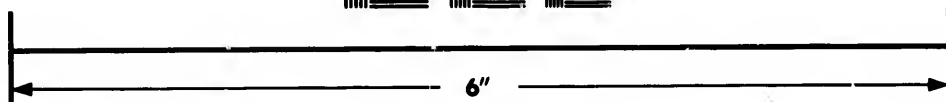
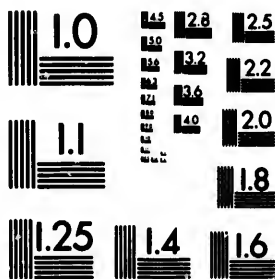


**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1982

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata
slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to
ensure the best possible image/
Les pages totalement ou partiellement
obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure,
etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à
obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
			✓								

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

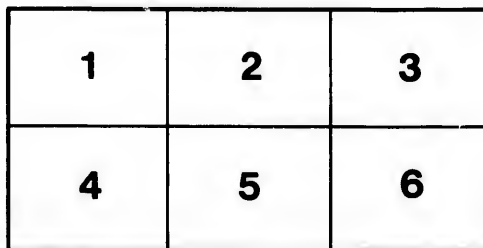
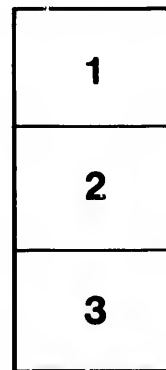
Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library,
University of Toronto Library

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library,
University of Toronto Library

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

ails
du
modifier
une
page

rata
o

elure,
à

With the author's compliments

Pamph
LE
M

MacMorchy, D. J.

MORNING



MORNING



PRIZE ESSAY

University Coll., Toronto,

1884

BY D. J. MACMURCHY

ὦ δῖος αἰθήρ καὶ ταχύτεροι πνοαί,

* * * *

* * * * *
παμμῆτορ τε γῆ,
καὶ τὸν πανόπτην κύκλον ἡλίου καλῶ.

—*Æschylus Prom. Vinct.*

MORNING

IN THE CITY

It is a cheerless morning as we step out upon the damp pavement. The air is sharp and piercing, and the uncertain light that begins to glimmer seems rather to increase the gloom of the scene. The houses are grotesquely large; the sidewalks are bare, and look half expectant of the great human tide that will flow back over them with the return of day. The streets are noiseless and empty. Even the darkness, as if reluctant to leave, lingers yet in shady corners and down dark alleys. Out on the broad street the perspective of the long lines of houses is harder than ever. The street corners never seemed so mathematical, the church spires never so fantastic. As we pass along and look up at the windows, here and there a drawn blind betrays the sleeper within, while down below articles exposed for sale and left over night look odd and out of

place. Next we reach a cross street, and expect to see some living being. Not a soul is stirring, and the long street ends only in a dim mist, that suggests, miles and miles away, the country—the home of the green fields and the summer clover, where nature rules alone, and all is innocence, and purity and hope. Dreaming, however, of them brings the fields no nearer. As we wander on we see for miles around us acres and acres of the roofs and chimney-tops of the great city. You would almost fancy that the whole population had fled during the night, till a stray beam of light falling upon the pavement attracts our attention, and, looking up, we see that the dim ray of a lamp has struggled out through a closed shutter, only to die in the first light of day. Perhaps, too, with that same dim ray struggles out the muttered, long-forgotten prayer of a dying man. For within, the other rays of the low-burning lamp fall across the feverish face of the sufferer, who welcomes the morning but to wish it gone, and only sees the day decline to long for it back again. As the first light steals in on him, his thoughts wander away back to the old home and the little room where long ago he used to lie and watch the same bright sunbeams glisten and glance on the little square window-panes, while outside, high overhead, the birds were praising Him who sends the sunlight. Life was very fair then, but now repentance seems a mockery, and hope comes too late. Leaving the light and the reflections

it awakens, we pass on. A stealthy breeze comes up the street behind us, making the shop signs swing and creak till they look ashamed of their own faces, and sending a rabble of last year's leaves with their bad city acquaintances—scraps of dirty paper—scampering across the roadway. A little farther on, down at the end of a lane, shines a gas lamp, looking dismal in the increasing light. Led by curiosity we pass in and disturb what seems a bundle of rags, but what is in reality a human being that want has forced into the streets, and Christian charity and the police have left there. As your eyes become more used to the light, or rather the darkness of the place, you see that the poor wretch you have disturbed is not alone, for he also has companions, to whom some quiet corner affords a scanty shelter. Alas, that brick and stone should be less hard-hearted than flesh and blood! Some are asleep—never to wake again. Others are asleep, but they will wake again, perhaps, on many another morning of misery like this. But they are far away now from their troubles, far away in the fields, in the woods where they once used to stroll. Some are in gorgeous palaces attended by smiling courtiers; some in golden climes raising the precious sand in their hands: all are forgetful of what is passing round them. Thank God! the poor are as happy in their dreams as the rich, and often more so! Retracing our steps, we pass out under the archway, on up the street. There is

more light, and things look more natural. Round the corner in front of us comes the first cart with a sharp turn, and goes rattling away up the street. The sun is coming up fast now ; it tips the cathedral's spire and pinnacles with a dazzling edge ; a minute more it peeps over the gables and looks you full in the face. The broad day has come at last, and down through palace dome and rotten roof, through costly colored glass and shattered window, it sheds its equal ray.

IN THE COUNTRY

There is no wind. Even nature herself is in suspense as we pass out through the little wicket gate and go on up the pathway over the hill. The air is fresh, and, with the first faint signs of the coming day, grows colder. The few remaining stars never looked so far away. Far in front the first dull hue—the death of night rather than the birth of day—glimmers faintly in the sky. Soon this indistinct light gives way to brighter colors that foretell the advent of day. Higher and higher it shoots into the pale vault, till the sun—the bright sun that brings back not light alone, but new life and hope and gladness to man—bursts forth over the expectant earth in clear and radiant glory. God made the country. No one could doubt it, as in the green grass on every hand sparkle thousands of gems. The

daisies turn their lovely dew-dipped faces to greet the light. Objects which looked grim and terrible in the darkness grow more and more defined, and gradually resolve themselves into familiar shapes. The haystacks, even the barns look picturesque, as the first sunbeams, leaping from one tree-top to another, fall aslant their moss-grown gables, and down their weather-beaten sides. Over on the hill yonder the little country church that nestles among the trees has not been forgotten, for these first beams look in at the odd, old-fashioned windows, and throw great golden bars of light into the pews below. Still, though these sunbeams love the little old steady-going church, with its ivy-covered walls and simple worshippers, they love far better to peep in through the churchyard gate, with its unsteady hinges, and look at the graves which lie thick in the shadow of its walls. These early beams never trouble the old hinges, for they come in right over the top of the gate, and stoop ever so gently to kiss the grass that is green on every mossy grave. They remember the one that has lain there forgotten for a century, and they have done so every morning during all these long years. They stoop in pity over the mound that was not there yesterday, and lift the drooping flowers that have been placed there last night. Soon, however, the new grave will be as green as the rest; soon it will miss the gathered flowers and the daily visit, but the gentle sunlight will come back again every morning just the same.

Through the weather-beaten palings of the old fence the great heads of clover look in awe at their more patrician neighbors the roses. But the roses too must die with the clover. On down the road we pass, till in the meadow we cross the bridge with its noisy stream. The well-worn planks show that many have passed before us, on up perhaps to the churchyard on the hill, or to the wicked city many a long mile past it. As we stand gazing into the stream the maples glance over our shoulder at their images reflected in the water, and their leaves tremble as they fancy that perhaps some day they may stoop too far and fall headlong into the water. Out on the meadow the sheep are grazing as if the sun had been up for hours. Right down in front, a little bird rising from his nest amid the long grass, flies straight up—up as if he would reach the very sky. His song is so glad, so pure, so joyous, that you cannot help envying him the voice that sends forth such a hymn of praise. Farther on from the top of the hill we see fields on fields of waving grain, backed in the distance by the green woods, that look so mysterious with their cold blue mist. Here and there a pine, outstripping his fellows, tosses up in the air his sturdy arms. The sky is now full of the morning's glory. We can hardly fancy, as we look round on the smiling earth, that lust, and vice and wickedness, could ever come to mar such loveliness as this.

