'd have regular lessons—but never mind."

"We *will* have lessons, if it will help you—if it will do you any good I shall be so glad, so pleased; it will be so nice."

"Really, do you mean it?"

"Indeed I do. We will begin to-morrow; we will begin now."

However, she found that her pupil-elect was not sufficiently advanced to converse in that language; it would be necessary to commence at an earlier stage. Meanwhile, here was the boat to unfasten, the oars to get out.

"Sir, there, Carry—in the middle. Take this oar—not like that!—look—so. Now wait. Remember what I told you before—you must try to 'feather' to-day. Off we go!"

He pushed off, taking one oar, while Caroline had the other. She was a quick little thing, and rapidly improved under the slight tuition he afforded her every now and then. Only, her strength being of course inferior to his, the exertion of all her power could not prevent the boat from progressing in a very one-sided fashion.

"This is very stupid," he observed, at last; "it will never do to go on in this way. Can't you pull out any better?"

"Indeed, no!" as she paused, panting and heated, and her hands feeling very sore. "Don't you think, Vaughan, if *you* didn't pull so hard, we should keep more even, perhaps?"

"But, as it is, I'm not putting out my strength, and then, you see, it's no exercise for me at all. What I want is to practise. Our fellows are going to have a match next term, I'm stroke oar. Go on again, Carry; see what you can do."

She tried with all the strength of her arms, and the far greater strength of her will, to do what he desired; for a little while they got on pretty well, but finally the physical power failed, the oar dropped with great splashes into the water, and the boat began spinning round again.

"I can't do it," she piteously exclaimed, looking round at Vaughan. "I'd rather sit by the rudder and see you row, for a little while."

"O, I dare say," he began, laughing; but even while he laughed, her face grew so pale, her head began to droop so strangely, that he was rather

alarmed. "Here, Carry, dear, give me the oar. Look here; you shall lie at the bottom of the boat quite comfortable."

In a minute or two she looked up, gave a sobbing sort of sigh, and submitted with docile readiness to all his arrangements.

He pulled off his coat to make a pillow for her head, declaring he should be warm enough with rowing. How did she feel? Was she comfortable? Was she sure she liked lying there?

Caroline smiled assent, and smiled again cheerfully up at his serious and even anxious face. She thought to herself how kind he was to be sorry; and she rather liked feeling weak and dizzy for a little while, to be so cared for, and to be looked at as he was looking at her now. Illness was too strange to her to be formidable, in those days; and the transient exhaustion was, after all, more singular than painful to the strong, healthful girl. She lay quiet in the bottom of the boat, her straw hat slung over her arm, her head resting on Vaughan's coat, her eyes alternately watching the soft clouds floating over the limpid sky, and seeking the face and answering the looks of her companion. So he rowed gently along the lake for some time in silence.

"O, how pleasant this is!" she said at last; "how softly we go along! and how sunshiny everything looks!"

"Are you better, then? Yes; I see a little colour coming back. I declare, Carry, you quite frightened me—you went so white all at once."

"Did I? I felt sick; that was it, I suppose."

"Yes; no doubt that was it."

He rowed on with somewhat more vigour. Another pause in the conversation. But this time Vaughan filled it up by whistling. Caroline began to feel a little ashamed of her lazy position; she moved restlessly.

"You had better lie still, I think, till we land," observed Vaughan, in a grave, advising tone. "You might begin to feel sick again, you know."

"But your coat—don't you want your coat?"

"O, I can do without it very well. Keep quiet — that's the best thing you can do."

So she tried to attain this ultimate perfection, and neither moved nor spoke till they were at the landing place. Vaughan jumped out, drew in the boat, fastened it, and then assisted her to disembark.

She required very little assistance; she felt quite herself again, and assured him so. They walked homeward, through the lane, with beech-trees on each side, just budding out into the tender green, which looks more like coloured light than absolute colour. By the steep bank where the primroses were, Caroline looked up wistfully as she passed.

"Do you feel all right?" Vaughan asked her, as they came in sight of

the house. And hardly waiting for her quick affirmative, he went on—
 “I wonder what made you ill.—It was queer all on a sudden.”

“Yes,” said Caroline, searching in her own mind for any other cause than the real one.

“Very likely it was the boat spinning round,” he suggested; “that was it; don’t you think so?”

“Perhaps it was,” she said gladly.

“You did not look pale till then,” he went on; and the boat spun tremendously, didn’t it? Poor Carry!”

He laughed, and so did she. Very gayly they thus re-entered the house.

CHAPTER II.

Redwood looked especially pleasant in summer afternoons. Mr. Hesketh, seated in his chair under the great cedar-tree on the south lawn, thought so, at least. There was the quaint, red-brick mansion straight before his eyes, the terrace walk, and the long modern sash windows of the breakfast-room opening on to it. At the side, a broad, level lawn again, with flower-beds here and there, and a sun-dial in the midst. Shrubberies, at all times rich and sedate with evergreens, luscious and brilliant in their seasons with lilac, syringa, and sweet-briar, rhododendron and red English roses. Beyond them were meadows sloping gently downward to the thin streamlet that flowed through the park till it reached the large piece of water they ambitiously called the lake. Dark, mysterious woods belted in the prospect. “So far shalt thou see, and no farther,” they seemed to say; and Caroline liked to imagine to herself a wonderful new world lying beyond that black shadow. She had been through it often enough, but when her eyes no longer looked on the actual beyond, she chose to disbelieve it, and went back to her own creations. That abrupt hill, especially, crowned with a pine wood, looked like the very edge of the world, and the girl’s eyes turned wistfully towards it many times in a day, with that constant longing for something in the future—some unattained newness, which is one of youth’s irritating pleasures, sweet pains, which you will. She had lived at Redwood all these years, and never yet ascended Crooksforth Hill. So she was saying to Mr. Hesketh on this very afternoon, as she stood near him, leaning against the slender stem of a young silver birch, and twisting in her fingers a spray of roses gathered from the tree that overspread the southern wall of the house—rich, burning, passionate, red buds like drops of sunfire.

Caroline, as a girl of sixteen, was equally picturesque and poetical to behold. There was a wild half Indian grace in her lithe, elastic move-

ments; a flush of colour in the deep-toned gold of her hair, and the warm roses that forever glowed on her cheek. Her features were fine rather than pretty, with a certain strength in their outline which is not always so pleasant in a woman's face as it promised to be in hers. But when the spirit within her chose it, those gray eyes could soften into tenderness, the firmly-cut mouth could relax into a sweetness perfectly womanly, and entirely bewitching. Even now, in her early girlhood, these changes of expression were often perceptible; but as yet she was thoroughly girlish, and with all a girl's eager susceptibility to impressions—quick, fast succeeding feelings, and unanalyzed sensations. In such a nature, reverie takes the place of thought, and, indeed, Caroline, while very prone to dream, to imagine and to lose herself in the maze of her own wild fancies, was too little used to reflect. Moreover she was seldom retrospective in her own mind. She talked about the past quite as frequently as she thought about it. As for the future, it is the special inheritance of youth, and Caroline had taken possession long ago, and held it triumphantly, after the manner of an autocrat. As she stands now, twisting the rose-spray between her long, thin fingers, you may be very sure she is far enough away from Crooksforth Hill, the name which has just left her lips.

"But, my dear," observes Mr. Hesketh, responsive to the remark she had made to him: "you could go any day you know. Stockes would drive you to the foot of the hill, and you might walk up to the top, or you could ride on your pony."

"Yes, I might," said Caroline, and went back to her empire straightway.

"There is a beautiful view from the top," went on the old man. "On clear days you can see the sea quite distinctly; and the moorlands are very fine on the other side. But it is many years since I was there. Vaughan went once, but it was a misty day, and he was disappointed. When he comes home he must take you there. That will be the best plan."

"Ah, he will be here in a week now!" cried the girl, rising to the surface of things, with a deep-drawn breath of much pleasure and satisfaction.

After all, she lived thoroughly and keenly in the outside world at most times. She was a sentient being in the fullest degree: her perceptions were exquisitely acute; she responded like a finely-strung harp, to every air that passed by, even from the faintest to the loudest blast that shook the roof-tree.

The bright colours of some flowers in the shrubbery border caught her eye. She danced across the lawn to gather them, singing in her clear but

somewhat peculiar voice a fragment of some remembered French song.— She looked very well in her white dress (Mr. Hesketh especially liked her to wear white), and her wide-brimmed straw-hat hanging on her arm, where she more frequently wore it than on her head, and a blue scarf floating about her neck. She danced about with a joyousness that was quite infectious. It was pleasant to watch the elastic spring of the slender feet from the ground, the unconscious grace of the whole figure, the careless but harmonious turn of the head, with its red-gold crown of waved hair.

"She will be beautiful, almost as beautiful as her mother," Mr. Hesketh thought to himself, as he looked at her.

Presently she came, with a more sedate step and bearing, and seated herself on the grass at his feet, with her flowers in her lap. He laid his hand fondly on her head, and she turned around with a quick caressing gesture especially her own, and kissed the shrivelled, kind hand.

"You are quite happy here, Caroline, are you not?" he said, after a little while.

She was busy arranging her flowers, but she lifted her head and paused, with the bright damask and delicate pale roses arrested in her fingers.

"Are you not?" he repeated, as she was yet silent.

"O, I was stopping to remember—if I could. I was trying to think—to measure how happy I am!"

"Is it truly so, my dear child?" said the old man, moved beyond his wont. "Are you satisfied? do you wish for nothing?"

"Yes—yes! Indeed, I wish for many things," she began quickly, but added with more deliberation, "I don't think I could be happy with nothing to wish for. It is so pleasant, wishing, and hoping, and expecting —"

"If you are never disappointed, never thwarted," Mr. Hesketh put in, half sadly, half cynically, but in all tenderness to his companion. "I suppose that is essential to the pleasure; is it not, my little Lina?"

"I am not sure. Ah, you are laughing, but it is true. If one did not half fear disappointment, expectation would not be so keen, so earnest, and would not fill up one's life so much—don't you see? It is very miserable to be disappointed, of course," she allowed gravely, "but I dare say it is right, and does people good."

"You think so, do you?" muttered the old gentleman, drily. But a glance at her fair, bright face dispelled the momentary shadow that had fallen on his own, and he only smiled and stroked the rich braids of her hair, while she again gave her attention to her flowers.

"Do you like 'expecting' people, as well as events," was his next question, cautiously compiled, but put with an air of entire carelessness.

"Ah—yes. I like expecting Vaughan," she replied, promptly. It makes the weeks before quite rosy, and the two or three days before the day, O so bright!"

"Indeed. But you and Vaughan agree marvelously well. You suit one another."

"Yes; that is just it," Caroline said, complacently. "O, isn't that rose exquisite?" in a sudden little enthusiastic parenthesis. "Yes, I do like Vaughan—I like him. I like his face, and his way of walking and moving, and his behaviour to people, and his talking and his fun, and his cleverness, and everything about him. I think he is just what a man ought to be; don't you?"

"He is a fine lad; and when once he is well settled into manhood, I make no doubt of his being everything one can wish."

"Isn't he now, then!"

This direct question, and still more the simple, wondering gaze which accompanied it, somewhat embarrassed Mr. Hesketh.

"My dear," he hesitated, "very few young men of his age, indeed, I may say none, are without their faults and follies. Youth is not the season of perfection; no one would wish it—no one should expect it."

"But Vaughan," she persisted—"Vaughan is better and not worse than most young men, isn't he? What has he done wrong? Has he displeased you?"

"My dear child, don't be alarmed," said Mr. Hesketh, fairly amused out of his perplexity, "nothing is wrong—nothing is wrong. We shall have him with us in another week," he went on, in a new tone; "and then the piano will have a hard life of it; and the billiard-table and the horses will know also that Mr. Vaughan Hesketh is at Redwood."

But Caroline mused, and did not reply. She placed the crimson roses together, the pink roses together, the white roses together; then combined the three bunches in one glorious and glowing mass. Finally she suffered them to fall, scattered in disorder on her lap again.

"I must practise before he comes," she observed; "my billiard playing has been shamefully neglected, he will say. But it is so long since I had any one to play with."

"He taught you to play, didn't he? An accomplished preceptor, too," muttered Mr. Hesketh, with a dry smile, to himself.

"Yes, indeed, he is very clever at all those kinds of things," said Caroline, colouring; "there is no harm in that, is there?"

"Surely not, my dear, other pursuits not being neglected at the same time. And in return for his lessons you taught him French?"

"Yes. He got on capitally; he speaks French as well as I do."

"You modest little appraiser! But he ought to do no less, after all the pains you took with him."

"Pains! O, it was very pleasant. I liked teaching, and he liked learning."

She gathered her flowers together again, and slowly rose to her feet.

"You will be seventeen next month," said Mr. Hesketh, after a pause of consideration. "What do you say, Caroline, to the idea of a ball on your birth-day?"

"O?" Her eyes sparkled, the pensive curve of her lips relaxed into the gayest smile. "Do you really mean it, uncle?"

"I do, really. Well, I think I see what you would say to it. You approve?"

"I should think so. And so will Vaughan, I am sure; do not you?" Half doubtfully, though, she sought his face.

"We will ask him. If he doesn't like it, he may lock himself in his room while the event takes place; for we'll have a ball, Caroline. You shall write the invitations to-morrow."

"O!" she cried again, in ecstasy, unable to say more. Yet the next thought rose to her lips, "I hope Vaughan will like it," clouding the perfect sunshine.

"Pshaw!" cried Mr. Hesketh, laughing, half impatiently; "he isn't so foolish as not to like it. And, be that as it may, we'll settle the preliminaries to-morrow; and you shall tell Mrs. Brownlow what menaces her; break it to her by degrees, that she will have to take up the dining-room carpet, decorate the walls, wax the floor, and provide supper for sixty people at least."

"Poor Mrs. Brownlow!" said Caroline, spinning round on the grass, in uncontrollable glee.

"And above and beyond all,—O female vanity!" went on the old gentleman, "you shall choose a dress for the occasion. What shall it be? Gossamer and spangles? Pink satin and gold lace? Or the costume of a heroine—simple white muslin, with one rose in your hair!"

"Neither—neither!" she cried, with a ringing laugh. "I will frighten you, it shall be so gorgeous, and I will ruin you, it shall cost so much! I will dream of it all to-night, and tell you what it is to be in the morning."

She ran off, again singing as she ran, to pluck some sprays from a great myrtle bush that grew under the window of the room that was always called Vaughan's room.

* * * * *

(To be continued.)

DON ALMANSOR'S BAPTISM.

I.

At Cordova the cathedral hath a dome full fair to see,
Reared upon colossal columns three score and ten and three,

2

And on cupola and column many a text and legend old
From the Koran wreathes in arabesque of azure hues and gold.

3

On those walls of Christian worship still the Moorish blazons glow,
Wrought, by pious hands to Allah, many centuries ago.

4

Centuries old, yet freshly beautiful and uneffaced are they,
While, in time's unsparing torrent, kings and creeds are swept away.

5

In the cloister at Cordova, at the vesper hour of prayer,
Stands Almansor Ben Abdallah—in low voice he murmurs there,

6

As he looks unto the pillars and the giant dome on high,
To the walls with gold emblazoned and with lapis lazuli :—

7

Oh! ye strong and giant pillars, oh ye everlasting walls,
Reared, of old, to Allah's glory, now the Christian's servile thralls!

8

Where the muezzin called on Allah, in the olden faithful days,
Now the priests are chanting masses to the Christian Idol's praise.

9

Where the people praised the Prophet, in the good time long ago,
Bells are ringing, incense steaming,—all is puppet, pomp and show.

10

So unto the font, for baptism through the aisles, Almansor went
His head bowed in graceful reverence,—scornful smiling as he bent.

II.

Fast he rideth from the city—shrine and street are far behind;
And the foam is on his bridle, and his plume waves on the wind.

2

Fast and far, where Guadalquiver, through earth's fairest garden, flows,
Where the snow white almond blossoms, and the golden orange glows.

3

Never once he slacks his bridle, never stays his fierce career,
Till, through woods dark-clustered round it, Alcolea's towers appear.

4

In the halls of Alcolea, twelve fair ladies lead the ball
With twelve knights of noblest lineage, and Almansor, chief of all.

5

Don Almansor—Donna Clara—never yet were prouder pair,
She, a queen, in stateliest beauty, with her crown of golden hair.

6

Paled and flashed her cross of opal as Almansor kneeling swore,
"By a Christian's faith" upon it, his true love for ever more.

7

Now in Alcolea's castle, festival and dance have ceased,—
All is dark and all is silent in the bower and in the feast.

8

But in Donna Clara's chamber, at her feet, Almansor lies,
By an evil dream o'ermastered, and she waits with mournful eyes.

9

Perfume, from a golden flasket, hath that gentle lady pressed
On Almansor's cold, pale forehead—but he starts in wild unrest.

10

Tenderly, with fondest kisses, she has touched the sleeper's brow,
But his lip is white and trembling, and his frown grows darker now.

11

Tears, that stream in bitter sorrow, for a true love lost and vain,
Weeps the lady on her lover—and he breaks that trance of pain.

12

For he dreamed—they stood together, Christian knight and lady fair,
In the cloister at Cordova, at the vesper hour of prayer.

13

And from cupola and column, where each giant shadow falls,
Sounds of ominous displeasure, seem to fill the ancient halls.

14

And she kissed him—and they trembled through the gathered gloom around;
While the angry murmur deepened with a weirder, wilder sound.

15

And her tears fell on his forehead—from their places, one and all,
They can bear it now no longer—they are crashing, let them fall.

16

Love nor kisses would dispel them,—spells of tyrant paynim years!
Vain were smiles—but lo! the Christian hath baptized him with her tears.

C. PELHAM MULVANY.

THE CHURCH IN BRITAIN TO THE TIME OF AUGUSTIN.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

THE History of the Church in England, however loftier in its aim, and different in its materials, has this, at least, in common with secular history,—that it has its dark period. Our notions of this are dependent at the outset, on our knowledge of what the infancy of Christianity was in the Churches of which more authentic information has come down to us. However desirable it might appear to have been able to trace to its source the establishment of the faith amongst our forefathers, to have had it in our power to say positively that such or such an apostle was its founder in Great Britain; yet, as we *must*, there are doubtless reasons why we *may* acquiesce in the more doubtful light which has been granted us. For Christianity, when it first comes into notice there, is an established fact; we see it as an institution in full vigour, with all the members requisite to its harmony and perfection, in existence, at least, if not fully developed. We find its roots deeply buried in the past, so deeply that, allowing for the remoteness of the British Isles from the birth-place of Christianity, we could scarcely lay our finger on the annals of any year, even in the first century, and say positively that the seed of the word had not then been planted there. This, though it does not supply the want of authentic information respecting the earliest period in our Church's history, is, at least, some compensation for the absence of it; and as the fact of Christianity existing and flourishing in Britain at so remote a period is a sufficient

guarantee for the purity of its source, there is little which, as Christians, we need regret the loss of.

Remembering, then, that the history of our subject is not co-extensive with its existence, let us pass in rapid review the leading events, so far as they are accessible to enquiry, and endeavour to assign to each its position of relative importance. In doing this, it will be well to adopt the well known division, at once simple and philosophical, into External and Internal History. And inasmuch as the Church was dependent, in its earlier stages, upon the civil and political changes which surrounded it, the first five centuries of the Church in Britain naturally divide themselves into two periods,—that which preceded, and that which followed, the Anglo-Saxon invasion. The history of these two periods, treated *externally*, would comprise the relations of the British to foreign Churches, whether friendly or hostile; *internally*, its chief topics would be its persecutions, heresies, and their consequences.

Comparing Augustin's age with the preceding, we shall next notice the leading features of the British Church at the time of his mission, under which head some of the main points will be: 1st, its position, relatively, to the Anglo-Roman Church established by him, and to the pagan population of Great Britain; and 2nd, its organization, as proposed and as carried out by him, including a sketch of the state of the monastic system at that period.

To consider these points somewhat in order—

I. In place of the obscure question, when and by whom was Christianity first planted in Britain? we have the means of determining with great probability the more important one, whence it came, whether from the east or west of Christendom. The most decisive evidence we possess on this point, is the controversy which so long raged between the Eastern and Western Churches, concerning the time of the celebration of Easter. In this respect, the practice of the British Church was clearly on the side of the former; indeed, the dissensions arising out of this question in England itself for a long time, as we shall see, retarded the union of the British and Anglican Christians. Apart from the merits of the case there can be no doubt that the Eastern, or, as it may be called, the Judaic practice, had the plea of antiquity in its favour. This fact is admitted by Wilfrid, the spokesman of the Catholic or orthodox party, in the discussion which took place at Whitby, on the question of Easter, A. D. 664. He there allows that St. John did, as asserted on the opposite side, celebrate the festival after the Jewish mode of computation, and defends the apostle for so doing, on the ground

that his object was to avoid offending Jewish* prejudices. Wilfrid then proceeds to quote the traditional authority of S. S. Peter and Paul, in favour of the practice adopted by the Roman and other Churches, but without prejudice to the claim of antiquity for the Jewish method. It may be inferred, not unfairly, from this agreement between the British and Eastern Churches on the Easter question, that Christianity came to Britain, not from a Roman, or even an European, but from an Asiatic source; and, as Gildas asserts that there were Christians in the Island as early as the time of Tiberius, the foundation of the truth may safely be said to have been laid there in the Apostolic age. Possessing, as we do, no contemporary historian,† the notices of the Church at this period which have come down to us, are few, but quite in accordance with what has been said above. We find, for example, British Bishops independent of, and in a position of recognized equality with their foreign brethren, at the earliest Councils, as at Arles, A. D. 314, and Sardica, 347, and probably also at Nice. This fact implies the existence, at these dates, of regular ecclesiastical organization in Britain, and the recognition of her Church by others; and for both these results, a considerable time must have elapsed since Christianity was first planted in the Island. Again, Bede‡ records the tradition of a British King having sent, in the time of the Emperor M. Aurelius, to ask of the Bishop of Rome, admission into the Christian Church. The chronological difficulties involved show that no historical value can be attached to the story; but it may be held to imply the existence, at a very early period, of friendly relations between the British and foreign Churches. But, as might be expected from a people just emerging from barbarism, the fathers of the British Church had not learning sufficient to enable them to cope successfully with the subtleties of heretical teaching, so that we find them at the mercy of Pelagius, and obliged to invoke the aid of foreign divines, in order to refute his dogmas. Hence, we infer that the British Church had a true appreciation of her own position. She looked upon herself as the equal of her continental sisters in ecclesiastical status, and possessed independent representative rights of her own in Councils deliberative on the common affairs of Christendom; but, at the same time, she acknowledged with deference, and was not ashamed to avail herself of, the greater intellectual advantages which

* Bede, *Ecll. Hist.* iii, 25. "Judaizante adhuc in multis ecclesia, nec subito valentibus apostolis omnem legis observantiam, quæ a Deo instituta est, abdicare.

† The scantiness of information respecting the early British Church is deplored by Bingham,—*Antiquities*, bk. ix, cap. 6, section 9.

‡ *Ecll. Hist.* i, 4.

closer intercourse with the centre of civilization had conferred on continental Churches.

2. Passing on, now, from the external relations of the Church in Britain, let us proceed to notice the leading features of its internal condition before the age of Augustin. There is no reason to suppose that the growth of Christianity in Britain received any serious check during the first three centuries, that is, until the reign of Diocletian. For the genius of polytheism, especially maintained as it was during the Empire, from motives rather of expediency than belief, was generally tolerant of other religions, so long as they did not aspire to rivalry with itself; and to this we may add the obvious policy which would avoid unnecessary exasperation of popular feeling in a newly-conquered and remote province. But the existence of a strong popular feeling in its favour must imply that Christianity was pretty generally professed in Great Britain at the time of the Roman invasions; that is, during the first two centuries. And there is no reason to doubt that such was the fact, at least in the latter part of this period, if the number of Christians bore any proportion to that of the Christian Bishops in the age preceding the Anglo-Saxon conquest. For seven British prelates* met and discussed the objects of his mission with Augustin, shortly after his landing; and inasmuch as the greater part of the population had by that time relapsed into paganism, if we allow for the whole Island in the previous age, a number proportionate to that of the Bishops of Western Britain then assembled, we shall have a total greater even than at present.† This general profession of Christianity by the British, if true at the time of the later Roman invasions,—that of Severus, for example,—can, indeed, hardly date so early as Claudius; but the new *superstition* had not at that time attracted much notice at Rome itself; and we may well suppose the smallness of their number to have afforded the Christians an equal guarantee of safety in the more remote provinces of the Empire. During the reign of Nero, which might have been thought likely to form an exception to this tranquility, the Roman power itself was on the decline in Britain; besides which an abundant supply of victims was found in Rome to satisfy the imperial craving for shrieks of agony and the flare of human torches. It was, moreover, against the Druids, not against the Christians, that the efforts of Suetonius Paulinus were especially directed, the Island of Mona being, in fact, the nucleus of opposition to the Roman arms. The same policy seems to have been followed by the Romans in subsequent invasions; conquest was their object, and, this secured, the religion of the inhabitants was not, as a

* Be'e, ii, 2.

† cf. Bingham, Ant. Bk. ix, c. 6, § 20.

rule, interfered with. There are, accordingly, no traces of persecution in Britain during the reign of Adrian, although he took active measures to suppress the new faith in other parts of the Empire, where either the numbers or the attitude of the Christians were deemed formidable. We have an intimation, but no more,* of disquiet in the British Church, in the reign of M. Aurelius, from which time it appears to have enjoyed uninterrupted tranquility, down to the time of Diocletian; and it is between these two periods that its most rapid development may be supposed to have taken place. The last named Emperor, besides being no less intolerant of Christianity on its own account, in Britain than in the other Provinces, was, no doubt, especially incensed against the British, on account of a revolt having recently broken out among them, under the leadership of Carausius, who, with his rival and successor, Allectus, successfully resisted the Roman arms for ten years (A. D. 287—296). For Carausius, a man of low birth,† and dependent for popularity solely on his military talents, would, doubtless, on a matter so indifferent to him as the merits or demerits of rival forms of religious belief, have supported Christianity if its adherents were numerous, or tolerated it under any circumstances. The persecution which followed the suppression, by the Romans, of this insurrection, warrants us in believing that Christianity was widely professed in Britain at the time, whether or not the Emperor regarded that form of superstition parallel to Druidism in a past generation, as the stronghold of rebellion. An extensive defection had taken place amongst the British; large numbers of them professed the Christian faith, the professors of which had long been regarded in high quarters as the bitterest enemies of the human race; therefore, let them suffer, at least, in common with their pagan brethren, whose religion, at any rate, could not have led them into rebellion. And so the remonstrances of kind-hearted Constantius, against this act of wanton cruelty, were unavailing; the edict for extirpation was passed, and must be carried into effect. This great persecution, which spared neither age nor sex, though its date is not accurately fixed,‡ seems to have lasted a considerable time. At its cessation, the British Church

* Bede, i, 4.

† Gibbon's Decline and Fall, c. 13.

‡ It has been placed by some authorities during the alienation of Britain from the Romans above noticed; but, as the Island was recovered before Diocletian's first edict against the Christians at Rome, and the persecution is always associated with his name, so early a date seems hardly probable. For the chronology of St. Alban's martyrdom, consult the History of the Abbey, by Dr. Nicolson, late Rector of St. Alban's.

enjoyed peace for the next quarter of a century, till the irruption of a complication of heresies in the train of Arianism.

As Constantius had seen the most violent attack which had yet assailed the Church from without, so it was reserved for his son Constantine, in the next generation, to witness the still more dangerous, because less palpable, attack directed against her from within, under the form of the Arian heresy. The magnitude of this danger to the Church at large, is sufficiently proved by the fact of its reaching, thus early, the British shores; and though the true faith triumphed at Nice, the evil efforts of such a schism could not be thereby entirely obviated. For the baneful precedent had been established that the truth could be successfully called in question, and thus encouragement was given to other aspirants for worldly advantage or notoriety, to follow in the steps of Arius, who might have shrunk from taking the initiative themselves in such an aggression. The disturbed state of the Church in Britain, consequent on this heresy, seems to have reached its climax in the teaching of Morgan or Pelagius, about half a century later, on which occasion, as was above noticed, application was made to the Gallic Church to help in settling the points under dispute between the Pelagian and orthodox parties. Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, was twice sent over to England for this purpose, accompanied on the first occasion by Lupus, and on the second, by Severus; and his mission seems to have had the desired effect in suppressing the heresy, both by the refutation and banishment of its promoters. But a rude shock had been given to the Church. Moral corruption followed in the wake of heresy; erroneous opinions had been authoritatively suppressed, but the love of many waxed cold, thorns sprang up and in due time seemed well nigh to choke the good seed. There was, outwardly, peace between the Christian and heathen camps; but within the Church's pale there was coldness and languor where all had formerly been warm-heartedness and strength; the embers of division, too, were still smouldering, and might at any time break out afresh. Vital Christianity was not dead, but dormant; and this, in a general way, sufficiently indicates the state of the British Church, between the outbreak of the Pelagian heresy and the Saxon invasion.

The storm was now gathering, from the devastation of which the Church was to rise, purged, at least, from her grosser impurities, and by the infusion of fresh blood, so to speak, was to commence her course anew, for the achievement of further victories, and the permanent establishment of her power. Disasters from without, produced, as usual, by political changes, were the first means to this end, and the leading events of this series were: first, the withdrawal of the Roman protection from

Britain; secondly, the inroads of the Picts and Scots; and thirdly, the arrival of the Anglo-Saxons. The last of these events places us in connection, though at a considerable interval, with the circumstances of Augustin's mission, and the revival of the British Church under his auspices; and the other two, in their relation to our main subject, also demand a brief notice.

(1). The tardy justice done to Christianity by the religion or policy of Constantine and his successors, could not avert the impending doom of barbarous invasion with which the Empire had long been threatened. The forces which had in more prosperous times kept foreign provinces in subjection, had now been recalled to duties nearer home; but their efforts were at last ineffectual for the defence of Rome itself. It was after the great Gothic invasion that Roman protection was gradually, but surely, withdrawn from Britain and its Church. The Romans were no longer able to combine the maintenance of so remote a province with safety to their nearer possessions, and it was only the importunity of the British that retarded their final withdrawal, and caused occasional renewal of their aid against the formidable enemies by whom the island was now assailed.

(2). These were the Picts and Scots, who began, towards the close of the fourth century, to infest the northern part of Britain. The Scots were immigrants from Ireland, and appeared to have joined the Picts soon after the settlement of the latter. Their united forces were almost uniformly successful against the British; they were equally formidable by land and sea, and their warfare was singularly cruel and merciless. This cannot be called a persecution of Christianity in any other sense* than the Roman supremacy in Britain may be said to have been its safeguard. The Romans aimed at dominion merely; and, this secured, the religion, no less than the persons of a subject people, fell naturally under their protection. The Picts and Scots, on the other hand, aimed at occupation, or, at least, spoliation of the conquered territory, which, of course, implied the expulsion or extermination of its former inhabitants; and Christianity was naturally involved in the common ruin. It had been better, perhaps, for the purity of the Church, if the efforts of the invaders had been directly levelled against religion: for, in that case, zeal would have been awakened, and the Church set free from the incum

* Perhaps scarcely to the same extent, inasmuch as the faith had been propagated among the Southern Picts, by Ninias, several years before their latest and most destructive inroads; so that some of the invaders may have themselves professed Christianity, whilst carrying on a war of extermination against their British co-religionists.

brance of merely nominal professors. As it was, Christianity suffered only in common with paganism; the inroads of the Picts and Scots were in no sense crusades, nor their victims martyrs to the cause of truth. The religion of Christ would, therefore, to a superficial observer of that age, be reduced to a level with other forms of belief. As outwardly its professors fared no better than others, so an impression might be produced that its intrinsic merits were no greater; and thus the number of those who proved its superiority by their lives, would naturally diminish. The really faithful, who, in prosperous times, bear so small a proportion, so far as fruit may warrant an inference, to the nominal believers, would be firm to their allegiance still; whilst the larger class would insensibly lose the characteristics they may have formerly possessed of outward observance and morality, and thus practically relapse to paganism. Such, in the absence of more historical details respecting the Church in this age, may fairly be presumed to have been the effect upon it of the Pict-Scottish invasions in those parts of Britain which were either subject to, or apprehensive of their ravages.

(3). And we have only to enlarge the area of this declension of vital Christianity, in order to gain a tolerably correct idea of the immediate effects produced by the arrival of the Anglo-Saxon invaders. These barbarians were only called over into Britain on the final withdrawal of the Romans, after the confessed inability or manifest unwillingness of the latter to waste their legions in ceaseless contests with the Picts and Scots, which were attended neither with gain nor glory to those who shed their blood in the cause. Reduced to extremities, the British, in despair, called in these foreign auxiliaries. On their arrival, the Picts were successfully repulsed; but the British found that they had put their necks under a heavier yoke, in the persons of their new allies, who had no idea of resigning all further interest in the land they had been summoned to defend. The natives discovered, too late, that they had only changed masters, with this difference: that their bondage was now permanent, instead of intermittent; of almost universal extent, instead of being confined to particular portions of the Island. The Germans, increasing in numbers, drove the natives gradually before them into the southern and western corners of Britain. They carried their religion with them, and thus it, too, was confined, and continued for some time within these narrow limits. Christian zeal may have been rekindled by these external calamities, or its warmth may have been more intense in proportion as it was less diffuse. At all events, the organization of the Church seems to have sustained no injury; its leavening and germinating powers lay within small compass, apparently dormant, but ready for

any coming changes which might once more call them into activity. During the whole, indeed, of this disastrous period, the interests of the British Church, as such, would seem to have suffered less than the civil and political overthrow of the British themselves might have led us to expect. For, although the war of extermination carried on by their treacherous allies seemed at first to have taken, at least partially, the form of persecution;* yet there were, even then, causes at work which tended primarily to the toleration, and then necessarily to the extension of Christianity. These causes were, mainly, the friendships which soon sprang up between the Picts and Saxons, and the propagation of Christianity amongst the former, who were made acquainted with it early in the fifth century, through the preaching of the British missionary, Ninias. It is to be regretted that the history of the latter movement has not come down to us more in detail; but it was certainly both important and successful. Many Episcopal sees were founded, though their several names have not been preserved. The contact of the Saxons with Christianity, so little practically understood as it was among the barbarous Picts, resulted, no doubt, in toleration, inquiry, and further propagation of the faith; and a way was thus opened, at a further stage of which the banner of the cross was successfully planted amongst the Saxons themselves, in the following century.

The obstacles to the northward spread of Christianity amongst the Picts seems to have been greater on account of the inaccessible nature of the country, so that it was not introduced by Columba among the Northern Picts till a hundred and fifty years after it had been preached by Ninias in the Lowlands.

Another predisposing cause in favour of Christianity in the Saxon mind, before its formal establishment among that people in Britain, was the knowledge of its principles which they had acquired by intercourse with the kindred nations of continental Europe, many of whom professed Christianity in the fifth century. Foremost of these were the Franks, a people which exercised the most lasting influence upon the British Church. We have seen the Pelagian heresy suppressed by the mediation of the Gallic Church; the acceptance of the faith by the Saxons was considerably furthered from the same quarter. The friendship between Gaul and Britain was cemented by the marriage of the Gallic Princess Bertha to King Ethelbert. This took place, most probably, as early as the year 570, but a few years after the conversion of the

* This seems to be implied by Bede (Eccl. Hist. i, 15) in the expression, "passim sacerdotes inter altaria trucidabantur."

northern Picts by Columba; so that the chain of circumstances favourable to the establishment of a Saxon Church in Britain, or, as we may, at last, call it, the Church of England, continued unbroken, almost from the first landing of the German invaders on its shores. Between the marriage of Bertha to Ethelbert and the arrival of Augustin, a period of twenty-seven years, there was something like a regular Christian establishment in the kingdom of Kent: for a Gallic bishop and his suite had been allowed to accompany the new Queen to England, and an old Roman Church at Canterbury, then in a dilapidated state, was put into repair for her use, and affords, most probably, the earliest instance on record of church restoration. We are warranted by these facts, in supposing that some converts were made amongst her husband's subjects, through Bertha's influence; and thus a partial knowledge of the principles of Christianity would, probably, be imparted to the neighbouring kingdoms. In this way, a great obstacle to its subsequent acceptance by the Saxons, was removed. Christianity was no longer an unknown or baneful superstition, whose credentials had to be jealously examined before Augustin could be allowed to set foot upon our shores; not unknown, for it was, in a manner, the established religion of the court; not baneful, for it was professed by the Princess, whose virtue and piety were as conspicuous as her position nearest to the throne of Ethelbert. In fact, the true faith had begun to reassert its natural supremacy, before it was formally offered to the Saxons. In theology, no less than in the more exact sciences, wonder and enquiry, as a matter of course, precede, but, no less certainly, lead to acceptance of the truth. And this advantage must be taken into account in estimating Augustin's success. At the period now reached, immediately before his arrival, the Church in Britain may be roughly classified as consisting of:—1st, the native British Church, confined within comparatively narrow limits, but comprising nearly the whole of the modern Welsh counties, together with Cornwall, Somerset, and part of Devonshire; 2nd, the Scottish Church, an offshoot from the British, but not identical with it; and 3rd, the small congregation at Canterbury, a nucleus for the propagation of Christianity throughout the Saxon dominions.

(To be continued.)

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

From the French of Bénédicte de Révoil.

IN TWO PARTS.

I.

A Russian gentleman and myself were conversing, some months past, at a ball of the Hôtel-de-Ville, in the embrasure of a window, on the mildness of the temperature of the month of February, 1867, in which we were.

"You are very happy," said he to me, "to enjoy in your country, such a fine winter; it is not so in Russia, then the wolves are taking their fill—O the wolves!"

"The wolves, the wolves; I bet those voracious monsters have played you some villanous trick," said I to my companion.

"True enough, you are not deceived."

"Zounds, let us hear it."

"Willingly, if it will interest you."

My friend Arthur A... and Charles de P... grouped themselves on one of the sofas in a saloon far enough from the dancers, that the sounds of the orchestra should reach us only in a distant murmur; and M. de Geroskoff began in these words.

It was in Gallicia, in the neighbourhood of Lembourg, where my sister Aninia and myself were on a visit to the Countess Labanoff. We had hardly passed the half of the time that our parents had fixed for us, when we received the sad news that my father had fallen suddenly and dangerously ill.

The regret of our amiable hostess, who parted unwillingly with my sister Aninia and whom she regarded already as her daughter-in-law, could not retain us—we decided to go without delay and to continue our road even during the night; the snow had ceased to fall, it was bright moonlight, and our driver, my father's old chasseur, was a man of consummate experience. Wrapped in furs, and provided with eatables, we got into our sleigh. We reached before night the great forest which separated us from the paternal mansion, and which extended to a great distance in the direction of Lithuania, to reunite itself with the immense forest of that country.

The road that we followed was so broad that the shade of the trees did not hinder the rays of the full moon from lighting us. But the quantity of lumps of ice and snow with which the road was filled, made it too

bad for us to go as fast as we wished. Our horses were excessively fatigued. Each kept silence, which was interrupted only by the trot of the horses and the snoring of the lady's maid in a deep sleep. My thoughts were with my sick father. I did not hide from myself that, because of his great age, there would likely be danger; that this danger did even exist; for without it, he would not have recalled us before the time fixed.

Aninia, on her side, did not feel disposed for conversation. Her soul was divided between two sentiments; we approached each minute this venerated father, on whose state she made reflexions analogous to mine, whilst she was at the same time going further and further from her betrothed.

It was already near midnight, and no extraordinary incident had as yet interrupted our voyage, when suddenly our horses began to show an unusual inquietude. They panted and they began to run much quicker, without being excited by either word or whip. We had had these animals for several years, and they would not quit their usual gait but for some extraordinary motive. They appeared frightened, and often turned their head as if stimulated by an unknown power. Soon their leaps were more marked, and Kosko, our driver, was obliged to apply some strokes of the whip, which the poor beasts submitted to with inconceivable resistance.

Aninia was too profoundly preoccupied to give the least attention to the horses; but I, who knew their habits, felt myself singularly moved: I began to foresee some extraordinary incident.

At this moment, the old Kosko appeared to me to be suffering some painful sentiment; he looked several times behind him, lent his ear with attention, then he suddenly gave the reins to the horses, who might follow their instinct and went off at once on the gallop.

I was seated in the front of the sleigh so close to the driver that my mouth was close to his ear.

"What is the matter with you, Kosko?" said I to him, low enough so that Aninia might not hear me, "you appear frightened and seem to partake of the uneasiness of the horses."

The old man reflected an instant, then replied to me scarcely moving his lips, "I fear the wolves are on our track; the cold has driven them out of the forests; hunger is leading them to us, and we are lost if the quickness of the horses does not save us from their murderous teeth."

I who speak to you, added M. de Geroskoff, interrupting his recital, have seen death under terrible forms, but neither the noise of cavalry charges nor murderous batteries have ever made such an impression as those words said at the hour of midnight, in those frozen solitudes,

far from human help. My first thought was for Aninia; I already saw her fine and delicate form torn by these devouring monsters. I had often been told of the tenacity and velocity with which the wolves pursued their prey. If our horses did not give in, we were saved, but I said to myself with a sort of certainty that their strength would be exhausted by the perseverance of the wolves, and that we should become the victims of these ferocious animals.

I had a hunting knife, a gun and two pistols; unfortunately my provision of powder and lead was so small that it would suffice to bring down but a few of our enemies.

Old Kosko pressed the horses on—useless labour; he had no need to excite them; the natural instinct of these poor animals made them better know the danger than we ourselves.

I was continually occupied in looking far behind us and listening in the silence of the night for the least noise which would give me the horrible certainty of our fate. Kosko had seen it and heard more surely than I; said he to me:

“They come, they come, do you not hear their cries and their gallop? Do you see that obscure point down there? There are more than a hundred.”

At the same instant, I recognized what the piercing sight of Kosko had discovered before mine.

A dark mass was moving on in a singular manner and approached nearer and nearer. They appeared to fly over the snow-covered plain; you could give no account of their steps and yet the troupe advanced in such a way that they threatened soon to pass our horses, whose strength began to weaken.

Terrible and savage sounds pierced the shades of night. They sometimes resembled growling, sometimes the dull and painful groanings of a man in danger whose cries they wish to stifle by violence.

Aninia doubted nothing yet; she was entirely occupied with her inquietudes and reveries. I could not, however, leave her any longer in ignorance of the danger which threatened us. Already I distinguished separate groups among these devouring monsters. Already several of them stepped out of the great body and approached us like a formidable *avant-garde* at the distance of a gun shot from our sleigh. I shouldered my gun and sighted the first of these monsters. “Lower you head” I cried, addressing Aninia, who appeared to arouse from a profound sleep.

She looked at me as if to question me, but it was easy to see from my figure that it was no time for explanation, so that she lowered her head mechanically.

The blow struck the largest and first of the wolves who was head of the rest; he fell.

The report had awakened the lady's maid, who screamed fearfully, persuaded that we were attacked by robbers.

"It is only the wolves," said Kosko to her, with a horrible calmness; "they will eat their fallen comrade. Behold us rid of our enemy, but a hundred other will remain our companions until"..... he did not continue, not wishing to reveal to the two women all the horrors of our situation.

The horses, animated by the sound of the shot, darted forward with new ardour whilst the wolves stopped around the carcass.

"That will not keep them long," murmured Kosko; "I know them, they will soon be anew on our heels and our horses will become their prey."

It was at this moment given me to admire Aninia's strength of mind, she occupied herself only with her waiting woman; consoling her, inducing her to resign herself and, above all, to place confidence in Him whose will alone would tame the savage beast. Throwing herself at the bottom of the sleigh, she exhorted the maid, who could not rally her ideas or pray; the unfortunate creature renewed her cries and lamentations, in cursing the unfortunate voyage she had undertaken.

The fine figure of Aninia, turned towards heaven, was lightened by the rays of the moon. It was like a glory, her hands were joined and she prayed with a low voice, but with perfect calmness, and her mind appearing not the least troubled by her imminent peril. Her example encouraged me and gave me hope.

I renewed the charge in my gun that I held ready. The horses were striving to escape from their cruel enemies, but at the same instant we heard anew the noise of the troupe of wolves, and I soon perceived some of these monsters who advanced before the others and who turned towards us with their bloody jaws.

A second shot knocked over the boldest. I hoped then, I believed even that by the repeated halt of these ferocious animals besides the carcasses which they devoured, we should be able to attain the limits of the forest or some habitation.

Helas! how ill founded were my calculations; this time some seconds sufficed to the wolves to devour their comrade; I had hardly time to load anew before they were again behind our sleigh.

"Your efforts are useless," whispered Kosko in my ear; "the horses will soon give in and then we will be lost."

In fact we already remarked that they slackened in their efforts. Their breathing became more and more panting, their step unequal—they did

all they could because they knew that it was only the greatest haste would save them, but their strength became more and more exhausted. Several times already, one after the other, they flagged, and then, if they aroused themselves, it was by a desperate effort.

We found ourselves in a horrible position, and if I trembled, it was not for myself but Aninia.

I knocked over some others of our enemies, but their losses no longer stopped them in their course : they were now entirely behind us ; their growling became more distinct—I perceived their bloody jaws, their terrible teeth, their thirsty and dripping tongues, and their eyes which shot forth flames.

What a hideous horde ! it makes one shudder. I had no more powder ; I possessed no other arms to defend myself against these furious wolves than my two pistols, which were not discharged, my hunting knife and the butt end of my gun.

Kosko had remarked all that. " There remains to us yet one hope," said he, " I remember having seen, when we passed here, a hunter's cabin which ought not to be far from here, if we manage to reach it, we may be saved. In the contrary case, the wolves will devour us and assuage their wild hunger with our bodies. Sir," continued he, in a trembling voice, " if this misfortune happens us, you have loaded pistols. Oh ! then be charitable, give to your dear sister a quick death, that she may not have to suffer a slow and cruel agony under the teeth of the cursed wolves."

I looked with stupor on this old servant ; a tear rolled down his furrowed cheeks, he gave me a sign with his head to affirm the terrible sense of his words.

Never shall I forget that moment. An icy coldness stole over me ; I looked at the mild and charming figure of my sister, and raising my eyes to heaven with despair, it appeared that help could come only miraculously from above, for this innocent and pious being, who in her resignation to the will of God, forgot all the dangers which surrounded her.

Suddenly we saw on two sides of us our bloody enemies, I remarked they smelt the contents of the sleigh and appeared to reconnoitre before attacking it.

In this imminent danger, I felt despair seize my heart. My left hand grasped the pistol, and with an uncertain look I sought in the head of my sister the place where death would most surely and promptly come, then I turned away with an inexpressible horror at the thought of this fratricide. My ideas became confused, my feeble reason vacillated like the flame of a candle exposed to a hard wind.

My right hand had mechanically drawn the hunting knife; a veil of blood seemed drawn before my eyes, and through this veil I saw Aninia who prayed; I perceived the famished wolves and the immense plain of snow.

It was then that one of the animals approached the sleigh, making a terrible bound to introduce himself, but my knife reached him in full breast, and he fell rolling over the side.

Aninia fainted and fell over her maid, who had long been insensible.

"Well aimed," cried the old Kosko, with a reanimated voice; "spare your powder, use only your knife and the butt of your gun! I see already the cabin! Sustain the combat a few instants longer and we are saved!"

At this moment the bloody mist fell from my eyes and I returned to reason. Kosko whipped the horses without mercy; the poor animals made one more effort, they appeared to foresee that it was the last service that they should render to their masters and they wished to put forth all their remaining strength.

I had replaced, in the meantime, my pistol in the pocket of my coat, and stood ready knife in hand.

(*To be continued.*)

ON THE RECEIPT OF TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM."

I.

My thanks are yours. Where'er I am
The Laureate's spirit, anguish tossed,
For one so loved, so early lost,
Recurrerth "in Memoriam."

II.

When the big tear-drop dims the eye,
When freezing sorrow chills the heart,
That cords by friendship twined must part,
All sundered, save in memory——:

III.

Memory of lost and loved, the last
Slow fading twilight of the grave,
Faint echo of the stranded wave,
Thin phantom of the buried past!

IV.

Let other mottoes gild the shrine,
To virtue raised, whose home is earth;
Love of lost friends, of nobler birth,
Be "In Memoriam" ever thine!

O. M.

A PLEA FOR A NEGLECTED ART.

ONE would almost suppose that in these days, of which we, with a little self-praise, are wont to boast as the most intellectual and every way advanced which the world has yet seen, a neglected art would be hard to discover. One would almost aver that no sooner would it be recognized as an art, than it would be raised aloft into the scrutinizing light of modern intelligence, and established above neglect; and in the case of an art which was not only recognized as an art, but still further as one every way practical, one would be ready *a priori* and "*a fortiori*" to maintain that the neglect was only apparent. But *a priori* arguments must bow to those that are "*a posteriori*."

The art of which I speak is Reading. I have no doubt that to many it will seem absurd to speak of the neglect of the art of reading, in the face of the educational statistics which are periodically issued in most civilized counties, and from which we learn that the number of those who can read is constantly assuming far larger proportions, relatively to those who cannot read. The fact shown by these statistics is exceedingly gratifying to those who watch with interest the steady onward progress of mankind, but the inference drawn from the fact is to some extent a fallacy. There is a slight confusion of ideas introduced by it.

There is a confusion of quantity with quality. It is assumed that because a comparatively greater number read now-a-days than read ten or twenty years ago, therefore it is an error to speak of reading as a neglected art. This way of stating it, however, leaves out of view the possibility of only the same or a less degree of excellence, even though there are more readers. It is quite possible the quality of the reading may have remained the same as when there were fewer readers, it may even have grown worse. A comparison will illustrate my meaning. There are, I suppose, many more stained-glass windows manufactured now than there were in the 15th century; yet we are assured that the quality even of the best that can be manufactured now, is very far below that of mediæval times.

The fact is that reading is not studied as an *art*. There is even a prejudice against regarding it as an art. It is taught simply as a means, and never, except in rare cases, as an end in itself. Possibly this may be the view of it which leads to most direct use; but I think that in the end it is a great mistake.

Reading seems to be taught simply as a means of ascertaining what has been printed in books or witten in M. S. This can, of course, be

ascertained without the utterance of any voice ; and practically the way that reading is taught seems based altogether upon the idea that any management of the voice has nothing to do with. The only reason that boys are made to read aloud, in most cases, is for the teacher's sake, but not that they may be taught to manage their voices. The conveyance of ideas from the page to the brain is all that is assumed necessary. I do not say that this is the explanation that most men would give, if they were asked to make an explicit statement of what they understand by reading, but I do say that this is the current floating opinion as implied by their practice. And I also say that this practice does not cover one half that ground that belongs to the art of reading. And further, that even in those narrow limits which are assigned to it, there is a great loss from not proposing higher ends. According to the old proverb, "He shoots higher who aims at the moon, than he who aims at a tree."

This subject has recently attracted considerable attention. Early in the past year it was discussed in the English literary papers, the scent being given them by the establishment of prizes for reading in the University of Cambridge. It was amusing to observe the differing opinions which were urged in different quarters, as to the advisability of these prizes ; and the differing grounds on which the opinions were based. Some objected, on the ground that the University was going out of her established way, and that it was beneath her proper dignity to give prizes for so artificial an acquirement. Others gravely asserted that the introduction of prizes for reading was simply the introduction of a premium for humbug ; and they foresaw in it the loss of English honesty and bluntness. The Saturday Review, on the whole, approved of the measure, and for a characteristic reason : It would not be unite such a bore—they argued—when the clergy were taught properly to read, to go to church ; for the chances would be in favour, then, of the service being intelligibly read, and of the sermon not being shuffled through.

We, in this country, are perhaps inclined to place more importance upon a correct practice of reading aloud than is the case in England. The reason of this may not be hard to discover. It lies, I believe, in a difference of national character. The English character has more of that quietness and disregard of everything that may be looked on as showiness, which belongs to conscious and proved solidity and worth. It is essentially undemonstrative. From the nature of the case, the Americans—in which term I include both the peoples on either side of our great lakes—are necessarily more self-assertive and demonstrative. And hence, comes that tendency which is to be repressed as far as possible, to regard external accomplishment as of equal if not greater importance

than inner work and learning, which estimates the value of everything by its effect in drawing attention to its possessor.

But yet I have never met with anyone who thought that we have even begun to approach the proper standard in this matter. There is a very simple test in the power of everybody. Everyone will admit that there is a strange power of commanding attention and drawing out sympathy in the tones of the human voice. Every one will admit that when this power is added to that of beautiful composition and poetic pathos, its sway should be proportionately enlarged. Yet, let any one select any well known poet, with the meaning and force and suggestiveness of which he is well acquainted; let him take any ten or more of his friends, each supposed to be equally familiar with the poem, and ask them in turn to read the passage; I am very much mistaken if he will not, at the end of the reading, have come to the conclusion that every one in the ten has robbed the piece of much of its beauty and weakened it of much of its power. Let any one who thinks I am stating the case too strongly apply this easy test to his own experience. Or take another test which is perhaps more conclusive. Our clergy constitute one of the most highly educated classes of the country; and should therefore be fair representatives of its readers. And not only so, but they are the only one of the highly educated classes who, by profession, are public readers; and therefore they ought to be the very best representatives of the country's best readers. And how stands the case? My own experience is this. I shall take the past ten years only. During that time I have, on nearly every Sunday, heard two (occasionally one, sometimes three) services of the Church of England. These services were not in any one or two churches; but took place in different towns and churches in every quarter of Canada, from Tadoussac to Sandwich. And of the whole number of clergymen who took part in them, considerably over a hundred, I do not think there were five who really brought out as it may be brought out, the dignity, tenderness, simplicity, fervour, and fulness of our unparalleled service. I do not think there were five; I am not certain there were two. I leave out, as not necessary to be stated, what proportion of them were positively offensive to educated ears and good taste.

It may be worth while to consider for a moment, the objections that are sometimes urged against a more thorough cultivation of reading as an *art*. And let me observe in passing, that they are alleged against the acquisition of the art rather than against the practice of the art when once acquired. This of itself shows their weakness. These objections assume a moral tone. They are very often advanced as expressions of a feeling similar to that of the English objector, who dreaded the loss of

English honesty and blunt sincerity. They start with the major premiss that all simulation of feelings—and no matter what the purpose of the simulation—blunts the fine perception of truthfulness and sincerity. To this is added the minor, that those who cultivate reading as an art must often simulate an unreal feeling. And then as a necessary conclusion, which for the most part is all that is expressed, they assert that the study of reading as an art must remove the fine point of a man's sincerity. I do not think that it is hard to point out the fallacy of this argument. In the first place, however, it applies to only a small part of the subject. Even if there is any force in it at all, it can only be as alleged against that kind of reading which aims at *representing* feelings and emotions. This consideration will confine the objection to very narrow limits. And even within these limits I deny the assumption of simulation contained in the premiss. I hold that this simulation of feeling, at a very early stage, passes into sympathy of feeling, and that simulation, in its proper sense, there is none. If there were, it would become so apparent to the listeners, that its bad effect would very quickly induce the reader to be real. When a reader is giving us the narrative of some pitiable event, or is representing to us the pathos of some heart-rending sorrow, then in proportion as he successfully appears moved by the feeling of his story, is his pathos based on a real natural sympathy which converts it into a real natural pathos. As before, I speak from my own experience. Whenever I have in any measure succeeded in calling up pity, or exciting regret, or rousing any other emotion in my listeners, it has only been because I felt—not merely appeared to feel—in a corresponding degree, the same emotion. In one word, we *sympathized*.

Another objection commonly urged is, that the subject is not practical. It is said that when once you are able to master the contents of a page, you have gained all that is practical in reading, and farther study is simply wasted time. I am almost inclined to meet this objection with a simple denial. It is not true that you have gained all that is practical. But this objection only stands at all by narrowing the practical into very small space. If it means that you can expect to get no tangible return which you might carry about in your pocket-book, or leave with your banker, I admit its truth, except in the case of the very small number who may adopt public reading as a business. And I must admit that with a lamentably large number, this is the test of what is practical. But to those with a higher standard (and such I pre-suppose are the readers of the "Lennoxville") this objection has little weight; and it is so readily disposed of by a consideration of the advantages of an artistic study of reading, that I shall rather turn to them, than attempt, formally, to disprove it.

The first advantage which occurs to me—I take them as they come, not in any supposed order of merit—is the acquisition of improved mental eye-sight. The skilled reader has his power of vision magnified; and just as the telescope brings before the gaze of the astronomer planets and stars, which eluded his unassisted eye, although they were there all the while, so the skilled reader sees, in every page and in every sentence, much that the eye of another would never detect or else pass over as unmeaning. To the one there is, as the case may be, pathos in a comma, humour in a parenthesis, sadness in a colon, and mirth in a dash; to the other these marks are just commas and colons, and devices of the printer. To the one, inverted commas may, on occasion, be very grins of laughter, lurking in the page—to the other they are only a sign that the writer is borrowing an idea, and has the honesty to confess it. There are countless little advantages which the eye of the artistic reader gives him. There is no danger of any idea ever being expressed too clearly in print. Every body knows how expression loses in clearness, in being transferred to paper, i. e. every body who writes Magazine articles. It is astonishing to those who know it, how ideas, which, in the brain are so distinct that they seem like a new mintage, when put on paper have lost their edginess, and are rounded off, and have faded away, down a perspective of modifying clauses and parenthetical phrases. Now bringing the main idea back into prominence, through these intervening subordinate clauses, is just the test which tells who is the man of skill, and who is the ordinary reader. The one will give you a due subordination of clause to clause, a proper allotment of emphasis, a right modulation for each modifying idea, until at the end, the one main idea is as one impression on your mind. The other, in reading the same sentence, will give you a series of *disjecta membra*, clauses thrown together with no apparent connexion, united only by neighbourhood, until you are left to make use of your logic, before you can determine what was the point. And he may or may not see the point himself: it all depends upon his logic being better than his reading. Any one who has thought upon the subject will admit that I am not overstating the case; and yet all this comes from the bad reader, by which I mean the ordinary reader, i. e. nine out of every ten readers, never having acquired the necessary rules of their art. Now this is in the highest degree practical.

Another advantage which comes from an artistic study of reading, is the formation of a habit of immediate mental analysis. It strengthens the reasoning faculty, it improves the power of mental arrangement and division. I assert this after comparing the result of my own experience with that of others. It should be an important part of every boy's edu-

cation; and it is so in the States. No one can become a finished reader who has not considerable power of analysis; and I know no more useful mode of strengthening this power. Of course the rules of analysis must be taught apart from reading; but the habitual use of those rules is best procured by their spontaneous exercise in reading; for every reader who knows what he is about, must analyze each sentence as he reads it.

There are many other things I could say on this subject, and many anecdotes I might give of readers, bad and good. Hints I could give to those who would take them, by which they, too, might pass into the ranks of *readers* and leave their spelling behind them; but my pen was commanded to post over only so many pages, and then make way for fresh stagers. Already the end of my stage is in sight, the hostler (i. e. editor) ready to receive the panting horses, and send the fresh ones off. But before the footman blows his horn, there is a level space for a last spurt—one other advantage I will speak of before I throw the reins over the horses' necks and get down from the box. In being able to read aloud effectively, what a fund of resource there is for the long winter evenings. No doubt this is very much greater when you have a sweet, sonorous voice; but that is not necessary. A poor voice may do a great deal. I have seen people who were not over easy to move, drawn to tears and mournful faces, or choked with laughter and roaring with merriment, and both by a voice that had not much either of compass, or tone, or flexibility. A moderate amount of attention and study will enable any one to reproduce such scenes around his own hearth-stone; and anybody who chooses to give the subject this necessary study, may see his sisters' and his brothers' faces slowly grow mournful and long, as they listen to his reading of sorrow and suffering, or, on the brighter side, curl up into smiles, and break into broad-faced laughter, as he reads of fun and frolic. Happy Christmas evenings! when the tale goes round, and sympathizing ears listen to the words of sympathetic voices.

A. G. L. T.

“SUB NOCTEM SUSURRI.”

One by one, from the mountain's head,
 Rays of the parting sun have fled;
 As above the world in the veiling clouds
 Its highest glories genius shrouds.
 One by one, in flickering beams,
 Fixed stars lie pictured in the streams ;
 As the thoughts and hopes of a brighter sphere
 Drop but their shadowy image here.
 One by one, when each sense is asleep
 Soothed by the gloom and the silence deep,
 When slow in the sky the night clouds roll,
 The voices celestial speak to the soul.
 I used to think, when those voices weird
 In the music of silence, like speech appeared,
 That their words were more than waking dreams,
 Illusive as a firefly's gleams.
 I used to fancy the soul's ideal
 Could e'er be bounded by the real,
 That the archetypes of truth or love
 Stoop among mortals from above.
 No ! Ill on canvass stained—defaced
 Our dreams of loveliness are traced ;
 Ill with the peasant's cot accord
 The mimicked splendours of his lord.
 Dull, by the streams of Babylon,
 The sun on Israel's daughters shone ;
 A Cato's soul could ill consort
 With fawning minions of a court ;
 From dreary days and sunless skies
 Homeward the bird of passage flies ;
 And turning to her native rills
 The gentle Undine mourned her ills :—
 So from the world, its change, its sin, its woe,
 Our proud aspirings to perfection go ;
 Yearnings of eve by busy day are driven
 To seek the genial atmosphere of heaven,
 And from the pure at times, the vile forever,
 The spirit voices go to God, the Giver.

To the Editor of the "Lennoxville Magazine."

DEAR SIR,—As I have returned in safety from my trip to the Gaspé coast, I hasten, according to promise, to give you my impressions about that wild region and its inhabitants.

On the — of August I went on board the steamer Gaspé, lying at the Commissioner's wharf: though advertised to sail at three o'clock, at least three hours more elapsed before we started.

The vessel was in all the glory of fresh paint, a loud smell of which, as the Yankees would say, pervaded her length and breadth; everything was sticky. Tired of pacing the deck, I sat down on a bench and gave way to my very natural admiration of the view one leaves behind at Quebec; but on attempting to rise, I found myself secured like an unfortunate bird on a lime twig, and had not my duck pants been of the very best, I should certainly have left a portion behind as a warning to the weary. However, the paint dried as we got along, and nothing worthy of notice occurred, except that while yet in the river we frightened the crew of a small schooner out of their wits, by nearly running them down.

Fortunately, we only cut off their bowsprit: the captain cried "stop her;" (the steamer of course, for the poor little schooner immediately hauled down her foresail)—and raising a binocular to his eyes looked through the gloom (9 p. m.) to see if she was sinking, and perceiving that she had not gone down, said cheerily, "she's all right," "turn her head full speed," and so we went on our way rejoicing. On the third day we reached Gaspé Basin, situated at the extremity of a deep bay, with mountains on both sides. The scenery here is very fine, and the view of the Basin is extremely pretty. As you approach, the wharves and stores and neatly painted dwellings backed by the rising ground, the green woods, and the distant mountains, form a delightful picture. I was met at the landing by the Rev. J. Jones, who was expecting me; so, full of mutual enquiries and talking of old times, we made our way to the pretty little parsonage, which, built on a hill that tries one's legs and lungs considerably, commands a capital view of the surrounding scenery.

Here, in the society of Jones and his amiable family, I spent a pleasant week; such a change from the turmoil and dust of the city to the peaceful quiet of the country, with its green fields and rustling trees and cool sea breezes coming up every evening from the Gulf. This is one of the earliest of the Church Missions on the coast. On Sunday I attended each of the little Churches; at both there were good congregations, and at

one, excellent singing, accompanied by the organ, which was played admirably by Mrs. Jones. Jones was full of leaving the Basin. I wondered how he could think of it; "of course," I said, "not being a cleric I cannot be supposed to understand all your reasons; but really the place is so pretty, and the people seem so nice, I think if I were in your place I would hardly like to leave." However, he seemed to have made up his mind, and perhaps if I had known the place as well as he did, I would have thought him wise.

It would seem that these little country missions are seldom sinecures; the incumbents receive wretchedly inadequate salaries, i. e. taking for granted that they are men of refinement and education, which I believe most of them are; so it is not to be wondered at if they make shift now and then to better their condition by a remove, though they may sometimes discover, when too late, that it had been "better to bear the ills we have, than fly to others we know not of."

As I said, I spent a very pleasant week. One day we went trout-fishing. Jones not being an angler, carried a basket in which the ladies had stored a capital lunch; so between eating, chatting, and fishing, we enjoyed ourselves amazingly, and brought home a good dish of trout. There are two excellent rivers here, and good sport may be had at either. Another day we went out to dine; our entertainer was a Major Phillips; he and his wife had been in India for many years; they were strong upon India. We had so much chat about Kitmulgars and Ayahs, and Bheesties and Tiffin, that I began to feel it quite sultry. The Major was most entertaining and kind, and hospitable to a degree—one of those that Jones most regretted parting with. After dinner we had some music the Major played the flute—the lady sang, and sang well; but the Major was a good deal out of practice; however, he made up for any deficiency in tone and tune by the admirable manner in which he manœuvred his instrument. At the plaintive parts of the melody he invariably elevated his elbow, and with it the small end of the flute, and the angle to which he managed to raise the instrument exactly denoted the degree of plain-tiveness which he was desirous, yet otherwise unable to express. I enjoyed the music far more than if he had been a good, yet stolid and immoveable flute-player.

At the Basin there are several excellent stores, where all kinds of goods and chattels may be purchased. One thing surprised me during my short visit; I had heard in Quebec that the place was rather notorious for the abuse of strong waters; but, as I not only did not see any one under "the influence," but moreover did not taste or even set eyes on, as much as a glass of wine during my stay, I wondered, and came away with a sort

of conviction that the "Maine Liquor Law" had been adopted, though the people did not wish to say anything to a stranger about it.

As all sublunary pleasant things come to an end, so did my visit; for, very early one morning I was roused by the steamer's gun, the report of which made the windows rattle, and then went off reverberating grandly among the hills till the echo was lost in the distance.

In a few moments I was dressed and on my way to the wharf. I reached the steamer in good time, and after a hearty shake hands from my friend Jones, who would see me off, I bade farewell to the Basin.

My next stopping place was Percé, the principal fishing village on the coast, about forty miles from the Basin. It derives its name from the pierced rock, which in ages past formed a part of the mainland, from which it is now separated by a narrow channel. The rock is tunnelled by the incessant action of wave and weather, and forms a striking adjunct to the bold and rugged scenery of the place.

Here I was kindly received by the gentlemanly agent of the Messrs. Robin, (to whom I bore a letter of introduction,) who own the most extensive fishing establishments on the coast, giving employment to multitudes in summer, and to a considerable number even in winter, and transacting an amount of business altogether astonishing when contrasted with the poor, or perhaps I should say undeveloped, appearance of the country in this part of Canada. Their buildings, stores, &c., are of great size and of most substantial construction. At this establishment I was shown cod-fish in every stage; here, at tables arranged on the beach, were skillful hands engaged in beheading, splitting, and depriving of the back-bone, the fish newly caught. As well as I can remember, each fish when thrown on the table was operated upon by three men. It was first seized by No. 1, bearing the villainous designation of the "Cut-throat," who with a peculiar kind of knife of the same name, cut the fishes' throat. No. 2, who is called the "Header," then broke the head off. Then No. 3, who is called the "Splitter," dexterously split the fish open and cut out the back-bone, in the twinkling of an eye. With such quickness was this feat accomplished, in hundreds of instances, as I looked on, that I wondered how the operators managed to escape amputating their fingers and thumbs.

These fish, so prepared, were then pickled in strong brine; after this they are placed in heaps to drain on the floors of buildings erected for the purpose; from this they are transferred to frames covered with brushwood, which I was informed were flakes; why *flakes* I could not make out: on these they are dried in the sun, and require much care and constant attention. After the proper amount of drying, known to the initiated,

the fish are built up in piles and undergo the process of *sweating*, then I believe they get a final drying. The fish, when completely dried, is either packed in tubs, in which it is screwed down by a powerful press, or it is shipped in bulk, according to the market for which it is intended; the tubs being sent to Italy, and the remainder principally to South America and the West Indies.

This seems to be the principal, indeed I believe the only *industry* on the coast. I was told that, as a rule, the fishermen were wretchedly poor, the expenses attendant on the fitting out of boats, and the procuring of tackles, nets, and fishing gear generally, being very considerable, besides which, many of them are improvident and live in a state of chronic debt, subsisting for a great part of the winter upon the fish they *intend* to catch during the ensuing summer.

This is, of course, a ruinous system, and cannot but bear lamentable fruits, but I believe it is, unfortunately, common to all fishing places in which a certain preliminary outlay is absolutely necessary; from its too evident results it seems calculated to paralyze every effort for independence on the part of those who become involved. I made some enquiry about the agricultural capabilities of the coast, and I learned that though wheat sometimes fails, barley and oats are certain and remunerative crops, while potatoes, turnips, and other roots are easily raised in abundance; and, indeed, I could judge as much from the appearance of the cultivated fields. Sea weed and fish offal for manure are plentiful in many places, and the soil is reported to be, for the most part, very fertile.

The inhabitants who are in comfortable circumstances, are invariably those who have managed to pay some attention to their farms, while at the same time taking advantage, as far as possible, of the facilities for fishing. At Percé there are two Churches, one belonging to the Roman Catholics, the other to the Church of England. I regretted that time would not permit me to take a closer view of these edifices, but in the distance they seemed to be neat and well-finished, wooden of course, and gave the place a *Christianable* appearance. From Percé I was driven, through the kindness of the agent above referred to, first to the village of Cape Cove, about nine miles distant, prettily situated on rising ground, and skirting a graceful curve or bay, from which it derives its name.

Here are several stores; also two Churches, as at Percé. That belonging to the Church of England is a pretty and well-proportioned little building; about a stone's throw from it stands a very ungraceful, square-looking parsonage. The houses here appear generally neat, and the inhabitants respectable and well-to-do; the farms, also, are of good size.

A large grist-mill, said to be of the best and newest construction, was

erected here by an enterprising merchant some years ago, and seems to have proved a stimulus to agriculture. Beyond Cape Cove, and between it and Grand River, nine miles to the west, many of the dwellings are mere huts, from which half-clad women and children peered at the passing waggon, while the little plots of cleared land with tiny potato gardens, and small patches of oats and barley, overrun with weeds, told only too plainly their own story.

The fact is, as was shrewdly remarked to me by an inhabitant, the owners of these wretched little clearings expect four months' fishing alone to support themselves and their families for the whole year. This, of course, is out of the question, and poverty and misery are the natural consequences.

Grand River may be called a French village: with the exception of a branch establishment belonging to the wealthy firm already named, in which the *employés* all belong to the Church of England, the inhabitants are Roman Catholics and mostly of the poorest class.

Besides the large stores of this fishing establishment and the Church, there are no buildings of any consequence in the place. Between Percé and Grand River the road was very good, though as there was not a stone used in its repair, and it seemed to have been mended simply by clay thrown into the middle from either side, I think we had the dry weather to thank for its excellent condition.

A few of the bridges were shaky and dangerous; some were good, and a few new ones that promised well, were in course of construction.

Here my travels terminated, my brief holiday not permitting me to proceed any further.

From all I had seen and heard, I returned with the conviction that the district is one of exceeding beauty and fertility; that its resources are numerous and only need development; and that the careful and industrious who will make "fishing subordinate to farming," can secure an easy livelihood; and that "the country will improve exactly in the ratio in which this is done." It appears to me, however, that a new generation must arise, or at all events that a new system must be adopted before the country can really prosper; for I heard on all sides that the fishermen as a class, the French almost without exception, would not work on the farms.

They were reported to spend weeks ashore in summer, during rough weather, in complete idleness, fishing seeming to unfit them for any other pursuit. This they must unlearn; otherwise, fishing must become the exclusive work of a few, perhaps of non-residents, while those who are to "dwell in the land" and to be fed, must learn that while they need not

altogether neglect the treasures that Providence sends in abundance on their favoured coast, they must in the first place "till the land," if they are to be "satisfied with bread."

From Grand River I returned to Percé, to take the steamer for Quebec. Nothing worth noting occurred, if I except a narrow escape in crossing a particularly bad little corduroy bridge, over the side of which the horse deliberately walked in spite of the driver, dragging the waggon with him and unseating the Jehu and myself, though fortunately without much harm to either, as our descent was not from a great height. Some men who were working close to the spot kindly assisted in extricating the waggon, so we were quickly on the road once more. The driver, who seemed quite a philosopher, and said his name was Howler, from Prince Edward's Island, while chuckling over our escape from loss or damage, added by way of a moral reflection suited to the occasion, "When a man gets out of his bed in the morning, sir, he never knows what will happen to him before night." As it would be a pity to spoil the utterance of this Gasponian Tupper, I will conclude by simply reminding you that I have fulfilled my promise, though you may possibly regret that I have been so conscientious.

I am, my dear sir,

Yours, &c.,

VIATOR.

THE CHURCH.

In the History of the Church, but more especially in the history of that branch of the Church Catholic, which comprises within its communion the majority of the English-speaking races of the earth, each year of this eventful century seems to surpass the previous year in interest. But whatever changes the coming year may witness, whatever victories we may have to record as gained by the Church over the Spirit of the world, and the power of the Ruler of this world, which seems now so great, yet the past year will stand noted in history as being the time when the widespread Anglican Church first began to understand its substantial unity; and to draw together its bishops for mutual support and conference. The Pan Anglican Synod, or Lambeth Conference, may not hereafter appear either a numerous or influential gathering; but the course of this world is not so much changed by great events as by small, and however much succeeding Synods may eclipse in brightness this first informal meeting, yet they will in part owe their greater brilliancy to this

their humble predecessor, which as a pioneer led the way, and broke down the opposition which proceeded from the timidity of some, and from the sectarianism of other members of the Church in England. It may be a true charge against the present meeting that it was limited and cramped in its discussions; for the bishops of the English Church were hampered by their connection with the state, and at this meeting, held in the private residence of the English Primate, the other bishops invited to an informal, and not summoned to a formal Council, could but acquiesce in the selection of matters for discussion which was made for them; this, however, is but an incidental objection, for the real gain was not in the debate, nor in the resolutions, but in the fact of meeting. Herein lies the great step forward that has been made, that the bishops of the English, Scotch, Canadian, American, African and New Zealand Churches have met and proclaimed to the world, that they, and the Churches they represent, are in real visible communion one with another. All honour then be given to our Metropolitan of Canada, and the Provincial Synod of this yet weak and struggling Church, that they made the year 1867 a noted one in the annals of the whole Church, noted for a great onward step, of which succeeding generations will ever reap the benefit. We would gladly not be obliged to record that a Dean of Westminster Abbey locked the doors of his Cathedral against the Synod, and added one more name to the ever-lengthening list of those, who in opposing the growth of the Church of Christ, are vainly kicking against the pricks. Weak man cannot stay the power of God; if he struggle against it, he will but make it more apparent, and will himself be crushed and trodden under foot by its continued and triumphant advance.

The recommendations of the British Commission, and Lord Shaftesbury's Vestment Bill, have called forth on the part of High Churchmen a memorial, addressed to the Ritual Commissioners, protesting against any change being made in the Prayer Book. That meeting formally cemented an alliance between the Ritualists and the High Church Party, an alliance which some of the English papers say has been brought about by the blunders of the Low Churchmen and Lord Shaftesbury, and which (they say) strengthens almost impregnably the position of the former. Whether this view, formed by journalists who are hostile to ritualism, be correct or not, it is certain that a large meeting, a great majority of whom, according to the memorial, are not in the habit of using high ritual, have deliberately protested against the action of Government in the matter of Church Ceremonial. Nothing could show more clearly the position of affairs than the speech of Lord Nelson, who

was president of the meeting; he prefaced his remarks by saying:—“Personally I have no strong ritualistic sympathies; but from my youth up I have stood forward on all occasions for the integrity of the book of Common Prayer, as containing within it the liberties of Churchmen. And I, for one, cannot consent to the narrowing of those liberties on the one side or the other.” And again he continued:—“Those who are earnest for the re-union of Christendom upon the condition of bringing our Church back into more entire accord with the doctrine and practice of the Church of the first three centuries, are frequently accused of a deliberate intention of bringing her back to obedience to the Church of Rome. As a man of honour, and a loving and dutiful member of the Church of England, I utterly repudiate such an intention on my own part, and on the part of those over whom I have been invited to preside. To long for the union of Christendom, to seek communion with the Eastern Churches, or with those national Churches of the West, now under the Roman rule, is very different from a desire to bring our Church into submission to the Ultramontane See.” These words are plain and clear to those who can read the signs of the times, and they are echoed by all true and strong Churchmen throughout the Anglican obedience. They are felt to be true by all moderate men, whatever their private opinions, by all, in fact, who are not blinded by bigotry and prejudice. And with sorrow, too, they echo the speaker’s other remarks, that while these contentions are going on infidelity is making terribly rapid strides; uniformity may be a very desirable end, but a rigid uniformity would drive many into infidelity, and many more would seek refuge in “the authoritative teaching of the Church of Rome.” We need, indeed, “the wisdom that would suggest forbearance and charity, and pray for healing and peace; for extravagancies are being aggravated by the way men now seek to suppress them.”

Other speakers followed the noble chairman in the same temperate and moderate tone, not seeking to impose their faith upon others, but only asking that the comprehensiveness of the Church of England be not destroyed by hasty legislation. There seems, indeed, no sufficient ground for attempting to exclude from that communion its High Church members, who form well nigh half the whole body: would not the Church of England be weakened? Would she not be utterly prostrated, and open to the attacks of the Church of Rome? Lord Shaftesbury might live to regret that he had destroyed the only organisation, which he has openly declared that he believes to be the only one capable of resisting Papal encroachments. This meeting, the tone and spirit of which we have endeavoured to portray, is assuredly one of the great facts of the

year past ; the memory of it will live for years to come, and the effects of it upon the Church, whether for good or evil, will remain when our generation has passed away. If we, on the one hand, admire the moderation and charity of the speakers, if we are warmed with hopes at the sight of noble laymen, of men of business, whose every hour is worth money to them, devoting their energies and time to what they honestly believe to be the true interests of the Church of God, yet at the same time we are chilled with the bitter recollection of the strife which summoned it together. Surely the days of the Marian persecutions have returned to England, when intolerance thus rears her head throughout the land ! It is with feelings of relief we turn to the re-opening of Chichester Cathedral, now that her beautiful spire, the only one which serves to remind Englishmen by sea as well as by land of their beloved Mother Church, has been once more raised from the ground, and now again bears testimony to the devoted love of Churchmen, and their willingness to spend their time and money in the service of their God. Seven* years and a half have passed since it fell, and involved in ruin the whole centre of the Cathedral : and now the noble spire stands again pointing up to heaven in the same proportions and beauty as of old. Once more again we gladly find a noble layman aiding the work with purse and head : to the Duke of Richmond and the Venerable Dean Hook, the restoration is chiefly due ; but not only to them, for it may be said that the whole county of Sussex responded nobly to the call for help, and may be congratulated on the spirit they have shown, and on the success they have achieved. Twice in the present century the men of the north county have raised their noble Minster from its ashes ; Litchfield and Hereford and other Cathedrals, have with no less liberality been restored and adorned, and now the men of Sussex have added one more to the long series of munificent undertakings, which have made this portion of the nineteenth century famous, so long as the world lasts, for its Church restorations. If the 14th was the Church building, the 19th was the Church restoring century, and the spire of Chichester Cathedral is one of its greatest trophies. And not only has the spire been rebuilt, but the interior of the Cathedral has been splendidly fitted up by the restoration of the old, and the addition of new work : so that the whole building is and will remain a proof, that in a money-gaining and mercenary age there is yet among Churchmen as noble a spirit of liberality, as that which, of old, studded "the Queen Island, which Englishmen love to call their home†," with noble Cathedrals, Churches, Colleges and Schools.

* See "The Guardian" for Nov. 20, 1867.

† Speech of Rev. Dr. Balch at Convocation of Bishop's College.

The Church of Canada has lost, during the past year, one of her greatest and best men: on All Saints' Day, the Hon. and Right Rev. John, Lord Bishop of Toronto, departed from amongst us, in the 90th year of his age. His kindness, gentleness, and courtesy, and the thorough consistency of his conduct, had endeared him even to those to whom his earnestness in the cause of Christ and in the service of the Church of God was distasteful. His funeral is said to have been one of the most imposing events of the kind ever witnessed in Canada; all classes of the citizens united in paying a last tribute to one whose life had been so beneficial, not only to the spiritual but also to the temporal interests of the province. His body is placed under the altar of St. James' Church, Toronto, which was his Cathedral; the Church was dressed in black, and in the City of Toronto most of the members of the Church have put on mourning for six weeks. Most earnestly we trust that Almighty God may give to the Church in this new nation more of such men for her bishops: may we not admire only but imitate him in all his virtues and in his sincere love and labour for his country and his God.

ESSAYS IN TRANSLATION.

UNDER the above head we purpose to give each month a small space to poetical translations from various languages,—especially from the Latin and Greek. We would respectfully invite the attention of Canadian Scholars to this feature of our Magazine.

ADRIAN'S DYING ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL.

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque, corporis
Que nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos?

No. 1.

Darling, gentle, wandering soul,
Long this body's friend and guest,
Tell, what region is thy goal,
Pale and cold and all undrest,
Lost thy wonted play and jest!

No. 2.

Spirit, sweet, gentle thing,
Thou seemest taking wing
For some new place of rest:

So long this body's guest
And friend, dost thou forsake it?
And pallid, cold, and naked,
Thou wanderest,
Bereft of joy and jest,
Whither, ethereal thing?

No. 3.

Dear, pretty, fluttering, vital thing,
So long this body's guest and friend.
Ah! tell me, whither dost thou wend
Thy lonely way,
Pallid and nude and shivering,
Nor, as thy wont is, gently gay!

J. READE.

We give below Mr. Merivale's admirable translation* of these famous lines; which, as will be seen by a comparison with the Latin, preserves the rhythm of the original.

"Soul of mine, pretty one, flitting one,
Guest and partner of my clay,
Whither wilt thou hie away,—

Pallid one, rigid one, naked one,
Never to play again, never to play!"

"LENNOXVILLE MAGAZINE."

NO. II.

THE II. No. will contain: 'A Lord of the Creation,' (continued); 'Sister Lavvie; A Tale of London and of South Africa; Part II, of 'The Church in Britain to the time of Augustin,' and "A Terrible Night"; and other interesting matter in prose and verse.

In the II. No. will also be published an article upon the late Bishop of Toronto, and a sketch of life in the Hudson Bay Territory.

Mrs. Morris, in consequence of domestic arrangements, has decided upon giving up the Preparatory School which she proposed to commence, and is leaving Lennoxville finally. We trust that the change will be for her happiness, and that she will be prospered in her new home by Him from whom all blessings flow. Mrs. O'Grady undertakes the school which Mrs. Morris resigns, and is already far advanced in her preparations: she is adding extensively to her house in order to be able to retain her boarders for the Grammar School, and at the same time to keep the younger boys quite distinct from the others. Mr. Carr, B.A., of Bishop's College, undertakes the tuition of the Preparatory School, so that there is every reason to believe that it will be in every way as successful, and afford equally important aid to Bishop's College School, as it would have done under Mrs. Morris' management.

* "History of the Romans"; vol. vii. page 390.

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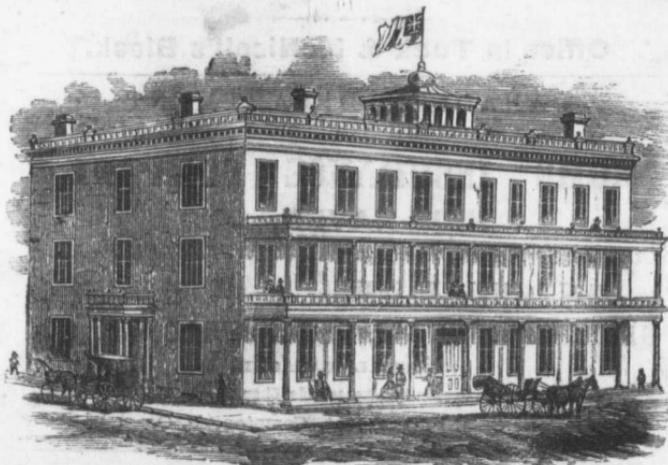
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