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*Mrs. Jones*

THE

# Lennoxville Magazine.

VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1868.

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# THE LENNOXVILLE MAGAZINE.

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## THE BRERETONS.

### CHAPTER VI.

THREE months had passed away since the occurrence of the events related in the last chapter. At first Maud had necessarily been much occupied, for "every one" of course had called to condole with the "poor girl," and every one had gone away with a varying tale of her looks and manner. Some said she was cold, proud and unfeeling; others averred that the manner was assumed to hide her real sentiments; others, again, maintained that she was the same as ever, gentle, yielding, without much character at all, in fact, just the sort of girl to get on with Mr. Brereton. And no one ever doubted that her own—for it was mainly amongst the ladies, the little occupied portion of the community, that the young girl was thus discussed—no one ever doubted that her own opinion was the right one. After that a time had come in which Maud's life was very quiet—dull some would have called it—for she went into no society, and even the state calls had ceased for a while. But if Maud herself had been questioned, she would have said that her life, during this time, had been anything but "dull." She had been forced, as it were, to begin life afresh, to create new interests for herself, to form a new plan for spending her days. Since she had left the schoolroom, much of her time had been necessarily occupied with nursing, now she had many spare hours on her hands, as she was much alone. From morning till night her father was absent; business, he said, required his attention more closely than usual; and when he was at home he was often thoughtful, and at times almost morose. Even the caresses of his daughter, formerly his delight, now failed to rouse him more than momentarily from the gloom which seemed to pervade his whole nature. Sometimes he was restless, and in such moods he would wander from room to room, from the house to the garden, from the garden back again to the house, unable to find peace anywhere. At other times he was like himself again, brisk, imperious, attentive only to his child, whose

every whim he would strive to gratify. It was in one of these moods that he one day planted himself in front of her as she sat at work, and with a curious smile on his face, said, "Well, Maud, you are indeed of a confiding disposition. You have never even asked me anything about your mother's will, although you might naturally suppose it concerned you."

"I don't see much in that, papa. I suppose that my interests are yours, and that you will take care of them. Still there is one thing I should like to know, did mamma leave nothing to Frank?"

A shade passed over Mr. Brereton's face. "Your brother is a minor. He cannot touch any money left him even if any body knew where he is to be found."

"Then mamma did leave some of her property to him," persisted Maud, eagerly.

"Property! your mother had none to leave," prevaricated the other.

"But she had money, I know, papa. Did she leave it to Frank?"

At this moment Mr. Brereton was called away, and without an instant's delay he left the room. After a considerable interval he returned. "Maud," he said, "when I was called away, I was on the point of making a proposal to you. You are growing dull. You are a great deal alone. You will take to nothing if you lead so solitary a life. And now for my plan. I am thinking of engaging a lady, who will at once serve as a chaperone and as a companion for you."

"Oh, papa, pray don't!" cried Maud starting up. "I am very happy, I never get dull. I have not time. In fact, I often wonder how the days go."

"Why? what do you do?"

"Well, papa, you know I read a great deal, and I am working hard at German, and then there is the house to be attended to, and I visit amongst the poor, and I go down to the school three times a week, and I ride almost every afternoon. So you see I have no time left for feeling dull."

Mr. Brereton looked grave when he heard this category of his daughter's occupations, and he took himself severely to task for his carelessness in never having before inquired how her days were spent, but he merely said, "This kind of life is all very well, but you must have something more."

"I am quite happy, dear papa. Pray do not trouble about me. Look at me yourself. I don't look as if I moped, do I?"

That sweet, bright smile was irresistible, and Mr. Brereton took the fair face between his hands and kissed it tenderly.

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"No, my darling, you do not. But supposing that I should give in to you in the matter of a companion, I must have you see some society. Just now I have in my pocket an invitation to dinner at the Dalton's, we will accept it."

"Oh, papa, I cannot go yet, it is only three months since——"

"Stuff! sentimental nonsense. I tell you, you must go. - So hold yourself in readiness."

"I have no dress," said Maud, as a last resource. What woman does not know that the men of her family like to see her well dressed although they so often laugh at her little fineries, and profess to condemn the delicate finish of her attire.

"Leave that to me, I will arrange that," was the reply.

And Maud was forced to yield, and she thought, if my mother still takes any interest in what I do, she knows that it is from no disrespect to her that I obey my father's orders. It is what she would wish me to do.

In the course of a few days a large box arrived from London, containing a costly set of mourning visiting dresses. And Maud, arrayed in one of these, presented herself before her father on the evening of the dinner party at the Daltons. He smiled his approval and they set out.

Miss Brereton's arrival created quite a sensation in the drawing-room at Monckton Manor, and friends and acquaintances congratulated themselves and one another on her reappearance amongst them, for she was a favourite, and her late bereavement made young and old feel specially kindly towards her. But, from all this, Maud drew her own inferences—that people were surprised to see her again so soon in society—and each fresh greeting went to her heart.

After dinner was over, and the gentlemen had rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room, Mr. Carlton, to whom she had not spoken before, came to Maud and said, "It is an unexpected pleasure to meet you to-night, Miss Brereton."

"It is not my fault, Mr. Carlton," replied Maud sadly, with an *et tu*, *Brute*, expression in her soft eyes. "It is not my fault. Papa insisted on my coming, and he says——"

"Yes, Mr. Carlton, papa did insist on her coming, and he means to rouse her from her moping habits; and he means to use measures to prevent her from confining her attentions to one or two people only. In admitting these favoured few to share their sorrows, no woman is supposed to transgress the laws of society—oh, you clergy were always cunning people from the time of the monks downward—generous comforters you are," interrupted Mr. Brereton, who had advanced unseen and had taken up a position behind his daughter's chair. He was

considerably mortified, however, to find that the greater part of his sarcasm had been apparently lost on his intended victim, who was engaged in conversation with his host, though Maud saw by the contraction of his lips and the pallor which spread itself over his face, that he had heard the whole of the insulting speech. Mr. Brereton saw nothing, except that his shaft had failed. Turning to his daughter, he said, "My dear, let me introduce Sir William Dinacre to you. He has been persecuting me all evening for an introduction, and now he has got it."

Maud gave a cold inclination of her head, as she looked up and saw before her a young man who bowed low to her greeting. He was pale, tall, red haired, high shouldered, but powerfully built. This Maud saw at a glance, and during the course of conversation she had leisure to observe the low receding forehead with its line of large bumps over the eyes, the high cheek bones, and the square lower jaw with the large coarse mouth. Such was Sir William Dinacre.

"It is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Brereton," he began, seating himself upon the sofa beside her, and fixing his colourless grey eyes, with their white lashes upon her. "It is an unexpected pleasure to meet you here to-night." Mr. Carlton's words, but how different the effect of them upon Maud, but she answered quietly, "It was my father's wish that I should come."

"You see she has contrived to make herself look as sparkling as she can, with her bugles and nicknacks. It is what women call mourning," said her father.

"That is hard, papa, when you ordered the dress yourself, and I never heard of it until it came home," returned Maud, with flashing eyes.

"Miss Brereton requires no jet or bugles to make her appear sparkling. She has other ornaments of her own which shine bright enough," cried Sir William with a would-be fascinating smile—to Maud it seemed bold and ill-bred. A pause ensued during which Mr. Brereton moved off, and Maud was left alone with Sir William.

"You believe in the Bible, then, Miss Brereton?" he began. "I see you act up to its precepts."

"I don't understand you," was the reply, in a half indignant tone.

"Well, at any rate, the fifth commandment is your special weakness." As Maud made no reply, he continued, "Now, pray answer me. I don't ask the question in a carping spirit. Do you think that a wife is bound to obey her husband to the letter?"

"It is a point I have not considered."

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that point." As Maud still remained silent, he added, "Well, as you won't gratify me so far, I will give you them gratis—for absolutely nothing—and you can make what use you like of them. If I were a woman, I would obey my husband in the spirit and not in the letter. You know I have scriptural authority I will not quote, or I might shock that solemn looking parson yonder. He has been looking daggers at me for this last ten minutes. I believe he heard me talking about him, for, see, here he comes. Will you introduce me to your friend?" he continued, as Mr. Carlton shook hands with Maud, and wished her good-night.

Maud was obliged to comply, and listened with a mingled feeling of dislike to the man, and wondered at his audacity, while she heard him expressing his pleasure in at length meeting Mr. Carlton. He had only lately returned from abroad, or he should have done himself the honour of calling upon Mr. Carlton before.

"You father is trying to attract your attention, Miss Brereton," he went on, without waiting for any reply from Mr. Carlton; he evidently thinks it is time for you to go. It is very cruel. I wonder if he considers me dangerous?"

Maud turned upon him such a look of scorn and contempt, as for the moment completely silenced him, and he suffered her to move on alone for a few steps. "Sweet things pall after a time, Sir William," said a deep voice in his ear. On looking up he saw no one near him, only Mr. Carlton, who, after all, had not yet left the room, and was standing by Miss Brereton. This was too much—he, the wealthy Sir William Dinaere, cut out by a mere country curate! And the baronet edged a way for himself between the clergyman and his parishioner, and offered his arm to the lady to conduct her to her carriage.

Five minutes afterwards Mr. Carlton left the room, and as he pursued his way beneath the cold light of the December moon, he gave himself up to deep reflection. "Is it possible that she can be a mere flirt?" he said to himself as he leant upon the little gate which opened on a narrow walk leading up to the door of his modest looking lodgings. "Is it possible she can be merely on the look out for wealth, and that she will give herself to that white-faced baronet? Can it be feigning a dislike to him, simply for the sake of drawing him on?" And very unclerically he clenched his fist, and shook it at some airy vision. Then growing calmer he sighed heavily. "What right have I to complain if she does marry him? I, a poor curate with eighty pounds a year. Expectations? Yes—but what are they when one may wait five or even ten years? what right should I have to drag down that beautiful being fitted to shine in any circle, to my own quiet life? I might bear to see her for her happiness

the wife (and he winced) of some good, noble man—but of that mean-spirited, tormenting coward—never. I would rather—yes, I would rather see her disowned by her father, reduced to live in this cottage, doing the work of the house with her own delicate hands! Shall I enter the list with him? No. She is not worth it. She left me; she let him take her to the carriage, and never even glanced me a second farewell. I—I who have done so much for her—was left for that. She may go.” And herewith he went into the house, and closed the door behind him with no gentle touch.

## CHAPTER VII.

On the following morning Maud was sitting alone in her room, reading a letter from Frank to Mr. Carlton, which that gentleman had forwarded to her for her perusal. He had sent it without one word of explanation from himself, and she felt puzzled and somewhat mortified by the omission. It was the first intimation she had had of her brother's safety since he parted from her near her mother's grave. And Mr. Carlton knew this. Why, then, had he not showed her in some way that he sympathized with her? Was it possible that she had offended him in any way? She tried to recollect exactly what she had said and done on the preceding evening, but her memory would bring back nothing by which she could have offended him—unless—could it be possible that he thought her capable of loving, or at any rate could he degrade her so far as to think she had flirted with Sir William? Surely her every look and word might have proved to any one knowing her as well as Mr. Carlton did, that Sir William's attentions were odious to her—that it was only the laws of society which had compelled her to speak to him at all. Her brother's letter dropped from her hand on to the floor. The rustle of the paper as it fell struck upon her ear, and as she picked up the fallen sheet, she reproached herself bitterly for her coldness towards Frank. She had forgotten him in his lowliness, and remembered only her own little cares. She was selfish, she told herself, to dream on in this fashion—she who had every luxury her heart could desire—she whose father was ready to forestall her slightest wish, while he was alone, poor and dispirited. Then, collecting her thoughts, she began to read the letter.

Frank was temporarily settled in comfortable quarters in Canada, but wished to keep his address secret, for a time at least, fearing lest he might involve friends at home. One person, he said, knew where he was, and he had undertaken to let him know from time to time how affairs at

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home were progressing. The same man had bought him a commission in another regiment, and he should shortly be on the waves. India would probably be his destination, but he would write again before long. He still maintained his incognito. Then he concluded, begging only that Mr. Carlton would let Maud hear his news, for he dare not write to her himself.

Maud had scarcely finished reading her brother's letter, when a servant entered the room and announced the arrival of Sir William Dinacre.

"Did you not tell Sir William that my father was not at home?"

"Yes, ma'am. But he asked if he could see you."

"Very well. I will be down immediately. Do not bring up luncheon. I will ring when I am ready for it," said Miss Brereton, resolving that nothing should induce her to invite her visitor to take any refreshment, although the hour for luncheon had already arrived.

Several moments elapsed before Miss Brereton could make up her mind to go and speak to her guest. The disagreeable task, however, had to be got through, and she went down stairs.

Her greeting was cold and dignified, while the paleness of her face was enhanced by the deep mourning dress which she wore.

Sir William rose on her entrance, and advanced to meet her with a half-mocking air. "I called to enquire how you were after the fatigues of last evening, Miss Brereton. But I see it is hardly necessary for me to ask. Your cheeks have temporarily lost the peach-like bloom that——"

"I am perfectly well, I thank you, Sir William."

"Then, why that icy manner? Do you thaw only towards evening? Are you cold winter in the morning, and lovely gleaming July in the evening?" He waited, and finding that Maud made no reply to his banter, he continued, "Is it only under the light of wax candles that you wear tropical lines in your cheeks?"

"In common with the flowers and fruits of our own country, I find the forcing process a weakening one. Therefore the sooner it leaves, the better for all such as can bear the free air of Heaven," returned Maud, warmly.

"But in our climate some fruit comes to perfection only in a hot-house."

"Injudicious heat, however, though it may ripen the fruit, is apt to take away its flavour."

"It is impossible to gainsay your wisdom, Miss Brereton," said Sir William, surveying his hostess from head to foot with a strange and doubtful look upon his features—a look of complete indecision as to the

mode of treatment to be adopted towards her. Was she to be regarded in the light of a wayward girl, or a resolute impassioned woman?

Neither Maud nor her visitor felt quite inclined to hazard any further remark on the subject under discussion. The former felt somewhat aggrieved and very angry at being thus compelled to talk of herself though under a different denomination, and she threw a certain degree of sharpness into her voice as she replied to Sir William's light words. He, on his part, found considerable interest and amusement in drawing out, and endeavouring to dissect, for his own satisfaction, this new phase of Miss Brereton's character. But he felt that for this time he had gone far enough, and he feared lest he might rouse in her a spirit of dislike towards himself, stronger than that which he knew already reigned over her mind. Neither, therefore, was sorry when the entrance of a servant broke the pause which followed his last remark.

"Mr. Carlton had called," the servant said, "but, on hearing that Miss Brereton was engaged with Sir William, had declined to come in. He had asked him to give the soup tickets," and he presented them "to his mistress."

Sir William smiled grimly, and congratulated himself more from satisfaction at having annoyed Mr. Carlton, than at any success he had himself achieved. He watched Maud gather up the tickets with the cruel, playful eagerness which a cat bestows on the mouse she is bent on tormenting even to the death. The mouse in question looked pained, and turned a shade paler than before. These signs did not remain unobserved, though they drew down no remark at that time.

Sir William felt, on the whole, well pleased with his visit, for though he had gained no ground himself, and held, as he distinctly told himself, no corner in Miss Brereton's affections, yet he had acquired the knowledge, the absolute certainty, that she was not indifferent to the opinion of Mr. Carlton. If she had not blushed at the sound of his name, she had turned pale at the thought of his displeasure. This was material enough to work upon. Anything like an attachment between them could not be thought of—the heiress and the country curate. If it already existed, it must be cast aside; if it did not, measures must be taken to prevent the possibility of such a thing.

Why was the idea so preposterous?

Because Sir William Dinaere intended to make the belle of the county his own wife. If she could not become so from choice, she must do so from necessity. Foul means might be tried, if fair ones failed. So with the expressed hope that he might soon have the pleasure of seeing her again, he bade her farewell.

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Before she went down to luncheon, Maud carefully washed the hand which politeness had compelled her to give him, and which he had pressed with what she was pleased to consider unnecessary warmth.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Sir William meanwhile had betaken himself to an hotel in the neighbourhood, where he discussed an excellent luncheon, and decided upon a plan of action. That Miss Brereton was indifferent to his own, and to say the least of it, that she was not averse to Mr. Carlton's attentions, was clear, so he told himself. Yet beyond his personal appearance, in what did the curate excel him, the baronet? In nothing. Wealth, rank, cleverness were on his own side, and with these weapons, he determined to carry the day, and unite Beauty—money was quite a minor consideration to a man like William Dinaere—to the Beast. And he pictured to himself Maud seated at the head of his table. And the picture was a pleasant one. Of her feelings he took no account. Was she not a woman, and therefore bound to obedience? Her father might safely be counted amongst the number of his own partisans, so he thought he had nothing to do, but to ask and to obtain the lady's hand, if not her heart. "All is fair in love and in war, and mine she shall be somehow! So look to yourself, Carlton!" he said, half aloud, and with this sentiment he pushed aside his plate, buttoned up his coat, ordered his horse and rode away. His destination was the house where Mr. Carlton lodged. That gentleman was at home, but was just going out, and as the servant made the observation, Mr. Carlton came out of the door.

"I thought I should be sure to find you at home at this time," said Sir William.

"I am generally at home at this hour, but I have been called to see a sick person, and therefore must beg you will excuse my not asking you to come in," was the reply.

"When shall you be back, for I am resolved to see you to-day, if possible?"

"I can hardly say, for my parishioner lives at some distance, and I shall be compelled to make a few other visits amongst the poor of the district," returned Mr. Carlton coldly.

"A call can be paid just as well out of doors as in a room," returned his visitor, pertinaciously, "so as you say that your spiritual patient lives at some distance, I will accompany you, if you will allow me." So saying, and without waiting for an answer, the baronet jumped off his horse, drew his arm within the bridle, and walked on by the side of the clergyman.

"Very kind I am sure," muttered the latter, and then a dead silence reigned for some seconds between the two, not too congenial companions.

"This will never do," thought Sir William. "What can I talk about? Parliament? Hardly. His flock? No; that won't go down. But the idea is not a bad one, so here goes. Suppose we say the parish? Yes. That will do. Now for it." And thereupon he began: "You have not a large number of gentry among your parishioners, I suppose?"

"No. The Squire's is almost the only gentleman's house in the place, but the neighbourhood is a pleasant enough one."

"I am glad you have found it so, for the position of many country clergymen is not a pleasant one. Their visiting is frequently confined to one or two families, and that is neither good for them nor those they visit."

"True. For country clergy are often too poor to visit amongst those who consider themselves country people."

"Yes. But no one expects the clergy to return any civility showed to them," said Sir William, feeling how little ground he gained, "and you know an unmarried man, who is a gentleman, is acceptable in any society."

As he received no answer to this last remark, Sir William again spoke. "You are peculiarly fortunate in having a man like Mr. Brereton for your Squire."

"He is not particularly liberal, nor is he a very good churchman," returned Mr. Carlton. "I am not intimate with him."

"Oh! I thought you were on remarkably good terms with the family." Again, he elicited no observation, except a polite negative shake of the head. Sir William continued, "I have heard that Mrs. Brereton was a remarkably pleasant woman."

"Yes, she was a great loss to those who knew her. But she was reserved, too much so, I should have thought, to be a general favourite. During the latter part of her life she never went into society at all."

"Does her daughter resemble her?"

"I do not see any likeness myself," replied Mr. Carlton.

"Reserve only excepted? Still I think a woman cannot be too reticent."

"Silence is golden, they say," acquiesced Mr. Carlton.

"Sign number one," said Sir William to himself. Change of subject can't be allowed though. "What a pretty girl she is," he observed aloud.

Mr. Carlton remarked that she was variable in her looks.

"Certain sign!" This to himself; then aloud, "so gentle and modest too. And yet..... and yet," hesitated the baronet.

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Mr. Carlton was unable to repress an enquiring glance, but he felt at the same time as if the girl were being insulted in having even her name mentioned by the man beside him.

"I really hardly know how to tell you what I have heard. I hate a scandalmonger," said Sir William.

"Do you intend me to understand that scandal is at work with Miss Brereton's name?"

"Well, scandal I can hardly call it. It is merely the talk of the country."

Mr Carlton could not prevent the flush which rose to his face, nor the deadly paleness which followed, and the tormentor saw the signs though he appeared to walk on calmly beside his horse, which at this instant was seized with a sudden fit of restiveness, and required the whole of his master's attention, in order to keep him from jumping first to one, and then to the other side of the road. When the restless fit was over, Sir William continued quietly enough: "Yes, as I was observing, it is merely country talk, and therefore not to be depended upon, I dare say."

"But what is this talk after all?" asked Mr. Carlton somewhat impatiently.

"Oh, only—but you know, I really hardly like to spread the report any further," was the still doubtful reply.

"Just as you please. But you have said enough to make me think it is something very bad that people say of a girl you profess to respect."

"How so? What do you mean?"

"Why? Did you not acknowledge her to be modest and gentle?"

"Oh, yes—certainly—certainly. Well, I don't so much mind telling you. On your honour though you won't mention my name?"

"Of course not—of course not. You can trust me not to add to a report, which already seems widely enough spread!"

"Well, people do say, (but I dare say, as I remarked before, it is mere talk), people do say that she is clandestinely engaged to somebody—no body knows whom—and with him she holds secret meetings. This is the reason of the long lonely rides she takes at the same hour every day. Nothing but the mere fact has transpired as yet. His name is a secret to every one—even to the groom who is supposed to be in her confidence."

During this speech, Mr. Carlton's face had assumed a smile of irrepresible sarcasm. When it was over, he said, "It is a lie from beginning to end. A foul calumny!"

Sir William shrugged his shoulders, and observed quietly, "I don't believe it myself. As I said, it is talk in the country, that's all."

"How can you repeat such a disgraceful report?"

"I repeated it to you as a friend of the family. I should not dream of saying such a thing to any body else."

"May I beg you will let me hear no more of it either!"

"This is all a man gets for having fulfilled a painful task, but, nevertheless, I cannot repent having told *you*. Now I am afraid I must wish you good-bye, for I have an engagement at home."

Herewith the baronet put spurs to his horse and rode off at a full gallop, but as soon as he was out of sight he brought his horse to a walk, and fell into a long train of thought. "I think I have put spoke number one into that wheel," he ejaculated, as he entered the gates of his own park. "I wonder what his next move will be. What a rage the fellow was in! Well, I don't envy him his feelings! His poor parishioner!"

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#### IN THE AUTUMN.

Above the withered year I tread  
Midst mem'ries of the past,  
And visions of the saintly dead  
Throng round me dim and fast.

The sere leaves in their rustling seem  
Footfalls light as the air,  
Or the stir of robes in a dream  
Of angels fleet and fair.

Faintly the rippling brooklets play  
Again the low, sweet tune,  
She sang me the dreamiest day  
Ever died in the June.

Her breath is in the fragrant wind,  
Her presence in the glade,  
And traces of her feet I find  
In sunshine and in shade.

Sometimes, in my thought, I listen  
To her voice faint and far,  
Where her shining garments glisten  
In the evening star.

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And her eyes in the twilight look  
 From the glimmering rows,  
 With the old sad meaning they took  
 Under the lilac boughs.

But the leaves are astir again  
 With the passing of feet,  
 And my heart grows sick with the pain  
 Of mem'ries sharp and fleet.

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## A LORD OF THE CREATION.

### PART IV. (CONCLUSION.)

#### CHAPTER XII.

Vaughan Hesketh made a second pilgrimage to Beacon's Cottage the next morning. A restless night had caused his ideas, only confusedly rebellious before, to arrange themselves in the most compact ranks of mutiny. Made courageous by a belief in his own immunity, he had now given the reins to those frantic steeds—his thoughts—his wishes; and they dragged him where they would. He was desperately resolved, with the indomitable resolution of a selfish man to win that which he covets, let what will stand between. His own interests, he said to himself, did not stand between. He was secure. The will was signed, and safely in the keeping of the family lawyer. Redwood, he argued, was virtually his—he had no more now either to gain or to lose from Mr. Hesketh. If the young man did not consciously calculate, among the other advantages of his position, the fact that his uncle could not, as the doctors said, linger many days, most assuredly it did unconsciously, and as a matter of instinct, weigh with him very forcibly.

So, nothing "stood between." Nothing but the pale face—paler than ever that morning—with the eyes looking unnaturally large, and the sometime rosy lips drawn closely together, in a strange sort of painful calm. The only thing that seemed to have power to effect that curious calm, was when Caroline looked at Vaughan's clouded brow and deeply meditative aspect, or heard his voice, hasty and querulous, beyond all the transient impatience she had ever noted in it before. *Then* her look would soften, and her eyes would fill with sudden tears; *then* the cry of her heart would almost rise to her lips—"O, Vaughan, Vaughan! If I could only comfort him—if I could only help him a little!" But she

dared not try. She dared not, for she felt the solemn sense of the duties that were before her—duties for which all her quietest composure, her steadiest thought and courage, would be needed. No passionate indulgence of emotion would risk breaking down the floodgates of that heart of hers, where even now heaved and swelled the tumultuous tides of overwrought feeling. Caroline was learning a new lesson of control; till now she had hardly required it. In the free joyousness of her youth, she had experienced few feelings that she might not avow. All shades and degrees of concealment had ever been unnatural and obnoxious to her careless, innocent spirit. Where she loved, she had been loving, of look, gesture, tone; where displeased, voice and manner had told it too. Sorrowful, she appeared sad; mirthful, she was merry. The conventional hypocrisies of the world, and those, sublimer and more heroic (as it is supposed) of modern novel and romance literature, each were alike unknown to Caroline. But now she guarded herself jealously. The few words she exchanged with Vaughan were quietly uttered. He would have been surprised at her composure, had he not been too much occupied with his own meditations to notice it at all. When she was about to withdraw, to resume her watch in the sickroom, he looked up for a minute. She lingered.

"You won't want me, I suppose? Because I think of going for a long walk—to be out all the morning."

"It will do you good," said Caroline. "Go, Vaughan."

"I don't know where I shall go." He took pains to tell her the unnecessary falsehood. "But you won't be likely to want me?"

"No. Pray go, dear Vaughan." And she went from the room hastily; and when the door was closed behind her, she clasped her hands against her eyes, forcing back the tears that had been brought to them by this new evidence of Vaughan's restless misery.

For Vaughan,—truly he was restless, if not altogether miserable. A few minutes more he passed in walking up and down the room, busy with his reflections; then he started off.

It was indeed a long walk that he took; for twice he turned at the top of the dark pine-wood, and paced with long strides the narrow footpath. But at length consulting his watch, and finding that "lesson time" had surely commenced, he issued from the dusky shadow of the tall trees, and wound his way to the gate of Beacon's Cottage.

But a carriage stood before the usually quiet little entrance, and men were strapping boxes and imperials to the roof, under the direction of a most energetic and shrill-voice *femme-de-chambre*.

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Madame est très exigeante. Prenez garde là. Doucement—doucement, avec cette boîte là!—si vous avez chiffonné quelque chose! Ah! Ma foi! Chut, chut, chut!"

Perfectly innocent of all meaning these accents fell on the honest rustic ears of the men, but Vaughan Hesketh heard also, and he gathered therefrom something of desperate interest to himself. Madame de Vigny was taking her departure from Beacon's Cottage, and evidently was bent on no mere slight journey, or brief absence. Why was she going—and where? He must know—he must see her before she went—he must learn from her own lips. There he paused, and gnashed his teeth in impotent anger, thinking of Miss Kendal. Miss Kendal would be with her—there would be no possibility of private conference—every look, every word, would be watched by those jealous, keen eyes. And she would go, he might not know where; he might lose her irrevocably—for ever! If once she slipped from him, he could not tell—he could not insure to himself the possibility of finding her again. Fairy, witch that she was, she might elude him, like flame, or air, or light, or any other beautiful, fleeting mockery. He wrought himself up to a point almost of frenzy, thinking thus. Finally he arrived at a reckless boldness—a disregard of all considerations save the one. What was Miss Kendal to him? She could do him no harm *now*. Let her know that he did not care for Caroline! Let her know that his very life and soul—his whole capacity of love and of devotion—was solely and entirely engrossed and lost in Blanche de Vigny! Let her know it, let her even tell Caroline: it would but save him the trouble of doing so himself. Let her do her worst. She should no longer frighten him from the goal of his desires. He dared her to harm him—he *would* have his will.

Of the *femme-de-chambre* he inquired if her mistress was to be seen. A doubtful response at first ensued, but further consideration appeared to render the thing more feasible. She would see; and he followed her into the house—into the drawing-room, where he waited.

How lifeless the room looked, though the fire blazed brightly, and the pretty fauteuil was drawn close to it, as if in readiness for its former occupant. The flowers flourished at the windows, and the outer world was far more serene than at his previous visit. A calm haze rested over everything—the outline of the hilly landscape was softened into misty indistinctness, joining the gray clouds, which themselves looked as solid as if they had been another and further range of hills. Stillness most profound reigned paramount within that charmed apartment. No stir of children, no sound of voices disturbed it, though Vaughan listened with ears made doubly sensitive and acute. He hated to have to understand

that they must all be gathered together in the breakfast-room at the further side of the cottage, equally out of sight and of hearing. She might leave the house, and he waiting there, ignorant and helpless. He chafed sorely; he was about to leave the room, that he might at least watch the carriage, to see that it did not bear her away, when a silken rustling without the door transfixed him. He leaned on the back of a chair, watching the door, prepared to spring forward when she should enter.

But she did not enter; instead, Miss Kendal trod deliberately into the room, looked at him with a fixed look of cold inquiry, and said, "Madame de Vigny is on the point of leaving. May I ask your message?"

"I wish to see herself," said Vaughan. His face flushed high; he advanced to the door, but there he was arrested, quite as much by Miss Kendal's clear, steadfast eye, as by her tall and unusually majestic presence. "I *must* see her," he said again, but in a more subdued tone.

"What have you to say to her, Vaughan Hesketh?" Miss Kendal sternly asked; "what is your mission here? Is it one you dare avow to me?"

"By what right do you question me thus, madame?" he returned, fiercely. "Who constituted *you* observer and censor of my actions? I am answerable to no authority of yours; I acknowledge no such tyranny."

"Nevertheless, you must be content at present to be ruled by such tyranny," said Miss Kendal, with grim complacency. "I shall certainly observe your actions, so far as they concern those in whom I am interested; and I am afraid it is likely that I shall censure them also. To go still farther, if I see occasion, I shall oppose—circumvent them to the best of my ability. I give you fair warning."

"It is unnecessary," he ground out the words between his teeth—"I have long been aware of your systematic plan of conduct towards me."

"That's a mistake of yours. You may have dreaded such a systematic watch upon you, but you have not had it till now. But we waste time, and mine is precious. What is your business with Madame de Vigny?"

"I shall only answer that question to herself; I will not be prevented seeing her. If you refuse to let me pass by the door, here is the window;" to which window he strode, and began to unfasten it.

"Take care—don't hurt my flowers," said Miss Kendal, coolly. "You are putting yourself to a great deal of fuss and trouble for nothing," she added. "The door is quite free to you, be assured; I have no intention of forcibly detaining you, as you seem to apprehend. There is no such conspiracy afoot."

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"In the study; she is busy, and would rather not be disturbed at present."

"Did she say so?"

"I say so; and I tell no lies at any time, or for any sake. You behave strangely, young man. Do you suppose I attach such high importance to the fact of your seeing or not seeing my visitor before she leaves me?"

"Then I can see her?"

"If and when she chooses—not before. It was she, not I, who objected to your request for an interview. I come as her ambassador, not as her jailor, as you appear to imagine."

In fact Vaughan perceived that his impetuosity was needless, and somewhat foolish. He had been in so great a hurry to put into practice his new theory of reckless boldness, it had never struck him that it might be unnecessary—that Miss Kendal had not even said, though he had taken it for granted, that he was not to be allowed to see Madame de Vigny. The consciousness of his mistake incensed him. He was perplexed, also, as to what he should do. He paused, biting his lip. Contending passions were lashing him almost into frenzy. The dark face worked turbulently. He flung himself into a chair, and clenched his hands together in a kind of impotent desperation. He chanced to catch Miss Kendall's look; it was a curious one—a certain pity softened its uncompromising rigidity. He had never seen her look thus at him before. It suggested a new chance, and he snatched at it.

"I am almost mad, I think," he muttered.

She made no reply.

He looked up into her face earnestly and inquiringly. Anon that expression gave place to a certain impatient determination to overcome the feeling of cowardice that weighed him down. What was there in her—a woman—that she should thus quell and daunt him, with her steadfast look and firm-set mouth?

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said, with an effort at a *déjà* air—

"I beg your pardon for the haste with which I spoke."

He rose, and walked to the window.

"I can excuse you," Miss Kendall replied, drily; "I expected little less. I am aware that you are in a very critical and perplexing position."

He turned and looked at her with a look of defiance glittering in his eyes—curling about his mouth.

"Yes, I am aware of the fact," she pursued, quite unaffected by his glance; "Madame de Vigny acquainted me with what she deemed your very unjustifiable behaviour."

"What do you mean?"

"Honourable men are not in the habit of declaring love to one woman while they are betrothed to another."

He looked at her again. It was useless to stand at bay thus—he should lose all, perhaps, by this show of bravado. She, though he hated her, and he *felt* she knew and hated him likewise, was the only person who had power to aid him, and she *must*.

"I confess," said he—I confess I love Madame de Vigny. It may be my misfortune—nay, I know it *is*. It has involved me in much distress—much perplexity."

"And this being the case," Miss Kendal pursued, slowly, "you cannot marry Caroline."

She watched his face keenly; as he was perfectly aware.

"Heaven forbid I should do her such wrong!" he said fervently. "But there is my keenest pain—poor Caroline!"

"Spare yourself. You have doubtless enough to suffer on your own account. Your predicament is equally singular and unpleasant. You must be aware that the first step you will have to take, is to formally and entirely annul your engagement."

"You are right," he pronounced, folding his arms, with eyes meditatively fixed on the ground.

"You are prepared, then, to do that, and by so doing, to give up the future prospects which depend on that marriage?"

Vaughan started, and involuntarily he hesitated, but her clear, sarcastic eye bent on him forced him to reply.

"Everything must be given up. I will not play false to my own heart or to Caroline."

He grew warmer as he concluded the sentence. Some after-thought appeared to lend him courage.

"Only let me see her before she goes," he added. "It is necessary that I should speak to her, tell her——"

"Not before the engagement is at an end," she said, decisively. "You have no right to speak to her till then."

He writhed under her quiet, reasonable, terse sentences, delivered in that clear, metallic voice; but he had gone too far to afford either to resent or reject her counsels. The threads of fate seemed tangled in an inextricable confusion about him. It was with a sense of real and earnest misery that he buried his hot face in his hands.

"To Caroline—poor Caroline," he muttered, "it will be a severe—an unexpected blow."

"Never fear—she is not to be crushed even by that. Better she should know at once. A solid reality, even of the gloomiest, is safer, better than the fairest illusion. She has been deceived too long."

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"Unwittingly on my part," he eagerly rejoined. But his listener shook her head.

"You deceive yourself if you think so. Since I have seen you together, you have never loved Caroline Maturin."

"At least," said he, after a brief silence, "I love her too well yet, to bear to think calmly of the grief I shall cause her."

"You are too kind," sharply answered Miss Kendal, whom all such allusions seemed to arouse into uncontrollable spitefulness. "You must summon courage. Call to mind how your own proceedings are necessarily cramped, till——"

He said nothing. As if from deep musing, he suddenly started, and addressed her again—"But before she goes you will let me see her?"

"For what reason?"

"I *will*—I *must* see her!" he cried, passionately. "If necessary I will follow her——"

"You best know the extent of your own daring. But Madame de Vigny can be indignant—can resent insolence."

"Insolence!"

"It would be such—you must know that."

Vaughan ground his teeth. "Nevertheless," he declared, "I would follow her—ay, to the end of the world. And I *will* know whither she is going."

"O, a truce to these spasmodic flashes! We live in a century that laughs at such things. There is no mystery, and no need for such vehemence to discover it. Madame de Vigny simply travels by rail to London."

"To London?"

"I have told you. Now, Vaughan Hesketh, I think we have said all that needs to be said. You had better go."

"And not see her for a single moment?" he cried in an agony of entreaty.

"I see no use—no object in such an interview." But almost against her will, Elizabeth Kendal was touched by what seemed the one golden grain of reality in the young man's composition. "Wait here," she added; "you may make your own adieux if you see fit." She left the room.

Vaughan still sat with his hands clasped firmly together on the table before him, and his head bent down. Disturbed thoughts, wild, eager expectation, divided their empery over him. It was only by a determined effort that he held himself still, in at least an external calm.

It seemed a long time before the closing of a distant door, a sudden

burst of children's talking, and presently the sound of approaching footsteps, made his heart beat stormily. Then he heard the faintest murmur of a voice among the rest—her voice—and detected the movement of the door-handle, as if a gentle touch were laid on it at the other side. He sprang from his chair; he met her face to face, as she entered.

She leaned on Miss Kendal's arm, and the children hung about her. She had only a smiling bow, perfectly graceful, perfectly unembarrassed, to bestow on Vaughan. She was in her travelling attire—rose-lined bonnet and furred mantle—and her maid just then brought her gloves to her, at the same time announcing that everything was ready.

"Will you—are you leaving us for long?" Vaughan forced himself to say.

She stood just within the doorway, drawing on her gloves deliberately, but ever and anon giving a smile, a caress, a few words, to one or other of the children. She glanced up at Vaughan for an instant—a single, transient, glittering glance—"It is quite uncertain when I shall return. Adieu, Mr. Hesketh! *Saluez pour moi Mademoiselle Maturin, je vous en prie.*"

And again twining her arm within that of her old governess, she turned to go. Through the square hall into the porch, and through the well-ordered garden to the gate, whereat the carriage waited, the children followed in a troop, loud with their regrets that "cousin Blanche was going away," impetuous in their demands on her attention. She embraced them all, fondly but hurriedly, then escaped from them. The steps were down—the man stood by the door to assist his mistress. Madame de Vigny clung for a minute to Miss Kendal, kissed her hastily on both cheeks, then, drawing her veil over her face, she prepared to spring in. Another hand than the servant's held hers for a minute, and the flushed face of Vaughan met her eyes. He murmured a few words. She bent her head courteously, nothing more.

Another minute, and the carriage drove off, and the rest stood watching the brown fallen leaves that had been tossed aside by its relentless wheels. The children had run outside the gate, and were tossing the withered leaves about, laughing in their quickly-regained glee. Vaughan's eyes were strained forward with an expression eloquent enough of the bitter, desperate wretchedness he felt. Miss Kendal looked at him; she was not without pity, even where she had little liking.

"Will you come in again for a few minutes?" she asked him.

"No—no, thank you. I am going on a long walk," returned he, passing his hand about his brows wearily and perplexedly—"that will be best. Good-morning!"

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Miss Kendal paused in the midst of gathering her little folk around her, as he said that, raised his hat, and turned to leave the cottage.

"Stop an instant! Tell me," she said, in a low, but emphatic tone, "when shall I come to see Caroline?"

"When you will; I care nothing," he said, recklessly.

"But, understand! she must be told, and at once. Before to-night either you or I must tell her—which shall it be?" Her uncompromising eyes fixed him—held him fast. "It ought to be done—it *must* be done," she further pronounced. "If you are afraid," with a touch of the old irresistible sarcasm, "I'm not. Doing wrong is worse even than giving pain. She *must* be told."

"She *shall*," he rejoined. Be satisfied,—let it be as you wish."

And he was gone, and had plunged into the dark shadow of the pine wood, while Miss Kendal marshaled the children back into the house—"In with you—quick—and to lessons! To the study at once! I'll be with you in two minutes."

And for the two minutes she looked out on the misty hills and bare-branched trees, thinking to herself, "I am a female Brutus—nothing less. I know that I have expedited the very stroke that is to wound her; for he is right—he is right. To think that it should be so, and such as *he* have the power to make my girl wretched. If I were not a Christian woman, how I could hate that man!"

She seemed to find some not altogether Christian satisfaction in deliberately and distinctly uttering these words, and at the same time tying a small end of packthread, which she had been twirling in her fingers, into about a dozen very hard and very tight knots. And having so solaced herself, but still with an aspect of unredeemed gloom and disturbance, she sought her pupils, and prepared to enter on the business of the day.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Caroline, informed that Miss Kendal awaited her in the study, entered to her there.

It was dim twilight, and half the room was in shadow. Only near the windows lingered a pale light, and about the hearth, where the fire burned and threw a sullen red glow around it. By the window stood the visitor. She drew Caroline towards her, kissed her forehead, and then abruptly asked for the invalid.

"He is asleep; he has slept much to-day."

"And you have watched much, poor child."

A pause. Miss Kendal's face grew stern and stony in the grey half-

light. But Caroline did not see it. Her own look was fixed on the vague shape of the trees in the garden, just dimly discernible through the overhanging mist. When her companion looked at her, it was to note with surprise the serenity of sadness that her countenance wore. Surprise, and something else, that in a less matter-of-fact person than the straight-forward governess might have been called anguish.

But not a suspicion of either feeling lurked in the quick, dry tone with which she put her next question—"Have you seen Vaughan Hesketh lately?"

"Not since morning. He went out for a long walk. He is very miserable!" said she, falteringly.

"Yes, my dear; very miserable, without doubt."

"But—we shall both try to bear our grief," she went on—"We will—we will help one another——"

But there she broke down. Her head drooped on to the hand of her friend that she held clasped in her own, and she gave way to the tears that had been so hard to restrain through the long day.

"Don't cry; why do you cry, child?" said Miss Kendal, impetuously. But as she spoke, she strained the young girl to her heart in an uncontrollable passion of tenderness.

"I can't help it," Caroline presently murmured; "when I think of Vaughan. He finds it so hard to bear, I know."

"My dear, Vaughan has miseries of his own. One of them I am about to tell you." There was a brief silence.

"Troubles that he never told me? I think you must mistake," she then said, gently but proudly.

The other paused for a minute, as gathering her forces together. When she next spoke, it was in a firm, full tone, that never wavered, but went on to the end steadily, distinctly, and inexorably.

"I make no mistake. It is you who are, and have been, deceived. I am going to tell you in few words. Vaughan Hesketh betrothed himself to you without love. Moreover, since the betrothal, he has fallen in love with another woman, with Blanche, with Madame de Vigny. He loves her desperately and madly. Bear to believe it, Caroline, for it is true."

Again she drew her close. But Caroline broke from her with fierce strength, and stood apart, facing her; her young breast heaving, her head erect, her eyes flashing with a lurid light they had never before known.

"How dare you—how dare you tell me this?"

She paused, drew a long breath. She had no words to utter what swelled her indignant heart.

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"I tell you, because I believe it safest and best that you should know."

"You always disliked him; you were always unjust to him. But this—oh, shame—shame!" cried Caroline, rapidly.

She was trembling with the violence of what now began to be mingled pain and anger, but she still held herself proudly erect in front of the accuser.

"I disliked him—yes. I have been unjust to him—very likely. We are not infallible, and prejudice is strong. But this is no prejudice, and there is no room for injustice. I tell you merely *facts*."

(*To be continued.*)

## HOW CHURCH WORK MAY BE DONE.

THE readers of the *Lennoxville Magazine* are not unaware of the fact that the revival of religious earnestness which has characterized the history of the English Church during the past thirty years has not been without influence and fruit in the daughter Church in this Dominion. Against many adverse agencies, poverty, indifference, the prejudices of moribund Irish controversy imported into a new country the utter lack of such love for the national Church as has never ceased to exist in England, among a laity brought up in a Presbyterian or other Protestant atmosphere, the cause of the Church has never failed to progress. Such universities as Bishop's College and Trinity College have, through all these years, "given forth no uncertain sound" as to the Church's teaching. Sympathy with the tone of religious thought in the Church at home has been kept up by the influx of English clergymen to Canadian dioceses, and in no light degree by visits of our Bishops to England, especially by the leading part these prelates have held in the great experiment which took result in the Lambeth Synod. And in Canada as in England, the natural love for what is beautiful won upon the young, whether in the clergy or laity, as the result of the Catholic revival became more matured. And music, architecture, painting and decorative art were employed with increasing splendour and benefit in those many new built churches "at home" over whose doors is the inscription "Free for ever to the Poor of Christ." Intelligence, sympathy and interest in Church progress has been growing up among the youth of Canada; the prejudices of former days have been dying out as former ignorance became impossible. But in consequence, it was supposed, of the poverty of the laity and the undowered condition of the priesthood, scarce one successful attempt has been

made to dedicate to the worship of Christ a church realizing the higher conditions of Christian art, and a Service offered with all the dignity and beauty of which our Common Prayer is capable. Noble efforts had been made by a few. Not to speak of College chapels, such as that of Bishop's College, the existence of a current setting in the direction of improvement is constantly evident whenever a new church is built amongst us. For even a wooden church can be built in two ways,—the correct and ecclesiastical, or the incorrect and debased: the expense being about equal, a screen and chancel furniture not exceeding in cost, gallery, pews and "three decker." Most attempts at ecclesiastical building in Canada are of wood. Quebec has no stone church of any pretensions to beauty. Montreal has one beautiful ecclesiastical building, with a meagre unsatisfactory service, and one hearty musical service in an unlovely edifice of brick. The unconsecrated place of meeting, which is, by many who rent its soft cushioned pews, styled the "Cathedral" of Toronto, makes no pretence to Cathedral, nor, for that matter, to Daily Service. Kingston Cathedral is a legacy from the ages when S. Pancras, London, and S. George's, Dublin, and the pagan Temple of the Winds in Regent street were model churches. Why are these things so? "Because the laity are prejudiced against improvements which they consider innovations." "Because the priesthood are unendowed, and, as a rule, poor." "Because among our congregations we have no rich merchants ready to build gorgeous structures like S. Albans or All Saints." It is in answer to such objections as these that your readers' attention is asked to a narrative of a great Church Work lately brought to successful completion among a city population as prejudiced and as "Low Church" (if one must use the hateful terminology of faction) as any in Canada, by the efforts of a single Canadian clergyman, unaided by subscriptions from England, with no endowment but the Offerory, with no private fortune, with no resource but the influence which his exertions as their Priest during fifteen years have won from a congregation consisting chiefly of the middle and poorer classes.

It is more than fifteen years since the clergyman alluded to took charge of the parish of Holy Trinity, Toronto. The Church had been built by the bounty of Queen Adelaide on the condition that all the seats should be free. It is situated off Yonge street, one of the most busy thoroughfares of Toronto, the shops being generally of a cheaper and less ambitious kind than those in fashionable King street.

The district attached to the Church comprises the central region of the city, with the lanes and bye streets about Yonge street and Centre street, in all eight thousand inhabitants. The spiritual provision for them was of the kind novel at the time. No daily service, monthly com-

munion, Sunday group, chief pit, and the proportions, sidered orthodox stone dressing of the recess of careful ch pointed church strong lines of Holy Trinity was increased body of the blocked up by be stone. The Still the church thousand wor

In all this unfamiliar work become well the young h school (nearl) vices, catech artists in the tem had taught of themselves ing and even singing which The choir w wooden benches sermon was chancel, the choir wa part of the c bers of the c were now le united resp musical guid psalms, hym were opposed strances and

munions, Sunday services wherein the singing was "performed" by a group, chiefly females, in the organ gallery, the prayers read from a pulpit, and the sermon "delivered" from a higher pulpit, of Presbyterian proportions, of course in the funereal black vestment, which was then considered orthodox. The church itself was a large structure of brick, with stone dressings—the general style was third pointed, which from the flatness of the roof and window arches, stands far more in need of the relief of careful colouring than the more pointed styles. A first or second pointed church will please the eye by the boldness of its arches, and the strong lines of its timber roof, be it ever so undecorated. But the roof of Holy Trinity looked decidedly heavy, flat and dingy, an effect which was increased by the want of painting, and the monotony of colour in the body of the church. A chancel there was, but the chancel arch was blocked up by wooden partitions, and sham arches of wood pretending to be stone. There were no painted windows, and not a trace of decoration. Still the church was a large one, easily capable of accommodating a thousand worshippers.

In all this but little change was attempted for several years. Nothing unfamiliar was forced on the people. When, after some time, they had become well acquainted with their new clergyman, when many classes of the young had been prepared for confirmation; when a large Sunday-school (nearly filling the church) had grown accustomed to short services, catechetical teaching, and to singing without being hindered by the artistes in the organ gallery, and *for themselves*; when the offertory system had taught the duty of giving,—many among the congregation began of themselves to desire some improvement. Why should not the morning and evening services have the benefit of that united congregational singing which made the children's Sunday-school service so attractive? The choir were accordingly removed from the gallery to stalls—plain wooden benches, on each side of the chancel. At the same time the sermon was preached from a plain triangular lectern in front of the chancel, the preacher wearing the surplice. This change with regard to the choir was accompanied with a growing love for church music on the part of the choir, which is now joined by several of the younger members of the congregation, as well as on the part of the congregation, who were now led instead of being superseded. At length it being felt that united responding in the prayers was an impossibility without some musical guide to combine the voices, the practice of monotoning all but the psalms, hymns and canticles was adopted, with great success. A few were opposed to this, but their Priest was ever ready to listen to remonstrances and to explain the meaning and beauty of uniting the voices in

prayer as well as praise. The result has been that many of those who were most opposed at first, are now the warmest supporters of musical services. Several who were inclined to abhor monotone as a Popish innovation, are now to be seen each Sunday morning moving in solemn procession to their places in the supplicated choir. It is true loud clamours were raised, but these came from without. The city press was under Presbyterian management. A scurrilous and unscrupulous print pandered to the worst passions of the Orange faction by weekly libels against dignitaries of the church, universities, clergymen and teachers. To such as these the opportunity to raise the cry of Puseyism was an *ιππαρον*. Also the self-styled "Evangelical" school had been for many years dominant in Toronto, and were very naturally indignant at the novel doctrine that something more was to be expected from a clergyman and his flock than one day's worship out of seven, and that worship carried on by paid concert singers and a preacher—as perfunctorily as if it had been wound up on a Buddha's prayer wheel. Much of this opposition was no doubt sincere, and from motives worthy of respect. It was, however, loudest and most vehement from those who had never entered the church. However, the outcry went on. Holy Trinity was asserted in "Evangelical" circles to be a kind of halfway house to Rome. Priest and people were both bound thither. Meantime, as the sensation novel-writers have it, "the years rolled by," and yet neither the clergyman in question nor his flock showed any signs of going whither, according to the Protestant prophesy, they ought to have gone long before; and so the attacks on the "dreadful Popish doings at Holy Trinity" became to the general public of Toronto familiar as "a tale that is often told," or to use a more appropriate simile, as a sermon that has been often preached.

The improvements once begun in a proper spirit could not stop. A stained glass window, painted with images of the four Evangelists, was procured, by gift of some of the congregation, from Edinburgh. And at Christmas and Easter the use of floral decorations was adopted every year with greater success. Having once seen their church assume the appearance of something like beauty, the congregation were more and more impressed with the wish to carry out a full renovation and re-arrangement of everything, and at last, under the guidance of their priest, plans were prepared, and a subscription set on foot. When the plans were completed, it was found that the purposed improvements, which consisted of painting the entire church, and applying to the whole of it the principle of decoration by colouring, of adorning the chancel with a still higher style of fresco, and adding a chancel screen and proper stalls,

would cost a churchward able and now. And now it his parish w tributing an congregation by a hostile describing a and he says, in High Ch rent and reli sum was rai was presente by another church was

On Sunda of a series of lowing week. number of ec the entire ch doors and por soft colours a covered with illuminated o ments by ribs triangular pa The effect of appearance of pointed roofs especially attr Greek monog ornament of f crown of thos walls was left contemplated been raised, a the old bench a panelled ser hung a pair o gilt. Before

would cost an amount almost beyond their power to raise. However, the churchwardens, the congregation in general, and the choir, with their able and energetic choir master in particular, were not to be daunted. And now it was that the influence which their clergyman had gained in his parish work, manifested its effects. None were more eager in contributing and inducing others to contribute than the young men of the congregation. Indeed it has been in this case, as it has been remarked by a hostile critic in an English evangelical paper, the "Rock"—he is describing a visit to a "High Church" in London, S. Mathias, I think, and he says, "It is remarkable to see the preponderance of young men in High Church congregations, and still more so to observe their reverent and religious demeanour." After a year had passed, the necessary sum was raised; one article required and a magnificent chancel carpet was presented by a lady; two large brass standards for lights were offered by another lady; other offerings poured in freely, and at length the church was closed so as to allow for the fresco work being done.

On Sunday, June 28th, 1868, the Church was reopened with the first of a series of solemn dedicatory services, which lasted through the following week. Early choral celebration was at 8 a.m., at which an unusual number of communicants attended. Matins were sung at 11 A.M., and the entire church was filled to overflowing, many standing without at the doors and porches. Very pleasant, after the glare of the streets, were the soft colours and subdued light. The walls of the nave and transept were covered with rich diaper work. Over each window texts were inscribed in illuminated characters on scrolls. The ceiling, divided into compartments by ribs of oak, was painted in polychrome work, in diamond and triangular panels; the latter coloured azure with a star of golden yellow. The effect of this is to give the roof an indescribable lightness, and that appearance of rich decoration which, as has been observed before, third pointed roofs specially require. But the richness of the chancel fresco especially attracted the eye. The roof was blue with gold stars and the Greek monogram I.H.S. The walls, on a ground of cream colour, had an ornament of the monogram, a red and gold cross, and a surrounding crown of thorns, alternating with *fleurs de lis*. The lower part of the walls was left plain to allow for an elaborately carved Reredos, which it is contemplated to add at a future period. The floor of the chancel had been raised, and handsome stalls with poppy head ends were in place of the old benches. The entrance to the chancel was parted from the nave by a panelled screen with projecting buttresses, in the centre of which was hung a pair of elaborately wrought metal gates, painted ultramarine and gilt. Before the screen was an eagle lectern—the reading desk had dis-

appeared, and our old friend the pulpit, reduced one-third in size, was no longer recognisable, so much changed was it for the better.

I had sat a few moments in my place by the western door, when the sound of a prayer, intoned in the sacristy, could be faintly heard, with the answering Amen of the choir. Presently the choir, now for the first time arrayed in surplices, entered the church in procession, singing the Processional "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," and followed by the clergy, with the Right Rev. the Bishop of Illinois and his chaplains, Canons Street and Knowles. Accustomed to the hearty musical services of the old country, I now took part in a service in no respect inferior to the best of those in English, nay, in London churches. The reverential demeanour of the large congregation was most remarkable; blended with the clear voices of the choir boys, rose a great volume of voice from every side of me; the reverent custom of bowing at the Gloria was universal with the choir and very general with the congregation; and that of standing during the Offertory, which had been recommended by the Incumbent in a tract explanatory of the services distributed through the church, was observed by a good many. At the Celebration and in the Ante-Communion office, the Bishop knelt at the north side, not in the too common and very unmeaning way at the end, of the altar. Bishop Whitehouse's sermon, which was extempore, was given from the chancel steps; it was remarkable for its eloquence and sustained power, and must have left an abiding impression for good on the hearts of many in that great multitude. The other services of the Octave were of a similar character. At Evensong, as the Recessional hymn was being sung, I was struck by a boy's voice near where I sat. On looking at the singer's face, I recognized it as that of a Lennoxville schoolboy, who had once been a pupil of mine in the Bishop's College Sunday School, and a member of the choir, which the personal influence of the Rev. Dr. Nicolls, when Acting Rector, enabled him to induce the boys to form, a result which none of his predecessors had been able to achieve.

C. P. M.

## GONE.

### I.

There, on the table at which she wrought,  
Are the pretty things that her hands had made,  
There is the basket from which she sought  
Thimble and scissors, needle and thread.

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## II.

There is the music she used to play,  
 There the piano her fingers knew;  
 There, on the wall where they used to stay,  
 Are the pictures her girlish pencil drew.

## III.

There are the books that she often read,  
 There is the spot where she used to sit,—  
*But the heart that gave life to them all has fled,  
 You have come in vain if you seek for it!*

J. TEMPLE CARNE.

## ON THE FORMATION OF STYLE.

READ BY THE REV. SEPTIMUS JONES, M.A.,

(*Rector of Christ's Church, Belleville, Ont.*) before the Convocation of the University of  
 Bishop's College, June 25th, 1868.

IT is familiar knowledge that the word Style is directly derived from the Latin word Stylus, which denoted a kind of pencil used by the Romans, having one end sharp and pointed, for writing on tablets covered with wax, and the other blunt and smooth, so as to serve for making erasures. Hence the sound advice of an ancient teacher to all aspirants after excellence in the art of literary composition, frequently to "turn ends to their stylus"—that is, in other words, to be diligent in correcting their productions.

And although the word Stylus is never used in classical Latin, except in reference to the pen and the mechanical art of writing, yet it has come, in our language, to denote the peculiar manner of expression, or of literary composition which distinguishes particular authors or particular schools from one another. There is a great *variety* of styles. Throughout all the works of God we see unity combined with inexhaustible variety, so that no two created objects, when attentively compared, will be found precisely alike. No bird, nor beast, nor tree, nor shrub, nor fruit, nor flower is identical with another. No two men's faces nor minds are exactly counterparts. Individuality is stamped upon each. And although the *general structure* of any two human bodies or human minds will present very much that is common to both, yet will there always be apparent

certain peculiarities in their several organizations and in the qualities and proportions of their physical and mental faculties, so as to make one man evidently distinguishable from another. And as the *organizations* of no two men will be precisely alike, so neither will their *productions* be altogether similar. As is the mould, such will be the casting. No two men, therefore, do any one thing in one and the same way, whether it be to walk or stand, to laugh or cry, or throw a stone, or sign a name, or read, or speak, write poetry or prose.

Every one's peculiar manner of doing anything is his style; and every natural and true man has a style of his own, which fits him as closely and is as little capable of being appropriately exchanged for that of any other man as his own coat, nay, I might have said his own skin.

This great fact must lie at the very foundation of any correct notions concerning the formation of style. To set up certain authors, be they ever so eminent as exclusive models, by a minute and slavish imitation of which true excellence can be obtained, is a huge mistake which must lead to nerveless, insipid propriety, or pointless, heartless affectation.

Every style, in order to be good, must be natural.

Excellence in writing is only to be attained by letting Nature speak.

But, it may be asked, "Why, then, should men be taught and trained to *form* their style? Why not leave every man's style to form itself, to grow up like a tree without pruning or clipping it, and twisting its branches this way and that? Would not any set rules for this purpose tend to make the style unnatural, and thus bad?"

I answer that there are good reasons why every writer should be trained, and why his style requires to be formed. In writing, as in reading, walking and speaking, it is natural to almost every one to be *unnatural*. We learn to do these things chiefly by imitation. But there are no perfect exemplars, and it is most natural because it is most *easy* to imitate the faults rather than the excellencies of our model. "*Decipit exemplar vitis imitabile.*" And even were our model perfect, *i. e.*, were its way of doing what it does perfectly appropriate and the best possible for its author, yet for the imitator it might be the most inappropriate and the worst.

We have seen an ambitious little man of five or six years old, striding along the road with the measured tread of his ponderous and venerable sire.

The walk of the father was well enough, but who could help smiling at the little imitator marching on behind?

So do youthful writers, scarcely out of petticoats, delight to stalk along the literary highway with the majestic gait of a Johnson or a Burke.

"*Risum teneatis, amici.*"

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One special object of training, therefore, is to guard against vices of unnaturalness, springing out of imitation.

The necessity for writers being trained will further appear from the fact that *language*, which is the instrument whereby thought and feeling are expressed, or conveyed out of one mind into another, is composed of words whose meaning is arbitrary, and which are put together in an arbitrary manner.

\* \* \* \* \* "usus  
Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi."

The meaning of words and the right method of combining those words can be gathered only from observing a multitude of instances in which they are employed by good writers, or proximately by studying dictionaries and grammars and treatises on Synonymes in which this work is attempted to be done for us.

Evidently, then, none but a master can, in any language, choose absolutely the best word and set it in its right place, (and this is what constitutes a good style,) or correct the error of another in these respects.

Beneath these arbitrary uses of words there lie certain great principles and analogies belonging to each particular language, constituting, as it were, its idiomatic individuality. Underneath these, again, there lie principles of universal application, principles which are involved in the very laws of thought, and the organic structure of the human mind itself, and so prevail in every tongue.

It is by developing these principles according to the immutable laws of beauty, order, strength and truth that languages are to be cultivated, and style is to be brought to perfection.

It is in order to guard against breaches of good usage, and to educate the writer to an appreciation of these internal harmonies and analogies, so that he may clearly, vividly and truthfully set forth his thought in words of unfading propriety and beauty, that a living master is to be desired.

Style is one's manner of showing his thought.

But since the written language is a revelation, likewise, of the inward processes of the mind, it betrays the mental gait and shows the manner in which the mind travels from point to point; while it reflects, moreover, its passions and tastes, whether good or evil. And it is evident that the style will greatly depend upon the structure of the mind, the moulding of its intellectual habits and the regulation of its feelings. No one has a perfect mind. No one has all his faculties completely developed—no one has all his passions under perfect command. He that would be truly a teacher, an educator, or bringer out of all that is best in men, must

examine the structure of their minds and teach men how to develop to use their powers and get them wholly under their control.

Here appears the utility of Logic and the Mathematics which are a branch of it, for when taught in constant connection with a practical application of critical analysis and active production they are a kind of mental gymnastics to train the mind, to grasp, to lift, to walk, leap, strike, build up and tear down with the greatest effect possible, in proportion to its natural organization and vital force.

A perfect system of logic, when it is discovered, will show how a perfectly developed mental organization works.

Most minds are a little lame and have one leg shorter or weaker than the other. This affects their mental gait. Some men travel from premise to conclusion more swiftly, more surely and more gracefully than their neighbours. Many (especially, it is said, of the gentler sex) seem to leap to their conclusions, some run, some walk, some hobble and some even seem to crawl.

The mere logician marches firmly, and is a giant in strength so long as his feet touch his mother earth, but the genius, the poet and the seer have wings, and easily rise over his head.

Would-be poets have their wings so small, their bodies so heavy and their legs so weak, that is hard for them to get upwards or onwards, and very easy for them to fall into the mire. It is better first to learn to walk. Still, tame geese seem to enjoy an occasional flight, and I see no great objection to their making the attempt, so long as we are not expected to admire their appearance or their note. Nay, further, the writing of verses, as an exercise, helps us, no doubt, to obtain a command of language, and few men will write really rich and classic prose, who have not at some time or other been beguiled into flapping their rudimentary wings and floundering along, like Cicero himself, in indifferent verse.

Every true orator has wings, and although they may not qualify him to soar like the eagle, yet, by the help of his poetic pinions, he is enabled, like the ostrich, to travel with marvelously greater rapidity and force along the earth.

The organization of a man's mind will show what nature intended him to do best, and yet even in his best faculties there will be defects.

Let his powers be explored, drawn out, tried, corrected, subsidized. Where one mental faculty is weaker than the average, another is often much stronger. One more readily masters a general principle, another has a more tenacious hold upon isolated facts. We must teach one faculty to help the other.

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love, and what he most loves he will most easily and completely master, and what he most loves and most completely masters, he will write about in his best style.

“No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en.  
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.”

Moral qualities also will manifest themselves in the style, and, therefore, in order to cultivate the style, the *moral character* must be cultivated also.

The treacherous cowardice of a foe “willing to wound and yet afraid to strike”—the ambiguous verdict of sceptical indecision—the self-sufficient scorn which for a reputation substitutes a sneer: the disrespectful tone of allusion to women as of an unripe lord of creation, or of a pusillanimously malicious and rejected suitor, the depravity of imagination which rejoices in that prurient suggestiveness of detail from which uncontaminated nature with instinctive delicacy shrinks. How clearly are all these reflected in the splendid periods and prodigiously able and learned pages of the historian Gibbon.

Even one moral defect may place an immeasurable distance between two writers, whose intellects, possibly, are of an equal order.

The Ciceronian style, *e. g.*, seems to me to fall so far short of the perfection of Demosthenes.

To his irrepressible vanity are attributable the chief defects of his style. His constant effort to touch everything with so fine a point, and his palpably laborious pursuit after an artificial pomp, and a too melodious rotundity of expression, cannot escape notice; while it is difficult to say whether his prodigal expenditure of synonymes, where Demosthenes would have used only one word, and that the best, arose from mental indecision, or from a desire to display his own verbal wealth and his subtlety in discovering distinctions where others found them not.

If Cicero is to save his country, he must do it (metaphorically speaking,) *perfusus liquidis odoribus*; and with his *toga* elegantly gathered upon his arm, and an admiring senate must applaud the magnificently rounded periods with which he lashes Catiline out of the city. And, if I may trust my memory, even in his moral essays, while he is professedly pointing us with outstretched finger to the pole star of eternal truth, there seems to be at times a display, by no means unintentional, of the jewelled ornament which flashes on his fair and graceful hand.

All these things subtract just so much from his excellence and power; and the marvellous *practical effect* of some of his most celebrated orations

is to be accounted for by remembering that they were first delivered unwritten, when he was raised above himself by the grandeur or exigence of the occasion, and were afterwards committed to M.S., and corrected in cool blood when he had subsided to his ordinary level.

To hear Demosthenes thunder in the peerless Attic tongue, against the Macedonian Philip, or to listen to the Prince of Latin orators, while under the noble impulses of patriotism and humanity and righteous indignation, he levelled all his mighty powers against the brutal and rapacious Verres—this was to hear the highest perfection of style ever yet attained by mortal man.

And yet neither of these men became orators by a single effort or a happy chance. They both laboured almost to agony in their vocation, subjected themselves to a length and severity of training at which we modern students may well stand amazed.

But what, think you, did Demosthenes, for example, aim at, in his laborious physical and mental culture? Was it to catch some favourite gesture of a Satyrus, or to train himself up to some other actor's predominant majesty of lungs? I think not. If he ever spoke with sword suspended, points downwards, over his shoulders, it was to break himself of some unnatural shrug which might have distracted the attention of his audience.

If he ever declaimed with pebbles in his mouth on the roaring beach, it was not in order that he might attain to the dainty elegance of utterance of some Athenian exquisite, or out-bellow some Athenian stentor, but rather that he might remove from the polished shaft of his speech, every, even the most trivial roughness that could perchance impede his progress towards the mark; or, in order that from the resources of his regal intellect and indomitable will, he might reinforce the powers of that comparatively feeble physical organization through which his mighty spirit was compelled to work.

If he transcribed Thucydides, times without number, with his own hand, it was not in order to steal the historian's thunder or his trick of speech, but rather to furnish his vocabulary with the choicest, noblest words, and to learn how they should be joined together. It was to explore the secrets of success, to investigate the laws of harmony with which a master mind conceived and planned, and to ascertain the principles upon which a master hand, having laid a firm foundation, proceeded to build up of materials more durable than marble, more costly than Corinthian brass, the grandly proportioned and chastely sculptured edifice of classic thought.

In short, if these desultory observations can be said to have any one

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definite point, it is this: to show that perfection of style in the highest use to which language can be applied, viz., the effective setting forth of truth, (above all of moral truth) is not to be attained by a mere study of models, however excellent, or by a mastery of the arts and technicalities of author craft, be it ever so complete.

The whole man requires to be trained, and all his powers to be drawn forth.

How valuable then, nay, how indispensable, is the entire round of liberal studies as pursued in these halls, as a means to this end!

By reading, knowledge is gathered in, and mind brought into vivifying contact with mind; by grammar, we are taught to use and combine words in that manner which custom declares to be most lucid and correct; by the acquisition of various languages, our verbal treasury is enriched and our memory powers of observation, comparison and analysis are strengthened and developed; and by a familiarity with the master pieces of literature in every tongue to which our way is thus opened, the sense of beauty and propriety is matured, many a vulgarity which would otherwise have disfigured our style is refined away, and by a kind of free-masonry, the reader recognizes, although there may be no parade of learning, the manner of a gentleman and a scholar.

By the masculine exercises of mathematics and of logic, the faculty of rational education and mental continuity is developed. The arts and sciences cultivate a variety of powers, and enlarge our selection of metaphors and illustrations. Music and verse refine the ear to catch those æthereal distinctions in harmonious diction, whereby the sound either reinforces or impairs the sense. The study of history enlarges our views, and expands our sympathies and lifts our minds above the bigotry and provincialism of our own individual and contracted sphere. The metaphysics help to give subtlety and insight, and a power of abstraction and generalization. Poetry, sculpture and painting attune the soul to an appreciation of imperishable beauty, and tell us what is held highest and dearest by the universal heart. Moral philosophy purifies, strengthens and exalts by inculcating the grand principles of benevolence, and truth, and justice, by which our purposes and methods in application of knowledge and the exercise of eloquence should be guided and overruled; and while we feebly waver amid our selfishness and our ignorance and short-sightedness as to the cause or course for which we ought to plead, religion comes to our help, and raising us above all temporary considerations of selfish gain and earthly glory, teaches us to plant our feet upon the rock of divine revelation, and bids us lift our aim to that grand object which will include every other worthy and desirable end,

viz., the will of God, the universal Parent—the only wise and perfect one—our Almighty and eternal King.

Let a man so speak that no solecism or rusticity shall jar upon the ear, no petty exhibition of self obtrude between the hearer and the thought; let his taste be refined, his mind pure, and his capacious memory stored with all human knowledge; let his noble intellect be completely trained, and his large heart swell in sympathy with all that is lovely and good; and having yielded himself up to the generous impulses of benevolence, and conceived a worthy thought or devoted himself to a worthy purpose, let him gather and marshal his mental forces behind the ramparts of a silent and patient preparation, and then, in a happily chosen hour, let him throw open wide his gates and pour forth his intellectual hosts, fair as the moon and terrible as an army with banners, upon the heart of a captivated audience,—and this shall be eloquence indeed.

If there be any now treading these academic halls, in whose generous, youthful bosom, for there are felt—little as it may be suspected by those around him—the prophetic promptings of a high and holy ambition thus to write or thus to speak; then, let him this day lay all his powers as a willing offering upon the consecrated altar of the Truth.

Morality and religion, smiling in all their loveliness, beckon him to come and advocate their cause.

It were glorious even honestly to fail in such an enterprise.

Whether he succeed or not in eliciting the plaudits or carrying off the prizes of the world, there is One, his Father in heaven, who will look down with approbation and smile upon even the feeble lisplings of His child, and angels will hang upon his lips and scour the ambrosial fields for flowers wherewith to weave for him a choicer crown, for he will be endeavouring to speak as did the most eloquent of men that ever trod this earth, with the eloquence of the grandest intellect, the largest, purest and most loving heart that ever yearned and planned to retrieve the errors and lift up the sorrows of a dark and sinful world—the eloquence of Him who spake as never man spake, the eloquence of a Christ and of a God.

## BROTHER AND SISTER.

A TALE FROM THE RUSSIAN.

**H**OW the rapid sleigh glides along the snowy carpet, hardened by the frost, on the borders of an immense and bare steppe. A young girl Nastasia Belorouki, and her brother Paul, are seated in this sleigh.

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The night is dull ; but occasional and feeble rays of the moon are mirrored on the silver cloth, which the cold season of winter has spread over the soil. At the entrance of the steppe, two enormous trees, with knotted trunks, extend their black arms, like sombre sentinels charged to watch on the threshold of the kingdom of immensity. The crows, those funereal birds, fly to the horizon, uttering their cry of ill omen ; and now a frightened hare darts away at the noise of the gallop of the horse, who strikes his iron shoes to the ground, letting his mane blow with the sharp and piercing north breeze. Over this silvery surface all objects appear in black—the horse going at his liveliest, the sleigh and its two occupants, even to the runaway hare—have all the appearance of a drawing in *silhouette*. May Nastasia and Paul Belorouki not meet with any worse adventure during their night course ! But strange to say, the young man appears to hide himself at the bottom of the sleigh, and it is the young girl who drives. Whence comes this ? and then why do brother and sister, at this advanced hour of night, find it necessary to cross this frozen steppe ?

We must, however, go back a little to explain this contrast, which appears to give the lie to Nature.

The Count and Countess Belorouki had a lively desire in the first year of their married life, that the birth of a son should come, to assure them of the perpetuity of a glorious name, written in the annals of Russia. It was, however, a daughter which God sent them ; they called her Nastasia. To console himself for his disappointment, the count gave to his daughter the education of a boy. He took her with him in his bear and wolf hunts, so frequent in Russia. Nastasia soon learnt to take good aim ; her young hand held firmly the reins of his fiery horse, and she managed her oar as well as she did her gun. The countess secretly deplored this masculine education of her daughter, but she dared not oppose herself to the absolute will of her husband. Five years after, a second child was added to the household. This time it was a son : but the bent was already given. Nastasia was five years old, her father loved her foolishly, and had made her take the masculine dress. She already accompanied him in the chase, mounted on a little Cossack poney. He paid but small attention to Paul, a charming rose and blonde baby, on whose head the countess lavished all her tenderness. Her husband had made of his girl a boy, she would make Paul a girl. The child did not quit his mother ; he amused himself with women's work, which kept him about her. He excelled in embroidery, whilst his sister handled the oar and the pistol. The difference of age helped to perpetuate this contrast. On arriving, Paul found his sister in possession of life and the paternal

hearth; she was the *big sister* and he the *little brother*. He accustomed himself to conform to the will of Nastasia; the more decided, bold and imperious she, the more mild, gentle and docile he became. He gave in to her in everything; it was she who decided on their games; he was always ready to give up his own will to her wishes and desires. Paul Belorouki was the girl, Nastasia the boy. This one protected the brother, that respected the sister. The two children grew up thus; in spite of this change of parts, they loved each other tenderly.

It was a disappointment for the count when Nastasia attained the age that she must again take the dress of her sex, and he said, throwing a look at Paul, not without a shade of disdain, "Now, I am going to have two girls." To preserve for her father a lingering illusion, Nastasia often dressed as an Amazon. As for Paul, the same metamorphosis had operated in his costume, but the two characters had not participated in the change. Nastasia was the proudest and most intrepid young lady in all the Russias; Paul was a timid young lad, mild, submissive, whom a nothing frightened, and in spite of his fifteen years, accepted the protection of his sister. His father groaned under this degradation of his race. The countess said nothing, but she quietly hoped, and behold why she hoped. One day a conversation arose in their drawing-room on the new work of Glinka, relative to the battle of Borodini, transformed by the historian into a triumph for Russia. The count, who had spoken little, suddenly exclaimed: "Let all that pass. That is poetry, but poetry is not history. I was there—at this famous battle. We were beat like lions, but we had to do with Hercules, who choked us. You may call our resistance a sublime defeat if you like; but facts are facts, and the victory was on the other side." Then Count Belorouki, who rarely became excited, related with military ardour the different phases of this gloomy and terrible battle. It was not the academic recital of an author by profession, but the testimony of a soldier who had assisted in this formidable contest—who had been in the midst of it. He said, "There I saw our infantry three times charge bayonets into the French squares, and retire three times, cut up and beaten." He added, "I led a charge of cavalry, which failed to give us victory. The troops of the Russian guard did wonders; but we were thrown back by the heavy shot of the French batteries, and by a charge of cuirassiers and dragoons lead by Ney and Murât in person." The battle revived, as it were, in the eyes of the listeners. They seemed to hear the rolling of the drums, the battle call of the trumpets, the discharge of musketry, and the roaring of the cannon. The cavalry seemed to pass like a hurricane, the earth to shake under the measured tread of the infantry. War appeared in the great-

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ness of its horror, in the splendour of its heroism—war which kills, where we die for our country and for its flag.

In the most interesting part of this recital the countess glanced at Paul. She failed for an instant to recognize him. He was no longer the young lamb—mild, timid, nearly cowardly. His countenance was changed: his eyes dazzled; enthusiasm shone over his brow; his arm stretched out, as if to seize his sword. The idea of Achilles at Seyros presented itself to the mind of the mother. It was but the space of a moment. The recital finished, the features of Paul relaxed like the cord of a bow that is laid aside. He became again what he always was—mild, timid, circumspect; full of admiration for his sister, devotion and love for his mother; full of timidity before his father, who, like Don Diego, complained to heaven that the heir of his race was, instead of the eagle with powerful talons, but a tender and feeble dove.

Nastasia was twenty, and Paul fifteen. They were both on a visit of some days, at a distance of several miles from home, when an express came to them in haste to say that Count Belorouki had been terribly wounded in a bear hunt, that his life was in danger, and that he wished to see his children.

The snow had fallen plentifully all day, and it could not be expected that they should venture at night to drive through the steppe at the risk of being buried in a frozen shroud. They begged of the young girl to wait till the morrow. She would listen to nothing, but ordered them to get ready the sleigh. "I know the road," said she, "and my faithful horse has taken me through worse than this; brother, we will go together, I will conduct you." Paul hazarded some timid observations. Nastasia, who loved her father to idolatry, silenced him with a word. "Brother," said she, "our father is dying, do you wish him to depart without having given you his blessing? Do as you please, if you do not wish to come, I shall set off alone."

"I will go with you, Nastasia," replied the young man, "although the night is dark, and the express, whom my mother sent us, and whom they have been obliged to put to bed, for he arrived nearly frozen, says that he heard wolves howling."

"Then let us have revolvers loaded and hunting-knives put in the sleigh. If the wolves attack us, I will defend thee, my poor Paul," replied the proud young girl.

The sleigh ready, they departed. Nastasia, as she said, held the reins with a firm hand. Paul crouched low behind his sister, and glanced over the plain with an unquiet look. The generous horse, as if he understood that he was wanted to go quickly, seemed to devour space; the sleigh flew like an arrow drawn by a sure hand.

From time to time Paul would say to his sister, "Nastasia, do you not hear below mournful cries."

"Brother, it is nothing," replied the young girl, continuing to direct the horse; "they are crows which the passing of the sleigh has frightened; and who fly away uttering their usual croaking."

"Sister," again would Paul say, "what is that animal which is flying away in the shade, is it not a wolf-cub?"

"Child," the sister would say, "fear and the shadows are magnifying objects to thee; this wolf-cub is only a hare, more timid than thyself, Paul," and the sleigh continued to glide over the frozen plain.

They were but a few verstes from the paternal chateau when the horse redoubled his pace. The creature had not turned a hair. Recognising the domain where he was reared, he uttered a joyful neighing. In the distance another cry was heard; the horse stopped for a second, only a second; he trembled in all his limbs, then he set off like an arrow, and made the snow fly under his feet. His mane in disorder floated to the wind, his nostrils largely open, interrogating I scarcely know what trouble the breeze from the north was bringing him. "What is the matter with him, Nastasia," asked the young man, crouching more closely behind his sister, and throwing at the side from which the noise had come a frightened look. Before the young girl could reply, the same noise was renewed, but this time it was nearer. The horse stopped anew, trembled, and again set off on his desperate gallop.

"There is no mistake," said the young girl, appearing to reply to herself. "It is the howling of wolves; they are many. They are still far, but in half an hour we will have to defend our lives. We will then be about twenty minutes from the chateau. If they are only ten or twelve, I will answer for our safety, my dear Paul. Only listen to what I am going to say to you—our lives depend on it. I will fasten the reins before the sleigh; our horse knows the road and his foot is sure; there will then be no need to hold him or guide him. He felt the danger before we did, and his instinct which warns him of the extremity of his situation, will answer for the rapidity of his motions. Paul, I ask but one thing. When the wolves are in sight, you will hand me a revolver. There are three, that will make eighteen shots. When I begin to use the second, you must reload the first, and soon. I hope we shall not have need to use the axe and the hunting knife. But if it must be so, I shall not hesitate to fight body to body. My poor child, it is I who have brought you here; I wish to give you back to your mother. My Paul, tell me will you do what I have asked of you?"

"Yes, sister, I will," replied the young man, whose voice affirmed it.

Whilst Nastasia howling had not end, continued his peared to fly around an *avant garde* of "Sister, do you trembling voice.

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After waiting a *garde* fell, with a horse who followed, advanced and the two animals heard, one wolf was being hit from the

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Nastasia, who by a ray from the band, to cure the certain loss of balls, sent with as three shots which remained to advance, and three

The second revolver and she fired successive rapid discharges and flew; foam whitened few steps further and came nearer and nearer by fear, would he do multiplied her shots; the cloud of powder from seeing that a wolf heard a fearful cry, a fell expiring. Nastasia

Whilst Nastasia was giving these rapid instructions to her brother, the howling had not ceased to draw near. The horse, whose mane stood on end, continued his course with a disordered quickness; everything appeared to fly around the sleigh. But soon the enemy appeared. It was an *avant garde* of six wolves; the leader was of monstrous size.

"Sister, do you not see him? Fire now," murmured Paul, in a trembling voice.

"Not yet, brother, it is not time."

After waiting a little, Nastasia drew, and the wolf who lead the *avant garde* fell, with a hideous howl, and fell to rise no more. The two wolves who followed, advanced a few steps, and twice the revolver did its work, and the two animals lay extended on the snow. Three more shots were heard, one wolf was killed, another wounded; and the third fled without being hit from the field of battle.

"Behold them gone," cried Paul with a sigh of relief.

"Gone to return," replied Nastasia in a low voice.

"Paul, do not lose a moment; give me a loaded pistol and reload this as quickly as you can." The young girl had hardly time to say these words before a howling stronger than the first was heard. In arriving at the place where the killed and wounded wolves lay, this band of carnivori stopped a moment. They devoured the still beating carcasses; it detained them but four minutes, but in circumstances such as the travellers found themselves in, minutes are worth ages. The revolver was reloaded; Nastasia, who by a ray from the moon had seen two wolves detach themselves from the band, to cut off the road from the horse, which would have been the certain loss of both brother and sister, knocked them over with two balls, sent with as true an aim, as with *sang froid*. She fired the four shots which remained among the body of the assailants which continued to advance, and three of their number fell dead.

The second revolver replaced the first in the hand of the valiant girl, and she fired successively its six shots. The horse, over excited by these rapid discharges and the howling of the wolves, no longer galloped, he flew; foam whitened his mouth and sweat streamed from his body. A few steps further and the brother and sister were safe, for the château came nearer and nearer. But the horse, exhausted by fatigue, and broken by fear, would he do those few steps? Nastasia, who began to doubt it, multiplied her shots, in hopes that they would be heard at the château. The cloud of powder which thickened around the sleigh prevented her from seeing that a wolf gained on the horse's swiftness, and suddenly was heard a fearful cry, a cry of suffering, of distress, of agony, and the horse fell expiring. Nastasia had only time to make one more shot in the

direction of the horse's head; a furious howl replied to it, and a heavy mass passed over her, overturning her by its shock to the bottom of the sleigh; it was the wolf wounded to death, who was falling over the other side of the frail vehicle. Nastasia had exhausted all her strength, she remained immovable and senseless.

Then Paul, at a glance, measured the extremity of the situation, and resolutely preparing himself, held in one hand his axe in the other the hunting knife. A revolution was made in his heart. So long protected by his sister, he would now protect her in his turn. The occasion, as it often happens, raised the actor for his work. The heroic blood of Belorouki boiled in his veins. By a strange hallucination, he seemed to see before him the battle field of Borodini, and he followed his father leading the terrible charge of cavalry, which had for a moment broken the ranks of the French and held the fate of the battle in suspense. A voice which came from the depth of his soul, cried to him "*bon sang oblige.*"

Fear existed no more for him. He saw peril only to brave it and conquer it. A first wolf came up with his gaping jaw—the brave young fellow knocked him over with his axe. A second, a third, had the same fate, his axe broke on the head of the fourth.

At this moment the cloud of powder had dispersed, and he saw the greater number of the wolves were devouring the horse. He profited by this moment of respite to wrap his left arm in his mantle, and picking up his revolver, still loaded, he fired his six shots among the body of wolves, then arming himself with his cutlass, awaited.

At this moment the village church sent out its first sound of the morning *Angelus*. He raised his heart to God in thankfulness, and from the bottom of his soul this prayer rushed forth: "Holy Virgin, help me and save my sister!"

Hardly had he uttered the words when an enormous wolf threw himself on the sleigh; without hesitating, Paul extended to him his left arm, around which he had rolled his cloak, and whilst the animal bit the stuff with fury, he plunged his cutlass into his breast. Three times he renewed the blow. His eyes darted fire; he was covered with blood and was seized with this terrible excitement of the battle field, the first sensation of which he had felt at the recital of Borodini. He continued to fight, to strike, without counting his opponents, without calculating the danger. However, his strength began to fail; he had several times felt the hot and pestiferous breath from these open jaws which tried to seize him, and he had used his cutlass up to the hilt. Without fear, and nearly without hope, he fought on, recommending his soul to God, and thinking he would be able to cover his sister with his cloak

when he fell, in his arms, the monsters who were

Suddenly he heard

"No doubt, these light, hasty steps resemble wolves, frightened by the discharge put them in flight. Paul is in the arms of his sister. Paul ordered them to rest. Fatigue, had deprived him of his senses, and in a few moments he would have perished. Count Belorouki, in a few words what he had to say, and the countess entered with her on her one side, and with gratitude and affection on the other. He, with his hair flying, turned himself to his father and said the count to him: 'I am dying, but I do not perish.'

"Paul, yesterday, and sister.—Count Belorouki, my well-beloved sister, exhausted by the fatigue of the day. Then turning towards the countess, and whom he had seen in the arms of his sister, he said to her, 'take care of my sister, and give it to my son.' 'My father,' said the countess, 'said to me at Borodini?'

"Yes, my son, but I do not know what he said to you. 'My father, it is better to die than to live with danger, I remember the words of the countess; 'Ab, I mistrusted the countess. 'I thank thee, O my God, for this consolation for my daughter, my wife; and I come, and my sword is worthy of me, and of our

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when he fell, in hopes of hiding her from the sight of those devouring monsters who were bent on the attack of the sleigh.

Suddenly he heard in the distance a noise.

"No doubt, these are human voices. Resinous torches threw a bright light, hasty steps resounding. God be praised! It is help, it is safety. The wolves, frightened at the noises and sudden lights, drew back; a general discharge put them all to route; they fled into the steppe and disappeared. Paul is in the arms of the servants and vassals of his father, who, to the number of more than a hundred, flew to arms at the sound of the shots. Paul ordered them first to attend to his sister, whom emotion, cold and fatigue, had deprived of sense. They laid her on a litter, covered with furs, and in a few moments arrived at the château.

Count Belorouki, whose last moments drew near, and who had learnt in a few words what was passing, desired to see his children at once. The countess entered with his daughter, who had revived, but, still weak, leant on her one side, and Paul supported her on the other, on whom she looked with gratitude and admiration.

He, with his hair in disorder and still covered with blood, excused himself to his father for appearing thus before him. "Make no excuses," said the count to him, "your appearance consoles me at this last moment. I am dying, but I die happy. I leave a son; I know now my race will not perish."

"Paul, yesterday, in dying, I should have confided you to your mother and sister.—Count Belorouki, I to-day leave your noble mother and your sister, my well-beloved Nastasia, under your protection."

The count, exhausted by the effort that he had made, stopped a moment. Then turning towards an old soldier who had made with him all his campaigns, and whom he had taken into his service. "Nicholas Iranavitch," said he to him, "take the sabre which hangs over the trophies of war, and give it to my son."

"My father," said the young man, with eagerness, "is it that you bore at Borordini?"

"Yes, my son, but why this question?"

"My father, it is because the flame which warmed my heart I felt kinde at your recital of that battle, and when I was brought face to face with danger, I remembered that I bore your name."

"Ah, I mistrusted it," said the countess, with an accent of triumph

"I thank thee, O my God," said the dying man, "for having reserved this consolation for my dying hour. Adieu, all you whom I love! My daughter, my wife; adieu, my son; adieu, holy Russia. Let another war come, and my sword of Borordini will be borne by a man worthy of you, worthy of me, and of our ancestors."

## THE CHURCH.

After long delays and unsatisfactory discussions, which have at any rate given an assurance that the utmost justice has been done to the late Bishop of Natal, the convocation of the Southern Province has accepted the report of the Committee, which it appointed to investigate the validity of the sentence of deposition pronounced by the Bishop of Capetown upon Dr. Colenso. That report states that in the first place, substantial justice has been done to the accused, and secondly, that the Church seeing that all legal difficulties affect its temporal and not its spiritual character, may rightly accept the validity of the sentence of deposition. This opinion is founded upon a careful consideration of the mutual position of the Bishops of Capetown and Natal, especially after the decision of the Privy Council on the question of the invalidity of the Letters Patent; and further upon the nature of the citation, to which it is evident that Dr. Colenso assented by having appeared before the Court; and also upon the proceedings themselves which appeared to have been conducted in conformity with the principles of the English Church. The Bishop of London has appended to the report a document in which he expresses his inability to accept it, purely and simply on State grounds. The decision of the Court summoned by the Bishop of Capetown, was set aside by the decision of the highest Court of the empire, and, therefore, the same decision seems null and void to the Bishop of London. But the decision was set aside on the ground that the Letters Patent, which conferred a temporal position and temporal jurisdiction, were null and void, and that in the eye of the law of England, neither Bishop existed at all; the spiritual existence and spiritual relations of the same Bishops were not considered, and it is evidently quite possible, as in this Canadian Church, to acknowledge the latter while denying the former. But the Bishop of London and the Dean of Westminster cannot see a Bishop, except he be surrounded with the glories of a temporal position; he must be recognised at law, or he is no Bishop of the Church. While, however, we regret that a prelate holding the high position of a Bishop of London, should dissent from the rest of the Upper House, yet no slight service has been rendered by the protest to the report, inasmuch as it acts as a perpetual commentary upon it, entirely preventing the possibility of its real meaning ever being called in question. Inasmuch as the Bishop of London doubts the compact, which existed between the Bishops, on the ground of the invalidity of the Letters Patent, it is plain that the remainder of the Committee felt that such did exist; and as the Bishop doubts the Metropolitan hav-

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ing acted according to the strict principles of English law, it is plain that such were maintained in the eyes of the majority of the Upper House. It is abundantly proved, indeed, that the Committee of Bishops have not avoided the many questions and perplexities which surrounded the whole matter; and the Church may well be thankful to the Spirit of God, which, we believe, guided the minds of its Bishops and pastors, for the report which issued from their deliberations, and its acceptance by the Upper House. Had it been otherwise, there might have been felt grave doubts whether the Church had not by its own act cut itself from its Spiritual Head, and, as a Spiritual Society, we might almost say, ceased to exist. It is well that great difficulties should surround the deposition of a Bishop; in the ninth century, as was pointed out by the Bishop of Ely, the deposition of a Cyprian Bishop was annulled by the Patriarch of Constantinople, on the ground that a greater number of Bishops might have been present; and subsequently it was enacted that the deposition of a Bishop should be by the Great Synod of the Province, as was decreed by the Apostolical Canon. Yet in this case, seeing that the Bishop of Capetown assembled as many Bishops as he could; seeing, also, that the late Bishop might have appealed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, but did not appeal, and that the assembled Bishops entered upon the question as deliberately as was possible; therefore, on these grounds, the validity of the deposition was accepted by both houses of the Convocation of the Southern Province of the Church of England. And thereby we may trust that a great perplexity has been solved, and a great blot upon the English Church removed.

The Bishop of Capetown has now decided to return at once to his diocese, and proceed with the consecration of Mr. Macrorie, who has been elected for the trying office of the Orthodox Bishop of Natal. But before leaving he has ere this held a meeting for the purpose of endeavouring, in the first place, to raise a sufficient fund for the maintenance of the new Bishop, and secondly, in order to carry out other necessary works for the benefit of the Church in South Africa. We may trust that the blessing of Almighty God has rested abundantly upon his labours, and that this earnest servant and soldier of the Cross will set forth to his distant mission accompanied by the hearty prayers and sympathies of Churchmen at home, and with abundant material provision for carrying on the work of the Church amid fields, which are white unto harvest, and only need that labourers be sent forth into them.

The *Times* has published recently, at the request of Mr. Hubbard, some correspondence which throws a remarkable and very painful light upon the ritualism for which the Church of St. Alban the Martyr has become notorious almost throughout the world. Mr. Hubbard was the founder,

and is the patron of that Church; with a munificence unrivalled in any generation in one of the worst parts of the great metropolis, not far from the celebrated Holborn Hill, he built, and in 1863, caused to be consecrated, a Free Church, devoted for ever, by its free and unappropriated sittings, to the use of Christ's poor. To this Church he appointed the Rev. Alexander Heriot Mackonochie, having received "an earnest assurance of his wish to carry on the work in accordance with his (Mr. Hubbard's) desire, as far as he possibly could, and to act as a true and faithful priest of the Church of England, with prudence and discretion." From his earliest youth, Mr. Mackonochie was a good and God-fearing man; bred up in the strictest doctrines of the so-called Evangelical party, he, after having one or more curacies in Gloucestershire, took temporary charge of St. George-in-the-East at the time of the disgraceful riots in that Church. After that he was appointed to the incumbency of St. Albans, where it is clear, from the narrative of disappointment given by Mr. Hubbard, that he speedily out-ran the wishes of its founder, and in his oscillation from the extreme of one party has reached the extreme of the other party in the Church. It has been commonly believed that this high ritual was promoted and approved by Mr. Hubbard; and the fact that such is carried out contrary to his wishes, as patron at once and churchwarden, must go far to condemn Mr. Mackonochie not only for imprudence and indiscretion, but also, in some sort, for breach of obligation in carrying on the services in a manner which has caused difficulties, not only in the Church at large, but with his own friends and supporters.

It is impossible not to sympathise deeply with the personal disappointment and distress which Mr. Hubbard's letter evinces, the more especially as it now appears that for five years past he has been endeavouring, by friendly remonstrances, as well as by more formal complaints addressed to Mr. Mackonochie, to restrain such usages and practices as seemed, not only to himself, but also to many sincere friends of the Church, incompatible both with the law of the English Church and the spirit of our Liturgy. Nor does he now write in a bitter or uncharitable spirit; he recognises the self-denying zeal, the untiring devotion to his Master's cause, the abundant labours of himself and his curates among the young, the aged, and the afflicted, and, indeed, among all classes in his poor and difficult district; and it is mainly because he has been jealous for Mr. Mackonochie's influence, that for five years past he has borne rather to be personally misunderstood than to come forward in such a way as to cause any mistrust of him or his office in the estimation of his people.

On the 30th of June there took place in the Atrium of the Vatican Basilica at Rome, the publication of a Pontifical Bull, convoking an Œcumenical

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Council of the Bishops of the Roman Church, for the 8th of December, 1869. After reciting the authority upon which the Roman Pontiff is acting, and pointing to the meritorious services rendered to the Church by the successive Popes, the Bull points to the many tempests which at this time agitate the Church and oppose divine truth. The Roman Catholic communion, the greatest in bulk of the three principal divisions of the Church Catholic, in all its seeming quietness, has not been free from the attacks of open enemies, or the insidious approach of rationalism. And now it is raising its voice in solemn and awful tones against the infidelity and materialism of the age; it may be that all are against her, that the nations of the world are leaving her, but she finches not from the contest, nor will in anything concede the rights which are hers, and which no human power shall be permitted to take from her. Would that, indeed, she were not bent upon stiffening in her sectarianism; would that now, while common enemies assail the faith, the whole Catholic Church might unite in defence of a revelation, a cross, an intercession, a judgment to come. We all alike believe these things; but the world sees us parted from one another, and more readily apprehends our points of separation than our points of agreement. Therefore, it is so hard to stem the torrent of infidelity, and, therefore, we may justly fear that the great council of 1869, with all its grandeur of tone and of scene, and its solemn associations, will strike almost in vain, and though formidable still even in its decay, will scarcely effect much to stem the widening torrent, or to promote the kingdom of CHRIST.

We have noticed with great satisfaction the improvement that has taken place in the *American Churchman*. There is no greater want in this country than a sound Church paper, which shall advocate Church, but not party opinions, and, if we are not strong enough to support such a paper among our own body, it would be well that we should promote the circulation of such papers as the *Church Journal* or the *American Churchman*. We may not always agree with these papers, even on important points; but we rejoice in their success inasmuch as their object is the same as ours, viz., to promote the growth of the Church as a spiritual society, embodying the truth, having true catholicity, a divinely ordained ministry, and true spiritual authority. We should heartily commend the *American Churchman* to all needing a sound weekly Church paper, at any rate until the Canadian Church can produce one for herself.

## ESSAYS IN TRANSLATION.

### MEDEA VISITS ATHENS.

FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

Happy people of Erechtheus!  
Dwellers in the golden prime  
Of a holy land, who cease not  
Gathering wisdom's fruit sublime!

You, the children of the heroes,  
Who a name unconquered bear,  
Stepping proudly in your freedom,  
Breathing freely freedom's air!

When of old to dwell among you  
Golden-haired Harmonia came,  
And the pure Pirrhan sisters  
Planted in your land their name;

Where by cool Cephissus, often  
As she loved her in its tide,  
O'er your fields Cytheria's blessing  
Flung a glowing summertime;

While the loves above her beauty  
Fluttered through the long bright hour,  
Evermore her glossy tresses  
Binding with the rose's flower!

How shall then the holy city,  
Dedicate to friends alone,  
How asylum thee, the guilty,  
Thee, the murderess of thine own?

Yet arrest the thought within thee?  
See the ruin thou hast made!  
Yet may human feeling win thee,  
And thy frantic hand be stayed!

Ere too late, oh! call the madness  
Of that moment back again!  
Stay thee, ere thy hand be crimsoned  
By thy children's slaughter-stain!

C. F.

## ADDENDA.

"STEWART'S LITERARY QUARTERLY MAGAZINE."

(Vol. II, Nos. 1 and 2.)

We find with pleasure this excellent periodical, from the Sister Province of New Brunswick, amongst our exchanges for the month. It has entered upon the second volume of its existence, with every prospect of a long and happy continuance. Carefully edited, and above all, composed entirely of original matter, it richly merits the support of every true-hearted son of the Dominion.

It is high time, indeed, that we become more distinctively Canadian in all that contributes to national advancement. We want a more implicit reliance in home capability—a stronger trust in home productions—and a firmer faith in the future, if ever we come into the possession of those great and good things in store for our country. And there is no greater inducement to all this than a distinctively national literature.

It is, therefore, the duty of every true Canadian to support every endeavour like the present to foster the growth of such a literature.

### ERRATUM.

In "Essays in Translations" in No. 8, for "manent" in stanzas II, III, and IV, read "narrant."

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ADVOCATE,  
**SHERBROOKE.**

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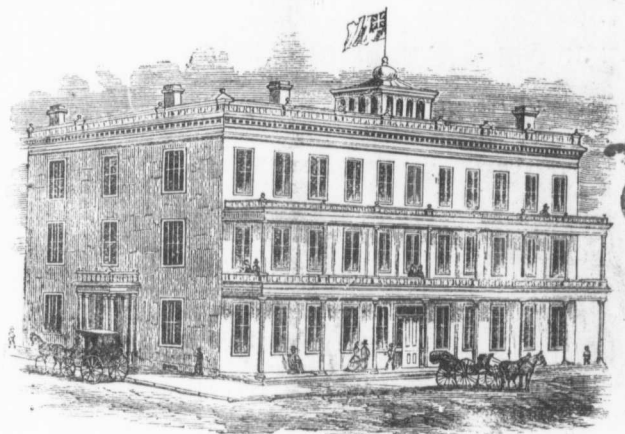
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