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THE

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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

BY REV. L. HOOKER, COATICOOK, P.Q.

IT is the 17th day of April, 1492. We stand in the city of Santa Fe, in the plain of Grenada. The scene is inspiring. Santa Fe and the ancient city of Grenada, which stands hard by, are alive with Spanish soldiers. Whichever way you turn, brilliant flags flutter and snap in the wind, and the ring of martial music falls on the ear. Every face is alight with the glow of triumph; everything you can see and hear tells of a great national joy. Any one of the Spanish soldiers, if asked the reason of all this demonstration, would make reply:—"After a struggle of eight centuries we have conquered the infidel Moors, and Spaniards are once more supreme on Spanish soil."

A group of four persons, three of them evidently persons of rank, and the other a secretary, is gathered in a room in the King's quarters. If you please we will make their acquaintance. That muscular and well-proportioned man, about middle-size, is Ferdinand the Catholic, King of Spain. His naturally fair complexion is a little bronzed by the sun, which imparts more of sternness to his features than belongs to them, He has a broad forehead and a quick, cheerful eye, and, in his general make-up, looks every inch a king; but a good judge of character would detect a touch of the tyrant in the sharp ring of his voice, and a touch of the hypocrite in his soft and purring manner when he has a point to carry. By his side is seated a royal lady, in whom, as in the present Sovereign of these realms, the woman outshines and adorns the Queen. Though now past forty, she has lost but little of the personal beauty and none of the grace of deportment which, at nineteen, caused a distinguished member of her household to exclaim, "She is the handsomest lady I have ever seen, and the most gracious in her manners." Age has woven a little silver in her bright chesnut hair, but her mild blue eye and open symmetry of features express in their maturity the mingled majesty and sweetness which sat on her maiden face. There are faults, it is true, in her administration of public affairs, but they are committed in striving to do what she believes to be the will of Heaven, as interpreted to her by the best men of her age. But in all matters wherein she acts from the impulses of her own wise

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and good heart, the blameless, useful, and lovely life of Isabella the Catholic, Queen of Spain, is rare even among women. In the third personage of the group we behold CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, the man whom we have sought out that we may do him honour; the man, it is not too much to say, whose deeds are to affect the temporal destinies of men to a greater degree than are those of any other member of the race. There is, in his general appearance, much that indicates the man of power. He is tall, muscular, well-formed, and of an elevated and dignified bearing. His visage is long, without being either full or meagre. His complexion is fair and freckled, and a little inclined to ruddy; his cheek-bones are rather high; his eyes are a light grey, and apt to kindle; while his whole countenance wears an air of authority, to which his hair, once red, but now by care and trouble blanched as white as snow, gives a decided emphasis. He is simple in his dress, his manners are engaging and affable; and when he speaks it is with the voice and diction of an orator. If you look closely into his tell-tale eye during the conversation in which he is now engaged, you will ever and anon catch a flash from his naturally irritable temper, but this is held in good check by an effort of his will, and his conduct is marked by a courteous and gentle gravity. Such is Christopher Columbus, at fifty-seven years of age, as we see him seated in deep conference with the crowned heads of Spain.

While we have been looking on, the Secretary has drawn up, at the dictation of Columbus, a remarkable article of agreement. Their Majesties have caused their assent to be written under each item of it, and Columbus now holds it in his hand with the air of a man who has won a kingdom. We will take the liberty of reading the contents of this singular paper:—

"The favours which Christopher Columbus has asked of the King and Queen of Spain, in recompense of the discoveries he has made in the ocean seas, and as recompense for the voyage he is about to undertake, are the following:—

"1. He wishes to be made Admiral of the seas and countries he is about to discover. He desires to hold this dignity during his life, and that it should descend to his heirs.

"*This request is granted by the King and Queen.*

"2. Christopher Columbus wishes to be made Viceroy of all the continents and islands.

"*Granted by the King and Queen.*

"3. He wishes to have a share, amounting to a tenth part, of the profits of all merchandise, be it pearls, jewels, or any other things that may be found, gained, bought, or exported from the countries which he is to discover.

"*Granted by the King and Queen.*

"4. He wishes, in his quality of Admiral, to be made sole judge of all mercantile matters that may be the occasion of dispute in the countries he is to discover.

"*Granted by the King and Queen, on the condition, however, that this jurisdiction shall belong to the office of Admiral, as held by Don Enrique and other Admirals.*

"5. Christopher Columbus wishes to have the right to contribute the eighth part of the expenses of all ships which traffic with the new countries, and in return to earn the eighth part of the profits.

"*Granted by the King and Queen.*

"*Santa Fe, in the Vega of Grenada,*
"*April 17th, 1492.*"

Let us pause here long enough to take a retrospective view of the man and his idea before we go forward to witness the results.

Up to a comparatively recent date there were many hot disputes as to where Columbus was born. The discovery of his will, however, in which he bequeathed a part of his property to the Bank of Genoa, conclusively settled the point in favour of that city. "Thence I came," he says, "and there was I born." The time of his birth cannot be as definitely settled. Washington Irving, who had access to all the public and family documents bearing on his history, fixes it about 1435. He was of a lineage sufficiently humble to secure to him the glory of making instead of inheriting a name. His father, Dominico Colombo (as the name was written in Italian), was a comber of wool in Genoa, where his ancestors had followed the same handicraft for several generations. Christopher was the first of four children, and seems to have absorbed most of the greatness apportioned to the family; for the two brothers and a sister would scarcely have been mentioned

in history had it not been for their relationship to their "big brother."

It is a thousand pities that there are no particular records of his boy-life, to tell how the embryo mariner and discoverer used to stand on the bank of some neighbouring pond, and gaze on the (to him) distant and mysterious shore on the other side; how he made little ships of shingle with a paper sail, and sent them off before the wind on voyages of discovery; and how, a little later, with a plank for a vessel and a pole for propelling power, he cruised around and across said pond in search of undiscovered islands and continents, was shipwrecked on some rocky promontory, was engulphed in the pitiless deep up to the first button on his waistcoat, and wading bravely to shore was dubbed a hero by a crowd of admiring juveniles. The annals are provokingly silent about these things, and we must let imagination and the old proverb "the boy is father to the man" supply them. We are simply told in the records that he evinced a decided liking for the sea at a very early age, and that his father wisely shaped his education to fit him for a maritime life. Though much straitened by poverty, he contrived to have his son instructed in the ordinary branches, Latin, drawing, and design. For a short time, also, he maintained him at the University of Pavia, where he studied geometry, geography, astronomy, and navigation, as they were then taught. Columbus then returned to Genoa, and worked with his father for a few months at woolcombing. Finding this life too tame, as some suppose, but more likely inspired by his ever-growing desire to search out for himself the mysteries of the great deep, he shipped for his first voyage when he was fourteen years of age.

We still find the records very incomplete, and must therefore pass over a long period in the life of the young sailor with a brief notice. It is not difficult, however, to imagine the kind of experience through which he passed during those years. Seafaring life on the Mediterranean and Levant was extremely hazardous. The almost legalized piracy of the day, the frequent feuds of the Italian States, the independent armadas of rival noblemen, and the roving ships and squadrons of private adventurers, made the narrow seas to which navigation was then confined scenes of lawlessness and blood. Merchant vessels were forced to go armed like men-of-war, and often had to fight their way from port to port. Under the stern discipline of times like these the young Columbus grew to manhood and developed his genius. Once during these years we catch a momentary glimpse of him as, under cover of night, he cheats his discontented and cowardly crew into striking distance of the enemy; and again, as he lashes his vessel to a Venetian galley more powerful than his own, fights till both vessels are wrapped in flames, and then jumps into the sea and swims a distance of two leagues to the Portuguese coast. Not long after this last adventure, probably about 1470, Columbus arrived at Lisbon, and from that time and place there is but little difficulty in tracing his career. Soon after his arrival he was married to Donna Felipa Munnis Perestrelo. As we have no farther notice of that lady until her death, we are bound to believe that she was a good wife and true.

It was somewhere about this time, also, that the grand thought of his life—the thought which placed the son of the humble woolcomber of Genoa among the first of the first men of all time—began to struggle to the birth. The curious student of history will feel inclined to ask, "What was the precise idea with which his mind had become pregnant? How was its conception brought about? and, Why did he make it the changeless purpose of his life to test it by a voyage of discovery?" And these are questions which must needs be answered if we are to take the full measure of the man.

The first question may be disposed of in a few sentences. Columbus knew nothing and suspected nothing of the existence of the great continent he discovered. His theory claimed that there was a way by the west to the Indies (as all Asia was then called), and that he could find it. True, he believed there might be undiscovered land in the Western Atlantic, and, as we have seen in his agreement with the Spanish monarchs, took measures to secure a due recompense in the event of his finding them; but the grand hope of his mind was to find this western route to the Indies, and open to European commerce their fabled wealth of spices, and gold, and gems.

But how was the conception of this idea brought about? There was much in the necessities of the age to lead some man on to this thought. The known world of that

day was fast becoming too narrow for its population. Let us set a map of the world, as it is now known, before us, and then reduce it to the proportions it filled when Columbus was a boy. Blot out North and South America, Australia, the whole of Africa except a narrow strip to the north of a curved line drawn from Juba on the east to Cape Nam on the west, and the northern, north-eastern, and eastern outskirts of Asia. The small remainder was the world of Columbus and his contemporaries. Cooped up in these narrow limits, it is not wonderful that men began to look upon the prospective increase of population with some concern. Being Christians, they could not resort to the convenient practices of the heathen, and feed their overplus of infants to alligators and leave their useless grandparents to starve. Being yet in the shadow of the DARK AGES, *the more modern, but not less wicked, method of adjusting population to territory, however small,* was unpractised, if not unknown. There was nothing for it but to find more room somewhere.

The slow and expensive method of moving merchandise to and from the Indies was another cause which led the advanced men of the time to seek an unbroken sea route for commerce. Up to this period, inland navigation and caravans had been the only means of exchange between the West and the East. Little dreaming of "air lines" and "lightning expresses," these modest men of the fifteenth century felt that an unbroken water-line, free from the annoyance of breaking bulk, and safe from Arab robbers, would leave nothing to be desired.

The desire to explore was farther quickened by the fabulous reports of travellers who, in other generations, had penetrated far into the eastern parts of Asia. According to Sir John Maundeville and Marco Polo, there was in that part of the world an immense empire, ruled by a most remarkable potentate called Prester John. That country, as reported by these veracious witnesses, was full of wealth and wonders. Its palaces were, many of them, two leagues in circumference and heavily plated with gold. Gems and pearls were as plentiful as the sand in less favoured countries. Costly silks and richly-wrought jewellery were there produced in such abundance as to supply the whole world if the market were only accessible. There were giants before whom Goliath of Gath would have been a pigmy, and pigmies before whom our own Tom Thumb would be a giant. There were lion-bodied men and dog-faced women, and birds which flew away with elephants in their claws, and the ancient progenitor of our modern sea-serpent, "so huge of size as to kill and eat large stags and to cross the ocean." Ridiculous as these accounts appear to us they had been received as true in every particular for two centuries before Columbus was born; and in his day their effect was to inflame to a fever-heat the passion for discovery, and especially for the discovery of a route to those lands of gold and wonder. But it was from the successes of the navigators of the generation next preceding his own that Columbus drew what was, perhaps, his strongest inspiration. Prince Henry of Portugal was the leading spirit in these pioneer operations. From a careful study of the ancients, he concluded not only that it was possible to sail around the continent of Africa, but that, at a very early period, Hanno had actually done so, and that this, therefore, was the way to the Indies. Determined that Portugal should reap the profit and glory of being first in the field, Prince Henry thenceforth devoted himself to the task of circumnavigating Africa. Under his patronage the study of navigation was carried to a degree of perfection never reached before. By a wise and liberal encouragement, Portuguese navigators were pushed down the African coast, to Cape Bojador, to the tropics, and to the Cape de Verde and Azores Islands. In 1473, when his work was only well begun, Prince Henry died. But what had been done was enough to divest the sea of most of its terrors. They met no "monsters of the deep, angry at the invasion of their domains, and ready to take a terrible vengeance on the invaders;" they saw no "wandering saints and flying islands;" they found no "stagnant seas and fiery skies;" and by their safe return they for ever disproved the scientific bugbear that "a vessel sailing down the waste of waters could never return, because the voyage home would be a perpetual journey up a mountain of sea."

Precisely at this happy juncture of circumstances, when civilization must of necessity burst its bounds and flow somewhere, when an overgrown and rapidly increasing commerce between the West and the East

began to disdain the narrow capacity and tardy movements of its means of transportation, when a land of unparalleled wealth and wonder inflamed both the covetousness and the curiosity of men with a consuming desire to find it, and, when navigators had already penetrated a little into the mysteries of the unknown, and returned, not only safe, but enriched with spoil and covered with glory, Columbus, the man for whom the world was unconsciously waiting, caught the infection of the age, and devoted his masterful powers to the work of discovery. Surely no man was ever more completely fitted to the necessities of his time and work. Having, as he says himself, "a desire to know the secrets of this world," possessed of a vivid imagination and a bold, chivalrous heart, to which the romantic hopes and adventures of the enterprise were alike welcome; inspired by that indescribable thing called genius to launch out into original theories; and, withal, "tempered and guided by a spirit of inductive philosophy akin to that of Bacon," Columbus held his first and highest commission to this great work directly from his Maker. Whether he doubted the correctness of Prince Henry's theory that the Indies could be reached by sailing around the African continent, or only thought this the more roundabout and dangerous way, we cannot tell. It is certain that he abandoned it for a new and startling theory of his own. He would take a straight course over the unknown waters of the Atlantic, in a westerly direction, and, while new continents and islands might possibly lie in his track, he would certainly come at last to the eastern coast of the Indies and Prester John. This theory, that there was land to the west of Europe, was based, partly, on the writings of Aristotle, Seneca, and Strabo, who had stoutly maintained that "the ocean surrounds the earth, bathing on the east the shores of India, and on the west the coasts of Spain and Mauritania, so that it is easy to navigate from one to the other on the same parallel." Corroborative evidence was borne to the observing mind of Columbus on the bosom of the sea itself. At different times and places men had picked up pieces of wood which had been curiously carved, but evidently not with iron; they saw reeds not of European growth, and the trunks of huge pine trees, wafted to their shores by *westerly* winds; and, most startling of all, on one occasion the bodies of two dead men were found whose features belonged to no race of people then known. Reasoning at once from the somewhat faulty theories of ancient scholars and these more reliable testimonies of the sea, our navigator reached the conclusion that there was undiscovered land in the western part of the Atlantic, that it was fertile, that it was inhabited, and that it was accessible. Had he stopped theorizing just here, and gone in search of that land without attempting to first give it "a local habitation and a name," Columbus would have spared himself the vexation, not to say disgrace, of the one weak link in his chain of reasoning. But he was not so far before his age as not to share in the general affliction, which was Prester John. There was nothing in the heavens above or in the earth beneath worth discovering but this wonderful Khan and his wonderful empire. Thus predisposed, and misled by geographers as to the size of the earth, which was made much too small, and as to the size of Asia, which was made as much too large, Columbus jumped to the conclusion that the unexplored part of the Asiatic continent stretched away to the east until it touched the western Atlantic; and that it was probably the first and principal land to be found in sailing westward from Europe. This mistake, happily, did not interfere with the general results of the enterprise. It was, however, of sufficient importance to prove, if any one raised the question, that Columbus was human; that he was not divinely inspired, though he fancied that he was; and to send him for the rest of his life on a wild-goose chase after Tartary and its mysterious sovereign among the primitive wilds and naked chieftains of the West India Islands.

From the time when his theory was finally settled Columbus devoted himself, with an enthusiasm and a perseverance rarely equalled, to the work of testing its correctness by a voyage of discovery. This will serve to call up our third question as to his motives in the great undertaking.

Doubtless he loved adventure. And it is equally certain, as we have seen in his famous articles of agreement, that he set a proper value upon "recompense," in the shape of dividends and dignities. But it were a huge injustice to one of the most

unselfish men who ever lived to set these down as the principal motives by which he was controlled. Let us rather take him at his word and believe that a zeal which would have done honour to an apostle led him to seek new tribes of people, that he might impart to them what he believed to be a pure and undefiled religion; and that he piously intended to use the immense money profits he expected to reap from the enterprise in rebuilding the Holy Sepulchre and in spreading the Catholic faith to the ends of the earth.

The next great step was to get fairly afloat. Lacking both rank and money, he was forced to seek a patronage of such wealth and power as could give him at once an outfit and authority competent to control the expedition and to treat with whatever people he might discover. Although the struggle for such a patronage was long and vexatious, it was in the end invaluable to Columbus. It proved that he alone believed heartily in the existence and accessibility of western lands, and that, therefore, to him exclusively belonged the glory of discovering the new world. The Senate of his native city seems to have treated the project with silent contempt. At the Court of Portugal the result was equally discouraging. King John II. gave him, at first, a qualified promise of support, but disagreed with his terms. The whole matter was then referred to a certain "circumlocution office," called a "committee of council for geographical affairs;" and, while Columbus was kept dancing attendance upon the council and the King in turns, a caravel was secretly fitted out and ordered to sail by his plan, and so forestall him in whatever discoveries were to be made. This piece of bad faith was planned by the Bishop of Ceuta, and carried into effect by the King of Portugal—a proof, by the way, that mitres and crowns sometimes get on the wrong heads. After a fruitless voyage the caravel returned, and Columbus, disgusted at the treatment he had received, quitted Lisbon for Spain. Here seven years of vexatious opposition awaited him. Though not indifferent to his project, Ferdinand and Isabella were so much absorbed by the Moorish wars as to put it off until peace should place at their disposal the time and money necessary for so great an undertaking. In the mean time a "Junta of Cosmographers" was summoned to consult about the affair, and Columbus began to hope. He was soon undeceived. These cosmographical fossils resented the insult by which this adventurer was attempting to overthrow the belief of centuries. This upstart idea must be worthless, said they, else why had it been overlooked by the great navigators of the past? King David and St. Paul were adduced, together with all the Fathers of the Church, to crush the theory that the earth is round, and to overthrow the "foolish idea of the existence of Antipodes; of people who walk opposite to us, with their heels upwards and their heads hanging down; where everything is topsy-turvey; where the trees grow with their branches downwards; and where it rains, hails, and snows upwards." In short, this Junta, composed of the most scholarly men of Spain, reported to the King and Queen that the project was "vain and impossible, and that it did not belong to the majesty of such great princes to determine anything on such weak grounds of information." Despairing of success with men who had so much to unlearn, and wearied with five years of fruitless waiting, Columbus was about to quit Spain and invoke help from France or England, when a little circle of friends, who had come to believe in his scheme, prevailed on him to make a second appeal to Ferdinand and Isabella. This effort produced a little more faith in the undertaking, and a new objection. His terms were pronounced too high. "If he succeed," said his opponents, "the recompense he demands is altogether too great; and if he should fail, these magnificent conditions, and the King and Queen who granted them in so doubtful an enterprise, will appear ridiculous." And so the Spanish Court, like a ragman driving a sharp bargain for a cast-off garment, pressed for a reduction of terms. But the court found no two-price merchant, who meant to fall from his first asking, in Columbus. He will be Viceroy and Admiral of all he discovers, and derive a tenth part of the profits of commerce with these lands, or he will not go. A second time the negotiations were broken off, and Columbus was actually on his way to lay his proposal before the throne of France, when he was recalled to Santa Fe by a royal messenger. We have been present at that third meeting and know the result. After seven years of

unexampled perseverance against discouraging odds, a victory is won with which even the lofty ambition of Columbus is satisfied. The King and Queen have granted all his requests; and, though now far past the middle of life, he is sanguine in the hope that he shall yet find the Indies, and by means of the wealth and dignity derived from that achievement be able to lead a new crusade and rebuild the Holy Sepulchre.

We shall pass with more rapid steps through the fruitage and decay of this rare life. We have desired to spend most of our time in investigating the qualities of the soil, the peculiarities of the season, and the interesting processes by which the great seed-thought germinated and grew to the fruit-bearing period. With the fruit itself nearly everyone is familiar.

There remains, however, a number of events without which our understanding of his character would be incomplete. Such was the sailing of his first expedition from the Port of Palos, on the 3rd of August, 1492. With an outfit of three small vessels, carrying one hundred and twenty men in all, and provisions for one year, he pushed out to meet he knew not what of danger from unknown seas, and lands, and people. Scarcely more solemn is that last launching, which we must all know, into the mysterious regions of death. No returning voyager had ever left a record by which Columbus and his men might know what experiences to expect on those virgin waters. And one can fancy that the women of Palos, as they stood upon the shore and watched till the white sails vanished in the west, felt that lover, and son, and husband would return to them no more. But the stout heart of the Commander quails not. Though he is leaving the known for the unknown, though his dangers are great, and magnified by the inscrutable mystery which veils them, though his outfit is unequal to the undertaking, still his heart beats high with triumph; for he is at last afloat to search out for himself "the secrets of the world," and to vindicate his theory, which for years had been made a thing of mockery by the scholars and princes of the age. It would be interesting to trace the progress of our adventurers over the world of waters, in which they were much like very young infants to whom everything is new, and wonderful, and terrible—but space forbids. Suffice it to say that, although Columbus suffered nothing from personal fear, he did not escape heavy "consequential damages" from the superstitious fears and consequent mutinous disposition of his men. Every falling meteor was taken as an omen of evil; plains of floating sea-weed covered, in their imagination, rocks on which they were sure to be shipwrecked; while the great distance they were from home seemed to forbid the hope that they should ever be able to return. To such a pitch of terror were the men wrought up by these fancies and fears that Columbus barely escaped being thrown into the sea; and only succeeded in persuading them onward by that controlling force which belongs to a master mind.

It is now time to go forward to the crowning event of Columbus's life. To see it to the best advantage, we will step on board the *Santa Maria*—the flagship of the little fleet. It is the hour of sunset, on the 11th day of October, just sixty-nine days from the time when the expedition sailed from Palos. Mutiny has disappeared, and the greatest animation prevails. All this day they have been sailing past unmistakable signs of land. Fresh weeds of river growth, a green fish that lives only among rocks, a branch of thorn with berries on it, a carved staff, and many other things, have appeared in succession to revive their hopes. Notwithstanding the intense excitement which has been created, the claims of Heaven have not been forgotten. The usual vesper hymn has been sung, and Columbus has just concluded an address to the men which would have done credit to a preacher. He has reminded them of the goodness of God in bringing them safely over an untried ocean by means of soft and favouring breezes. He has told them that it is probable they will make land that very night, and has promised to give whoever shall be first to discover it "a doublet of velvet," in addition to the pension promised by the Sovereigns. Universal silence reigns. Every eye is strained in search of a coast-line. On the top of the cabin stands Columbus, sweeping the horizon with an eagle glance. From the darkening of the evening until ten o'clock that statue-like figure stands peering into the obscurity before him. Who can measure the tumultuous feelings of his breast? The anxieties of a lifetime—anxieties commensurate with the most daring and stupendous undertaking to

which man has ever put his hand, are crowded into this ecstatic moment, clamouring for their great reward. That reward shines forth out of the darkness. Prepared as he has been by the events of the day, his heart gives a great throb as though it would burst, for there, directly to the west, he descries a light, "as it were the torch in a fisherman's barque, dancing on the waters." At two o'clock the coast-line was in plain sight, and the unaccustomed air resounded with the thunders of the signal gun. To every man in the fleet that gun announced the discovery of land; to the astonished natives it was as the voice of God upon the waters. When the sun was fairly up on the morning of Friday, the 12th day of October, a landing was effected; and, after thanksgiving to God for His protecting providence, the imposing ceremony of taking possession was performed. With drawn sword and waving banner Columbus declared the island, for such it proved to be, under the lawful dominion of their Spanish Majesties by right of discovery, and named it San Salvador in gratitude for their salvation from the dangers of the sea. He then caused all present to take the oath of allegiance to him as Admiral and Viceroy, representing the persons of the Sovereigns.

Feeling sure that the Cipango of Marco Polo and the mainland of India were now near at hand, Columbus soon set sail in a southerly direction, in search of them. After a cruise of three months, which resulted in the discovery of a number of new islands and in the stranding and destruction of the Admiral's flagship, he resolved to return to Spain and report his successes. Previous to sailing he planted a little colony on the island of Hayti, "having found there such good-will and such signs of gold." With the timbers of the ill-fated *Santa Maria* a fort was built, and forty persons were left in charge, among whom the ubiquitous Irish and English were represented respectively by William Herries and Arthur Lake.

On the 16th January, 1493, the fleet, now reduced to two sail, set out for home. When they had been about a month out a terrific storm separated them so effectually that they saw no more of each other until the conclusion of the voyage, and reduced the *Nina*, in which Columbus sailed, to such distress that, for once, his stout heart failed him, and he gave up to die. Determined that the tidings of his great discoveries should not perish with him, he wrote a short account of his voyage on parchment, and enclosed it first in wax and then in a strong cask, and committed it to the waves. But he was not yet to die. He escaped the treacherous waters. He also escaped the more treacherous men of Portugal (whither he was driven by stress of weather), who plotted both his imprisonment and assassination, that they might now rob him of the finished glory whose material they had before attempted to steal. On the 15th of March he cast anchor in the port of Palos. The Court was at Barcelona, whither Columbus at once repaired, and arrived just in time to discover and defeat a new treachery. Alonzo Pinzon, who commanded the *Nina's* consort, had made the port of Bayonne, and, supposing that the Admiral had perished in the storm which separated them, forwarded a letter to their Majesties announcing *his* discoveries, and proposing to come to Court and give an account of them. Washington Irving has attempted to whitewash this and some other perfidies of which Pinzon was guilty, and to show that his death, which took place a few days after he learned that Columbus had arrived, was occasioned by the violence of his grief and remorse. But in spite of the amiable labours of the generous historian the villain and traitor show still in the face of Alonzo Pinzon. If he died of a broken heart, we can only say that the race of scoundrels which flourished in those days differed widely from any we have in these. They don't die in that way now.

Columbus was accorded a grand reception at Barcelona; and, with the Royalty and Nobility of Spain for an audience, briefly recounted the events of his voyage, and showed such curiosities as he had brought with him from the new world. The King and Queen, excited by what they saw and heard to an ecstacy of wonder and gratitude, fell upon their knees and gave thanks to God with many tears, after which the grand ceremonial was closed by the singing of the "Te Deum" by the choristers of the royal chapel. For the time, Columbus was rewarded with all that Spain had to give unto the man whom it delighted to honour. The agreement between him and the Sovereigns was confirmed, the title of "Don" was prefixed to his name, the royal arms of Castile and Leon were emblazoned on his shield, he was served at table as a grandee, and on state occasions

rode beside the King, and "all hail" was said to him. And not Spain alone but the whole civilized world rang with the praises of his achievement.

What remains of this man's life will appear in such painful contrast with the part which has formed our special study that we could wish to take one short, sad look, like a man who looks on the mutilated remains of his friend, and haste away.

We have seen Columbus at the zenith of his glory. True, he will make three more voyages to the new world, and push his discoveries to the mainland of South America; but that will be as nothing when compared with the first bold venture from the known to the unknown. He will never be undeceived about the lands he has discovered; but will search to the last among these western islands for Prester John and Tartary; yea! and for the garden of Eden. He will not rise so far above the moral altitude of his generation as to see "the sum of all villanies" in human slavery; but will assist to bind its chains on the defenceless freemen of the west. And if he will sin in this he will in turn be more sinned against than any other man of his day. He will receive the vomitings of Spanish society to govern; his colonies will be torn by seditions and bloodshed; he will be calumniated at the Spanish Court; he will be superseded and sent home in irons; the good Isabella will die at the moment when he most needs a powerful friend; and the false Ferdinand will stain his royal escutcheon with the foulest blot it ever knew, by neglect and injustice toward such a servant as Columbus; and, at last, in titled poverty and debt, he will gather up his feet and die, at once the most illustrious and the most injured man of his generation. Alas, for thee, Columbus! that thou shouldst live, after that well-earned day at Barcelona, to see thy glory darken into disgrace under the corroding breath of calumny, and to plead in vain for justice at the foot of that desecrated throne to which thou hadst given a new world.

At Valladolid, on Ascension day, of the year 1506, Columbus died, uttering, as his last words, "Into thy hands, O Lord! I commend my spirit." Let us hope that at the termination of this his last and longest voyage he found the Better Paradise.

ABBANDONATA.

BY JOHN LESPERANCE, MONTREAL.

Side by side they sat together,
  Speaking low, inaudible words,
  Like the tremulous coo of amorous birds
Out in the soft white weather.

His finger was twined in her straw-gold hair,
  His eye looked deep in her large grey eye,
  And his face bent forward rapturously,
As he won his troth from the fair.

He won her troth! On the rosy tips
  Of her ringless hand she gazed awhile,
  Then murmured Yes, with a bashful smile,
And he sealed the troth on her lips.

Ah! then began the perilous game,
And Oh! the hours passed sweetly on,
And she saw not his visage weird and wan,
When the dusk of evening came.

A shadow fell on his handsome face,
A cold regret was visible there,
As, muttering a half-inarticulate prayer,
He suddenly left the place.

He went, and thence was heard of no more,
Till rumour said that, a year from that day,
He had wedded another far away,
To whom he was promised before.

The poor forsaken breathed no plaint,
But crept into her secret room,
And, kneeling in the curtained gloom,
She made the prayer of a Saint.

She prayed for him who had left her so,
She prayed for her who had taken her place,
And she asked for herself the martyr's grace
Of patience in her woe.

And then she put her jewels by,
She put a mourning garment on,
And vowed to live like celibate nun,
In penitence and purity.

Ah! who shall praise the faithful heart?
Forgotten—that could not forget;
Unloved—but ever loving yet;
The heroine of a godlike part.

O men, O men, that reap God's wrath!
We play with hearts as we play with cards,
And cruelly we plant with shards
The artless maiden's path.

Why woo hearts which we may not wed?
Why make vows which we cannot keep?—
Than that a slighted maid should weep
'Twere better we were dead!

THE HOLY GRAIL.

BY FESTINA LENTE.

"For good ye are and bad, and like to coins,
Some true, some light, but every one of you
Stamped with the image of the King."

THE country town of X——.

Truly, its imperfections, its lack of literary and intellectual progress, were owing to its isolated position and the severity of the Canadian climate. Winter laid its heavy hand of snow around the town and blocked up all the roads, so that there was little intercourse with other towns during its long months. Summer brought to bear its intense and scorching heat; it opened the avenues of intercourse with the outer world. The townsfolk fled to the watering places, and journeyed through the country to find spots cool enough to exist in. Autumn called them back to their dreary town, and winter again saw them settled in it.

How then was life made endurable to the inhabitants? Such a question needs little thought. The sleighing, skating, snowshoeing were intense delights; and, then, did not everyone know everyone else? Was there not an everlasting fund of amusement in familiar gossip? Were there not flirtations, dances, etc.?

Yes, all of these.

Was it not to Ellen Graham's credit that, from such a mixed circle of pleasure-loving folks, she had been able to form a "Literary Society?"

It was only for ladies, of course; it met twice a week, and was formed chiefly of girls who had just finished the usual course of education. Most of them had been to Europe, and thus had opportunities for self-culture. Ellen Graham, head and leader of them all, pronounced the Society to be the most perfect thing of the kind possible.

It was the evening of the meeting of the Literary Society, and it was to be held at Ellen Graham's house.

Ellen stood awaiting her guests. She surveyed the room with satisfaction, and cast a loving look upon the blazing fire in the open grate. She was feeling very self-satisfied. In her hand she held a manuscript book of poems of her own composition. On the piano lay, also in manuscript, songs and pieces, the effusions of her friends. What a success her idea had been! Was it not a triumph that her suggestion that it was possible to live and breathe in a literary atmosphere had been proved most desirable and charming by the girls she had persuaded to join her?

The guests began to arrive. One after another came laughing into the room, each having some merry story to tell of her sleigh-drive over the bad roads. Last of all arrived Milly Hughes, a little timid creature, whose voice was seldom heard in debate, and whose abilities were never taxed to supply mental food for the Society. She usually sat in her seat and listened; thought all the poetry very beautiful, and the music and singing perfection. To-night she was accompanied by a stranger.

"Mrs. Beale wished to come with me," said Milly, in her gentle voice, to Ellen, "I thought you would allow me to bring her."

"I am pleased to see Mrs. Beale," said Ellen, heartily and a little condescendingly; but of the latter she was unconscious, the manner having become a second nature since her literary successes.

Mrs. Beale was a middle-aged lady, and her presence at first rather shadowed the merriment of the girls. Soon, however, all forgot the lady, whose face wore such an intense expression of rest and strength of purpose. They did not notice how her true and pure eyes followed their every movement; saw not the quiet smile, which she could not repress, at the strange medley of the evening's proceedings. Yet all felt as if some new influence had broken in upon their usual routine, and, as they talked, tried to

be the most charming and highly cultured beings that they could.

This is a little of what Mrs. Beale was smiling at.

"Ellen, have you written anything new?" from Mercy.

"Yes, dear; some of my best, I think. The idea was suggested to me by the sun shining on the snow."

"You *must* read it," said Mercy.

"Yes, presently; but do not say it is mine until all have criticized it. I think there will be much difference of opinion on the subject. I cannot expect all to think as deeply as I do myself—things strike me so deeply; and I think you always appreciate my thoughts."

"That is true," said Mercy. "Few people could understand how deep a friendship is when founded upon an intellectual basis. But were we not to discuss 'Art in the present day'?"

"Yes," said Ellen, rising. She stood by the centre table, her head thrown back, and her eyes deep with the weight of responsibility she felt vested in herself. "I am going to read," she said, "and you will kindly criticize freely when I have finished. After that we will discuss 'Art in the present day.'"

She read the poem.

"Is it your own?" chorused the voices of the ladies.

Ellen bent her head.

"It is perfectly lovely," said Mercy.

"Let me look at it, Ellen," said Eva. "There are one or two things I liked particularly."

"Do you understand it?" asked Ellen.

"Oh, yes!" from all. "It is so deep, yet so clear.'

"It makes me feel sad," said Milly. "I do not like to think our lives are slipping away from us like the snow in the sunshine."

"It is not what you like—it is the reality," said Julia. "What on earth we were created for but to give place to others, I have failed to find out."

"You are the eldest here," observed Milly; "we all give place to *you*."

"Nonsense, child; we are all equals here. I was thinking of other things. Years ago I went to school. In the day we studied, in the evenings we talked of the future—I must confess—of lovers, and novels, and such trash. Then I went to Europe, and saw everything I could crowd into one year. Then I came back here—flirted, danced, and spent money. I am still in that stage. My sister Hepsie is going through the school course. What I want to know is how much longer this is to continue?"

"Until you marry," put in Susie.

"I am in earnest when I say I am not now speaking only of myself. There are generations still coming on; will they all do as we have done?"

"Of course," said Ellen. "Come, shall we begin our discussion?"

Julia sat back in silence; looking up, she happened to catch a gleam from Mrs. Beale's eyes which made the enforced silence endurable. She felt the subject had not been dropped for all the evening.

"*You* are to begin the discussion, Ellen."

"Oh, yes! Well, I was thinking of what effect Millais' pictures have on Art."

"They are too realistic," said Eva.

"I saw a lovely picture of his in the Royal Academy last June," said Julia, carelessly.

"The old man and the North-West Passage? I remember that one—there was a pretty girl in the picture."

"No," said Julia; "it was a little child riding on a bundle of fagots; she had on a red hood."

"What would be the *effect* of that picture?" put in Ellen. "*Do* keep to the subject, ladies."

"Well," said Julia, slowly, "you might wish you werea little girl again, able to think a ride on fagots the greatest pleasure in the world."

"Only that?" sighed Ellen. "No higher ideal?"

"It expresses much for me," said Julia; "we grow up so early here, we are old in our thoughts while we ought to be little children. I would give all I have to start afresh—as real a child as the one I saw in the picture."

"Ridiculous!" cried Eva. "We cannot help ourselves. I never remember when I did not dress and carry on little flirtations."

"And *I* tell you," said Julia, "I saw two little English children once, who lived in a country village. They were playing with dolls, though one child was twelve years old, and had been making mud puddles in the back garden."

"They ought to have known better," said Ellen.

"I think differently," said Julia. "They had on holland pinafores, belted round the waist, and their clothes were made so plainly they could hardly take any harm under the pinafores. Their cheeks were rosy and round, and at tea time they ate thick bread and butter with real appetite."

"Then Millais can content you," said Ellen, trying to bring back the subject of discussion; "your highest ideal being to be a child and make mud puddles in a back garden."

"*I* would rather be a cultivated woman," said Eva.

"This Society is a great boon, I think," said Mercy.

"It does not make us much better than we were before," said a girl who had not yet spoken.

"How so, Maggie?" was Ellen's quick inquiry.

"The evenings we meet are very well, but then there are the days."

"*My* time is always occupied in literary pursuits," said Ellen, haughtily.

"*You*, Maggie, to say the days are long, who are such a great reader!"

"Yes, I read everything. I have a box of books from New York whenever I like—father is so good—but then I read them up. I seem to know exactly what is coming in all of them."

"Why do not you write?" said Ellen.

"Too much trouble! Besides, I do not know anything I care enough for to write about."

"Do fancy work," said Eva.

"Too much trouble!"

"You have no energy," said several.

Maggie became silent again; then Julia said—

"To tell you the truth, Ellen, I think it rather absurd for us to discuss Art; there is not one amongst us who knows anything about the subject."

"I have seen all the best Art Galleries in Europe," said Ellen.

"And I—and I," from others; and one girl added, "I saw so many pictures that I really cannot remember one distinctly."

"There is no great artist living now," said Julia. "We can go back to our question if you like. The works of our living artists do not cultivate the minds of the people, like the works of the old masters, which are always placed as studies to young artists. There is nothing original——"

"Oh, Julia! have you seen any of Alma Tadema's pictures? They are original in the extreme."

"Holman Hunt is a splendid artist," said Eva, with a long stress on the "splendid." "I saw his picture of the 'Shadow of the Cross.'"

"Well, Eva," said a girl who was noted for quiet good sense, "I must say I do not like or approve of such pictures. They are sensational, and create a feeling of superstition in the minds of the people of average brain who crowd to see them. I saw and disapproved of the subject and the way it was treated."

"Oh! but did you see Doré's pictures?" cried Nannie, eagerly. "I am sure they must raise the standard of Art."

"I tell you, girls," said Julia, with quiet sarcasm in her tone, "we are talking nonsense. Not one of us knows what real Art is. We only know what we like and what we dislike, and what we have read or heard. Let us stop such a pretence, and take up a subject upon which we *do* know something."

"It is very hard," said Ellen, "to keep *you* up to an ideal life, Julia—*do* try to be more poetical."

Julia smiled good-humouredly. "I do not like pretences," she said; "I can't pretend to know what I am ignorant of."

"A little poetry in a person makes up for a great lack of the practical," continued Ellen. "I do want this meeting to be artistic and poetical as well as literary."

"As you like," said Julia with a yawn. "I see that one cannot get out of the common groove of souls, even in such a select party as this. From childhood to womanhood we have to pretend to be and to like what we do not in our hearts approve of. Very good. I am content. We will talk Art, and promise not to find out how ignorant we are. After all, why should we do anything but yawn and sleep?" She leaned back, looking extremely vexed; but seeing Ellen about to proceed with the discussion, made another protest.

"Before you go on," she said, "put the question to the meeting, what is Art?"

"Will you allow a stranger to intermed-

dle?" said a sweet voice from the shadowy corner.

"Do," chorused the girl voices.

Mrs. Beale rose and came into the middle of the room.

"I have listened to your discussions, young ladies, and have come to the conclusion that you will excuse me if I say a few hard things to you to-night."

"Say on," said Julia, with a look of amusement at Ellen's vexed countenance. "Every one has liberty of free speech at our meetings."

"I am going to preach," she said, smiling, "but not at first in my own words, and my text shall be—

"'THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL.'"

She took up a copy of the poem, and began with the words—

"'For good ye are and bad, and like to coins,
Some true, some light, but every one of you
Stamped with the image of the King.'"

She read on; about the pure hearted nun, and the white-robed Galahad; of the conditions of the Quest; how none but the pure and true of heart could ever succeed in seeing the Vision. And then she stopped.

"Well," said Julia. "We have read that often. Why do you read it now?"

"'Every one of you stamped with the image of the King,'" said Mrs. Beale. "That is the reason. Every one of you capable of living to gain some great end; every one of you capable of making sacrifices of your own personal happiness for that end; and yet fifteen of you here to-night, and not one of you with a higher purpose at heart than self-amusement, or the flattering of each other's little vanities!"

"Very good, indeed," said Julia, approvingly, "pray continue."

"I think you are very hard on us," said Ellen, flushing with vexation. "You do not know, cannot imagine, how intellectually behind the times this town was before I formed this association."

"I speak as I find you—tell me fairly if I am unjust. You have souls, and some of you keen intelligence; yet here you are talking art in a school-girl way, instead of cultivating your minds or elevating your tastes by deep study of the subject. What do you mean by letting your lives drift away from you like this?"

"Blame us as much as you like," said Julia, "I enjoy nothing more. I make no protest against it, but I will state the question from our point of view—perhaps I ought to say mine."

"Pray do so," said Mrs. Beale, smiling.

"What are we girls to do to be saved? No, do not be shocked, I mean no irreverence. I make no allusion to religion. The question put to men is answered for us in this wise, 'Let them become wives.' Very good; I am quite willing they should, but statistics show that one only out of every two girls is married; therefore that must be put out of the question."

"Go on," said Mrs. Beale, as Julia stopped and considered.

"Men also say, 'let them attend to the household duties; let them make pies and fricassees; let them sweep and dust.' That also I think right and good advice; but unfortunately we are possessed of a fair share of intellect. For my part, it was no effort to me to learn to make pies; the fricassees tried my temper, but were no mental effort to accomplish. The sweeping and dusting I consider merely mechanical. You will therefore see that I have still a margin of intellect which man utterly fails to find work for, even if he will credit its possession. Perhaps he considers it is just sufficient to enable a woman to be charming enough to amuse his idle hours, or perhaps to reflect with adoration on his perfections."

"Julia is always bitter on this theme," said Ellen, with a superior and rather impatient air.

"Understand me," said Julia, "I am saying nothing against girls being good housewives. I know that half the happiness of life depends on the good and neat and wise offices of a clever housewife. All I contend for is that cooking, sweeping, and dusting are not enough for the intellect of a woman; that she has capabilities which are neglected all through life; and she drifts along until she reaches a miserable, scandal-loving, slander-loving old age. There, now, I have done for the present," said Julia, subsiding into her old careless attitude.

"Thank you, Julia, for letting me see the case from your point of view; and now, you have asked me a serious question. How are you girls to be saved from a frivolous existence; how are you to become true wo-

men? Let us call it your quest—and I will point out to you the road by which your difficulties shall be overcome, and the 'Holy Grail'—the full divine development of womanhood—at least appear to your eyes, even if it does not become your possession."

"In the first place," continued Mrs. Beale, "as far as I can understand the case, I find you all in the position of ladies who have no duty in life, or more serious occupation than the pursuit of present amusement. You are all of you in earnest, and conscious of power in yourselves to be and do something better. Oh! you have made a great step upwards if you are dissatisfied with yourselves. It is needless for me to tell you that a woman can easily find her own happiness in making those around her happy, by leading a purely unselfish life. That view of womanhood does not suit your needs. Neither could I hold out to you a distant view of happiness, as a reward for present effort. What you all want is one object in life for which to work, to suffer, and to hope."

"Aunt Primrose has got a poodle," said Maggie, modestly. "It is, I believe, the object of her deepest affections, and keenest intellectual power."

Every one laughed, and Ellen sneered at Maggie's expression.

"Keen intellectual power bestowed on the antics of a poodle!"

"She writes stories of his clever tricks," said Maggie, in explanation. "I am bored to death when I am visiting my Aunt—it is poodle, poodle, poodle, from morning to night."

"Well, in thirty years' time," said Julia, "if things continue as they are, I shall have no mind above a poodle."

"It must not be so," said Mrs. Beale, earnestly. "In the first place as a woman you have a noble duty to perform in influencing for good every human being with whom society or work brings you in contact. Try, wherever you are, to raise the standard of thought and feeling. Form in your mind some great purpose, and try to be patient and content even though ten, twenty years must elapse before it is accomplished; yea, be content even if you die on the battlefield, for I know it is only the very few who live until their highest ideal is accomplished. Yes; you must cultivate a divine patience, must expect to fail, to have many drawbacks, and not to realise quick results. Through all, be true to yourself, be true to your purpose; never forgetting that you have in view a great and noble aim, that your life is valuable to you only in so far as it is developed to its fullest power and usefulness."

"You are speaking from experience," said Maggie; "what purpose have you lived for?"

The question was not asked impertinently, but with interest.

"I will tell you my story some other evening," said Mrs. Beale, smiling kindly. "Are you all tired of my speechifying?"

"No," said Julia, "but I think you are tiring yourself for nothing. You cannot do us any good. We are too old to take up with a purpose in life now."

"Too old, my dear child!"

"Too idle, also; we have not been accustomed to work, and do not know how; I, at least, do not."

"You do not know the best way to work, I know," said Mrs. Beale; "only experience will teach you that. The *idleness* you must fight against. You need self-discipline; earnest work will do that for you. I am speaking to you all now. Some amongst you appear to have talents; or at least appreciation of art, music, and poetry. Others, I should judge, possess faculties for mathematics, languages, and the sciences. Take up the study of some one of these, and determine to work thoroughly at it. You will find in time that one will not satisfy your cravings, you will desire more and more acquaintance with what is true, good, and beautiful. Music! Study the works of the grand old masters; try to lose your little selves in the wonderful compositions of Sebastian Bach. Compose if you like, but at least study the theory and art of composing correctly. In the works of Bach, Handel, Beethoven, and other masters, you will find work for your keenest intelligence and skill. I could linger long in telling you the beautiful things you have yet to know—the exquisite harmonies, the expression of high and noble thoughts which await only the key of industry and zeal to disclose their treasures to you. Think again of painting; of sculpture; of the beautiful world—the skies, the seas—that an industrious hand may reproduce; of the beautiful truths to be demonstrated from mathematical calculations; of the wonders of the heavens that the study

of astronomy opens to you; of the thoughts of master minds to be read in different languages; think of all these things and say if there be not *one* for which you have some inclination to possess knowledge of."

"And how is this to make a true woman of me?" said Maggie smiling. "I think it might only make a selfish one instead."

"Explain," said Mrs. Beale.

"You would have to value yourself very highly before you cared to make yourself great in any way."

"And do you not?" asked Mrs. Beale. "Have you no ambition to excel in anything? Are you content to drift along in the aimless, purposeless manner you tell me you are now doing?"

There was a general laugh at Maggie's expense. Suddenly she said—

"Seriously, Mrs. Beale, the plans you propose are next to useless among us. I just suggest the possibility of marriage. Can you fancy any girl, after the studious course you recommend, marrying one of the average men? They would not have two ideas in common!"

"Thank you for that assurance," said Mrs. Beale laughing. "It is just what I want you to see. If men find that women are so much their superiors, they will have to *be* more. When an ignorant man, who has few ideas beyond money-making and love of cigars, finds that any and every girl he knows is eager to flirt with him and to marry him, without caring at all for his mental and moral qualities, is it not natural that he should remain the ignorant creature he is? It is our right, as true women, to raise the standard of society, not to accept one given by by-gone generations; to try to create or strengthen the love of the Divine wherever we go. That is one of our noblest rights; one that I am proud to say a woman can wield if she will."

"I thought you would want us to be Sisters of Mercy or nurses in hospitals," said Eva with a yawn. "I am rather pleased with your idea of self-culture, and shall think of what you have said."

"Wait fifteen years," said Mrs. Beale; "or rather, work and discipline yourself for fifteen years; you may then be content to accept even such a position as that of nurse, as one compatible with culture and true womanhood."

"Of course, as we grow older our ideas will expand," said Julia, with satisfaction.

"Or narrow," put in Mrs. Beale. "The narrowing process I am sorry to say is more often the accompaniment of age than the expanding."

"I had forgotten," said Julia; "so it is."

"Mrs. Somerville was ever so old when she began fres studies," put in meek little Milly. "She d not narrow."

"And why wa that?" asked Mrs. Beale.

"She worked for a purpose," said Milly, crimsoning with a sudden comprehension of how much that meant.

There was silence then for a little time. Then Mrs. Beale spoke again, and earnestly entreated the girls to rouse themselves to some purpose—to live aimless, objectless lives no longer. Soon it became evident that her words took effect—the girls gathered round her, eager for advice, and to detail their reasons for believing themselves gifted in some one way. But Mrs. Beale wished them to think for themselves, and for that reason would say no more to them that night. But she invited them all to come and see her the following evening, when they had had sufficient time for reflection.

* * * * *

All the guests had departed but Mrs. Beale and Milly; and Ellen came forward with a disconsolate expression.

"What is it?" said Mrs. Beale.

"I thought I had done so much," said Ellen. "If you knew how unintellectual the people are here you too would say so."

"Yes! much, my child, for the amusement of the hour. You did well, but your standard was too low; you must place it higher than mere amusement; plant it firmly on duty, self-control, and work. You will not find it fail you then. It will rise higher as you approach it if you follow the Quest with a pure and determined soul."

* * * * *

A week afterwards Mrs. Beale left the town. But her influence remains. There are girls at work, who once found that the days were too long and wearisome to bear, and who feel that they now have a purpose in life to work for. Perhaps the purpose is nothing very extraordinary, but nevertheless it is a purpose, and to keep true to it gives an interest to their lives. Instead of a "Literary Society," Ellen has started a "Students' Association," and the girls

meet without pretence of superiority to discuss or talk over their various studies and pursuits. A true, pure element has come into their lives.

Maggie has made a beautiful illumination which is hung in their meeting room and is adopted as their motto. It reminds them of many things it is good that they should think of; its gold and purple letters stand out clearly to the eyes—

"THE HOLY GRAIL."

MY OLD YEAR—MY LIVING DEAD.

OLD my year, my sad Old Year,
Dead but yesternight,
Would that I could bury deep—
Hide far out of sight—
All the ghosts of all thy days,
Hide beyond recall;
Dig a grave ten fathom deep,
There to lay them all;
So they should not follow me
Everywhere I go;
Bury thee, my sad Old Year,
Down beneath the snow.

But the Old Year never dies:
Tread and press it in the ground;
Pile and rear a mountain mound;
From its grave it still will rise,
Cold and stern, with piercing eyes,
Pointing with its wrinkled hand
Straight to me as, faint, I stand;
Till the blood has quit my heart,
And the marrow in my bones
Freezes, death-like, through each part,
At its low, sweet, awful tones.

"Didst thou deem that thou couldst bury,
Deep amidst the dust of days,
All thy year's dark thoughts and ways?
Nought to do but make thee merry,
Singing carols through the land;
Shrouding all thy care and fear
In gay garments of New Year?
Didst thou think that thou couldst borrow
From the bright dress of the morrow
That should hide thy thoughtful Past?
Thought is free, nor canst thou cover,
E'en with New Year's jewell'd fold,
Dread remorse, or dream of lover;
Nor canst bind with steel or gold
Days of joy, or days of sorrow;
Surely, will they rise at last—
Ghosts of Days, with searching eyes;
For the Old Year never dies."

LYD.

THE LAND OF THE MATABELE.

BY A. CAMPBELL, LONDON.

SINCE the earliest dawn of history, no part of our earth has been so much the subject of geographical speculation and doubt and contention as Africa. From the time of Herodotus, and in all probability even anterior to his time, the subject has at distant and less distant intervals awakened the interest of the most civilized communities of the world. But it has been reserved for this generation to see exploration carried on with a systematic and persevering intelligence, with that practical endeavour which is characteristic of the age, and with a cumulative vigour which is rapidly making us familiar with the inmost recesses of this magnificent country.

That most superb exploit of all time, in the way of travel, when David Livingstone marched from the Cape of Good Hope to the Portuguese settlements on the West, and thence across the Continent to the East Coast, where the great river Zambesi empties itself into the Indian Ocean, vibrated over Europe and America, and produced a generous spirit of emulation, which since that period has impelled such men as Speke and Grant, Baker and Stanley, and many others of less note, to follow in the footsteps of the great missionary.

It was my fortune in the year 1870 to find myself in the very heart of the territory of the Matabele, a people inhabiting the south borders of the Zambesi, and I have thought that a brief sketch of the country and of the people might be received with some degree of interest by the readers of this Magazine.

The journey from Durban, the port of Natal, was performed in waggons, each drawn by from twelve to sixteen oxen. After crossing the Drachensberg mountains, a chain attaining, in some places, to an elevation of ten thousand feet above the sea level, the great plateau of South Africa was reached. This table land, extending from the Zambesi southward, is of an average altitude of from three to four thousand feet. Within the Boer Settlements, severally called the Orange River Free State, and the South African (or Transvaal) Republic, the plateau, imperceptibly sloping westward towards the Kalahari Desert, is a rich, rolling prairie land, heavily grassed, but absolutely treeless, except, perhaps, in the deep Kloofs of the weird-like hills (Kopjies) that sentinel the plain, and awaken feelings of strange interest and awe from their grandly suggestive and isolated forms. Over this vast plain immense herds of game roam: the vildebeeste (gnu), the springbok, the quagga, divers species of antelopes. I have stood on an eminence, and all around, as far as the eye could reach, the space was filled with teeming myriads.

After passing Rustenburg, the most northerly settlement of the Boers, native villages, or kraals, are occasionally to be met with, the country assumes a partially wooded character; and the fierce denizens of the forest, the lion, leopard, hyena, begin to be encountered. Along the banks of the Limpopo the giraffe, the zebra, the rhinoceros, and the ostrich are further to be found, while on the high trees that shade its banks swarms of monkeys build their nests, and chatter among the branches, and play wild gambols as they dart about from limb to limb; the solemn-visaged baboon paces along in the deep shade; and amid the dense rushes lurks the crocodile. High overhead soars the vulture. Ducks and guinea fowl and partridges abound; and many are the birds of varied plumage and strange form. Here, too, are first seen those big earth houses, from ten to fifteen feet high, which have been raised by the little white ant, whose inveterate enemy, the black ant, often gets entombed alive in his predatory attacks, the intended victims surrounding and piling each a minute particle of viscid earth upon the struggling intruder, until he is helpless, out of sight, and forever buried.

Three days' journey from the Limpopo brought us to the chief town of the Bamangwato, beyond question the largest native

town in South Africa. The huts composing the town, as is usual throughout all these parts, are built almost exactly in the form of a bee hive, the circular wall being constructed of clay, hardened, after erection, by the action of fire; the doorway is a small aperture through which the entrants require to crawl; the roofs are thatched with grass, the thatch protruding considerably over the wall so as to form a verandah all around. There is not a vestige of design in the construction of the town, the huts being scattered about, thickly clustered, and forming a perfect maze of confusion. The tribe of the Bamangwato was governed by a chief named Matjene, he and his people being in turn subject to the all-powerful Matabele. A fat, inert, stolid-looking savage was this Matjene, yet cunning withal, who delighted in the practice of blackmail, and had to be dealt with firmly and fearlessly.

After a three months' journey, and after travelling a distance of over one thousand miles, the country of the Matabele was reached. Here had reigned, dying the year previously, Moselekatse, the great king, who after escaping from Zulu land with a force of hardy adventurers, had, in his early days, conquered the country now occupied by the Boers of the Transvaal, by whom, being greatly harassed, he retired to the farther north, and swept over the interior like a scourge, subduing, after the most unmerciful slaughter of the adult males, tribe after tribe, until not a tribe was left unconquered from the Limpôpo to the Zambesi, along even to the very borders of the Portuguese Settlements on the east Coast.

At that time there was an interregnum in the government of the country. For until the very time of his death the old warrior continued to hope for the coming of the eminent missionary, Moffat, the father-in-law of Livingstone, who, on a long previous occasion, had cured him of a serious illness. "Ah, if my friend Moffat were here, I should not die," the old man would keep repeating. But a more powerful than Moffat came—Death—and Moselekatse went the way of all flesh, everything of value that he possessed being interred along with him. No successor had been named, and the chiefs of the nation were divided among themselves as to who should rule over them. The late king's eldest son, Kuruman, was, no one knew where, or whether he was alive or dead, for having by an act of construed rebellion incurred his father's displeasure, he had fled from the vengeance that must inevitably follow. And Lopingole, the second son, cautiously restrained any overt action on the part of his numerous supporters, in case Kuruman should mayhap reappear. The oldest and most trusted chiefs of the late King continued to administer the affairs of the state. This was the condition of the country at the period of my visit.

In the very centre of Matabele land, nineteen degrees south of the Equator, we pitched our camp. It was on the banks of the river Inyati, and near to a singular tree, almost unique in, at any rate, the southern part of the Continent. Under a cloudless sky, from which not a drop of rain had descended for the previous three months, the tree, day after day, poured down an unintermitting shower of sweet, pellucid water, little rivulets pouring down the trunk, and the ground receiving continuous saturation under the whole circumference of its outspreading branches.

Truly a country of wonderfully productive capacity, possessing a soil of exceptional richness, where no rain falls for nine months in the year; where there is no winter; and where the heat of summer, owing to the altitude of the land, is never oppressive; and yet a country well watered. The numerous rivers, which overflow their banks in the rainy season, when the rains fall in intermittent thunder plumps, continue to retain throughout the year part of the bountiful supply. For in the beds of these streams there is invariably a deep deposit of gravel beneath which the water subsides, and, protected from evaporation, filters slowly on its course, and can readily be procured at all times by digging. Far and wide, over the whole expanse of the land, excepting in the vicinity of the native villages, where necessary cultivation preserves the ground clear, the open forest extends. The trees are mostly varieties of the thorn species. Among these roam the buffalo and the rhinoceros, the giraffe, the zebra, and the elephant, the koodo and the eland, with many of the smaller descriptions of antelope—while the roar of the lion and the howlings of the hyena and jackal fill the night with their discordant sounds—noises, a familiarity with which begets indifference or contempt, as they become less and less indicative of danger. The

variety of beetles is something astonishing, and their variety of hue evokes even greater astonishment—glistening and glowing with all the lustre of burnished metal, they present every colour to the eye. But to every country there is sure to attach some disadvantage or scourge, and the scourge of Matabele land is the locust, the ravages of which extend in some seasons even as far south as the borders of Cape Colony. The natives take every precaution to protect their fields from attack, and when an alarm is given of an approaching cloud of the pests every available inhabitant of the villages hastens to the rescue; piles of brush, prepared before-hand, are set on fire; the most unearthly shouting and yelling goes on; an incessant beating of calabashes adds to the noise—and should the locust-cloud be driven off, great is the rejoicing that ensues. Nevertheless, it occasionally happens that fields are laid waste and that the crops of maize and of millet are lost. But as in all things evil there is a modicum of good, so in this also, for in such cases vast quantities of locusts are collected and preserved for food.

The inhabitants are a fine race—brave, intelligent, and hospitable. In their facial characteristics they are as far removed from the negro that is familiar to us on this continent as the Caucasian is from the Mongolian. Many of them, male and female, are eminently handsome, and even the typically Greek profile may be observed among them. I do not recollect ever having seen on woman's shoulders a head betokening more indication of intellectual strength, or gifted with a more pleasing expression of countenance, than that of the wife of the chief Umbego, the daughter of King Moselekatse. Neither was her complexion darker than that of the average Chinese. From chief and chieftain's wives downwards, the dress, or rather the want of dress, is almost uniformly the same. The males wear a "mooche" in front, and in rear a smaller covering, sufficient in their estimation for all the purposes of decency. The "mooche" bears a strange resemblance to the Scottish Highlander's sporran, and is highly suggestive of what may have been the pre-historic Highlander's scanty habiliments. The females wear, surrounding the loins, an ornamental covering of bead-work; and the great ambition of a Matabele belle is to load her ancles and her arms with, and to hang from her neck, circlets and quaint designs of curiously-wrought and many coloured beads. The chief Umbego improved somewhat upon the national costume, for, in addition to the "mooche," he wore, though only on important occasions, a wideawake hat.

Poor Umbego, fat and jolly and good-hearted! I heard of his death when, after six months' stay, I was clearing out of the country. Lopingole, having at length acceded to the wishes of his adherents, seized the reins of power. The chief called out his retainers in defence of the rights of the absent Kuruman. He was defeated; he and most of his followers being slain in battle.

But the Matabele, powerful as they undoubtedly are, all-powerful as they suppose themselves to be, proud of their superiority over the surrounding tribes, have a faint, overshadowing belief, amounting almost to a distinct perception of the inevitable, that their power must wane and disappear before that of the white man. The belief is settling down, and becoming a tradition among the rising generation, that the English will eventually take their country from them, and will become the dominant race over all the length and breadth of the land.

It is a belief that finds a sufficient justification in the past progress of our countrymen in South Africa, and which, there is little doubt, will find abundant confirmation in the evolutions of the future.

AN OLD BOOK.

BY JOHN READE, MONTREAL.

"England's Black Tribunall, set forth in the Triall of K. Charles I. at the Pretended Court of Justice at Westminster Hall, Jan. 22. Together with His Majesties Speech, immediately before he was murdered on a scaffold erected at Whitehall Gate, Tuesday, Jan. 30, 1648. Also the severall Dying Speeches of the Nobility and Gentry, as were inhumanly put to death for their Loyalty to their Sovereign Lord the King, from 1642 to 1658. London. Printed for J. Playford, 1660."

As "England's Black Tribunall" is entitled to consideration on more accounts than its age, being a relic of the contemporary history of the most momentous period in England's progress, a brief notice of it may not be without interest to the readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY.

The date of its appearance, the year of the Restoration, suggests at once that Mr. J. Playford was a wise man in his generation; and, no doubt, his book had many eager purchasers. On a blank page of the copy before us is a piece of rather venerable manuscript, subscribed by a name in cipher and the date 1696. It is a recipe for dyeing wool. The letters are like German text and not difficult to read. "His hand and pen" were probably some Jacobite farmer's. There is no saying, however. Books are sad wanderers, and take up their abode alike with friend and enemy to the opinions which they contain.

Our "old book" is divided into two parts. The first has to do with the trial and execution of the King; the second contains "the Dying Speeches of the Nobility and Gentry," and bears marks of being an afterthought, as, though it is paged in succession, its title is somewhat different (apart from the absence of the King's name) from that given above, and the publisher's name is omitted. Between these two parts occurs an "Elegie on the sufferings and death of K. Charles I.," which is as bad poetry as can be imagined, but is valuable as having a reference to the *Eikon Basilike*, whose fabrication has been ascribed to unscrupulous Bishop Gawden.

The "Black Tribunall" must have been ransacked by historians, but we have not at hand, as we write, the means of ascertaining by what writers it has been made use of.

The account of the King's trial and execution is substantially the same as that which is found in Guizot and Hallam. We are informed that His Majesty's last words were "taken in shorthand, on the scaffold, by three several gentlemen, who were very exquisite in that art," and, certainly, throughout the volume there is a note of rude fidelity and an absence of ornament which contrasts very saliently with the sensational picturesqueness and bold exaggeration of the modern "gentlemen of the press." "Nor had His Majesty any copy," we are told, "(being surprised and hastened by those who attended him on the scaffold) save only a few heads on a little scrip of paper, which, after his death, the soldiers took from the Bishop of London, to whom he gave it: therefore the reader must be content with this copy, which was by them upon joint comparing of their copies published, some few words being altered to make the sense perfect."

"The Act of the Commons of England, assembled in Parliament" for the King's trial, is given in full, with the names "Thomas, Lord Fairfax, General; Oliver Cromwell, Lieutenant-General," etc., attached to it. The description of the Court is very minute. "The Lord President (Bradshaw), in a crimson velvet chair, fixed in the midst of the Court, placed himself, having a desk with a crimson velvet cushion before him." A "crimson velvet chair" was also set for the King. The charge was read by "the Clerk of the Court, who sate on one side of the table covered with a rich Turkey carpet." It is very long and specific. "It is observed that the time the charge was reading, the

King sat down on his chair, looking sometimes on the Court, sometimes up to the gallery, and having risen again and turned about to behold the guards and spectators, sat down, looking very sternly, with a countenance not at all moved, till these words, viz., *Charles Stuart to be a tyrant and traitor, &c.*, were read, at which he laughed, as he sate, in the face of the Court." The behaviour of the King throughout is described with similar, almost painful, exactness. "The silver head of his staff fell off, the which he wondered at, and seeing none to take it up, he stooped for it himself and put it in his pocket." As he was withdrawn at the end of the unsatisfactory proceedings of the first day (Saturday, January 20) he looked "with a very austere countenance upon the Court without stirring of his hat, and replied 'Well, Sir,' when the Lord President commanded the guard to take him away."

"On Jan. 21, being Sunday, the Commissioners kept a fast at Whitehall: there preached Mr. Spigge; his text was, *He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.* Next Mr. Foxley; his text, *Judge not lest you be judged.* Last was Mr. Peters; his text was, *I will bind their Kings in chains and their nobles in fetters of iron.*"

On Monday the trial was resumed. "Upon the King's coming in a shout was made," which was not heard with favour by the Court. The King again disputed the authority of the latter, and it became evident that there could be no compromise between Commons and King. The arguments on both sides are well known. There is nothing new in this book in that respect. On the 27th of January the sentence was pronounced that "the said Charles Stuart, as a tyrant, traitor, murtherer and a publique enemy, shall be put to death by the severing of his head from his body." The scene that ensued, as here detailed, is what would be now called sensational. It would seem as if the sentence took the King by surprise, and that for a time he lost that dignified self-command which was habitual to him. After the pronouncing of the sentence he said:—

"Will you hear me a word, Sir?"

President:—"Sir, you are not to be heard after the sentence."

King:—"No, Sir?"

President:—"No, Sir, by your favour. Sir. Guard, withdraw your prisoner."

King:—"I may speak after the sentence—By your favour, Sir, I may speak after the sentence—ever.

By your favour (hold) the sentence, Sir,—I say, Sir, I do—

I am not suffered for to speak. Expect what justice other people will have."

"After sentence, the King being hurried from their bar (which accounts, no doubt, for the confusion betrayed in those last words), as he passed down the stairs, the common souldiers, laying aside all reverence to sovereigntie, scoffed at him, casting the smoak of their stinking tobacco in his face (no smell more offensive to him) and flinging their foul pipes at his feet." The "Counterblast," it would seem, was not written without effect. The meeting between the King and his children is told with touching simplicity. The effect on the King of the well-known words of the little Duke of Gloucester, "I will be torn in pieces first," is quaintly told: "which falling so unexpectedly from one so young, it made the King rejoice exceedingly."

There is nothing new in the account of the execution. The King alludes to Strafford, saying, "An unjust sentence that I suffered for to take effect is punished now by an unjust sentence upon me." He does not mention any name, but, in a note, Strafford is designated as the person referred to. The "Remember" uttered after he had given his "George" to Dr. Juxon is explained in another note: "It is thought for to give it to the Prince."

In a letter written to Prince Charles (afterwards Charles II.) from the Isle of Wight, dated Nov. 29th, 1648, occur these words: "Subjects have learned that victories over their princes are but triumphs over themselves, and so will be more unwilling to hearken to changes hereafter." The following is not bad advice, though given by a Stuart to a Stuart: "If God give you success, use it humbly and far from revenge. If He restore you to your right upon hard conditions, whatever you promise, keep." We know what, in the long run, came to be regarded by Englishmen as worse than *punica fides.*

The words "This is the head of a traitor," generally claimed for the executioner, are not found in this book, in which it is simply said that "he held it up and showed it to the people." "Which done, it was, with

the body, put into a coffin, covered with black velvet, for that purpose, and conveyed into his lodgings there," that is, in prison. Thence the body was taken to St. James's, "laid there a fortnight to be seen by the people," and thence to Windsor. The Duke of Lenox, the Marquis of Hertfert, the Marquis of Dorchester, and the Earl of Linsey, "having obtained an order from the Parliament for the decent interment of their royal master, provided the expense thereof not exceeding five hundred pounds," and having in vain sought permission "that the interment should be by the form in the Common Prayer Book of the Church of England," "betook themselves to the search of a convenient place for the burial of the corpse, the which, after some painstaking therein, they discover a vault in the middle of the quire, wherein, as is probably conjectured, lyeth the body of King Henry the Eighth and his beloved wife, the lady Jane Seamor, both in coffins of lead. In this vault—there being room for one more—they resolved to inter the body of the King, the which was accordingly brought to the place, borne by the officers of the garrison, the four corners of the velvet pall borne up by the aforesaid four lords, the pious Bishop of London following next and other persons of quality; the body was committed to the earth with sighs and tears, especially of the reverend Bishop, to be denied to do the last duty and service to his dear and royal master. The velvet pall being cast into the vault was laid over the body upon the coffin with these words set:—

"'King Charles, 1648.'"

The second part of "England's Black Tribunall" is perhaps, more interesting than the first, as it deals with characters of which, with a few conspicuous exceptions, general history takes hasty, if any notice. It contains "the dying speeches of such nobility and gentry as have been put to death for their loyalty to their Sovereign, King Charles I., together with the names of their judges and manner of putting to death." The number of the sufferers is twenty-one. Of these, seven—the Earl of Strafford, Archbishop Laud, and five others—were executed before the King; the rest, among whom were the Earls of Derby, Holland, and Cambridge, and Lord Arthur Capel, after him. It has to be borne in mind throughout that the legal year began on the 25th of March, not as now (since 1752) on the 1st of January. This sets the date of Charles's death in 1648 instead of 1649, as we are accustomed to fix it.

The spelling is most capricious and perplexing, the same word being often spelled in three different ways in the course of a few pages, and there is little regard paid to punctuation.

What strikes one as very remarkable is the extreme cheerfulness with which some of the unfortunate gentlemen met their fate. Courageous resignation is intelligible, but exaltation and fervour of joy, showing itself in kissing the block and the axe, are things rather deep for a man whose neck is safe. They are, however, by no means unusual. Condemned criminals are often apparently the happiest of men. Whether their happiness be real, or whether, by some merciful provision of nature, their minds are numbed with apathy or excited to ecstasy during their awful ordeal, is a question for the psychologist. Religion, no doubt, is often successful in rousing the penitent to a sense of God's mercy, and the difference between the power of Divine love that would pardon the greatest crime and that which would pardon the most venial fault may be theologically infinitesimal; but we are, nevertheless, inclined to doubt the saintship which has its origin in the cell and its canonization on the scaffold.

Whatever were his previous faults or crimes, no martyr ever behaved with more dignity on receiving his crown, than the Earl of Strafford on the day of his execution. His words (as here reported) seem so honest and straightforward that one does not willingly pronounce him a hypocrite. His reference to the King, in which he prays "that he find mercy when he stands most in need of it," if conveyed to Charles, was, no doubt, bitterly recalled by him when he did stand in need of mercy. Whatever else Strafford was, there can be little doubt that he was a loyal and faithful servant to his fickle and ungrateful master. Among three instructions which he left to his son is this, "That he should never lay any hand upon anything that belonged to the Church," for if he did so, "he wished the curse of God might follow him." The Church of England

he calls "the most Apostolical Church on earth."

The "God save the King" with which the executioner shewed his head to the people seems to have a sort of prophetic irony.

Immediately following the account of the trial and execution of Strafford is a piece of execrable rhyming, addressed to the citizens of London, and called a "Satyric Elegie," the unfortunate hero being Master Nathaniel Tomkins, who was executed July 5th, 1643. The two concluding lines may serve as a specimen:—

"From your black doom we'll this conclusion draw,
You have no gospel, Tomkins had no law."

Some of those whose last days are here described were not the King's friends, but Parliamentarians who suffered for having betrayed their trust. Sir Alexander Carew, Baronet, was beheaded for treasonable correspondence with the enemy; Sir John Hotham, for betraying Hull.

From his position, the most important of all the victims was William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury. His speech on the scaffold was half a sermon beginning in due homiletic form with a text. Speaking of the Church of England, he says, "The poor Church of England, that hath flourished and been a shelter to other neighbouring churches when storms have driven upon them; but, alas! now it is in a storm itself, and God knows whether or how it shall get out; and, which is worse than a storm from without, it is become like an oak cleft to shivers with wedges made out of its own body, and that, in every cleft, prophaneness and irreligion is creeping in apace."

There are two prayers of his, one long, offered after his speech, the other just before his execution. In this last he implores God to "bless this Kingdom with peace and with plenty, with brotherly love and with charity, that there may not be this effusion of Christian blood amongst them, for Christ's sake, if it be Thy will."

The Earls of Cambridge and Holland, and Lord Arthur Capel, were all three executed on the same day, March 9th, 1649. There is nothing remarkable in any of their speeches. Lord Holland said that he had "endeavoured to do those actions that became an honest man and a good Englishman and a good Christian," at the same time acknowledging that he was a great sinner. His conversation with his chaplain, Mr. Bolton, is long and not without interest.

The following is an extract from the prayer, said on the scaffold, of Colonel John Morris, executed August 23rd, 1649:

"Welcome, blessed hour, the period of my pilgrimage, the term of my bondage, the end of my cares, the close of my sins, the bound of my travels, the goal of my race, the haven of my hopes. I have fought a long fight in much weakness, I have finished my course, though in great faintness, and the crown of my joy is that, through the strength of Thy grace, I have both kept the true faith, and have fought for my King's, the Lord's anointed's cause, without any wavering, for which, and in which I die."

One of the most interesting of all these sad obituaries is that of James, Earl of Derby, executed at Bolton, October 15th, 1651, for corresponding with the absent and unacknowledged King. He was much beloved by the common people; so much so, that at the hour appointed for his death, the scaffold, for lack of workmen, was not ready. "Shall the good Earl of Derby die?" was the general pathetic exclamation in the streets. "On his way to the scaffold the people prayed and wept and cried aloud," and while he was delivering his address the excitement was so intense that "the soldiers fell into a tumult, riding up and down the streets, cutting and slashing the people, many being killed and many wounded. His Lordship, looking upon this sad spectacle, said thus, 'Gentlemen, it troubles me more than my own death, that others are hurt, and, I fear, dye for me.' The panic interrupted his speech and he could not finish it, but the manuscript of it was preserved." "The executioner," we are told, "did his work at one blow, all the people weeping and crying and giving all expressions of grief and lamentation." A piece of paper with these lines was thrown into the Earl's coffin:—

"Bounty, wit, courage, all in one lie dead,
A Stanley's hand, Vere's heart and Cecil's head."

Some of the other speeches recorded in the "Black Tribunall" are interesting enough in their way, but the extracts which we have given will convey a general idea of their style and matter. Two or three are very tedious, and calculated, one would think,

to lessen the sympathy, by wearying the patience, of the audience. The brightest and most to the point is that of the "piously disposed Hugh Grove, of Chisenbury, in the parish of Enford and county of Wilts, Esq., beheaded the 16th day of May, 1655, in the Castle at Exon." The latest execution is that of Sir H. Slingsby and of "the Reverend Dr. John Hewyt, D.D.," who were beheaded on the same scaffold, June 8th, 1658. Both these men suffered for anticipating what was so near at hand through the sinuous diplomacy of General Monk. Among the charges against Dr. Hewyt was that of kissing the King's hand, which act of devotion he attempts to disprove by an *alibi*. "His Highness was pleased to tell me," he said, "that I was like a flaming torch in the midst of a sheaf of corn"—words not uncharacteristic of His Highness.

We take leave of this melancholy little book with a feeling of thankfulness that those bloody days and, we trust, their bitter memories, have passed away. Whatever blessings of civil liberty they brought, or were the means of bringing, are ours, increased a hundredfold; and the evils which were the dark channels of those blessings are not likely to recur. Still we find much to imitate in the characters of many who figured in them— whether of the chivalry of loyalty or the chivalry of freedom. On both sides of the great contest there were men distinguished by manly earnestness and love of truth and right, although circumstances may have led them to seek the objects at which they aimed by different paths. Happy are we in Canada, who have obtained all that was best in those objects, as, so to speak, a gift from Providence—thrice happy if we make a proper use of our lofty privileges!

SLEIGHING SONG.

TO the music of the trees,
Borne along the evening breeze,
To the sleigh-bells' cheery chime,
Bringing forth its tuneful time,
Merry, merry, on we go,
O'er the crisp and glittering snow.

No more on briar and tree,
Bird doth warble joyously.
List! Though hushed its witching strain,
Echoes still the sweet refrain—
Earth, O earth, so glad and fair!
Sing, Oh heart! why dream of care?

Oh! diamond-dusted hills,
Oh! glassy, glistening rills,
Oh! ye snowy-bowered glades,
Oh! ye laughing forest shades,
As we swiftly glide along
Break ye forth in gladsome song.

Barrie. F. E. P. P.

HEINRICH JUNG STILLING,

TAILOR, SCHOOLMASTER, PROPHET, AND PRIVY COUNCILLOR.*

BY LOUISA MURRAY, TILSONBURG, ONT.

A WRITER on German life has told us that Germany's greatest danger has always been the great amount of intellectual produce for which it finds no fit or profitable work. This unutilised intellect expends itself in spinning subtle webs of thought, and tries to give them form and substance by embodying them in systems of transcendental philosophy and mystical theology. "In such a state of things," said the great Prussian statesman, Stein, "the mind acquires an idle and foolish attraction for the extraordinary and incomprehensible, instead of devoting itself to energetic action." When the new and intoxicating hopes of universal freedom, brotherhood, and the rights of man, which heralded the great French Revolution, sprang into sudden being, like the latent seeds in a newly broken up piece of ground, this hidden force shaped itself into the secret societies of Freemasons, Rosicrucians, Illuminati, and a hundred other wild developments of the struggle between faith and reason, despotism and liberty, mingled with chimerical dreams of mastering the secrets of matter, and holding intimate intercourse with the spirit world. Out of this yeasty chaos the most extraordinary mental and moral phenomena rose to the surface. Religion, especially, assumed strange phases. Many fanatics believed themselves divinely inspired, and found enthusiastic disciples. Men proficient in all the learning of the universities threw it aside as a vain and worthless encumbrance, and turning peddlers travelled from house to house, offering with their wares the message of salvation. Pious countesses chose for their husbands pious peasants, and Christian faith was held to be a bond of union abolishing all class distinctions, and drawing all believers into the closest fellowship.

A mountainous district of central Germany was the stronghold of this pietistic movement, and has been called "the classic ground of sectarianism." Zinzendorf and other zealous religionists had visited it, and the writings of Spener, Francke, Madame Guyon, and other mystics were eagerly read by the people. In this district, in the little village of Grund, in 1740, was born that strange psychological phenomenon Heinrich Jung, "afterwards called Stilling," who was the son of a tailor, and brought up to his father's trade, but who in his old age assumed the mantle of the prophet, sat at princes' tables, and beheld an Emperor hanging reverently on the words in which he revealed his celestial visions. He wrote memoirs of his own life, and his *Lebensgeschichte* and *Wanderschaft* (Life History, and Travel) have delighted many readers. Goethe having heard from him the story of his youth, persuaded him to write it down, and helped him in getting it published. Count Stolberg sang its praises, and it has been extolled by poets differing as widely from each other as Schenkendorf and Freiligratt. In this remarkable book, beautiful and romantic scenery, legends, and presentiments, are curiously blended with the actions and feelings of men; there are powerful descriptions of the passions which agitate the heart, controlled by religion; mountains and forests, and the varying aspects of nature, have a voice and speak in parables; and all combine simply and naturally to produce a striking and fascinating effect. Its pictures of religious, rural, and domestic life have never been surpassed by any imaginative writer, and they have the great charm of reality.

The people among whom Stilling's youth was passed were a sturdy race of peasants,

* Taken chiefly from Baur's Religious Life in Germany, Goethe's Autobiography, and Carlyle's Essays on German Literature.

miners, smiths, and charcoal burners. They were deeply devout, but every one put his own interpretations on the Bible and its mysteries. These hardy tillers of the soil and workers in mines and iron forges believed in supernatural visions, presentiments, and revelations, and were imbued with the visionary speculations of the time. Stilling's grandfather, the patriarch Eberhardt, occupied himself at his charcoal burning with the quadrature of the circle; and his maternal grandfather, Pastor Moritz, had been dismissed from his office for practising alchemy. His mother, the gentle and susceptible Dortchen, from whom he inherited many traits of character, died early, and his grandmother, the wife of Eberhardt, then took charge of him. Here he became familiar with the life of the charcoal burners, and was often alone in the woods and among the mountains. In the solitude of the hills, and the seclusion of the forest glades, he made companions and friends of birds and trees and flowers, and learned to love nature, and to be a close observer of all her aspects. The garden behind the house, as it sloped up the hill, seemed only like a natural extension of the dwelling, and when quiet and seclusion were not to be had within, and they were in a mournful or meditative mood, these singular people would wander alone, or with wife or child, over the wooded hills, and fancied they heard spirit voices in the sighing of the wind, or the song of the nightingale. They had a strong family feeling, and took pride in looking back to a long line of pious and worthy ancestors. Heinrich frequently heard these ancestors alluded to, and one day, when taking a walk in the wood with his grandfather, he began asking him about them. Father Eberhardt smiled and said, "It would be hard to make out that we were descended from any prince, but your forefathers were all good and honourable people, and there are very few princes who can say that. You must consider it the greatest honour you could have that your grandfather and great grandfather, and their fathers, were men who were beloved and honoured by every one, although they had nothing to rule over but their own households. Not one of them ever married disgracefully, or acted dishonourably towards a woman; not one of them ever coveted what did not belong to him, and they all died full of years and honour." Heinrich was pleased to hear this, and said, "I shall find my forefathers in heaven then." "Yes," said the grandfather, "that you will. In that world we shall take a high rank; mind you do not forfeit your privileges. Heinrich, I hope you will remember this evening as long as you live! Our blessing will rest upon you as long as you are good; but if you are godless and despise your parents, we shall not recognise you in eternity."

The boy never did forget that evening. Family ties were always strong with him, and he showed their influence at an early age in a touching manner. When his grandfather died, a son-in-law of the name of Simon became master of the house. Not being one of the family he did not care for old associations, and the oak table over which so many blessings had been spoken and had witnessed so much hospitality, the useful old table, was exchanged for one of yellow maple wood full of locked-up drawers. The old one was put up in the loft behind the chimney, and Henry sometimes went up there, lay down upon the ground near it, and cried. Simon found him there one day and said— "Henry, what are you doing?" Henry answered, "I am crying about the table." His uncle laughed. "What! crying about an old oak table!" Henry was provoked, and said, "My grandfather made that lap to it, and that leg, and that carving in the lap; nobody who loved him would like to see it destroyed." Simon was angry and retorted, "It was not large enough for me. And besides where was I to put my own?" "Uncle," said the boy, "you ought not to have put that up here till grandmother was dead, and all the rest of us were gone away." In after years when Stilling was at the height of his fame, he had the satisfaction of receiving his father—then a venerable and weary old man—into his house and caring for him till his death.

The retired life of his childhood increased instead of repressed the desire to obtain knowledge and gain influence among men, which seemed born with him. Very early he excited observation both in his own family and others. His grandfather often said, "That boy is getting beyond us. He will be fledged earlier than any of us were. We must pray God to guide him with His good Spirit."

At fifteen he gave up tailoring and became

schoolmaster. But his own thirst for learning often interfered with his teaching. His ideas were much too original for a schoolmaster in those days, and often led him to introduce novel plans which gave offence, while his extraordinary passion for reading, and other tastes and habits still more peculiar, often annoyed the people. Admired and censured, he went from place to place. When he could not get on at school-keeping, he took to working at his trade again; but he longed for a freer and more intellectual life. Medicine seemed to promise this, and he became a medical student at Strasbourg. Here, at the public table of a boarding-house, he first met Goethe. In his *Wanderschaft* he has given a description of the meeting, which Carlyle has translated as follows:—

"There dined at this table about twenty people whom the two comrades (Stilling and Herr Troost) saw enter, one after another. One, especially, with large eyes, magnificent brow, and fine stature, walked gallantly in. He drew Herr Troost's and Stilling's eyes on him. Herr Troost said, 'That must be a remarkable man.' Stilling assented, yet thought they might both have much vexation from him, as he looked like one of your wild fellows. This Stilling inferred from the frank style the student had assumed. But here he was far mistaken. They found that this distinguished individual was named Herr Goethe. Troost whispered to Stilling, 'Herr, it were best one sat silent for seven days.' Stilling felt this truth. They sat silent, therefore, and no one particularly minded them, except that Goethe now and then hurled over a look He sat opposite Stilling, and had the government of the table without aiming at it. Herr Troost was neat and dressed in the fashion; Stilling likewise tolerably so; he had a dark-brown coat with fustian under-garments, but a scratch wig remained to him which he wanted to wear out; he had put it on and therewith came to the table. Nobody took notice of it, except Herr Waldberg, of Vienna. That gentleman looked at him, and as he had already heard that Stilling was greatly taken up about religion, he began and asked him 'Whether he thought Adam in Paradise had worn a scratch wig?' All laughed heartily except Salzman, Goethe, and Troost; these did not laugh. In Stilling wrath rose and burnt, and he answered: 'Be ashamed of this jest; such a trivial thing is not worth laughing at.' Goethe struck in, and added: 'Try a man first whether he deserves mockery. It is devil-like to fall upon an honest-hearted person who has injured nobody, and make sport of him!' From that time Goethe took up Stilling, visited him, liked him, made friendship and brothership with him, and strove by all opportunities to do him kindness. Pity that so few are acquainted with this noble man in respect of his heart!"

Goethe, on his part, was, as he tells us in his autobiography, particularly interested in Stilling. "In spite of an antiquated dress," says Goethe in the "Wahrheit und Dichtung," "his form had something delicate about it, with a certain sturdiness. A wig did not disfigure his significant and pleasing countenance. His voice was mild, without being soft and weak; it became even melodious and powerful as soon as his ardour was roused, which was very easily done. . . . . The course of this man's life had been very simple, and yet crowded with events and with manifold activity. The element of his energy was an indestructible faith in God, and in an assistance flowing immediately from Him, which in his eyes manifested itself in an uninterrupted providence, and in an unfailing deliverance out of all troubles and from every evil. Jung had had many such experiences in his life, and they had often been repeated of late in Strasbourg, so that with the greatest cheerfulness he led a life, frugal, indeed, but free from care, and devoted himself most earnestly to his studies, although he could not reckon on any certain subsistence from one quarter to another. . . . . . Among a few persons, who, if not exactly like-minded with himself, did not declare themselves averse from his mode of thought, he was not only talkative, but eloquent; in particular, he related the history of his life in the most delightful manner, and knew how to make all the circumstances plainly and vividly present to his listeners. . . . But his faith tolerated no doubt, his convictions no jest; and it in friendly communication he was inexhaustible, everything came to a standstill when he suffered contradiction. I usually helped him through on such occasions, for which he repaid me with honest affection."

Goethe has written much more about Stilling, all showing the deep impression this simple, earnest, trusting child of the woods

and mountains had made upon the many-sided, sceptical student and susceptible poet. In the midst of the rudest surroundings the peasant boy's deep religious convictions and silent communion with nature and his own soul had given him no ordinary culture and refinement; and in spite of his superstitious belief in his own inner illumination, and his being specially favoured with miraculous providences, he had a substratum of common sense and sound human affection, which preserved him from the depths of folly and fanaticism into which so many of the mystics and pietists of those days recklessly plunged. "A pious soul," says Carlyle, "who if he did afterwards write books on the nature of departed spirits, also restored to sight (by his skill in eye-operations) above *two thousand poor, blind persons without fee or reward*, even supporting many of them at the hospital at his own expense." When the number of cures he had performed amounted to two thousand, he left off keeping account of them. His operations were not, however, as may be supposed, invariably successful, and Goethe has described the anguish of mind that for a time overwhelmed him, when one, which the position and reputation of the patient made important to many people, hopelessly failed. Devoutly believing that his skill as an oculist was a special and miraculous gift, and that God intervened directly in everything that happened to him, he accepted his failure as a punishment which he had merited by some vanity, presumption, or other misuse of the wonderful power bestowed upon him; and the well-meant encouragements and consolations of Goethe and his other friends could not heal his sensitive and deeply wounded spirit. It had been agreed that he was to receive a thousand guilders, whether the operation was successful or not, and as some debts were at that time weighing heavily on him, he was obliged to accept the money, but he did it with painful remorse and penitence. Many operations which he performed in Frankfort at that time succeeded, but the one great failure that had destroyed so many hopes seemed to cloud every success. The incidents of one of these fortunate cases, as related by Goethe, read like some story from the Bible. A blind old Jew beggar, in the extremity of wretchedness, came to Frankfort, where he could scarcely get a lodging or the meanest food and attendance; but his tough, oriental nature helped him, and he was in raptures to find himself perfectly healed, and without the least trouble. When asked if the operation had hurt him, he said in his hyperbolical manner—"If I had a million eyes, I would let them all be operated upon, one after the other, for half a crown!" In the streets, as he walked slowly on through the great thoroughfare to the bridge, he praised God and the wondrous man whom he had sent. Buyers and sellers stepped out of the shops, surprised at this pious and eccentric enthusiasm expressing itself with such passionate fervour before all the world, and all were moved to such sympathy, that without ever asking it, he was amply furnished for his travelling expenses.

Stilling practised as a surgeon at Elberfeld for a time, but afterwards became Professor of Political Economy at three universities, one after the other. At Marburg, where he had twelve hundred dollars a year, he had climbed to a height of prosperity far beyond his hopes, but his religious writings and pietistic tendencies estranged his hearers, till, at last, he had but three left.

In 1799, he published his "Triumphant History of the Christian Religion; a Popular Explanation of the Revelations of St. John," in which his prophetic theories were embodied. From early youth the Book of Revelations had been his favourite study, and he had made a new translation from the Greek, with an exposition on the plan of Bengel, the Würtemberg theologian. Like Bengel, he believed that the supreme conflict between the powers of good and evil was then going on, and that the fall of "Babylon," the great judgment, and the millennium were close at hand. In his first interpretation he said that the "Angel with the everlasting Gospel," in the fourteenth chapter of Revelations, signified Luther, and the second and third Angels prefigured the celebrated mystics, Böhme and Francke. Afterwards, as his confidence in his spiritual insight increased, he somewhat altered his views, and while still allowing that Luther was the first Angel, he declared that Bengel was the second, and the third had not yet been made visible—probably believing that this honour belonged to himself. For a while he hesitated as to what place in the great events of the future he was to assign to Bonaparte. While the national and patriotic party looked upon Napoleon as the veritable

Apollyon of the Apocalypse, there were others who regarded him as a political Messiah, raised to spread God's kingdom by "the sword of Liberty and the bayonet of Equality." In Würtemberg there was a sect that held him to be Jesus Christ, come down to earth a second time, and they refused obedience to any other authority; withdrawing from all religious ordinances and sacraments, calling the clergy of all denominations priests of Baal, and wearing the white cockade as their peculiar badge. As Stilling refused to say that Napoleon was Antichrist, he was at one time accused of being the founder of this sect, but he indignantly denied having any connection with them or their views, though he acknowledged that he regarded the great conqueror as a mighty instrument in the hands of God, whose career would eventually tend to the salvation and redemption of the whole world. But it was in the Emperor Alexander of Russia that he hoped to find the deliverer of the saints. Naturally, the East has always had great attractions for pious Christians, and years before Alexander accepted the *role* of an earthly saviour, offered to him by Madame de Krüdener and other fanatics, Stilling had prophesied that a great restorer of God's kingdom would come from the cradle of the human race. At that time a flood of fanaticism poured over Germany. Whole communities tried to sell their possessions that they might go to the feet of the Caucasian mountains, and there await the advent of the New Jerusalem. Mary Kummer, an ecstatic peasant woman, in whose inspirations Madame de Krüdener and other enthusiasts believed, led a band of pilgrims, wearing blue ribbons and carrying pilgrims' staves in their hands. Having received a promise of protection from the Emperor, seven thousand persons took boat to go down the Danube, but before they arrived in Georgia, their number had diminished by three thousand. The rest fell into disorder and disunion, and the remnant had to be saved from starvation by the charitable help of a Swiss Missionary Society.

Undoubtedly Stilling's prophecies had done much towards inciting these delirious movements. He had hoped that the Emperor would set apart a territory in Astrachan or Georgia, to which the people of God might journey, and make of it a "Solyma," or land of Peace; and he was continually directing their attention to Asiatic Russia as the favoured land in which the Kingdom of God would first be made manifest. But as soon as his prophetic visions were uttered his common sense asserted itself, and he never joined in any of the fanatical demonstrations his writings had helped to excite, or in any way encouraged them. On the contrary, he always declared that the time had not yet come. "Now I earnestly pray of you," he wrote, "not to seek the land of refuge till the Lord leads you into it, and not to leave your homes till you can stay there no longer." Through all his life he showed a singular union of the wildest imaginations with practical prudence and common sense; but in these contradictions he was perfectly sincere and unaffected.

His writings exercised an immense influence among the pietists, millenarians, and Moravians; and a belief in his divine vocation, as a religious teacher and an inspired seer, extended itself in a surprising manner among people of the highest rank and position. His "Scenes from the Spirit World," and other visions, were accepted as supernatural revelations, and a periodical which he conducted, entitled *Der Grau Mann* ("The Grey-headed Man"), spread his fame through all Germany. Charles Frederic, Grand Duke of Baden, made him his privy councillor, with a salary, but no duties, except to act as his spiritual adviser, and win souls for the Kingdom of Heaven. By the Duke's desire, he took up his residence in the Palace at Carlsruhe, and a seat was always placed for him at the ducal table. His correspondence was entirely devoted to the task he had set himself of increasing the number of the elect, and he often spent nearly a hundred pounds a year in postage.

In 1806, the famous devotee, Madame de Krüdener, the Christian Egeria of the Emperor Alexander, called by Stein "the Field Marshaless of the *salons*," to whose influence the league of the Holy Alliance, and the document put forth by the three monarchs, whom she compared to the three wise kings of the East, was attributed, paid the venerable seer a visit. "Tell Stilling from me," said one of her votaries, "that I beg he will not invoke me as a saint!" But Stilling was too much occupied with his own inspiration to worship hers. However, he explained to her his views on prophecy and the millennium, and initiated her into the

mysterious relations between the spirit-world and the inhabitants of earth. Her future course seems to show that she left him with the resolve that similar manifestations of divine favour should be granted to her.

Some years later the Emperor Alexander, on his return from Paris and London, summoned Stilling to meet him at Buchsal. A private interview was arranged, and as Stilling was rather deaf, the Emperor seated himself close beside him, and took both the old man's hands in his, listening to every word he spoke, as if it were the voice of God. When they parted Alexander again pressed the prophet's hands, and said, "We two will make an agreement to be faithful unto death!" Ever afterwards he spoke of Stilling with reverence, took one of his sons into the Russian service, and sent him considerable presents.

The life of this singular enthusiast was, on the whole, peaceful and happy. He was twice married, and his second wife survived him. Children, grandchildren, and disciples surrounded him in his old age, honouring him as a true father in God, and reverencing him as an inspired seer and teacher of divine things. Shortly before his death one of his daughters, the child of his first wife, begged that when he was in heaven he and her mother would pray for her. "I must first see what is the custom in the other world," he replied; "then we will pray for you."

"I feel an unspeakable peace in my soul," he said to those about his dying bed, "which my physical suffering makes it hard for you to understand."

At four o'clock in the morning, feeling his death approach, he partook of the communion, with his family, performing the holy office himself. As the sun beamed brightly forth at mid-day, his pure and gentle spirit took its flight, leaving so peaceful and dignified an impress on his features, that to those who looked upon them, assurance was made doubly sure that he had reached his heavenly home.

NOTHING.

BY SARAH KEPPEL, HAMILTON.

BESIDE the door, one summer day,
There sat a maiden, bright and gay,
And fair, as was the fairy May,
That decked the fields around her.

Softly she hummed a blithesome strain,
And glanced adown the grassy lane,
Then turned and sewed her seam again,
With smile and sigh commingled.

"What are you thinking of, my child?"
Her gentle mother said, and smiled;
Then stood with anxious glance, yet mild,
Waiting her daughter's answer.

But she looked up with bright surprise,
And dropped her lovely tell-tale eyes,
And answered—are such answers wise?—
"Nothing, dear mother, nothing."

* * * * * *

Beside the fire one winter night,
There sat a maiden sad and white,
With weary eyes from which the light
Seemed chased away forever.

Anon she raised her head to smile,
With that self-sacrificing guile,
Which makes a woman laugh the while
Her very heart is breaking.

"What ails the girl?" the father said,
And kindly stroked the shining head;
But she with smile whence joy had fled,
Answered, "Dear father, nothing."

* * * * * *

A woman with a lonely look,
Sat reading from a time-worn book,
But often from its page she took
Her calm yet saddened glances.

"My life is passing by," she said,
"The years are fleeting o'er my head,
With swift and sure though noiseless tread,
Soon they will all be over.

"And I shall step from off the stage,
My hair grown white with work and age,
But nothing written on life's page,
That I had fondly longed for."

But when a child with wondering eyes,
Asked her what grieved her, in surprise,
She kissed his cheek and low replies
"Nothing, dear childie, *nothing.*"

* * * * * *

O woman, 'tis your fate for aye
To hide your heart, seem light and gay,
And though that heart may break, to say
Forever, "It is nothing."

THE PHYSICAL EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

BY GEORGE J. ROMANES, M.A., &C., LONDON, ENGLAND.

MY attention has been directed to a series of articles upon the Prayer question which has appeared in the CANADIAN MONTHLY. The first of these articles was a well considered and well presented review of the Burney Essay for 1873. The second was a review of an Appendix to that Essay, and it also contained some original matter from the pen of the reviewer, FIDELIS. The third was a criticism upon the second, and was written by Mr. Le Sueur, of Ottawa. The fourth and last was a reply to this criticism, by FIDELIS. In now undertaking to deal with Mr. Le Sueur's remarks, so far as they affect me individually, I should like to state that I am moved to do so, not so much for the sake of defending myself from misrepresentation, as for the sake of placing the Prayer question upon what I conceive to be its proper basis,—it being improbable that more than a very small percentage of those who have read Mr. Le Sueur's article will have likewise read the treatise upon which he passes so free a criticism.

In the opening paragraphs of this article the following passage occurs :—

> "One view of the question was presented in the May number of this Magazine by a writer for whom I have the highest respect, and whose *nom de lume* of FIDELIS never fails to command attention for the articles to which it is prefixed. The article to which I now refer is based upon a recent Burney Prize Essay, and is devoted to proving that 'Prayer for Daily Bread' ('Daily Bread' being taken to stand for all temporal blessings generally) is not only in strict accordance with the teaching of Scripture, but fully justifiable on grounds of reason. The present writer has not had the advantage of reading the work to which FIDELIS refers; but, assuming its arguments to have been correctly and adequately reproduced, it is his purpose to show wherein they appear to be defective. No doubt, in the pages of FIDELIS, much illustrative matter has been omitted; but what has been given must have been deemed sufficiently conclusive, and there can therefore be no unfairness in dealing with the argument as we find it."

In this passage, Mr. Le Sueur frankly asserts that he intends the rest of his article to be considered as a criticism upon a work which he has not read; and he seeks to justify his position by assuming that a friendly notice of that work, in giving an epitome of some of the arguments employed, has not omitted anything further than "much illustrative matter;" for, as he just previously observes, "in a matter of this kind, no one can really have anything new to urge." And further, apart from all such considerations, Mr. Le Sueur thinks the author he criticizes cannot have anything to complain of in the unusual course pursued by his critic, seeing that "what has been given [by FIDELIS] must have been deemed sufficiently conclusive." Now, it is true that I have no reason to complain of the abstract which FIDELIS has given of my treatise upon the Prayer question. On the contrary, I may take this opportunity of stating that I think that abstract, so far as it goes, a very good one. But, although I have every reason to be satisfied with the review in question, when it is considered in relation to the subject with which it was written—viz., that of conveying a general idea of the nature of my work—it appears to me desirable to enter a protest against a Burney Essay being publicly criticized upon the basis of a review alone.

In speaking thus strongly, I do not wish it to be thought that I am speaking acrimoniously. The attitude of mind shown by the writer I am briefly replying to, is an attitude of mind which I can fully appreciate: while the breadth of view and the candour of tone that pervade his article are qualities in a writer which, with the single exception of accuracy of thought, I recognise before all others as entitled to the highest esteem. But we must always be careful to distinguish between the man and his writings; and in the foregoing observations I merely wish to enforce the general principle, that "the high *priori* road" is as dangerous a one for the critic as for the man of science to travel by—especially in cases where the

work criticized aims at an academic treatment of its subject. In the present case, I hope to show that Mr. Le Sueur has not escaped the casualties which are so liable to attend the treacherous way he has chosen.

First of all, then, my critic is mistaken in supposing that the arguments of "a recent Burney Prize Essay . . have been correctly and adequately reproduced" by FIDELIS. So far as the article by the last-named writer is concerned, no one could gather from it even the faintest conception of "the argument" referred to; seeing that this article is not concerned with the "Burney Prize Essay" at all, but with a totally distinct treatise, and one which is avowedly but a supplement to the main argument contained in that Essay. Even, therefore, if Mr. Le Sueur's remarks were otherwise valid, he would be wrong in supposing that they have any bearing upon my principal line of argument. This principal line of argument is "an elaborate exposition" of human ignorance, and of the consequent futility of all such objections to the Prayer theory of Scripture as are raised on *a priori* grounds alone. On the other hand, the supplementary Essay which FIDELIS reviewed is merely a detailed examination of the numerous arguments which have been adduced by the writers who from time to time have assailed the Prayer theory. Hence, as most of Mr. Le Sueur's objections are of an *a priori* nature, I cannot but regret that he did not think it worth his while to read my Essay before he presented these objections in the form of criticisms upon the very work in which they had been stated, considered, and, in my opinion, refuted. As this is the method which he has adopted, however, I think that the most effectual course for me to pursue in my reply will be to quote brief passages, and give references to longer ones occurring in the work he criticizes, in order to show that the various difficulties he propounds have already been anticipated and discussed.

It will tend to render my subsequent remarks more effectual if I begin with a few words of counter-criticism. Nearly the whole of Mr. Le Sueur's article is pervaded by the argumentative error which a large part of the first chapter of the book he criticizes was written to guard against. This error is that of confusing the antecedent improbability of the theory concerning the physical efficacy of prayer with the antecedent improbability of the theory concerning the government of the world by a Personal Providence. The two theories, it will be observed, are distinct—the latter *containing* the former as a genus contains a species. Now, it is quite possible to doubt the specific theory without doubting the generic one;—there may be a Personal Providence, who, nevertheless, does not see fit to answer human petitions with physical equivalents. Hence, the specific theory admits of being discussed apart from the generic one; and so long as the specific theory is the only one in dispute, it is not legitimate for an opponent to draw upon any objection to which the generic theory may be open, for in this way he would digress upon a much wider question than the one which is proposed for discussion. There is nothing new in the principle I here apply; it is one which is recognised by all logicians. Some basis of assumption every argument must have to rest upon; so that when our object is to ascertain the probability of any special proposition, we must always, for the time being, assume the truth of some more general proposition, without which the special one would have no existence. After this special proposition has been fully discussed upon this basis of assumption, and so has had its precise degree of rational probability upon that basis established, we are then, and only then, at liberty to widen our circle by discussing the probability of the proposition which was previously assumed. Of course, it is always open to an antagonist to say "the improbability of the proposition which you assume is so great that I cannot entertain as worthy of argument the proposition which you ask me to discuss, seeing that this proposition rests upon the basis of so questionable an assumption;" but this is merely to say that, in the opinion of the objector, the probability of the hypothesis assumed must be settled before he thinks it worth his while to discuss the thesis proposed. It would still be illegitimate in him to consent to discuss the thesis proposed, and then to employ arguments against that thesis which derive their force only from the bearing which they have upon the hypothesis assumed. This, as in effect I said before, is merely the enunciation of a rule to which all alike must conform if they wish, I will not say to argue logically with others, but to

think clearly for themselves. Now, in the particular case with which we are concerned, it is manifestly illegitimate for a man to say, "I consent to argue the Prayer question upon the assumption that there is a Personal Providence," and then, in the course of his argument, to adduce a number of objections to the Prayer theory in particular, which only apply to it *through* the application they have to the theory of Personal Providence in general. If a disbeliever in the Prayer theory is such because he is a disbeliever in the theory of Personal Providence, he should say so at the outset of his argument, and then either refuse altogether to discuss the Prayer theory as being antecedently absurd, or else, during the course of his argument, be careful to point out which of his objections apply specifically to the Prayer theory, and which generically to the theory of Personal Providence. I cannot occupy further space just now with rendering this important distinction more clear, and so must refer any one who wishes to understand it better to the part of the Burney Essay already referred to. Throughout this article, however, I shall consider it as fully established, that all objections urged against the doctrine concerning the physical efficacy of Prayer are illegitimate, in so far as they derive their force from the bearing which they have upon the more general doctrine concerning the government of the world by a Personal Providence.

We may now consider Mr. Le Sueur's objections *seriatim*. The first of these objections refers to the doctrine of foreordination. FIDELIS and myself, in common with many other writers upon the Prayer question, maintain that this doctrine supplies us with a conceivable solution of all possible objections which can be urged against the Prayer theory, so far as natural law is concerned—it being "quite reasonable to suppose that the two spheres of this spiritual and physical government have been adjusted to each other." Regarding this view, Mr. Le Sueur observes that "it is offered as a means of escape from the fatalism involved in the opinion that physical occurrences are governed exclusively by physical antecedents, and that it is consequently futile and irrational to hope that the natural course of events can be in any way affected by Prayer. We do not, however, require to examine it very closely in order to find that the doctrine recommended to us is itself nothing more nor less than fatalism enlarged so as to include all the operations of the human spirit, as well as the phenomena of nature." Now, the only objection I have to make against the term "enlarged fatalism," here proposed, is that its proposer seeks to disparage a theory merely by giving it a bad name. There is really no *argument* in the above quoted passage, or in the two columns that follow it—there is merely a change in the *terminology* which is usually applied to the theory under consideration. I for one can see no speculative reason why we should not speak of the theory of foreordination as a theory of "enlarged fatalism," so long as we carefully bear in mind that the *enlargement* is such as to supply us with some of the most important conditions to our belief in a Personal Providence. I should not object even to calling that Personal Providence itself "Fate," if only at the same time I give it to be clearly understood that by Fate I mean all that I mean by God.

And here we perceive the first example of the unfair mode of argument already alluded to. Any difficulty which the doctrine of foreordination raises against the Theistic theory in general, is here applied to the case of the Prayer theory in particular. Yet it is evident that any speculative difficulties which attend the doctrine of foreordination have no further bearing upon the Prayer theory than they have upon any other one of the countless theories which presuppose the truth of Theism.

It seems unnecessary to dwell upon this point, so I shall proceed to another. Mr. Le Sueur seems to think that there is a profound difference between the belief of the ancient Jew in a God who "'repented Him'" upon being petitioned, and the belief of the modern Christian in a God who "decided from all eternity whether to grant the desire or not." A very little thought, however, will render it obvious that this difference, so often vaunted by so many writers, is really very superficial. "If all things were pre-arranged, it matters not whether we regard any one of their number as a mediate or an immediate act of the Deity. 'The only difference between the man of common sense and the studious, is concerning the time when the disposition is made, which one thinks a few days or a few minutes, another many ages, ago; the one frequent and occasional, the other rare and universal:

but both acknowledge that nothing ever happens without the permission of one Almighty and Ever-vigilant Governor.' "* Hence the distinction in question "is only a piece of transcendentalism, and even in a transcendental sense it is easy to see that the two opinions merely refer to obverse aspects of the same truth."†

But transcendentalism apart, Mr. Le Sueur is of opinion that the *practical* effect of a *realizing* belief in foreordination would require to be that of stifling the voice of prayer. "A man may plead hopefully with a God who 'repents Him,' and it is not too much to say, that all who do plead earnestly for specific blessings, not of a spiritual kind, think of God—whether they admit it to themselves or not—not as unchangeable, but as subject to change; in other words, they revert momentarily to the anthropomorphism of primitive times. To make such a one realize the theory of FIDELIS, that God's purpose in the matter was taken in the very beginning of things, and is now unalterable, would, it is greatly to be feared, give a serious check to his devotions." Here again, I venture to say that a few moments' thought might have prevented the penning of these sentences. If a man understands what he means by foreordination, he ought to "*realize*" that the theory includes his own actions and desires in common with every other event in the universe. Where then is the difficulty? "'God works out His plans not merely in us but by us, and we may dare to say that that which is to us a free self-determination, may not be other than a foreseen element of His work.' 'Prayer, too, is only a foreseen action of man, which, together with its results, is embraced in the eternal predestination of God.' 'The fixed laws of nature might in all eternity have been adapted to our foreseen petition or neglect of petition.' 'Some things Christ knew should come to pass and notwithstanding prayed for them, because He knew that the necessary means to effect them were His prayers.' "‡

I have quoted enough to show that belief in the doctrine of foreordination need tend to paralyze neither prayer nor effort. "This argument then [from foreordination] it seems impossible to refute, so long as we adhere to the Theistic hypothesis—which of course alone affords a possible basis for our present discussion. '*Magna dii curant, parva negligunt*,' is a maxim philosophically absurd, if by '*curant*' is meant foreordination. 'Those who suppose that there is a general, but that there cannot be a particular, providence, are limiting God by ideas derived from human weakness.' But not only so: they are of necessity propounding a contradiction in terms. All events must be known to the Deity by foreknowledge; otherwise He would not be omniscient, and if He were not omniscient, His government could not be universal. If anything has been foreordained, all things must have been foreordained; otherwise those which had not been foreordained would not be included within the Divine government."* I have adduced this quotation to fortify what I have already said, viz., that even if my critic's objections are valid as against Theism, he has no argumentative right to adduce them in a discussion which is concerned only with the Prayer question. Further, this quotation shows, perhaps even more conclusively than before, that what my critic calls the theory of "enlarged fatalism" is neither more nor less than the theory of philosophical Theism; so that when he asks, "but bring in the supernatural element of predestination, and take away the hope of being able to alter the Divine determination *now*, and might you not as well enthrone Fate at once?" I answer, that "Fate" is here the synonym of Deity; that every Theist believes in the "enthronement" of such a "Fate;" that notwithstanding this belief, however, his "enlargement" of the fatalistic theory is so great, that it practically envelopes, or includes, the theory of freedom; that therefore in his prayers, as in his efforts, his theory of fatalism practically leaves him his liberty of action; and that he scorns as irrational the idea of an *Eternal* Mind being limited by any of our human distinctions between "*now*" and its correlatives.

Mr. Le Sueur next asks: "Admitting for argument's sake that this theory does enable us to conceive how efficacy may attach to prayer for physical effects, the question still remains: Has it, as a matter of fact, any effi-

* Burney Essay, p. 140.
† Ib. Appendix. p. 215.
‡ Liddon, Pusey, and Hooker, quoted in Burney Essay.

* Burney Essay, p. 139.

cacy?" The argument contained in this question is then to some extent elaborated. It has been much more effectively presented, however, by Mr. Galton; for this gentleman went to the trouble of collecting a large number of statistics, with the view of ascertaining, in a strictly scientific manner, whether the element of prayer had any appreciable influence in determining physical sequences; and all his statistics agreed in yielding negative results. That I am not insensible to the cogency of this *a posteriori* argument, may be gathered from the following allusion in the preface of the Burney Essay to Mr. Galton's article, as "an article which, in my opinion, is of greater argumentative worth than all the rest of the literature upon the same side put together;" and again, on page 253, "It is refreshing to turn from the loose reasoning and rhetorical dogmatism of these reverend gentlemen, to the strictly logical and strongly convincing argument of Mr. Galton, conveyed as it is in a style at once clear, concise, and impartial. . . . There is no use blinking the fact that this inductive argument is one of very great weight," &c. As the present article, however, has a number of points to touch upon, I am precluded from transcribing "the only considerations which, so far as I can see, may fairly be opposed to Mr. Galton's arguments;" but I may observe that the conclusion which they appear to establish is, "that while Mr. Galton's enquiries may properly be taken as confirmatory of the opinions held by those who already disbelieve in the existence and action of a Special Providence, these enquiries have little or no logical bearing upon the opinions held by those who already believe in the existence and action of such a Providence;" and I may further observe that even in the opinion of Mr. Galton himself—with whom I have had private correspondence and conversations upon the subject—the considerations I have adduced appear to exert an important mitigating influence upon the severity of his arguments.

The objections which follow are scarcely worth considering. However, I shall briefly dispose of them in their order.

"It seems an abuse of language to speak of spiritual blessings constituting an *answer* to prayer for specific temporal good." This is merely a quibble, and even as such its validity is questionable. The distinction between "letter" and "spirit" is not theological only, and even in matters of everyday life a suppliant does not deem some *equivalent* less of an *answer* to his request than would be the specific thing requested. Much less, therefore, should he think this when the Being whom he supplicates is the *Omniscient;* but more of this hereafter.*

Next we hear, "It ill serves the object FIDELIS has in view (viz., the strengthening of the general belief in the efficacy of prayer for physical effects), to fall back upon the position, which no one cares to attack, that prayer may be productive of spiritual good." From this passage I infer that its author has not thought of "an apparently awkward doctrinal difficulty which writers upon the other side have, without exception, draughted into their service;"† for had he done so, he could scarcely have objected to the observations of FIDELIS regarding this matter on the score of their being superfluous.

To the difficulty next propounded—viz., how can men reap spiritual benefits when their hearts are set only on temporal good, it seems enough to answer that the frame of mind which is conducive to genuine prayer for "temporal advantage" is not incompatible with "aspirations towards spiritual good." On the contrary, I should think that any believer in the efficacy of prayer, either for temporal or for spiritual good, would feel that in neither case can *genuine* Prayer be offered, except in the spirit which my critic seems to think a typically unprayerful one—viz., that of "trusting ourselves entirely in his hands, while using all proper means for the realization of our wishes," "of which means," in the words of FIDELIS, "we believe prayer to be one."

It is next stated, incidentally, that "the author of the Burney Prize Essay believes in the 'physical efficacy of prayer.'" I do not know of any passage, either in my own writings or in any of the reviews of them which I have seen, that warrants such a statement. It is a well understood principle of University competitive writing, that any one may compete who thinks it worth his while to do so upon a given platform of opinion; for the only object of the Univer-

* See Burney Essay, p. 192, for a full discussion of the "doctrine of equivalents."

† See Burney Essay, p. 190, *et seq.*

sity in offering a prize being to elicit the best disquisition it can upon the subject it desires to have argued, the University is in no wise concerned with the private opinions of the competitors. Nothing, therefore, can be inferred as to the state of my opinions from the mere fact of my having competed for a Burney Essay; for even had I been a total disbeliever in Christianity, there would have been nothing dishonourable in my entering the competition. Under such circumstances, however, I should not have competed, because I should have considered that a prize would be no compensation for so sheer a waste of time and energy. But in the thesis upon which I wrote, the only basis of assumption was that concerning the truth of Christianity; and although ten years of labour have not proved sufficient for me, in these days of biblical criticism, to decide for myself the question as to the validity of that assumption, still I knew that there were thousands of persons who entertained no doubt concerning this larger question, who were, notwithstanding, "painfully perplexed" concerning the smaller one upon which I wrote. Under these circumstances I felt, and stated, "that in the present instance, only if I disbelieved in the Christian system as a whole, should I feel that time was ill-spent in refuting erroneous arguments against one of its leading doctrines." This much of personal explanation I feel in common honesty to be necessitated by the remark of my critic above quoted. It is incorrect to say that I "believe in the physical efficacy of prayer." I do not know whether to believe in such efficacy or not, the position I occupy with regard to the subject being simply that of a critic upon erroneous arguments on either side—a critic, I believe, all the more competent and impartial because having my judgment as yet suspended regarding the more ultimate question upon which the proximate one so largely depends.

But to proceed with the objections. "When people pray for the sick, what else do they want than this: *that the case may not be left to the ordinary laws of nature?*" I do not think that if Mr. Le Sueur had read the work he thus criticizes, it would have been possible for him candidly to have made this remark. It is utterly impossible for me, however, to reproduce its refutation here, as I have found it necessary to devote four-fifths of the entire essay to its discussion.

The next point raised is an important one for those who accept the teaching of Scripture as inspired. It is that Scripture nowhere draws any distinction between prayers for miracles and prayers for ordinary physical results, while those who believe in the physical efficacy of prayer are compelled to draw some such distinction. Now I recognise this difficulty as perfectly valid, and I am only sorry that I have not space to discuss it as fully as it deserves. To economize the space I have, I shall relegate to a foot-note a few of the passages in the essay which treat of this subject.*

*"But now, Is the difficulty insuperable? Is it even serious? Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that the identification relied on is very much clearer than it really is; and further, that we can see no reason why miracles should have ceased: even in the presence of these suppositions it would surely still be an extravagant inference, that because miracles have ceased, therefore answers to prayer have likewise ceased. It would be an extravagant inference because unconditionally founded on a gratuitous hypothesis—to wit, that answers to prayer have no object to serve apart from some connection with miracles. . . . But not only do we assume that 'the Hearer of Prayer' does not 'attend unto our cry:' we also assume that in no case does He see fit to improve the moral nature of man through physical agency. We assume that all the numerous instances recorded in Scripture of Faith strengthened, Hope sustained, Thanksgiving occasioned, 'Rejoicing in Spirit' increased, and Praise evoked, in virtue of the perceived influence of God in Nature, are so many misconceptions worse than delusions. . . . And we assume all this, not only without any shadow of warrant from the teaching of Christ, but, as we have seen, against His express declaration.

"To this must be added that, on the one hand, we *can* see a perfectly satisfactory reason why miracles should have ceased—the Christian system no longer requiring their support—while, on the other, we can see no corresponding reason why answers to prayer should have ceased. True it is that Scripture nowhere expressly predicts the cessation of miracles; but before this fact can be raised to a presumption against the validity of prayer, it must be shown that we should antecedently expect such a prediction, if a prayer is of any validity apart from the function of miracle. How this can be shown, however, it is hard to see. Scripture nowhere warrants the inference that the validity of prayer depends upon the function of a miracle—on the contrary, the warrant is, as we have seen, altogether the other way. If, then, such validity exists apart from such function, we can have no reason to expect that *on this account* the cessation of miracles should have been predicted. The inference which, it is said, we should expect Scripture to rectify if erroneous, is an inference which is really drawn, not from Scripture, but from science; as we may readily perceive by asking the simple question:—Even if Scripture had predicted the cessation of miracles, will any one undertake to

The objections which follow, upon prayers for the sick (p. 151), have been so well met by FIDELIS (p. 232), that it seems unnecessary for me to add anything further than the remark that, even were the objections valid as against the Theistic theory in general, they would not be so as against the Prayer theory in particular.

I am next told that I "narrow things down to a very fine point," when I maintain that upon Christian principles the only legitimate region for petition is the "region of uncertainty;" and, to prove that I do so, my critic advances an argument which was originally propounded by Sir Henry Thompson in the *Contemporary Review*. "This writer ironically divides 'the realm' 'of the natural and invariable order' from that of 'the providential,' and adds, 'Thus it is that [with the growth of knowledge] class I. grows larger day by day, while class II. diminishes in like proportion. Where shall this progress stop?'"* In replying to this objection I must here content myself with observing merely that, although I fully agree with Mr. Le Sueur that "it is almost impossible not to believe that some law of periodicity will be discovered before long," I have not so much faith as he appears to have in the extreme accuracy which the science of Meteorology is destined to arrive at in the future. Even in view of the prodigious advances which all the sciences have made in recent years, I am unable to perceive that the legitimate domain of rational petition has been seriously encroached upon. Doubtless these advances have greatly increased our knowledge of other means of obtaining physical benefits, but it does not therefore follow that they have diminished the utility of prayer.†

Next it is objected that I "use language in a most unnatural way," when I assert that the clashing of interests of petitioners creates "no difficult for each prays that what upon the whole is best may be that which his prayers shall effect." The charge against me is sustained by the reflection that "nobody approaches God with a *request* that He will do what is best. Such a request would be simply irrational; and, if made with reflection upon its import, would imply a very low view of the Divine Being." The charge thus expressed is a serious one, so I can offer no apology for occupying space enough to render it quite clear upon which side the lack of reflection is apparent. First, then, let us hear all that my critic has to say. "A person may, in prayer, profess his willingness to accept, without reservation, a denial of his wishes; but in either case there is no petitioning of God to do what is best, as though He needed the stimulus or restraint of human entreaties upon that point."

Before I make any comment of my own upon this passage, I may quote the terse reply of FIDELIS: "The argument in effect is, that as the will of God must be perfectly wise and good, it is presumptuous to hope to affect that will by prayer. But this objection must fall to the ground if, as we believe, on good grounds, to be specified hereafter, *it is the will of God to establish a connection between prayer and the bestowal of blessings*." We have here a fallacy very neatly uprooted.

To this refutation by FIDELIS I should like to add the following remarks. The objection applies not only to prayer for physical benefits, but to all prayer; and as the doctrine concerning the duty of prayer is a cardinal doctrine of Christianity, the objection makes as much against the authority of Revelation as it does against the belief in the physical efficacy of prayer,—*i.e.* it opens up a *generic* question, and further implies that no one can accept the Christian system as of Divine origin who does not entertain "a very low view of the Divine Being." I think otherwise. Be Christianity true or not, I cannot but feel that the God of Revelation is a far more glorious Being than is the God of Nature.

But even so far as the specific question is concerned, I cannot agree with the sentiments of my critic. These sentiments have been well rendered by Byron:—

"Cease, or be sorrowful in silence; cease

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say that this fact would materially have altered the case?

"Now, it is simply childish to assert that this obvious distinction between the function of a miracle and the efficacy of prayer is 'a subtly-devised loophole of escape from an unpleasant conclusion.' Such subtlety as there is resides with those who would so amalgamate answers to prayer with miracles as to deduce the cessation of the former from that of the latter."—Burney Essay, pp. 185-7. Compare also, pp. 179-182.

* Burney Essay, chap. iv., s. 3, which with chap. vi. s. 12, compare for a fuller refutation than can be given above.

† Compare Burney Essay, Appendix, p. 255,

To weary Heaven's ear with thy selfish plaint.
Wouldst thou have God commit a sin for thee?
Such would it be
To alter His intent
For a mere mortal sorrow. Be a man!
And bear what Adam's race must bear, and can."

This is poetry, but is it the true sentiment of a soul in grief? The greatest moralist that ever lived, and the man who, from whatever cause, best knew what was in man, struck a truer note in sorrowing human nature when He said, "Fear not; ye are of more value than many sparrows. Ask, and it shall be given you."

But, sentiment apart, the logical answer to the objection that prayer for what is "best" implies a supposition on the part of the petitioner that if he did not pray, God would not do what is "best,"—the answer to this objection is sufficiently simple, as the words quoted from FIDELIS have shown. The following is an amplification of this answer.

The fallacy contained in the objection before us (which, I may observe, is an objection that has been urged by Prof. Tyndall, Sir H. Thompson, the Rev. Mr. Knight, and others) is this: the objector assumes that "the best" is necessarily a fixed entity, so to speak, and hence that the presence of petition can in no case make any difference in rendering one course preferable to another. What the ground of this assumption is it would be hard to say. If the universe is presided over by a Moral Being at all, I cannot see anything derogatory to Him in supposing that a trustful prayer of a sorrowing creature, in virtue of the new moral element which it introduces, may cause a profound modification in the previous conditions determining the action of that Moral Being (to speak in human terms); and so, by the mere fact of its presence, render a corresponding modification of that action preferable to the course which would have been "best" for Him to take but for the new moral element introduced by the trustful prayer. This, if I mistake not, will be thought a "narrowing of things down to a very fine point" only by those who do not appreciate the moral importance of prayer, supposing Christianity true.*

But to pass on. "Again, 'each prays that what is best upon the whole may be that which *his prayers shall effect.*' To understand this fully, let us suppose that a certain situation is vacant, and that A. and B. both pray earnestly that their individual efforts to secure it may be successful. A. fails, let us say, and B. is the fortunate man. Is it conceivable that the prayers of A., offered up in his own behalf, have anything to do in securing the place for B.? Unless we can suppose this, there is absolutely no meaning in the sentence quoted." To this I can only say, that although the case is doubtless the strongest that can be put, I fail to perceive the smallest difficulty in the way of our accepting the supposition offered. I may add, that I do not think any one could perceive any such difficulty, if he endeavoured to realize what is meant by "the Hearer of Prayer" being an omniscient and beneficent Father. Petition addressed to such a Being is not the same as petition addressed even to the wisest man (where, with a more justifiable confidence in our own judgment of what is "best," we may murmur at not being answered in precise accordance with the terms of our petition); and surely, if a man desires what is best for himself, he would not desire, considering his limited knowledge, to be invariably answered by such a Being in accordance with the strict letter of his request.

Even in the intended *reductio ad absurdum* which is adduced, to me it seems sufficiently clear that if, according to the supposition, the place prayed for would be detri-

* For a fuller discussion of this subject, see Burney Essay, pp. 116-119, where the following confirmatory quotations are adduced: "The true immutability of God consists in His never changing the principles of His administration. And He may, therefore, in perfect accordance with the immutability of His nature, purpose to do under certain circumstances, dependent on the free agency of man, what He will not do under others; and for this reason, that an immutable adherence to the principles of a wise, just, and gracious government requires it." (Dr. Chalmers.) "It may be agreeable to perfect Wisdom to grant that to our prayers which it would not have been agreeable to the same Wisdom to have given us without our praying for it." (Dr. Paley.) "The doctrine of God's immutability, instead of being an objection to prayer, is our chief encouragement to pray. God has appointed this means to procure certain blessings; and it is only because of His unchangeable nature that we can have any assurance as to the success of this means. The case thus resembles that of all other means—all our labours in temporary things presupposing our knowledge that the laws of Nature—that is, the ordinances of God—are permanent." (Dr. Romane's MS. Sermon on Prayer.)

mental to A., but beneficial to B., A. could not be, I will not say a Christian, but a man of common sense, if he continued to pray for the situation *after he saw clearly the respects and the degrees in which success would be to his detriment.* If so, a man of common sense, no less than a Christian, *before he saw this* would pray *conditionally* to the Being whom he believes to be omniscient and beneficent, "*Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.*"*

But we are next told, "'Thy will be done!' it may here be remarked, is not a prayer at all; it is a simple expression of resignation and faith." In view of what I have just said, however, I think it will be seen that the petition in question is a real petition: it is an expression, addressed to what is believed to be the Supreme Power, of what may be a true *desire* for something (though indefinite) to happen; and analysis will show that the connection of these qualities includes all that can be meant by petition. In connection with what has been previously said, the petition itself may be thus paraphrased: If, notwithstanding the moral element of my petition being present, the "best" course for events to take is still that one which it would have been, had my petition been absent; then I desire, I *pray*, that not my will, but Thine, be done; for I believe that if I knew enough, my will would be no longer what it is but coincident with Thine.

There is only one other paragraph in which my writings are alluded to. Eliminating from that paragraph all the sentences which are merely reversions to Mr. Galton's argument previously adduced, the following remains:—"The only region which FIDELIS and the Prize Essayist seem to think wholly appropriate to prayer is 'the region of uncertainty,' where we cannot foresee the event, and, when it happens, cannot tell whether our prayers had anything to do with shaping it or not. In that region we may safely pray, because if we choose to think our prayer answered, nobody can disprove our opinion." I have nothing much to add to the able manner in which FIDELIS has met these statements. Until the author of the article I am replying to can tell us why it is that "the region of uncertainty" is, as FIDELIS says, likewise and alone "the region of effort," I must refuse to allow that his considerations have any other bearing upon the question of the physical efficacy of prayer than they have upon the fact of the physical efficacy of human action. To this I may add, that, supposing prayer to be one of the appointed means by which man is enabled to obtain physical benefits, we can see the best of reasons why its exercise *must* be limited to "the region of uncertainty." For whether or not Christianity is true, it is certain that the Deity has not intended to bestow a Revelation of demonstrative value. But if Christian prayer were able frequently to reverse the *inevitable*, would not the fact amount to an inductive proof of the Christian theory? If so, from what has just been said it is manifest that, if Christian prayers for physical results are ever effectual at all, the condition of their being so must be that the effectual prayers are limited to the domain of the contingent. And as we can thus easily discover that such a limitation is an *a priori* necessity of the case, supposing the Prayer theory true, it is clearly futile to urge the fact of such limitation as proof that the theory is false.

I have now passed in review all the points in Mr. Le Sueur's criticism which have any reference to my writings, and as a result I cannot see that I have any cause to modify by a letter the conclusion in which "the argument" he refers to terminates, viz., "On philosophical grounds alone no real presumption can be raised against it [*i. e.* the doctrine as to the physical efficacy of prayer], and the whole question turns upon the truth of Christianity, and the statements of Scripture when accepted as Divine." And here I should like to add a few words upon the general considerations with which Mr. Le Sueur closes his article, although in doing so I fear that if he has hitherto judged me to err on the side of conservatism, he will now think that I err on that of liberalism. The unreserved candour, however, with which he states his own thoughts in the latter part of his article, tempts me to imitate his spirit; and although I am far from wishing to disturb the faith which another may have found, I think that a free expression of the opinions we entertain

* Compare Burney Essay, pp. 192-3, where it is shown that "it is as much our interest to pray thus conditionally as it is our duty to pray at all." And again, "'*Nonnullis impatientibus Dominus Deus quod petebant concessit iratus, sicut contra Apostolos negavit propitius.*'"

regarding the most important of questions may be for our mutual good: where truth is our common aim such freedom of expression can scarcely be for harm.

So far as I can gather from the last two pages of Mr. Le Sueur's article, he appears to have satisfied himself that "old forms of thought" may be "cast aside," while "all central truths" may be "preserved"—that is, as I understand from the context, belief in the Divine origin of Christianity may be abandoned, while belief in a philosophical Theism may remain. To any one who conscientiously holds this opinion I look with a mournful hope that he may yet know of some one fact or of some one thought whereby to justify that opinion in the light of modern science. But even while I look I feel that my hope is a forlorn one: I know that there is not now, and I believe that there never can be, one single argument adduced in favour of Natural Theism which either science or logic is not able hopelessly to crush. These words are not written carelessly, or without due reflection upon their terrible import: they formulate the conclusion which has been reached by a most careful and laborious enquiry into the speculative standing of Theism at the present day,—an enquiry which, in full opposition to all my strongest inclinations and most deeply-rooted desires, proves incontestably that the theory of Mind in Nature is unnecessary to account for any of the observed facts in Nature; that, so far as science can lead us, the rational probability is against this time-honoured theory; and, therefore, that, on speculative grounds alone, the theory must henceforth be dismissed from the region of the Probable, and assigned to that of the merely Possible. The case, of course, is different if there is any valid evidence in favour of a Revelation. If the Christian System (notwithstanding the manifest inaccuracies in matters of detail, and the *a priori* difficulties in matters of importance, that pervade it) presents indications of being a superhuman Scheme—a Scheme extending throughout the entire historic period, and still in course of completion,—then these indications, in whatever degree present, constitute inductive evidence of the best possible kind in favour of Theism. But once let scientific analysis finally resolve that evidence into its natural causes, and then, to all who possess the faculty of accurate thought, the last hope of a rational Theism must forever vanish; so far as human mind can penetrate the awful Mystery of Things, it must be then to find itself alone—destitute of kith or kin in all this universe of being.

Mr. Le Sueur will perhaps reply—"This is merely the opinion of one, and there are millions who think otherwise." To such a reply I have, of course, no objection to offer. I have no wish, even had I the power, to allow a mere statement of my judgment materially to influence the thoughts of others; and I consider it the first duty of a man to himself always to keep his own opinions in a flexible state, by trying not to over-estimate their value. But, at the same time, I cannot conceal from myself that there are very few things in the world whose intrinsic value varies so enormously as does that of individual opinion. And in this connection I may ask, what is the use of adducing the case of "the Reverend Frederic W. Robertson, of Brighton," in order to prove that belief in Theism may remain when that in Christianity has perished? for this is what the meaning of the foot-note amounts to. Doubtless Mr. Robertson was a man "profoundly convinced of the existence of a God;" but even had he been a disbeliever in Christianity, his name would not have been worth quoting, for although he was always a beautiful writer, and often an original thinker in matters connected with Biblical Theism, his thoughts were far from being either deep or accurate. Moreover, he was almost totally ignorant concerning the developments of modern science, and hence his opinion upon such questions as that regarding the speculative standing of Theism is all but valueless.* Nor can I think that Mr. Le Sueur is any more fortunate in the selection of his other authority, the poet Clough. I think that this poet had some dim belief—or rather let us call it hope—that a God exists; but even had this sentiment been very much stronger than it was,† what would have been its value *in reason?* Let Mr. Le Sueur quote, in support of his views, the authority of a

* Perhaps Mr. Le Sueur does not intend to adduce it in this connection. If not, I apologize.

† Witness even the stanzas quoted by Mr. Le Sueur, which thus terminate :—

"Be Thou but there—in soul and heart,
I will not ask to feel Thou art."

single competent man of science who is also a competent logician, and I should hail the opinion of such a one as of far more worth than that of the countless millions who are always so ready so thoughtlessly to fling the traditional reproach of an unscientific age—" The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

CHRISTMAS.

BY THE EARL OF DUFFERIN.

'TIS Christmas Day !—
To one another
I hear men say—
Alas ! my Brother,
Its winds blow bitter,
Our Christmas suns
No longer glitter
As former ones !—
If this be so,
Then let us borrow
From long ago
Surcease of sorrow ;—
Let dead Yules lend
Their bright reflections,
Let fond friends blend
Their recollections,—
Let Love revive
Joy's ashen embers,
For Love is Life
Since Love remembers.

RODNEY MAINWARING:

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY LIZZIE LYLE, TORONTO.

CHAPTER I.

PEN and I had been married a month when we reached Folkestone, a port on Lake Erie. We were recommended to the Saxon House. It was late in the evening, but the moon was resplendent, and we saw that our resting place was a large building situated on a corner at the intersection of two streets. A spacious verandah surrounded the hotel, and it was surmounted by a large observatory.

"What a splendid view of the lake from there," I said.

"Yes," Pen answered, "and I hope to secure the rooms to which that door belongs," pointing to one that opened on the side of the balcony, looking towards the beautiful Erie.

"Yes, sir," was the reply to Pen's enquiries, "there is a suite of rooms on the western side, vacated yesterday, that I think will suit you."

We went to look at them, but found they adjoined those possessing the coveted door.

"I suppose those are not at liberty?" Pen said.

"No, sir; they belong to Mr. Rodney Mainwaring; but he is going to be married in three weeks, and move to his own house—then, if you like, you can have them."

Our door was at the end of a long, wide passage, while a narrow one, formed by our wall and the staircase to the observatory, led to Mr. Mainwaring's.

Pen went down with the porter to see about our luggage, leaving me alone, when an irresistible desire to have a moonlight view of the Lake seized me. I took the lamp and went up the steps, but when I came to the second turn my light was suddenly blown out. What was my relief at that moment to hear Pen in the passage, calling "Lizzie, Lizzie, where are you?"

"I was going up to see the Lake," I said, hastening down, "but some one blew my lamp out."

"The wind is strong up there," the porter replied, "and plays all sorts of hobgoblin pranks between the shutters."

"But I felt the warm breath on my face."

"Why, Lizzie, you forget what a hot wind there is to-night," Pen said. Still I was unconvinced, and when the porter left I tried to persuade Pen to go up and see who was hiding there.

"No, no," he said, laughing. "If I began by running after the wind in this fashion, a pretty time I should have of it every night."

I was too excited to sleep, feeling sure that some one was concealed up those stairs; so that when, about an hour afterwards, I heard a stealthy step and our door-handle turn, I was not surprised, though I was alarmed.

"Pen, Pen!" I whispered, "there is some one at the door."

"A wayfaring toper," that obstinate creature answered, and was sound asleep again.

I still listened, and a few minutes later the whole household was startled by a piercing shriek, proceeding from a room below ours. It was a woman's voice, and the windows all being open, we distinguished the words, "Who are you, in Heaven's name?" followed by "Tom! Jem! Harry! Rodney! Murder!"

Pen was soon rushing along the passage, I closely following, while doors were being opened on all sides, and partially dressed people were hurrying down the stairs after us. "Mrs. Saxon's room," some one shouted. This had to be reached by traversing a number of intricate passages that seemed at the time endless.

We found Mrs. Saxon sitting in her dressing-gown; and this was all she could tell us. She was a light sleeper, and hearing some one move she awoke, when, peering into her face was a man in a mask. The moon was shining in her room and she saw him plainly. Harry, the ostler, hearing her scream, was at the door almost immediately, but the man was gone; and Harry, bare-footed, bare-headed, and bare-legged, had given chase. Hearing this, Pen and two or three others dashed into the street, leaving us with Mrs. Saxon.

"A cattle-buyer," she said, "with a great deal of money on him, came here during the day, intending to stay all night, but I told him, as my husband was away, I wished he would go to McIntyre's, where there was a landlord, and I advised him not to tempt robbery by carrying about so much money. He did not go till just before we closed, and this man must have thought he was still here, but how he got in I can't understand."

I now had a chance to tell my little story to more believing ears. "That was the man," the women all cried, "and they ought to have gone up and looked."

"Yes," Mrs. Saxon said; "he would have been secured, and we should have been spared this fright as well. He has been going all over the house, trying to find the drover's room, you may depend."

By this time the party had returned, full of Harry's exciting race, but without his prey.

"He was no stranger," Pen said, "or he never could have escaped Harry in those perplexing passages. He dashed through them with all the speed of old acquaintanceship, and bolted through the door he had opened beforehand, the avenger close at his heels. Down one street and along another they sped, drawing closer and closer to the lake; but in those numerous lanes and by-ways near the shore the villain successfully dodged, and the brave Harry was at a loss which way to turn. Still he kept on toward the lake, feeling sure that was the place aimed at, though the point was another thing, and emerged on the bank just in time to see his man drop into a canoe and shoot over the water like an arrow."

After this we all returned to our quarters, and slept till a shrieking gong awoke us, an hour later, for breakfast. We went down to the dining-room, and at the head of the long table sat a handsome young gentleman, whom we had seen in the night, and on either side of him were placed chairs for Pen and me. This was Mr. Rodney Mainwaring, and in the course of conversation we learned that he, like Pen, was a native of Liverpool, and on the strength of this fellow-townsmanship we grew quite friendly. He was invited to come and see us, and he gave us permission to walk through his parlour to the balcony. "I am a lonely bachelor," he said, "and seldom occupy it, and it will be a pleasure to me if you will avail yourselves of my door."

He was about twenty-six, with an Anglo-Saxon face, and thick brown hair clustering all over his head in the glossiest of curls.

Beside Pen sat a lady whom I can best describe as striking-looking, without being either beautiful, pretty, or plain. Her eyes were large, black, and penetrating, but with a look of treachery that marred their beauty. Her figure was faultless, and her voice melodious. She directed her conversation to Mr. Mainwaring, whom she called Rodney, while he addressed her as Alberta,

"She must be the intended bride," I said to Pen. During the morning I ventured to put the question to Mrs. Saxon.

"Oh! no," she replied, "Mr. Mainwaring is engaged to my daughter."

"Is she any relation to Mr. Mainwaring?"

"No, nor to us."

"Just one more. Is she married?"

"Ah now you have puzzled me," was the smilingly given answer. "To learn that you must ask her; though I would advise you not to do so."

"What is the mystery?" I said to myself. Later I found it all out, and before long I may be tempted to tell it.

At tea I saw Miss Saxon—Clematisa was her name, but it was shortened into Tisa—and a beautiful girl she was; tastefully dressed, and with the prettiest manners, In consideration of our friendship for her Rodney, I was asked into their private parlour, where I found she was a girl of varied accomplishments, and had apparently a very sweet temper. Alberta was in the room, too; but though her compliments were profuse, I saw that if Tisa had no other friend, she would be friendless.

When I went up stairs again, Mr. Mainwaring and Pen were walking up and down the balcony, where I joined them, and lis-

tened to their talk about England. It had been raining and blowing all day, and instead of the bright moon of the night before the sky was enveloped in black clouds. But though the rain came patter, patter over our heads, it did not touch us, and it was nearly eleven when we went in.

Mr. Mainwaring gave us an invitation to a ' nice little hot supper" they had below when the house was closed, "and soon after that," he said, " I shall be in bed."

We declined the supper, but we both thought Mainwaring very agreeable.

"I hope no one is hiding up the observatory stairs to-night," I said, as we passed. However, in the early morning, I dreamed of a robber being in the house, and awoke with a scream.

"What is the matter now ?" Pen said.

"Nothing, but I thought that man was here again; though it is a true dream; he is here; listen!" for there was a stealthy step in the passage, coming nearer and nearer.

Pen sprang up and went to the door, but the step passed, and we heard Mainwaring's lock turn.

"It is Mainwaring," Pen said. "A good thing I didn't open the door and knock him down before he could speak.

"But it is two o'clock. Where can he have been till now?"

"Oh, if we attend to all the wheres, hows, whens, and whys of this household, we shall have plenty on our hands. Go to sleep, and dream the robber is slain."

In the morning when we went down to breakfast Mr. Mainwaring was not in his place, and there was startling news. We now learned that he was book-keeper to a Yankee grain merchant named Lydnett, and that during the night there had been a great robbery from their storehouse situated on the wharf.

"Where is Mr. Mainwaring?" some one asked.

"Gone to chase the robbers," was the reply.

There was a great deal of talk about it, but it was not till the next evening that Mainwaring returned. He came to our rooms for a few minutes. He had been searching the coves and inlets along the lake shore, he said, as well as calling at some of the towns; but all to no purpose. Nothing had been seen of the robbers. "I fear they have got completely away," he said, in a depressed manner.

"I suppose it is pretty certain they went by the water," Pen said.

"Undoubtedly; the wheat was traceable to the water's edge; besides, it is the most noiseless and safest way in which such a large quantity could be transported."

"Poor fellow," I said, when he was gone, "he looks so careworn and anxious."

"He is tired," Pen replied; "he'll be all right in the morning."

But in the morning we did not see him. At dinner, however, he appeared.

"Any tidings of the robbers?" Pen asked.

"None; and now that I have examined the books and the amount left, I find the robbery has far exceeded the first calculation. Lydnett is terribly cut up about it. He has offered a tempting reward, that may, perhaps, have some effect."

Next morning, when we opened our door, we were met by a man who introduced himself as a detective, and wanted to know if we remembered the night of the robbery.

"Yes," Pen replied.

"Did Mr. Mainwaring enter his rooms late that night? You are so close that if he did you could hardly help hearing him."

"I never make it my business," Pen answered, shortly, "to meddle with other people. I pay no attention to who goes out or who comes in, or when they do it."

"Perhaps the lady remembers," he said, insinuatingly.

But I told him I didn't make it my business either; that Mr. Mainwaring's hours, late or early, had nothing to do with the robbery.

"I'm not so sure of that. At any rate he is suspected of having made out a robbery, where no robbery was. You know a straw shows which way the wind blows, and Lydnett happened to notice that the wheat from the storehouse to the shore was as round and perfect as what remained in the bins; and if men had been hurrying to and fro tnat could not have been. This was the starting point, and he is to appear before the magistrates to-day on a charge of embezzlement, and if you can further the ends of justice by keeping an eye on him, I'm sure as honest people you will."

"Send your own spies," Pen answered hotly. "Mr. Mainwaring is as innocent of

the charge as my wife. It is more like a Yankee trick than an English one."

"You're wrong there. A Yankee would have trampled the wheat and finished the job; this is a stupid English blunder."

"Well done, Lizzie," Pen said, when he was gone. "I was afraid your face would have told that wary fox we had heard poor Mainwaring come in. If he was late, he was not on that vile errand; but I dare say they would make a great thing of it if they got to know."

"He'll be sure to get off?" I asked.

"Of course! It is only a trumped up charge."

We went down, and Mainwaring was in his place, and talked of general matters, but with a very white face.

CHAPTER II.

THE people of the Village of Folkestone mainly consisted of Americans from the other side of the Lake and their Canadian-born descendants, but they also included a few English; and where can one go without meeting a Scotchman doing well for himself? These nationalities were all represented at the table of the Saxon House.

It seems that after leaving us the detective had gone to the bar, and told Pen's remark of the made-up robbery being more like a Yankee than an English trick, and the Americans were "riled." So that when Mainwaring, after a hurried dinner, left, one of them, named Waddelow, said to Pen, "Well, I reckon the Britisher's face pretty well settles the question of guilty or not guilty; it is white enough."

He had scarcely finished speaking, when Ribney, one of the boarders, came in with, "Here's news! poor Gatches' murderer is caught at last,"

"Where?"

"Do you mean where is he? He's in the bar."

"How do you know he's the man?" Pen asked.

"I don't know what the police have against him, but he is shaking from head to foot, and looking precious guilty."

"Yes," Waddelow said, "and folks don't quiver and quake, and show white faces for nothing."

"I should say," Pen quietly answered, "that it would be fairer to suppose him innocent till there is stronger proof against him than a mere show of weak nerves."

"When was the deed done?" some one asked.

"Last winter," Ribney replied, "Gatches was a station master, and one night a man knocked at the door, and as soon as Gatches opened it, knocked him down with a club." This led to all the details, and Mainwaring's white face was forgotten.

After dinner Mrs. Saxon sent Biddy up to ask me to go down for a minute. I went and found her talking to the supposed murderer, who was eating his dinner, a policeman sitting on guard by the door.

"Come and speak to the poor fellow,' Mrs. Saxon said; "he is as innocent of murder as I am."

"I am, indeed," he said. in a trembling voice, while I noticed that his hands shook so that he could scarcely hold his knife and fork.

"I never heard of the man till this morning."

"Where were you when you were taken?" I asked.

"I was sitting by the road-side on my carpet bag, a few miles from here: for I had been walking since daylight. I was on the look-out for work, and a man came and put his hand on my shoulder and said I was his prisoner for the murder of—I forget his name," and he lay down his knife, and, putting his head in his hands, looked the picture of woe and despair.

"If you are innocent," I said, "you have nothing to fear. Try and put a better face on it. If you appear so frightened it will make your case look all the worse."

"But I am a stranger here; I know nothing of your laws."

"Oh, the laws are just; innocent people have nothing to be afraid of in Canada."

"But the Assizes, they say, are just over, and I may lie in gaol for months. I never harmed any one; I wouldn't even hurt a dog."

"I believe you, and I wish I could do something for you; but I can only urge you to stop trembling and shaking if you possibly can. You won't lie in gaol months, nor days either, if there is nothing against you;" and now the policeman came up and led him off, saying to me, "A jury of ladies

would never do; a man's own tale would be proof enough."

Tisa Saxon, who was greatly grieved at the charge against Mainwaring, though in no way concerned about its ending, feeling assured, like myself, that the case would never go beyond the magistrates, was interested in the suspected culprit, and as the court was to be held in a large room in the Saxon House, she and I went with Pen. The prisoner was there with his trembling fit still on him, and by his manner of giving an account of himself, was damaging his cause in the eyes of the magistrates, when in came a gentleman who began shaking hands on all sides, and was making quite a stir, when up jumped the poor prisoner, who had been allowed a chair, and without a tinge of fear in his voice said:

"Oh, Mr. Waddelow, tell them I am not a murderer."

"Why, James," the new comer said, "is it you they have up for this job? You are all wrong," he said, turning to the magistrates. "This man, James Denwax, worked for me from October of last year till April of this. I saw him every day, and I could bring dozens of men from Oswego to prove he was on my place when poor Gatches was murdered. I am very glad I chose this time to come and see my uncle."

Mr. Waddelow was then sworn, and gave evidence to this effect, whereupon the magistrates at once discharged the prisoner.

Upon this there was a rousing cheer, and the hat went merrily round, and hearty congratulations and apologies were given to Denwax, with the contents of the hat, and he was sent on his way with a lighter heart and heavier pocket; Tisa and I rejoicing at this happy ending to his troubled day.

It had this effect on Mainwaring's affair, that his white face could no longer be brought forward against him, and the colour had not returned to it when he appeared at the table next morning.

"I suppose you know of the magistrates' adjournment yesterday," he said, in a low voice, to Pen; "but I have to answer this preposterous charge at noon to-day."

"Yes," Pen answered, "and if by any ill chance you should require a friend, you know where to find one."

"Thank you," said Mainwaring; "a friend went bail for me yesterday;" and after hastily swallowing a cup of coffee, he was gone.

"The Britisher looks hard pressed this morning," Waddelow said.

But Pen only had to bring Denwax on the scene, and the conclusive evidence of Waddelow's own nephew, to deprive that remark of its sting. "If there are any facts," he added, "why let us have them; but for heaven's sake leave a man's looks out of the question."

This was the one topic at breakfast, and at noon they all went to the magistrates' meeting, and Tisa took me into their parlour to wait till they came back.

"I know it will be all right," she said, "but it is hard for him to be there."

Her married sister, Mrs. George Wrigley, came in, and we were all sitting, anxious for their return, when Jem Saxon, a youth of seventeen, hurriedly entered.

"Where is Rodney?" Tisa eagerly asked

"He is committed for trial," was the reply.

This was not what Tisa expected, and she sank on a chair and burst into tears.

"He can be bailed out," Mrs. Saxon said.

"Yes he *can*, but who *will* bail him is the question. Yesterday, only one surety of two hundred dollars was required; but now it is a thousand dollars for himself and two sureties of five hundred each. Mr. Lyle volunteered for one, but where on earth to get another I don't know. The man who went surety yesterday refuses to be one now."

"Why, where is George?" Tisa asked, springing up.

"He won't."

"Did you ask him?"

"Of course I did."

"Oh, Helena," turning to her sister, "you ask him. Surely he will for you."

"You needn't go, Helena," Jem said; "he won't. You must get some one, mother. Why in the world doesn't father come home?

"That is what I say. I told him about this; though, to be sure, I did not think then he would have been wanted."

Mrs. Saxon set out on her distasteful mission, but was everywhere met with the same answer: "I should be glad to oblige you, Mrs. Saxon, but I can't do this. There is

your son-in-law, George Wrigley; why doesn't he come forward?"

"Where am I to go now?" she said to herself. There still remained one to whom she could appeal, Mr. Horatio Henson, owner of a hardware store in the village; but she did not much like to ask him. He had been an old admirer of hers; twenty years before she had been engaged to him. He had never married, and she had avoided him, as he had her. But now her love for her daughter was stronger than her repugnance to request a favour from him; and she went. He was alone in his little office at the back of the store when she was shown in, and her petition was at once granted; and not long after we saw Mainwaring and Pen pass the window.

Mainwaring did not appear at dinner, and the evidence on which the magistrates had committed him was discussed and argued—Pen and a couple of English Canadians on one side (the Scotch expressing no opinion), and the Americans on the other. The evidence consisted of two facts, which, according to Pen, amounted to nothing—the untrodden grains of wheat, and the names of a number of persons to whom, according to Mainwaring's books, he had paid money for wheat, but of whom the magistrates, who knew the whole country-side, had never heard; nor could he himself give any account of them.

"Talk it away as you will," Waddelow said to Pen, "I want no further proof than the man's face and manner."

After this, Mainwaring came to be called Lyle's protegé, and the question grew from Lydnett *versus* Mainwaring into Britisher *versus* Yankee, and created great excitement in the village. Heads of houses dined at the Saxon House to take part in the controversy. Then, too, as our Biddy was a better cook than the Biddies at home, they came again and again, and our long table, laden with venison and wild fowl when no one else could get them, was always full.

Among the new frequenters of the House was Henson. Mrs. Saxon had appeared before him unexpectedly. She was a beautiful woman still, and when she said, "Horatio, for 'auld lang syne' do this for me," he could not refuse. But more powerful than his old love for Mrs. Saxon was his love of money, and he grew anxious for the safety of the five hundred dollars that he in a moment of weakness had placed in jeopardy. Consequently he kept a pretty sharp look-out on Mainwaring's goings out and comings in.

The days wore on, and what was to have been Tisa's wedding day came. The pretty house, with its handsome furniture, was shut up, and there was only the liable-to-be-broken bond of two men between him and the county gaol. No wonder her spirits were low. "I have a dread of I scarcely know what to-day," she said, with an attempt at a smile, as I let her into our parlour. "I suppose it is from the difference between what was to have been and what is. Instead of what we planned, here is poor Rodney shackled by bail bonds."

"But it won't be for long," I said; "a couple of months more and this will only be as an unpleasant dream."

"I hope so; anyway, I must try to be braver for Rodney's sake; he doesn't like to see me so dull as this."

A few weeks later, as I looked from the window one morning, I saw what seemed a yard full of dogs: but on counting them there were only fourteen; and at table I saw their master, a tall, largely built man, with iron grey hair and a benevolent looking countenance, and this I found was Mr. Saxon. And now the hoard of venison and feathered game was explained, for he was a son of Nimrod. Being an American, and an upholder of Mainwaring as well, and consequently vulnerable on both sides, the prominent topic was dropped while he was at home. But this was not for long; he and his dogs soon went back to the woods.

The evening of his departure Pen and I went to a party, and did not return till late. The next morning Mrs. Saxon drew Pen aside and handed him a note from Mainwaring, which he read and handed to me.

"Dear Lyle," it ran, "While you were out last night I received letters which decided me on going to Montreal, and as you did not come in till I had gone to bed, and my being obliged to be off long before you will be awake this morning, I shall be unable to speak to you. I need not say to you I will return, for I know you will not doubt me; but I am afraid poor Henson will be in hot water till he sees me back next Saturday. Yours sincerely—R. MAINWARING."

We had not left the breakfast-table when Henson came in, looking greatly excited.

"Do you know Mainwaring has gone to Montreal?" he said.

"Yes," Pen quietly answered, "he went this morning and will return on Saturday."

"That is what he says, but do you believe him?"

"Of course I do."

"What's that, Henson?" Waddelow said; "has the bird flown?"

"I fear he has," was the reply, in an anxious tone.

"Well, you all know I predicted he would prove a bird of passage."

"Yes, and your prediction will prove true," was Pen's answer. "Like other birds of passage, he will return."

CHAPTER III.

IT was on a Saturday morning that Mainwaring left, giving his promise to return that day week; but Waddelow and his party were of opinion that they had seen the last of him, and many were the wittily sarcastic remarks that passed round the table. Pen and his friends, however, would not give in—Saturday was coming, and would prove the correctness of their belief. Saturday at last did come, but without any sign of Mainwaring's return.

We were at tea, having spent the day on the *qui vive* expecting him, when Horatio Henson entered, visibly anxious to learn whether there remained a hope of his five hundred dollars being saved.

"The day is come," he said to Pen, "but not the man."

"Not the hour," was the answer. "Saturday," taking out his watch, "won't end for five hours and forty minutes."

"You still think we are on the right side, then?"

"Of course we are" the allies answered, together.

But they looked hopelessly on the wrong one when they met at breakfast next morning, for Mainwaring's chair was still empty.

"Did you ever notice any tendency to Judaism in your protégé?" Ribney asked Pen, "because it has just occurred to me that his delay might be accounted for by his having embraced that ancient creed, and refusing to travel on Saturday."

But this time Pen's power of repartee was not put to the test, for Ribney had scarcely finished speaking when the door opened, and Mainwaring walked in.

Shaking hands with Pen and me, and nodding to the rest, he took his old place. "I narrowly missed breaking my word to be back on Saturday," he said to Pen with a smile, "for I reached Hamilton too late to catch the Folkestone cars; so I was obliged to get a conveyance, and when I drove up to the door last night it was 11.55."

"I thought you had been unavoidably detained," Pen replied, "and as the cars came in without you, I didn't expect you till to-morrow night."

"I was very tired, but I had marked the day, and I like to keep my word in small things as well as great."

He spoke confidently, and his face had its wonted colour. The trip to Montreal, if that had been his destination, had made him look himself once more. When leaving the table he said to Pen, "How should you like a walk out to Beechy Grove Church this morning?" This was seven miles off.

"Very much, if Lizzie won't mind going to church alone?"

"Oh, no," I said. So the walk was arranged.

We were sauntering towards the door, chatting together, when Jem Saxon came behind, and said to Mainwaring, "A gentleman wants to see you."

He left, and a quarter of an hour later Jem brought Pen a message from him. He was very sorry, but must beg to be excused from going to Beechy Grove.

It was a glorious Indian summer's morning, the air balmy, the atmosphere hazy, and the woods decked in the loveliest tints of every conceivable colour, mingling together in the most striking contrasts; and Pen could not give up his walk. Hillyard, one of the English-Canadian boarders, set out with him, while I started to the balcony to watch them off.

Mainwaring kept his inner room locked, but his parlour door always stood open now, and, as usual, I was going by way of it to the verandah. But I soon drew back, for by the outer door stood Mainwaring, painfully changed from what he had been when he left us half an hour before. It was not only that his face was without a vestige of colour and his manner flurried, but he had a *hunted* look—that of being hotly pursued, nearly surrounded, and

no way out. He was talking low, but very fast, to Tisa Saxon, whose hand he held in his.

I withdrew, unobserved, full of wonder as to the cause of this sudden change, and returned to our own parlour, with the look in poor Mainwaring's face strongly impressed on my mind. What could it portend? I hesitated whether or not to go back and see if I could aid them in their evident distress. It could do no harm, I thought. They need not tell me what their trouble was, only whether I could be of any use; and I stepped into the passage. But I got no further, for Jem Saxon, who was hurriedly passing at that moment, went in, closing the door after him. "It is not as though they were alone or in an enemy's house," I said to myself; "I can do no good here;" and I stepped back again, and while the door handle was still in my hand, Jem and Tisa came out. Mainwaring may have been with them; if so, he was silent. I only knew the others by their voices. "It can't, Tisa," I heard Jem say.

"It can, and must, and shall," she passionately answered, as they went by, and I heard no more.

I went to church with Mainwaring's and Tisa's troubled faces before me in imagination still. I felt so sure something was going to happen, that when in the middle of the sermon the sexton came and told me the key of our rooms was wanted, as there was a search warrant in the house, I was not much surprised. I went out, and there stood Jem Saxon.

"What ever is the matter?" I asked.

"Why, that old fool, Henson, has set the constables on to take poor Mainwaring. I had just got a hint of it this morning when I told him a gentleman wanted him, for I was informed that Henson had been watching the boats and cars yesterday, and I guessed that meant mischief, for he was almost wild while Mainwaring was away."

"But now that he has honourably come back he might be sure of his innocence. If he had not meant to appear at the trial, does the man think he would have come all the way from Montreal?" I asked hotly.

"Oh! there's no accounting for a fool's folly," he said bitterly. "Mainwaring wanted the whole of this fortnight before the trial to get ready for it, for he is not going to have a lawyer."

"Is that wise?"

"*He* thinks so."

"At any rate, I hope he is out of the constable's way."

"That is hard to tell."

"He had a start?"

"Not much of a one."

"And they think we have hidden him?"

"They suspect you would if you could."

By this time we were at the door. Mainwaring had been searched for high and low, but was not to be found. I gave the constable my key, and we went in. He looked in all the closets, and had a light to examine a dark room opening off Pen's dressing-room, but Mainwaring was not there.

"He's in the house, and I'll have him before I go," I heard him say to his man. But he boasted too soon; for after looking all over the house, from the observatory to the cellar, and the yards and stables, he left without him.

Pen came home, and Mrs. Saxon told him Mainwaring did not intend to go to gaol, but he would appear at his trial without fear.

"I have not a doubt of it," Pen replied, "and I only hope he may succeed in keeping out of the constable's clutches."

Day after day passed, and there were no tidings of his arrest, and Tisa's face began to wear a less anxious look. At times, indeed, she was almost gay.

"I strongly suspect Mainwaring is not far off," I said to Pen, after seeing her in one of her bright humours. "She wouldn't be like that if she didn't know where he was." And the peaceful air of the kitchen seemed to say that Biddy was in the secret too; for generally there were storms in that part of the Saxon House. Biddy could accomplish an amazing amount of work, and she was a first-class cook; but she had one defect—she was saucy, and many a battle of words raged between her and Mrs. Saxon in consequence.

Now, however, amity reigned between them. It was "please Biddy" this, and "please Biddy" that, and Biddy gave the most obliging answers; and I could only account for this state of things by supposing one was offering a bribe and the other trying to gain it. But if there was a secret, they managed to keep it, though there were at least three women in it. A sharp watch was kept on the house; but no evidence as

to Mainwaring's hiding-place could be got at.

It was a week before the trial and nearly 12 p. m. when we heard a slight rap at our door. We kept late hours, for though we were married we found plenty to talk about, and the time flew swiftly by. Pen opened the door, when the Hamilton detective, whom we had seen before, came in, followed by Jem Saxon.

"Another search after Mainwaring, I suppose," Pen said. "You may just as well leave it alone. He will appear at the trial, and you won't see him before."

"Don't be too sure of my not finding him to-night."

A sarcastic laugh was the answer.

"That's meant to tell me he's not in the house, I suppose."

"It means anything you like."

He soon left, and we followed him to the head of the stairs. He went down, Jem behind him, each carrying a light, and marched up the long passage to the door of Mrs. Saxon's private parlour, when Jem turned round and told me as plainly as if he had spoken that the detective was going straight to Mainwaring now; but his attention was at once recalled. "Saxon, whose hat is this?' picking up one from a hall table close by.

Without a moment's hesitation Jem answered, "Mr. Brown's, from Buffalo."

"Where is he?"

"The house was full, and mother let him have her private spare room."

"Off this room?"

"Yes."

They went in, while I sat on the stairs, feeling every second an hour. Pen came down quietly and drew near the room. The house was perfectly still, and I heard Jem tap at the inner door. No answer. He opened it. "Excuse me, Mr. Brown," he said; "it is only a detective searching for a gentleman;" and he went up to the bed and drew the clothes down a little, when a straight black head of hair, instead of a brown curly one, was exposed.

"All right," was the muttered answer, as though more than half asleep.

Jem's coolness and presence of mind completely baffled the detective, and he turned and came out, little imagining who the occupant of that bed was.

This was the end of the search, and Jem let him out at the front door, in no small degree elated at having outwitted that "sharp, ferret-eyed chap," as he called the detective. The lock was no sooner turned than Tisa came out of her mother's room, trembling with excitement; but Jem held up a warning finger. "Spies in the house," he whispered. He beckoned to Pen and me, and we all went into a little family sitting-room, away from all the boarders' quarters, and there Jem sat down and laughed again with true boyish glee.

"What did you do with Mainwaring that Sunday when the constable was about?" Pen asked.

"He crept up in the hayloft and buried himself till the coast was clear, when he leisurely walked into mother's spare room, and Biddy has waited on him ever since."

"Were you not afraid the constable would go up into the hayloft, too?" I said.

"No," he answered, laughing, "I took care of that. I hid the ladder and put an old rickety thing in its place, that he looked at, but did not offer to go up. His face seemed to say, 'I don't trust my neck on that,' and you know what a fat old customer he is."

At last the day of trial came and general excitement prevailed throughout the house and village, and the question of Britisher *versus* Yankee came up again at breakfast. But it was suddenly hushed: for to the surprise of every one except Pen and me, Mainwaring came in and took his old chair. He looked pale—that, however, might be from his close confinement—but his manner was collected.

Waddelow and the rival faction were utterly silenced, and I think almost convinced. Any way they were civil enough to wish him, with an appearance of heartiness, a happy ending to the day.

The county town was eight miles off, and it was time to start as soon as breakfast was over. Pen and Mainwaring drove together, Tisa and I watching them from the window. When they reached the first turn, Mainwaring looked back and waved his handkerchief to us, and with tears in our eyes we wished him God speed.

What a long day it seemed. The morning passed well enough, but the afternoon grew tedious. "Do come down and sit with us till they come," Tisa, who had become very restless, said to me.

I went, and we had tea together in their room, and afterwards Mrs. Wrigley, the married sister, came in; but the evening seemed almost unendurable to Tisa. We did all we could to divert her mind, but ere long we became too full of anxiety to think of anything else ourselves. It was getting late in the fall, and the nights were cold, though as yet the stoves had not been put up; but by ten o'clock we were all shivering. "Let us go to the kitchen fire," Mrs. Saxon said; "we had better have Biddy's company than shake with the cold. The stoves must be put up to-morrow. We have been so excited that we have neglected our duties, and without Biddy I don't know what we should have done."

"Good, faithful creature!" Tisa said. "I shall remember her with gratitude all my life."

And to Biddy's warm kitchen we betook ourselves; but found that she and Harry had put up the stove in the sitting-room, where a bright fire roared and crackled, and here she had laid the cloth, for Mainwaring was to be welcomed home by a fine hot supper; and round this stove, throwing out its welcome heat, we gathered. How slowly the minutes, half-hours, and hours dragged on. At last, as the clock was striking twelve, we heard them drive into the yard. Tisa sprang up and was going to rush out, but her mother held her back—"You don't know who may be there, my child," she said; "some of them will be in directly."

Tisa was silent a moment, when she said, "People have to be afflicted before they can be grateful. I shall not know how to be thankful enough when Rodney comes in."

There were steps at the door, and Jem was the first to enter. No need to speak, Tisa's whole face was asking "What news? Where is he?"

"The verdict is guilty," Jem said; adding with bitter emphasis, "and he is guilty too."

Poor Tisa, how my heart ached for her. She gave one piercing shriek and fell into her mother's arms. "My poor girl, my poor girl!" Mrs. Saxon said, plaintively, "I would bear this trouble for you if I could."

Biddy brought restoratives, and she soon came to. There were no tears, but she sat with clasped hands and moaned in bitter agony of mind.

Pen and George Wrigley came in, and some one asked what new evidence had been brought out. "One fact that settled the question," Wrigley replied. "Lydnett's storehouse has been measured and found that if filled to the ceiling it would hold no more than two-thirds of the quantity Mainwaring asserted to have been paid for by him. That could not be got over, but there were other points as well. You know his books gave a number of names of people from whom he said he had bought the wheat, but the lists of jurymen and ratepayers for this and the two neighbouring counties have been searched in vain for them. Then, too, Lydnett gave in a pile of letters he had received from various quarters, stating that the writers had heard of the robbery and the trouble the bookkeeper was in, and declaring they had sold such and such quantities of wheat and received the money. The writing was disguised, but an expert showed they were all written by the same hand, and he proved from Mainwaring's acknowledged writing that the hand was his and his alone. He had made them all spell badly; it was not Canadian bad spelling either, but English, with all the H's murdered in a frightful manner. Besides, these people could nowhere be found. It was a fair trial; that cannot be gainsayed; and he has two years in the penitentiary to repent of his misdeeds, or plot more—the latter I strongly suspect."

Pen was standing by the stove; he had not spoken since he came in, and Mrs. Saxon now turned to him and said:

"Mr. Lyle, I know George has told it to me as it appeared to him, but he never liked Rodney. Tell me what you think. Is he guilty?"

"I am afraid he is, Mrs. Saxon," was the gravely spoken reply.

"Oh, yes, mother," Jem said. "No one who has been to the trial can think differently, and you know how Mr. Lyle and I were prejudiced in his favour. We have been all in the wrong, and we must try to forget him as soon as we can."

CHAPTER IV.

JEM SAXON'S advice, to forget Rodney Mainwaring, was not easy. There was that in his agreeable manners, intellectual conversation, and handsome coun-

tenance, which could not readily be forgotten. We all missed him in a variety of ways, and gloomy indeed we were when he was gone.

The question Britisher *versus* Yankee was dropped, for our opponents were generous enough not to say, "We told you so." They had won, and that sufficed. But I observed that, even among those who had taken Mainwaring's part, no one—Tisa only excepted—seemed to think he had been wronged.

"Pen," I said, "juries are not infallible. May not poor Mr. Mainwaring be innocent, though they have decided he is guilty?"

"He was an infant in crime, Lizzie," Pen answered, "and his own conduct at the trial showed me he was guilty of the charge. Poor fellow! he was sorely tempted, I know, before he, with his natural instincts of honour, descended to that. Well may we all say, 'Lead us not into temptation.'"

The evening after the trial, I was sitting with Mrs. Saxon and Tisa, in their parlour, when George Wrigley and his wife came in, and seeing Tisa's evident distress, he said coolly, "A happy escape!"

"Yes," Mrs. Wrigley added, "instead of making this fuss, you ought to be thankful you are not married to him."

"Thankful," Tisa warmly replied; "I only wish I was married to him. If I were his wife, and could write to him as a wife could, and meet him when he comes out of that horrid gate, my trouble would be but the half of what it is."

"I know you mean well, Helena," Mrs. Saxon said; "but this is no time to tell her to be thankful."

"I think it is, mother; at any rate there is some romantic nonsense in her head that ought to be got rid of at once."

"Let her alone, Helena dear; time will settle all that."

"Time will never make me love him less, if that is what you mean," Tisa said. "He has no more right to be where he is than Helena herself."

But Mrs. Saxon would have nothing further said then, and shortly after the Wrigleys left.

One evening, about a week later, Tisa came to our room when she knew I was alone. She was carelessly dressed—anything did now—with an old shawl thrown over her head.

"Will you copy this and mail it?" she said, handing me a piece of paper. "Mother made me promise not to send him a letter."

"I will do it for you," I answered.

"If you will agree to the last sentence I shall be grateful to you; but if not, do not put it in."

She left, and I copied her little note:

"DEAREST R.,—At all times and in all places I think of you, grieve for you, and pray that strength may be given you. I have to get a friend to send you this, and another one a willing one may not be found; but, whether you hear from me or not, believe me waiting in sadness for the *end of the long dark day that has to pass* before we meet. Anything you may wish to say to me, send to Mrs. L——.

"T. S."

I addressed the note under cover to the warden, and mailed it. And now came an anxious look-out on Tisa's part for an answer; but day after day, week after week, month after month passed, and no reply came.

Before Tisa, Mainwaring's name was dropped by her relatives, and every effort was made by them to cause her to forget him.

To her, the two years dragged wearily on. No reply to her letter ever came, and this she felt bitterly; and now that the expiration of his time was so near at hand, she became restless. A feverish anxiety to see him possessed her, but this she saw no way of accomplishing. "He may not like to write," she said, "and I do not even know how I am to hear of him."

"Don't let that trouble you, Miss Saxon," Pen said, who overheard her remark, "for I will see him; he shall not come out and find himself friendless."

Tisa's warmly-expressed reply need not be given.

The week before the two years expired, Pen wrote to Mainwaring, telling him that as his sincere friend he would meet him at the gate with a closed carriage, and conduct him to a place where they could quietly converse and arrange a plan for the future.

Pen went to Kingston, and Tisa eagerly awaited his return, as I also did myself. But when we began to expect him back, I received a telegram from Montreal, stating that he would be absent a week longer, and at the

end of that week another came, putting off his coming home ten days more. Tisa found these delays, with no cause assigned, after her two years' anxiety, hard to bear. She grew so nervous that Mrs. Saxon became suspicious she was planning some scheme in which Mainwaring was concerned, and watched her narrowly; but as Tisa was only waiting, there was nothing for vigilance to discover.

It was late in the evening when Pen reached Folkestone, but that Tisa should be sitting with me excited no curiosity in the Saxon House. She stood up, trembling with excitement, when he entered.

"He is well, Miss Saxon," Pen said; "and here is a letter for you."

The lamp was burning at the further end of the room, and she hastened towards it and began to read. A minute later and she crushed the letter in her hand, tossed it aside, and laying her head on the table passionately burst into tears.

"What is the matter?" I said, in a low tone, to Pen.

"Her idol is broken," he answered. "She has learned now what we all knew before."

"That the accusation was true?"

"Yes."

This was miserably disappointing. Though Pen said, "We all knew before," I had always had, at the least, a strong hope that some hidden circumstance would come to light and tell a widely different story. "I am sorry, sorry, sorry," I said, thinking aloud.

"Read that, Mrs. Lyle," Tisa said, looking up and pointing to the crumpled letter.

I straightened it out, and this is what it contained: — "Montreal, — Dearest Tisa, Every word of your letter to me is indelibly impressed on my heart, and I have hourly thanked you for it. But you did not think it hard you got no answer before! I could not write to you from there. Now, thanks to the kindness of my tried friend, who will give you this, I am in a good situation here, with an offer from the firm at the end of three months to go to France for five years. Will you go with me? *Knowing the past*, can you trust yourself to me? or am I asking too much? Though, when others have faith in me, will yours waver? Once, almost my own, darling, let me claim you for my very own, and in another country it will be my aim to make you the happiest of women. Lyle will tell you all respecting my business prospects, and anything else concerning me you may wish to know. I have suppressed my first Christian name and taken my second. Ever your's, CHARLES MAINWARING."

The next evening, when Tisa was calmer, Pen told us the story of how, where, and when poor Mainwaring fell. It is too long to tell here, but Pen was right when he said he had been "sorely tempted." There were tears in Tisa's eyes at the conclusion of the sad tale, but without any remark she withdrew to her own room.

"What is for the best?" I said to Pen, musingly.

"For her to marry him, undoubtedly," was the reply. "She will never be happy unless she does, and I have no more fear that he will be led astray again than I have fear of myself. Neither have Shaw & Stapleton"—the heads of the firm that employed him—"who know the whole truth. He was dejected when I met him, but I told him he must endeavour to forget all but the lesson it had taught him, and then seeing himself trusted inspired hope."

About a week after, I said to Tisa, "Have you written yet?"

"Yes," she replied; "for days I got no further than '*knowing the past*,' but when I did finish, and read the question, 'when others have faith in me, will yours waver?' I said, No."

Three months from Pen's return, Mrs. Saxon—whose extreme aversion to Mainwaring we had succeeded in overcoming and who clearly saw Tisa's determination sooner or later to be his wife—took her to Montreal, and when she came back I said, "And they are married?"

"Yes, and sailed."

"How did he look?"

"As well as ever, and I must confess I trust in him again."

When they had been married a year, Shaw, of the firm of Shaw & Stapleton, went over to France, and shortly after his return Pen met him in Toronto, and of course inquired after the Mainwarings.

"He is making himself invaluable,' was the reply, "and as for that handsome wife of his, I don't know where to find her equal."

"MATERIALISM" AND ITS OPPONENTS.

BY JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D., F.R.S., &C.

(From the Fortnightly Review.)

I WILLINGLY yielded to the request that the following pages, intended as an introduction to a forthcoming edition of the "Fragments of Science," should first appear as an article in the *Fortnightly Review*. The presentation of the Fragments, in the order of their publication, will, I think, make it plain that within the last two years I have added no material iniquity to the list previously recorded against me. I have gone carefully over them all this year in Switzerland, bestowing special attention upon the one which has given most offence. To the judgment of thoughtful men I now commit them; the unthoughtful and the unfair will not read them, though they will continue to abuse them.

I have no desire to repay in kind the hard words already thrown at them and me; but a simple comparison will make clear to my more noisy and unreasonable assailants how I regard their position. To the nobler Bereans of the press and pulpit, who have honoured me with their attention, I do not now refer. Webster defines a squatter as one who settles on new land without a title. This, in regard to anthropology and cosmogony, I hold to have been the position of the older theologians; and what their heated successors of to-day denounce as a "raid upon theology," is, in my opinion, a perfectly legal and equitable attempt to remove them from ground which they have no right to hold.

If the title exist, let it be produced. It is not the revision of the text of Genesis by accomplished scholars that the public so much need, as to be informed and convinced how far the text, polished or unpolished, has a claim upon the belief of intelligent persons. It is, I fear, a growing conviction that our ministers of religion, for the sake of peace, more or less sacrifice their sincerity in dealing with the cosmogony of the Old Testament. I notice this in conversation, and it is getting into print. Before me, for example, is a little *brochure*, in which a layman presses a clerical friend with a series of questions regarding creation—the six-day period of Divine activity, the destruction of the world by a flood, the building of an ark, the placing of creatures in it by pairs, and the descent from this ancestry of all living things, "men and women, birds and beasts." He asks his friend, "Do you, *without any mental reservation*, believe these things?" "If you *do*," he continues, "then I can only say that the accumulated and accepted knowledge of mankind, including the entire sciences of astronomy, geology, philology, and history, are [as far as you are concerned] nought and mistaken. If you do *not* believe those events to have so happened, or do so with some mental reservation, which destroys the whole sense and meaning of the narrative, *why do you not say so from your pulpits?*"

The friend merely parries and evades the question. According to Mr. Martineau, the clergy speak very differently indeed from their pulpits. After showing how the Mosaic picture of the "generic order of things" has been not only altered but inverted by scientific research, he says, "Notwithstanding the deplorable condition to which the picture has been reduced, it is exhibited fresh every week to millions taught to believe it as divine." It cannot be urged that error here does no practical harm, or that it does not act to the detriment of honest men. It was for openly avowing doubts which, it is said, others discreetly entertain, that the Bishop of Natal suffered persecution; it was for his public fidelity to scientific truth, as far as his lights extended, that he was branded, even during his recent visit to this country, as an "excommunicated heretic." The courage of Dean Stanley and

of the Master of Baliol, in reference to this question, disarmed indignation, and caused the public to overlook a wrong which might not otherwise have been endured.

The liberal and intelligent portion of Christendom must, I take it, differentiate itself more and more, in word and act, from the fanatical, foolish, and more purely sacerdotal portion. Enlightened Roman Catholics are more especially bound to take action here; for the travesty of heaven and earth is grosser, and the attempt to impose it on the world is more serious, in their community than elsewhere. That they are more or less alive to this state of things, and that they show an increasing courage and independence in their demands for education, will be plain to the reader of the "Apology for the Belfast Address."* The "Memorial" there referred to was the impatient protest of barristers, physicians, surgeons, solicitors, and scholars among the Catholics themselves. They must not relax their pressure nor relinquish their demands; for their spiritual guides live so exclusively in the prescientific past, that even the really strong intellects among them are reduced to atrophy as regards scientific truth. Eyes they have, and see not; ears they have, and hear not; for both eyes and ears are taken possession of by the sights and sounds of another age. In relation to science, the Ultramontane brain, through lack of exercise, is virtually the undeveloped brain of the child. And thus it is that as children in scientific knowledge, but as potent wielders of spiritual power among the ignorant, they countenance and enforce practices sufficient to bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of the more intelligent among themselves.

Such is the force of early education, when maintained and perpetuated by the habits of subsequent life; such the ground of peril in allowing the schools of a nation to fall into Ultramontane hands. Let any able Catholic student, fairly educated, and not yet cramped by sacerdotalism, get a real scientific grasp of the magnitude and organization of this universe. Let him sit under the immeasurable heavens, watch the stars in their courses, scan the mysterious nebulæ, and try to realize what it all is and means. Let him bring the thoughts and conceptions which thus enter his mind face to face with the notions of the genesis and rule of things which pervade the writings of the princes of his Church, and he will see and feel what drivellers even men of strenuous intellects may become, through exclusively dwelling and dealing with theological chimeras.

But, quitting the more grotesque forms of the Theological, I already see, or think I see, emerging from recent discussions, that wonderful plasticity of the Theistic Idea, which enables it to maintain, through many changes, its hold upon superior minds; and which, if it is to last, will eventually enable it to shape itself in accordance with scientific conditions. I notice this, for instance, in the philosophic sermon of Dr. Quarry, and more markedly still in that of Dr. Ryder. "There pervades," says the Rector of Donnybrook, "these atoms and that illimitable universe, that 'choir of heaven and furniture of earth,' which of such atoms is built up, a certain *force*, known in its most familiar form by the name of 'life,' *which may be regarded as the ultimate essence of matter.*" And, speaking of the awful search of the intellect for the infinite Creator, and of the grave difficulties which encompass the subject, the same writer says: "We know from our senses finite existences only. Now we cannot *logically* infer the existence of an infinite God from the greatest conceivable number of finite existences. There must always obviously be more in the conclusion than in the premisses." Such language is new to the pulpit, but it will become less and less rare. It is not the poets and philosophers among our theologians—and in our day the philosopher who wanders beyond the strict boundary of Science is more or less merged in the poet—it is not these, who feel the life of religion, but the mechanics who cling to its scaffolding, that are most anxious to tie the world down to the untenable conceptions of an uncultivated past.

Before me is another printed sermon of a different character from those just referred to. It is entitled "The Necessary Limits of Christian Evidences." Its author, Dr. Reichel, has been frequently referred to as an authority, particularly on personal subjects, during recent discussions. The sermon was first preached in Belfast, and afterwards, in an amplified and amended form, in the Exhibition Building in Dublin. In passing, I would make a single remark upon its opening paragraph, as it contains an argu-

* Reprinted in the CANADIAN MONTHLY for February, 1875.

ment regarding Christ which I have frequently heard used in substance by good men, though never before with the grating emphasis here employed. "The resurrection of our Saviour," says Dr. Reichel, "is the central fact of Christianity. Without His resurrection, His birth and His death would have been alike unavailing; nay more, if He did not rise from the dead, His birth was the birth of a bastard, and His death the death of an impostor." This may be "orthodoxy;" but entertaining the notions that I do of Christ, and of His incomparable life upon the earth, if the momentary use of the term "blasphemy" were granted to me by my Christian brethren, I should feel inclined to employ it here.

Better instructed than he had been at Belfast, the orator in Dublin gave prominence to a personal argument, which I have already noticed elsewhere.* He has been followed in this particular by the Bishop of Meath and other estimable persons. This is to be regretted, because in dealing with these high themes the mind ought to be the seat of dignity, if possible of chivalry, but certainly not the seat of littleness. "I propose," says the preacher, "making some remarks on the doctrine thus propounded [in Belfast]. And, first, lest any of you should be unduly impressed by the mere authority of its propounder, as well as by the fluent grace with which he sets it forth, it is right that I should tell you, that these conclusions, though given out on an occasion which apparently stamped them with the general approbation of the scientific world, do not possess that approbation. The mind that arrived at them, and displayed them with so much complacency, is a mind trained in the school of mere experiment, not in the study, but in the laboratory. Accordingly the highest mathematical intellects of the Association disclaim and repudiate the theories of its President. In the mathematical laws to which all material phenomena and substances are each year more distinctly perceived to be subordinated, they see another side of nature, which has not impressed itself upon the mere experimentalist."†

* "Apology for Belfast Address."

† "Es ist ihre Taktik, die Gegner, gegen welche sie nichts sonst auszurichten vermögen, verächtlich zu behandeln, und allmählich in der Achtung des Publikums herabzusetzen." This was written of the Jesuits in reference to their treatment of Dr. Döllinger. It is true of others.

In view of the new virtue here thrust upon the mathematician, D'Alembert and Laplace present a difficulty, and we are left without a clue to the peculiar orthodoxy of Helmholtz, Clifford, and other distinguished men. As regards my own mental training, inasmuch as my censors think it not beneath them to dwell upon a point so small, I may say that the foregoing statement is incorrect. The separation, moreover, of the "study" from the "laboratory," is not admissible, because the laboratory *is* a "study" in which symbols give place to natural facts. The word Mesopotamia is said to have a sacred unction for many minds, and possibly the title of my "Inaugural Dissertation" at Marburg may have an effect of this kind on my right reverend and reverend critics of the new mathematical school. Here accordingly it is: "Die Schraubenfläche mit geneigter Erzeugungslinie, und die Bedingungen des Gleichgewichts auf solchen Schrauben." A little tenderness may, perhaps, flow towards me, after these words have made it known that I began my narrow scientific life less as an experimentalist than as a mathematician.

If, as asserted, "the highest mathematical intellects of the Association disclaim and repudiate the theories of its President," it would be their bounden duty not to rest content with this mere second-hand utterance. They ought to permit the light of life to stream upon us directly from themselves, instead of sending it through the rude polemoscope* of Dr. Reichel. But the point of importance to be impressed upon him, and upon those who may be tempted to follow him in his adventurous theories, is, that out of Mathematics no salvation for Theology can possibly come.

By such reflections I am brought face to face with an essay to which my attention has been directed by several estimable, and indeed eminent persons, as demanding serious consideration at my hands. I refer with pleasure to the accord subsisting between the Rev. James Martineau and myself on certain points of biblical cosmogony. "In so far," says Mr. Martineau, "as Church belief is still committed to a given cosmogony and natural history of man,

* "An oblique perspective glass, for seeing objects not directly before the eyes."—*Webster*. To mere obliquity Dr. Reichel's instrument adds coarseness of construction.

it lies open to scientific refutation." And again: "It turns out that with the sun and moon and stars, and in and on the earth, before and after the appearance of our race, quite other things have happened than those which the sacred cosmogony recites." Once more: "The whole history of the genesis of things Religion must surrender to the Sciences." Finally, still more emphatically: "In the investigation of the genetic order of things, Theology is an intruder, and must stand aside." This expresses, only in words of fuller pith, the views which I ventured to enunciate in Belfast. "The impregnable position of Science," I there say, "may be stated in a few words. We claim, and we shall wrest from Theology, the entire domain of cosmological theory." Thus Theology, so far as it is represented by Mr. Martineau, and Science, so far as I understand it, are in absolute harmony here.

But Mr. Martineau would have just reason to complain of me, if, by partial citation, I left my readers under the impression that the agreement between us is complete. At the opening of the eighty-ninth Session of the Manchester New College, London, on October 6, 1874, he, its Principal, delivered the Address from which I have quoted. It bears the title "Religion as affected by Modern Materialism;" and its references and general tone make evident the depth of its author's discontent with my previous deliverance at Belfast. I find it difficult to grapple with the exact grounds of this discontent. Indeed, logically considered, the impression left upon my mind by an essay of great æsthetic merit, containing many passages of exceeding beauty, and many sentiments which none but the pure in heart could utter as they are uttered here, is vague and unsatisfactory; the author appears at times so brave and liberal, at times so timid and captious, and at times so imperfectly informed regarding the position he assails.

At the outset of his address, Mr. Martineau states with some distinctness his "sources of religious faith." They are two—"the scrutiny of Nature" and "the interpretation of Sacred Books." It would have been a theme worthy of his intelligence to have deduced from these two sources his religion as it stands. But not another word is said about the "Sacred Books." Having swept with the besom of Science various "books" contemptuously away, he does not define the Sacred residue; much less give us the reasons why he deems them sacred. His references to "Nature," on the other hand, are magnificent tirades against Nature, intended, apparently, to show the wholly abominable character of man's antecedents if the theory of evolution be true. Here also his mood lacks steadiness. While joyfully accepting, at one place, "the widening space, the deepening vistas of time, the detected marvels of physiological structure, and the rapid filling-in of the missing links in the chain of organic life," he falls, at another, into lamentation and mourning over the very theory which renders "organic life" "a chain." He claims the largest liberality for his sect, and avows its contempt for the dangers of possible discovery. But immediately afterwards he damages the claim, and ruins all confidence in the avowal. He professes sympathy with modern Science, and almost in the same breath he treats, or certainly will be understood to treat, the Atomic Theory, and the doctrine of the Conservation of Energy, as if they were a kind of scientific thimble-riggery.

His ardour, moreover, renders him inaccurate; causing him to see discord among scientific men, where nothing but harmony reigns. In his celebrated Address to the Congress of German Naturforscher, delivered at Leipzig, three years ago, Du Bois Reymond speaks thus: "What conceivable connection subsists between definite movements of definite atoms in my brain, on the one hand, and on the other hand such primordial, indefinable, undeniable facts as these: I feel pain or pleasure; I experience a sweet taste, or smell a rose, or hear an organ, or see something red? . . It is absolutely and for ever inconceivable that a number of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen atoms should be otherwise than indifferent as to their own position and motion, past, present, or future. It is utterly inconceivable how consciousness should result from their joint action."

This language, which was spoken in 1872, Mr. Martineau "freely" translates, and quotes against me. The act is due to a misapprehension of his own. Evidence is at hand to prove that I employed the same language twenty years ago. It is to be found in the *Saturday Review* for 1860; but a sufficient illustration of the agree-

ment between my friend Du Bois Reymond and myself, is furnished by the discourse on Scientific Materialism, delivered in 1868, then widely circulated, and reprinted here.* With a little attention, Mr. Martineau would have seen that in the very Address his essay criticizes precisely the same position is maintained. "You cannot," I there say, "satisfy the human understanding in its demand for logical continuity between molecular processes and the phenomena of consciousness. This is a rock on which materialism must inevitably split whenever it pretends to be a complete philosophy of the human mind."

"The affluence of illustration," writes an able and sympathetic reviewer of this essay, in the *New York Tribune*, "in which Mr. Martineau delights, often impairs the distinctness of his statements by diverting the attention of the reader from the essential points of his discussion to the beauty of his imagery, and thus diminishes their power of conviction." To the beauties here referred to I bear willing testimony; but the excesses touched upon reach far beyond the reader, to their primal seat and source in Mr. Martineau's own mind; mixing together *there* things that ought to be kept apart; producing vagueness where precision is the one thing needful; poetic fervour where we require judicial calm; and practical unfairness where the strictest justice ought to be, and I willingly believe is meant to be, observed.

In one of his nobler passages, Mr. Martineau tells us how the pupils of his college have been educated hitherto: "They have been trained under the assumptions—(1st) that the Universe which includes us and folds us round is the life-dwelling of an Eternal Mind; (2nd) that the world of our abode is the scene of a moral government, incipient but not complete; and (3rd) that the upper zones of human affection, above the clouds of self and passion, take us into the sphere of a Divine Communion. Into this over-arching scene it is that growing thought and enthusiasm have expanded to catch their light and fire."

Alpine summits must kindle above the mountaineer who reads these stirring words; I see their beauty and feel their life. Nay, in my own feeble way, at the close of one of the essays here printed, I thus affirm the "Communion" which Mr. Martineau calls "Divine:" "'Two things,' says Immanuel Kant, 'fill me with awe—the starry heavens, and the sense of moral responsibility in man.' And in his hours of health and strength and sanity, when the stroke of action has ceased, and the pause of reflection has set in, the scientific investigator finds himself overshadowed by the same awe. Breaking contact with the hampering details of earth, it associates him with a power which gives fulness and tone to his existence, but which he can neither analyze nor comprehend."†

Though "knowledge" is here disavowed, the "feelings" of Mr. Martineau and myself are, I think, very much alike. But, notwithstanding the mutual independence of religious feeling and objective knowledge thus demonstrated, he censures me—almost denounces me—for referring Religion to the reign of Emotion. Surely he is inconsistent here. The foregoing words refer to an inward hue or temperature, rather than to an external object of thought. When I attempt to give the Power which I see manifested in the Universe an objective form, personal or otherwise, it slips away from me, declining all intellectual manipulation. I dare not, save poetically, use the pronoun "He" regarding it; I dare not call it a "Mind;" I refuse to call it even a "Cause." Its mystery overshadows me; but it remains a mystery, while the objective frames which my neighbours try to make it fit, simply distort and desecrate it.

It is otherwise with Mr. Martineau, and hence his discontent. He professes to *know* where I only claim to *feel*. He could make his contention good against me if he would transform, by a process of verification, the foregoing three assumptions into "objective knowledge." But he makes no attempt to do so. They remain assumptions

* In the new volume to which this is the introduction.

† In the first preface to the "Belfast Address" I referred to "hours of clearness and vigour," as four years previously I had referred to hours of "health and strength and sanity," and brought down upon myself, in consequence, a considerable amount of ridicule. Why, I know not. For surely it is not when sleepy after a gluttonous meal, or when suffering from dyspepsia, or even when possessed by an arithmetical problem demanding concentrated thought, that we care most for the "starry heavens or the sense of responsibility in man."

from the beginning of his address to its end. And yet he frequently uses the word "unverified," as if it were fatal to the position on which its incidence falls. "The scrutiny of Nature" is one of his sources of "religious faith:" what logical foothold does that scrutiny furnish on which any one of the foregoing three assumptions could be planted? Nature, according to his picturing, is base and cruel: what is the inference to be drawn regarding its author? If Nature be "red in tooth and claw," who is responsible? On a Mindless nature Mr. Martineau pours the full torrent of his gorgeous invective; but could the "assumption" of "an Eternal Mind"—even of a Beneficent Eternal Mind—render the world objectively a whit less mean and ugly than it is? Not an iota. It is man's feelings, and not external phenomena, that are influenced by the assumption. It adds not a ray of light nor a strain of music to the objective sum of things. It does not touch the phenomena of physical nature—storm, flood, or fire—nor diminish by a pang the bloody combats of the animal world. But it does add the glow of religious emotion to the human soul, as represented by Mr. Martineau. Beyond this I defy him to go; and yet he rashly—it might be said petulantly—kicks away the only philosophic foundation on which it is possible for him to build his religion.

He twits incidentally the modern scientific interpretation of Nature, because of its want of cheerfulness. "Let the new future," he says, "preach its own gospel, and devise, if it can, the means of making the tidings *glad*." This is a common argument: "If you only knew the comfort of belief!" My reply to it is that I choose the nobler part of Emerson, when, after various disenchantments, he exclaimed, "I covet *truth!*" The gladness of true heroism visits the heart of him who is really competent to say this. Besides, "gladness" is an emotion, and Mr. Martineau theoretically scorns the emotional. I am not, however, acquainted with a writer who draws more largely upon this source, while mistaking it for something objective. "To reach the Cause," he says, "there is no need to go into the past, as though being missed here, He could be found there. But when once He has been apprehended by the proper organs of divine apprehension, the whole life of Humanity is recognised as the scene of his agency." That Mr. Martineau should have lived so long, thought so much, and failed to recognise the entirely subjective character of this creed, is highly instructive. His "proper organs of divine apprehension"—denied, I may say, to some of the greatest intellects and noblest men in this and other ages—lie at the very core of his emotions.

In fact, it is when Mr. Martineau is most purely emotional that he scorns the emotions; and it is when he is most purely subjective that he rejects subjectivity. He pays a just and liberal tribute to the character of John Stuart Mill. But in the light of Mill's philosophy, benevolence, honour, purity, having "shrunk into mere unaccredited subjective susceptibilities, have lost all support from Omniscient approval, and all presumable accordance with the reality of things." If Mr. Martineau had given them any inkling of the process by which he renders the "subjective susceptibilities" objective; or how he arrives at an objective ground of "Omniscient approval," gratitude from his pupils would have been his just meed. But as it is, he leaves them lost in an iridescent cloud of words, after exciting a desire which he is incompetent to appease.

"We are," he says, in another place, "for ever shaping our representations of invisible things into forms of definite opinion, and throwing them to the front, as if they were the photographic equivalent of our real faith. It is a delusion which affects us all. Yet somehow the essence of our religion never finds its way into these frames of theory: as we put them together it slips away, and, if we turn to pursue it, still retreats behind; ever ready to work with the will, to unbind and sweeten the affections, and bathe the life with reverence, but refusing to be seen, or to pass from a divine hue of thinking into a human pattern of thought." This is very beautiful, and mainly so because the man who utters it obviously brings it all out of the treasury of his own heart. But the "hue" and "pattern" here so finely spoken of are neither more nor less than that "emotion" on the one hand, and that "objective knowledge" on the other, which have drawn this suicidal fire from Mr. Martineau's battery.

I now come to one of the most serious portions of Mr. Martineau's pamphlet—serious far less on account of its "personal

errors" than of its intrinsic gravity, though its author has thought fit to give it a witty and sarcastic tone. He analyzes and criticizes "the materialist doctrine, which, in our time, is proclaimed with so much pomp and resisted with so much passion. 'Matter is all I want,' says the physicist; 'give me its atoms alone, and I will explain the universe.'" It is thought, even by Mr. Martineau's intimate friends, that in this pamphlet he is answering me. I must therefore ask the reader to contrast the foregoing travesty with what I really do say regarding atoms:—"I do not think that he (the materialist) is entitled to say that his molecular groupings and motions *explain* everything. In reality, they explain nothing. The utmost he can affirm is the association of two classes of phenomena, of whose real bond of union he is in absolute ignorance."* This is very different from saying, "Give me its atoms alone, and I will explain the universe." Mr. Martineau continues his dialogue with the physicist:—"'Good,' he says; 'take as many atoms as you please. See that they have all that is requisite to Body [a metaphysical B], being homogeneous extended solids.' 'That is not enough,' he replies; 'it might do for Democritus and the mathematicians, but I must have something more. The atoms must not only be in motion, and of various shapes, but also of as many kinds as there are chemical elements; for how could I ever get water if I had only hydrogen elements to work with?' 'So be it,'" Mr. Martineau consents to reply, "'only this is a considerable enlargement of your specified datum [where and by whom specified?]—in fact, a conversion of it into several; yet, even at the cost of its monism [put into it by Mr. Martineau] your scheme seems hardly to gain its end; for by what manipulation of your resources will you, for example, educe Consciousness?'"

This reads like pleasantry, but it deals with serious things. For the last seven years the question proposed by Mr. Martineau and my answer to it have been accessible to all. They are also given in this volume. Here, briefly, is the question:—"A man can say, 'I feel, I think, I love,' but how does consciousness infuse itself into the problem?" And here is the answer:—"The passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable. Granted that a definite thought, and a definite molecular action in the brain, occur simultaneously; we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass, by a process of reasoning, from the one to the other. They appear together, but we do not know why. Were our minds and senses so expanded, strengthened, and illuminated, as to enable us to see and feel the very molecules of the brain; were we capable of following all their motions, all their groupings, all their electric discharges, if such there be; and were we intimately acquainted with the corresponding states of thought and feeling, we should be as far as ever from the solution of the problem, 'How are these physical processes connected with the facts of consciousness?' The chasm between the two classes of phenomena would still remain intellectually impassable."†

Compare this with the answer which Mr. Martineau puts into the mouth of *his* physicist, and with which I am generally credited by Mr. Martineau's readers:—"'It (the problem of consciousness) does not daunt me at all. Of course you understand that all along my atoms have been affected by gravitation and polarity; and now I have only to insist with Fechner on a difference among molecules; there are the *inorganic*, which can change only their place, like the particles in an undulation; and there are the *organic*, which can change *their order*, as in a globule that turns itself inside out. With an adequate number of these, our problem will be manageable.' 'Likely enough,' we may say ['entirely unlikely,' say I], 'seeing how careful you are to provide for all emergencies; and if any hitch should occur in the next step, where you will have to pass from mere sentiency to thought and will, you can again look in upon your atoms, and fling among them a handful of Leibnitz's monads, to serve as souls in little, and be ready, in a latent form, with that Vorstellungs-fähigkeit which our picturesque interpreters of nature so much prize.'"

"But surely," continues Mr. Martineau, "you must observe that this 'matter' of

* Address on "Scientific Materialism."

† Bishop Butler's reply to the Lucretian, in the Belfast Address, is all in the same strain.

yours alters its style with every change of service; starting as a beggar, with scarce a rag of 'property' to cover its bones, it turns up as a prince when large undertakings are wanted. 'We must radically change our notions of matter,' says Professor Tyndall; and then, he ventures to believe, it will answer all demands, carrying 'the promise and potency of all terrestrial life.' If the measure of the required 'change in our notions' had been specified, the proposition would have had a real meaning, and been susceptible of a test. It is easy travelling through the stages of such an hypothesis; you deposit at your bank a round sum ere you start, and, drawing on it piecemeal at every pause, complete your grand tour without a debt."

The last paragraph of this argument is forcibly and ably stated. On it I am willing to try conclusions with Mr. Martineau. I may say, in passing, that I share his contempt for the picturesque interpretation of nature, if accuracy of vision be thereby impaired. But the term Vorstellungs-fähigkeit, as used by me, means the power of definite mental presentation, of attaching to words the corresponding objects of thought, and of seeing these in their proper relations, without the interior haze and soft penumbral borders which the theologian loves. To this mode of "interpreting Nature" I shall to the best of my ability now adhere.

Neither of us, I trust, will be afraid or ashamed to begin at the alphabet of this question. Our first effort must be to understand each other, and this mutual understanding can only be ensured by beginning low down. Physically speaking, however, we need not go below the sea-level. Let us then travel in company to the Caribbean Sea, and halt upon the heated water. What is that sea, and what is the sun which heats it? Answering for myself, I say that they are both *matter*. I fill a glass with the sea-water and expose it on the deck of the vessel; after some time the liquid has all disappeared, and left a solid residue of salts in the glass behind. We have mobility, invisibility—apparent annihilation. In virtue of

> "The glad and secret aid
> The sun unto the ocean paid,"

the water has taken to itself wings and flown off as vapour. From the whole surface of the Caribbean Sea such vapour is rising: and now we must follow it—not upon our legs, however, nor in a ship, nor even in a balloon, but by the mind's eye—in other words, by that power of Vorstellung which Mr. Martineau knows so well, and which he so justly scorns when it indulges in loose practices.

Compounding, then, the northward motion of the vapour with the earth's axial rotation, we track our fugitive through the higher atmospheric regions, obliquely across the Atlantic Ocean to Western Europe, and on to our familiar Alps. Here another wonderful metamorphosis occurs. Floating on the cold calm air, and in presence of the cold firmament, the vapour condenses, not only to particles of water, but to particles of crystalline water. These coalesce to stars of snow, which fall upon the mountains in forms so exquisite that, when first seen, they never fail to excite rapture. As to beauty, indeed, they put the work of the lapidary to shame, while as to accuracy they render concrete the abstractions of the geometer. Are these crystals "matter?" Without presuming to dogmatize, I answer for myself in the affirmative.

Still, a *formative power* has obviously here come into play which did not manifest itself in either the liquid or the vapour. The question now is, Was not the power "potential" in both of them, requiring only the proper conditions of temperature to bring it into action? Again I answer for myself in the affirmative. I am, however, quite willing to discuss with Mr. Martineau the alternative hypothesis, that an imponderable formative soul unites itself with the substance after its escape from the liquid state. If he should espouse this hypothesis, then I should demand of him an immediate exercise of that Vorstellungs-fähigkeit, with which, in my efforts to think clearly, I can never dispense. I should ask, At what moment did the soul come in? Did it enter at once or by degrees; perfect from the first, or growing and perfecting itself contemporaneously with its own handiwork? I should also ask whether it was localized or diffused? Does it move about as a lonely builder, putting the bits of solid water in their places as soon as the proper temperature has set in? or is it distributed through the entire mass of the crystal? If the latter, then the soul has the shape of the crystal; but if the former, then

I should inquire after its shape. Has it legs or arms? If not, I should ask it to be made clear to me how a thing without these appliances can act so perfectly the part of a builder? (I insist on definition, and ask unusual questions, if haply I might thereby banish unmeaning words.) What were the condition and residence of the soul before it joined the crystal? What becomes of it when the crystal is dissolved? Why should a particular temperature be needed before it can exercise its vocation? Finally, is the problem before us in any way simplified by the assumption of its existence? I think it probable that, after a full discussion of the question, Mr. Martineau would agree with me in ascribing the building power displayed in the crystal to the bits of water themselves. At all events, I should count upon his sympathy so far as to believe, that he would consider any one unmannerly who would denounce me for rejecting this notion of a separate soul, and for holding the snow crystal to be "matter."

But then what an astonishing addition is here made to the powers of matter! Who would have dreamt, without actually seeing its work, that such a power was locked up in a drop of water? All that we needed to make the action of the *liquid* intelligible was the assumption of Mr. Martineau's "homogeneous extended atomic solids," smoothly gliding over one another. But had we supposed the water to be nothing more than this, we should have ignorantly defrauded it of an intrinsic architectural power, which the art of man, even when pushed to its utmost degree of refinement, is incompetent to imitate. I would invite Mr. Martineau to consider how inappropriate his figure of a fictitious bank deposit becomes under these circumstances. The "account current" of matter receives nothing at my hands which could be honestly kept back from it. If, then, "Democritus and the mathematicians" so defined matter as to exclude the powers here proved to belong to it, they were clearly wrong, and Mr. Martineau, instead of twitting me with my departure from them, ought rather to applaud me for correcting them.

The reader of my small contributions to the literature which deals with the overlapping margins of science and theology, will have noticed how frequently I quote Mr. Emerson. I do so mainly because in him we have a poet and a profoundly religious man, who is really and entirely undaunted by the discoveries of science, past, present, or prospective. In his case Poetry, with the joy of a bacchanal, takes her graver brother Science by the hand, and cheers him with immortal laughter. By Emerson scientific conceptions are continually transmuted into the finer forms and warmer hues of an ideal world. Our present theme is touched upon in the lines—

> "The journeying atoms, primordial wholes,
> Firmly draw, firmly drive by their animate poles."

As regards veracity and insight these few words outweigh, in my estimation, all the formal learning expended by Mr. Martineau in these disquisitions on force, in which he treats the physicist as a con uror, and speaks so wittingly of atomic p arity. In fact, without this notion of polarity—this "drawing" and "driving"—this attraction and repulsion, we stand as stupidly dumb before the phenomena of crystallization as a Bushman before the phenomena of the solar system. The genesis and growth of the notion I have endeavoured to make clear in my third Lecture on Light, and in the article "Crystals and Molecular Force" published in this volume.

Our further course is here foreshadowed. A Sunday or two ago I stood under an oak planted by Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna. On the ground near the tree little oaklets were successfully fighting for life with the surrounding vegetation. The acorns had dropped into the friendly soil, and this was the result of their interaction. What is the acorn? what the earth? and what the sun, without whose heat and light the tree could not become a tree, however rich the soil, and however healthy the seed? I answer for myself as before—all "matter." And the heat and light which here play so potent a part are acknowledged to be motions of matter. By taking something much lower down in the vegetable kingdom than the oak, we might approach much more nearly to the case of crystallization already discussed, but this is not now necessary.

If, instead of conceding the sufficiency of matter here, Mr. Martineau should fly to the hypothesis of a vegetative soul, all the questions before asked in relation to the snow-star become pertinent. I would invite him to go over them one by one, and consider

what replies he will make to them. He may retort by asking me, "Who infused the principle of life into the tree?" I say in answer that our present question is not this, but another—not who made the tree, but what *is* it? Is there anything besides matter in the tree? If so, what, and where? Mr. Martineau may have begun by this time to discern that it is not "picturesqueness," but cold precision, that my Vorstellungs-fähigkeit demands. How, I would ask, is this vegetative soul to be presented to the mind; where did it flourish before the tree grew, and what will become of it when the tree is sawn into planks, or consumed in fire?

Possibly Mr. Martineau may consider the assumption of this soul to be as untenable and as useless as I do. But then if the power to build a tree be conceded to pure matter, what an amazing expansion of our notions of the "potency of matter" is implied in the concession! Think of the acorn, of the earth, of the solar light and heat—was ever such necromancy dreamt of as the production of that massive trunk, those swaying boughs and whispering leaves, from the interaction of these three factors? In this interaction, moreover, consists what we call *life*. It will be seen that I am not in the least insensible to the wonder of the tree; nay, I should not be surprised if, in the presence of this wonder, I feel more perplexed and overwhelmed than Mr. Martineau himself.

Consider it for a moment. There is an experiment, first made by Wheatstone, where the music of a piano is transferred from its sound-board, through a thin wooden rod, across several silent rooms in succession, and poured out at a distance from the instrument. The strings of the piano vibrate, not singly, but ten at a time. Every string subdivides, yielding not one note, but a dozen. All these vibrations and subvibrations are crowded together into a bit of deal not more than a quarter of a square inch in section. Yet no note is lost. Each vibration asserts its individual rights; and all are, at last, shaken forth into the air by a second sound-board, against which the distant end of the rod presses. Thought ends in amazement when it seeks to realize the motions of that rod as the music flows through it. I turn to my tree and observe its roots, its trunk, its branches, and its leaves. As the rod conveys the music, and yields it up to the distant air, so does the trunk convey the matter and the motion—the shocks and pulses and other vital actions—which eventually emerge in the umbrageous foliage of the tree. I went some time ago through the greenhouse of a friend. He had ferns from Ceylon, the branches of which were in some cases not much thicker than an ordinary pin—hard, smooth, and cylindrical—often leafless for a foot and more. But at the end of every one of them the unsightly twig unlocked the exuberant beauty hidden within it, and broke forth into a mass of fronds, almost large enough to fill the arms. We stand here upon a higher level of the wonderful: we are conscious of a music subtler than that of the piano, passing unheard through these tiny boughs, and issuing in what Mr. Martineau would opulently call the "clustered magnificence" of the leaves. Does it lessen my amazement to know that every cluster, and every leaf—their form and texture—lie, like the music in the rod, in the molecular structure of these apparently insignificant stems? Not so. Mr. Martineau weeps for "the beauty of the flower fading into a necessity." I care not whether it comes to me through necessity or through freedom, my delight in it is all the same. I see what he sees with a wonder superadded. To me as to him—nay, to me more than to him—not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like one of these.

I have spoken above as if the assumption of a soul would save Mr. Martineau from the inconsistency of crediting pure matter with the astonishing building power displayed in crystals and trees. This, however, would not be the necessary result; for it would remain to be proved that the soul assumed is not itself matter. When a boy I learnt from Dr. Watts that the souls of conscious brutes are mere matter. And the man who would claim for matter the human soul itself, would find himself in very orthodox company. "All that is created," says Fauste, a famous French bishop of the fifth century, "is matter. The soul occupies a place; it is enclosed in a body; it quits the body at death, and returns to it at the resurrection, as in the case of Lazarus; the distinction between hell and heaven, between eternal pleasures and eternal pains, proves that, even after death, souls occupy a place and are corporeal. God only is incorporeal." Tertullian, moreover, was quite a physicist in the definiteness of his conceptions regarding the soul. "The

materiality of the soul," he says, "is evident from the evangelists. A human soul is there expressly pictured as suffering in hell; it is placed in the middle of a flame, its tongue feels a cruel agony, and it implores a drop of water at the hands of a happier soul. *Wanting materiality*," adds Tertullian, "*all this would be without meaning.*" One wonders what would have happened to this great Christian Father amid the roaring lions of Belfast. Could its excellent press have shielded him from its angry pulpits, as it sheltered me? *

I have glanced at inorganic nature—at the sea, and the sun, and the vapour, and the snowflake—and at organic nature as represented by the fern and the oak. That same sun which warmed the water and liberated the vapour, exerts a subtler power on the nutriment of the tree. It takes hold of matter wholly unfit for the purposes of nutrition, separates its nutritive from its non-nutritive portions, gives the former to the vegetable, and carries the other away. Planted in the earth, bathed by the air, and tended by the sun, the tree is traversed by its sap, the cells are formed, the woody fibre is spun, and the whole is woven to a texture wonderful even to the naked eye, but a million-fold more so to microscopic vision. Does consciousness mix in any way with these processes? No man can tell. Our only ground for a negative conclusion is the absence of those outward manifestations from which feeling is usually inferred. But even these are not entirely absent. In the greenhouses of Kew we may see that a leaf can close, in response to a proper stimulus, as promptly as the human fingers themselves; and while there Dr. Hooker will tell us of the wondrous fly catching, and fly-devouring power of the Dionæa. No man can say that the feelings of the animal are not represented by a drowsier consciousness in the vegetable world. At all events, no line has ever been drawn between the conscious and the unconscious; for the vegetable shades into the animal by such fine gradations, that it is impossible to say where the one ends and the other begins.

In all such inquiries we are necessarily limited by our own powers: we observe what our senses, armed with the aids furnished by science, enable us to observe; nothing more. The evidences as to consciousness in the vegetable world depend wholly upon our capacity to observe and weigh them. Alter the capacity, and the evidence would alter too. Would that which to us is a total absence of any manifestation of consciousness be the same to a being with our capacities indefinitely multiplied? To such a being I can imagine not only the vegetable, but the mineral world, responsive to the proper irritants, the response differing only in degree from those exaggerated manifestations, which, in virtue of their grossness, appeal to our weak powers of observation.

Our conclusions, however, must be based, not on powers that we can imagine, but upon those that we possess. What do they reveal? As the earth and atmosphere offer themselves as the nutriment of the vegetable world, so does the latter, which contains no constituent not found in inorganic nature, offer itself to the animal world. Mixed with certain inorganic substances—water, for example—the vegetable constitutes, in the long-run, the sole sustenance of the animal. Animals may be divided into two classes, the first of which can utilise the vegetable world immediately, having chemical forces strong enough to cope with its most refractory parts; the second class use the vegetable world mediately; that is to say, after its finer portions have been extracted and stored up by the first. But in neither class have we an atom newly created. The animal world is, so to say, a distillation through the vegetable world from inorganic nature.

From this point of view all three worlds would constitute a unity, in which I picture life as immanent everywhere. Nor am I anxious to shut out the idea that the life here spoken of may be but a subordinate part and function of a higher life, as the living, moving blood is subordinate to the living man. I resist no such idea as long

* The foregoing extracts, which M. Alglave recently brought to light for the benefit of the Bishop of Orleans, are taken from the sixth lecture of the *Cours d'Histoire Moderne* of that most orthodox of statesmen, M. Guizot. "I could multiply," continues M. Guizot, "these citations to infinity, and they prove that in the first centuries of our era the materiality of the soul was an opinion not only permitted, but dominant." Dr. Moriarty, and the synod which he recently addressed, obviously forget their own antecedents. Their boasted succession from the early Church renders them the direct offspring of a "materialism" more "brutal" than any ever enunciated by me.

as it is not dogmatically imposed. Left for the human mind freely to operate upon, the idea has ethical vitality; but stiffened into a dogma, the inner force disappears, and the outward yoke of a usurping hierarchy takes its place.

The problem before us is, at all events, capable of definite statement. We have on the one hand strong grounds for concluding that the earth was once a molten mass. We now find it not only swathed by an atmosphere and covered by a sea, but also crowded with living things. The question is, how were they introduced? Certainty may be as unattainable here as Bishop Butler held it to be in matters of religion; but in the contemplation of probabilities the thoughtful mind is forced to take a side. The conclusion of science, which recognises unbroken causal connection between the past and the present, would undoubtedly be that the molten earth contained within it elements of life, which grouped themselves into their present forms as the planet cooled. The difficulty and reluctance encountered by this conception arise solely from the fact that the theologic conception obtained a prior footing in the human mind. Did the latter depend upon reasoning alone, it could not hold its ground for an hour against its rival. But it is warmed into life and strength by the emotions—by associated hopes, fears, and expectations—not only by these, which are more or less mean, but by that loftiness of thought and feeling which lifts its possessor above the atmosphere of self, and which the theologic idea, in its nobler forms, has through ages engendered in noble minds.

Were not man's origin implicated, we should accept without a murmur the derivation of animal and vegetable life from what we call inorganic nature. The conclusion of pure intellect points this way and no other. But this purity is troubled by our interests in this life, and by our hopes and fears regarding the life to come. Reason is traversed by the emotions, anger rising in the weaker heads to the height of suggesting that the compendious shooting of the inquirer would be an act agreeable to God and serviceable to man. But this foolishness is more than neutralised by the sympathy of the wise; and in England at least, so long as the courtesy which befits an earnest theme is adhered to, such sympathy is ever ready for an honest man. None of us here need shrink from saying all that he has a right to say. We ought, however, to remember that it is not only a band of Jesuits, weaving their schemes of intellectual slavery, under the innocent guise of "education," that we are opposing. Our foes are to some extent they of our own household, including not only the ignorant and the passionate, but a minority of minds of high calibre and culture, lovers of freedom, moreover, who, though its objective hull be riddled by logic, still find the ethic life of their religion unimpaired. But while such considerations ought to influence the *form* of our argument, and prevent it from ever slipping out of the region of courtesy into that of scorn or abuse, its *substance*, I think, ought to be maintained and presented in unmitigated strength.

In the year 1855 the chair of philosophy in the University of Munich happened to be filled by a Catholic priest of great critical penetration, great learning, and great courage, who bore the brunt of battle long before Döllinger. His Jesuit colleagues, he knew, inculcated the belief that every human soul is sent into the world from God by a separate and supernatural act of creation. In a work entitled "The Origin of the Human Soul," Professor Frohschammer, the philosopher here alluded to, was hardy enough to question this doctrine, and to affirm that man, body and soul, comes from his parents, the act of creation being, therefore, mediate and secondary only. The Jesuits keep a sharp look-out on all temerities of this kind, and their organ, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, immediately pounced upon Frohschammer. His book was branded as "pestilent," placed in the Index, and stamped with the condemnation of the Church.*

It will be seen, in the "Apology for the Belfast Address," how simply and beautifully the great Jesuit Perrone causes the Almighty to play with the sun and planets, desiring this one to stop, and another to move, according to his pleasure. To Perrone's Vorstel-

* King Maximilian II. brought Liebig to Munich, he helped Helmholtz in his researches, and loved to liberate and foster science. But through his "liberal" concession of power to the Jesuits in the schools, he did far more damage to the intellectual freedom of his country than his superstitious predecessor Ludwig I. Priding himself on being a German prince, Ludwig would not tolerate the interference of the Roman party with the political affairs of Bavaria.

lung God is obviously a large Individual who holds the leading-strings of the universe, and orders its steps from a position outside it all. Nor does the notion now under consideration err on the score of indefiniteness. According to it, the Power whom Goethe does not dare to name, and whom Gassendi and Clerk Maxwell present to us under the guise of a "manufacturer" of atoms, turns out annually for England and Wales alone, a quarter of a million of new souls. Taken in connection with the dictum of Mr. Carlyle, that this annual increment to our population are "mostly fools," but little profit to the human heart seems derivable from this mode of regarding the Divine operations.

But if the Jesuit notion be rejected, what are we to accept? Physiologists say that every human being comes from an egg, not more than one one-hundred-and-twentieth of an inch in diameter. Is this egg matter? I hold it to be so, as much as the seed of a fern or of an oak. Nine months go to the making of it into a man. Are the additions made during this period of gestation drawn from matter. I think so undoubtedly. If there be anything besides matter in the egg, or in the infant subsequently slumbering in the womb, what is it? The questions already asked with reference to the stars of snow, may be here repeated. Mr. Martineau will complain that I am disenchanting the babe of its wonder; but is this the case? I figure it growing in the womb, woven by a *something not itself, without conscious* participation on the part of either father or mother, and appearing in due time, a living miracle, with all its organs and all their implications. Consider the work accomplished during these nine months in forming the eye alone—with its lens, and its humours, and its miraculous retina behind. Consider the ear with its tympanum, cochlea, and Corti's organ—an instrument of three thousand strings, built adjacent to the brain, and employed by it to sift, separate, and interpret, antecedent to all consciousness, the sonorous tremors of the external world. All this has been accomplished, not only without man's contrivance, but without his knowledge, the secret of his own organization having been withheld from him since his birth in the immeasurable past, until the other day. Matter I define as that mysterious thing by which all this is accomplished. How it came to have this power is a question on which I never ventured an opinion. If, then, matter starts as "a beggar," it is, in my view, because the Jacobs of theology have deprived it of its birthright. Mr. Martineau need fear no disenchantment. Theories of evolution go but a short way towards the explanation of this mystery; while, in its presence, the notion of an atomic manufacturer and artificer of souls raises the doubt, whether those who entertain it were ever really penetrated by the solemnity of the problem for which they offer such a solution.

There are men, and they include amongst them some of the best of the race of men, upon whose minds this mystery falls without producing either warmth or colour. The "dry light" of the intellect suffices for them, and they live their noble lives untouched by a desire to give the mystery shape or expression There are, on the other hand, men whose minds are warmed and coloured by its presence, and who, under its stimulus, attain to moral heights which have never been overtopped. Different spiritual climates are necessary for the healthy existence of these two classes of men; and different climates must be accorded them. The history of humanity, however, proves the experience of the second class to illustrate the most pervading need. The world will have religion of some kind, *even though it should fly for it to the intel*lectual whoredom of "spiritualism." What is really wanted is the lifting power of an ideal element in human life. But the free play of this power must be preceded by its release from the torn swaddling bands of the past, and from the practical materialism of the present. It is now in danger of being strangled by the one, or stupefied by the other. I look, however, forward to a time when the strength, insight, and elevation which now visit us in mere hints and glimpses during moments of "clearness and vigour," shall be the stable and permanent possession of purer and mightier minds than ours—purer and mightier, partly because of their deeper knowledge of matter and their more faithful conformity to its laws.

CURRENT EVENTS.

M. CAUCHON'S entrance into the Ottawa Cabinet is an accession of weakness, from a moral point of view, to be explained only in one way. The needs of party are inexorable, and they demand, at this juncture, from men of staunch principle and comparatively untainted conscience, such as we believe Messrs. Mackenzie and Blake to be, an amount of personal humiliation which can be measured, if at all, by themselves alone. Of all the public men who have been tried by a long Parliamentary and official life, and still remain to us, the worst man is M. Cauchon. This is not our own judgment, but the judgment deliberately recorded in the files of the chief organ of the *soi-disant* Reform party—a judgment unreversed by acquittal or apology. Nor do we depend upon the *Globe* merely; for the views entertained by it were those of the whole party, from 1855, when the new President first took office, until the breeze of the Pacific Scandal caused him to veer about and make for the harbour of refuge. In the olden time he was, even more than Sir George Cartier, the *bête noire* of Gritism. There was not a principle distinctively Reform against which he did not wrestle with bull-dog tenacity, in the House and in the press. Those were the days when Mr. Brown indulged in high Protestant cavalry exercise on the barque of a lake-faring alderman—the nearest approximation ever known to the mythical character of "horse marine." They were the days also of big words and loud professions—sad that they should have since been [illegible]d and rated so low. M. Cauchon was then a frequent object of denunciation; he was corrupt and violent—worse still, the friend of the hated Popery and the enemy of Upper Canada. Whether he deserved it all or not is immaterial; suffice it to say that he has not changed, though his *ci-devant* enemies have. The charges against him remain untried, yet not withdrawn. It was no mere difference of opinion, as the *Globe*, with its usual lubricity of memory would have it, which separated them. M. Cauchon was represented as self-seeking, venal, corrupt in grain, and bankrupt in character. Even upon his name a villanous pun was made, and he was represented, in Lower Canada especially, as the animal type of selfishness—*Epicuri de grege porcum.* The *Mail* has made the most of the Beauport Asylum job of 1872, which suffused a tinge of shame even upon M. Cauchon's cheek, and impelled him to consult the proprieties by resigning his seat. He, however, as his present ally of the *Globe* said at the time, after having been "proved guilty of jobbery and of defiantly breaking the law for years," ventured to "brazen out the whole of his iniquities," and although "he surrendered his position in the House to avoid the shame of being ignominiously expelled," managed to get back. "Some men even in their degradation have some respect for themselves," said the *Globe*, "but M. Chauveau and his friends" (the local Government of Quebec) "appear to have lost theirs, if they ever had it. They affect to regard M. Cauchon as an honourable man." Three years only have elapsed since these words appeared in the organ; nothing has transpired to reverse the verdict given by every "sane man;" and now the same immaculate purist discovers that it has merely "had occasion to differ" now and then from the man whom it denounced in the objurgatory phrases quoted above.

It would be unreasonable, perhaps, to ask the *Globe* to postpone its interests to its convictions, "if it has any." The insincerity of party politicians has become a by-word with common folks. These understand neither the bitterness of the enmity nor the sudden ardour of the reconciliation. To them personal integrity is a priceless possession; to impeach it successfully entails upon the guilty one the sentence of perpetual ostracism. As Mr, Pickwick was surprised to find his lawyers on amicable terms with those on the other side, so are the unsophisticated, and with more reason, alarmed when they witness these embraces between prosecutor and thief. To do the *Globe* justice, it is ashamed of itself. Once only, as in the "big push"

matter, and that in the ordinary way of its self-imposed duty as an organ, has it ventured to touch M. Cauchon. Perhaps some superfluous fear of defilement seized it, for it has never since mentioned the new President of the Council or breathed the faintest allusion to him. The time for scruples of conscience, however, has passed away for the *Globe;* henceforth nothing remains to it but a certain looking for of judgment and fiery indignation. It is itself on trial, and may well be excused for being indulgent towards the peccadilloes of others—even of M. Cauchon. As for the new Minister himself, the raking-up of musty files of the *Globe* will be as effective as tickling the hide of a rhinoceros with a peacock's feather. Whatever truth there may be in the charges outstanding against him—and they should be withdrawn or proved so soon as Parliament meets—he will not revive them, we may be sure. Forgiving in disposition, he will consent to let bygones be bygones, certain that charity such as his will cover a multitude of sins, even the "jobbery" and defiant breaking of the law which his organ said he had committed for years. He will prove himself forgiving in another sense than that of the Gospel, by demanding two coats for the one taken, instead of surrendering the cloak. As an instance of perfect equanimity in public life, he is Dryden's best example that, self-interest apart, it remains true that "politicians neither love nor hate." Dignity and self-respect! Pray what have partisans to do with them?

It is not difficult to explain why the appointment was made. No one can suppose that honourable-minded men, like the Premier and the Minister of Justice, selected M. Cauchon from choice. The probability rather is, that the step cost both of them, especially Mr. Blake, some qualms which may yet work trouble in the future. He is sensitive on points of honour, and it may well be that so bitter a pill as the new President will sit heavy on the stomach, act as a moral emetic, and compel the Minister, in whom the people generally repose most confidence, to throw up office altogether. The Premier, who has enjoyed ample opportunities of gauging M. Cauchon, intellectually and morally, can have no cordial feeling towards him. Whether the charge of "jobbery" be true or not, a feeling of honour should have prompted an investigation of it before the Government accepted the accused as a colleague. It is true that if Mr. Mackenzie waited until he found a man of sufficient importance to warrant an invitation to office, who has not been charged with jobbery or corruption in some form, he would wait some time. The practice of vilifying character, which stood the Grit party in good stead during their long years of murmuring in the Opposition desert, has left no public man with an unsmirched reputation. The people are grown so accustomed to this policy of defamation that, taking it for granted that every politician is a knave, they have ceased to affect surprise at any fresh instance of its truth. Party rancour has been instilling the lesson for a quarter of a century past, until the ear has grown heavy and it cannot hear. What is worse, the moral sense of the community is being blunted and depraved by this constant iteration, until it has ceased to care whether the charges made are truthful or calumnious. In M. Cauchon's case only three years have passed since the Committee of the Quebec Assembly found the accusation of "jobbery" proven, and yet we have no doubt that many who call themselves Reformers are quite ready to condone the job, on the ground that he is no worse than the rest. His offence may be "rank and smell to heaven," but he is now in the only heaven he has any conception of—the Paradise of office. Like some of the hangman's victims, he has probably passed from criminal to angel by easy steps—the only part omitted being the *rôle* of penitent.

M. Cauchon has succeeded in forcing himself into the Cabinet by sheer persistence. He is above all things active, *exigeant*, and importunate, undaunted by repulse and unshaken by scruple. Without intellectual power of more than average merit, and with scarcely a trace of political principle, he possesses just that amount of craft and astuteness which enables him "to get on in the world." The circumstances which have enabled him to inflict his distasteful presence at the Council Board upon unwilling colleagues are—to use the mildest phrase—untoward. Party necessities are the only reasons that can be alleged for the unsavoury appointment; and we admit that so long as party is to be preferred to country, these reasons must be held sufficient. The attitude of the hierarchy in Quebec has rendered the introduction of a new Conservative element

essential to the very existence of the Government. Mr. Blake has been compelled, *nolens volens*, to submit to the humiliation of sitting cheek by jowl with a man whom the organ of his party and the bulk of its members stigmatize as unworthy the title of "an honourable man." It would almost seem as if Confederation were destined to prove a failure. Sectionalism, which it was framed to destroy, is more rampant than ever; national interests are forgotten in petty higgling about the price of Parliamentary support. Under a true national policy there would be a chance of enlisting the best talent and the clearest integrity; as it is, there is little or none. The party system should be universally condemned in Canada, if only for this—that it suffers a man like M. Cauchon to find his way, as a fetid bubble, to the surface of public life.

We have no intention of alluding further at present to the "big push" matter; the party manager has pleaded not guilty in a feeble voice, and there let the matter rest. But we desire at once to take a "grand stand" against a fresh display of the *Globe's* usual tactics. The case of Mr. Wilkinson is *sub judice*, and therefore a forbidden subject to the honourable journalist; the chief organ entertains a different view of editorial duty—or rather decency. The article in which it endeavoured to bias the minds of the jury by forestalling its verdict was in every way disgraceful. The prosecutor has, with great shrewdness, discarded Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie, and retained the services of the Messrs. Cameron—the most eminent counsel in the Province, and both Conservatives. One would imagine that these gentlemen stood in no need of assistance; but to make assurance doubly sure, the *Globe* must needs put its oar in and endeavour to force a verdict before trial. More than that, the editor-in-chief, although not connected with the particular charge involved in this prosecution, is himself before the bar of public opinion on one closely allied to it. It would be more satisfactory if he ventured to put that accusation to the test, as the West Durham *News* challenged him to do. On that topic he is mute; having, like Mr. Micawber, signed his little note, he considers that no further obligation rests upon him. We believe he is very much mistaken if he thinks he country is satisfied with so evasive an apology. Let him leave the Simpson case to the jury, and prepare, if he can, a complete vindication of himself.

The Ontario Legislature has adjourned for the usual Christmas recess. Mr. Mowat's Government appear to have pressed on the business of the Session with commendable energy. Its measures, useful in their way, were not of a nature to provoke discussion. The debates have been dull, for the most part Even Mr. McDougall's appearance upon the arena has not had the exhilarating effect we anticipated. He wants none of his ancient fire, but fails for want of elbow room. After all that can be said on their behalf, the Local Legislatures are miserable burlesques of Parliament. In fact, they are not Parliaments at all in the strict sense, because they want the essential characteristics of a Parliament—omnipotence. Our constitution is mongrel in character—neither British, French, nor American. Here in Toronto we have an Assembly aping the forms of a Parliament: a Speaker with cocked hat and robes, a Serjeant-at-Arms in charge of "that bauble," and the other belongings of a British House of Commons, and yet it is only a superior sort of County Council. Constitutional questions bristle up at every turn: "Can we enact this?" "May we remedy that evil?" "May we vote money for such a purpose?" Dr. Clarke proposes to cut the knot, by boldly enacting what is admittedly *ultra vires*. Mr. McDougall has made some laudable attempts to keep the House within constitutional lines—it appears to us from a mistaken sense of duty. A certain importance attaches to an Assembly when its acts are vetoed. In England this power has never been exercised since the time of William III., of pious and immortal memory; in Canada it occurs frequently, and, on the whole, produces an enlivening effect upon the legislative mind. So long as the Dominion Government was labelled Conservative, and the Ontario Government Reform, the latter found itself snubbed whenever occasion offered—and not without reason. Gentlemen who have had the good fortune to attach the mystic letters M.P.P. after their names feel that they are called upon to earn the distinction. Line fences will not satisfy them, nor will railway subsidies, as a subject of discussion; the

divinity stirs within them and finds expression in various ways. Professional gentlemen air their crotchets in the chamber; those of the humbler sort bicker and wrangle like quarrelsome school-boys in the committee-room. Above all, they are strong on moral questions under the Constitution or above it. They are even disposed to resent party guidance—an unusual event—when the chance offers to put some crotchet on its legs. Mr. Currie's Manhood Suffrage Bill, for example, was an attempt to revolutionize our Governmental system altogether; and yet it was introduced with less consideration than would be devoted to the most insignificant private bill. The air of jauntiness and *nonchalance* with which Messrs. Clarke and Currie show their hobbies through their paces ought to convince reasonable people that the local jurisdiction requires to be kept well in hand. How is this to be done?

In the old time, the monarch announced his intention of considering a bill he had resolved to disallow; now-a-days the Premier is the ruler in England, and must stand or fall by the decision of Parliament. Prior to 1867 we had here, in the main, a counterpart of the English system, save in the comparatively unimportant instruction to the Governor-General to reserve divorce bills for the consent of people—not the Queen, be it observed—three thousand miles away. This reservation was not, of course, a veto, because the royal assent usually followed. Under the old *régime* there were no constitutional troubles in this regard. As a matter of course, the Queen's representative sanctioned the bills sent up from the Legislature, and the only serious trouble, since 1837, arose from an adherence by Lord Elgin to constitutional practice, in 1849. It would be rather difficult to tell how matters stand now. We have an authority within an authority which is itself limited by the supreme jurisdiction of the Empire. If the first and second happen to be under the control of adverse parties, conflict is inevitable, and as the Ottawa Government has the ear of the Colonial Secretary, its issue may be forecast without the aid of divination. Last Session the Dominion Government, having felt the inconvenience of this state of things, resolved to constitute a Supreme Court to judge of the legality of Acts, both provincial and federal. The theory seems to have been that a set of judicial arbitrators, set in the place of royalty, might decide questions of constitutionality, if need were, over the head of the Crown and its responsible advisers. In point of fact, Ministers, under the American system thus introduced into Canada, instead of being vigilant controllers of legislation, will be inclined to permit any quantity of slip-shod journeywork to go through, relying on the wisdom of the new Court. Either at Ottawa or Toronto, it will always be a sufficient answer to constitutional objections, that, if an Act be invalid, the Supreme Court will pronounce it to be so.

The theory of the Confederation Act we take to be that the country is to be governed by the Queen with the advice of responsible Ministers. If a bill be introduced into a local legislature apparently unconstitutional, the Attorney-General, being responsible for the legislation so long as he holds office, is bound to examine the matter with such professional skill as he possesses, and his decision having been made he must stand or fall by it. The Minister of Justice has a supervisory duty also to perform, should the bill rise to the dignity of an Act. With an eye to his responsibility to the Ottawa House, he is required by the law to review the decision of the Provincial Minister, and to allow or disallow a particular statute. Responsible Government has received a grievous wound by the Supreme Court Act, and it will not be many years before Parliament will regret that it surrendered its omnipotence into the keeping of irresponsible judges. All that is yet needed is the importation of the *plébiscite* from France to make our Constitution the most admirable specimen of conglomerate to be found amongst civilized men. The local legislatures, therefore, as matters stand, afford no arena for ability. Talent is not wanting in the Assemblies, but there is no space for it to move about in—*contracta pisces æquora sentiunt.* There must speedily come a re-distribution of power and a clearer definition of jurisdiction, or the boasted compact inaugurated in 1867 will perish by that untimely atrophy appointed by a mysterious Providence as the euthanasia of paper constitutions.

The Hon. Mr. Currie distinguished himself and edified the House by the introduction of a bill to extend the suffrage to all adult males. The bill was rejected by about a two-thirds vote of the members present,

and it is difficult to suppose its mover serious when he introduced it. Any one who has paused and reflected upon the evidence adduced at the trials of election petitions must be joking, or making a bid for the votes of the "residuum," to submit such a proposition. Whether Mr. Currie is a "workingman's friend" or not, we scarcely know; considering his neighbourhood to the Welland Canal, it is probable that he is, and that his little bill, like the clamour for prohibition which honourable members never fail to raise when it is futile, means nothing but a waste of time for "buncombe." It is pleasant to set up your Aunt Sallies on the legislative race-course, to be shied at, especially when the country provides the tobacco-pipes. Mr. Currie's arguments were of the stock character—refuted though they have been again and again. It is absurd to say that every man has a natural right to the franchise; he has nothing of the kind. If it be for the advantage of the community that any class should be entrusted with the privilege of voting, or—to put it in the most favourable light—if it be safe to confer it upon any class now unenfranchished, it should be done. The question, however, is one of expediency and not of right. Any extension of the electorate which would have the effect of swamping the intelligence of the community and giving a preponderance of power to the "residuum" must obviously be to the disadvantage of a governmental system. The income franchise appears to be a step in the right direction, for it has introduced upon the lists a body of tolerably cultured young men, likely to exercise their privilege with some measure of discretion. Mr. Currie's "manhood suffrage" could only have one effect, and that a most deleterious one. It would hand over the controlling voice in public affairs to the uneducated, the venal, and unscrupulous, and effectually destroy the legitimate influence of intelligence and education. The lesson taught by experience here and in the United States, and likely to be repeated in England, appears to be lost on the theorizers. The election trials should have impressed them, one would think, with the obvious moral, that the process of levelling down has been carried far enough already. To retrace our steps is impossible; but we can at least prevent the deteriorating process from going on to the extreme of general enfranchisement. Mr. Mill used to urge the argument that the franchise was a popular educator, and elevated the classes upon which it was conferred. Has it been found to do so in Canada, in England, or the United States? When we reach the lower social strata, the effect of enfranchisement is distinctly corrupting and depressive, instead of enlightening. The notion that men of coarse mental and moral fibre will become new creatures by imposing a new duty and enlarged responsibilities upon them, is the wildest of political chimeras. Mr. Leslie Stephen, in the current number of the *Fortnightly*, seems to differ from Carlyle on this head; and yet he is constrained to admit that his *dicta* are more than half right, though they are "too sweeping." The words, strong as they are, of the octogenarian philosopher, will bear re-quoting. "If of ten men," he says, "nine are recognizable as fools, which is a common calculation, how in the name of wonder will you ever get a ballot-box to grind you out a wisdom from the votes of these ten men? Never by any conceivable ballot-box, nor by all the machinery of Bromwicham or out of it, will you attain such a result. Not by any method under heaven, except by suppressing and in some good way reducing to zero nine of those votes, can wisdom ever issue from your ten." Reduction of the standard has been supplemented with a corrective in the ballot-box, and the result is rather an increase of corrupt practices than otherwise. In England, that *rara avis* which Mr. Disraeli discovered, in the person of the conservative working-man, turns out to be a member of the publican's body guard. The first hint of the real significance to be gleaned from household suffrage was the election of a blatant demagogue for Stoke-upon-Trent. Following close in its wake were the evidences of ingrained corruption tainting a majority of the constituencies in Norwich, Stroud, and other English boroughs. The ballot has been useful in its way, but like most other political and social nostrums, it has failed to satisfy the expectations of its advocates. Corruption is as rampant as before; neither the mechanism of the ballot nor the judicial inquiry in contested election cases appears to have stemmed the evil to any appreciable extent. On the whole, it appears rather to wax than to wane. The mischief is at work in Canada also, and in a more perilous degree in the United States. Electors endowed with an

average share of self-respect are yearly standing further aloof from public affairs, pleading in excuse the futility of working in a sphere of action abandoned, in effect, to ignorance which is purchasable, and the immorality that has craft enough to work out its own gratification. Every extension of the franchise, unaccompanied by substantial guarantees of the intelligence and honesty of the enfranchised, is a fresh apology for this neglect of duty and a renewed attack upon the vitality of the State. What hope can there be for the future of any community, when its destinies are committed to the majority of adult males without regard to the distinction between cultured sense and crass ignorance, regulated conscience and self-willed struggling for personal ends.

Amongst the platitudes constantly revamped is the old one—"Taxation without representation is tyranny." Why the man who pays his statute labour impost should be entitled to an equal voice in the government of a nation with him who pays, as a mulct upon the fruits of hard work and sober frugality, hundreds or thousands of dollars, it is difficult to understand. In fact, this theory, borrowed as it has been from the school of Jefferson in an entirely different sense from that it originally bore, is fallacious in two obvious respects. If there were any truth in it, as thus interpreted, these results would logically follow: Representation by the voting power should be in proportion to the amount of taxation, and women, who pay taxes, should be entrusted with votes. The dilemma cannot be escaped. If taxation without representation be tyranny, and we deny that it is, the voting-power should be proportioned to the taxation, and the moneyed man should enjoy a plurality of votes. In like manner, the woman whose name appears on the assessment roll should have her due share in the management of public affairs. The fallacy of the theory is immediately apparent when it is carried out to its legitimate results. The true basis of representation is, we believe, the general good of the community, and not a fancied conception about natural rights. The well-being of the State is the first consideration—the supreme law to be obeyed at all hazards on pain of national decay and dissolution. Individualism has answered good purposes in modern days, but it is going near to make shipwreck of representative institutions by the extreme to which theorists have carried it. What is wanted seems to be an electoral scheme which will elevate the intelligence of the people and put a curb upon the baser elements which struggle for predominance. If Mr. Currie would devise a plan by which this might be effected he would deserve the thanks of the Province. Manhood suffrage can only aggravate the admitted weaknesses in our representative system, and it is to the credit of the Local Assembly that it rejected it by a non-party vote of fully two-thirds.

The scene presented in the House when Dr. Clarke passed for the hero of the day was something novel, even under our *quasi*-Parliamentary *régime*. An ordinary motion to print a petition was made the occasion for a display unexampled, we should imagine, in the history of legislation. Provincial Assemblies are not dignified bodies, although the Quebec House has asserted its majesty by bringing one of its members to his marrowbones; and of all the unworthy displays yet made by them, the worst was the speaking to the galleries and floors on the occasion alluded to. The invasion of the latter may be overlooked, vanity and love of distinction rising eternal in the female breast; but it is strange that legislators could bring themselves to speak *at* their fair visitors, as some of them ventured to do. It is creditable to Messrs. McDougall, Mowat, and Fraser that they knew their duty better than to encourage measures, not only unconstitutional but founded upon mere gushing—as Mr. Fraser rightly said, on enthusiasm—impetuous and unreasonable.

The evils wrought by intemperance in drinking are too palpable to be ignored. They meet us at every turn, staring us in the face at every street-corner, forming the *staple* of judge's charges and grand jury presentments. The serious problem is to find a remedy for them, at once reasonable and effective. It is of course an easy solution of the difficulty to suggest the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors; and we are not at present concerned about the right of society to do away one wrong by perpetrating another. Those who use, and do not abuse, these liquors have a right to be heard on their own behalf, it is true. It is questionable how far the community has the power of forbidding an ad-

mitted right to eat and drink rationally, in order to restrain others, wanting in self-control, from an abuse of the privilege. At any rate, they are justified in demanding that the proposed remedy shall be effective. If those who can exercise self-control, and do not care to wander far afield in search of their beverages, are the only ones restrained by the operation of a law, it fails of its intended effect, those not properly aimed at by the restrictive measure being punished, so to say, by being debarred from the exercise of an undoubted right, whilst the men in the purview of the prohibitory law will take good care to provide themselves with the stimulant, law or no law.

The sympathy of every right-minded man is with those who have determined to battle with a gigantic evil; but it is surely essential that the warfare should be carried on in a rational and practicable way. As Mr. Fraser remarked, enthusiasm has its merits, but it cannot be a guide for the legislator. For a motive power it is sometimes invaluable, as feeling and sentiment often are; but it requires the guidance of a cool head to keep it in hand. Let it be admitted, for the philanthropic object avowedly in view, that a prohibitory law, sanctioned by a bare majority under a plebiscite or otherwise, is within the legitimate sphere of legislation, the question yet remains—How far would it secure the purpose of its enactment? If we may judge by experience in other countries, we are compelled to answer that it would not. When the overwhelming majority favour total abstinence, popular opinion keeps the intemperate within moral restraint, and the law is scarcely of any use. On the other hand, a drinking community would refuse to submit to the restrictive law; the refusal to license houses for the sale of liquor would result in a sort of free-trade in liquor, and the last end of that nation or municipality would be worse than the first. Mr. Mowat pressed another point upon the total abstainers which deserves consideration. There is already on the statute-book an Act which gives exceptional powers in the way of repression, and yet, even where the municipalities decide for it, the Dunkin Act is never faithfully enforced. And this leads to a disagreeable aspect of the temperance agitation—its want of sincerity. It would be a grave injustice to accuse the members of the various societies, and the ladies allied with them, of disingenuousnesss. That they are perfectly in earnest in their efforts for moral reform, we entertain no doubt. The misfortune is that about them there hover a crowd of designing politicians who twist their honest, philanthropic endeavours to a sinister purpose. These men would vote for a Prohibitory Liquor Law in the Ontario Assembly, or for Dr. Clarke's palpably unconstitutional License Bill, without scruple, not because they have any vehement desire to promote the cause of temperance, but solely that they may gain popularity with those who are in earnest about the work. Of all people philanthropists are the most easily gulled by designing men—their very earnestness being the trap in which they are caught. The sympathy of the people as a whole is with them, and if they could be induced to abandon Quixotic measures, which, even were they successful, would be merely dead letters on the Statute book, they might receive, as they certainly would deserve, the support of all the moral power in the community. The present state of the law is lax and unsatisfactory in the extreme, and the method of its enforcement is still more disgraceful. Let those who take their stand upon total abstinence adopt some rational method of dealing with the serious and growing evil to be combated, and they will not call in vain for assistance to the bulk of their fellows. There is some promise in the attitude ecently assumed by temperance men; all that needs be done to ensure success is the abandonment of chimeras and the adoption of a reasonable and intelligent "platform."

The controversy touching creeds and confessions has taken a broader aspect than was intended by those who first stirred in the matter. Our daily newspapers have caught the contagion, and hand over the columns devoted to correspondence to archbishop and provost, priest and layman, orthodox and heretical, with judicious impartiality. An editor may usually be trusted in gauging the tastes of his readers, and therefore it is not without significance that theological discussion has assumed a prominent place in the secular journals. The interest awakened in the cause of free discussion is ominous; for it indicates the breaking up of obsolete formulas and of decaying authorities and infallibilities. When even Archbishop Lynch

and his Church condescend to enter the controversial arena, there is some hope that reason and common sense are soon to assume their legitimate sway in matters of faith. Of the many contributions to the literature of the controversy, one of the ablest and fairest is that recently published, or rather re-published, by Principal Caven, of Knox College, Toronto.* We cannot pretend to agree with its conclusions, yet we gladly recognise its general fairness and the charitable construction of the views it combats. The *odium theologicum* crops out here and there, but not offensively, taking the pamphlet as a whole. One expects the professional religious teacher to be dogmatic, positive, and even rude; it is an agreeable surprise when he restrains himself, as Principal Caven has done, within the limits of decorous controversy. The preface, which is the only portion of the *brochure* written since the discussion of the "heresy" case began to attract public attention, is, perhaps, the most objectionable in point of tone. Principal Caven entertains "sentiments of respect and affection" for those who cannot appreciate the *imperium in imperio* implied in the system of standards, supreme and subordinate, which has been formulated by "the Church." It appears to us that their position is inexpugnable, and, if proof of it were wanting, it is supplied by the indignation displayed in some quarters when Mr. Macdonnell lodged an appeal from the subordinate standards —"compositions purely human," as the Principal admits—"to the law and the testimony," which is the *suprema lex*, professedly, of all Protestantism. The virtuous rage which possessed some reverend gentlemen was evidence sufficient that the pyramid had been inverted upon its apex—the "supreme" yielding in authority to the "subordinate." What we regard as specially objectionable in the tone of Dr. Caven's preface is the fatal tendency of which theologians seem unable to divest themselves—the tendency to mangle and caricature the views of those from whom they differ. What persons are they, for example, "who look upon the doctrines of religion as merely a department of philosophy, in which almost nothing is so determined that it may not require essential revision?" Most people have a notion, more or less hazy perhaps, of the nature of philosophy, but the confusion of thought which jumbles together a theory of religion with a department of philosophy, on which Dr. Caven differs "on first principles," where none are stable enough to be exempt from revision, is a religion and a philosophy never yet dreamed of by mortal man.

The Rev. Principal only refers to Protestantism, as its founders understood it, in a somewhat sneering tone, to lapse into gross sacerdotalism. "The Church has the Truth, as a deposit committed to her; and she, under great responsibilities, is appointed to keep as well as to propagate it." Could Cardinal Manning or Archbishop Lynch exact more from human credulity? What is the Church, pray? Is it what the Thirty-nine Articles define it to be—"a congregation of faithful men, in which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments be duly administered?" If so, the article (xix.) directly affirms its fallibility as a depositary of the truth—"as the Churches of Jerusalem, Alexandria and Antioch have erred; so also the Church of Rome hath erred, not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of faith." Principal Caven repudiates infallibility, and yet distinctly affirms it, in effect, for something called "the Church of Christ." What is this Church, may again be asked? Is it the Eastern or the Western, Calvinism or Arminianism, Baptist or Pædobaptist, Episcopal, Presbyterian, or Congregational? Where, in fact, does the deposit of truth rest in the turbulent sea of theology? No two denominations agree upon the essential doctrines of a common Christianity, not because there is no absolute standard of truth, but because it presents a different aspect, not merely to classes, but also to individual types of the same class. We do not demand the trimness of a Dutch garden in matters belonging to the domain of private judgment. Better things might have been expected of so enlightened and charitable a defender of the faith as Principal Caven. We do not wonder at the irritability and rage of the Philistinism which has taken the ark captive, when Dagon falls upon its face in the sacred presence; but of the sober

* A Vindication of Doctrinal Standards: with Special Reference to the Standards of the Presbyterian Church. By the Rev. Principal Caven, D.D., &c. Toronto: James Campbell and Son. 1875.

theologian we have a right to ask temperance even in the heat of controversy.

In the pamphlet before us there is a careful avoidance of any apology for "the Calvinistic or Reformed Theology." Most people might be led into the belief that the contents of a Confession—the doctrines inculcated—were at the least of equal importance with the mere fact of its existence as a Confession. Dr. Caven is evidently of a different opinion. To defend theological symbols in the abstract is to vindicate them in the concrete, irrespective of their doctrinal significance. It would appear, on this theory, to be of inferior importance what sort of religious truth is promulgated in the formulas, so long as it was authoritatively promulgated by somebody who lived a long time ago. Our author would have infused no little interest and still more instruction into his commonplaces about the necessity of creeds, if he had thrown some light upon the dark places of Calvinism. It would be interesting to ascertain his views on elect and non-elect infants, as well as to learn from authority how the Confession is to be reconciled with Scripture on the eclectic principle of picking out texts at random. We read in Scripture a most impressive chapter in the prophecy of Ezekiel which, in the name of the Almighty, declares with the strongest sanction, so far as words can convey it, reiterated again and again, "Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die? saith the Lord God; and not that he should return from his ways, and live?" The Confession teaches us that long before man appeared upon the scene, and from no merit or default of his own—"by the secret counsel and good pleasure" of his Creator's will, his destiny for weal or woe was irrevocably fixed. In the stiffest chapter of the Pauline theology, the admission is made that predestination was the fruit of foreknowledge; the Confession denies it. The most tender and touching utterance of Jesus was His pathetic lament over the city he loved so well—"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" The Confession proclaims that those over whom the soul of Jesus yearned could not have accepted His gracious offer, if they would. Worse than all, the Almighty is distinctly proclaimed to be the Author of evil in the opening words of chap. iii.: "God from all eternity did, by the most wise and holy counsel of His own will, freely and unchangeably ordain whatsoever comes to pass." Now it may be admitted that denominations must have creeds of some sort—*cela va sans dire*—but the crucial difficulty remains—can any man believe in a God such as the Confession pourtrays Him? The origin of evil is a mystery to us all; those who believe in the Fatherhood of God are content to leave it unsolved, trusting in that loving-kindness which all who are moved by the spiritual instinct recognise, with trusting thankfulness, as its generous influence encompasses them from hour to hour.

It is something to have it admitted that only the "great leading features" of the theological creeds demand the acceptance of church members; and yet it is surely blowing hot and cold with one breath to say that any "laxer subscription than formerly prevailed" is inadmissible. Principal Caven claims, as within the knowledge of "every Biblical scholar," that "the results achieved by Textual Criticism and Exegesis, interesting and valuable as they are, do not render necessary any modification of the great doctrines of the Creeds." Indeed! We should have thought Biblical scholarship might, at least, have saved the learned Professor from the egregious error of considering the Scripture as a homogeneous whole, and quoting the much-abused words in the conclusion of the Apocalypse (xxii. 19), as if they referred to the Bible in its entirety from one lid of the book to the other. It may be an erroneous impression of ours, to be corrected by "Biblical scholars," that Scripture, in the light thrown upon it by philology and an examination of the ancient codices, appears in a different aspect to that presented two centuries and a quarter ago. Dr. Lightfoot, Dean Alford, and Canon Westcott are evidently of the same opinion; but, perhaps, Dr. Caven would not style them Biblical scholars. As for the "six days" of creation, referred to as the only conceivable point of conflict between modern thought and the Confession, it is only mentioned *en passant* with that lightness of heart which is the distinguishing feature of unscientific theology. We should like—to mention one instance only, although they might be multiplied to an almost indefinite extent—to have an explanation of the dogma "that the dead shall

be raised up with the *selfsame* bodies, and none other, although with different qualities" (c. xxxii. 2). Scripture nowhere teaches this—the words of St. Paul being plainly inconsistent with it—and as a matter of fact we know it to be impossible, unless particles of matter can be in different places and form part of different organisms at one and the same time. It is quite defensible to believe in *a* resurrection of the body, but monstrously absurd to profess belief in the definition of the Confession.

Principal Caven has fallen into the same error which invalidated Buckle's philosophy. That honest and industrious worker in the sphere of philosophical history started with the thesis that moral and religious truth, subjectively viewed, is insusceptible of progressive development, and therefore unworthy of consideration as a factor in his calculations. The advocates of stereotyped statements of doctrine arrive at the same conclusion by a different path. "It is forgotten," says our author, with the forcible feebleness of italics, "that all the facts of the theologian are found in the Bible." We beg his pardon; it is not forgotten, and, if there were any danger of its being lost sight of, the theological controversies of the past eighteen hundred years would have sufficed to keep it prominently in view. The trouble has always been this, that no two sects can agree about the significance of the facts. "The Church," whatever that nebulous entity may be, has never agreed upon an unanimous interpretation of them. Principal Caven's own views are those of a small minority of the visible Church, and he cannot point to a single dogma outside the generalities of the so-called Apostles' Creed which, in Roman Catholic phraseology, has been received *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus*. Certainly the doctrines Calvin borrowed from St. Augustine, and which form the backbone of the Westminster Confession, are not of that character.

Above all, the Bible directly opposes the notion that religion is stereotyped, and can ever be formulated once for all. Throughout its pages there is proof sufficient to satisfy any one but a professional theologian that although truth changes not in its intrinsic nature, man's capacity for receiving it undergoes progressive development. There is an ebb and flow of the religious intelligence, but, on the whole, a palpable advance in purity and spirituality. The anthropomorphism of patriarchal times was succeeded by the improved conceptions of the Davidic era, and this again by the cleansing process, as by fire, of the prophetic. Jesus taught distinctly the doctrine of religious development and indicated a future when some truths would be imparted men were unable to bear during His life. This progress has been, with many serious drawbacks, going on continuously from that day to this. Men only began to crystallize the truth into angular definitions when its pristine clearness had been dulled by human corruptions. The age of Constantine was the beginning of this serious slip backwards and downwards, which the Reformation only partially arrested. The decaying Roman Empire took the religion of Jesus under its baneful patronage, and the process of deterioration at once commenced. The mistress of the world, doting and *ennuyeuse*, stained the garments of the virgin religion with the mire that had befouled herself. The attempt was at once made to systematize and congeal the truth; and creeds and Confessions grew up on every side, until "the faith once delivered to the saints" lay, like Enceladus, fevered and restive, under an Etna of human accretions. Religion still lies prostrate under the load, which is yearly growing less tolerable—the load imposed by councils, monarchs, and assemblies, and it is full time that it be cast away with the other rottennesses of a past and ill-instructed time. Standards which are venerable only because of their age must pass through the fire and stand or fall by the test. If "the fathers have eaten sour grapes," that can be no reason why the children's teeth should be set on edge any longer.

President Grant addressed Congress at the appointed time. He evidently designs to make the emergency he had in view when he made a *quasi* refusal of renomination for a third term. His message clearly indicates a fixed purpose to be President in some way or other. On the other hand, the House of Representatives, which to be sure is Democratic, has plainly signified its disapproval of his candidature by a vote of nearly seven to one. That this resolution will influence the veteran schemer is not likely. He has become accustomed to the White House, likes the pomp and circumstance of it, and

is loth to quit it if by hook or by crook he can manage to retain its glories in possession for at least four years more. The two new strings to his bow, or one of them, he hopes will stand him in good stead now that the period of National Conventions is drawing nigh. One is a bold onslaught upon the insidious encroachments of Ultramontanism; the other a strong push for intervention in Cuba. On the former his position is clear and definite enough. He proposes to make a new assault on State sovereignty by a constitutional amendment rendering the establishment of free, secular schools compulsory all over the Union. There is no suggestion that the funds required should be taken out of the federal exchequer, and therefore Congress will virtually put its hand into the State treasuries and expend other people's money without consulting them. The revival of Knownothingism in another form may be a fiction of the newsmongers, yet the strong ground taken against the sacerdotal movement by President Grant, both in his St. Louis speech and in the message, seems to support the rumour upon a plausible foundation. The Irish element in the large cities is considerable, no doubt, but it is apt to grow callous to Church considerations—infidelized, as the priests would term it. In New Jersey, the ecclesiastics failed to gather in the faithful, where they made an effort to force their sectarianism at the polls. Of the fifteen or twenty thousand Catholic voters, they only managed to muster three on the constitutional amendments. The Irish voter is a different being as an exotic compared with his congener in the sainted isle. Unlike the Frenchman, he does not neglect or contemn his religion; on the contrary, he cherishes it, in a militant or contributory way, when it calls upon him. But, in New York for instance, he derives a factitious importance from the atmosphere around him. Men such as Sweeney and Connolly used to be, and as Kelly is, or was until recently, impress him with an overweening sense of the dignity of man. Ward and corner intrigues, the first glimpse afforded him of concerted action in politics, open up a new vista for him, on the hazy horizon where everything is pictured for him in misty colouring. To fight with the Orangemen is a gift from nature—the fruit of ancient feuds, national as well as religious—but further than that the naturalized Irishman refuses to go. The Church secures a traditional or hereditary affection from him, but it is diluted by his equally natural propensity to go with a well-led crowd. Consequently, when the Church sends out her commands upon his conscience and vote, he balances the thunders of the Church, boding ill to him in another world, with tangible advantages in this. Commonly, he inclines to the latter. Sensible of this tendency in the transplanted Celt, President Grant can afford to deal a blow at the hierarchy which may redound to his credit, or, what is the same thing to him, his popularity with the Republicans in convention. His proposed intervention in Cuba is another bid to the electorate, upon which we presume the President chiefly relies. If it were not clear that he reverses the old motto of the upright American statesman, and prefers being President to being right, the question might arise, what can he possibly intend by the proposed intervention? He and General Sheridan have made muddle enough in the Southern States, we should think, to satisfy any ordinary meddler, without adding a new element of trouble to the mass already accumulated. Cuba may be badly governed; no doubt it is; but what would become of it, if the carpet-baggers and negro-worshippers had it in possession. In every way General Grant has discredited Republican institutions, and we much mistake the present temper of the American people, if either of his *ad captandum* appeals should prevail with the bulk even of the demoralized party to which he belongs.

In Europe, public matters are scarcely clearer than they were a month ago. The revolt in the Christian provinces of Turkey is unsuppressed, and Count Andrassy, the Austrian Minister, has not yet made public his basis of settlement. Mr. Disraeli has enjoyed the opportunity of making one of those *coups de théâtre* in which he delights, by the purchase of the Khedive's shares of the Suez Canal. Whether he has acted prudently in so doing was probably an aspect of the case deemed unworthy of consideration: on the whole, Europe takes it calmly, the only irritated powers being Russia and France. Lord Derby, with characteristic caution, claims it as an effort to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number—an effort to make the Canal a free

highway of nations, not a menace to the Czar or anybody else. When Parliament meets, the merits of the policy will no doubt undergo a thorough sifting. The Duke of Cambridge evidently desires to keep the public mind unsettled as much as possible and to protract the war panic into the next session, at least till the Army Estimates are worked through. When a prince of the blood bluntly declares that "a warlike state of affairs may arise before we are many weeks older," most people will suppose that there is some ground for the unaccountable alarm which seems to possess the European mind. The only man who seems to be thoroughly jolly under creditable circumstances is Sir Stafford Northcote, who manages to be cheerful and even jaunty in his public addresses. He has discovered that Conservatives and Liberals both hold one creed and have the same end in view—differing in method rather than aims. The party now in power dislikes jerky progress, and prefers "educating the nation" up to the pitch of reform, to which it is by no means averse, if done warily and in the easy, humdrum way in vogue before the days of "exciting legislation." *Festina lente* may be a good motto, but it does not suit every one, and has already caused the retirement of Mr. Clare Read, the Norfolk representative of the tenant farmers, about whose appointment as Secretary of the Local Government Board so loud a flourish of trumpets was made. Mr. Ward Hunt, however, appears to be the Jonah of the Government, and will disappear, like one of his iron-clads, in a fog for which no one can account and no one is responsible. On the Continent there is nothing specially noteworthy. The Emperor of Russia has assured the world that the *entente cordiale* of the three great Powers is unbroken ; Prince Bismark has signalized his reappearance in public life by a new proposal of a despotic kind, intended to prevent a repetition of the Arnim trouble ; and, in France, the tedious process of Senatorial election has, somewhat unexpectedly, resulted in a triumph of the Republicans. The new year opens upon a prospect which can hardly be called peaceful or warlike ; apprehension is at its height, and yet no one can give a reason for fears which may, after all, prove delusive.

BOOK REVIEWS.

HISTORY OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. By Duncan Campbell, Author of "A History of Nova Scotia," &c. Charlottetown : Bremner Brothers. 1875.

Happy is the nation that has no history, but unhappy must be the historian. He has to make bricks without straw, and the taskmasters expect the tale of bricks to be complete. To drop figure, let us say at once that Mr. Campbell deserves well of Prince Edward Island. He has written a book that is sure to be interesting to every inhabitant of that tight little Island, but one that he must not expect to be equally interesting to the world in general. Miss Sullivan, who writes to the *Times* that she has been robbed of £500 sterling a year by the Land Purchase Act of 1875, would find it profitable reading ; but it is scarcely a work that even the average Canadian would select to while away a rainy afternoon with. And this not from any fault of the author. He has given us honest workmanship. The book must have cost him months of weary overhauling, sifting, and plodding among dry-as-dust despatches and even drier old newspapers ; and almost every page shows a conscientious determination to get at the truth on every point—no matter how trivial the point may seem to outsiders—and an impartiality that gives to every one his due for what he has done, or even, as in the case of Miss Rankin, who is heroically determined that Charlottetown shall no longer lag behind the times, for what she intends to do. But despite the dignity of all labour, and doubly of all literary labour, it is impossible to invest the disputes of a parish with much interest. As far as the disputes which have agitated Prince Edward Island are important, the record of them here given has inspired us with rather melancholy feelings. The thought that comes up is the thought that probably arises in the

mind of the successful politician when, for the first time, he is privileged to sit at a Cabinet or Privy Council meeting—"Well, with how little wisdom the world is governed!" The two questions that may be said to constitute the history of Prince Edward Island are the Land Question and Confederation, which again involved, or was involved in, a Railway Policy. The way in which these questions—so vital to the real prosperity, happiness, and honour of thousands of people—were in the one case trifled with by the Colonial Office, and in the other case made the shuttlecock of parties, is simply humiliating.

The history of the Land Question extends over a century. In the year 1767, in a single day, the whole Island—with the exception of three lots—was granted in blocks of twenty thousand acres each to proprietors, few of whom took any steps to fulfil the conditions of their grants, and fewer of whom ever dreamed that it was their duty to visit the Island. Immigrants were coaxed to go out, as they are now coaxed to go to Brazil or Kansas, as if it were some wonderful country where life was all play and no work; or they found their way out of their own motion, hardly knowing how or why. They built their log-houses, cleared the forest and tilled the land, handing down to their children the results of their life-labours. The soil proved to be of unusual fertility; and as the Island is indented by numerous bays and arms of the sea called rivers, communication between the different parts was easy. When the farms had been made to look beautiful through the toil of one or two generations, the proprietors, who had ignored their responsibilities, discovered that they had rights. In little Prince Edward Island, the old play of absentee landlords *versus* tenants with moral rather than legal rights was then played out at wearisome length. The tenants spoke of escheat, and the landlords only of rent and arrears. Agrarian troubles arose and continued down to the present year, the bitterness being intensified with every attempted settlement and its defeat. While this open sore remained, legislation on other subjects was well-nigh impossible. The people suffered in credit and in every other way, while the social exasperation produced was not the smallest of the consequent evils. At length, in 1860, it appeared as if the long-standing quarrel was to be amicably arranged. Three competent Commissioners representing the Crown, the proprietors, and the tenants, were appointed under the Royal sign manual, with full powers to investigate, and, as it was universally believed by the people of the Island, to suggest or define a satisfactory solution of the great difficulty. But the Report of the Commissioners was not satisfactory to the proprietors, and they then made the discovery that they had not bound themselves to accept the mode of settlement recommended. The Duke of Newcastle, at that time Colonial Secretary, took, as was to be expected, the same view as the proprietors in England, and politely thanking the Commissioners for their labours, assured them that their Report could only be regarded "as an expression of opinion that was not binding, and which ought not to be allowed to stand in the way of any other proposal which promised an amicable settlement of the question." And so the miserable play was played, till the Government of the Island introduced the Land Purchase Act of 1875, which received the formal sanction of the Governor-General, and which has given an effective *coup de grace* to the question. We do not wonder at Miss Sullivan's dissatisfaction with this Act. Mr. Campbell, although all his sympathies are evidently with the tenantry, declares it to be "the most unconstitutional Act that ever received Imperial sanction;" "in its principle antagonistic to the fundamental rights of property," "unjust to the landlord," "unjust to the tenant," yet "an act of Governmental necessity."

Mr. Campbell found, among the archives of Government House, Charlottetown, a despatch from His Excellency Lord Durham that gives us another proof of the thorough mastery of Colonial subjects attained by that nobleman, short—all too short—as was the time during which he held the position of Governor-General. His despatch was not published nor communicated to the Local Assembly; in other words, it was suppressed, simply because it went to the root of the matter, and vindicated the complaints of the people. What a terrible being to the ordinary official mind such a man as Lord Durham must have been! Had his despatch been after the customary official pattern, it would have been published as a matter of course. Had it seen the light, we believe that the Land Question would have been settled a generation ago, and by no means in the interests of the proprietors. Lord Durham's despatch would have done for Prince Edward Island what his celebrated Report did for the Canadas and the Maritime Provinces. It put the grievance of the people plainly in so few words, and explained the cause of the continuance of the evil so straightforwardly, that the whole ground was covered and there was really nothing more to say. The nuisance of absentee landlords—men who had not complied with the conditions on which they received their huge grants of land, who would not improve the land nor let others improve it—had attained its maximum in Prince Edward Island, he tells the Colonial Office. "The people, their Representative Assembly, the Legislative Council, and the Governor have cordially concurred in devising a remedy for the evil. All their efforts have proved in vain. Some influence—it cannot be that of equity or reason—has steadily counteracted the mea-

sures of the Colonial Legislature. I cannot imagine it is any other influence than that of the absentee proprietors resident in England," &c. We are glad that Prince Edward Island can now learn that it should bring its own special stone of thanksgiving to add the cairn that all Canada should erect to the memory and in honour of Lord Durham.

The history of how Prince Edward Island was wheedled and bribed into union with the Dominion reads like a satire on representative institutions, and is especially rough on the Island politicians, though Mr. Campbell has done his best to make it smooth all round. It can scarcely be read without shame or amusement, according to the disposition of the reader. We prefer to say nothing on the subject.

Mr. Campbell has confined himself too exclusively to the political history of the Island. Descriptions of its scenery—undulating, park-like, green, and beautiful as Old England itself; of its pine groves, through which the sea breezes are tempered; of its natural history, down to its mussel-mud; of the struggles of the settlers and the hardships endured by them; of the characteristics of the people—for the sturdy Islanders have a character of their own—would not have been out of place, and would have relieved the arid wastes of political squabblings. The last two or three pages of the book are the worst. They are not so much history, as advertisements of certain doubtless very estimable men and their establishments, warerooms, and hotels. But there is much to commend both in Mr. Campbell and in this little history. He has given us the only account that we have of "the garden of the St. Lawrence," and in a good, readable, unaffected style. His accuracy and diligence are worthy of all praise. We trust that, as he has put us in his debt for histories of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, he will go on with the course, taking up New Brunswick or the ancient colony of Newfoundland next.

THE LEGEND OF THE ROSES: A POEM. RAVLAN: A DRAMA. By Samuel James Watson. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co. 1876.

The first thought that occurs to one in attempting a review of this book is naturally this—For what audience was it prepared, and where, in Canada, are the sympathetic readers with taste for such compositions? Of course it may be retorted, Where are the native critics who can intelligently analyse and expound them? But waiving such compliments between reviewer and reader, the fact remains that there is little field in Canada for the encouragement of poetical composition, and less to reward the labour of the dramatic writer. This, however, is the greater reason why justice should be done, in the way of criticism, to such a work as the one before us. Moreover, limited as the field is here, it should not be forgotten that it is in dramatic composition that Canada has won her greenest literary laurels abroad. Mr. Heavysege's drama of "Saul," and his later work, "Jephthah's Daughter," both won the critical ear of England; and, if our estimate of Mr. Watson's work is not astray, there is no reason why it should not meet with equal attention there. Be this as it may, however, it is due to the author and publishers that the work should receive at the hands of Canadians that consideration which the ability of the one and the enterprise of the other entitle them to.

Few are the workers among us whose enthusiasm in intellectual pursuits leads them to desire to build up a name in letters; fewer still, those who are able to achieve such distinction. Hence the greater reason why all honest effort should be recognised and rewarded; more especially when it toils in a field where high culture and critical taste are necessary to its appreciation.

Mr. Watson was already favourably known as a diligent student, and a writer on the Constitutional history of Canada; but few, who were unacquainted with his occasional poetical contributions to the press, were prepared to find in him that genuine poetic spirit which the present volume indicates. Throughout it there is ample evidence of experience and taste in metrical composition, and of unquestionable skill in dramatic construction. The volume contains two works; one a Poem, "The Legend of the Roses;" the other a drama, entitled "Ravlan." Both reveal sustained power; but the latter is richer in elements of interest. In "Ravlan," moreover, there is more sinew and substance, though perhaps less warmth of colour, and less simplicity and variety of versification. The author has an excellent narrative faculty, and while there is nothing strained or artificial in his work, there is much that is exceedingly vigorous and effective. The "Legend of the Roses" is a poem, in varied measure, founded upon the narrative of Sir John Maundeville, the famous traveller of the 14th century, which recites the birth of the Roses—white and red—by the transformation of burning brands, quenched, according to the legend, by miraculous interposition, just as an innocent maiden is about to be burned for idolatry. The story opens with a description of the separation of two Hebrew maidens, one of whom, Cydna, is seized and taken before the Sanhedrim, on a charge of idolatrous worship, falsely raised by the maiden's uncle and guardian, who, could he but secure a verdict against her, would inherit her portion, which he greedily covets. The trial takes place—or rather the accusation is heard; and by the

connivance of the High Priest who sits in judgment, and despite the protest of Arion, who champions her innocence, she is condemned to the stake.

The second part consists of a dialogue between two soldiers that guard the maiden, concerning the mysteries of life and death, which is suggested by the approaching fate of the prisoner. This is relieved by the arraignment of those who, by their perfidy, encompass the maiden's life; and the scene closes with the wailing of the captive, who bemoans her fate, which, by the sentence to be executed upon her, will sever her from the common hope of her race—that of being the mother of the looked-for Messiah.

The third and final part discloses the deliverance that comes to the maiden, in the person of our Lord—

"A matchless majesty, Love divine,"

who, amid the plaudits of the multitude, bursts the prisoner's chains, and calls forth in beauty,

"Unharmed by fire, and unscorched by flame,"

the intended victim of perfidy and avarice. The crowning act follows, which gives meaning to the legend, and excites the further marvel of the on-lookers. The blazing fagots, acknowledging the power of the Deliverer, transmute themselves into flowers,—the burning brands that had just hissed up to murder, changing into red roses, and the unkindled ones blossoming into white.

Of the drama, "Ravlan," we have not left ourselves space to say much; and the little we can afford will, perhaps, be best used by making a few extracts. The story belongs to the tenth century, when the Saxon king, Athelstane, ruled over Britain, and consists of a series of intrigues by the Chief Druidess, Britomart, to place her son on the throne, or, at all events, to prevent the heir, and hero of the story, Ravlan, from ascending it. Her action results fatally to almost all of the characters in the book, which thereby acquires its tragic interest. The work is more full of action than the "Legend of the Roses;" and it displays in many passages great energy of expression, and a dramatic talent of no mean order. There is a good deal of subjective verse in the monologues of Ravlan and the Druidess, which many readers will admire, and doubtless mark for re-perusal. The soliloquy of the Druidess after her interview with Thorwolf, in whom, for her own ends, she had awakened a vanity and ambition which rewards her by slighting her charms in favour of her daughter's, may be taken as a fair specimen of the author's manner :—

DRUIDESS.

"So thou art gone, blind, envious, scheming fool,
Without the brains to circumvent a churl,
But with ambition to be made a king,
And have me for thy subject, not thy queen.
I see he does not wish to wed with me,
Which once was in our compact—be it so.
Fickle, unfertile fool, he will repent
The slur that he has cast on charms that once
Transformed to worshippers whoever saw them.
How old am I? how old? Ah! cruel query,
'Tis vain to answer thee, but not so old
That beauty and myself have said farewell;
That this ungrateful boor should ask of me
If that I had a daughter—aye, I have,
But he shall never wed her, king or no.
Yet I will feed his foul ambition full
With such hot viands as love, power and fame;
Humour his whims as if he were a babe,
Pour oil upon the flames of discontent,
Be the purveyor of his least caprice,
Keep still before his eye the tempting crown,
And still more tempting beauty of my daughter;
I'll do all this till I achieve my purpose;
And then—what then? I'll crush him in his slime,
Just as a chariot-wheel would crush a snail
That dared to stop it as it thundered on.
Can nothing compensate for faded charms,
Not even knowledge, intellect nor power?
Ah! no; and were the world itself a woman's
She'd barter it when in her autumn days,
For one brief year of youth.
Treason has ever been reward of woman;
Patience, however, is her only weapon—
Patience is power when she has wit to use it,
As I will do, e'en twenty years from now;
And, on the grave of my departed youth,
I'll sacrifice, unto the ghosts of beauty,
The cruel boor who hath insulted me;
And, on the altar of an old revenge,
Will offer up this drooping, dotard King,
And in his place will set mine only son,
Who is the very image of myself,
And who would jump to murder if I bade him,
And still is fascinated by revenge.
He will avenge me on this treacherous Thorwolf,
And rid me likewise of the king and Ravlan.
Then all my enemies too late shall know
Women and cunning strike the deadliest blow."
—pp. 83-5.

These similes of Ravlan's are worthy of quotation :—

"True friendship hath a thousand eyes, no tongue;
'Tis like the watchful stars, and just as silent;
It is a guardian angel and sleeps not:
'Tis Mercy's messenger, a peerless spirit,
And stands above its blessed kin in this,
That it foregoes its home, which is in heaven,
To live 'mongst men for whom it always yearns,
That it may make them better."—p. 93.

We add but one further extract, as a specimen cast in the softer mould of the author's muse, and must then take leave of a work which merits, by its uniform excellence, the consideration and commendation of every Canadian, as well as of all lovers of poetry, wherever the work may meet with them:—

RAVLAN.

"Aidnai, I fear that thou wilt never love me.

AIDNAI.

I should love everything, because I feel
That almost every creature seeks for love ;
And as we treat it, adds unto our pleasure.
For our delight the brave and songful lark
Mounts heavenward with his treasure-trove of mirth,
To vaunt before the unseen choristers
That waft the singing morning-breeze to earth,
The gleeful glories of his meadow music.
For this I love him, and along with him
The faithful hound, whose big fond heart doth feed
On a caress, and lives but for his master.
And next there comes the proud and patient steed,
Which willingly for us yields freedom up,
And like a meek-eyed giant, deigns to serve us,
And him I love ; nor anything can hate,
From the fierce lion that affrights the woods,
Down to the little mouse, whose humble life,
Which is as dear to him as ours to us,
Is staked on every meal. So, if we wish
To wind up pleasantly the skein of life,
The way is to endear ourselves to others,
And thus live in the memory of friends,
Which is that only after-life on earth
Which costs not war and orphans, tears and toil,
Racked brains by day, and vigils drear by night,
But may be bought by what a child can give,—
A smile, a word, a small sweet deed of kindness."

—pp. 149-50.

REMINISCENCES OF FORTS SUMTER AND MOULTRIE, IN 1860-61 : by Gen'l. Abner Doubleday. New York: Harper & Brothers.

In this 12mo. volume of 184 pages is given, with almost the particularity of a diary, the story of the occupation, bombarment, and evacuation of Forts Sumter and Moultrie, the recital being confined to the period between July, 1860, and the day of evacuation of Sumter, April 14th, 1861. The volume is free from effort at rhetorical effect, and is interesting only as a detailed account of the character, condition, and conduct of the brave few who held the post which chanced to be the objective point of that outbreak, and which developed into the greatest civil war of history. The value of the book as a contribution to history is enhanced in that its author was at first the chief, and afterwards second in command of the post, and was, to use his own words, the one who "aimed the first gun fired against the rebellion." The author claims to have written in the spirit of the sentiment "with malice toward none; with charity for all," and his claim may be considered generally substantiated. Nevertheless, there is an occasional ungracious slur upon the loyalty of the hero of Sumter, General Anderson, and several of the comments upon incidents are in bad taste ; for example, that referring to the removal of poison from the stomach of General Pryor, who, while visiting Fort Sumter under a flag of truce, accidentally swallowed a poison draught. Gen'l Doubleday says, "Some of us questioned the doctor's right to interpose in a case of this kind. It was argued that if any rebel leader chose to come over to Fort Sumter and poison himself, the Medical Department had no business to interfere with such a laudable intention." On the whole, however, the book may be considered as an interesting contribution to the literature of its special subject.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE *Fortnightly Review* is rather heavy this month, in spite of the notable names which appear in its table of contents. Mr. Forster contributes a light sketch of the Rev. Alexander Dyce, the last of the great philologists. To ordinary English readers he is chiefly known as the conscientious editor of the older dramatists, especially of Shakspeare. His life was the uneventful one of a bookworm, and it would scarcely have appeared in any form but for his bequest of all his rare old books—the collection of a lifetime—to the South Kensington Museum. Mr. Forster's paper is an introduction to the catalogue, written at the request of the trustees. The biographer of the Worthies of the Commonwealth, of Dickens and of Swift never fails to make his subject attractive, even though he sometimes beats out his gold a little too thin. In Dyce the scholarly taste was always the ruling pas-

sion and it constantly crops out in the anecdotes recorded by Mr. Forster. His baggage, when he paid a week's visit to his brother, the General, at Southampton, was easily catalogued as "seven shirts and a Sophocles." Nothing poetical, especially dramatic, came amiss to him, classic or modern. "With Shakspeare, on a little bed at the last, were Athenæus and Ariosto." His editions of the Elizabethan dramatists will probably secure some faint hold for him on posterity. Mr. E. A. Freeman, with characteristic lucidity and moral feeling, makes a powerful literary onslaught upon the Turks and their rule, political, fiscal, and social. "The True Eastern Question" is the fruit of a visit recently paid by the historian to the Eastern Shores of the Adriatic —a telling piece of invective, twenty-three pages long. Turkish domination in Europe Mr. Freeman denounces in unqualified terms as a disgrace to modern civilization—undisguisedly brutal and licentious, unworthy of the name of government, and incapable of any reform, save one which would sweep it off the face of the earth. Professor Clifford treats of "Right and Wrong," in his clear but, to our mind, utterly fallacious style. The "tribal system," which he partially unfolded in the *Contemporary*, is made the basis of all morality. Man's first duty is to the community, and this serves, according to what is dignified by the name of the scientific method, to define his duties to individuals. Self-regarding virtues have no existence, and the ground of obligation, although paraded with some ostentation, has but little standing-room. Mr. Gifford Palgrave commences an interesting description of Dutch Guiana, of which English-speaking people, and perhaps Hollanders themselves, know very little. The account is graphically written and full of information. Professor Jevons attacks the Post Office Telegraph system, for which Mr. Scudamore stands sponsor, as a financial failure; perhaps when it has had a longer and fairer trial, it may turn out to be the reverse. Mr. Leslie Stephen gives the Comtist political scheme, which space forbids us to notice at length. "The value of Political Machinery," according to him, is practically *nil*. Representative schemes, proposals for university representation or individual representation, ballot-boxes, are all futile. "The question is, essentially, one of moral influence, and, occasionally and accidentally, one of machinery," and as intellect can best exercise a preponderance in the press, it is idle for such men to bother their heads about Parliaments. Mr. Traill follows, with a favourable estimate of Pascal's Provincial Letters, in literary style, dialectic power, and wit—but thinks that, from a theological point of view he was entirely in error about the five propositions of Jansenius condemned by Innocent X. Mr. Meredith's story, "Beauchamp's Career," is concluded in this issue.

Of the *Contemporary Review* we must speak briefly, although it contains several noteworthy papers. Cardinal Manning proves, no doubt to his own satisfaction, that Innocent III. was an ardent friend of popular liberty in England. It is true that he denounced Magna Charta as "not only vile and base, but unlawful and wicked;" but that was only because the Barons employed wrong means in obtaining it—the only ones in fact which could have secured it. What his Eminence chiefly concerns himself to prove is the supremacy of the spiritual authority over the temporal in those good old times. Mr. Willis gives a very interesting contribution on "Sea Lions," which has been perused with pleasure. He distinguishes between the Eared Seal, or Sea Lion, and the Earless Seal, or Seal Proper, and gives an entertaining account of the habits, species, and modes of hunting and curing the fur-skins. He makes a strong appeal against the wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter of these valuable animals without regard to sex or time. Mr. Bayne's slashing attack upon Walt Whitman's poetry seems like breaking a butterfly upon the wheel; and Mr. Galton's "Theory of Heredity," as a modification of Darwin's Pangenetic Theory, has nothing specially new in it. Lady Verney's account of "The Songs and Legends of Modern Greece" is exceedingly attractive; as is likewise Mr. Llewellyn Davies's opening part of "Wesleyan Methodism in Wesley's Lifetime and After." Of the latter, as well as of Mr. Frederick Harrison's advocacy of Positivism, we hope to have an opportunity of speaking more fully again. Mr. Gladstone concludes the number with a responsory Hymn —a Latin translation of Dr. Neale's "Art thou weary? Art thou languid?"—itself an adaptation from the Greek.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE theatrical season, now that we have reached the period of the Christmas holidays, may be said to have set fairly in. At the Grand Opera House the audiences have grown both in size and in sympathy. The effect of the season has been to arouse the interest, and to quicken the emotions, of those who frequent the play. But while this is so, and while the holidays increase the social interest in dramatic pastimes, why is it that the management have not given us a holiday piece more kindred to the season than that placed on the boards—one retaining all the traditions of "boxing night," and recalling all its glories and fun? It were a libel upon the simplicity and naturalnes of Canadian youth to suppose that Harlequin, Clown, and Pantaloon, if unfamiliar to the footlights on this side the Atlantic, would not be as much the heroes of their childish world, and their follies and grimaces the delight of their little hearts, as they are to their English brothers and sisters. It may be that the management is right, and that we are wrong; and that the truer measure of a youthful audience among us is that which sneers at the reveldom which John Bull, junior, delights in, while it takes its own sweets off stronger stuff. Which gets the most and the purer pleasure for their choice we shall leave disputants to say, but our own recollection of the vivid pleasure which an English Christmas pantomime performance brought to our youthful bosom is a theme too tender to risk comparisons upon, or to admit of a contention. Happy age and happy childhood that accepts the dictum that the player "doesn't at bedtime take off the whole of Macbeth with his stockings!"

But though the ingredients of buffoonery and extravaganza were absent from the holiday play Mrs. Morrison put upon the boards, there was in it all the other elements, of fairy representation and scenic display, which go to make up a Christmas piece of more than ordinary interest. "Kate Kearney" is one of those plays that admit of unlimited adaptation to the purposes of holiday representation, and with the help of the scenic artist, and the aid of some twenty *danseuses*, the piece may be said satisfactorily to meet the exigencies of the season, and fairly to satisfy the holiday frequenters of the Opera House. The play itself is of the simpiest construction; its strength, as we have said, lies in the opportunity it offers for introducing scenic effect and the ballet *divertissement*, due advantage of which was very creditably taken. It is such a play as we could fancy the probably now ice-bound crews of the, 'Alert" and the "Discovery" beguiling the tedium of their dark isolation in the regions of the North; its Irish characteristics giving opportunity for the introduction of the needed enlivenment of fun and frolic; and its "Fairy of the Lakes" giving place to the weird spirits of the Ice King; while the gorgeous auroras of that land of desolation provide to hand the spectacular setting of the piece, more magnificent than ever produced by the hand of man.

However, it is with the representation at the Grand Opera House, and not at the Polar regions, we have now to do. Miss Davenport took the title *rôle* with pleasing results, and more than her usual animation. Mrs. Vernon personated *Filadaune* with simple effect, and as *Fairy of the Lakes* realized the part as much as her rather unmelodious voice would permit, though otherwise doing it full justice. Mrs Marlowe, as *Rose Kearney*, acted with her accustomed heartiness, and in concert with Miss Davenport helped to realize the slight plot its author entrusted to the ladies to give expression to. Mr. Spackman appeared as *Cornelius Lynch*, the rival suitor of Mr. Grismer, as *Lanty O'Laughlin*, for Kate Kearney's heart and hand. The latter looked and acted the Irishman with great success, throwing into the part the spirit and dash necessary to its happy realization. Mr. Sambrook, as *Ned Ryan*, more than shared the honours with Mr. Grismer, and we have much pleasure in noting the great improvement manifest in the appearance and acting of this gentleman during the past month. He has managed, if not quite to overcome, to modify the defects of voice and intonation which we referred to last month. To a sensitive ear nothing is so jarring as violations of elocutionary taste; and Mr. Sambrook, having discovered, or had discovered for him —for he is a modest man—the possession of decided musical talent, which, with the aid of the orchestra, gives him the opportunity for the singing of such character songs as generally take with the house, his voice, which hitherto has been sadly wanting in modulation, is now much more pleasing and acceptable.

For several evenings in the past week two acts of Byron's amusing comedy of "*Our Boys*" prefaced the representation of the holiday play, and put the audience in good humour

by the capital acting of Messrs. Farwell and Spackman, both in the drawing room scene and in that of the lodging house, whither "Our Boys" had betaken themselves in the laudable design of earning their own living. An increased familiarity with the play on the part of these actors brought out its points with amusing effect; and though exaggerated in some degree, they succeeded in realizing the evident purpose of the dramatist—to illustrate the common failure of grafting a veneer of firmness and authority upon a basis of weakness and pride. Mr. Farwell took the part of *Sir Geoffrey Champneys*, for which his physical presence and bearing well suited him; and Mr. Spackman personated *Middlewick* — a part in which his gifts of facial expression and amusing gesture find a good opportunity for display. Mr. Grismer and Mr. Sambrook sustained, but with no special merit, the parts of "Our Boys;" Miss Davenport and Mrs. Vernon appeared as the objects of their respective passion; and Miss Carr and Mrs. Marlowe completed the caste with an effect wholly agreeable.

But we have yet to speak of the *pièce de résistance* of the past month, Mr. Edwin Adams's impersonation of "Enoch Arden," the exquisite idyll of the Laureate's muse, for the opportunity of witnessing which lovers of the drama are under no little indebtedness to Mrs. Morrison. In right of the poetic pretensions and fame of the play we appropriately had an actor of acknowledged eminence to illustrate it, and the pleasure was one it is not given us every day to enjoy. Mr. Adams, as an interpreter of the tragic muse, has won a high place among contemporary expositors, and if his reputation rested alone upon his delineation of the character of "Enoch Arden," it would be a triumph which none could gainsay, or refuse him the credit of. The piece was mounted with considerable enterprise, and with a high degree of scenic success which well entitled it to the encomiums passed upon it. The principal characters pourtrayed were those of Mr. Adams as *Enoch Arden*, Mr. Grismer as *Philip Ray*, and Miss Davenport as *Annie Leigh*; and the acting of all was worthy of the subject and the author, and in harmony with the truest art. We have witnessed few performances which have so overmastered our feelings as that of Mr. Adams, and, though it is the fashion of the age to repress and resent exhibitions of emotion, it was impossible to witness the last two acts of the play without experiencing how utterly vagrant the emotions are in the presence of exciting subjects of genuine feeling and of untutored nature. Miss Davenport had, in the quiet and impressive *role* of *Annie Leigh*, a part which she interpreted with a more touching display of feeling than we had seen her previously evince, and with a sympathetic intelligence and appreciation which did full justice to the character she assumed. Mr. Grismer acted the part of *Philip Ray* with an amount of tenderness and intelligence unusual in that actor; unusual, perhaps, because of the amount and variety of work which he takes upon himself, and which make such exactions upon his resources, mental and emotional, as few men of his age are equal to. The most meritorious part of the play, as it is the most touching, was that taken by Mr. Adams, which gave expression to the noble abnegation of Enoch, on his return to his home, where he finds—

> "—— him, that other reigning in his place
> Lord of his rights, and of his children's love,"

and which called into play the highest powers of the actor. Mr. Adams, during his brief engagement, appeared in "Hamlet," a representation which added to our experience of Shakespearian exposition, in a character that admittedly escapes the art of the greatest tragedian adequately to personate. He appeared also in "The Marble Heart," a play of evident French origin, and which is noticeable in its offering a pretty bit of stage effect for the applause of the audience—a group of animate statues, in the attire of vestal virgins, the embodiment of the classic and artistic ideal of the artist, Phidias, represented by Mr. Adams.

Mr. Gilbert's comedy of "Tom Cobb," in which Mr. Curtis appeared to advantage, and some other plays, have had a brief possession of the boards at the Grand Opera House during the month, but they do not call for any special comment, except as they manifest the enterprise and unwearied labour of Mrs. Morrison in endeavouring to enlarge the horizon, and to add to the pleasurable experience, of the lovers and students of the drama in Toronto.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Second Term of the Ladies' Educational Association of Toronto will commence on the 17th inst., with the lectures of Mr. J. M. Buchan, M.A., on English Literature, and of Professor Ramsay Wright, M.A., on Zoology. The course consists of eighteen lectures each; and it is to be hoped that the interest attaching to the study of these subjects, coupled with the attractiveness of presentation on the part of the lecturers, will induce a large attendance of the fair portion of Toronto society. One often hears of the anxious desire of parents and guardians to reach some clear conviction as to the best means of stimulating interest in the intellectual life in those whom they have to educate. Considering the success which this and similar educational schemes have met with, there can be little doubt of the advantage young ladies derive from an attendance upon such lectures. It may be said that a study of the text-books will suffice, if the student is zealous and diligent. But we know that, as a rule, this is not the case; nor, even where there are earnest and studious habits, do we always find the result satisfactory. Much, undoubtedly, is gained from the enthusiasm engendered by the competitive pursuit of studies, and the hearty stimulus given by allied effort.

Messrs Appleton & Co. have just issued an authorized reprint of Prof. Proctor's recent collection of Essays on popular astronomical science, entitled, "Our Place among the Infinities." They have also just published reprints of Prof. Bonamy Price's Oxford Lectures on "Currency and Banking;" of the interesting record of a tour with the late historian Buckle, in the Holy Land, by J. Stuart Glennie, entitled "Pilgrim Memories, or Travel and Discussion in the Birth-Countries of Christianity," and of the new Fairy book, "Higgledy Piggledy," from the prolific and fascinating pen of Knatchbull Hugessen, M.P.

Messrs. Harper Bros'. recent publications embrace the reprint of the initial volume of Mr. John Forster's Life of Dean Swift, an important contribution to biographical literature; an interesting and attractive work, by Dr. Van Lennep, on "Bible Lands: their modern Customs and Manners, illustrative of Scripture," and a kindred work, of equal interest and value, entitled "The Thrones and Palaces of Babylon and Nineveh, from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean," by the Rev. J. P. Newman, D.D. Of the recent publications in the department of Fiction, of this firm, the following, as the most important, may be noted—Miss Braddon's "Hostages to Fortune," "Hugh Melton," and "Of the Roll," by Miss Katharine King; and the "Queen of Connaught," said to be by Charles Reade.

Messrs. Belford Bros., Toronto, are just issuing, in the absence of copyright protection here, a volume that might be termed a Trilogy from recent contemporary sources, composed of the following poetical productions—"Mable Martin," by John G. Whittier; "The Masque of Pandora," by Mr. Longfellow; and a Poem, symbolical of the Christian Church, entitled, "The Shepherd Lady," by Jean Ingelow. The whole will make a neat 12mo. volume of undoubted attraction to lovers of poetry. Messrs. Belford have just published a Canadian edition, in handsome style, of William Carleton's new volume of characteristic American verse, entitled, "Farm Legends and other Poems," which, it is said, has been largely bought by the native trade, incited by the demand for the author's previous production, "Farm Ballads," &c.

Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co.'s last issue from their press is a volume of Canadian verse, by Mr. Watson, Librarian of the Legislative Assembly, entitled "The Legends of the Roses," &c., a work which we notice in our review department.

Mr. A. S. Irving has issued, by arrangement with the author's American publishers, the new work of the Rev. S. P. Roe, author of "Barriers Burned Away," &c., entitled, "From Jest to Earnest."

ber, dated at Parr-town, giving the boundaries of the Province, and a second on 25th November, requiring all grants, deeds, &c., to be registered at Parr-town.—An ordinance, dated 29th April, was issued by General Haldimand, extending the law of *Habeas Corpus* to Canada, and providing generally for securing the liberty of the subject.—On Monday, 1st November, the seventeenth and last session of the fifth General Assembly of Nova Scotia was convened at Halifax. This Assembly had been first elected in 1770, and had, therefore, lasted fourteen years. Thomas Cochran was chosen Speaker, in place of William Nesbitt, who had resigned. The Governor, in his opening speech, announced the division of the Province. This session terminated on the 8th December.—The Legislative Assembly of the Island of St. John (Prince Edward Island) was dissolved, and a new election took place immediately.—Mr. Desbarres, who had been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Cape Breton, which had been made a separate colony, arrived at Halifax from Portsmouth on the 16th November.—M. d'Esglis succeeded M. Briand as Bishop of Quebec on the 2nd of December.—Governor Haldimand having left the Province, the administration of the government of Canada devolved upon the Lieutenant-Governor, Henry Hamilton, Esq., who assumed the government on the 16th November.

1785. An ordinance of 21st April provided for trial by jury in actions of a commercial nature, and for personal wrongs to be compensated in damages.—The Legislative Assembly of Prince Edward Island which had been elected in 1784, met in this year, and was (in consequence of some difficulty with the governor) almost immediately dissolved, and another election was ordered.—A charter, dated 18th May, was granted by Governor Carleton of New Brunswick, by which the inhabitants of Parr-town on the east side of the harbour, and of Carleton on the west side, at the mouth of the St. John River, were incorporated as a city by the name of the city of St. John. They were to have a mayor, recorder, six aldermen, and six assistants.—October 20th—The General Assembly of Nova Scotia, which had existed since 1770, was dissolved by proclamation. Writs, returnable on 1st December, were issued for a new election.—The first session of the sixth General Assembly of Nova Scotia was opened with a speech from Governor Parr at Halifax, on the 5th December. This session closed on 28th December. —August 8th—Isaac Deschamps appointed Chief Justice of Nova Scotia in place of Bryan Finucane, deceased.—A regular line of Government Packets established between Falmouth and Halifax.—The first general election for the Province of New Brunswick was held this year. — Brigadier General Henry Hope, Colonel of the 44th regiment, announced his appointment as Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec by proclamation, dated 2nd November. Colonel Hope succeeded Henry Hamilton, Esq., who sailed for England in the *Antelope* mail packet on 6th November.

1786. The first session of the first Legislative Assembly of New Brunswick was held at St. John. Fredericton was chosen as the capital of the Province.—The second session of the sixth General Assembly of Nova Scotia was opened at Halifax on 8th June, and closed 11th July.—Sir Guy Carleton, K.C.B., was appointed, on 11th April, Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Quebec, Nova Scotia, (including the Islands of St. John and Cape Breton)

New Brunswick and Newfoundland. Sir Guy Carleton thus became the first British Governor-General of Canada.—His Royal Highness Prince William Henry (afterwards King William IV.) arrived at Placentia on 16th July in command of His Majesty's Ship *Pegasus*, 28.—Lord Dorchester having been appointed Governor-in-Chief of all the British North American Provinces, Mr. Parr became Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia.—4th October—Prince William Henry arrived at Halifax from St. John, N. B. The Prince was received with great rejoicings; Halifax was illuminated, and everything was done to give expression to the general satisfaction at the visit of a member of the Royal Family.—General Lord Dorchester, K.C.B., (Sir Guy Carleton had been created Baron Dorchester on 21st August) arrived at Quebec, in His Majesty's Ship *Thisbe*, Captain Coffin, on Sunday, 22nd October. His Lordship landed on 23rd, and was sworn in as Governor-General at the Castle of St. Louis on the same day.—The Prince sailed from Halifax for the West Indies on 25th October.—A bill was laid before the Legislative Assembly of the Island of St. John (Prince Edward Island) to ratify the sales of lands ordered in 1781. This bill was passed, but on being sent to England it was disallowed. A bill sent out from England to make the sales of 1781 voidable was laid before the Assembly by the Governor. This bill was rejected by the Assembly, and a bill professing to reach the object desired by the Home Government was passed. This was, however, disallowed on being sent home, and Governor Patterson was recalled.

1787. An ordinance, dated 27th February, regulating the proceedings in certain cases in the Court of King's Bench, and giving the right of appeal to the Privy Council, was sanctioned by Governor Lord Dorchester, who, also, on 23rd April, gave his sanction to an ordinance respecting the quartering of troops in country parishes, and the conveyance of effects belonging to the government.—June 28th—Prince William Henry arrived at Halifax in the *Pegasus* on his return from the West Indies.—July 14th—The Prince sailed for Quebec, which he reached on the 14th August; on landing he was received by the Governor, Lord Dorchester; addresses were presented, the city was illuminated, and every possible mark of respect and attention was shown to him.—On Tuesday, October 16th, the Right Rev. Charles Inglis, D.D., first Bishop of Nova Scotia, (so created by Patent, dated, 11th August) arrived at Halifax.—The third session of the sixth General Assembly of Nova Scotia was opened by Governor Parr on 25th October. — Prince William Henry arrived at Halifax from Quebec on 24th October. From this time until 12th November, when the Prince sailed from Halifax, balls, reviews, dinners and entertainments of all kinds followed in rapid succession. The House of Assembly, being in session, voted £700 for a dinner and ball in honor of His Royal Highness.—The General Assembly of Nova Scotia was prorogued on 12th December.

1788. An ordinance was passed by the Governor in Council at Quebec on 30th April to prevent persons practising physic and surgery without a license. —Lieutenant-General Fanning, who had arrived at Charlottetown the previous autumn, (1787) assumed the government of the Island of St. John (Prince Edward Island). Mr. Patterson, the previous governor, and who declined in the autumn to surrender his office to General Fanning, having

been ordered by the Home Government to resign, Governor Fanning convened the Assembly as early as practicable after assuming the reins of government, and the dissensions which had existed for the two or three years previous ceased for a time.—On July 17th the Honorable Jeremy Pemberton arrived at Halifax from Quebec. He was appointed by commission, signed by Governor Parr, and dated 19th August, Chief Justice of Nova Scotia. Prince William Henry again visited Nova Scotia. He arrived at Halifax in the *Andromeda* on 17th August, and remained until the 29th September.—Chief Justice Pemberton opened the Supreme Court on 21st October, when his patent was read.

1789. The General Assembly of Nova Scotia met at Halifax on 5th March, being the fourth session of the sixth Assembly. No session appears to have been held during the year 1788. Mr. Uniacke was elected Speaker in place of Mr. Blowers, who had been appointed a member of the council.—Serious complaints were preferred by the House ot Assembly of Nova Scotia against the judges of the Supreme Court of that Province. The session closed on 9th April.

1790. The Assembly of Nova Scotia (5th session of 6th Assembly) met at Halitax on 25th February. A bill was passed during this session limiting the duration of an Assembly to seven years, but Governor Parr declined to give his consent. The complaints against the judges of the Supreme Court were again brought before the Assembly, and it was finally decided to impeach Judges Deschamps and Brenton. The Assembly adjourned on 28th April.

1791. Information was received from the Agent in London of the Province of Nova Scotia that the King had given orders that the charges against the judges of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia should be heard before His Majesty in council.—The General Assembly of Nova Scotia (6th session of 6th Assembly) met on 6th June, and was closed on 5th July.—Lieutenant-Governor Parr died, after a short illness, on 25th November. He was buried on 29th with great pomp and ceremony in St. Paul's Church. Mr. Bulkeley, as senior member of the council assumed the control of public affairs, until His Majesty's pleasure could be known.—Very shortly after the passing of the Act of 1774, (14 George III.) commonly known as the *Quebec Act*, an agitation was commenced for its repeal, and this agitation had been continued with but little interruption ever since. The long sought for change was now to take place, the agitators had carried their point, and the Quebec Act was about to be numbered, in part, at least, with the things of the past.—On 4th March, 1791, a message from the King was transmitted to the House of Commons. This message was as follows: "His Majesty thinks it proper to acquaint the House of Commons that it appears to His Majesty that it would be for the benefit of His Majesty's subjects in his Province of Quebec, that the same should be divided into two separate provinces, to be called the Province of Upper Canada, and the Province of Lower Canada, and that it is accordingly His Majesty's intention so to divide the same, whenever His Majesty shall be enabled by Act of Parliament to establish the necessary regulations for the government of the said Province. His Majesty, therefore, recommends this object to the consideration of this House. His Majesty also recommends to this House to consider of such provisions as may

be necessary to enable His Majesty to make a permanent appropriation of lands in the said province for the support and maintenance of a protestant clergy within the same, in proportion to such lands as have been already granted within the same by His Majesty; and it is His Majesty's desire that such provision may be made with respect to all future grants of land within the said provinces respectively, as may best conduce to the same object, in proportion to such increase as may happen in the population and cultivation of the said provinces; and for this purpose, His Majesty consents that such provisions and regulations may be made by this House respecting all future grants of land to be made by His Majesty within the said provinces, as this House shall think fit." The bill was introduced by Mr. Pitt on the 4th March, and gave rise to considerable discussion; Mr. Fox, Mr. Francis. and others, opposing its passage, whilst Edmund Burke supported the government. The bill was also opposed by a number of Canadians, represented by Mr. Adam Lymburner, a merchant of Quebec, who, as their agent, was heard on 23rd March, against it, at the bar of the House of Commons. The Act of 1791 was generally known as the *Constitutional Act.* Its principal provisions were as follows:—The first section repeals so much of the Quebec Act (14 Geo. III., ch. 83) as relates to the appointment of a Council for the Province of Quebec, and the power given to the said Council to make ordinances for the government thereof. The second clause recites the intention of His Majesty, as communicated in his message, to divide the Province of Quebec into two provinces, to be called Upper Canada and Lower Canada, and enacts that a Legislative Council and Assembly shall be established for each province, by and with whose advice His Majesty may make laws for the peace, welfare, and good government thereof. The third, fourth, and fifth sections provide for the summoning, by the Lieutenant-Governors of the respective provinces, of members to the Legislative Council (seven for Upper Canada and fifteen for Lower Canada); such members to be of the full age of twenty-one years, and to hold their seats for life. Section six authorizes His Majesty to annex to hereditary titles of honor, the right of being summoned to the Legislative Council. Sections seven to eleven, inclusive, relate to vacation of seats in the Legislative Council, forfeiture of hereditary rights and questions respecting the right to be summoned. Section twelve authorizes the Governor or Lieutenant-Governor to appoint the Speaker of the Legislative Council. Sections thirteen to twenty-five relate to the election of members of the Legislative Assembly—Upper Canada to have sixteen members; Lower Canada, fifty. Sections twenty-six and twenty-seven give power to the Governor to fix the times and places of holding the first and succeeding sessions of the Legislative Council and Assembly in each Province, giving due notice thereof, and to prorogue and dissolve the same. They were to be convoked at least once in every twelve months; each assembly was to continue for four years from the date fixed for the return of the writs, subject to prorogation and dissolution. Section twenty-eight enacts that all questions arising in either Conncil or Assembly shall be decided by a majority of votes, the Speaker of each House to have a casting vote. Section twenty-nine prescribes the oath to be taken by members of the Council and Assembly. Section thirty authorizes the Governor to give or withhold His Majesty's assent to all bills passed by the two Houses,