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LIVINGSTONE.

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PART I.

THE name of David Livingstone is now familiar as household words wherever the English tongue is spoken; and among people of other tongues too, the fame of the great African explorer is widely spread. His wonderful, almost unparalleled achievements as a traveller, in opening up the mighty continent of Africa, and pioneering the way for Christian civilization among its dusky myriads, have made his name dear to all who cherish the hope of a brighter future for the poor downtrodden sons of Africa; while his contributions to geographical science, to natural history, ethnology, and many other departments of knowledge, to say nothing of the probable effect of his discoveries on trade and commerce in the future, have justly entitled him to be regarded as a world's benefactor. Not his work alone, however, but the spirit in which he did it, has deeply impressed the heart and imagination of his countrymen. His lofty courage, which no dangers could daunt, no difficulties could quell—his unflinching perseverance amid disheartening obstacles—the pure unselfish purpose with which he wrought—the self-sacrificing spirit in which he toiled for the good of others—the deep religious tone f his whole life,—these made up a nobility of character more mpressive by far than the greatness of his work, and presented o the world a life whose moral inspirations are more precious han any additions to our stores of knowledge. It was Living-tone's moral greatness which made him the true hero. It frequently happens that a man is merely the hero of the hour—his fame flashes and fades like a meteor. New men and new deeds appear on the scene, and he is forgotten. Not so with Livingstone. For the last quarter of a century his fame has been steadily increasing; and, like a great drama, the closing scenes of his life were the grandest. At an age when most men would have been inclined to repose on their laurels, he plunged afresh into the African wilds, daring death at every step, and for years disappeared from the eyes of the civilized world. Then came the news that an American traveller, the gallant Stanley, had plunged headlong into the wilderness, in search of the long-lost wanderer, and anticipating the efforts of his own countrymen, had found him and relieved his wants when worn out, destitute and almost despairing. It was a noble deed, prompted by a generous impulse, and conducted to a fortunate issue. Stanley's graphic account of his meeting with Livingstone, and the news he brought back of his explorations during so many weary years, greatly deepened the interest felt in the heroic traveller, who refused to return home till his work was done. His numerous hair-breadth escapes in former years, amid the perils of African jungles, had almost led his countrymen to believe that he bore a charmed life, and to hope that, through all the dangers of the journey, he would yet return to enjoy his well-earned laurels among a people who loved him and were proud of his achievements. But it was not so to be. Far from kith and kin, in a little hut in a poor African village, he breathed his last, his work still incomplete, the promised land—the Fountains of the Nile—in sight, but he was not to enter. Still, is there not a mournful beauty, and even a divine tenderness and wisdom, in what seems to us a sad termination of a noble life? With his countrymen waiting to give him a welcome, such as is seldom accorded even to kings and conquerers, and eagerly longing for his return, death overtakes him, but it is in the land he loves so well—the land of his toils, his triumphs and his fame, and among the suffering people for whom he gave up his life. It was meet that his last breath should be drawn there; and that his faithful African attendants, who loved him as a father, should smooth his dying pillow, and afterwards bear his remains over half a continent, and at length follow them to their final resting place in Westminster Abbey. We say now, looking back on the drama of his eventful life, it is best even so. The tomb in

Westminster Abbey and the African death-bed were both in accord with the heroic life and death of Livingstone. He has won a lofty place in the hearts of his generation, and his life will be among the most inspiring traditions the nineteenth century can transmit to the future of the world.

Livingstone has given us a slight glimpse of his own boyhood, in his first book of travels. In the year 1823, there stood on the beautiful banks of the Clyde, a little above Glasgow, a busy factory, known as the Blantyre Cotton Works. Here, amid the ceaseless whir of spindles and the clank of machinery, a pale faced thoughtful boy was at work as a "piecer." He was but ten years of age, the narrow circumstances of his parents having compelled them, thus early in life, to place their boy under the yoke of labor. But this was no ordinary boy. With his first week's wages he had purchased a Latin grammar; and having fastened the book to the spinning-jenny, as his little nimble fingers moved amid the threads, he studied with unabated ardor, glancing off sentence after sentence as he passed to and fro among the spindles. The hours of labor were from six in the morning till eight at night, with but short intervals for meals. After such a day of toil, this boy might have been seen going straight to school, and afterwards, dictionary in hand, poring over some Latin author, till his mother, in alarm, would rise and snatch the books from his hands. This is our first glimpse of David Livingstone; and it is very evident that such a boy was not destined to pass his life as a factory operative. Such sturdy determination, in a mere child, to acquire knowledge, such intellectual vigor, and such a brave struggle with difficulties showed that he had in him the stuff out of which heroes are made, and foreshadowed that indomitable resolution, which afterwards bore him triumphantly through the dark forests and fever-breeding swamps of Africa.

Though young Livingstone commenced his career in such a lonely condition, he had come of a good stock—not in the sense of having noble or wealthy ancestors, but in having been descended from a race of true and good men, who though poor, had no stain on their escutcheon. In the storm-beaten, barren island of Ulva, one of the Hebrides, the ancestral Livingstones had a small farm. Here the struggle to secure a precarious existence is severe; but the battle with difficulties developed that self-reliance and general sturdiness of character which were inherited by young Livingstone, in such striking development, from his Highland ancestors. It was one of these ancestors of whom Livingstone relates that on his death bed he called his children around him and said, "I have searched carefully through all the traditions of our family, and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it was in our blood; I leave this precept with you, *be honest.*" A precious and characteristic legacy was this of the good old Highlander—better than lands or costly jewels.

At the age of sixteen, young Livingstone, with such studious habits, was able to read many of the classical authors of Greece and Rome. He did not, however, confine himself to these, but eagerly devoured everything he could lay his hands on, especially scientific works and books of travel. Even his father's authority, however, could not induce him to read such books as "The Cloud of Witnesses" or "The Fourfold State," which parental anxiety suggested as the most wholesome for the youthful mind; and the last application of the rod was on his refusal to read Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity." The boy's eager mind was thirsting for knowledge, and at that stage such books were to him but a collection of weary words. He grew up a tall, slim young man, with no great promise of bodily strength; gentle, kindly and reserved in disposition, but with a face indicating great firmness and decision of character. His earnings as a cotton-spinner, during the summer months, enabled him to attend the Greek and Divinity classes in the university of Glasgow in winter. Gradually he passed through a spiritual change which led him to the resolution of fitting himself for missionary work and devoting himself to the alleviation of human misery and the spread of christian principles. In due time he was admitted a Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, and became Doctor Livingstone. His theological studies were now followed up with great diligence; and thus he was admirably equipped by his training for his great career. The study of botany, zoology, chemistry and geology, made him alive to all natural phenomena; while his knowledge of the mysteries of diseases and their remedies not only enabled him to guard his own health and help those whom he loved, but greatly strengthened his usefulness and importance among those savage tribes, in whose society he was destined to spend so many years.

His stern sense of independence led him to shrink from seeking aid in any shape; and, in point of fact, he never received a farthing from any one, excepting what he had earned by his own hands. Afterwards he was able to say—"Looking back now on that period of toil, I cannot but feel thankful that it formed such a material part of my early education; and were I to begin life over again, I should like to pass through the same hardy training."

Livingstone's main object, in entering on a course of medical study, was to fit himself to be a pioneer of christianity in China; but by the time his training was completed the opium war had broken out and China was completely closed against him. Acting on the advice of some friends, he then offered his services to the London Missionary Society, being influenced mainly by the unsectarian character of that organization. By this Society he was appointed to take charge of one of their missions in South Africa, and in 1840, he landed at Cape Town, being then twenty-seven years of age. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends rough-hew them how we will." China was the field which, in his youthful imagination, Livingstone selected for his labors, but now, by the current of events, he was brought to the land in which he was destined to accomplish a work that will tell on the destinies of millions, and to achieve those brilliant discoveries which are almost without a parallel in the history of modern explorations.

The great Continent on which the eager-hearted young missionary now first placed his foot is four thousand three hundred miles in its greatest length, four thousand miles in its greatest breadth, with an area of twelve millions of square miles. By the equator it is divided into two unequal portions, so that the greater part of it lies under a tropical sun. The researches of modern travellers have at length made clear both the physical geography and the geological structure of the African Continent. It is remarkable that ten years before any European had reached Equatorial Africa, one of the great chieftains of geology—Sir Roderick Murchison—was able, from geological data alone, to construct a theory, regarding the conformation of Central Africa, which has been verified, in every particular, by the explorations of the daring travellers who have pierced these unknown regions. Perhaps there never was a more striking testimony to the value of geology, as a science, or to the profound sagacity of the veteran geologist, than the fact that Murchison, sitting in his arm-chair at home, was able to predict what would be found by explorers in the very heart of Africa. His theory, now abundantly confirmed by African travellers, was, that the central portion of Africa is basin-shaped, consisting of a great plateau intersected by huge lakes and marshes, and bounded on the east and west by elevated ridges. The drainage of this huge plateau, it is now ascertained, falls down the southern watershed to the Tanganyika Lake; towards the north-west, the drainage is into the Niger and Lake Tchad; while the Victoria and Albert Nyanza Lakes are the fountains of the mighty and mysterious stream of the Nile. Sir Roderick Murchison tells us that Equatorial Africa bears marks of a higher antiquity than any other region of the globe, and that the animals and races of man inhabiting it are probably older than any upon the earth. In an address to the Geographical Society, Sir Roderick said, "Such as South Africa is now, such have been her main features during countless ages, anterior to the creation of the human race; for the old rocks which form her outer fringe unquestionably circled round an interior marshy or lacustrine country, in which the Dicynodon flourished, and at a time when not a single animal was similar to any living thing which now inhabits the surface of the globe. The present central and meridian zone of waters, whether lakes or marshes, extending from Lake Tchad to Lake Ngami, with hippopotami on their banks, are therefore but the great modern residual geographical phenomena of those of a mesozoic age. The differences, however, between the geological part of Africa and her present state are enormous. Since that primeval time the lands have been much elevated above the sea-level, eruptive rocks piercing in parts through them; deep rents and defiles have been suddenly formed in the subtending ridges through which some rivers escape outwards."

Thus, according to Murchison, the vast plateau of Africa has never been submerged, nor does it appear to have undergone any changes, either by volcanic or aqueous action. The absence of all marine deposits of tertiary and detrital age shows that this region has never been under water, in any of those geological periods during which we have such evidences of vast depressions, elevations and denudations in other portions of the globe. It could not have been by former glaciers that those vast lake-basins were excavated, for under the equator such action is impossible, and, moreover, there are no moraines or transported debris which invariably accompany glacier action. Murchison's opinion therefore is, that looking to the extremely simple geological structure of Central Africa, "we are fairly entitled to refer this great variation of outline either to the original devious evolutions of great masses of igneous and molten matters, or to some great ancient movements of dislocation. In short, Central Africa presents no existing natural agent which, if it operated for millions of years, could have excavated the hollow in which the great Albert Nyanza lies."

The eastern boundary of this plateau is a vast mountain chain running parallel to the Indian Ocean, rising about the twenty-seventh meridian, into a truly Alpine and continuous chain, ten thousand feet high, known as the Quatlamba Mountains; and at length, three or four degrees south of the equator, shooting up into the lofty peak of Killimanjaro, twenty thousand feet high, crowned with a diadem of eternal snow, under the blazing equatorial sun. The western boundary of the plateau, parallel with the Atlantic, is not so lofty, being, for the most part, a series of terraces terminating, on the north, in the magnificent group of King William's Mountains. The maritime plains on the Atlantic, along this long line of high country, have a tropical vegetation, some of them being healthy and cultivated, others saturated with water and enshrouded with hot pestilential vapors which are never dissipated by a breeze. Under these noisome exhalations, the angel of death smites down quickly the white man who ventures into these pestilential regions. Hitherto all attempts by Europeans have been baffled to form settlements on the banks of the magnificent Niger—a river next to the Nile in magnitude, and running through a country glowing with all the brilliancy of tropical vegetation.

It may be truly affirmed that, till towards the close of last century, there was little real knowledge of Africa among European nations. The best map which could then be constructed showed enormous blank spaces, mountain chains without limits, water-courses uncertain where to flow, figures of elephants to fill up gaps, and endless marks of interrogation. Two bold explorers led the way towards the close of the century—Bruce and Mungo Park—both of them Scotchmen. Bruce devoted himself to the discovery of the sources of the Nile, a problem which his countryman Livingstone died in attempting to solve, and which cannot even yet be regarded as quite settled. Unfortunately Bruce mistook the Blue Nile for the main stream, and thought he had found the sources of the mysterious river when he traced it to Lake Dembea. We know now that the White Nile is the true river, and that the Blue Nile is but a tributary. Mungo Park explored successfully the regions of the Upper Gambia and the Niger, and was followed by Denham, Lander, Barth, and others. Still it was the desire to trace the majestic Nile to its source—the grand secret of geography—which, as a mighty spell, lured on traveller after traveller, in the hope of clearing up the mystery of ages, and unveiling the hidden sources of the beneficent stream. To trace the great river from Egypt southward was found to be impracticable, Gondokora, seven hundred and fifty miles south of Kartoum, being the most southerly point reached by explorers. At length, however, reports of a startling character were received from some missionaries stationed at Zanzibar, to the effect that snow-clad mountains had been discovered within a few degrees of the equator, and that in the same quarter there existed an immense sheet of water—a vast inland sea, according to the report of the natives. The question arose, could this lake be the fountain of the Nile. In 1857, an expedition under Burton and Speke started from Zanzibar in search of this great lake. On the 13th February—a day for ever memorable in the annals of African discovery—the eyes of the travellers were gladdened by a sight of the gleaming waters of Lake Tanganyika—a magnificent sheet of water, three hundred miles long, thirty to forty miles wide, and eighteen hundred feet above the sea-level. The explorers heard there of another great lake, farther to the north, and Speke was despatched to verify the report. After a march of twenty-five days he found himself on the shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza, from which, on the north, a river issued which Speke at once pronounced to be the Nile. He followed the course of this river to latitude 2° 17′ south, where he was obliged to leave it. He learned, however, that it took a westerly bend here, and fell into another lake which he was unable to reach. This lake was soon after discovered by Mr., now Sir Samuel Baker, and by him named the Albert Nyanza. It proved to be a far larger and more important lake than the Victoria Nyanza, lying in a deep trough, amid lofty mountains of hornblendic gneiss, quartz and porphyry, and glorious Alpine scenery. For a variety of reasons, it must be regarded as the true source of the Nile. The stream followed by Speke is but a river which laterally connects Victoria Nyanza with the second Nyanza, and does not add any considerable quantity of water to the vast expanse from which the true Nile takes its source. Here then, by this brave Englishman and his wife, who accompanied him through all the frightful perils of the journey, was the veil lifted at last and the fountains of the Nile disclosed. The discovery has immortalized the name of Baker.

We might naturally ask, may not the great lake Tanganyika also supply the Nile? The answer is that Albert Nyanza is one thousand feet above the level of Tanganyika; so that there can be no water communication between them, flowing in a northerly direction. Besides, it has been recently announced that Lieutenant Cameron has discovered that the outlet of Tanganyika is on the western side, from which a river flows, and, as is believed, eventually empties itself into the Congo. Thus, so far as at present known, this vast lake, discovered by Sir Samuel Baker, is the true source of the Nile. It is about as long as Scotland, and from sixty to eighty miles in breadth, and is a deep excavation in hard granitic rocks. Still it may be said that old Nile holds some of its secrets still, as the Albert Nyanza has not yet been surveyed; and we do not know whether it is supplied by the rains and torrents of its own mountainous basin, or is fed from the lakes farther south. But, meantime, how wonderful the results of these grand geographical discoveries, won by such heroic toil! They have revealed to us in the very heart of Africa, in the torrid zone, and almost at the equator, an immense expanse of fresh water lakes, little, if at all, inferior to the great lakes of North America. The finest of these lakes are accessible by the Nile, and being surrounded by healthy highlands, they afford the means of opening up and developing the rich resources of the African continent. Along the grand old river, pursuing its course of two thousand three hundred miles, Christian civilization will yet make its way to the centre of Africa, and raise its oppressed millions to a higher place in the scale of being.

Turning now to South Africa, the scene of Livingstone's discoveries, we find that when, in 1840, he entered on his labors, almost the whole interior of the southern continent, from Kuruman to the equator, an extent of one thousand six hundred miles, and from the borders of Angola to the east coast, was practically an unknown world. What did this humble missionary do, in lifting the curtain which shrouded these unknown realms?

Single-handed and alone, on an income, for many years, of only £100 per annum, he explored a country covering three millions of of square miles, laying down clearly its main features, its watersheds and approximate levels. It was a marvellous achievement, and taking into account the slender means at his disposal, almost without a parallel. In his celebrated journey, completed in 1856, he crossed and re-crossed the continent of Africa, from the mouths of the Zambezi to St. Paul de Loando, along a route never trod before by the foot of a white man, through dangerous tribes of savages, fever-breeding swamps, wilds that re-echoed the lion's roar, and regions supposed before to be mere parched deserts, but which he found teeming with the richest and most varied productions. In this wonderful tramp, he performed a journey of eleven thousand miles and had thirty-two attacks of fever; he discovered the noble and exquisitely beautiful river Zouga, the fine Lake Ngami, traced the mighty Zambesi and some of its tributaries, and discovered, in 1859, the great Lake Nyassa, two hundred and fifty miles in length. The solution of geographical problems, however, was but a part of his work. He threw a flood of light on the condition of these African tribes, their languages, customs, religious ideas, political relations and social condition; while his accurate observations of all natural phenomena added greatly to our stores of knowledge. The Africa which he disclosed was not the irreclaimable sterile region which previously existed in the imagination of men. He found, in many places, the sugar cane cultivated from time immemorial, and in such quantities as to be sufficient to supply all Europe. He found the finest mocha coffee, the seeds of which had been introduced by the Jesuits, growing wild in the greatest abundance; vines loaded with dark purple grapes; pine-apples growing for miles and miles along his route; the indigo plant abundant, and the natives growing rice, wheat, millet, yams and bananas. Troops of lordly elephants in some places obstructed his path; whose "tameness was so shocking, from their seclusion, that he had to halloo to them to clear the way." Animal life of all kinds abounded—zebras, antelopes, elans, giraffes and buffaloes. The importance of such discoveries can hardly be over-rated, whether we regard the interests of Africa or Europe. There are few of these splendid natural productions which Europeans do not need and will not gladly purchase; while the manufactures of Europe may be introduced in return to an unlimited extent. Of the volume in which he gave to the world a record of his discoveries, Sir Bartle Frere says, "His work produced an immense effect on thinking men of every class, but especially among those who had at heart the civilization and conversion to christianity of the tribes of Africa. His obviously truthful pictures of scenery and manners would have at any time interested the lover of books of travel; but his descriptions of fertile regions which had always been supposed to be barren, of kindly and improvable races which had ever been accounted hopelessly savage, his narrative of Portuguese oppression and misgovernment, but above all, the prevailing tone of cheerful confidence of the ultimate victory of good over evil, stirred the hearts of his countrymen. They had often been touched before by what Bruce or Mungo Park, Denham or Clapperton had related, but they had never, perhaps, been so moved as by the modest record of what Livingstone had, single-handed, accomplished. What a vast amount of work this one man achieved! In geography it is no exaggeration to say that to him and to the example he set, may be fairly attributed the filling up of the blank which the maps of the interior of Africa presented to our grandfathers."

We must not, however, forget that while the Columbus of South Africa was thus adding to the sum of human knowledge by his explorations, he was still in the highest sense the Christian missionary, and while enriching geographical science, he was still acting as the pioneer of Christianity, and ever planning means for the improvement and elevation of the dusky sons of Africa. To this high aim all his operations were guided. He did not believe that Africa was to be Christianized by merely sending men there to preach, with the Bible and hymn-book in their hands. His grand principle was that Christianity, civilization and commerce should go hand in hand; and that along with the spiritual elevation of the people, all civilizing agencies should be employed to quicken their intellect, to introduce better modes of life, to instruct them in arts and industries, thus improving their outward circumstances and elevating them in the scale of being. Throughout all his herculean labors, his grand aim was to open Africa to Christian civilization, and to terminate that revolting traffic in human flesh and blood, which from time immemorial has been the curse of unhappy Africa. The unflinching perseverance with which he carried out his high resolve, even unto death; the courage which led him to face the most appalling dangers, without anything to fall back on in case of failure or accident, and the lofty unselfish motives which sustained him, have raised Livingstone, in the esteem of his generation, above the rank of ordinary travellers, and made England proud to reckon him among the noblest of her sons who have given themselves to the sacred cause of humanity.

In a second paper, I propose to present a sketch of the remainder of Livingstone's career, to the time of his death.

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF CHATTERTON.

[“This remarkable boy, who palmed on the world the productions of his own poetical genius as the poems of Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century—which he pretended to have found in an old chest, in the archives of Bristol Cathedral—was born at Bristol in 1752. Having vainly endeavored to interest Horace Walpole and other wealthy scholars, in his favor, he proceeded to London, with the hope of obtaining subsistence for himself as a party writer; and there, in a state of despair, produced by absolute want, he destroyed himself by poison, in 1770, when not quite eighteen years of age.” To the above extract I may add, that, for true poetic fire, and a grand simplicity of language, some of his poems, and especially parts of the Battle of Hastings—his principal production—may, not altogether unfavorably, stand beside those of “that morning star of song,” Dan Chaucer himself.]

I.

Unto my lips I raise the cup
That calls to me the Priest, whose name is Death,
And, as I drink its contents up,
I sweep once more the strings
Of harp that told of Hastings' foughten field,
And, fierce vibrating, made the bosom thrill
With the resounding clash of sword on shield,
And shattered lance, and the wild pibroch's breath,
But now whose quivering wires I tune to trill
Forth tender utterings
Of a low wedding song unto my bride—
To thou, oh! dark Despair, who sittest at my side.

II.

Thou art not fair to look upon!
For thou hast fed upon the taunts of Pride;
And on thee, standing naked, shone
All the world's scorn and ire,
As drank'st the gall of blighted fruit of Hope;
And listened to the jibes, and mocking cries
Of minds, fit for the slime wherein they grope;
And trusted promises from lips that lied,
Until it maddened thee, and now thine eyes
Are lurid as the fire
That gleams through chink of op'ning gate of Hell!
Yet all my love for thee, I cannot to thee tell.

III.

Thy lips are last I e'er may press,
For, even from a child, I longed for Fame,
And strove to steal her sweet caress!
But when such hope had fled
I sought to woo unto my breast Content,
And bear my cross, all silent and alone,
And toil, it might be till my strength was spent,
For bread. But such ambition died the same
As did the rest. All! all but thee have flown;
And, pillowing my head
Upon thy breast, I lay my hand in thine,
And wait until the Priest shall them for aye entwine.

IV.

Yet com'st not virgin unto me,
For countless weary souls in thine embrace
Have kissed thy hot lips fervently!
And, ah! me, how long
Thy head hath pressed *my* pillow all the night,
And breathed thy scorching breath upon my brow,
Watching, all sleepless, until morning light,
When the sun's rays would those dread eyes efface,
And fled'st before the southwind's whispered vow,
And the lark's morning song.
But ne'er again wilt thou my couch forsake,
Nor song of lark upon our dreamless slumber break.

V.

How shall our chamber garnished be?
Say, shall it be with blooming flow'rets gay?
No! lay the bed with rosemary—
Death's own late blooming balm*—
Strew leaves of cypress on the pillow,—
The floor with blossoms of the upas tree,—
Drape the lintel posts with sprigs of willow!
Let the night owls hoot, and the watch dogs bay,
And the fiends all laugh exultingly!
Let the frogs croak a psalm!
And the worms sharpen their teeth for the feast!
For the wedding feast! For we await but the Priest!

VI.

Hours ago the sun went down,
And from the city's smoke loomed out the moon,—
Flooding with light the housetops brown,
And rippling on the stream,
Where gleaming sails like spectres come and go,
While the weird groaning of their ropes and spars,
Mingling with the noises from the street below,
Seems, like a voice from paining heart, to croon
A lullaby unto the throbbing stars,
That all undimmed shall beam
When grief no more my broken cup may fill—
When shattered lies my harp, and cold my hand and still.

VII.

Oft have I seen the moon, like this,
Shine through the gilt and stained cathedral panes,
And, as in adoration, kiss
The chalice; ripple o'er,
And stream, like to a flood of sacred wine,
Adown the aisle; and with ecstatic looks
Light up the angels' faces o'er the shrine,
And, like their Master's blood, efface all stains;
While I would pore o'er quaint and musty books
Of ancient monkish lore,
And shape my song, in accents old, to tell
How 'fore the Norman shafts the Saxon spearmen fell.

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* In Britain the rosemary blooms in December. It is commonly laid in coffins.

VIII.

Where was my crime? my grievous crime?
I sang but as the bird who pours his heart
In music in the glad spring time.
Unto the earth I cast
The flower of no man's hope. I brought not in
A Life unto the world. I put a name
That no one owned unto my song! This the sin
From which the Righteous World aghast did start,
And bade me die of hunger in my shame!
Why do I rave? 'Tis past.
And as I speak my life from me doth flow—
My eyeballs throb with pain, my heart is flutt'ring low.

IX.

Where have the stars fled, and the moon?
Their place is dark, and, oh! it groweth cold;
And noises buzz, as in a swoon,
While all my limbs feel dead,
And my warm veins are turned to icy streams;
My quivering joints and sinews rack and strain
As if the fiends were rending me; it seems
My brain doth burn; and my skin, fold on fold,
Peels off, and sparks fall on my flesh, like rain!
But my dark bride hath fled!
And when the Priest doth come, *alone* I'll rest,
And, shriving me, he'll fold my arms upon my breast.

X.

I feel a sweet and holy calm,
Yet with a surging undertone of pain
That robs it of its soothing balm,
And makes it agony
To ope my lips to speak, yet, ere I go,
Once more I'd say farewell, oh! ye cold World
Who, groaning at the fault, pass by the woe!
Farewell, cold moon! still o'er the night thou'lt reign
Among thy stars, while I with pinions furled—
Bah! why prate I to thee?
Thou hearest not. Still watch thee o'er the Deep!
Groan world! Shine stars! but I am drowsy, and would sleep.

T. R. R.

ORIGIN OF THE ACADIANS.

BY P. S. POIRIER, OTTAWA.

[TRANSLATED FOR THE MARITIME MONTHLY.]

(Continued)

IN 1634, the 15th of July, Razilly himself sent to Richelieu a long and detailed statement of the affairs of the colony of which he was *commandant*, and in this document he has not one word of reproach for Latour. He does not speak either of insubordination or of evil communications with the Indians. And certainly, if there was any reason for such a report, the virtuous, the devout Razilly, a member of the Society of St. John of Jerusalem, who asked the Grand Master of the order to establish a priory in Acadie, would not have failed to mention the bad treatment of the Capuchin Fathers. He says nothing of it, but, on the contrary, he writes: "The Capuchin Fathers have so well guided us by their example, that, by the grace of God, vice does not reign in this settlement* . . . . *Charity and friendship are here without constraint.*" As to the Indians: "They submit," he adds, "of their free-will to the laws (human or divine) imposed on them, recognizing His Most Christian Majesty as King."† After reading such unequivocal evidence, there remains little foundation for d'Aunay's accusations.

The third imputation is as unfortunate as the two preceding it are not correct. When the government revoked, in favor of d'Aunay, the commission formerly granted Latour, the latter produced, in his own defence, and against d'Aunay, a certificate of two Recollet Fathers residing at his fort on the St. John River. (1642) Two years later, being a second time condemned in France, he produced another of the same nature, signed then too by these two religious.

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* By "this settlement" perhaps he refers only to La Heve. Nevertheless, I am of the opinion that he includes Latour's establishment, which, in part, was under his control, and to which he sent religious. Speaking of the Capuchins, he could make no distinctions, as all were subject to his control.

† Perhaps the letter, from which we quote below, dated 16th March, 1633, from the Secretary of State Bouthilier to Latour, may have suggested to d'Aunay the idea of accusing the latter of treating the Capuchins badly: "You will remove from your fort all the secular and regular clergy who may be there, whom you will be careful to send back to France, and replace them with the Capuchins." Latour, it will easily be supposed, did this.

The better to destroy his enemy, d'Aunay did not rest here. Now, at least the reader will be able to see the baseness of his animosity. Not satisfied with having calumniated Latour in his public and private life, he had the boldness to accuse his wife, the same who so heroically defended her husband's fort on the St. John River against d'Aunay himself, as being of low extraction and dissolute manners.*

When a warrior, to destroy his rival, descends to such vile imputations against the honor of a woman, even were she guilty, he is not honorable. However, the French government which had taken from Latour his forts and his settlements for the benefit of his enemy, a little later reinstated him in his rights and honors, and acknowledged that calumny had, in part, been the cause of his ruin. In a letter, dated 27th February, 1651, Louis XIV., over his own signature and that of his minister, at length does him full justice: "Being informed," the King writes, "and assured of the laudable and commendable affection, pains and diligence of our dear and well-beloved Charles de St. Etienne, Chevalier, sieur de la Tour, who for forty-two years has labored and usefully employed all his care as well for the conversion of the Indians of the said country to *the Christian faith and religion* as for the establishing of our authority throughout the whole extent of the country; having built two forts and contributed as far as in him lay to the *instruction of the Indians*, and by his courage driven off strange sects from the forts he captured, *and which he would have continued to do had he not been prevented by the deceased Charles de Menou, sieur d'Aunay Charnisay, who favored his enemies in their accusations and suppositions, which they could not prove*, and from which the said sieur de St. Etienne was absolved the 16th of February last, by the advice of the Queen Regent, and of our full Royal authority, let it be again confirmed, ordained and established that the said sieur de la Tour be governor and our lieutenant-general in all the countries, harbors, coasts and confines of Acadie, with power to make laws, statutes and ordinances; to contract peace and alliance, and to make war to preserve our authority," etc.†

Taken by itself, and independent of the proofs of its falsity, which have just been given, the charge made against Latour and his men of having led a "*licentious and infamous life*," and left to their "*miserable*" mothers the children born of them, etc., is untenable. It was not when Latour had the greatest need of the confidence and friendship of the Souriquois, that he gave himself up to those acts of licentiousness so severely repudiated by them. Such conduct would inevitably have lowered him in their esteem and made them his enemies.

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* Moreau, p. 156. † 2nd Series, Vol. I., p. 207-10.

I do not mean to beatify Latour, nor, with greater reason, to justify his conduct in his relations with the Anglo-Americans. Necessity, the justice of the cause, even supposing Latour to have been in the right in his rivalry with d'Aunay, would not justify his alliance with the enemies of his country. I do not intend either to present himself and his men as models of a pure life. I only wish to show the amount of credibility due to the mean accusations of his rival and deadly foe, d'Aunay.

On the other hand, the calculations of Rameau are not correct, even if we grant that Latour and his followers peopled the country with a race of *Metis*. Between the Acadians and these children there would be no connection, the oldest of them being only seven or eight years of age on the arrival of de Razilly in 1632. Besides these children left unbaptized with their "miserable" mothers, having no idea of civilization, deprived of their fathers' care, would have remained in the tribe with their maternal relatives, and have become courageous Micmacs, skilful with the bow and in hunting deer, but in no way capable of cultivating the soil or the care of a house. And the thirty or forty families who came with Razilly to settle in Acadie—families chosen with care from the agricultural classes, the most moral and religious in France in the sixteenth century—had no more taste for life in the woods than the Indians had for the care of a marsh or cultivated land. I might here give the testimony of the Capuchin and Recollet missionaries, of whom the Company alloted three to each settlement.* But such proof would be superfluous; the proof I have given suffices to establish the truth of the historical fact which I maintain. Not only were no marriages contracted between the colonists brought out by Razilly and d'Aunay—the real and sole origin of the Acadians—and the pretended *Metis* originating with Latour and his followers, but, moreover, none took place between their respective descendants. The adventurers of Cape Sable, of whom the majority were fishermen, the others pirates or freebooters, all more or less faithful companions of Latour, were killed in war, scattered over the American continent, or returned to France. Cape Sable, the St. John River,* Boston, and the coasts of Maine have successively been their battle-fields and their places of retreat.

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* Murcure Français, Vol. XIV., 2nd Part, pp. 238–9.

At first, forced to abandon Cape Sable, which was too near Port Royal; beseiged and compelled to surrender the fort on the St. John River in 1645, despite the heroism of Madame Latour, then in command, the survivors remained without any other refuge than the coasts of Maine, and finally Boston, where they spent the winter of 1645–6.

The following spring Latour embarked with five followers, who were still with him, and, always indefatigable as he was, he went, perhaps at the expense of his Boston † friends, among the icy regions of Hudson Bay and Canada,‡ after having for the last time and in vain demanded aid from his old friend, David Kirk, of Newfoundland. He does not again appear in Acadie until 1651, after his rights were officially restored to him by the French government. Three years later, Acadie came under English rule; and in 1656 Cromwell accorded to Latour more than had been before granted him by Sir William Alexander—the division of Acadie between himself, Sir Thomas Temple, and William Crown. It was about this time that, owing to one of the strangest vicissitudes of fortune, he, being a widower, married the widow of his former rival and detractor, d'Aunay. He is the only one of the followers of Poutrincourt, who became allied with the principal group of Acadians of the old stock, and he brought to it no Indian blood. Even the children of his first marriage did not marry with the Acadians, except a daughter, Jeanne, wife of Martin d'Arpentigny, who lived on the St. John River. His son was sent back to France after the capture of his fort at the latter place, in 1645, and if at this time any of his former followers still survived, it was because they had in good time returned to their first occupation, the fishing of cod. Thence their return to France was not difficult.* Thus M. Rameau's assertion, affirming that the filiation of the Acadians of Port Royal in 1671 dates from Poutrincourt, falls to the ground. And with this assertion all the arguments used to prove that the mixed marriages were contracted since 1606 are shown to be without foundation. He arrived at such a conclusion by four degrees: 1st. The historical tradition; 2nd. The friendship of the Acadians and the Abenaquis, "*consequence of marriages;*" 3rd. The condition of the first settlers, quasi freebooters of filibustering habits; finally, The filiation of Acadian families being supposed to begin with Poutrincourt, that is to say twenty-six years before a single French woman had arrived in Acadie.†

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* On the St. John River, d'Aunay in his time traded for as many as three thousand moose each year, not to mention beaver and otter, and this was his reason for dispossessing Latour. Denys, p. 50.

† "His Boston friends furnished him merchandise to trade with the Indians of the East. But he was unfaithful to them, and compelled those of his crew who were English to land at Cape Sable, he himself escaping with the plunder." Hildreth Vol., p. 314.

‡ Jesuit Journal, pp. 61–2, 78, 90: Registers of Three Rivers, A. D. 1649; Ferland, Vol. I., p. 202.

Now that it has been abundantly proved that the *tradition* of historians touching the question of intermarriage has little or no foundation in fact; that the friendship of the Abenaquis and Acadians had for its origin a motive other than these alliances; that the first settlers, and those who may justly be called colonists, were farmers and artisans "chosen with care;" that the descent of the Acadian families instead of dating from 1606 begins only in 1632, we will see clearly, positively that the supposed mixture of blood between the Abenaquis and the Acadians of our times has no reason to exist.

VIII.—*From* 1632 *till* 1671.

AFTER THE LAPSE OF TWO HUNDRED YEARS COULD A SINGLE MIXED MARRIAGE LEAVE ANY DROPS OF INDIAN BLOOD IN THE VEINS OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND SOULS?

THE affirmation of the blending of the two races, which is the deduction drawn from the preceding proposition, whose value we have considered under the titles *first, second and third error*, is peculiar in this that it admits no "*perhapses*" or "ifs"—it is positive. We have read it before, but it merits repetition; here it is word for word: "As the primitive Acadian families were not numerous, it may be *affirmed* that, in consequence of subsequent marriages there are few Acadian families who have not some drops of Indian blood in their veins.* These *subsequent* marriages are those by which M. Rameau makes the descent of the Acadians date back to Poutrincourt's time. We have seen the inaccuracy of this affirmation under the title of *third* error.

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* Even in 1621 we find it stated that, "Eight hundred vessels come and go (from Canada and Acadie to France), making thirty per cent. profit on their fish each voyage. Murcoure Français, Vol. XVIII., p. 74.

† I must, however, except Rivedon, who came out with his wife about 1630 (Denys Vol. II., p. 235), and, perhaps, also Captain Daniel, who, according to a letter written by Father Lallemand, who about this time was shipwrecked with several other missionaries on the Acadian coast, was occupied "building a house." But these were fishermen, who only remained a short time, and in no way affected the Acadian race

At what date were these *subsequent* marriages contracted, the effect of which was to mingle the Acadian and Indian blood so abundantly that to-day there are few Acadian families who have not some drops of Indian blood in their veins? From 1606 till 1671, says M. Rameau, that is by placing the facts in the order previously mentioned from 1632 to 1671. This assertion is still remarkable in so far as it leaves in the same state of *alloy* all the descendants of the Acadian families of 1671, embracing the entire population of Acadie in 1755—those whom the proscription scattered to the four quarters of the globe—Louisiana, the Antilles, Newfoundland, St. Pierre and Miquelon Islands, the landes of Archigny, even, in France, Canada, in the parishes of St. Jācques, Niçolet, Becancourt, Acadieville, la Beauce, St. Bonaventure, etc., and who remained where the proscription left them, as well as those who remained in or returned to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island. In 1755, the blending of the two races must have been strongly marked, for, after the lapse of one hundred and twenty years, there still remain in their veins some drops of Indian blood. However, in 1755, they had already worked nearly a century at their purification, as they no longer intermarried with the Abenaquis. The families exiled at that time could not have purified their life-stream more speedily than those who were in Acadie, for the reason that the latter contracted numerous marriages with the families who came directly from France, and the former nearly always formed little groups apart and distinct in a strange land. Thus in Canada, where the Acadians emigrated, not only in 1755, but at different times, and where, on account of the affinity of the two races and the similarity of their customs, they intermarried more than in any other country with the inhabitants, it follows that a large proportion of the present population, the Le Blancs, the Girouards, Bourcs, Landrys, Caissys, Dugasts, Melansons, Gaudets, Bourgeois, etc., and those allied with them have also some drops of Indian blood in their veins.*

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* Rameau, p. 124.

However, if, from 1632 to 1671, it could be proved that the mixture of blood between the Micmacs and Acadians was less radical than M. Rameau supposes, the drops of Indian blood would to-day have become singularly clarified. And, if it be clearly, positively shown, that during this whole period only *a single marriage* was contracted with the Indians, to what, then, would M. Rameau's conclusions and drops of Indian blood be reduced? Here there is no need of groping after the truth—"perhapses" and "ifs" cannot be admitted: we have in our possession authentic and complete documents.

The census of 1671, in which the name of every inhabitant is given, is almost as full in matters of detail as that which M. Taché has just completed. It gives, among other details, the names, surnames, ages and occupations of the heads of families, husbands and wives, the surname and ages of the children; and, indicating the dates of anterior marriages by the age of the children, it goes back to the settlement of the first French families that have been perpetuated in Acadie, that is, to 1632.

It shows that Acadie then contained a population of sixty-nine or rather sixty-seven families. The names of these families are given in the following table, arranged in alphabetical order for the convenience of the reader. They are as follows:

AT PORT ROYAL.

Aucoin (widow Francois), 26 years; five children; age of the oldest, 12 years.
Babin, Antoine, 50; wife Marie Mercié; five children; oldest, 9 years.
Belliveau, Antoine, 50; wife Andrée Guion; two children; oldest, 19.
Baiols, Barbe (widow of Savinien de Courpon), eight children in France, and two daughters married here.
Belou, Jacques, 30; wife Marie Girrourd; one daughter.†

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* This is the substance of a remark made to me by a writer, whose vast knowledge of the origin of the Acadians and Canadians no one will deny—the Abbé Tanguay. Concerning the mixed marriages, the Abbé holds an opinion contrary to that of M. Sulte, and thinks that European blood flows as pure, as free from mixture, in the veins of the Acadians as in those of any other people on the American continent.

† The age of the girls, with few exceptions, is not mentioned in the census. I omit the names of children, and details concerning the goods and properties of the inhabitants, as given in the census.

Bertrand, Clément, 50; wife Huguette Laubelot.
Blanchard, Jean, 60; Radegonde Lambert; six children; oldest, 24.
Blanchard, Martin, 24 (son of the preceding); Françoise Leblond.
Boudrot, Michel, 71; Michelle Aucoin; eleven children; oldest, 29.
Bourc, Antoine, 62; Antoinette Landry; eleven children; oldest, 27.
Bourc, François, 28, (son of the preceding); M. Boudrot; two children; oldest, 5.
Bourc, Jean, 25, (son of Antoine); wife M. Martin; two sons.
Bourc, Bernard, 23, (son of Antoine); wife F. Brun; two daughters.
Bourgeois, Jacob, 50; wife Jeanne Trahan; ten children.
Bourgeois, Charles, 25, (son of the preceding); wife Anne Dugast; a daughter.
Breau Vincent, 40; wife Marie Bour; four children; oldest, 5.
Brun, Vincent, 60; wife Renée Brode; five children; oldest, 25.
Commeaux, Pierre, 75; wife Rose Bayols; nine children.
Commeaux, Ettienne (son of the preceding), 21; wife M. Lefebore; one child.
Cormié, Thomas, 35; wife M. Girrouard; a daughter.
Corporon, Jehan, 25; wife F. Scavoie; a daughter six weeks.
Daigle, Olivier, 28; wife M. Gaudet; three children; oldest, 4.
Doucet, Pierre, 50; wife H. Peltret; five children; oldest, 8.
Doucet, Germain, 30; wife M. Landry; three children; oldest, 6.
Dugast, Abraham, 55; wife —— Doucet; eight children; oldest, 19.
Dupeux, Michel, 37; wife M. Gauterat; four children; oldest, 14.
Foret, Michel de, 35; wife M. Hébert; three children; oldest, 4.
Gaudet, Jean, 96; wife Nicolle Colleson; one child, 28.
Gaudet, Denis, 46; wife M. Gauthier; five children; oldest, 25.
Gauterot, Frs., 58; wife Edmée Lejeune; eleven children; oldest, 35.
Girrouard, Frs., 50; wife Jeanne Aucoin; five children; oldest, 23.
Girrouard, Jacob (son of the preceding); wife M. Gauterot; one child.
Gougeon, Antoine, 45; wife Jeanne Chebrat; a daughter.
Grangé, Laurent, 34; wife M. Landry; two children.
Guillebaut, Pierre, 32; wife C. Tériau; a daughter.
Hébert, Antoine, 50; wife G. Lefranc; two children; oldest, 22.
Hébert (widow Etienne Hébert), 38; ten children; oldest, 20.
Kuessy, Roger, 25; wife Marie Porrié; a daughter, 2 years.
Labathe, Jean, 33; wife R. Gautherot.
Lanaux or Lanoux, Pierre; would not give his age.
Landry, Perrine (widow Jacques Joffriau), 60.
Landry, Réné, 53; wife P. Bour; seven children; oldest, 13.
Lebland, Daniel, 45; wife F. Gaudet; seven children; oldest, 20.
Martin, Pierre, 70; wife C. Vigneau; five children; oldest, 45.
Martin, Pierre, 40; wife Anne Oxihnoroudh (squaw); four children; oldest, 10.
Martin, Bernabé, 35; wife J. Pelletrat; two children.
Martin, Mathieu, 35; weaver, not married.
Melanson, Pierre, refused to answer.
Melanson, Charles, 28; wife M. Dugast; four daughters.
Morin, Pierre, 37; five children; oldest, 9.
Pelerin, François, 35; wife Andrée Martin; three children; oldest, 5.
Petipas, Claude, 45; wife C. Bugard; seven children; oldest, 9.
Poirié, Michel, 20.
Pitre, Jean, 35; wife Marie Bayols; three children.
Richard, Michel, 41; wife M. Blanchart; seven children; oldest, 14.

Ruibaut, Réné, 55; wife Anne Marie; five children; oldest, 16.
Robichaut, Etienne, refused to answer.
Scavoye, Francois, 50; wife C. Lejeune; nine children; oldest, 18.
Sire, Pierre, armorer, 27; wife M. Bourgeois; one child, 3 months old.
Terriau, Jean, 70; wife P. Breau; seven children; oldest, 39.
Terriau, Claude, 35, (son of the preceding); wife M. Gauterot; four children; oldest, 9.
Terriau, Bonaventure (son of Jean?), 27; wife J. Boudrot; a daughter.
Terriau, Germain (son of Jean), 25; wife Andrée Brun; one child, 2 years.
Thibeaudeau, Pierre, 40; wife J. Terriau; six children.
Traban, Guillaume, 60; wife M. Brun; three children; oldest, 4.
Vincent, Pierre, 40; wife Anne Gaudet; four children; oldest, 6.

AT POBONCOM, NEAR THE ISLES TOUSQUET.

Mius, Philippe, sieur de Landremont (D'Entremont), 62; wife M. Elie; five children; oldest,

AT CAPE NAIGRE.

Lalloue, Armand, Ecuyer, 58; wife E. Nicolas; five children; oldest, 24.

AT RIVIERE AUX ROCHELOIS.

Poulet, Guillaume, wife and child.

These sixty-seven families are in reality only fifty distinct families,* because Martin Blanchard, François Bourc, Jean Bourc, Bernard Bourc, Charles Bourgeois, Etienne Commeaux, Jacob Girrouard, Claude Teriau, Bonaventure Teriau and Germain Teriau were born and married in the colony; and the Doucets, Gaudets, Landrys, Martins, Melançons and Héberts probably only form six distinct families. The following are the direct facts gleaned from this precious document:

1st. Nearly all the Acadian families, in 1671, settled and resided at Port Royal.

2nd. The women, mothers of families, did not participate in the mixture of Indian blood, but were born in France, seeing that no families came to the colony named Aucoiu (2), † Beau, Bour (2), Brode, Bugard, Baiols (3), Chebrat, Colleson, Eliè, Gauthier, Guyon, Lambert, LeFranc, LeJeune (2), Lefebvre, Lambelot, Marie, Merciè, Nicholas, Pelletrat, Vigneau; and the age of nearly all the others would not allow of their being born in the colony, as they must have been born before 1632.

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* Three of the colonists refused to answer, Pierre Lenoux, Pierre Melanson and Etienne Robichaut, and two others, Mathieu Martin and Michel Poirié were not married. This Michel Poirié was the first of the family of that name. In 1686, we find him at Beaubassin, married to Marie Boudrot, by whom he had six children. The same census mentions a Pierre Melanson *alias* La Verdure, married to Marie d'Antremont, living at Minas Bay.

† The figures placed after the names of families indicate the number of women of the same name, married in the colony.

It will be easily perceived that here there is question of the primitive families alone. The same argument will apply with equal force to the men of the first generation. Assuredly they must have come directly from France, where they were born, and, I will add, where the majority must have been married before coming to Acadie. Is it likely, indeed, that the heads of families, fathers and mothers, already, in 1671, married for twenty, twenty-five and thirty years came singly to a country so distant and so unknown, the men to seek wives, and the young girls alone among strange emigrants, sailors, soldiers and colonists, "to seek their fortune in a legitimate marriage," as M. Moreau* remarks speaking of another matter?

It was possible for the governors of Canada to send to France in search of numbers of girls to become the wives of the colonists. But in Acadie the state of affairs was not the same. In Canada these female immigrants were nearly always destined for the soldiers freed from service, to whom grants of land had been made. The colonists of Acadie, women as well as men, were cultivators of the soil; they came together to seek their fortune or a comfortable living on lands, which had been represented to them, and which were indeed, rich and easy to cultivate, to seek homes for themselves and their children after them. As to the soldiers of the garrison, the bullets of the English permitted only a small number to grow old in the harness, and exempted their commanders from the labor of settling them in the country. For the rest, facts and documents favor this opinion, which is the only one at all likely. Although Acadie came under French rule in 1632, still all the families named in the census did not arrive at that date. The Company only sent out colonists according as the governors had lands and houses prepared to receive them and provisions for their sustenance. Razilly, the first commander, brought out a great number of them. But from 1635 to 1650, under d'Aunay's administration, the documents of the times tell us that about twenty families came from France to settle at Port Royal.

Some of these families already counted two generations in the country; from this fact M. Rameau concludes that they date from Poutrincourt's settlement of the place. This conclusion, which would have held good in the time of the patriarchs, does not here agree with the facts. According to Rameau, Jacob Bourgeois, Antoine Bourc, Pierre Commeaux, François Girrouard and Jean

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* Moreau, p. 156.

Trahan cause the filiation of their grandsons to begin with the followers of Poutrincourt in 1606 or 1610. But Jacob Bourgeois, at the time the census was taken (1671), was only fifty years of age; the year of his birth would, therefore, be 1621, eight years after the dispersion of the colony of Poutrincourt by Argall. It is the same in the case of François Girrouard, also aged fifty. Antoine Bourc, whose age was sixty-two, was born in 1609, when there was not a single French colonist in Acadie; whilst Jean Terriau and Pierre Commeaux would have arrived—without their mothers—almost in their cradles.

What has confused M. Rameau in his calculations, is making these grandchildren the third generation *in the country*,* whilst they are only the second—otherwise their grandfathers must have been born in Acadie. To make these figures correspond with the facts, Jean Terriau and Pierre Commeaux should have been, the one five and the other ten years older than the age given in the census of 1671, if they were born of the followers of Poutrincourt in 1606, the former being then, according to the census, seventy, and the latter seventy-five. The oldest son of Jean Terriau, Claude, was thirty-five, and this would fix the probable date of the father's marriage from 1634 to 1635, during Razilly's administration. This demonstration alone shows us that the Acadian families mentioned in the census of 1671 do not originate with the followers of Poutrincourt who remained in Acadie with Biencourt and Latour after the taking of Port Royal in 1613. This fact will form an appendix to the proof I have already given.

3rd. The third piece of information given us by the census of 1671, and the most important in relation to the question under discussion, is the statement of the marriages contracted by the Acadian families from their arrival in Acadie (1632). During this whole period only one marriage took place between the Acadians and squaws, that of Pierre Martin with Anne Oxihnouroudh. We grant M. Rameau "this alliance" to make some amends for his lost suppositions.

IX.—*From* 1671 *to* 1713.

MARTIN LEJEUNE—ENAUD—ST. CASTIN AND ONE OF HIS MEN.

THE census of 1671 is not the only one that makes mention of marriages contracted between the Acadians and Abenaquis; in that of 1686 we find, at La Heve, Martin Lejeune, Enaud, Seigneur de Nepissigny, and about the same time, St. Castin and one of his men at Pentagoët (Penobscot) married to squaws.* Considering the population of Acadie at this period, five marriages of this kind, taken from the census of 1671 and 1686, form a number at least very considerable. Why did not M. Rameau make them the foundation of his demonstration? Why did he not rely on *authentic* documents to establish the proof of the consangunity of the two races, instead of placing at a former period—1606 to 1671—the intermarriages he affirms to have taken place, and the consequent blending of the Acadians and Abenaquis? For two important reasons. The first: these five mixed marriages could not, under the circumstances, have any influence on the Acadian race; consequently, M. Rameau did not make use of them as direct proof, but only to authorize his multiplying these same kind of marriages from 1606 to 1671. The second is this: the obscurity surrounding the primitive period of Acadian history seems to justify, or rather conceal all the suppositions that might be made touching such unions. As to the second point, we have, I think, established the real facts in accordance with historical truth, and have done ample justice to the hypothesis. The difficulties which remain are of easy solution in comparison with those already overcome, seeing that we have now more ample information concerning the points still remaining to be investigated.

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* "It is then evident that many already count two and three generations in the country." Rameau, p. 127.

In 1686, La Heve was not comprised in the larger Acadian settlements. From the time d'Aunay brought the inhabitants thence to Port Royal (1636), this place remained almost uninhabited, or at most only served as a residence for fishermen in winter quarters or the lumberers of Denys. A few colonists, however, took up their abodes here permanently. In 1686, we find seven inhabitants: Petit-Violin, a volunteer; Jean Vesin, aged fifty-five; Jacques Prévost, married to Jeanne Fouceaux; François Michel, married to Madeleine Germon; Pierre Lejeune (*alias* Briard), married to Marie Thibodeau; Martin Lejeune, married to a squaw; and Jean Labat,* living at the little river La Heve.

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* The census of 1686, in the Library of the Canadian Parliament, only mentions Martin Lejeune and Enaud as being married to Indian women, and says that St. Castin was settled at Pentagoët with several servants. For the marriage of his companion with a squaw, I have only the testimony of Rameau, as I was unable to find any indication of it in other authors.

Martin Lejeune is the second French colonist of Acadie whom we find married to a squaw. What has become of his descendants? Were his children united to the principal group of the Acadian family, or did they remain with their maternal relatives in the tribe of the Souriquois? Nothing can be positively affirmed. We know that La Heve was not as fortunate as the other French settlements, and did not increase in importance or population until the English, who are now its only inhabitants, came there long after the country was ceded to England. In 1693, there were only seven householders, and afterwards the documents of the times rarely make mention of it. What leads me to think that the children of Martin Lejeune never mingled with the Acadians, is not only the isolated position of La Heve, which was separated from Port Royal by the whole breadth of the Peninsula, and thirty leagues distant from Cape Breton, but also the fact that the inhabitants who were there in 1686 did not again return. In no part of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, New Brunswick or Prince Edward Island can there now be found families named Vesin, Petit-Violin, Labat or Michel. There are a few of the name of Prévost at Poulamond, Cape Breton. As to the Lejeunes, none remain, if we except the Youngs at Elm Tree, Nepisiguit, Tete-a-Gouche (southern part), in New Brunswick, and at West Arichat, Cape Breton. It is not certain whether these Youngs are the descendants of the Lejeunes of La Heve, or of some other family of the same name, which a subsequent immigration may have brought to Acadie. And, in support of this opinion, I remark that in those localities, precisely where these Youngs live, a great number of families arrived after 1686; for example, at Elm Tree the Bertins, Laplantes and Lecouffes; at Nepisiguit, the Bouchers and Veneaults; at West Arichat, the Boutons, Broussards, Deslauriers, Dorions, Deveaus, Forgerons, Héroux, Lacheurs, Sacaloupe, Samsons, Verres and Vigneaus. May it not be presumed that the coming of the Lejeunes to Acadie was after 1686? If, however, contrary to all appearances, it be contended that they are descended from the Lejeunes of La Heve, it remains to be decided whether their ancestor was the Lejeune who was married to an Indian woman, or the husband of Marie Thibodeau. As the children, born of Indian mothers, were accustomed to embrace a wandering life in the woods, a fact that will be more clearly seen when we come to speak of St. Castin, and as La Heve was in an isolated position, surrounded by warlike Indians, it may be almost affirmed that the descendants of Martin Lejeune became extinct in consequence of the sieges, expeditions or ambushes so common at that period, that the Youngs of West Arichat and of New Brunswick have no Indian blood in their veins, and their ancestors never had any.

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* The census of 1671 mentions a Jean Labathe, thirty-three years of age, married to Renée Gautherot, living at Port Royal. Probably it may be the same Labat or Labathe.

As to Enaud of Nepissigny,* who, at the time the census was taken, had no children, his case presents no difficulty. If any were afterwards born to him, they remained with the tribe, or went to Canada, which was much nearer to them than Port Royal. It is, however, quite certain that no trace of the Seigneur Enaud remains in Acadie. Did he die at Nepissigny or return to France? I am inclined to think that he did not leave his bones in American soil, where he came, with four servants, only to seek a fortune, and that, after accommodating himself to the whims of a golden-cheeked spouse for a time, he afterwards returned to the home of his fathers. In the superlatively aristocratic century in which this seigneur lived, the great were accustomed to enjoy very innocently a thousand and one little luxuries, of which it would have been criminal for a plebeian to dream.

The Baron St. Castin, another Seigneur and Jean Renaud, one of his followers still remain. St. Castin settled at Pentagoët (Penobscot), Maine. This settlement, so far from Port Royal, was never, like La Heve, after 1635, counted among the French colonies in America. Founded by Latour, afterwards occupied by Razilly, d'Aunay, and, after being a long time in possession of the English, by Grandefontaine in 1670, Pantagoët was chosen, after the latter date, by St. Castin as the centre of his military manœuvres, and the renown of the chief rendered the fort famous.

No individual in the whole history of Acadie, I may even say of Canada, was more famous than St. Castin. The principal stay of the French colony in Acadie, the idol, or rather the warlike divinity of the Abenaquis, the scourge of the Anglo-Americans, his name is in all the chronicles of the times, by some writers loaded with infamy, by others accompanied with proofs of generosity, of grandeur of mind and of charity. Notwithstanding the frequent mention made of him, the personal history of this man is very little or very badly know. According to all appearances, he came to Canada in 1665, at the same time the four companies of the regiment of Carignan-Salières arrived. With the historians of these times, we may place his coming to Acadie in 1670, probably with the Chevalier de Grandefontaine, whom the king had just named governor of the country.*

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* Nepissigny now called Nepisiguit, on the River of the same name, near Bathurst, Gloucester County, New Brunswick.

From 1654, Acadie remained in the possession of the English, and the French government did not make the slightest effort to recover it; they did not even give themselves the trouble to take possession in 1667 when the Treaty of Breda restored it to them. In 1673 we find St. Castin at Pentagoët, then the best enclosed fort of Acadie, under the command of Chambly, who had succeeded Grandefontaine. The following year, the fort was attacked by the crew of a Flemish pirate, under the command of an English spy, and Chambly, being himself wounded and unable to fight, was grieved to behold his ensign surrendering together with thirty or thirty-six defenders of the place. It is probable that this ensign was St. Castin, and, like the garrison, discontented with his commander. St. Castin was then sixteen, or at most twenty years of age.†

This piratical act on the part of the English opened to the young ensign a career which made him famous. Chambly was taken as a prisoner to Boston, as well as Marson, commander of the fort on the St. John River, and St. Castin sought a refuge in the woods with the Abenaquis.

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* I am inclined to think he came only in 1673, with Chambly.

† "St. Castin came to the country, at the age of fifteen, as an Ensign to Chambly." —*Letter of M. Petit*, Missionary at Port Royal, to M. de St. Valier, quoted by Ferland, Vol. II., p. 151. M. Petit was himself a Captain in Carignan's regiment before he became a priest, and consequently he must have known St. Castin better than many others.

Moreau, adopting the account given by Charlevoix and de Raynal, according to which St. Castin arrived in Canada as an officer in the regiment of Carignan after making the campaign of Hungary, in 1664, "in the most brilliant manner," and "powerfully contributing to the victory of St. Gothard."—Moreau, p. 300.

He was a native of Oléron, in the ancient Province of Bearn.—Shea, note to Charlevoix, Vol. III., p. 294.

Possessed of mind essentially observing and penetrating, St. Castin soon understood the part he might play among the aborignes if he succeeded in gaining their confidence. The sacking of his fort by Andros and Randolph, of New England, confirmed him in his vocation. The interests of Acadie, whose cause was now his own, were at stake. "The object of the English," he wrote to Frontenac in 1691, "is to detach the Abenaquis from our side, as they have already done with the Iroquois."* He had for a long time been striving to spare his adopted country this misfortune, by gaining an ascendancy over the Abenaquis. This consisted in constantly showing himself the equal, if not the superior, of their most skilful hunters in tracking wild animals, living like them for weeks on the fruits of the hunt, and drinking pure water from the spring; in teaching them unknown stratagems of war, forming ambushes for them into which the enemy did not fail to fall; leading them to the assault of a fort, and especially by proving himself on every occasion, and even more than their chiefs, the deadly foe of the English. His influence and authority augmented day by day. He already commanded the tribes of Maine. But he saw that, to hold his own against his ever-increasing enemies, his authority must extend over the Indians of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and he himself must become chief of all the tribes; and he could never hope to attain the object of his aspirations unless he gave the Indians unexceptionable proofs of sincerity and disinterestedness. It was then he married the daughter of Madockawando, a great chief of the Abenaquis, with the hope of succeeding him. And this is what actually happened. Everything in the career of St. Castin is conformable to the manners of the Acadians and the habits of the Abenaquis. Do we find him or his followers, like the Canadian *coureurs des bois*, leading a dissolute life among the Indians, and coruupting them with their intoxicating drinks? No; on the contrary, his whole ambition was to preserve their territory for the French, and bring their souls under the influence of religion; and, until his departure from Acadie for France, 1708 or 1709, none of his public or private acts were contrary to this generous line of conduct.

(To be continued.)

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* Charlevoix, Book XV.; and Second Series, Vol. VI., p. 124.

A REMEMBRANCE.

"'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all."

"Sorrow's crown of sorrows is the memory of happier days."

Tennyson.

THE hour is past, in the far distant past!
Though its memory is fresh and forever will last,
When we met on the banks of that deep winding stream,
Where I first felt the wound of your eye's piercing beam,
Which from thee and the world I've tried hard to conceal,
But which opens afresh and refuses to heal;
For each glance that then fell from your soul through the e'e,
Forged a link round my heart that still binds it to thee.

Dost remember the days we so frequently strolled
Through fields of wild roses and rich marigold?
Where hours of love but as moments would seem,
Filled with pleasures as pure as the sun's brightest beam;
When our hearts beat as light and as gay in our breast,
As these of the song-birds the zephyrs caressed:
When unburdened from care we were blest from above,
And dreamed only of song-birds, of sunshine and love.

Dost remember the church in the grove on the hill?
Which, 'mid willows and oaks, nestled quiet and still;
Where we often have wandered aside from the crowd,
Speaking vows with our eyes never uttered aloud:
With no sound through our dream casting shadows of fear,
Save the music of Nature, which made it more dear:—
The melodious hum of the midsummer breeze,
From the sun wafted home fondly kissing the trees;
And the carolling cry of the free rippling rill,
Skipping down on the rocks to the lake 'neath the hill;
Blending low in a strain fit for angels to greet,
Which, adding new charms, made the moments more sweet.

How oft in the evening, 'twixt daylight and dark,
We would sail up the stream in our frail little barque,
Then reversing her head, down river we'd glide,
Our boat, left alone, going out with the tide.

By the melody lulled, of that slow ebbing tide
'Gainst the numerous pebbles that slept on its side,
Or watching the stars which, transferred from on high,
Were mirrored so bright in the sheet 'neath our eye,
I thought it impossible to live without thee,
As, without stars in the sky, to have stars in the sea.

Thou art gone! thou art gone! to another hast flown!
Whose lips, breathing love, fondly press on thine own,
And who vows, while spell-bound by the charm in those eyes,
"There is nothing on Earth to compare with his prize."
Thou hast severed that tie, only budded on Earth,
Which should blossom in Heaven, the place of its birth,
And left me to languish o'er old broken vows,
Which is all that society's mandate allows:
But though loved by another, who claims thee his bride,
Still the breach in thy faith leaves a wound in thy side,
And entirely his own thou never canst be,
For though wedded to him, thou art linkéd to me
By a tie that is strong in thy heart's youthful love,
Which thou often must feel, for 'tis written above,
And the life that thou hast left deep in sorrow and doubt,
Like the stars, in the sunlight, has nearly gone out.

St. John, N. B. G. E. STEVENS.

THE CHURCH, THE STATE, AND THE SCHOOL.

BY I. ALLEN JACK, A. B.

NEARLY nineteen hundred years have passed since the wise men from the east sought the star which stood above the resting place of the child Christ, the long expected Light of the World. No anxious seeker now gazes at the midnight heaven for that star; the bodies of those wise men have long since been mingled with the dust of the ancient dead; but the name of the Bethlehem infant is hallowed among all nations, and His light has penetrated the darkest corners of the earth. The light which came with Christ, unlike the glimmerings of former ages, was destined never to expire, never to be more than momentarily dimmed; its influence was all-pervading; and individual, social, and national character, through its means, has ever since been changed. Legal codes, before the Christian era, approached perfection; systems of philosophy revolved round truth, distant at one time, near at another, but never touching; those who sought to be wise were often true to manhood, virtuous, and benevolent, but, before Christ came, they were at best in spiritual and intellectual darkness. The possible results of a life spent in search of virtue and wisdom were most vaguely guessed, and the shadow of the last dread messenger hid no certain brightness from the eyes of the dying sage. He thought that he would pass the Stygian stream, but poetic legendary, or his own speculations, only told him what there was beyond its gloomy waves.

That the principles of philosophy never can be generally applied towards the proper regulation of human conduct, is very certain, although it is admitted that systems of religion, formed by philosophical thinkers, have largely influenced the actions and motives of mankind. Philosophy asks no one to take for granted that which cannot be proved; and, as only the well grounded student can properly devote attention to the subjects suggested by philosophers for investigation, the ignorant or partially educated man, wrapped up in wordly affairs, or tied to a routine of duties engrossing all his time, must remain ignorant, or, at best, can only learn to shake off old ideas without comprehending new principles. Hence it is evident that the masses of mankind must learn from some source, which they must admit to be trustworthy, if not infallible, and by the most simple method, the results of certain actions and courses of conduct. The oracles, the divinations of the priests and soothsayers, and, in a few instances, written religious codes, avowedly procured from supernatural sources, partially supplied this want, and, to some extent, restrained humanity from commission of crime and indulgence in vice, and assisted governments in preserving social order. That even the teachings of Socrates and Plato would have had an ill effect upon the morals of the multitude seems very clear, as the tendency of their teaching, although contrary to their intentions, was to encourage disbelief in the religion upheld, if not established, in the State. To suggest a motive for living well, and to prove the certainty of reward after death for well spent life, were the great difficulties which presented themselves to both pagans and philosophers; for few, even of the former, believed that the life of man was limited to this earth, and, at least some of the latter, maintained the complete immortality of the soul.

Men, according to the great philosopher, were as though in a vast cave, where, in miserable darkness, they attempted to discharge their duties and provide for their wants. At length, he says, a few wise men groped their way towards the light at the mouth of the cavern and emerged into perfect day, After gazing at the wonders exposed before them, they returned to the darkness within, and attempted to persuade their comrades to seek the sunshine and the beauteous world outside. But their companions would not hear them, and called them fools and blind, because the sunlight had so dazed their eyes that they could not pick their way or see the different objects in the gloom.* Yet even Socrates, whose sight was clearer, and who saw in brighter light than his companions, was conscious that there was a greater luminary than he had seen, by means of which the uncertain paths would be made plain to the seekers of wisdom. Thus, after uttering the grandest moral precepts ever heard in the times of almost universal heathenism, he concludes,—"But, my friends, we cannot know what things are true unless it be revealed to us by a God."

To render their religious or philosophical principles practically useful to society was an obvious duty to the earnest social leaders among the Greeks and other classic nations, and they necessarily recognized the desirability of implanting those principles in the minds of the young. In youth a man learns what he should do; in manhood he is expected to remember and act under his early teachings. Or to quote the words of a great writer on Christian ethics,—"The former part of life is to be considered as an important opportunity which nature puts into our hands, and which, when lost, is not to be recovered. And our being placed in a state of discipline throughout this life for another world, is a providential disposition of things, exactly of the same kind as our being placed in a state of discipline during childhood, for mature age, our condition in both respects is uniform and of a piece, and comprehended under one and the same general law of nature." †

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* Plato's Republic.

† Butler's Analogy, Cap. V., Part I., Sec. 3.

Amongst the Athenians, who are here selected because they conceived and practised systems for state, social, and individual government, which always will be considered models of excellence, when a youth could read with fluency, he was set to learn by heart passages selected from the best poets, in which *moral precepts and examples of virtuous conduct* were inculcated and exhibited. At the age of eighteen or twenty the sons of the more wealthy citizens attended the classes of the rhetors and sophists, who gave their lectures in the Lycēum, Academy, or other similar institution; a course somewhat analagous to entering a university in our own times. Here the young man studied rhetoric and philosophy, under which heads were included mathematics, astronomy, dialectics, oratory, criticism and *morals.**

It will be observed that, throughout his entire course of instruction, the young Athenian was taught morality, or, in other words, the religion of his day. Sparta alone, of all the Grecian communities, adopted what may be termed a general system of education under the special control of the State, but, throughout the whole of Greece and in Rome, the instruction of children generally claimed the attention of the leading minds. It would be tedious to investigate the systems of instruction pursued among the various ancient nations; but it may be generally stated that every enlightened dynasty encouraged the instruction of such of its youth as were destined to have any voice in the conduct of public affairs, or to occupy any responsible and independent position in society; and that the systems of instruction pursued were of as perfect a description as the existing state of knowledge could supply. The reasons which would induce a government to interest itself in the education of the young are various; as to the manner and extent of State intervention, in such education, we shall refer hereafter. In the first place it is absolutely necessary, in a well regulated State, that every man should be able to distinguish between right and wrong; that he should be made to fully comprehend the consequences, both temporal and eternal, of every bad action which he commits; and that he should learn so to act, in regard to his own affairs, that he does no injury to his neighbors. It is also essential that he should have sufficient knowledge to enable him to maintain himself and those depending on him, and to lay by enough to support himself and them in case of his sickness, and to assist in sustaining his family in case of his death, otherwise the burthen of such support must necessarily fall upon the public. Finally, it is highly desirable that he should be capable of comprehending and exercising his rights of citizenship, and his duty towards the State as a voter and possible representative of public opinion. To discharge these and other offices which we have not enumerated, we maintain that his instruction should be essentially of a religious character. We have pointed out the glaring defects in the heathen religions of the past and in philosophy. These defects may, for the sake of convenience, be classed together under one general head,—uncertainty as to the object and destiny of human life. Socrates and Plato saw in what respects the then existing philosophy and religion were defective, and it is quite certain that revelation alone could render either perfect. If, then, the wise men of long ago taught their children all the spiritual and intellectual wisdom then attainable, and, if these wise men saw that their systems were defective in the particulars to which we have adverted, should we, in any way, hinder the children of this age from using the perfect light which God has given for their use? Should we keep them in a moral cave and not suffer them to pass from out its gloom?

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* History of Greece, by William Smith, LL.B., pp. 387-388.

A system of education which does not comprise religious instruction, is not only religiously wrong and incapable of transforming a youth into a pious man and good citizen, but it is also scientifically imperfect. Religion is so intermixed with every duty of life, that we might as well attempt to make a man an artist, by teaching him how to draw and how to color, without teaching him the laws of perspective, as to expect him to do right without knowing the laws of God, and the nature and condition of God's relation to the human race.

Compare the Revolution in France, in the time of Louis XVI., with that in England in the time of Charles I.: in the former case the philosophers instigated the movement, in the latter religious zealots; in the one case there was wild confusion, terror and crime; in the other order and speedy tranquility. Philosophy is generally incapable of training men for the duties of this life, and does not prepare them for the life hereafter; and education is not worthy of the name if it does not point the way through this world to the world to come, and if it does not treat our present existence as a state of probation and discipline preparatory to a life beyond the grave. A system of education, which merely endeavors to prepare a child to battle with the present life, is therefore low in its aims, lower indeed than the better kinds of philosophy, and is necessarily hostile to the true idea and method of Christianity, as explained by Butler and all other orthodox Christians.

The quantity of education which a child receives must necessarily vary with the means and position of himself or his parents; but, whether instruction be imparted in school or college, it should always be in its degree, of the very best quality. To be so, it must be religious and, we need scarcely add, denominational: otherwise it is of too confused and indefinite a character to be capable of guiding the motives and actions of the person taught. Some persons, from natural kindliness towards their fellow men, and hatred of polemics; and others, with too great a respect for the intellectual powers of man, from that misconception of science which leads them to consider revelation and the dogmas of faith subservient to scientific teachings, believe that mankind may be made religious by means of the ten commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and belief in a supreme but undefined deity. There are men who claim to be considered preëminently liberal Christians, when they have thrown aside those principles of their faith which are opposed to the views of others with whom they wish to associate as fellow-worshippers and workers. If there was nothing in the words,—"The Faith once delivered unto the Saints;" if there was nothing definite and imperative in the command to hold fast by that faith and to walk in the ancient paths, we might grant that the design of such persons is deserving of commendation, and that it is desirable that the Christian world should assist them in carrying out their plan. Religious unity however can never be accomplished through such a method as that to which we have referred, except by a woful sacrifice of creeds, and an utter stifling of individual consciences. No union can certainly be accomplished between the iconoclasts and those who invoke saints; between Universalists and the Calvinistic churches; between the Unitarians and the vast number of believers in the Trinity; or between the Baptists and the denominations which practice infant baptism. And these are only a few of the leading differences existing in the religious world. It would be extremely difficult, with the greatest care and caution, to frame a prayer, except of the most general description, being at the same time non-committal and meaningless; and it would be simply impossible to interpret scripture, without offending seriously and with reason, more than one of the religious sects, if they were all assembled together for the purpose of joining in prayer and hearing such interpretation. That all this is generally admitted by educationalists is certainly true, and, for that reason it may seem unnecessary to point out these difficulties. We do so however, because we think their magnitude is not fully appreciated, or rather because we believe that many persons are of opinion that they do not present obstacles to the success of purely secular week-day schools. This brings us to a most important part of our argument which must be discussed before we consider the duties and capabilities of government with regard to education. Those who assert that religious instruction can be sufficiently imparted to a child at home and in the Sunday-school, necessarily assume that the child has at least one parent or guardian; that the parent or guardian is religious, that he is capable of teaching and has the time to teach; and that the child, not otherwise religiously instructed, or, in part instructed religiously at home, attends the Sunday-school. In reality all of these conditions rarely exist together, and in many instances, none of them exist at all. Some children are orphans; others have depraved parents; and a large proportion of children have parents who, from want of knowledge or teaching capacity, cannot train their children properly; while a very large number of children, not otherwise religiously instructed, do not attend Sunday-school. Sunday-school teachers know well the utter ignorance, in religious matters, of many intelligent children of even respectable parents, and they also know the hopelessness of attempting to teach such children the most simple truths in the brief time allotted for such a purpose once a week. The only effectual aid to the Sunday-school, in cases where children attend such an institution, must be the week-day school, and the efforts of its teachers should be in a great measure subservient to those of the solely religious instructor. It is argued by the secularists that at least some, they do not say all, branches of education are disconnected with religion, and we grant, that, with regard to a very limited number of such branches, considered solely as independent subjects, it may be truly stated that they are not connected with religion. We think, however, that those, who endeavor to argue in favor of purely secular education upon these premises, entirely lose sight of the principal functions of the teacher. A good and effective teacher in a day school should do more than merely give instruction in the ordinary branches of learning. He is not only an instructor but a disciplinarian, and, as such, he should primarily correct the faults and endeavor to cure the vices of his pupils on sound religious principles, and should necessarily be enabled to explain, why certain things are wrong, and why a certain course of conduct should always be pursued. We also conceive that it is his duty to instruct the scholars as to the use that they should make of their acquirements, and to explain that learning may be dangerous to the individual as well as to the community, if its possessor does not recognize his obligations to his God and to his neighbor. It is moreover quite apparent that the historical text book, and all historical teaching, must be imperfect to a great extent, and colorless, and must be deprived of half their interest, with the exclusion of the religious denominational element, when it is well known that the struggle of creeds has been the chief cause of the greater number of historical events. Again we conceive that it would be most dangerous to teach the physical sciences, without explaining fully the harmony which exists between them and revelation, but which is certainly not apparent to one who studies the one without the other, and, in this matter especially, the necessity arises for denominational effort, as it is well known that the churches differ among themselves as to the proper acceptation of the miracles, and the harmonizing of apparent differences between the teachings of the scientists and of the Bible. Difficulties of this kind may not be so great in the primary schools, but, in the higher educational institutions, they must occur; and, under a pure non-sectarian system, must produce the very worst consequences. And yet we are told that the intelligent and careful parents, who are assumed to exist, and the Sunday-school teacher, who is also assumed to intervene, in the brief moments at his disposal for this purpose out of his hour or so once a week, can repair the damage done in the day-school, and supply the deficiencies in the education of the child which the non-sectarian day-school cannot supply. It should also be remarked that children are naturally inquisitive, especially with regard to matters of religion, and that a child requires information upon almost every conceivable subject, and, for the purpose of obtaining such information, will constantly put questions to his teacher, many of which may be absurd, but none of which should be unanswered. Under the non-sectarian system of education, however, many of such questions cannot be answered by the teacher, who strictly adheres to the principles of that system. And here again it might be urged, with every show of reason, that not only the pupil, but also the teacher, suffers from the workings of the system. We all know under what restraint persons at times are placed, on account of some topic being excluded from conversation, during the presence of one or more individuals. A constant guard must be kept in such case, not only upon the words, but upon the very thoughts: the effort to talk becomes painful, and the withdrawal of the persons concerned is felt to be a great relief. Imagine then the restraint which is placed upon the teacher, by the mandate that he shall deal with no religious dogma in his school. Surely the difficulties in the way of establishing a perfect, unreserved sympathy between teacher and pupil are great enough without erecting this barrier. The result of the system is clearly to lead the child to think that religion is not in any way connected with his school hours or duties; and we may be thankful if he does not learn, in the non-sectarian school, to think that Sunday only, or even no day, is God's day, or that it is better to avoid acquiring knowledge of a subject, which the Senate of his country seems to consider it unadvisable for him to attempt to know. Thus a great modern thinker writes, who, from earliest childhood, was taught nothing of religion: "I was brought up from the first without any religious belief, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. My father, educated in the creed of Scotch Presbyterianism, had, by his own studies and reflections, been early led to reject not only the belief in Revelation, but the foundations of what is commonly called Natural Religion. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * He found it impossible to believe that a world so full of evil was the work of an Author combining infinite power with perfect goodness and righteousness. * * * * * * His aversion to religion, in the sense usually attached to the term, was of the same kind with that of Lucretius: he regarded it with the feelings due not to a mere mental delusion, but to a great moral evil. He looked upon it as the greatest enemy of morality; first, by setting up fictitious excellencies,—belief in creeds, devotional feelings, and ceremonies, not connected with the good of human kind,—and causing these to be accepted as substitutes for genuine virtues; but above all, by radically vitiating the standard of morals; making it consist in doing the will of a being, on whom it lavishes indeed all the phrases of adulation, but whom in sober truth it depicts as eminently hateful. I have a hundred times heard him say, that all ages and nations have represented their gods as wicked in a constantly increasing progression, that mankind have gone on adding trait after trait till they reached the most perfect conception of wickedness which the human mind can devise, and have called this God, and prostrated themselves before it. This *ne plus ultra* of wickedness he considered to be embodied in what is commonly presented to mankind as the creed of Christianity. * * * * * * The time, I believe, is drawing near when this dreadful conception of an object of worship will be no longer identified with Christianity; and when all persons, with any sense of moral good and evil, will look upon it with the same indignation with which my father regarded it."* The ideas conceived by this illustrious thinker demonstrate to a large extent the result of purely secular teaching, and also the necessity for carefully guarding all teaching from the possibility of a like result. It is fortunately true that few children, like John Stuart Mill, are led to hate or despise religion, but it is certain that the non-sectarian school is not calculated to create or foster in the minds of the young either respect for or belief in any definite religion or, we might say, any religion. The morality which is there imbibed, by a large number of children, is also of the most meagre description, and merely assists in promoting scepticism without engendering those philosophical ideas, which, when acquired by a highly cultivated mind, sometimes produce, as in the case of Mr. Mill, a comparatively wise and useful member of society. Who can say what influence for good Mr. Mill lost by the sad defect in his early training? We think it is Joseph Hume who, when speaking of the Established Church in England, enunciates the sentiment, so often quoted,—"That the union of State and Church should be maintained, not because it renders the Church political, but because it makes the State religious." If these are not his words, the careful reader of his history will at least discover that the idea contained in the phrase is Hume's. Probably for the same reasons which we have urged, in an early part of this article, although opposed, for the most part, to all revealed religion, he apparently disagrees with the more modern thinker, and gives religion a certain position, not from the good which he receives, or expects to receive from its teaching, but from the assistance which it renders the preservation of order in society. A most learned and Christian American clergyman,* formerly a member of the Unitarian body, thus forcibly expresses his views upon the matter, which must commend themselves to every modern religious observer: "A penetrating thinker of the Continent of Europe inquired some years ago, what all the popular plans of education would be worth to a nation, if they only instructed its rogues how to pick its locks and outwit its police. Sooner or later the people will wake up to the plain ~~old~~ fact that knowledge needs faith to make it strong, or safe, or happy; that man is a living soul as well as a calculating machine; that science is not salvation; and that the glory of learning is to render men not merely knowing, but wise. The controversies that are going on, on both continents, respecting educational economics and conscience-clauses, are, for the present, concerned about different interpretations of Christianity. But before long, as we already begin to see in some of our cities, the question will be between Christianity itself and Atheism. In that alternative, a bare formal reading of some garbled copy of the Scriptures will be a poor security to our children's faith; nor do the Sunday-school and the family as yet furnish all the Christian light that these children need." After a careful review of the whole argument, we are driven to a conclusion, to which there is no alternative,—That no system of education can be considered good, unless accompanied by sound religious and moral training.

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* Autobiography John Stuart Mill, pp. 38-41.

Of recent years it has been asserted that the State is in duty bound to provide means of obtaining an education for all its subjects, and so often, and with such marked emphasis, has this dogma been repeated, that in large communities it is generally treated as a truism, and an undeniable basis for an argument in favor of common free schools. Whence came this dogma we have never been able to learn, but we know that it is opposed to the ideas of the best modern thinkers, and that it has not been recognized in those countries where education is in the most perfect condition. We would suppose that where a religious dogma clashed with a dogma promulgated by a secular authority; where both dogmas relate to the same subject matter, if any effort were attempted towards effecting a compromise or concession, the sacrifice would be made not of the religious, but of the secular principle. Strange to say, religious men, who readily admit the necessity of amalgamating religious with secular instruction, give their adherence to the State when it says we will educate all our citizens, but not on a religious basis. We shall now proceed to investigate the true duties and powers of the State in regard to public instruction, and to ascertain in what particulars a free non-sectarian school system is compatible with such duties and powers. Mr. Herbert Spenser enters very fully into the discussion of National Education, in an article, which contains views with which we do not coincide, but which, with reference to the capacity and responsibility of the State in this matter, is thoroughly sound, and will be found most difficult to answer. He says: "Were there no direct disproof of the frequently alleged right to education at the hands of the State, the absurdities in which it entangles its assertors would sufficiently show its invalidity. Conceding for a moment that the government is bound to educate a man's children, then, what kind of logic will demonstrate that it is not bound to feed and clothe them? If there should be an Act of Parliament provision for the development of their minds, why should there not be an Act of Parliament provision for the development of their bodies? If the mental wants of the rising generation ought to be satisfied by the State, why not their physical ones? The reasoning which is held to establish the right to intellectual food, will equally well establish the right to material food; nay, will do more—will prove that children should be altogether cared for by government. For if the benefit, importance, or necessity of education be assigned as a sufficient reason why government should educate, then may the benefit, importance, or necessity of food, clothing, shelter and warmth be assigned as a sufficient reason why government should administer these also." The writer further argues that State education is wrong, because it interferes with parental rights; because it cannot define the quality and quantity of education to be imparted; because it obliges the State to set up a fictitious model of citizenship; and because it unwisely obstructs individual development.* Mr. John Stuart Mill, whose views upon this and kindred subjects, not connected with or considered irrespective of religion, are entitled to the highest respect, thus lays down the principles applicable to this subject. "If the government would make up its mind to require for every child a good education, it might save itself the trouble of providing one. It might leave to parents to obtain the education where and how they pleased, and content itself with helping to pay the school fees of the poorer classes of children, and defraying the entire school expenses of those who have no one else to pay for them. The objections which are urged with reason against State education, do not apply to the enforcement of education by the State, but to the State's taking upon itself to direct that education, which is a totally different thing. * * * * * An education established and controlled by the State should only exist, if it exist at all, as one among many competing experiments, carried on for the purpose of example and stimulus, to keep the others up to a certain standard of excellence. Unless, indeed, when society in general is in so backward a state that it could not or would not provide for itself any proper institutions of education, unless the government undertook the task; then, indeed, the government may, as the less of two great evils, take upon itself the business of schools and universities, as it may that of joint stock companies, when private enterprise, in a shape fitted for undertaking great works of industry, does not exist in the country. But, in general, if the country contains a sufficient number of persons qualified to provide education under government auspices, the same persons would be able and willing to give an equally good education on the voluntary principle, under the assurance of remuneration afforded by a law rendering education compulsory, combined with State aid to those unable to defray the expense."† The Reverend Dr. Rigg, a distinguished Methodist clergyman and writer, Principal of Westminster Training College, and Member of the London School Board, fully endorses these ideas. A student and teacher through all his youth and early manhood; afterwards, during more than twenty years of very extensive and various

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* **Dr. Huntington.**

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[*] Social Statics, by Herbert Spenser: New York, D. Appleton & Co. Part III., Cap. XXVI., on "National Education."

[†] Essay on Liberty, John Stuart Mill.

intercourse with the middle and lower classes of the people, in most parts of England, and among mining, manufacturing, and agricultural populations, as well as in large middle-class towns, continually intent upon the study of social and educational facts and needs, and holding the position of Principal in one of the largest Training Colleges in the kingdom, his opinions must necessarily carry the greatest weight. After quoting the above extract from Mr. Mill with unqualified approval, Dr. Rigg, writing in 1873, continues: "There was, then, a truth at the bottom of the position as to national education held by the ultra voluntary party five-and-twenty years ago, although they knew not how to define and limit it, and, in consequence, applied it so blunderingly as to bring upon themselves a decisive practical refutation of their strong assertions, and to drive many of them, in defeat and confusion, to the contrary and much more radically untenable position which they hold to-day. There are still amongst us, however, men who, having been moderate and wise in 1846, remain wise and practical to-day. Dr. Binney refused, thirty years ago, to unite with those who deprecated and denounced all government interference in matters of education. To-day he equally refuses to join with those around him who would do away with all voluntary action or responsibility in regard to public education. He declares that, in his judgment, it is no more a primary duty of the State to provide a child with school education than to supply a child with bread; though it may, in special circumstances, become the duty of the State to do both the one and the other, as it is certainly its duty to make sure that the child has what is absolutely needful, whether in the way of bread or of schooling.* But if these principles are right, free education for the whole people at the cost of the State must be altogether an untenable claim, must be an unwarrantable demand. I know, indeed, of no theory, of no principle, on which such a claim can be supposed to rest, with any show of stability or authority, except the communistic theory or principle, such as was ideally exemplified in Plato's 'Republic,' and was to some extent practically carried out at Sparta, and such as forms at this day a part of the platform on which the International Society takes its stand. This Communism of the International Society proclaims that not the family, but the individual, is the unit in the national system of society; that the State is not built up of families; that the nation is a mere numerical aggregate of individuals. It denies parental claims; nay, it denounces them, and even reviles the family institution, as selfish and tyrannical. * * * * * Here we have the real source and inner meaning of those ideas as to necessary and universal uniformity and gratuitousness of education, which have been so loudly insisted upon by some recent educational agitators. * * * * * In April, 1870, I had an instructive exemplification of what I have now been stating. I was passing down the Rue des Saints Pères, in Paris, and was attracted by a bookseller's shop, of which the designation was, 'The Library of Social Science.' In the window of this shop I was struck to see the announcement that there was lying there for signature a petition to the Chambers on behalf of universal, compulsory, and gratuitous education. I went to the shop and bought two of the publications on social science, which were lying there. I found in both of them, taught in the most unblushing and audacious manner, the view which I have been describing; the foulest contempt and abuse poured upon the marriage institute and family life, and the doctrine expounded and insisted on that the individual exists only for the State; that there is no such thing as family sanctity or family rights; that the State must rescue the units of the nation, the children who happen to appear upon the earth, from all parental pretensions, and educate them gratuitously, compulsory, philosophically, on the ideal plan and pattern, for the State. Nowhere else in Paris did I see any announcement as to universal, compulsory, gratuitous education. I found after this a meaning and a context for this demand of gratuitous universal education, which I had not seen before."* So fully and so forcibly does the learned and reverend writer state the case, that we find no room for comment on words which express our own sentiments exactly, and in a manner which needs no improvement.

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* See "The British School," by T. Binney, the well-known Congregationalist clergyman. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

We cannot however leave this branch of the question without citing another eminent authority, who is not unfrequently but most improperly classed among the supporters of the free and common schools. In the course of a debate in the British House of Commons on Mr. Foster's Education Act, Professor Fawcett said: "That he did not wish to enter upon the religious difficulty, but he trusted the House would permit him to insist on what he regarded as by far the most serious objection to the system of the payment of the fees by School Boards, which offered such a premium to free education that, if the clause were contiuued in force, and if the central authority did not exercise a greater control than heretofore, a system of free education would be established throughout the country. There was nothing he should more regret than such a result. In the first place it would weaken parental responsibility, the most valuable of all social virtues; secondly it would exclude what had already produced sufficiently baneful effects, viz., the taxing of prudent individuals still more heavily than at present for the sake of the improvident; and, thirdly, it would increase the tendency which was growing up in this country of people making others pay for that which they ought to pay for themselves. This tendency he regarded as the prominent characteristic of modern Socialism. It should not be forgotten that free education was the first plank in the programme of the International, which was pervaded throughout by the same principle. The State was to provide land for the people at a low price; the State was to provide houses for them at a cheap rate; the State was to lend capital to co-operative associations; and if this demand for free education were not resisted, encouragement would be given to Socialism in its most baneful form."[*] The term communistic, it may be remembered, is generally considered most incorrect and opprobrious when applied to the free and common school system in vogue in parts of America, but, according to the above leading authorities, it cannot be said to be misused in this connection.

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* National Education and Public Elementary Schools; J. H. Rigg, D.D. London: Strahan & Co., pp. 219-222.

A government which levies an assessment, directly or indirectly, upon all rate-payers for the purpose of sustaining schools under the exclusive control of the State, and open to all children in the State, is therefore clearly liable to censure in more than one respect. By carrying out such a measure, it adopts the policy of one of the most dangerous societies of the present day, and consequently invites its members to attempt further propagandism of their other baneful principles; it encourages the idle and lazy to place their dependence on public assistance instead of providing for themselves; it deprives the parent of the whole or a portion of his means, reserved for the education of his child in accordance with his own ideas, and thus virtually ignores parental authority; and it moulds general education into a set and, we fear, imperfect pattern, by which the intellect is fettered and original development of genius is prevented. Again, if, as is in some instances the case in a country peopled by members of various religious denominations, it adopts a non-sectarian system of education, it repudiates the claim of the churches to educate their members; it excludes religion from the schools, thereby imperiling the souls of children, and ungratefully refusing the aid of an institution which has always been the main prop of the State; and it treats the consciences of parents and of their spiritual advisers with contempt. The authority and rights of the parent, with regard to the custody and management of his child, have been fully defined and confirmed for a long space of time, and, in England, are treated with such respect, that, only in case of gross immorality or incapacity of the father, will the Court of Chancery remove the child from his care. Nor is the claim of the Church less deserving of consideration. The Church of England and the Church of Rome, in express terms, admit the child to church membership at its baptism, and the greater number of the other religious bodies accept the infant into their ranks by the same rite. On the admission of its new member we certainly conceive that a reciprocal responsibility is created and rests upon the two parties to the contract thus formed, under which the Church is bound to teach and the child to observe the rules and teachings of the Church. A Divine of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States thus states the duty of his Church in this respect, and we apprehend that other Churches are equally bound to its observance: "We suppose no Churchman will dispute the statement that it is the business of the Church to educate her children. 'Feed my lambs' was one of the most solemn injunctions laid on the great Apostle. Whomsoever else we may free from the responsibility of training the young, we cannot free the Church of God." Referring to the quality of education imparted by the State in his own country, the writer observes: "It teaches the child reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and the rest, and gives him generally a yard of some sort to exercise his limbs in, and goes no farther. About God and his own immortal nature; about moral sanctions; about justice and righteousness, and their grounds, the State is precluded from speaking. It necessarily leaves these things to the Home and the Church. It claims, too, that it is right in doing so. But it would be a very obvious reply that an institution which confesses itself unable to train the being it takes charge of in matters most essential, has certainly no right to undertake that training at all. * * * * Education of the intellect is only giving a man tools. How he will use the tools depends on the education of his moral and spiritual nature. The more complete the tools are, the more dangerous they are, if the man is about to use them for evil. An educated villain is vastly more dangerous than an ignorant one. He is dangerous, too, in exact proportion to his education. Now all that the intellectual education of the schools, whether State or otherwise, can do, is to furnish the weapons and train the hand to their use. How they shall be used depends on the education of the spiritual nature, the Reason, the Conscience, and the Will. Who shall educate these? There is but one answer. Reason, Conscience and Will belong to the religious nature. Religion is needed for these. A being possessing these must be educated by a Church, real or *quasi*—by something in the nature of a Church, true or false. And as these give character to the man, as these are not attainments of learning, but the very manhood or womanhood itself, their education is the important part in the process. Whatever has had the training of these has given all the moral value to the life, has determined its bias, and decided its course and issue. But as this training is not only the most important, but the most minute, as it requires daily patience and hourly watchfulness, it is manifest that the Church, to carry it out, ought to have the child under her control, and herself undertake the whole business of its education, intellectual as well as moral. The truth is, as we see, there is no real education possible that does not go upon the basis of religion. A religion—some eternal principles, some spiritual foundations for the facts of life—must be held and taken as fixed and taught, or education degenerates into the business of teaching a parrot to chatter, or a monkey to perform tricks. Therefore the Church has, in all ages, held it her duty to educate the young. She began her Church schools in the very fires of her persecutions. She sustained them and kept the torch of learning alive through the disastrous darkness after the Empire's fall. In her schools she trained Europe into civilization, and developed the intellect of the existing world. In her weakest and lowest fall she has never denied her duty as an educator, and has claimed the young for her own."* Dr. Rigg refers to this branch of the question in more than one portion of his work, and certainly fully coincides with Dr. Thompson. Dr. Rigg says: "The choicest and most influential spirits among the brotherhood of teachers must still be gifted and enthusiastic Christian teachers. We must justly rejoice accordingly, that whilst School Board schools are to be multiplied, the distinctive religious schools of the various Christian Churches are to be left free—as is their right—to take the leading part which befits them in the work of national education," and that "as a matter of fact, there has hardly been an effective national system of education anywhere that was not denominational."† "The question is," he says, "whether the Christian Churches, which, in this country and on the Continent, have thus far acted as the pioneers of progress and popular education, of every grade and kind, are henceforth to be dismissed from the State's educational service, and not permitted to bear their share in the great work which needs to be done."‡ Canon Barry, speaking upon the subject of education before Convocation, enters into the main points of discussion with great eloquence and ability, and it is with regret that we feel obliged to confine ourselves to a few short extracts from his speech. "We shall all acknowledge," he said, "that education in the largest sense, and the development of the faculties in manly contact with the truths and influences of nature, man, and God, is simply an obedience to a great law of His Providence, following, as usual, His guidance, and leaving all the issues to Him. We shall all acknowledge that the first inalienable duty of carrying out that law is laid upon the parent by that parental relation which is the ultimate fact of human society, and that the whole community is called upon to aid and to guide, or, if it must be, to stimulate or to supply, the place of that natural agency. We shall all here acknowledge that the community, which is to undertake what is in its essence a spiritual work, entering the inner shrine of thought, conscience, feeling, must be a community which has spiritual life in it, and recognizes spiritual bonds, knitting it together—that, accordingly, in the ideal condition in which the Church should embrace all the people, it should be the work of the Church as a Church—that, even in the actual condition of things, the Church has a duty in this matter to the whole nation, and has powers to carry it out which no other body can wield—that, in proportion as we approach to or depart from that ideal, her leadership becomes easy or difficult, fruitful or unfruitful of blessing. On these main principles time allows me not to dwell; but we must take them with us as living truths in the performance of that duty which circumstances now force on us in special urgency—in the attempt to further and to direct that great educational movement which is passing like a wave over the waters of our English society. * * * * The Church and the clergy were leaders in the work of education, while other agencies slept, or were but half awakened: now that these other agencies are roused and peacefully at work, is she to leave the work to them, or confine herself to her own department of the work, and leave their action unaided and unguided? I venture to answer emphatically, No! to both these questions." *

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[*] See the Report in the Times for March 6th, 1872.

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* Rev. Hugh Miller Thompson, D.D., in the Church Journal, July 31, 1873.

† National Education, John Rigg, D.D., pp. 402–403. ‡ Idem, p. 404.

The religious leaders of almost all denominations in England are strongly wedded to the idea that the schools should be denominational, and, as a natural consequence, we find that the Board Schools, which are called non-sectarian, but which in fact are not in all cases non-sectarian, are numerically weaker than the denominational schools, and are decreasing in number before the strenuous efforts of the supporters of the latter. It has been proposed by the extreme Radicals in England to make the Board Schools purely secular by excluding the reading of the Bible, but a movement of this kind will be met with the fiercest opposition, and cannot be successful. "The instruction" in the Board Schools is called "unsectarian;" but to a Roman Catholic it is sectarian, being a form of generically Protestant instruction out of the Scriptures. So also to the Deist, the Rationalist, the "advanced Liberal" Unitarian Christian, it is a form of sectarian dogmatic instruction, opposed to his "conscientious convictions." So far as the instruction goes, it is a broad Protestant form of Biblical Christianity, and favors certain Christian sects in common, to the exclusion of other religious communities, professedly Christian, or, perhaps also, professedly non-Christian." †

In general accordance with the ideas of the writers already

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* See the Report in the Guardian for October 14, 1874.

† National Education, John Rigg, D.D., pp. 355-6.

quoted, the English system of education is far from being either universally free or universally non-sectarian. By the provisions of "The Elementary Education Act, 1870," any school, denominational or otherwise, containing a sufficient number of pupils educated to a fixed standard, receives a Parliamentary grant of so much for each pupil, which increases in amount to a certain maximum in direct gradation with the educational acquirements of the pupil. In consideration of this grant, and subject to its withdrawal in case of the infringement of the condition attached, the school managers undertake that direct distinctive religious instruction shall be given only at a stated time, and that, during that time, any pupil may be withdrawn from the school; and that no pupil, in opposition to the wish of his parent or guardian, shall be subject to any religious test or compelled to attend any religious service or place of worship. The selection of text books, and the general power to direct and control the character of the education, subject to the above restriction, which merely prohibits the inculcation of dogmatism, is left entirely in the hands of the managers of the school.

Thus has a Parliament, comprising men of most diversified and of no religious views, but in the main strongly Protestant and opposed to ecclesiastical claims, met a difficulty which some politicians, either wanting in due respect for religion, or devoid of courage or capacity, pretend to consider insurmountable. English statesmen gladly receive assistance from the Churches in the great work of national education, because they recognize the services of the Churches in former ages in the cause, and because they know that the Churches are able and the State is unable to train a child into a good and useful citizen. English statesmen also see the downright wickedness of opposing the conscientious ideas of parents; and hail the assistance which the Churches afford, solely in an intellectual point of view, in developing genius, not in a single channel, or by a single method, but by varied methods, each of which is likely to possess some special merit. That the system is successful, and that it meets with general approval, is very certain. The Established Church and the more considerable bodies of Nonconformists are very generally supporting schools sustained in part by Parliamentary grants, and are working heart and soul under the system in generous rivalry. The principal persons indeed who oppose the grants to denominational schools are the extreme radicals and the members of the religious bodies too weak numerically or financially to establish their own schools in more than a very limited number of districts.

It is much to be regretted that the "unsectarian" Board Schools exist at all, but their existence must be considered as a compromise, which perhaps cannot be avoided, between the denominations in districts where religious divisions are numerous and the inhabitants poor. We now turn our attention for a brief space only to the consideration of the condition of education in the United States, where the secularists profess to have found all the appliances for producing honest, virtuous and good citizens. Before doing so however we would invite our readers to consider for themselves, and to compare the results which may, in part at least, be attributed to the educational influence of the British or American systems of education. We would suggest the following as interesting subjects for investigation in this connection. Is orthodoxy in faith stronger and more general in England or in the United States of America, and which of the two countries contains the greatest variety of religious sects and unbelievers? In which of the two countries do Mormons, Free Lovers and Spiritualists find most sympathy and encouragement? Are the average United States Senator and Congressman superior or equal in honesty to the member of the House of Lords and the representative in Parliament in England? Is the average contractor or trader in the United States superior or equal in integrity to the contractor or trader in England? We will not suggest replies to any of these queries, but we think we may be pardoned in referring to the performances of the Tammany ring and to the Beecher-Tilton scandal, as incidents in the social history of America for which it would be difficult to find parallels in the past or present annals of the mother country. A most learned Congregationalist writer who, as an ecclesiastical historian, is considered by some to rank before Neander, in 1853, says of the United States: "It cannot be denied, that the new world, in its youthful buoyancy, undervaluing the past, reaching restlessly into the future, disposed rather to make than contemplate history, is by no means favorable to historical studies in general; and the lamentable divisions of the Church into denominations and sects, which in this country, under the protection of an unbounded freedom of conscience, is more consistently carried out than in Europe, calls forth, in itself considered, investigations of merely sectional and local interest, and party representations, and these, it is true, in abundance; while it contracts and damps all sympathy with the one universal kingdom of God, the communion of the saints of all ages and climes." After referring to the condition of popular Protestant theology in America, the writer continues: "In proportion as we despise and reject, in false independence, the experience of eighteen centuries, and the voice of universal Christendom, we rob the present also, and private judgment, of all claim to our confidence, and, as we shake the authority of history, in which we all strike root, we cut off the sources of our own life: for the individual believer is just as dependent on the whole Church and her history, as the branch on the tree, or the arm on the body." *

The utility of building religious character upon a fundamental knowledge of ecclesiastical history is also referred to by a writer who long labored in the cause of the broadest of theologians. "Recurrence to the Bible," he says, "as the great authority has been accompanied by a strong inclination, common to all Protestant countries, to go back in every detail of life to the practices of early times." † The result of the neglect to master or to attempt to master the principles of faith, as treasured and developed by the Church in past ages, is to a large extent an indifference to religion and its claims, and it is not very surprising that the descendants of the Puritans, after the lapse of a century or so, have displaced the old master who formerly ranked next to the minister, and was indeed a religious teacher. The change that has taken place in the Massachusetts school system is somewhat startling, when compared with the views of the General Court of that Commonwealth so far back as 1647, expressed in an order regarding education which begins in the following terms:—"It being one chief project of the old deluder, Satan, to keep men from the knowledge of the Scriptures, as in former times by keeping them in an unknown tongue, so in these latter times by persuading them from the use of tongues, that learning may not be buried in the

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* History of the Apostolic Church. Philip Schaff, D.D., Professor of Divinity at Maryland College, Pennsylvania, pp. 131–2. See also Address of Henry B. Smith, Professor of Church History in Union Theological Seminary, New York, entitled *Nature and Worth of the Science of Church History*, Andover, 1851, where the same ideas are forcibly expressed.

† "The Education of the World," Frederick Temple, D.D. Essays and Reviews, p. 51.

grave of our fathers in the Church and Commonwealth, the Lord assisting our endeavors. It is therefore ordered, that in every household in this jurisdiction, after the Lord hath increased them to the number of fifty householders, shall then forthwith appoint, &c."* A recent writer in the United States, who is equally distinguished for the moderation and correctness of his sentiments, and who is one of the choicest spirits in the band of Congregationalist literati, charming modern readers with their excellent productions, cannot refrain from touching upon the present moral status of his country. He says we have lost faith with superstition and gained toleration, enquires whether toleration is anything but indifference, and concludes that everything is tolerated now but Christian orthodoxy.† It is possible, and even probable that foreigners may be largely influenced by prejudice against the institutions of the great, but even yet experimental Republic; but we need not seek for expressions of outside opinion, while we hear in all directions the protests of large and respectable bodies of Christians against the existing state of education in that country.

A Committee appointed by the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of New Jersey, to consider the subject of Christian Education, and the means of securing its greater efficiency, presented to the Convention of 1873 a voluminous report, which is equally startling in its statistics and its deductions. We can only make a few selections from this document, but should desire the thoughtful reader to obtain and peruse the entire report. "Our popular education system," the Committee states, "as a whole, is thoroughly unsectarian. About fifty years ago it was first advocated, under the leadership of a woman of rare genius, a celebrated Scotch woman, Fanny Wright, and by others of similar views. These promoters of the system ostensibly purposed to make war upon ignorance, but, as it is well known, they entertained the most infidel and anti-social theories in regard to marriage, property and Religion—and under cover of an excellent object, under the pretence of spreading education and waging war against ignorance, war was to be waged against religion; infidelity and the most anti-social theories were to be spread,—and to accomplish this, they knew well that time would be required, that a coming generation must be trained and prepared by a system of common schools, from which all Religion was excluded. Julian, the apostate of old, knew that the only effectual way to put out the sacred Faith, was to provide that it should not be taught, and therefore he forbade it; so Fanny Wright and her coadjutors endeavored to get rid of the marriage covenant, the rights of property, and the Christian superstition, as they called it, by devising for all the people common schools, in which Religion should not be taught. It is a matter of history that a secret society was widely organized in order to establish the system. Fifty years have passed away, but the direction of popular education has fallen into far other hands. And so far are we from charging its present advocates with any such motives, that we acknowledge among them some of the best and most philanthropic men of the age. It would be as untrue as unjust to charge upon them base infidel purposes, yet the principle they advocate to-day is so faulty in results, that it furnishes a powerful motive for great zeal in Christian Education. Their position taken is this: "Individual, domestic and political evils are due to ignorance, and can only be prevented by high intellectual culture." The experiment has been trying during the past forty years. And have the evils they seek to prevent, and the wrongs they would redress actually decreased? * * * * What evils then has this unsectarian system prevented? It has promised to bridge over sectarian differences and bring about a national unity of Christians. But what has it done to fulfil this promise? How many new sects has it prevented? Are there not to-day in proportion to the increase of population half a dozen sects where there was one fifty years ago? It is to be acknowledged that in one way it has accomplished much on the line proposed, for in its efforts to bridge over sectarian differences, it has helped to smooth much of sectarianism down into *nothingarianism* and *unbelief*. * * * * There are to-day in the United States twenty millions who profess the *No Religion*. What a reward for the labors, and what a testimony to the shrewdness of that female atheist, Fanny Wright.

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*Report of the United States Commissioner of Education, 1868, p. 327.

† Dudley Warner, in Back Log Studies.

What has the system done to prevent a dangerous literature? Has it not rather given a fresh impulse to trashy literature and a keener appetite for it,—"a literature which, while enlarging upon the dignity of human nature, and the inalienable rights of men and women, says but little in favor of the duty of obedience to authority, patience under reproaches, and contentment under the

State in which Providence has placed us,—a literature exalting political activity and disparaging the life which is without excitement and sensation,"—a literature freighted with the spirit of licentiousness,—a literature which is the stuff out of which comes Socialism, Communism, Internationalism, and Prostitution.

And what is the moral condition of our country to-day? Is not our civilization growing more material and less moral, society less stable and less secure, individuals more lawless and anarchical? Are not fraud and bribery and robbery, in places high and low, ubiquitous and practised almost as a common trade? Witness the contrived insolvencies and adroit embezzlements of the public funds. Do our public men give us examples of a higher moral tone than existed before the days of public schools? Is there a true American who does not blush when he thinks of the last Congress? Do not some of us remember the time when the perpetrators of comparatively small peculations so outraged the public sentiment that they fled the country and died in exile? Whereas the most extreme offenders now with impunity flaunt their crimes and stolen wealth in the face of a helpless community. How cold-blooded murders multiply so fast that we have grown habituated to them, and the page of the daily journal recording their frequency and atrocity have grown stale! Witness the shocking suicides that desolate so many once happy homes with shame and misery! Do not the laws in many of our States, by providing facility for divorces, put marriage upon the footing of a simple contract, and legalize adultery and grant to lust the widest range? Nay, is not divorce becoming an institution and free love its development. * * * * We would gladly believe, if we could, that the unsectarian system of education is in no way responsible for this state of things; we would gladly discredit, if we could, the report recently made by Prof. Aggassiz, who, after having examined the causes of prostitution, learned, he says, "to his own utter dismay, that a large proportion of these miserable women traced their fall to the influences that met them in the Public Schools." *

That the sentiments contained in this Report are not peculiar to a single Church is evident. The *Zion's Herald*, an influential Methodist journal, published at Boston, edited at that time by the Rev. Dr. Haven, who has since been appointed a Bishop, in 1871, commenting upon certain State appropriations towards the support of denominational education, contains the following strong expressions: "The State should exercise its judgment on all such cases. The State in all ages has helped Church education. It probably will in all ages to come. Refusal to do it gives education to the infidels, who get help on the plea that they are not sectarian, as Cornell" (University) "has done. and Harvard, while the best schools are unaided. Better help the College of the Holy Cross than Cornell: better Christ, with Mary and the Pope even, than no Christ at all."* Again the Bishops of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States in their address, delivered at the General Conference of the Clergy in 1874, thus express themselves: "We do not hesitate to avow that we regard the education of the young as one of the leading functions of the Church, and that she cannot abdicate in favor of the State without infidelity to her trust and irreparable damage to society. The reason for occupying this ground which inhere in the very nature of this interest, and in the relation of children to the Church, all are intensified by the antagonism of modern science, and the outcasting of the religious element from all the school systems fostered by State Legislation." We might multiply quotations from native sources to show that the system of education generally adopted throughout the Union is most unsatisfactory; but we think the extracts which we have supplied, conjoined with the knowledge which the reader, of even average intelligence, possesses of the true status of modern American society, are quite sufficient to show that the system in question is at least a fair subject for criticism if not for censure. Judged by its results we cannot well see how any honest educator can advise the adoption or sustainment of the United States method of education, and we cannot understand why those results should be quoted except to sustain an irresistible argument against non-sectarian education. It is a striking fact in connection with this momentous subject, that no religious body, as a whole, has boldly opposed the effort to exclude religious teaching from the schools except the Church of Rome. This we suppose is mainly attributable to what is to a certain extent true, that the Protestant denominations have a community of sentiment, and do not disagree so much the one with the other, as they disagree, in the aggregate, with the Roman Catholics. Hence, we presume, they are enabled to foresee a remote prospect of an introduction into the secular schools of a broad system of Religion, which will not be sectarian with regard to many Protestants, and which they falsely presume will supply the place of denominational teaching. It is also very certain that many members of the Protestant religious bodies see in the non-sectarian system a grand opportunity for breaking down the barriers and gradually undermining the structure of the Church of Rome, by educating its members to such a degree, and in such a manner, that they will at length depend rather upon their individual knowledge of right and wrong than upon her dogmatic teachings. To such persons we would reply in the words of the truly Protestant, but also truly liberal, Edmund Burke: "That were it possible to dispute, rail, and persecute the Roman Catholics out of their prejudices, it is not probable that they would take refuge in ours, but rather in an indifference to all religion; and that were the Catholic religion destroyed by infidels, it is absurd to suppose that the Protestant Church could long endure." *

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* Journal of the Annual Convention of the Diocese of New Jersey, pp. 150-3.

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* Extracted from Dr. Rigg on National Education, p. 235.

If a law were enacted compelling all citizens to contribute to a general dinner of roast beef on Good Friday, it would be manifestly unfair to the Roman Catholics, who are compelled, by the rules of their Church, to fast upon that day. It is equally unfair to compel them to support schools to which they cannot in conscience send their children; and it is at the same time most insulting and most untrue to say that their conduct in this matter is not influenced by conscience. The present Earl of Shaftesbury, a thorough Protestant, nay more, a strong anti-Papist, thankfully acknowledges the benefits of the stand which the Church of Rome has taken against non-sectarian education, and calls upon the other religious bodies to follow her example in this matter. It is nothing but sheer tyranny on the part of the State to compel the members of that Church to assist in sustaining a system which is calculated to sap her foundations, or to curtail the means at their disposal for supporting those schools which she has always possessed.

We will conclude our argument on this branch of the subject by quoting from the immortal statesman to whom we have before referred. "Bad laws," says Burke, "are the worst sort of tyranny. In such a country as this they are of all bad things the worst, worse by far than anywhere else; and they derive a particular

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* Burke's Life. By James Prior, Fifth London Edition, 1867, p. 413.

malignity even from the wisdom and soundness of the rest of our institutions."* "In the making of a new law it is undoubtedly the duty of the legislator to see that no injustice be done even to an individual; for there is then nothing to be unsettled, and the matter is in his hands to mould it as he pleases." "All religious persecution," he continues, "Mr. Bayle well observes, is grounded upon a miserable *petitio principii.* You are wrong, I am right; you must come over to me or you must suffer. Let me add, that the great inlet by which a color for oppression has entered into the world, is by one man's pretending to determine concerning the happiness of another, and by claiming a right to use what means he thinks proper in order to bring him to a sense of it. * * * If he be before hand satisfied that your opinion is better than his, he will voluntarily come over to you, and without compulsion; and then your law would be unnecessary; but if he is not so convinced, he must know that it is his duty in this point to sacrifice his interest here to his opinion of his eternal happiness, else he could have in reality no religion at all." In another place he observes with marked emphasis: "Religion, to have any force on men's understanding, indeed to exist at all, must be supposed paramount to laws."†

After a review of the whole subject of this article in all its bearings, we are led to the following conclusions:—That the State has the right to require that all its members shall be educated to a certain extent; and, as a natural corollary, that it may withhold from them, until they attain a certain educational standard, all positions of trust under government, and even the right to exercise the franchise. That the State should afford pecuniary assistance only to such children as are not provided with pecuniary means to obtain the requisite education, and should permit the guardians of children receiving this assistance to select their own schools when possible. That the State should aid all schools, denominational or otherwise, materially aiding the cause of education of an approved character, which afford opportunities for acquiring education to any child, without interfering with the liberty of conscience of such child or of its natural guardian. That the State should only form schools of its own, in cases where the particular community will not supply the educational need; and that, in such instances, every effort should be made to meet the religious ideas of such community as to the character of the education in its schools. A general system of government inspection of all schools receiving State aid, with regard to the intellectual acquirements of the pupils, would also be desirable if not essential; and any effort on the part of the State, calculated to stimulate educational progress and elevate the intellectual standard, should meet with universal favor. That a change will ultimately be effected in the generally existing condition of national education we most firmly believe, but we think that reliance should be placed rather upon the efforts of the large and progressive bodies of Christians, in which the life of the respective nations really lies, than upon those of the various legislatures. Nor do we think that America will be behind hand in the work of religious education. The wise men of the west will rise at last, and, like the eastern magi, will acknowledge that both intellectual and spiritual wisdom culminate in the infant of Bethlehem.

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* Burke's Works; by Prior. Speech at Bristol, Vol. II., p. 148.

† Burke's Works by Prior, "Tracts on the Popery Laws," Vol. VI.

FORSAKEN.

WHEN you told me you loved me, and said that your heart
Would ever be faithful and constant to me,
I trusted your word, and tho' bitter to part,
There was hope in my breast as I sailed o'er the sea.

I sought fickle fortune, and found her at last,
Tho' often I feared that my search was in vain;
Then I thought that my hour of affliction was past,
And crossed o'er the ocean to seek you again.

Ah! light was my heart as the ship swept the deep,
And fair were the visions that gladdened my view;
They glimmered before me awake and asleep—
What need to declare they were visions of you!

But I found that your vows had been traced in the sand,
And the hopes I had cherished were dashed to the ground;
I saw my fair visions lie wrecked on the strand,
And sorrow and darkness encompassed me round.

My wealth has no charm since for you it was won,
And the hope you would share it, has faded away—
My life has no glory since you were its sun,
And for me you have ceased to illumine the day.

JAMES YOUNG.

A VISIT TO LONGFELLOW.

BY ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

(Continued.)

"I am in fine company," said the Baron.

"In the very best of company," said the Friar; "in the high court of Nature, and in the midst of her own nobility."—*Peacock.*

"The fient a pride, nae pride had he,
Nor sauce, nor state, that I could see
Mair than an honest ploughman."
Burns.

STEP softly into my dreamland, O poet of the silvery heart song, in which sunshine and shadow are braided together! Come, as a mother comes,—for thou art acquainted with the pleasures of abstraction, and wilt not ruthlessly invade the sanctuary of my musing!

So quiet, and stealthy, and with such womanly softness came the footsteps of one approaching through the door behind, that I scarcely regarded it, until I felt a light hand press gently upon my shoulder. I looked suddenly up, in a half-startled manner, upon the pleasant face of the venerable poet. He beamed with such cordiality and benevolence, and there was such a humorous twinkle in his eye, when he saw my look of surprise, that I was quite disarmed of my apprehensions. There was a frankness and sincerity about him, as he warmly took my hand, suggestive of no cold formality, I can assure you. I had an opportunity to regard that rare and perfect bearing of an instinctive, yet accomplished gentleman. Culture, and rich experience, and large intercourse with mankind have only finished with added graces the original disposition. He is all that he is without aiming or appearing to be anything. In the words of Richard Steele,—"being firmly established in all matters of importance, that certain inattention which makes men's actions look easy, appears in him with a greater beauty." And why, indeed, should not that mildness and serenity, which we have just remarked in this pleasant poet, dignify and adorn these excellent men who win the respect and admiration of society? Why should we be taught to expect anything else from them? Surely they understand that it is by kindness and tenderness of heart that they, like other men will be loved as they are remembered. When I recall the memory of Abraham Lincoln, I think not so much of the chaplet of glory-flowers he placed upon his brow, as of his care for the hapless birdling that had fallen from its nest. When I remember Edward Everett, I linger not over his glowing apostrophe to the portrait of Washington; but my heart grows warm when I think of his polite regard for the little printer's boy who came into his study. Such graceful attentions we must perforce admire. They touch our sympathies and affections, and who would not rather be loved than feared? Such is Longfellow,—a pleasant, unassuming, companionable man, who is not so great as to be unable to notice ordinary people; and such he has ever been, if we may trust the account of a gentleman who knew him in former years. He relates the following: "The first time I saw the poet—then mostly known, not as a poet, but as a great modern linguist—was in 1834, at the annual commencement of Bowdoin College. The dignitaries of the Institution had their places on the platform. President Allen, Professors Cleveland, Smyth, Upham, and the others were seated on the stage, mixed up with the trustees and invited guests. But he was not among his peers. At last he was pointed out to me while crowding his way along in the North gallery, among the ladies, where he finally took his seat. Perhaps he did not relish the joke of sitting out simply to be looked at; or he may have had some lady friend in charge; but there he was, at any rate, right where I could see and almost hear him, as he sat chatting briskly with the ladies sitting near him. At this point of time, Longfellow was a small, well-favored, dapper little man, with a fine head of hair, quick, piercing eyes, and a very jaunty manner. To complete the picture, he carried a light little stick, which he dandled and fondled as a sort of plaything, as it really was; for it was too fragile to be used as a cane. I eyed him somewhat closely, not because he had taken a high rank as a writer, but because a friend of mine had mentioned him to me as a brilliant professor and a literary man. To my youthful mind, the President of the Institution, and the Governor of the State, were the great men of the occasion. Next to these stood Alexander H. Everett, brother of Edward, the orator, to whom we had listened the day before. Alas! for all such juvenile classifications and distinctions! Where is that great man, President Allen, and where that other dignitary of momentary honor, Governor Dunlap, compared with that little, unpretending, chatty man, then hiding himself among the ladies!

"I never again set eyes on this great American bard, till I met him at a reception given to Governor Kossuth, by the President and Professors of Cambridge, at the house of Dr. Lowell, in 1852. He had then published many of his larger poems; he had then taken his place among the poets of all time; he was then assured of a literary immortality; and I had feared to find him something different from the simple, modest, unpretentious man I had first beheld him. I was happily disappointed. He seemed more simple, more quiet, more unassuming, than when a Professor in a secondary college. The occasion belonged to Kossuth; by the good taste of the *literati* of all Massachusetts, it was fully given to him. Longfellow sat in perfect quietude, at one side of the largest room, chatting in a low tone with every one approaching him—among them were Hawthorne and Emerson—as if he thought himself of no earthly consequence!"

The poet trimmed the light, chose a seat opposite to me, conversing all the while in a pleasant, entertaining manner. He had seldom met with people from the Provinces, he said,—particularly from Nova Scotia. He did, at one time, receive the call of a Sea Captain, belonging to Halifax, and had held some conversation with him about the Provinces; but he was pleased to meet with any one from Horton, as, although he had never been there, he was interested in the locality. He advised that I should visit his estate by day, that I might be better able to inspect it, and to look through the different apartments of the house.

Time was when you could distinguish people's habits and professions by some outward badge. The soldier was known by his red coat, the clergyman by his black one, and the poet by his "eye in fine frenzy rolling." But the world has begun to creep out of its old jacket, until I will almost defy you to be sure of your man—at least, so far as the poet is concerned. Especially will you find this to be true if you should meet Longfellow unaware sometime, and get into conversation. He will vaunt nothing of the poet, I promise you. I have heard some fanciful unknown haranguing tropically, who would hang more flowers about half a dozen sentences of his speech than our bard finds place for in as many of his poems. He does not cast his pearls before swine in the reckless prodigality of ornate conversation. I suppose, if we compare him with the celebrated talkers, he is not remarkable. He is not dreamily eloquent, like Coleridge; he does not spin out such moralistic phrases, as did Johnson; he is not so bold, irresistible, and fascinating as was Burns; nor does he, like Macaulay, make you wonder if he knows everything. Probably, on club evenings, he would not outshine Holmes, while his "rockets curve their long ellipse;" but he will not, even there, be outshone by his kindred stars. I have not the vanity to suppose that I have heard him at his best advantage: yet, from what I know of his easy, familiar discourse, it abounds in hints and suggestions of a tasteful and cultured mind, and tends rather to invoke the thoughts of others, than to extenuate or elaborate his own. He understands fully the secret of agreeableness in conversation, by showing that he has an interest in that which you are saying, as well as in that which he intends to say himself.

ngfellow's urbanity of disposition, his frank, communicative manner, as well as his warmth and gentleness of heart, enable him to unbend his mind agreeably in any society. His intellect moves lightly under its learned stores, because the fountains that run below are not dried up. When in his company, you feel your better self—your tenderer sympathies gradually rising, responsive to his touch; and while you assent to his words, soul answers soul. Nothing could have been more adroitly and pleasantly intrusive than his advances, as he drew from me my simple history, my parentage, my early home, my lameness, my condition, hopes, and aspirations at the time. When questions about one's person or life are asked in a cold indifferent manner, or abruptly, by a stranger, one is apt to be cynical or taciturn. I had occasion to reproach myself for indulgence in such a temper of mind one day, when accosted by a Mr. Hudson, who was at the "Press;" and it did not mend the matter, that, after he had gone, I ascertained him to be the Shakspearian editor. But with how great an appearance of interest, which seemed more than apparent, did Longfellow enter into the details of matters which I marvelled could be of consequence to him. I actually gathered confidence to unbosom myself, with less of reserve than my father's presence would have imposed upon me.

I was desirous to learn by what arts poets were in the habit of winning public recognition and favor. I remarked that one might be able to write an excellent poem, which would by no means bring him fame or fortune, unless the world would incline its ear to listen; and begged that he would give me a few silver leaves from his own happy history. He looked archly at me, and said he had found no new way to the golden temple; it was the beaten track of labor, patience, and perseverance which others had trodden. He did not quote his own living rhythmical words, yet in substance he assured me,—

> "The heights by great men reached and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight,
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling upward in the night."

When, in his earlier years, he felt the impulse of song moving within him, he learned to write out of his own heart. He printed his pieces when and where he could. When a boy, he had been thrilled with more delicious pleasure, at seeing his verses in the corner of his father's newspaper, than he had since experienced, with his more ambitious efforts, arrayed in the richest glory of letterpress and binding. The wonderment had worn off by this time, and the glamor had departed. The intellectual vanity, the high expectancy that, ordinarily, possess the young author, had not been altogether unknown to him: he, too, had been able measurably to gratify his ambitions; had won the ear, as well as the heart, of many lovers of song, and was, perhaps, qualified to judge the worth of mere popular applause, which some, who do not have it, hold so dear. He would not ignore the advantage of an honest fame; yet, now, in his declining years, when the "keepers of the house had begun to tremble," when his head had become white with snows that never dissolve outside the grave, his best delight was in a calm and meditative retirement from everything which, in the flush and excitement of early manhood, flattered and allured. He delighted still in the composition of his poems, in his intercourse with his favorite friends, and in his communion with "the mighty minds of old," more than in all the praises that men had lavished upon him.

If the mind be fruitful of pure, and high, and intrinsic ideas, it will be its highest, choicest delight to produce them in æsthetic forms, though there be no corresponding mind to share or heighten the pleasure. The surcharged thunder-cloud will void its lurid fluid, though nothing may be rended by its violence; and the odorous flower continues to emit its fragrance, though it delight no human sense. Place the actual poet on a lonely island, with the silent forms of nature for his society, and, charmed by their influence, he will breed poems in his brain with as rich a zest as if the great heart of humanity waited to be stirred. There had lived one man, who, during his lifetime, could never obtain a publisher for excellent works, which he wrote neatly and arranged in the shape of volumes. Undiscouraged, he continued his labors as long as he lived. The finest authors, while conscious of their worth, had been compelled to suffer neglect and censure for a time. Thackeray toiled bravely on, without complaint, for ten long years before he won the prize he merited. Hawthorne tells us that he was for a long time the obscurest literary man in America. Irving had hard work, even with the intercession of Walter Scott, to find a publisher for so fine a work as the "Sketch Book." They grandly succeeded; but had their trial lasted longer, a transient failure could not have clipped their wings. Shakspeare never knew what the world would come to think of him; and Milton reaped his richest honors after death. They were Nature's masters; they bravely worked, having no time to complain. Nevertheless, I could not help thinking that popular favor and recognition, and the sight of clear type and strong binding, must be some slight encouragement, even to a worthy author.

There were men whose lives were one long sigh for fame. They were anxious for success without the pains necessary to achieve it. To be known was their ambition, rather than to do or say anything worthy of being known. Their longings were morbidly intense, their complaints were long and loud, and their animadversions upon the popular mind were indignant and bitter. He was sorry for the vanity which led some people to think they might become at once recognized as authors; yet his sympathy went not so much with their disappointment after all. More inclined was he to pity and assist the stronghearted son of toil—poor, though worthy—who struggled against the invasions of hard misfortune. When he noted the unapplauded heroism of his endeavors—the mute, appealing eyes of his wife looking up to him with tender trust, while the little ones clung to her—his soul became inspired with a sense of the actual and noble in human character. And if want and poverty must overtake them—as assuredly it might—how, compared with their distress, were we to regard the sickly longings of those who refuse to possess the secret of happiness, let Providence and mankind deal ever so bountifully with them. He had received many manuscripts from would-be authors—one not long ago from a lady in Australia—

beseeching him to intercede with a publisher. He tried to oblige her, but had failed; no one would undertake it.

After a while our talk ran upon famous authors and their writings—such as my learned host must necessarily be acquainted with. Whittier had, about that time, published a little volume of verse, the reading of which led me to say I thought its author's powers were on the decline,—an opinion I have scarcely yet reformed. Longfellow, however, did not share that opinion; but thought, on the contrary, that he continued to improve in richness and force. To abate in power, however, was a sure consequence of time; yet, certain it was he had not forsaken the grand principles of his early manhood. He continued a master of such themes as dwelt upon the nobility of labor, the right of civil and religious liberty, and the sweet sanctities of domestic love. Longfellow had been acquainted with his brother poet for many years. Whittier had visited him at Cambridge, and had tented with him on the beach at Newport; and he had been at his quiet cottage home, in the village of Amesbury. He was described to me as an elderly gentleman, dressed in the habit of the Quakers, with an earnest, benevolent face, and a most glorious pair of dark eyes, beaming from under the shade of his broad-brimmed hat. I fancied I saw him pass along the street,—one day, in Boston,—with his characteristic attire, and his cane sounding on the hard pavement; and I sent a blessing after him as he went out of sight. May peace rest on his noble brow, and his kindly heart; and may better men than I am wish him joy as long as he lives.

It was a little before this time that Mrs. Stowe had troubled the scandal-loving public with her unfortunate Byron revelations; and I asked Longfellow what he thought of them. He regarded the matter with regret,—as any gentle considerate soul must be bound to do,—and he foresaw the prejudice which the gifted author of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" must excite in the minds of many of her admirers, even while she might suppose herself to be in the discharge of her duty. The grave has generally been looked upon as a place of rest, "where the wicked cease from troubling;" and he thought it well to let the turf cover the follies and the errors of the unfortunate mortal who, after a course of life at enmity with his higher nature, had, forgiven or unforgiven, fallen into the hands of Him who is better calculated than we are to administer justice.

I pointed to the portrait of the Concord Romancist, and asked if that were not a picture of one of the poet's friends. He responded that indeed it was, and added: "I have another picture of Hawthorne—some might think it a better;" and, rising from his seat before me, he opened the door, near by my chair, through which he had entered, and disclosed an entry;—from which cheerful glimpses might be had of the supper-room,—and there I saw the portrait hanging, illumined by the lamplight. I could examine this more closely than the other; and I remember how softly shaded were the colors depicturing that face and head. How excellently was every feature delineated, until I could in poetic trance imagine before me the living presence. It was truly, a romantic portrait of a romantic man.

Returned again to our seats in the study, Hawthorne was still the subject of conversation. Longfellow regards him as the most powerful creative genius of America; and he is not the only one whom I have known to express the same opinion. He admires the quick insight into character, the passionate love of nature, the exquisite purity of style and spirit, the playful fancy, the delicate humor, the quaint manner, and withal, the nameless spell of fairyland which the Romancist exhibits in his writings. They had been firm friends, and their friendship had been of an early date—commencing as far back as their days in Bowdoin College, where, together they conned their classic pages of Cæsar and Virgil,—and from which they came forth together to the trials and triumphs of authorship. Hawthorne did not rise so suddenly into popularity; but Longfellow was one of the first to perceive and appreciate the precious quality of his friend's writings, and by many an act and word of encouragement did he help him along the difficult road to success. And when at last he became a pet-child among his famous brethren,—and left the old manse for a day, to sit chatting in the dining hall of the Washington House, planning literary ventures over a glass of ruby something—probably Catawba,—could anything have been more tender than the regard these brotherly men had for each other? And there came one dark day,—dark, though the sun shone brightly—when death came to break their "fair companionship," and the poet stood mournfully by the side of Emerson and Lowell, beholding his beloved friend's pale and quiet face for the last time, before they laid him in his long resting place, over near his old Concord home.

"Across the meadows, by the grey old manse,
The historic river flowed;
I was as one who wanders in a trance,
Unconscious of his road.

"The faces of familiar friends seemed strange;
Their voices I could hear,
And yet the words they uttered seemed to change
Their meaning to the ear.

"For the one face I looked for was not there;
The one low voice was mute;
Only an unseen presence filled the air,
And baffled my pursuit."

Mr. J. T. Fields, in his recollections of this delightful writer, has, in his gossipy manner, given us some pleasant accounts of him, and few knew him more intimately than this genial publisher. He tells us, giving some fine touches of his modesty, sensibility, and reticence, of how he hid the manuscript of the "Scarlet Letter" in his bureau drawer, instead of giving it to the publisher, as he should have done; and how that slighted individual got it, and carried it home, and came back next day, and caught up Hawthorne Junior in his arms, asking him if he knew what a father he had. How pleasantly he tells us of his friend's antiquarian love for old newspapers, and faded documents bearing a mysterious character. How does he paint this singular genius, rummaging in old musty garret corners, and walking in the upper rooms of silence at midnight. Verily, quaint alchemist, thou couldst turn up gold where others could only find--plenty of dust. We are told how, as he watched the floating cloud-fleeces, from his balmy couch of clover, hidden among long grasses, he would be startled by an approaching footstep, and fear lest some less romantic person than himself should appear to mar his odorous repose; and how, when hunting among his own piny hills of Maine, he built his camp-fire in some deserted cabin, and resting beside it, gazed away into the shadowy vault of midnight, sparkling with wintry stars. I think the following fanciful lines of Coleridge, with a few more points of adaptation, might have been written about this forest dreamer:

"Encinctured with a twine of leaves,
That leafy twine his only dress,—
A lovely boy was plucking fruits,
By moonlight, in a wilderness:

The moon was bright, the air was free,
And fruits and flowers together grew
On many a shrub, and many a tree;
And all put on a gentle hue,—
Hanging, in the shadowy air,
Like a picture rich and rare.
It was a climate where, they say,
The night was more beloved than day."

(To be continued.)

A STORY OF A LOST BRACELET.

BY CORINNE.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued.)

IT was not from a desire for retirement and quiet that Howard chose country villages to stop in instead of the fashionable resorts for invalids, for his once pure taste had been ruined by the glare of city life, and he loved to feast his eyes on palatial mansions and costly equipages; on ladies of fashion, dressed with all the taste and elegance that money could command, and while estimating the value of their diamonds and laces as well as his limited knowledge of the subject would allow, to dwell in fancy on the time that he would surround Ruth with just such luxuries. It was from motives of economy alone that he left the beaten track and wandered through beautiful, sunny, happy villages, stopping a night sometimes in an old-fashioned inn that before the days of railroads had been a popular posting house, but was now dozing away quietly by the roadside, only awakened now and then by the rattling, shrieking train as it dashed past; and sometimes stopping for a few days in a snug farm-house, and renewing his acquaintance with country amusements and country occupations. Soon he began to regain something besides bodily health. He saw some simple, happy, kindly lives, independent of worldly circumstances. He saw men who rose with the dawn and worked hard all day, and wore homespun, and never even had an idea of making money, as he understood it; women who did their own house-work, and made and mended the family clothes, and who would not have known a diamond if they had seen one; and yet their lives were surrounded with happiness and with beauty, and it is no exaggeration to say that he envied them. When he had shaken off the dust of the city, and was out in the free light and sunshine, and saw glimpses of those lives that ran on so placidly like peaceful streams of pure transparent water, streams that reflected heaven's face, and receiving drops from heaven, gave them back again in refreshment to thirsty, fainting souls, he felt what a tread-mill life he had been living. It seemed to him that he had not only got the dust on him, but within him; it seemed to have got in and choked up his heart and corroded his brain until noble aspirations and elevating thoughts were crowded out. A few weeks ago he had wondered how men and women could live without handsome houses, carriages, plate, pictures and statuary, jewels and Parisian toilets, but now—well, he was learning a lesson. And in the purer atmosphere his old boyish tastes began to revive, and his note-book and pencil came into requisition to enable him to carry back some of the pastoral or picturesque scenes that met his eyes, to refresh him when he got to work again. He found it hard work at first to represent them well, for his hand had lost some of its cunning, but with practice he improved fast.

His holiday time had nearly run out, and he wanted to see a little more of the real new country, before he got back, something of the woods and wilds, so hearing, of a new settlement about fifteen miles from Claranceville, his last halting-place, he determined to visit it. The stage took him to within six miles of the place, then taking his luggage, which was only a light travelling-bag, and a stout walking-stick, he started to walk the rest. It was up hill work, mostly, and he was unused to walking especially on such roads as those, so it was with a long drawn breath of relief that he reached just before sunset, a low brown cottage which he rightly judged to be the beginning of the settlement.

He stopped for a moment to enjoy the beautiful view from the natural terrace on which the cottage stood, and he then, detected two other houses at some distance in the valley. The cottage stood on elevated ground, and was placed sideways to the road, (which wound through the woods up the hill-side) and fronting the wide valley, through which ran a beautiful stream. He stood drinking in the beauty, and peacefulness of a scene, that no pen could do justice to, until the sun dipped below the hill-top, then he turned and rapped at the cottage door. He had to wait some little time, and was about to rap again, when it slowly opened, and before his astonished eyes stood Winnie Gardiner. Now, Howard had given the little woman a brotherly kiss when he wished her good-bye, but he was hardly prepared for her throwing herself into his arms, and with a burst of tears crying out, "Oh Howard, dear Howard, what good fortune sent you here? Oh, how glad I am!"

He soothed her agitation as well as he knew how, wondering all the time what in the world could have caused it, until she turned and drew him into the house, saying as she did so: "Joe will be so glad to see you. Poor fellow! he is so ill and changed that you will hardly know him, Howard."

"Ill!" said Howard; "oh, I am sorry to hear that. How long has he been ill?"

"Many months," was the sad reply, "and sometimes I doubt," she added in a whisper, with heaving breast, "that I shall ever see him strong again," and her head was bowed down on her hands, and the long pent up tears flowed freely again.

Howard seated himself beside her and waited until she recovered her calmness, when she turned to him with a faint smile and said, "You mustn't think I have become weak-minded and moody Howard, but I have borne up so well and so long, and the sight of your face was so unexpected, that I felt I must give way."

"The sight of yours was no less unexpected to me," said Howard. "I seemed to have lost sight of you altogether. How was it I never heard from you Mrs. Gardiner?"

"We were so busy when we first came here and so unsettled before that, that we could not write, and afterwards when difficulties and discouragements surrounded us we felt that we didn't want any one to know how badly we were getting along. Oh, Howard! what troubles we have had since we left Cincinnati, but all our troubles and privations put together were nothing to this one," and the poor little woman's eyes overflowed again. "Well," she said, "I mustn't think about it now or else Joe will know I have been fretting, and he can't bear that, poor dear. Now, I'll get you some supper, and then I'll go in and tell him you are here, but he is resting now, and I don't want to disturb him."

Howard saw that the house-wifely pride had not been quenched in his little hostess with all her troubles, as he looked round the room (entrance-hall and sitting-room in one) in which she left him. There was the same taste and neatness displayed in its appointments that had characterized her home in the city. The pretty ornaments that she had brought with her from the old country, the fancy work that she had filled up her spare moments with before her marriage, and some graceful, though inexpensive gifts from her few friends in Cincinnati, gave a look of comfort and refinement to the room, and helped to make up for the poor, plain furniture and the unpapered or painted walls. And when she called him out into the spotless kitchen, that served as dining-room as well, and set before him a plain, substantial tea, he admired more than ever the womanly excellence that had sustained so many rude shocks. The table was set forth with as much neatness as if Mrs. Gardiner were entertaining a large party; the table-linen was fine and white and glossy, so that no lady need to have been ashamed to use it. Winnie had said, when she was choosing her bridal outfit, and many times since, that she would sooner wear cotton dresses and gloves all her life than use poor house and table-linen, so her linen press was always better filled than her wardrobe. Not that she was careless of her personal appearance either; she had too much self-respect for that. She looked as fresh and lady-like now in her print dress and tasty little collar and holland apron as ever she had looked in her life, though it was wonderful how she managed it with her house-work, sick husband, and three young children, and only a little girl of about twelve or thirteen to help her. This juvenile "Biddy" was rocking the baby to sleep in the kitchen when Howard entered it.

"I think you might put baby down in the cradle now, Letty," said Winnie kindly, "and run out and fetch in the clothes and get some chips for the morning before it gets dark."

"Is that the baby?" asked Howard, looking at it in a puzzled manner.

"Do you suppose that children stand still for four years, or rather, grow smaller?" said Winnie, laughing. "Don't you realize that it's nearly four years since you saw Georgie, and he could walk then, while this fellow can only lie on his back and crow,—and cry," she added, as she drew the cradle to her side and rocked it with her foot while she poured out Howard's tea. "Oh, yes; Master Georgie begins to talk of what he will do when he is a man. He is in bed now, and his little sister. I have three children, Howard."

"Indeed!" said Howard smiling; "then I think it is time for you to look a little more venerable, and not so much like a young girl."

"I think you might say so if you knew how many hundreds of years I seem to have lived since I came here, and especially since Joe has been ill," she said, with the shade of sadness coming over her face again.

"Is Joe confined to his bed?" asked Howard.

"He is now, for the simple reason that he cannot dress himself without assistance, and I am not strong enough to help him; then there's nobody about the place but the boy that does the outside work: he is willing enough, but so clumsy and awkward that Joe would not have him come near him for ever so much. Then our neighbors are too far off, and besides that, Joe has a sensitive dread of their knowing how weak he is."

"What is the matter with him?"

"Why, the beginning of it all was an awkward fall that he had in the autumn, that hurt his back; but he wouldn't give way, and went on working out in all weathers until he got rheumatism, and that's just about the amount of it."

"That's bad," said Howard anxiously.

"Yes, but that's not the worst of it. He is lying there not able to move himself, and all the time growing weaker. If he could get up, I know he would be better."

Howard was silent, but he resolved inwardly that while he stayed there Joe should not lie helpless.

As soon as she could leave him, Winnie went in to prepare her husband to see him, and in a few minutes came back and conducted him into the sick-room. Howard was visibly shocked at the change that had taken place in his friend's appearance, but Winnie looked happier than he had seen her look yet, as she saw how his coming brightened the poor, thin, white face.

"Howard, what good fortune brought you to us?" said Joe, unconsciously quoting Winnie, as he grasped his hand and looked up gladly, and at the same time enquiringly, into his face.

"I don't know," said Howard, as he sat down by the bedside. "I had no more idea an hour or two ago of seeing you than I have now of going to the moon. I am out on a summer tramp. I was getting bilious and melancholy over ledgers and day-books, and my partner (Mr. Harding) ordered me off to seek health and happiness somewhere, and I have been stopping in all the quiet little country places I could find."

"Yes!" said Joe brightly; "you chose the quiet country. I am glad of that."

Howard looked down and said nothing. He felt rather ashamed of his motive for choosing the country.

"And how have you been getting along since we parted?" asked Joe.

Howard told him of his success and his prospects, going into all the details with enthusiasm. Joe, who was thinking of the girl in England that Howard had described to him, smiled and looked pleased and interested; but Winnie saw deeper into Howard's nature and sighed.

"And you are not married yet, Howard?" said Joe.

"Oh, no! I am not rich enough yet."

"Not rich enough, after all you have told us! Ah, well, Winnie if I had been like this young man you wouldn't have had to go through as much as you have."

"If you had been like that young man you would never have had me at all," said Winnie emphatically.

"Oh, Winnie! why?"

"Oh, never mind why, Well, if you had been Howard Wilmot, you wouldn't have been Joe Gardiner, would you? Well, that's enough."

Joe and Howard both laughed, but they detected something beneath Winnie's words.

"Have you ever heard from or seen your cousin, Howard?" asked Joe.

"I heard from him once just before he left America, and it was just after I went into partnership with Mr. Harding. I wrote an answer to the address that he gave me, but whether he received it or not I don't know, for I've never heard since."

"Has Howard seen the children, my dear?" asked Joe, after a little more chat.

"Only the baby," said Winnie; "the others are asleep. Would you like to see them, Howard?"

He said he should, and she led him into the next room—a little box of a place—and proudly showed him the two beautiful children sleeping soundly in their little bed. Howard sincerely admired them.

"You have reason to be proud of them," he whispered.

"I am thankful and hopeful on account of them," was the quiet answer. "I look forward to better days, when they are grown up, if it should please God to let me see that day."

"I wish you would tell me something of your life here, if you can," said Howard. "I don't like to ask Joe: he seems to reproach himself so bitterly."

"Yes he does, poor fellow, and so needlessly. I wanted to come as much as he did. I didn't wish, like he used to, to go off to some place where there was nobody at all; but here there were two or three families within a few miles of each other, and it didn't seem so wild or uncivilized when we heard of it, and our money lasted until we got the cottage built and a little bit of land cleared, besides fitting us out pretty comfortably, but when it was gone we didn't know what to do. Joe found that farming and clearing land was no play, and as he found it utterly impossible to hire help, and he could do very little by himself, it ended in his giving up farming; that is, to be worth the name, and just then two or three working men and their families came out here, and he let his cleared land to one of them, and bought some of the produce and tried to do his gardening himself; and as they couldn't get a school-teacher here, he taught all the children in return for work and provisions until he hurt himself, and now he can do nothing. And I can tell you, Howard, it's a good thing we had plenty of clothing when we came," said the little woman, breaking off and laughing, though there were tears in her eyes, "for I haven't seen the inside of a dry-goods store for more than three years."

"But I don't see how you manage to get on now at all," said Howard, looking in astonishment at the bright little spirit that it took so much to conquer.

"Well, I'll tell you, Howard. Joe was always kind, and ready to lend a helping hand to his neighbors, especially to any who had just come out, and they are not forgetful of his kindness, so we get a great deal of help now free, that we could not have hired for any money. Now let us come back to Joe. I don't know what you must think of me, Howard," she added, turning to him as they were going out of the room, "but truly I haven't complained so much for years as I have this last hour. It's because I am so glad to have some one to pour it all out to. You see, talking to Joe is talking to my other self, and it is well to have another, a separate individual to do some of one's grumbling to once in a while. Poor Howard, I wish you would tell me all your troubles, too."

"He hasn't any," said Joe, who heard the last remark as they re-entered his room.

"I don't know about that," said Howard; "sometimes I'm a trouble to myself."

"Well then, I don't envy you," said Winnie; "but, my old man, I think you are looking tired, and I shall have to send Howard away."

"Yes, my dear; but let us have prayers together first. Perhaps Howard would read to us to-night?"

Howard took the Bible that Winnie handed him, and turned it over in some dread. He would not have liked his friends to know how seldom he read it or heard it read, except at church. He had not abandoned the habit of going to church, for as he had once gone chiefly for the sake of seeing Ruth, so he now went that he might think of her. The service and the singing brought her to his mind, and he could think of her there better than he could of his prospects or the occupations of his every-day life. It had never occurred to him to ask himself whether this was the best offering he could bring to the house of God. But as to reading the Bible or hearing it read, there seemed to be no fitting time nor place for it. Living as he did, in a boarding-house, he was not used to the services of the household altar, and when he spent a night at his partner's house, or at the house of any of his friends, the idea of reading and prayers before separation would have seemed absurd. Indeed, the more thoughtful of the company would have been shocked at the suggestion, after the way the evening had been generally spent. And then as for private reading, he didn't wish to give it up altogether, but he had so little time, and then there were so many parts of the Bible that spoke so strongly of self-denial, and against heaping up riches, that they roused ideas that were not pleasant, so he generally let the book alone for the sake of ease of mind, and tried to think of something pleasant. But did he always succeed? Well, let any one ask himself the question. Do any of us succeed at all times in banishing troublesome thoughts and calling up pleasant ones at will? He turned at length to one of the Psalms, and his conscience pricked him with an accusation of insincerity when he saw the lighting up of his friends' faces at his manner of reading, for he was a good reader. When Joe had offered up an earnest prayer, in which Howard was surprised to hear so much thanksgiving, he wished him good-night at once, and Winnie led her guest to the meagrely furnished chamber that was the best she had to offer him, and left him with an injunction to "sleep well, and get rid of that old-care-worn-man-of-business look that he wore." But in spite of that, and the exercise he had taken during the day, Howard felt little inclined to sleep, and after he had put out his candle, sat by the open window looking out over the valley, that was faintly illuminated by a young moon. He heard faint sounds of life down stairs now and then, showing that his hostess had not yet retired to her hard-earned rest. Presently the impatient cry of the baby sounded out, loud and shrill, and he heard Winnie's voice soothing it. She was in the room just under his, and after the little one's cries were hushed he heard the weary mother singing it to sleep. The words she sung rose distinctly to his ears; they were those of Lyte's beautiful hymn, "Abide with me, fast falls the even-tide." Her voice was very clear and sweet, and she sung as if the words and tune were both dear to her. Howard listened breathlessly until at the close of the verse—

"I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempest's power?
Who like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!"

Something stopped her, and deep, solemn silence fell on the house. Howard leaned his elbows on the window-sill, and dropped his head between his hands. "How strange it is," he thought, "that she can sing, and mean what she sings too, with all that she has to depress her. I wonder if that 'Presence' has anything to do with it. Well, I never felt that I needed it 'every passing hour,' and I am sure I have not had it; and yet, how much better I have got along in the world than they have, who live such good lives and trust in the Almighty so truly."

But in spite of all his prosperity he felt that they were richer in some way than he was, and as he lay down to rest in the deep silence, he knew that while he was trying to be satisfied with the things that must perish, they had the Creator of the Universe for their portion; and at that moment, when there was no earthly voice to drown the whisper, he was forced to listen and acknowledge that he was poor indeed.

(To be continued.)

DIANA.

Mine is no gaudy, gairish hue;
But, on the bosom of the night,
Down through a realm of shaded blue
Softly I drop my thin, pale sheet of silvery light.

The lover turns with trancéd eye
To my delicious solitudes,
To wait, 'mid starlit mystery,
And the light glimmering shapes that haunt the myrtle woods.

Mine is the enchanted dreamer's way,
'Mid leafy shadows edged with light;
I whiten all the hills with day,
And deck in lonely glens the sables of the night.

* * * * * * * *

I sparkle at the window-pane,
Watching the pearls that whiten there
Upon a neck like porcelain,
Wreathed darkly round with ringlets of her ebon hair.

I lend my magic to Romance,
And track the steps of timorous Fear;
Castle, and cave, and grove, and manse
Are peopled with the sportive Fays when I am near.

I slope across the broken wall—
Sport at the oriole—in the eaves;
My sheen floats through the empty hall,
And stringing ivies mount from dark to silvered leaves.

And where the druid oak outspreads
Its grisly arms athwart the lea,
On velvet sod, and glittering beads
Of crystal dew I steal with my pale witchery.

Upon the pine-hills of the West
I come, and touch their shaggy height,
Their sprucy groves, so sombre drest,
Their firs, and cedar fringes with my chastening light.

The glossy ripples of the sea
In purest beauty lie impearled,
And the gray rocks, because of me,
Loom largely, like strange shapes of an unreal world.

On April eves above the hills
My silver crescent rises clear,
And twilight songs of Philomels
Seem to be sweeter still when I am lingering near.

I light the poet's evening skies,
I soothe his spirit—I inspire;
I look into his weary eyes,
And quench in cooling tears his spirit's fretful fire.

Then, like a queen upon her throne,
While the dim hours of night endure,
I sit amid the stars alone,
In flowing garments white, and beautiful, and pure.

ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

Current Events.

THE Local Government of this Province has conspicuously displayed its lack of public spirit and moral courage in compelling the Hon. Mr. Willis to bring in as a private member his Resolutions upon Maritime Union. We are quite willing to admit that it may be a matter well worthy the highest efforts of the Executive intelligence to prevent "bob-sleds" from being lawlessly turned into "narrow gauge;" but we venture to suggest that other questions, though of minor importance, such as Maritime Union, etc., ought not to be overlooked. Mr. Willis deserves well of the country for the persistency he has displayed in forcing this question upon the consideration of the House. Leading members of the Government may, through petty sectional feelings, oppose the movement, but the general good should control and animate our public men in a matter of this nature. Maritime Union will be accomplished even though all the opposition of all the members personally interested in keeping the Provinces apart and a petty Capital at Fredericton be thrown against it. We want but one Province, where now we have three. Union would lessen our expenses of government, lend a greater dignity and importance to a united Local Legislature, and tend to bind together in closer social and commercial relations the people of the different Provinces. We wish Mr. Willis every success in his patriotic endeavor. He can rely on us to lend all our assistance in so good and praiseworthy an undertaking.

THE *Telegraph* newspaper of this city attempts to justify its attack on us for our independent expression of opinion on the Louisiana troubles by the fact that a majority of the Committee of Congress, to whom the matter was referred, reported adversely to the policy and procedure of the President. We are now curious to know the sentiments of that newspaper since the United States Senate has sustained the action of the President. By its own logic the majority is always right, and it must therefore now admire what it formerly condemned and characterized as "disgraceful." We cannot understand that weak-kneed sentiment which, like a weathercock, is ever striving to be in accord with the opinion of the majority. As long as the elements of treason and the smouldering fires of civil discord continue to disturb the peace and good government of the South, the management of its affairs must in many particulars be exceptional. If anything should entitle Grant to a "third term," it would be the sagacity and promptitude he has displayed in this very matter. Had it not been for the criminal inaction of the Federal authorities prior to 1861, the country would not have required the sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of citizens and a martyred President to rid it of the curse of slavery and the domination of the slaveholder.

THE Rev. Mr. Overy, B. A., curate of St. Mark's Church, in this city, has published a small pamphlet to shew the proper position of the Font in the Church. The author's views have spread over about six pages of printed matter. The upshot of his argument is that ecclesiastical authority, decency and order, locate this "bone of contention" at the door of the Church. Thus situated, it more correctly symbolizes the entry of every person through baptism into the Church of Christ. We fail to appreciate the practical importance of this discussion. The only lesson it teaches, is that within the Church of England (so called) the world over, there is to-day an antagonism of thought and feeling upon trifling and vital points which must assuredly prove disastrous to that section of the Christian Church. We note the fact, but deprecate its existence. For our own part we think it is unwise to magnify the mole-hills of *non-essentials* into mountains of seeming importance. So far as the *essentials* of pure religion are concerned, it matters not whether the Font is by the door, in the gallery, or in the cellar. In fact we can even persuade ourselves that a Church might exist and enjoy the favor of our Heavenly Father without having a Font at all. We find no fault with Mr. Overy entertaining the views he has been at such pains to publish. Every man has a right to his own opinions. But we think speculative theology and ecclesiastical symbolisms should not be exalted into the region of *essential* practice, nor be permitted to waste energies required for the overthrow of positive evil in the world. Let us be mindful we do not lose the substance in grasping for the shadow.

MANY of our readers will remember that some time ago the Rev. Mr. Keets, a Wesleyan clergyman, desired to erect in the Church burial ground at Owston, England, a tombstone to the memory of his departed daughter, He had inscribed on the memorial tablet the fact that the departed one was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Keets, Wesleyan minister. The Vicar of Owston refused to allow the tombstone to be placed in the churchyard, because it designated Mr. Keets as "Rev." and a "Wesleyan minister." The Bishop of Lincoln, in whose diocese the churchyard was, upheld the Vicar, notwithstanding the Archbishop of Canterbury expressed the hope that the Vicar would yield the point. The continued refusal to permit the erection of the tombstone occasioned considerable discussion at the time, and the matter was referred by the Committee of Privileges of the Wesleyan Church to Sir Henry James, Q. C., and Sir Archibald Stephens, Q. C., for their opinion upon the right of the Vicar to refuse. These high legal authorities gave an opinion adverse to the arbitrary and unseemly course of the Vicar. The Committee of Privileges notified the Vicar of the legal advice they had received, and of their intention of calling to their aid the strong arm of the law, in case he should still continue to refuse. As a matter of course, the Vicar, in his emergency, wrote to his eclesiastical superior, the Bishop of Lincoln. The Bishop writes a very remarkable letter to his subordinate. He says "the incumbent of a Parish is the appointed guardian of the churchyard, and it is his duty to remonstrate against the admission of any epitaph into it which may be repugnant to Holy Scripture, or to the doctrine, discipline and order of the Church of England; he is bound to defend the Church from being a teacher of error, and to guard the people against erroneous teaching." One would suppose after reading the above that the claim to Infallibility was not confined to the See of Rome. Really, Dr. Wordsworth's theology (if such it can be called) is too *mouldy* for the intelligence of the nineteenth century. He should have lived at least five hundred years ago, or else now go over to Rome. The prospect of a law suit, however, was not agreeable to his Lordship. He concludes his letter by saying: "But I cannot recommend you to become a litigant in a law suit concerning which the only thing that is certain is, that it would involve you and yours in serious expenses." This sentiment certainly has not the ring of the old martyrs and custodians of the Faith. They sacrificed friends and life in defence of what they believed to be the right. The Bishop of Lincoln will not advise the risk of a single shilling to prevent what he indirectly affirms to be "repugnant to Holy Scripture." After all, we believe these manifestations of bigotry and superciliousness on the part of some of the dignitaries of the Church of England will bring about good results. They will demonstrate that there is no essential difference between the claims of Anglican Intolerance and Papal Infallibility; and that Disestablishment must, in consequence, at once be raised to the region of practical politics.

* * *

Since writing the above word comes to us from Kent, England, that a Rector of a Parish in that County has refused burial to the child of a Wesleyan parent, because it was baptized by a Wesleyan clergyman in a Wesleyan church. We feel confident these evidences of religious intolerance must be painful to large numbers of liberal and intelligent Churchmen. Truly "Those whom the Gods wish to destroy, they first make mad."

The second session of the third Parliament of the Dominion of Canada is drawing near its close. In many respects it has been an important one. A few questions of great national importance stared ministers in the face, and it was thought by some would give them trouble. The North West difficulty had not been settled. Scott had been murdered and his murderers were at large. Unfortunately the question assumed one of races. Riel was looked up to as a patriot of the first order. An amnesty had been promised by Sir George Cartier. The word of the Government of Canada had been pledged, and probably it was right that such pledge should be strictly carried out. For ourselves, we are free to confess we have always believed that the law should have taken its course. Those who rebelled against law and constituted authority should suffer the penalty irrespective of consequences. Mr. Mackenzie has managed to get over the difficulty, and at the same time save the national honor. The North West difficulty has, we hope, been finally settled. The New Brunswick School Act has again been before Parliament. Mr. Mackenzie's amendment to Costigan's resolution has carried, with a rider, it is true. But that amendment acknowledges the illegality of the Dominion Parliament interfering in Provincial Legislation which is exclusively reserved for the Local Assemblies. Our opinion is, that Costigan's resolutions and all amendments should have been voted down upon strictly constitutional grounds. This gratuitous meddling on the part of the Dominion Parliament is, to say the least, a piece of arrogant assumption to be resented by every Canadian who desires to see a Union ratified by an Imperial Act preserved intact. It is a matter above and beyond one of Catholicism and Protestantism. It is simply a question of Provincial independence. If an assault can be made upon our chartered rights on the school question, the same may be done upon any other question that may happen to be distasteful to a majority of the House of Commons. We cannot say that we are fully satisfied with the way in which this question has been approached in the Commons. The Pacific Railway policy of the Government is the very best that could be entertained. Mr. Mackenzie's prudence and caution, as also his push, must be commended by the people of this Dominion. We could wish more energetic measures had been taken in reference to the Baie Verte Canal. If the work is wholly impracticable, abandon it at once and let the country know it. We want no toying with this or any other great national enterprise. If sufficient information is not at hand, we can only say it is high time it was, and no time should be lost in getting it. We hope this matter will be disposed of next session. There are other questions upon which we intended to write, but our space forbids. Upon the whole the Government will close the session quite as strong as they began it, and they only require to exercise their accustomed integrity and moderation to hold the reins of power for many a year to come.

THE election for the choice of "City Fathers" for another year will soon take place. The listlessness displayed by tax-payers in this city over the choice of Aldermen and Councillors is unaccountable. People grumble about taxation increasing—they find fault with bad sidewalks, and other alleged ill-regulated city matters, but they cannot find time to select the right class of men to represent them at the City Council. We do not find any fault with our Common Council. We think it does as well under all the circumstances as it is possible. The system might be improved. Electors should feel a greater interest in civic matters, and strive to aid their representatives in regulating civic matters intelligently and well. There is not sufficient public spirit among our people. There is too much selfishness abroad. How many persons are there who would feel called upon to interfere with a vicious boy and prevent him defacing with chalk or knife a public or private building? How many people imagine that they personally should strive to keep our squares and grass plots in good order? We are too apt to delegate this matter to the Common Council and our police force, and then fancy that our work is all done. It is a great mistake. We want more public spirit, less selfishness and greater regard for the appearance of our buildings and squares, before any real civic reform can be had.

Scrapiana.

BY AND BYE.

I stood at the grave of a friend, who now
  Is singing afar by the Jasper Sea,
And a shade of anguish was on my brow,
  For the loss of my friend seemed hard to me;
But as slowly faded the sunset glow,
  A whisper fell soft from the evening sky:
" Why sorrow for me, when your heart must know
  I am happier here in the By and Bye.

"Short was my stay in your world below,
Bright were the hopes that my pathway blessed,
But my spirit was gently called to go
To my beautiful home in the Vale of Rest;
Softly as tints of the even fade,
Faded the earth from my death-dimmed eye,
And a glory arose thro' the gathering shade,
'Twas the splendor untold of the By and Bye.

"Oh, bright is the flush on the Autumn trees,
And pleasant the flowery fields in June,
And charming the glow on the rippling seas
Of the silvery light of the rising moon:
Brightly the hues of the morning shine,
Fair are the tints of the evening sky,
But fairer than these, in this world divine,
Are the splendors untold of the By and Bye.

"Ne'er shall we meet on the shores of Time,
But soon, when the sorrows of earth are o'er,
Shall we two join in the strains sublime
That are rising forever and evermore;
And while thro' the desert of life you stray,
I will come at the call of your whispered sigh
From my beautiful home in the realms of day,
My home in the radiant By and Bye.

"In the woodland glades where you love to roam,
And think on the days that are gone for aye,
Or muse by some stream in the forest gloam
Where seldom the quivering sunbeams play,
While under the shade that the maple flings
On the verdant mosses you dreaming lie,
You will feel the light breeze of my angel wings,
A breath from the beautiful By and Bye.

"While the lightsome foot of the zypher trips
In its wayward course thro' the rustling bough,
Will the airy touch of my angel lips
Woo the shadow of care from your clouded brow;
I will kneel by your side in the silent shade,
And murmur sweet thoughts of the world on high,
And my angel hand will in yours be laid,
As I tell of the beautiful By and Bye."

Oh! sweet as the cadence of distant song,
As it floats o'er the sea in the still of night,
Were those accents divine, as they whispered long,
To my spirit entranced, in the church-yard white.
Slowly descended the twilight gloom,
As I pressed my mute lips on the marble nigh,
And silently traced on the shrouded tomb,
Those magical syllables "By and Bye."

SELREC.

Sydney, C. B.

THE publication of Mr. Forbes' interesting papers will be resumed next month.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

THAT the late Mr. Robert Foulis, so long and so well known in this community, was no ordinary man, the many varied works and engagements of his lifetime sufficiently attest. He was furthermore the representative of a family which, for three generations, had been notable for the intellectual endowments of its members, being the grandson of Robert Foulis, Esq., of the firm of "Robert and Andrew Foulis," the celebrated printers for the "Glasgow University" of last century. This gentleman, we find by reference to "Chambers' Biographical Dictionary," was the first to attempt the establishing an Academy of the Fine Arts in Scotland. The subject of our present sketch was born in Glasgow on the 5th May, 1796. After passing through the usual school career, he was sent to the University of his native city, with the view of graduating as a surgeon. After studying two seasons his health became so much impaired that he was withdrawn from his studies, with the intention of resuming them again when convalescence returned. About this period a friend of his father, who was commander of a whaler, offered him the situation of surgeon on board his ship. The offer was accepted, and we consequently next find him roaming the Northern seas in eager search after the monsters of the deep. On returning home from those icy regions, he relinquished the idea of surgery and became apprenticed to a relative named Thompson at the engineering business. On becoming a journeyman, he left his native country to try his fortune in Belfast, Ireland, where he lived for some time as an artist, under the patronage of a nobleman, whose name we cannot at present recall. In Ireland he became enamored of one of the fair daughters of that island. They were married, and were enjoying a full share of domestic felicity, when Mrs. Foulis died suddenly of puerperal fever, after giving birth to her first child—a daughter. He then resolved on emigrating to Ohio, and with that intention sailed from Belfast. After a rough passage the vessel was cast away on the coast of Nova Scotia. He found his way to Halifax, where he met with a number of his countrymen, who persuaded him to try his fortune there before proceeding to the States. He consented, and again adopted the profession of an artist. For some time he succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations, and many of his portraits are still to be found in that good old city. Success, however, did not bring contentment, so he again started on his travels and reached St. John somewhere about the year 1822 or 1823. In New Brunswick his career was in many respects a marked one, though some of his labors were but ill requited by those who were most benefitted by them. He made the first survey and drew the first chart of the River St. John, which, we understand, is still held in the archives in Fredericton as a reliable authority in all matters relating to its topography. He was likewise chiefly instrumental in getting steam navigation applied to the river, and, if we mistake not, it was he who bought, imported and fitted up the machinery of the second steamboat that ever floated on its waters. He likewise started, and for some years successfully worked, the first foundry in this Province, that which is at present represented by Everett & Co. He was also chiefly instrumental in first drawing attention to the mineral resources of Albert county, since so fully developed. "The Fog Alarm," now in such general use all over the world, was another offspring of his versatile mind: with him the idea originated. He it was who drew the plans, and he was the man who was left to wither in the shades of neglect after being struck by blindness, while others, in the most designing manner, set their plans to benefit themselves by his ingenuity. Every sound, however, which emanates from the "Fog Alarm" on Partridge Island, most assuredly blazons forth the fame of ROBERT FOULIS, the MARINER'S FRIEND. He was likewise an adept in several of the sciences, including chemistry, geology and electricity, and he was ever zealous for the instruction of youth and the general diffusion of knowledge. He, in the course of his busy life, lectured frequently on these subjects in the Mechanics' Institute—in the establishment of which he was actively engaged, and, we understand, resigned a considerable sum ($400) for its benefit, which he was at the time receiving from Government annually as a private teacher of the sciences. He has now gone from among us, and we are sorry to add that, like many other sons of genius who have benefitted their fellows, he was allowed, in his old age, to languish in obscurity and indigence, and latterly to die of exhaustion, without the necessary means to provide for the demands of nature. He died on the 26th January, 1866, in the seventieth year of his age, leaving a widow and five small children to the tender mercies of an overruling Providence. His remains rest in the Rural Cemetery, without a stone to mark the spot. Such is the grateful return the world too often make to its benefactors.

M.

SPIRIT OF UNREST.

What is it calls me from myself?
  What thrills my soul with scorching fire;
And checks the glowing hopes that rise—
  The holy thoughts Thy love inspire!

What makes me sigh when all are glad?
  Why tears, when joy should make me gay?
Why is this longing in my heart?
  O, why so many a weary day?

I would be glad and happy now,
  For all invites the soul to peace,
But O, I cannot freedom find
  From this which offers no release.

O Spirit! Spirit of Unrest,
  Leave—leave me for a little space!
Let me be still and dwell content
  In this bright, warm, and cheerful place.

I will be quiet and work on,
  If to my doubting heart thou'lt give
Some little corner where from thee
  My love may live.

For I must weep a little yet,
  I may not soothe my grief so soon,—
It throbs within my pulses still,
  And all my life is out of tune.

Cecil.

Fredericton, N. B.

ROBERT SOUTHEY'S SECOND WIFE.

Caroline Bowles, who, somewhat late in life, became the second wife of Robert Southey, the Poet Laureate, belonged to the same family as Canon Lisle Bowles; from whose works he was wont to say he "had derived even more benefit than from Cowper's." Her mother was sister to General Sir Harry Burrard, who was made a baronet for his services, and died in command of the First Grenadier Guards, at Calshot Castle; of which old fortress on the Solent he was Governor.

On the 27th of June, 1789, George the Third, accompanied by the Queen and three elder Princesses, honored Sir Harry and Lady Neale with a visit; and were received at the Town-hall (then standing in the middle of the High Street) by the Mayor and Corporation, who, being introduced by Lord Delawarr, had the honor of kissing their Majesties' hands. At that moment the King's attention was drawn to a gaunt figure draped in a red gown ornamented with yellow braid, who held what looked like a gilt club, and gazed at him with the profoundest veneration from the further end of the hall.

"What is that singular-looking personage?" asked the King of Lord Delawarr.

"Our mace-bearer, your Majesty, Jedidiah Pike," was the whispered answer.

But the name caught its owner's ear, and supposing that he had been summoned, he advanced hastily. Overcome, however, by his feelings, and seeing the royal eyes fixed upon him, honest Jedidiah prostrated himself, mace and all, at the foot of the "haut-pas," looking up from the ground with an expression of such passionate loyalty that the King not only burst out laughing, but also told him to get up and kiss his hand, which he was sure so good a subject deserved to do. Long afterwards he spoke of "old Pike," with the same hearty laughter.

This incident illustrates the general feeling of Lymington in those days, when "a Divinity," did indeed, "hedge a king."

Caroline Bowles was an exceedingly pretty child, and old relations of hers and of the writer's, often spoke of her fairy-like appearance when found reading or writing in the hollow trunk of some old tree, or in a mimic cave, with one flat stone for a floor, overhung with ferns and ivy, by the side of Royden Stream.

She spoke French as soon as she did English, for her grandmother, Mrs. George Burrard, or, as she was usually called, Madame Burrard, was a Jersey lady, and always spoke her native language in her own family. She was connected with all the old Norman families of the island, where feudal customs and the manners of *la vieille cour* long survived their disappearance in France. Her husband was brother to Sir Harry Burrard, warden of the New Forest, and Governor of Calshot Castle, who became the first baronet of Walhampton. He had early been betrothed to a handsome and wealthy Jersey heiress by a family compact, and the marriage was to take place when his regiment returned from Flanders. They had seen little of each other, but they parted with the promise of keeping up as constant a correspondence as the uncertain posts of those days allowed. Great was the young soldier's happiness when, as time passed on, each letter from Mademoiselle D—— became more delightful than the last. She had appeared to him rather cold and imperious, and he fancied she had accepted his addresses too much as a matter of course; but her letters undeceived him, and left him no doubt of her affection. They contained the fullest accounts of her daily life at the old chateau, with all the little adventures that befel herself and her friends, described in the most amusing way, and with a child-like zest and womanly grace, that promised delightful companionship in the future.

At last he obtained a short leave of absence, and hurried to Jersey, to assure her better than he could do in writing of the warm affection that had succeeded on his own part to the somewhat chilly ceremonial of their former intercourse. Mademoiselle D—— had often alluded to a summer-house at the end of the nut-tree avenue, leading from the garden to the neighboring woods, as her favorite spot for writing. On hearing, therefore, when he arrived unexpectedly at the chateau, that the Seigneur and Madame were paying visits, but that she and her cousin Mademoiselle Madeleine were in the summer-house, he lost not a moment in seeking her there. Full of hope and joy he stood for a moment on that glowing afternoon near the pretty pavillion, afraid of startling his promised bride by so sudden an appearance. The summer leaves were thick, and the noisette-roses clustered round it, but he heard a well-known voice exclaim: "Will you never have done, Madeleine, with that tiresome letter? Thank goodness, it is one of the last we need send, for he seems likely to be here before long! It is lucky we write alike, I should hardly have patience to copy all you find to say——"

Perhaps George Burrard took another turn in the nut-tree walk before he presented himself; but when he entered the summer-house he saw his betrothed tying knots of various colored ribbons that lay on the rustic table, and her young cousin writing, with a shower of golden curls falling over her face, as she held her desk on her lap. There was something in that blushing face which told the story of the letters, no less clearly than Mademoiselle's exclamation, and it fixed his fate and hers.

Miss Bowles' first long poem was a novel in verse, called "Ellen Fitzarthur." Southey was then at the height of his fame, and after long hesitation she ventured to send the manuscript to him, determining to abide by his opinion as to whether it should go into a publisher's hands or not. He read it with great interest, and wrote judiciously and kindly to his unknown correspondent, whom he warmly encouraged. The poem, followed by several shorter pieces, was accordingly published; and the latter especially were very much admired. In those happy days authoresses were very few, and she at once received, through her bookseller, letters of praise from many distinguished writers. After her mother's death, in 1817, part of her fortune was lost in the failure of an Indian bank; and as she now lived alone, with her faithful "bonne" and two other attached servants, at Buckland Cottage, she found the reward of her labors very useful. But she never thoroughly settled down into what could be called a literary life. She kept up an animated correspondence with Southey, who from the first felt the charm of her sympathy, and wrote frequently and fully about his own works, with abundant criticisms on those of others. Letter-writing was naturally to them both a more perfect means of pouring out their minds than conversation; and it was some years before they met. No one, however, better deserved the once coveted name of "une charmante raconteuse" than Miss Bowles. She had a quaint caustic style of telling an anecdote that was entirely her own; and in ghost stories she was inimitable.

SONNET.

I EVER knew thou wouldst depart from me—
  That while my love was at the full high tide,
Thine own was ebbing to the far off sea,
  And so I kept me closely by thy side,
And strove with clinging arms to hold thee back;
  But thou didst free thee, and afar didst stray,
Leaving the bare waste sands of life's dull track
  Stretching their gloom beneath the noontide ray,
O'er which my thoughts, like mournful sea-birds flight,
  Must wheel and circle evermore,
Mourning the day that took thee from my sight—
  Living thy tones and gentle kindness o'er;
Until, across the vast and mighty main,
Thou'lt come to claim this faithful heart again. M. McG.

St. John, N. B.

MAYFLOWERS.

A subtle fragrance fills the wood,
And 'neath its hood
Of drifted snow
Each Mayflower hideth, all aglow.

Blushing from March's stormy days,
Upon its face
Sparkling and clear,
It doth the tears of April bear.

So from the storms and trials of life—
Its fiercest strife—
We may come forth
With rarest virtue, noblest worth.

Sweeter is it because has past
O'er it the blast:
More worthy we,
If faithful 'mid life's storm we be. OLGA STEWART.

Halifax, N. S.

HOW TO PUN.

IT may be as well to give the beginner something of a notion of the use he can make of the most ordinary words for the purpose of quibbleism. For instance, in the way of observation—The loss of a hat is always felt; if you don't like sugar you may lump it; a glazier is a panes-taking man; candles are burnt because wick-ed things always come to light; a lady who takes you home from a party is kind in her carriage, and you say "*Nunc est ridendum*" when you step into it; if it happens to be a chariot, she is a charitable person; birds'-nests and king-killing are synonymous, because they are high trees on; a Bill for building a bridge should be sanctioned by the Court of Arches as well as the House of Piers; when a man is dull, he goes to the seaside to Brighton; a Cockney lover when sentimental should live in Heigh Hoburn; the greatest fibber is the man most to re-lie on; a dean expecting a bishopric looks for lawn; a suicide kills pigs, and not himself; a butcher is a gross man, but a fig-seller is a grocer; Joshua never had a father or mother, because he was the sun of Nun; your grandmother and your great-grandmother were your aunt's sisters; a leg of mutton is better than heaven, because nothing is better than heaven, and a leg of mutton is better than nothing.

SONNET.

HEBE! the graces haunt thy damask cheek,
Wanton in smiles, and launch the merry jest,
Point the soft glance where Cupid stands confest,
And add a charm to every idle freak.
'Mid all the array of fairs in vain I seek
To find thy peer in loveliness. How blest
Is he whose love is cherished in thy breast!
The browns that glisten in thine eye bespeak
A depth of fervour and a wealth of love,
For wrong too modest, for reserve too free;
The cherry portals of thy spirit prove
Bright oracles of melting harmony.
Oh! 'tis my constant prayer to heaven above,
To pass the summer of my days with thee.

Sackville, N. B.

HARRY HALIFAX.

THE LANELY LAY.

THE following Ballad was written about thirty years ago by James McLardy, a young shoemaker in Paisley, and is well entitled to a wider circulation than it has hitherto enjoyed.

Oh! may love was fair as the siller clud
  That sleeps in the smile o' dawn,
And her e'en were bricht as the crystal bells
  That spangle the blossomed lawn;
And warm as the sun was her kind, kind heart,
  That glowed 'neath a faemy sea;
But I feared by the tones o' her sweet, sweet voice,
  That my love was nae for me.

Oh! my love was gay as the simmer time
  When the earth is bricht and gled,
And fresh as the spring, when the young buds blaw,
  In their sparkling pearl-drops cled;
And her hair was chains o' the sunset sheen
  That hang 'tween the lift and the sea;
But I feared by the licht that hallowed her face
  That my love was nae for me.

Oh! my love was sweet as the violet flower
  That waves by the moss-grown stane,
And her lips were rich as the rowans red
  That hang in the forest lane;
And her brow was a dreamy hill o' licht,
  That struck ane dumb to see;
But I feared by signs that canna be named
  That my love was nae for me.

Oh, my love was mild as the autumn gale
 That fans the temples o' toil;
And the sweets o' a thousand simmers cam'
 On her breath and sunny smile;
And spotless she gaed on the tainted earth
 Of a' mortal blemish free,
While my heart forgat, in its feast of joy,
 That my love was nae for me.

Oh ! my love was kind, and I lo'ed her lang,
 Wi' a heart o' burning fire,
And woo'd her in strains that her charms had rung
 Frae the saul o' my aiten lyre.
She gied me her han', and I press'd her lips,
 As the tears gush'd frae her e'e;
Tho' a voice seem'd whisp'ring at my breast
 That my love was nae for me.

Oh ! my love was leal; and my cup o' bliss
 Was reaming to the brim,
When ae gloaming chill, to her sacred bower,
 Cam' a grisly auld carl fu' grim,
Wha dash'd the cup frae my raptured lips
 Wi' a wild, unearthly glee;
Sae the ghaistly thought was then confirm'd
 That my love was nae for me.

Oh ! my love was young, and the grim auld carl
 Held her fast in his cauld embrace,
And sucked the red frae her hinneed mou'
 And the blush frae her peachy face;
He stifled the sounds o' her charmed throat,
 And quenched the fire o' her e'e;
But fairer she blooms in her heavenly bower,
 For my love was nae for me.

Sae I tyned my love, and I tyned my heart,
 And I tyned baith wealth and fame;
Syne I turn'd a sad, weary minstrel wicht
 Wi' the cauld world for my hame.
Yet my minstrelsy, but a lanely lay,
 My wealth my aumus fee;
Oh, wae ! that I were wi' the grim auld carl,
 For this world is nae for me.